

**A
POTPOURRI
OF
MEMORIES**

*An
Anecdotal Family History
through Recipes*

by
DOREEN LEVY

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Levy, Doreen

A Potpourri of Memories

(An Anecdotal Family History through Recipes)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writing, editing and printing of this book have been very much a home effort, and many people have been a part of it.

To family and friends whose recipes I've borrowed and adapted or whose names appear in this cookbook, thank you for being part of our lives.

To Vered, Aviv, Moran and Aviv Ron, this book is a better reflection of our lives because of your insightful comments and delightful remarks.

To Ziona who read the rough draft, thanks for the encouragement to continue.

To Nina, who edited, under tremendous time constraints, the (almost) final copy of the stories, words cannot express my appreciation for your efforts. You gave valuable insights from an "outsider's" point of view, helped me define muddled thoughts and prevented me from hurting anyone's feelings.

To anyone who may feel slighted that a particular event or story wasn't included, know that even as I write this, there sits on my desk a list of stories and recipes that I want to add, but they will have to wait for the second volume. This does not displease me, as I hope this book has not been just completed, but just begun. I hope my family and their families in turn will add favorite recipes and stories to this book. It is comforting to think that perhaps, long after I am dead, this book may be the basis of a bedtime story for our descendants.

And to Anthony (who you may know as Eitan). My love, there would have been no book without you. Thank you for adding wonderful stories about your family. Your constant encouragement and urging (even pressure?) to finish and print the book, while at the same time spending long, long hours trying to make this computer-printed book as professional as possible, were beyond what I could ask of you. I had no need to ask, because you did it with love.

To all of you, many, many thanks,

Doreen.

NOTES ON USING THE RECIPES

Each chapter starts with its own table of contents which is numbered in lower case Roman numerals. Pages with labels from our wine label collection which appear at the end of each chapter are not numbered.

Although Dad and I were schooled in the English tradition, we realize that our children were taught American English. I've tried to make this cookbook both user friendly and American oriented. Sometimes, however, we don't even realize that the term for a particular ingredient or a certain phrase is not universally known.

To limit confusion between the systems of measurement, I've tried wherever possible to use a standard American cup (8 oz/240 ml). When converting weight between metric and American systems, I've rounded figures for convenience. I had some trouble transposing the weight of canned goods and suggest you use the can closest in weight to that in the recipe.

Ingredients are to be read from left to right; where an ingredient requires more space, it has been indented on the line just below. Ingredients that appear in brackets are optional, those after slashes are variations.

We are not kosher although we know that many of our family are. Inclusion of non-kosher recipes is not meant to offend, but to reflect who we are or to act as a vehicle for a particular story.

In recipes that call for chicken stock or chicken broth, I use one teaspoon of Telma or Osem chicken soup powder dissolved in one cup of boiling water. Other (American, European) mixes are saltier and less tasty.

Butter and margarine are used interchangeably unless otherwise stated. My oils of choice are canola or safflower and olive oil. Because I have high cholesterol, I usually try to substitute oil for margarine; it changes the texture of baked goods, but usually doesn't seriously affect taste. Not everything I make is successful. But what the heck - it's only food!

Except for the baking sections where the chemistry of ingredients is more important, the recipes are meant to be a guide, rather than to be slavishly followed. Even the baking recipes allow for much leeway.

The recipes that appear in this book are only some of the foods I've made throughout the years. Most have been prepared at least twice - once to make, and once to adjust. I've reduced the fat in virtually all the recipes but hopefully have maintained the flavor. All are worthwhile trying.

B'tay'avon!

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INTRODUCTION

The family dinner table was always the center of our house. It was the stage for discipline, power plays and lessons, where child-rearing theories, often hotly contested between Dad and me, were enacted, sometimes at their bitterest.

It started when I would ask little Vered what kind of egg she would like for breakfast. This would drive Dad mad and he would tell me not to ask her, "Just give her something and make her eat it." But I was always adamant that if we wanted our children to be independent and be able to make decisions, it should start right there, with a choice between a boiled egg and a fried egg, between toast or shalva (puffed wheat). It was impossible to make decisions for children for 18 years and then one day say 'okay, kids you're on your own.'

Dad was continually infuriated by Moran's absolute refusal to eat tomatoes or cottage cheese; even recalling the terrible plight of the starving children in India didn't move the stubborn child:

"Eat this!" "I won't!" "Yes you will!" "No! I'd rather die".

Aviv, on the other hand, ate everything. He would devour everything on the table, then eat everything in the refrigerator. Table manners were mostly directed at Aviv: "Aviv, how can you have finished your soup without using your spoon?" (Aviv soaks up all his soup with hunks of bread) or "Don't put your knife into your mouth!" (recalling the way my Bobbe Mary used to eat.)

Drama too was played out at the table. Vered at the age of 12 makes me swear I won't tell Dad that she has a boyfriend "because he'll make fun of me." Eventually I'm allowed to tell and I warn him to act naturally. One evening, while passing the salad, Dad 'casually' says, "Oh, Vered, I believe you have a boyfriend." Vered shrieks, gets up from the table and runs off crying: "I told you he'd laugh at me!"

In Eilat, when the children were already grown, Aviv always used to laugh, saying that the Levys were happiest when eating. Suddenly we realized that the dinner table was no longer a place where battles were fought.

Yes, the table had become a place where good things happened. Who can deny that good food promotes a relaxed and comfortable feeling? Not having the kind of house where one retired to the lounge for coffee, we were never anxious to get up from the table (which would mean it was time to clear the dishes) and so we would sit and talk and enjoy camaraderie. This book hopes to capture some of our good times and hopefully add to yours.

This book is for Vered, Aviv and Moran. In the process of looking after you and helping you grow, we too needed to grow; teaching you responsibility, commitment and showing you love, we developed our own senses of responsibility and commitment and learnt that parenting is a wellspring of love.

You have infinitely enriched our lives and we love you very much.

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AVOCADO WITH CELERY FILLING

4 avocados
1 cup finely sliced celery
1 carrot, finely grated to garnish

Juice of 1 lemon
¼ cup French Dressing

Cut avocados in half and peel; sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine celery with thick French dressing. When ready to serve, spoon celery into avocados and top with grated carrot.
Serves 8.

Abe and Malia's avocado tree

'Pears' in the Bahamas mean avocados. Excellent and cheap, they are at their best at Rosh Hashanah and make an excellent appetizer.

Although time flies, we barely notice the everyday changes that time brings about. When Dad and I made aliyah in 1965 we stayed with Abe and Malia, Dad's uncle and aunt in Ramat HaSharon. At the entrance to their house they had planted a young avocado tree. Thirty years have since passed. With Saba Hayman we attended their son Jonti's barmitzvah and know that he is married, had two children and got divorced. But their lives were static to us.

In 1994 Moran and I visited Abe and Malia. We sat drinking tea under the now enormous avocado pear tree and realized that many years had passed. Abe and Malia are a most devoted couple: Abe had to attend a course on preventive driving. People do it because they have to. But when Abe had to do the course, Malia, who doesn't drive, attended classes with him. Such identification! After that, we called them Mabe and Alia.

Time flies and we suddenly find that most of our lives are behind us. Morris Kahn once told me that you should only be sorry for the things you did do; never be sorry for the things you didn't manage to do. Good advice, if you understand by it that you shouldn't waste your life in wanting or waiting or floundering, unable to make a decision. Go out and live. And flower like the 'pear' tree.

ASPARAGUS SPEARS

About 5 asparagus spears per person
1 red pepper
Toasted sesame seeds

French Dressing
Finely grated carrot

Choose asparagus with tightly closed compact heads and smooth stalks. With a vegetable peeler or paring knife peel off fibrous exterior around the base.

In a large frying pan boil enough salted water to cover asparagus easily. Plunge asparagus into boiling water and partially cover until water boils again, then uncover, reduce heat and cook for 4 minutes. As soon as a pointed knife easily pierces the asparagus it is done. Drain and plunge in a bowl of cold water to preserve the bright green color. After 10 minutes drain again.

Good warm, with lemon juice and a touch of melted butter, or cold, plain or sprinkled with a little vinaigrette.

To serve, cut red pepper in rings. Lay about five spears through a ring and fill additional space in ring with finely grated carrot. Garnish with toasted sesame seeds.

COOKED CUCUMBERS

12 firm small cucumbers
¼ cup grated cheese

2 Tbs butter
3 Tbs bread crumbs

Cut off and rub ends of a dozen fresh little cucumbers. Slice in half. Drop in boiling salted water and cook for 5 minutes. Drain and place in buttered baking pan. Dot with butter, grated cheese and bread crumbs and put under broiler to brown. Serves 4.

REIJZER ARTICHOKE

4 artichokes
2 tsp salt
1 Tbs olive oil
10 whole black peppers

3 liters (4 quarts) boiling water
4 Tbs vinegar
2 bay leaves

Choose artichokes with tight compact heads; brown spots aren't important. Cut off thorny tips and remove hard leaves around base. Rinse well in lots of water.

Bring water and seasonings to boil water in a large pot. Place artichokes, heads down, in water and cook for 30 minutes or until a leaf pulls off easily. Drain and cover until eaten. Best served warm with *Leben Dressing* (see Sauces and Dressings.)

Hans and Lottie

Lottie and Hans Reijzer introduced us to artichokes. That same night, walking home through the Netanya shuk (market) we saw a man unloading a truckload of artichokes. "Sell us some," we suggested, with the delicious taste still on our tongues. "No need," he answered in Hebrew, "Take as many as you want." They became a family favorite, but an argument always occurs as to whether artichokes are best served cold (Dad) or warm (the rest of us).

We met Hans and Lottie on ulpan; perhaps it was a common background (Holland/South Africa) that made us life long friends. The Reijzers were both very tall, but Lottie was an emaciated chain smoker. As the months went by Lottie got even thinner. "You're having a crisis; a non-Jew in a Jewish land," the doctors sagely concurred. "Have another baby. You'll be so busy you won't have time to mope." Ulpan finished and we all moved to Netanya. We played bridge, we had dinners together and we talked for hours.

When the double burden of the recession and Lottie's health became unbearable, Hans, Lottie and their baby daughter Jose returned to Amsterdam. Lottie immediately checked into hospital. The doctors examined her and told her she was riddled with Tuberculosis and wouldn't last the weekend. Happily, Lottie determined to live and although she had debilitating side effects, walks, when they said she would be paralysed.

Walks? One summer when I was staying with them in Amsterdam and learning Dutch (hoping to lead tours in Dutch) Lottie and I went to town. Because of degeneration in her muscles she walks in a funny way: she literally has to wind up to start walking. But once she starts she can't stop. Although I was pretty fit, walking to and from Dutch lessons daily, after a few hours with Lottie, I pleaded with her to stop and rest over a cup of coffee.

Walks? Why, she even did cross-country skiing in Geneva when we went to Mirabelle together. For some-one who had been told she would never walk again, she had come a long way!

ROQUEFORT-STUFFED TOMATOES

8 tomatoes

100 g (4 oz.) fat-free cream cheese

2 green onion tops, chopped/chopped parsley

2-3 Tbs thick cream/sour cream (not yoghurt)

Pepper

Salt

28 g (1 oz.) Roquefort cheese

1/8 tsp black pepper

French dressing

Scald and skin tomatoes. Slice off rounded end, reserving for lids. Hold tomato in hollow of hand and with the handle of a teaspoon flick out seeds. (Ziona's note: clean walls!) Drain tomatoes and lightly season each one with salt.

Mash cheeses together. Add green onion and black pepper and enough cream to make the mixture manageable. Fill tomatoes with cheese mixture; replace lids on a slant and place on a flat dish. Spoon over the French dressing and chill up to 2 hours before serving. Garnish with herbs. Serves 8.

Note: The type of cheese is not important, as long as the mixture is well-flavored and to your liking. I like the Roquefort and cream cheese combination, adding a pat of butter if using a non-fat cheese.

Ziona is very busy

When Coral World Bahamas was affected by surge damage in November 1991, Dovie came to help with the restoration project. Afraid that Ziona would be bored, I asked her to edit a rough draft of this cookbook, thinking it would keep her occupied while I would benefit from her remarks. Ziona never had a moment to spare. She exercised at the Police Gym. Initially dressed in baggy tennis clothes and a green visor, she started on a weight lifting program, but was soon dressed in black tights and a top like the rest of the gang. She played tennis, often having two tennis lessons a day in addition to a round or two of social tennis. She played bridge. And she found time to read the cookbook. How she laughed when she read the part about flicking the seeds out of the tomatoes. She scribbled in the margin "Not for those who don't have help."

PEAR AND WALNUT SALAD

From an excellent book, *Salads*, from Cordon Bleu Cookery Course.

6 ripe pears

Dressing:

1 large egg

3 Tbs tarragon vinegar

Lettuce leaves

1 Tbs powdered sugar

1/4 cup whipping cream/sour cream

3/4 cup chopped walnuts

Beat egg and sugar thoroughly, then add vinegar. Place bowl over a saucepan of gently simmering water and stir until mixture is thick. Remove from heat and leave until cold. Whip cream until it just begins to thicken, then fold into dressing.

Cut pears in half, peel and scoop out core with teaspoon. Reshape and place each pear on a crisp lettuce leaf on individual plates and immediately spoon over dressing. Sprinkle with walnuts. Keeps well, even better the next day. A winner. Serves 6.

Note: 1. If pears are large, serve ½ pear per person.

2. Don't substitute yoghurt for the cream - the flavor just isn't the same. I find commercial tarragon vinegar overpowering and prefer 1 tsp chopped fresh tarragon leaves soaked in ordinary vinegar. If unavailable, use 1 Tbs tarragon vinegar and 2 Tbs ordinary vinegar.

Louise and I always laugh at how many 'bests' we have. Well, this is one of them!

JEANNETTE'S MUSHROOM TURNOVERS

Turnovers:

1 cup cream cheese

2½ cups flour

3 Tbs yoghurt

½ cup butter at room temperature

1 tsp salt

Mix cheese and butter thoroughly. Add flour and salt and mix with pastry fork until smooth. Add yoghurt if mixture won't bind. Chill at least 1 hour.

Filling:

1½ large onions, finely chopped

300 g (10 oz.) mushrooms, finely sliced

Salt and pepper

¼ cup sour cream

2 Tbs butter

1/3 tsp thyme

3 Tbs flour

Saute onion lightly in butter; add mushrooms and cook for 3 minutes. Add thyme and salt and pepper. Sprinkle with flour and stir until mixture thickens; lastly stir in cream. Roll dough between sheets of wax paper. Loosen the upper and lower sheets several times while the dough is being rolled to allow it to spread. Roll to 4 mm (¼ inch) thickness and cut into rounds with large glass. Place 1 tsp of filling in center and fold over. Crimp edges with fork. Place turnovers on an ungreased baking sheet and prick the tops. Bake in a preheated hot oven (230°C/450°F) for about 15 minutes until golden brown.

Jeannette and Cal Bastian

Jeannette and Cal Bastian are friends from the synagogue in St Thomas. Jeannette, very quiet despite her red hair, was President of the Sisterhood. Jeannette, Andrea, Marilyn, Ella and Nina were the mainstay of the Sisterhood (and thus the Jewish community) and worked tirelessly to improve the quality of Jewish life there. The early 1980s was the first time that I had been involved with an all-woman group and it was an eye-opener. When women are together it appears that all women have something to say and if there are no men around they also have the courage to say it. They gladly accepted me into their circle and their support and friendship were very important to me. I was soon in charge of the little Judaica shop and guiding at the synagogue. The synagogue, built in the early 1800s with bricks that were brought over as ballast in ships from Europe, is one of the tourist attractions on the island. Showing people around was so enjoyable that, when we returned to Israel, I jumped at the opportunity to work as a tourist guide, happily ending my career as a cosmetician.

Jeannette and I became bridge partners during our second stay in St. Thomas. For thirty years I had been a mousy player - whatever anybody said was correct and okay by me. But with Jeannette, who hadn't played in 13 years, it was I who had to take charge. I taught her what I knew and also taught her the mistakes I made! But we enjoyed playing together.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Choose large unblemished mushrooms with closed caps if possible. Then get stuffed!!

About 5 mushrooms per person
¼ cup pecans, finely chopped
1 small onion, finely chopped
Salt and pepper

1½ cups bread crumbs
¼ cup chopped parsley
Soup or buttermilk to moisten
Grated yellow cheese for sprinkling

Wipe mushrooms with a damp cloth. Remove stems; if firm chop and use, otherwise discard. Combine remaining ingredients and stuff mushrooms. Brush mushrooms with oil and place upside down on oiled pan. Grill until cheese is well browned. Delicious. Leftover stuffing can be spread thickly over thick slices of tomato and grilled or baked separately.

MUSHROOMS IN SOUR CREAM

250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 Tbs brandy
1/8 tsp salt
½ cup grated yellow cheese

¼ cup finely chopped onion
2 Tbs butter
1 tsp tomato paste
Pinch of white pepper
1 cup sour cream

Wipe mushrooms with a damp cloth; if caps are open remove stems. Saute onions and garlic in butter for 2 minutes; add mushrooms, brandy, tomato paste and salt and pepper. Cook on low heat for 5 minutes. Add cheese and stir; when melted add sour cream, mix well and serve.

TABOULEH (BURGHUL SALAD)

1 cup burghul
1 large bunch parsley
2 ripe tomatoes
1 medium cucumber
1 Tbs chopped parsley
2 Tbs olive oil

1¼ cups boiling water
1 medium onion
1 green pepper
1 Tbs chopped mint
1 juice lemon
Salt and pepper

Soak burghul in boiling water for ½ hour. Drain and cool.

Dice vegetables and add together with remaining ingredients; mix well. Let flavors blend for at least an hour. Adjust seasonings. Keeps well for a few days.

IRIS HORWITZ'S MELITZANO SALATA

2 large eggplants
¼ cup red wine vinegar
1 Tbs mayonnaise
2 small garlic cloves, mashed

½ cup olive oil
¼ cup minced fresh parsley
1½ tsp Dijon mustard
Salt and pepper

Preheat oven to 200 C (400 F) degrees. Pierce eggplants all over with a fork. Bake until soft, about 40 minutes. Cool.

Peel eggplants and transfer to a bowl. Mash well. Add remaining ingredients, adjusting seasonings to taste. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled.

HAZILIM AND THINA SALAD

When one lives overseas, things taken for granted suddenly become special. In Eilat I would pop into the neighborhood store for a chat with the Dagan brothers and a container of eggplant salad. But live in St Thomas or Nassau and you can agonize over how to prepare these dishes.

1 large light eggplant
1 Tbs lemon juice
½ tsp salt

½ cup thina paste
1 clove garlic, mashed

Roast eggplant over fire or in dry pan until soft. Cool, peel, drain well and mash. Combine thina with lemon juice, garlic and salt; add to eggplant.

Granny's resourcefulness

Of the things I took when my Ma died, her cook books and scribbled slips of paper with recipes are among my favorites. Although many of the recipes are not suitable, it gives me great pleasure to see Ma's bold printed writing and spelling mistakes! Bobbe Mary and her husband came to South Africa in about 1923. Granny, her older sister Rose and younger brothers, Jack, Aaron and later Julius, all went to school in Dornfontein. But the sisters only completed primary school as there was no money to put them through Government High School.

Ma got a job in a laundry. But it used to annoy her that while she was walking away from town to go to work there were all these people going into town. Being very resourceful, she noticed that a new store, Wellworth's, was opening in town. When the store manager couldn't offer her a job, she offered to help for free and set up the stocking department. He readily agreed to her kind offer, but she says that when he came to open the store, he had to employ Ma, as she was the only one who knew where everything was. This was the late 1930s when elaborate plaited hairstyles, straight skirts, high heels and nylon stockings with seams were the all rage. Johannesburg was going through a boom and the store prospered. Ma was soon in charge of the stocking and Kaiser nylon bar, importing the stockings from Japan and supervising about 10 women.

DVORA'S CHACHILIM SALAD

1 large eggplant
1 tomato, diced
1 Tbs olive oil
Salt and pepper
(1-2 Tbs mayonnaise or prepared thina)

1 cucumber, peeled and diced
1 Tbs chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, mashed
Lemon juice to taste

Roast eggplant over fire or dry pan until soft on all sides. Cool, peel, rinse and drain well; mash. Add remaining ingredients.

Granny's friend, Dvora

Granny was not very good at languages. Although she unsuccessfully tried to learn Afrikaans and French (neither of which she could speak) she never gave up trying to better her Hebrew and regularly attended ulpan.

One summer, when she was studying at Ulpan Akiva, she was introduced to Ben Yehuda, the editor of the dictionary and the descendant of the father of modern Hebrew. Granny, never at

a loss for words, warmly replied that she had stayed at his hotel Ganei Yehuda in Netanya many times, unaware of the mix-up she had made.

Dvora was Granny's friend who lived nearby. Except for the years when Granny lived with Joseph, they were constant companions. They went together to concerts and on walks, played bridge and supported each other through tough and good times.

GRANNY'S STIR-FRIED HAZILIM SALAD

The preparation of the eggplant is my idea; the sauce is all Granny's.

Dice a large eggplant. Place cubes in a large bowl of salted water and let soak for half an hour. Drain well and then pat dry.

Wipe a heavy frying pan with one tablespoon of olive oil. Fry the eggplant for 10 minutes over medium-low heat, stirring often. Cover and fry 5 minutes more or until the 'raw' taste disappears.

Sauce:

¼ cup ketchup
2 Tbs vinegar

¼ cup boiling water
Salt and pepper

Mix sauce and pour over fried eggplant. Adjust seasonings.
Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

He isn't good enough for you

Do all parents think that the person whom their child plans to marry is not good enough for them? Or do they really know best? Our family has a mixed record.

Granny's older sister, Rose decided a week before she was due to get married that Koppel wasn't the right man for her. She cried to her mother, Bobbe Mary, that she wanted to cancel the wedding. Bobbe Mary was horrified and refused, saying that all the wedding presents had already arrived. Rose had a miserable marriage and eventually got divorced. Despite having five successful and caring children she grew into an embittered woman. Sadly, she and Granny were not talking when Granny died. When Louise visited Rose in Johannesburg, she said she was sorry that they never made up - but it was too late for Granny.

Granny Gertie's parents didn't want her to marry Grandpa Maurice either, in the beginning, because he was too left wing. They too got divorced many years later, when I was pregnant with Aviv.

When Louise got engaged to a man, Merrick Rubin, our parents put such pressure on her that she broke off the engagement. Unfortunately her marriage to Melly also ended in divorce.

When Anthony and I began to go out together, my parents were bitterly opposed to this friendship as they thought he was too left-wing for me and that he was running after my money. Although I had no thoughts of getting married at the time, I left home as a show of independence. I moved into a house with some people (which Louise tells me was a communist den) and got a job with Lever Brothers. When Anthony and I eventually decided to get married Anthony went to tell my father the news and that we were going to make aliyah. "But she's not 21" (the legal age of

independence in South Africa) my father protested, "And you have no money to go to Israel." Anthony replied that we would wait another six months and then go with Sochnut help. "No. Over my dead body," replied Grandpa. A few weeks later we got married in a very small ceremony at the Durban Jewish Club and the next morning we left for Israel. Later on, both my parents really liked Dad and he and Granny had a special relationship.

When Vered wants to get at me, she reminds me that although we heartily approve of and like Aviv Ron now, we were opposed to the relationship in the beginning. "Ah!", I reply, "But he's changed."

THINA

1 cup sesame paste (thina)
3 cloves garlic, mashed
½ cup or more water

¼ cup or more fresh lemon juice
1 tsp salt

Blend all ingredients in food processor, adding enough water for desired consistency - thicker if to be served with hummus, a running consistency if to be used as a sauce.

DALIA'S BOUREKAS

This is from Dalia Lamdani's book *Cooking For Freezing, Freezing for Cooking*. Like everything that Dalia does, the recipes are tested and good. I made these bourekas at a luncheon in Nassau, after exhausting the hummus, thina, felafel variations.

3 cups flour
¾ cup soda water
200 g (7 oz.) margarine
¼ cup sesame seeds

Pinch of salt
2 Tbs vinegar
1 egg for egg wash
Fillings (see below)

Combine flour and salt. Add soda water and vinegar and mix well. Grate margarine over flour and knead until smooth, adding a little more flour if dough too sticky. Put in a plastic bag and refrigerate for ½ hour. Meanwhile prepare filling (see below).

Divide dough in half and peel off leaves, cutting them into 8 cm (3 inch) squares. Place 1 tsp filling on each square, fold into triangles and crimp edges. Place on greased cookie sheet. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bourekas may be frozen at this stage.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F) until golden brown.

Israeli Cheese filling for Bourekas:

150 g hard salty cheese (Feta)
150 g hard white cheese
Freshly ground black pepper

150 g grated yellow cheese (Cheddar)
1 egg

Drain white cheeses if moist. Grate cheeses and combine with beaten egg and black pepper.

Place 1 tsp of mixture into each square, fold to form a triangle and pinch down. Then brush with a little egg mixed with water and salt.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 30 minutes or until golden. Can be reheated the next day, baking on high for about ten minutes.

*** Boureka fillings continued on next page ***

Swiss Chard or Spinach Filling for Bourekas:**1 kilo (2 lbs) Swiss chard****1 Tbs oil****Salt and pepper****Scant ¼ cup pine nuts****1 large onion, finely chopped**

Wash Swiss chard or spinach, removing thick white stems. Cook green part with a little water in a closed pot until tender. Drain well and chop.

Roast pine nuts lightly in an ungreased frying pan over medium heat, stirring to prevent burning; remove from pan. In the same pan add oil and fry onion until soft. Add Swiss chard and continue frying until water has evaporated and mixture quite solid. Add pine nuts and leave to cool. Add salt and pepper.

Variation: For a filling using American cheeses, grate 9 oz. sharp Cheddar cheese. Add either 3 oz. Feta and 2 Tbs bread crumbs, or 1½ oz. each Parmesan and cream cheese. Add 1 egg and freshly ground black pepper an mix.

An Israeli cookbook

When we lived overseas people used to ask us to make Israeli foods. My cookbooks have recipes from all over the world, including Jewish but not Israeli cooking. How did one prepare hummus? Why, in Eilat you popped over to Deganit, had a nice chat with Gabi, made eyes at Herzl, then bought the hummus and on the way home tried to educate the neighborhood kids not to discard their ice cream wrappers on the road. Bourekas entailed driving into town to choose between trays of mouth-watering cheese, potato or spinach golden-brown bourekas. And always buying one extra boureka as the smell in the car was irresistible. Either way the feeling of belonging, of being a 'regular' was fun.

Supermarkets, which also offered bourekas, were cheaper, offered a better variety of goods, but they are also impersonal and no cashier would ask how my children were doing.

VARDA'S TUNA MOUSSE**2 cans tuna in water (200 g/7 oz. each)****1 green pepper, seeded and cut into chunks****1 Tbs mayonnaise****1½ Tbs ketchup****Tabasco, to taste****½ cup cold water****3 spring onions, chopped****3 Tbs yoghurt****½ tsp dry mustard****3-4 Tbs lemon juice****2 packets gelatin****Salt and pepper**

To prepare mold, line a container with plastic wrap and set aside.

Drain tuna. In food processor blend spring onions and green pepper; add tuna, yoghurt, mayonnaise, mustard and ketchup and blend until smooth. Add lemon juice, Tabasco and salt and pepper; adjust seasonings to taste.

Dissolve gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Heat the other ¼ cup water in microwave until hot. Pour over gelatin and stir; add to mousse and blend briefly. Pour into mold and refrigerate overnight.

To unmold, place a flat plate over container; holding both container and plate, invert. Carefully peel off wrap.

Decorate with slices of tomato and twists of sliced lemon. Serves 8.

Returning to St Thomas

Returning to St Thomas after a nine year hiatus was surprisingly easy. Our old friends joyfully embraced us (literally) and made space for us in their very busy lives.

The Jewish Community of St Thomas is wonderful - warm and accepting, they function as an extended family. After being so lonely in Nassau it was wonderful to have people pop over just because they were in the vicinity, or come for tea and stay for dinner. Varda's aunt from Israel visited the island and I made Varda's mousse with salmon for a welcome brunch. The guests included Varda, Ella, Kathy Brener, Marilyn Grishman and Nina. Varda, with her boundless vitality and good nature, was part of everything that happened on the island; Ella, was learning tennis and used to come anyway after tennis to visit; Kathy Brener a recent emigre from the States, was afraid to drive on the island but mustered up the courage to drive herself over for the very first time; Marilyn Grishman was invited because we spent a wonderful day on their yacht Blue Cloud and discovered she remembers all my stories; Nina, my devoted friend, was simply told to reschedule her day and come for breakfast.

Shoshana Rosenthal

Shoshana Rosenthal, who owned and ran a desert-cooler factory in Eilat, is an old bridge friend of Dad's. She and her husband Yoske have a wonderful cabin cruiser and it was always a special treat to be invited to sail on it. The blueness of the sparkling waters contrasting against the unending brownness of the desert mountains with refreshing dips in the cool water made everyone hungry. Shoshana made a similar mousse: it took on a special flavor when eaten while sailing in the Red Sea.

CONCH-STYLE SALAD

This is a kosher version of the mollusk dish so popular in the Bahamas.

300 g (10 oz.) frozen Nile Perch
2 bay leaves
1 large onion, chopped
½ green pepper, chopped
1 tomato, chopped
1 tsp salt

At least ½ cup lime (lemon) juice
3 peppercorns
2 hot peppers chopped very finely
½ red pepper, chopped
1/8 cup orange juice
¼ tsp pepper

Cut half-frozen fish into bite-sized pieces; marinate in lemon juice, bay leaves and peppercorns for a few hours, adding more lemon juice as it is absorbed. Add remaining ingredients; adjust seasonings to taste. Rumored to be good the next day if you are fortunate enough to have leftovers! Serves 8.

Note: 1. It can also be made with fresh halibut, snapper, kingfish or mahi mahi.
2. Substitute up to 1 tsp Tabasco for hot peppers.

Conch Salad

"Conch (pronounced conk) is known to make the weak strong, survive the drunk and build sex power" (Bahama Cook and Drink Book by Grant and Cartwright). No self-respecting man would go on a date without first fortifying himself with a portion of conch. Anybody who visits the Bahamas should taste Conch Salad. All over the island there are little stalls with pretty rows of Queen Conch resting on one side. You choose your conch and while the Conchman taps a hole in the shell to loosen the mollusk inside you go to the nearby vegetable stall and buy 1 onion,

1 tomato, 1 hot pepper, 1-2 limes and an orange. In the meantime the Conchman has pulled the conch from the beautiful pink shell, removed the horn-like podium and scored the conch. He then rubs the peppers over the meat, cuts up the conch and vegetables (never using all), places everything in a small plastic bag, squeezes lemon and sour orange into it straining the juice through his fingers, adds a generous pinch of salt and gives it a good shake. By this time you are salivating.

Tastiest when eaten with your fingers with the juices dribbling over your chin, and your mouth and finger tips burning from the peppers.

DANISH HERRING

6 salt herrings
¼ cup oil
½ cup tomato paste
1 cup chopped onion
Pepper

½ cup sugar
1 cup vinegar
1 cup chopped green apple
1 tsp made mustard

Soak 6 firm salt herrings overnight in water, carefully changing the water from time to time. Fillet and cut into thumb-nail size pieces.

Mix all remaining ingredients, pour over fillets and bottle.

Serves 10.

This is an original Jewish South African recipe, quite unlike other herring dishes. Best made from salt herring; okay with filleted matjes herring which saves the bother of filleting the herrings. Very festive. It will gladden the heart of any South African-born guest present.

The gypsy family Levy

Our three month holiday in a motorhome driving around Scandinavia appealed to the gypsy in us. Knowing that space would be limited, I wanted to pack our clothes and gear into cardboard boxes, which could be thrown away when we unpacked. Granny, absolutely horrified, vetoed the idea.

Tired of washing clothes in icy streams, when we arrived in Oslo we drove to a dry cleaner. As we ambled in, scruffy-looking and carrying piles of dirty clothes, the manager took Dad aside and whispered in his ear, "There's another dry cleaner around the corner. He's much cheaper."

DOREEN CAINES' STEW SALT-FISH

1½ k (2½ lbs) salt-fish
1 large onion, chopped finely
1 Tbs vinegar
(¼ tsp hot pepper)

1 Tbs oil
1 medium green pepper, chopped finely
¼ tsp black pepper

The quality of the salt-fish is crucial. Choose the thickest, meatiest pieces of salt-fish available. Soak salt-fish overnight in lots of water. Place salt-fish in a pot with plenty of fresh water and boil 5 minutes. Remove fish and let cool. Remove skin and all bones, then break fish into very small pieces.

Place oil, onion and green pepper in a saucepan over low heat; place pieces of salt-fish on

top and fry until cooked. Pour in vinegar and combine all ingredients, mixing with a spoon for 2 minutes. Season to taste.

Serve with unsalted crackers, lots of rum and loud Soca music.

Coral World St Thomas

The years, 1981-1984, spent in St Thomas were very hard for the whole family. The previous manager of Coral World St Thomas had left before Dad arrived and he was immediately faced with a crisis, a confrontation with the local Trade Union. The whole period on the island was very difficult and the last day was like the first in that things never ran smoothly and every situation was faced as if it were the first time. But the friendships formed with the staff were lasting.

The Coral World parties were great. The hot beat of soca and the insistent rhythm of reggae would free inhibitions, get the legs jumping and the bahnas (backsides) swaying.

The close ties with the staff at Coral World St Thomas have continued. On a visit seven years later, the veteran staff held a party for us. It was like old times - favorite foods, great music and lots of dancing. Howard Sabin, the corrosion expert who happened to be with us, said he hadn't had so much fun in years.

Doreen Caines, as a special favor, gave me her salt-fish recipe. Eaten with crackers it is a great appetizer.

Years later on a trip to the sandbanks of Canada we found the connection between salt-fish and the Caribbean: Cod was caught, cleaned, salted, dried and shipped to the Caribbean. A good source of protein, cheap and not needing special care, it was a staple for the slaves who worked the sugar plantations in the 18th and 19th centuries.

FOR MALI: ASPARAGUS AU GRATIN

2 cups milk
1 bay leaf
Salt and white pepper
3 Tbs flour
Grate of nutmeg
Dried bread crumbs

2 slices onion
12 peppercorns
3 Tbs butter
1 can asparagus, drained
½ cup grated Cheddar/¼ cup Parmesan

In a small saucepan, scald milk. Add onion, bay leaf and peppercorns. Remove from heat. Cover and let stand 5-10 minutes. Melt butter in a medium-heavy saucepan. Stir in flour. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, 1-2 minutes until foaming, but not brown. Cool. Strain hot milk into butter mixture whisking constantly and bring to a boil. Remove from heat. If lumpy blend in food processor for a few seconds. Spoon a thin layer over the bottom of a greased shallow baking dish. Place asparagus on top and cover with remaining sauce. Sprinkle with nutmeg, cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F), for 15 minutes or until bubbly and brown. This dish can be prepared a day ahead. Serves 4.

Note: 1. The sauce can be prepared up to three days ahead. When removing from flame, rub surface of sauce with butter to prevent skin from forming. Cover and refrigerate or freeze.
2. Substitute 6-8 leeks, washed and trimmed, for the asparagus.

* Continued *

Mali Fishman

In 1986 I was invited to help set up a Rape Crisis Center in Eilat. Intrigued, I asked why the caller had approached me, because, although I was interested in feminist issues, the subject was far removed from my daily concerns. "Oh", she replied, "Your name is on my list, but I can't remember who put it there." Being a sucker for any kind of need, I went to the first meeting, and was hooked for life. Each participant put forward money to pay for members of the Tel Aviv Rape Crisis Center to come and train us. We were a strange group, veteran Eilatis and young kibbutzniks, feminists and women who thought 'feminist' was a dirty word, liberals and staunch right-wingers, but we all took pride in our ability to work together. Fortunately there were not many cases of rape in Eilat and it is hard to say how many women we helped. But the lives of each of us were touched and we changed the way we viewed ourselves, women's issues and politics. We were fortunate in having Mali Fishman as our chairperson. For many of us it was the first time that women were in charge; those were heady days, when we felt the combined power of a group of women who were committed to help others. Mali Fishman was vocal, very intelligent and highly organized; she was an effective role model and leader. Although there was an executive committee, Sophie Stern and I soon became Mali's advisors and the three of us spent many hours at Cafe Kapulsky. Mali loved Asparagus au Gratin and made me promise that it would appear in this book. With love and appreciation for how, even unknowingly, Mali, Sophie, Fay and all the other women deeply affected me, shaping my life at a time when I thought there would be no more surprises.

ENDIVE ARDENNAISE

Endive, also known as Chicory, resembles the heart of a lettuce with elongated tightly packed leaves. If the bitterness of Campari pleases you, you'll love endive. It makes an elegant and easy first course.

4 heads Belgian endive
Squeeze of lemon juice

3 Tbs water

Cheese Sauce:

1 Tbs butter, heaped
1 cup milk
½ tsp mustard

Grated Parmesan cheese for sprinkling

1 level Tbs flour

50 g (2 oz.) grated dry Cheddar or Gruyere
Salt and pepper

Trim ends of endive. If large, cut in half lengthwise. Place in well-buttered flameproof casserole with water and lemon juice. Cover with a piece of wax paper. Place in microwave and cook for about 1 minute a portion, until tender.

Meanwhile make Cheese Sauce. Melt butter, add flour and whisk to remove lumps. Cook over low heat for 2-3 minutes, until flour is golden but not browned. Remove from heat, add milk and beat sauce vigorously to dissolve flour and smooth the sauce. Bring to a boil, add salt, reduce heat to a simmer and cook slowly for at least 5 minutes to remove any floury taste. Add cheese and stir until smooth. Place endive on a heatproof dish, coat with the sauce and sprinkle liberally with Parmesan. Brown under grill and serve piping hot.

Variation: Gila Bessis used to work for Dad in Eilat and now lives in Paris. She taught Vered the French way to prepare endive: cut in half, place in saucepan with juice of one orange and a touch of olive oil. Simmer 20 minutes and eat.

Lazaro and Sylvia

The first time I ate braised endive was at 'Sun And', an excellent restaurant in Nassau. We were entertaining the Cuban Ambassador Lazaro Cabezas and his wife Sylvia, an incredibly warm couple, without the formality of most ambassadorial people. Despite the differences in background we felt like family. An entrenched communist and loyal member of the Party (this was after the Russians had pulled out) he nevertheless saw trade as the key to his country's future, stoutly insisting that in 1992 Cuba would be able to produce all its own food. They were returning to Cuba to work on a farm for three weeks.

BRAISED FENNEL WITH GRUYERE CHEESE

3 Tbs unsalted butter

½ cup chicken broth

1/3 cup coarsely grated Cheddar cheese

1 large fennel bulb

2 Tbs minced fennel leaves

Salt and pepper

Cut fennel lengthwise into julienne strips. In a heavy frying pan heat butter, add fennel and cook, stirring, for 5 minutes. Add broth, cover and simmer for about 10 minutes stirring occasionally until fennel is tender. Remove fennel to a warm dish. Boil the mixture, uncovered, until broth is reduced to a glaze. Remove pan from heat and in a serving dish toss cooked fennel with leaves, cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Serves 4.

Gatecrashing in Nassau

When Aviv and his girlfriend Orna visited us in Nassau I made this dish. Aviv was working extremely hard at a tile factory in Beer Sheva and deserved some TLC, Tender Loving Care. Orna and I had not always been friendly (an understatement), but I owe Orna a debt of gratitude - when Aviv, in hospital with his burnt arm, missed Orna acutely, she came, despite her father's strong attempts to forbid her. But I'll also hold a grudge against her, because she seriously bad-mouthed Aviv, while they were at Mitzpe Shalem on the Dead Sea. We eventually made our peace and when they visited us in Nassau, I invited her to the prestigious Humane Society Luncheon and Fashion Show. I blanched when she dressed in her (best) black jeans as I knew that linen and silk were required, but off we went. We arrived at Greycliffe, the smartest restaurant in Nassau, and entered the restaurant to find a group of women standing in the lobby and drinking cocktails. We happily accepted the free champagne. a nice touch, so I thought, before we would have to buy the various raffle tickets. I recognized no-one and was glad when a short, blond woman came over to speak to us. After a few minutes of polite chatter she asked if we were visitors to the island. "Oh no", I protested, "I live here and have come for the Humane Society Luncheon." "That was yesterday", she replied, "This is a private party, a bridal shower."

LOUISE'S CREAM DIP WITH VARIATIONS

200 g (8 oz.) cream cheese

1 Tbs mayonnaise

2 cloves garlic, mashed

1 tsp made mustard

Tabasco, to taste

2 Tbs sour cream/yoghurt

1 tsp Worcestershire sauce

1 tsp lemon juice

½ tsp paprika

Salt and pepper

Blend all ingredients; adjust seasonings. Serve with broccoli and cauliflower flowerets, sticks of celery and carrots, and potato crisps. Makes 1½ cups.

* Variations on next page *

Louise's Cream Dip Variations: For sandwich fillings or other dips, combine the first five ingredients, then add:

Chopped green or black olives

Sardines and lemon juice

Horseradish

½ avocado pear, mayonnaise and finely chopped onion

Hard-boiled egg, mustard and a little mayonnaise

Finely grated cucumber and onion

"We at the hairdresser have decided..."

At the Netanya junction there is a wooden booth where volunteers supply food and drink to passing soldiers as they wait for rides. During the Yom Kippur War I was asked to be in charge of the booth one day a week. I went around Hofit arranging for sandwich spreads, cakes, and volunteers. As the weeks went by I made every variation of Louise's dip and it was thoroughly appreciated. My involvement in the war effort was very satisfying, even if it was so minor. In the beginning the women were very enthusiastic, but as their husbands were released from the army their eagerness waned and it became increasingly difficult to find volunteers. One day one of the women approached me and said: "We at the hairdresser have decided that it (peopling the booth) is enough. It's alright for you; you love soldiers, but we're tired." It was at that moment that I decided I had to leave Hofit, for there obviously was no place for me there.

I also joined a WIZO project for soldiers in the Golan Heights, spearheaded by Jack and Yehida Singer. One of these trips precipitated my return to tennis. Our van with volunteers and food got lost; looking for a specific outpost we had unknowingly driven extremely close to the Syrian border. As we stopped to ask directions I suddenly heard my name called in surprise. It was Yigal Biran, a neighbor from Hofit, who on the spot said that if he came back alive he would play tennis with me. And he did.

SANDWICH CAKE

1 day-old loaf of bread

Flavorful fillings

Fillings: Salmon/tuna and capers with a little mayonnaise and paprika

Hard-boiled eggs, mashed with French mustard, chopped parsley, a little mayonnaise/butter

Sardines with lemon and a little of the oil

Cream cheese with finely chopped green onions/chopped parsley/grated cucumbers and paprika/Roquefort cheese

Diced chicken with a little mustard and mayonnaise

Prepare about ½ cup filling for each layer; they should be well-spiced and colorful.

Cottage cheese coating:

400 g (1 lb) cottage cheese

1 Tbs mayonnaise

(A little sweet cream)

1 level dessertspoon gelatin dissolved in 1 Tbs boiling water

Blend cottage cheese, mayonnaise (and sweet cream) in food processor. Season to taste. Add gelatin dissolved in water and blend briefly. Chill.

To assemble:

Remove crusts from loaf and slice lengthwise into 3-4 slices. You may use two loaves, white and whole-wheat, alternating slices for a colorful mixture.

Spread with fillings and reassemble. Place on platter and spread cheese coating over top and sides. Refrigerate until set. Garnish with parsley, radishes cut into flowers, slices of black and green olives, fancy slices of cucumber and tomato - whatever takes your fancy.

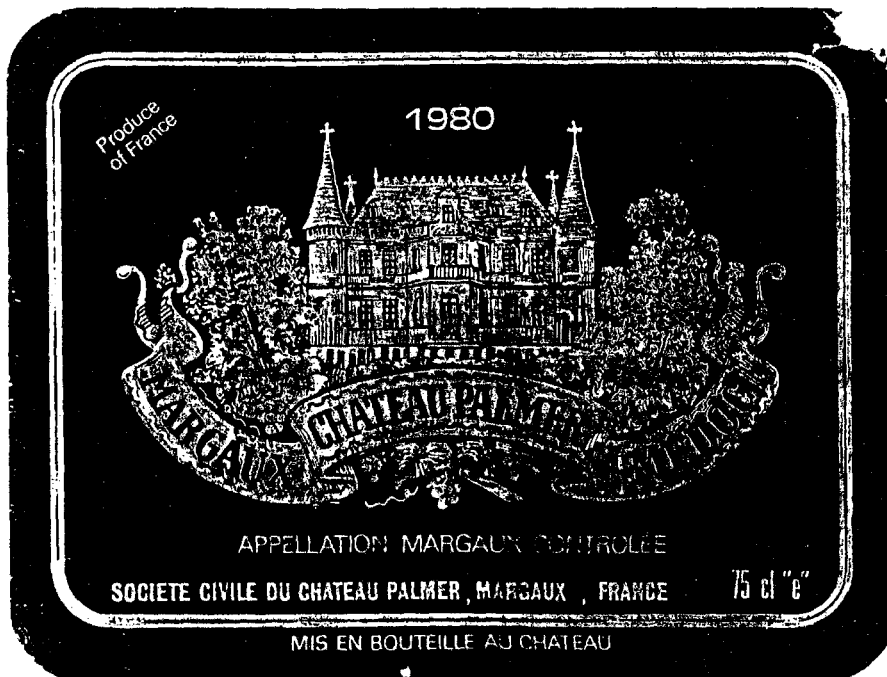
Assemble the night before to enable flavors to blend.

A spectacular cake

Although this requires quite a lot of work it is spectacular - suitable for adults at a child's birthday party - or for the staff at Hospital to celebrate a family member's release. Just don't be like me when, after making a sumptuous meal for the Eilat Yoseftal Hospital staff to celebrate Aviv's recovery from tar burns and his release from hospital, we all ended up in hospital. Two hours after leaving the hospital, on the way to Tel Aviv, I overturned the car and we were back in the Emergency Room two hours later (see Corn Fritters in Vegetarian).

PEPPER JELLY WITH CREAM CHEESE

Pepper Jelly is simple to make (see Sauces and Dressings). On salted crackers spread cream cheese and top with red and/or green pepper jelly. Easy and delicious.



16 December 1984 : Our first real good wine. Now I know what body in wine refers to - dark red liquor like. For our 20th wedding Anniversary. Snacks by Ant. And the "\$200" is still Taying on its side.

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SALSA VERDE

1 large handful parsley
2 cloves garlic, mashed
3-5 Tbs olive oil
1 Tbs lemon juice

1 Tbs chopped capers
1-2 anchovy fillets
1 slice bread, crust removed
Salt and pepper

Remove parsley leaves from stalks and chop; blend with capers, garlic and anchovies. Spoon 1-2 Tbs oil over bread and when soaked, add to parsley mixture and continue to pound. Gradually add 2-3 Tbs oil; add lemon juice and season well. Or place all ingredients in a food processor and blend. Adjust seasonings. Sauce should be thick. Combine with a bowl of fresh crisp lettuce.

GRAPE AND LETTUCE SALAD

This is a very sophisticated salad.

1 Belgian endive, julienned
250 g (8 oz.) large black grapes
¼ cup red wine vinegar
1/8 tsp salt
¼ cup canola oil

1 bunch watercress, leaves only
100 g (4 oz.) Roquefort cheese, crumbled
1 tsp Dijon mustard
1/8 tsp black pepper
¼ cup olive oil

Wash and dry salad ingredients; halve and seed grapes. Add grapes and Roquefort cheese. In a jar mix vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper; pour in oils. Mix well; add 2-3 ice-cubes and mix until emulsified. Just before serving pour dressing over salad and serve. Looks attractive in bowl lined with red lettuce. Any combination of bitter lettuce or spinach can be used.

TREVOR'S CAESAR SALAD

1 clove garlic, mashed
3 slices firm white bread
6 anchovy fillets, mashed
1/8 tsp black pepper
½ tsp Worcestershire sauce
1 large head Romaine (long leaf) lettuce

½ cup canola/olive oil
3 Tbs lemon juice
½ tsp salt
½ tsp dry mustard
1 egg
½ cup Parmesan

Steep garlic in oil overnight; remove and discard. Cut bread into small cubes. Saute cubes in 1 tablespoon of the garlic oil until golden brown. Drain on paper. Combine remaining oil, lemon juice, anchovies, salt, pepper, mustard, and Worcestershire sauce in large salad bowl. Place a room temperature whole egg in hot water in a small bowl for 10 minutes. Tear lettuce into bite-size pieces; place in salad bowl. Top lettuce with half the Parmesan. Break egg over salad, Toss. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and bread. Serve at once.

Trevor and Karen Adderly

Karen, marketing manager at Coral World Nassau, was going to leave Coral World, but stayed to meet the new manager (Dad) and fortunately remained. She's vivacious and has a wonderful Jamaican accent. We saw a lot of her and her husband Trevor. Trevor made this salad when they made a special dinner to celebrate moving into their new home.

*** Continued ***

Trevor was the Maitre D' at the Crystal Palace Dinner and Show, so he was awake most of the night. When possible Trevor and I would go to the police gym and work out in the morning. An old fashioned gym, with free-standing weights and a nautilus, it had none of the new fancy machines. But it did have gorgeous athletic policemen lifting a lot of weights! The men were always helpful and even Ziona became addicted to the gym!

RED LEAF AND VEGETABLE SALAD

¼ cup small broccoli flowerets
1 carrot, grated
4 mushrooms, sliced
½ red bell pepper, cut into strips

3 cups torn red leaf lettuce, rinsed and spun dry
½ small red onion, thinly sliced
4 cherry tomatoes, quartered
1 tsp finely chopped fresh parsley leaves

Dressing:

¼ tsp salt
Pinch of cayenne pepper
1 Tbs olive/canola oil
½ cup plain yoghurt

¼ tsp sugar
1 tsp fresh lemon juice
1½ tsp (coarse-grained) made mustard
1 hard-boiled egg, quartered to garnish

Blanch broccoli in boiling water for 1 minute. Drain and plunge into ice water for 10 minutes. Drain well. Combine vegetables. Whisk together dressing ingredients; pour over salad just prior to serving.

SPINACH SALAD

500 g (1 lb) spinach
1 (red) onion, halved and thinly sliced
3 hard-boiled eggs, whites only, chopped

250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms (preferably fresh), sliced
Grated rind of ½ lemon
French dressing made with wine vinegar

Rinse spinach well, remove stalks and pat dry. Combine with mushrooms, onion, lemon rind and egg whites. At last moment add French Dressing and toss. Serves 6.

SALAT MUKPATZ - SAUTEED MUSHROOM SALAD

From *Something's Cookin'* - Greenmarket recipes from Union Square in New York.

4 Portabella mushrooms
¼ cup balsamic vinegar
2 cloves garlic, mashed
Salad greens, including spinach

½ cup soy sauce
1 Tbs olive oil
¼ tsp black pepper
Green onions

Wipe mushrooms with a damp cloth and slice thickly. Marinate in soy and vinegar for five minutes. Heat oil and garlic in a heavy flat frying pan. Add mushrooms and marinade and saute for about 1½ minutes each side until just soft. Add lots of pepper. Pour liquid into a bowl of greens and onions and toss. Place mushrooms on top and serve immediately. 1 Portabella mushroom per person makes a satisfying main meal salad; if using other mushrooms use 250 g (8 oz.) for four people.

Note: Vered suggests improving with pecans, pine-nuts, dried berries or 1 tsp honey.

* Continued *

159 E 30th Street

When Vered and Aviv started to work at Booz-Allen and Hamilton in Manhattan they, to my utter delight, invited me to help them settle into their new apartment on the East side, an area with which I wasn't familiar. It was a great time for me - Frankie and I roamed about and visited Union Square; Dalia Lamdani took us to the Lower East Side; and Rachel Smith, from Nassau, came with me to buy the greens for this recipe. With it, I inaugurated cooking in the Ron's kitchen, which after a week had only been used to make coffee and heat bagels. Perched on the floor we ate this salad. Vered and Aviv looked at each other and said, "Salat Mukpatz - just like Alexander's" (a famous cafe/restaurant in Tel Aviv).

FRESH MUSHROOM SALAD

250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms
¼ tsp dried tarragon
2/3 cup canola oil
½ tsp salt

½ sweet red pepper, diced
½ cup wine vinegar
Good grate of nutmeg
(Spinach or crisp lettuce to line bowl)

Wipe, never wash, mushrooms with a damp paper towel. If caps are open discard stems (they're mushy); if closed slice off end of stalk and use whole mushroom. Slice lengthwise; add red pepper, sprinkle with tarragon and combine with dressing. Place on bed of greens just before serving. Can be prepared a few hours in advance. If made with canned button mushrooms use canned pimiento instead of fresh bell pepper. Serves 6.

This is one of my party staples and is one of my favorite recipes. Although I usually chop and change ingredients, this recipe demands red pepper, for sweetness and color.

TOMATO SALAD WITH TARRAGON

The best way to bring out the flavor of tomatoes. You can use fresh tarragon or fresh basil, but I like dried tarragon for this recipe.

4 firm red tomatoes, thickly sliced
½ tsp dried tarragon

1 onion, thinly sliced
Kosher salt

Arrange sliced tomato and onion rings on a platter and sprinkle with dried tarragon. Sprinkle with a little kosher salt. It can be served just like this or just before serving sprinkle with a little French dressing, preferably made with red wine vinegar. Do not drown the tomatoes in dressing. Does not keep well, but is utterly delicious.

CUCUMBER SALADS

Many recipes for cucumbers suggest salting the cucumbers, setting aside for 30 minutes, draining the liquid and patting dry. I usually don't bother with this unless the cucumbers are being prepared well in advance.

1. Peel, score and slice cucumbers finely. Salt etc., if you wish. Add enough yoghurt to cover. Add lots of black pepper and salt to taste. Add chopped parsley, chopped onion or lemon juice to taste.

2. Prepare cucumbers. Chop onion finely. Add French dressing. Finely sliced green pepper, capers, dill or parsley can be added.

ZUCCHINI JULIENNE

From the *Enchanted Broccoli Forest* by Mollie Katzen. The secret of the recipe is in cutting the zucchini.

4 small zucchini
3 Tbs red wine vinegar
½ tsp oregano
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 Tbs chopped parsley

6 Tbs light olive/canola oil
1 medium green onion, finely chopped
(½ tsp basil)
Salt and pepper

Slice unpeeled zucchini lengthwise, then cut crosswise into julienne strips. Place in a bowl. Make dressing from remaining ingredients, then gently mix with zucchini and refrigerate until very cold. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

Yael Kahane

Yael Kahane was the most ardent admirer of this salad. We first met Yael at a dinner party with Dalia and Amos and Yael and Ilan. Ilan was being his usual ornery self, taking the opposing position in the discussion as we sat talking under the grape vine (literally). Towards the end of the evening, after Ilan had managed to persuade everyone to his way of thinking, he promptly changed his position to what ours had been at the start. Typical.

Yael Kahane is large with black, black hair and enormous eyes; she looks like a large, dark version of Marilyn Monroe. She was interested, in an all consuming way, in the plight of the Jews in Ethiopia, writing about her experiences in Black Brothers. An anthropologist, she wrote about the Bedouin fishermen in Sinai, but was kicked out by the Egyptians when they regained control of Sinai. Stuck in Eilat she opened Shuk Ha'Bedoui (The Bedouin Bazaar) near the marina in Eilat. Visit her if you happen to stroll along the promenade at night.

MINTED ZUCCHINI RIBBONS

Dalia Lamdani and I, in our ongoing discussions about food, often come back to the fact that the way food is cut is of prime importance. The cutting of the zucchini in this recipe makes it novel and interesting, quite different from the previous recipe.

1 k (2 lbs) zucchini
1 tsp cracked black pepper

1 medium red pepper, finely chopped

Mint dressing:
¼ cup oil
1 tsp honey

¼ cup lemon juice
2 Tbs chopped fresh mint

Using a vegetable peeler, slice unpeeled zucchini into ribbon-like strips. Combine zucchini, red pepper and black pepper in a large bowl. Combine ingredients of dressing in a jar and shake well. Pour over zucchini and toss lightly. Serves 6.

* Continued *

I leave home; Aviv leaves home

When Dad and I were at Natal University, before we were officially going around, my parents forbade me to see him. I found a job and a room and packed my clothes. Just as I walked through the front door with my suitcase, Eddie Neminoff, the shaliah, came to speak to my ma to try to patch things up. I could hear my ma call, "Doreen, Eddie's here." It was left to Eddie to tell my ma that I had left home.

Years later when Aviv left home it tore my heart apart. I often wondered how my ma had managed when I had left home; a daughter, 20 years earlier, in South Africa! When Aviv left home, it was the shame that nearly destroyed me - not the shame of outward appearances - but the knowledge that I had failed as a mother, as a parent; that I had not found the way to keep Aviv at home. Little did I know that it was only the beginning of the hardest period of my life, as Aviv nearly destroyed himself in his attempts to break loose of the family and find himself.

It is with great pride that Dad and I are witness to Aviv finally letting himself become the wonderful young man we know him to be. We are so glad that he has found his independence and yet has firmly entrenched his place in our family.

Zucchini Ribbons and this story? Almost thirty years later, Eddie's sister and her husband, Hettie and Dov Zimmer, visited us in Nassau and she gave me Cooking with Herbs from the Australian Women's Weekly Home Library that contained this recipe.

GREEN OR YELLOW STRING BEAN SALAD

Steam beans for about 4 minutes until just tender. Plunge in cold water for 10 minutes to preserve color; drain. Add finely chopped onion, finely chopped parsley and French dressing. Use wine vinegar for green beans and cider vinegar for yellow beans.

YELLOW STRING BEANS AND EGG SALAD

Steam yellow beans for about 4 minutes until just tender; drain. Chop 2 hard-boiled eggs. Combine eggs, walnuts, salt and mayonnaise with the beans.

This is how you pack eggs

Julius and his brother Aaron used to help their sister Granny Gertie and Grandpa in their fish shop in Pretoria. Granny showed them how to pack eggs - take a brown paper packet and put one or two cracked eggs on the bottom, placing the good eggs on top. If people would return protesting they had been given cracked eggs, Granny would hotly deny it, saying they had cracked them by banging the packet down on the kitchen counter.

GRANNY'S CABBAGE SALAD

Slice cabbage finely. Soak in salt water for 1 hour; rinse and drain. Combine with (wine) vinegar, oil, caraway seeds, finely chopped onion, salt and pepper. Add chopped parsley for color.

Granny smothers Dad with attention

When we lived in Eilat and Dad would fly to Tel Aviv on business, he would always stay with Granny in the Jabotinsky apartment. She would drive Dad mad by being so thoughtful and nice.

Every time she made tea for him she would ask him how many spoons of sugar would he like. The reply was always the same, "No Gertie, I don't take sugar in my tea." "Oh! When did you stop?" "Ten years ago."

Granny would prepare food for Dad. But when she couldn't decide what he would like she'd make about four different main courses and a few kinds of salad and he was expected to finish everything.

One time he told me that he couldn't take the constant attention and did I mind if he stayed at the Tel Aviv Moriah. How I laughed when he told me that was even worse. He spent the whole time looking over his shoulder, jumping in and out of taxis and furtively walking down the street, petrified that she would suddenly materialize before him, and distraught, demand to know why wasn't he staying with her.

COLESLAW

½ small white cabbage, shredded
2 spring onions, sliced
1 Tbs cream/buttermilk

3 large carrots, grated
½-1 cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper

Combine cabbage, carrots and onion in a bowl. Mix mayonnaise with enough cream to make a coating consistency. Add seasonings and add, tossing salad lightly.

WALDORF SALAD

A most versatile, crunchy salad, it can be combined innumerable ways.

3 large firm apples
4 ribs of celery
3 Tbs mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste

Juice of ½ lemon
1½ cups broken walnuts
¼ cup sour cream/yoghurt

Chop (and peel) red or green apples into chunks; toss with lemon juice. If celery stalks are large, remove stringy veins, slice lengthwise and cut into similar sized chunks. Combine apples, celery and walnuts with the mayonnaise and sour cream.

Variations: Add finely chopped cabbage, grated carrot, pineapple chunks, orange segments, grapes, raisins, and/or roasted pumpkin seeds.

Yael Galamadi's Red Cabbage Salads

1. Finely slice ½ small red cabbage; add finely chopped onion, lots of lemon, touch of garlic, oil, salt and pepper.
2. Finely slice ½ red cabbage. Add raisins, broken walnuts, 2 Tbs mayonnaise and 1 tsp of lemon juice.

Vered and Ariela look alike

After leaving Ulpan Ben Yehuda, Dad and I lived four years in Netanya at 144 Rehov Hagalil. All the children were born at Hillel Yaffe hospital in Hadera: Vered while we lived in Netanya.

and Aviv and Moran in Hofit. Yael and Avram Galamadi lived across the street from us in Rehov Hagalil. Their daughter, Ariela Galamadi, was Vered's friend. They looked remarkably similar with light brown hair and blue eyes. That they both called Dad "dadda" and Avram "abba" further confused everybody. Ariela's older sister, Iris, used to babysit. She was very responsible and attentive to Vered's needs. But one night she fell asleep while looking after Vered. The door was locked from the inside and we couldn't wake her. We woke up the whole neighborhood, including her parents from across the road, with our banging and shouting, but Iris continued her blissful sleep for quite some time.

We lived on the fourth floor and Vered, whose playpen was on the veranda used to regularly throw all her toys downstairs so that I would have to fetch them and climb back up. A very patient mother, it never occurred to me to move her play pen.

FENNEL SALAD

1 large fennel bulb
½ onion, chopped
2 Tbs chopped coriander

2 ribs celery, finely sliced
2 Tbs chopped parsley

Cut fennel in half; remove and discard core. Slice thinly; add celery, onion, parsley and coriander. Combine with French dressing made from plain white vinegar. Keeps well. Great with *Couscous* (see Vegetarian).

FENNEL, SPINACH AND ROQUEFORT SALAD

1 fennel bulb
1/3 cup crumbled Roquefort
2 Tbs sherry vinegar
1/8 tsp pepper
2 Tbs walnut oil

250 g (8 oz.) fresh spinach
½ cup walnuts, chopped coarsely, toasted
1/8 tsp salt
2 Tbs oil

Quarter fennel lengthwise and slice thinly. Toss fennel, spinach, Roquefort, and walnuts in a salad bowl.

Whisk vinegar, salt and pepper; add oils in a slow stream. Drizzle over salad and toss carefully.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD

1 cauliflower, broken into flowerets
5 Tbs chopped green onion, green parts only

1 carrot
Dressing (see below)

Blanch cauliflower in boiling salted water for 3 minutes. Drain cauliflower and plunge in cold water to cool; drain. Grate carrot finely and combine with the cauliflower and green onion. Add dressing and toss lightly.

Dressing:

1/3 cup sour cream/yoghurt
Few drops Tabasco
Juice of ½ lemon

3 Tbs mayonnaise
½ tsp mustard
Salt and pepper

Combine ingredients and shake well.

CORN AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Drain 1 can of sweet corn; dice 2 slices of pineapple; combine with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup broken walnuts. Mix with 1 Tbs mayonnaise and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream/yoghurt. Add salt and pepper to taste.

FRESH BEET SALAD

Delicious, unusual and a magnificent color. Wear an apron while grating beets, as the juice splatters.

3 firm beet, peeled and grated thickly
1 crisp apple, cubed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, cubed
2 Tbs French dressing

Juice of 1 orange
1 stick celery, thinly sliced
Grated rind of 1 orange

Combine beets and orange juice and marinade until ready to serve. Just before serving add apple, celery, orange, and French dressing. Keeps well for days.

Variation: Add yoghurt with a little cider vinegar instead of French dressing.

MELON SALAD

$\frac{1}{2}$ firm but ripe melon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ large cucumber
6 Tbs canola oil
Pinch of sugar
2 tsp chopped mint

2 firm tomatoes
2 Tbs wine vinegar
Salt and pepper
1 Tbs chopped parsley
1 tsp chopped chives

Cube melon; peel and cube tomatoes and cucumber. Prepare dressing from wine vinegar, oil, sugar and salt and pepper; pour over vegetables and cool for a few hours. Just before serving add chopped herbs.

Good with garlic bread, lasagna or cold meats.

Variation: Substitute *Pawpaw Seed Dressing* (see Sauces and Dressings) for French Dressing.

DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD

4 large potatoes, washed but not peeled
Anthony's French Dressing with spicy white vinegar
2 dollops mayonnaise
Good squeeze lemon juice
1 large chopped onion

3 green onions, sliced
Handful of chopped parsley
1 heaped Tbs yoghurt
1 Tbs chopped capers
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp freshly ground black pepper

Boil potatoes in their jackets until cooked. While still hot, skin potatoes and dice into large pieces. Add green onions and sufficient *Anthony's French Dressing* (see Sauces and Dressings) to seep into potatoes. Leave for at least an hour to absorb flavors. (The salad can be served like this, with a sprinkling of chopped parsley to add color.)

Just before serving add mayonnaise mixed with yoghurt, lemon juice, capers, onion and pepper. Diced celery, pickled cucumbers, peas, carrots, etc., can be added. It is, however, delicious plain, just with the vinaigrette dressing. Serves 8.

MELLY'S RICE SALAD

2½ cups cooked rice, brown or white
½ red pepper
½ cup chopped peanuts
4 cubed canned peaches/ diced pineapple slices

½ green pepper
1 firm tomato
½ cup raisins

If cooking rice especially for the salad cool before adding vegetables. Dice and combine remaining ingredients with rice. Quantities are unimportant. The salad should be colorful and in the proportion you find tasty (lots of peanuts and raisins).

You can prepare both the rice mixture and mayonnaise dressing the day before and combine at the last moment for a fresh salad. Adjust seasoning. Good for a few days. Serves 6.

Dressing:

½ cup mayonnaise
1 heaped tsp curry powder

2 Tbs apricot jam/chutney
½ tsp salt

Is this Sima's recipe?

Although I always refer to this as Louise's recipe, she told me that Melly, her ex-husband, threw a few things together and came up with this delicious combination. Every time Caroline tastes it, she asks me if it is her friend Sima's recipe. No, it is not. Great for barbecues and picnics.

BLACK BEANS AND RICE SALAD

This salad has a tantalizing taste; people always ask for the recipe.

½ can black/red beans, rinsed and drained
½ red pepper, chopped
2 Tbs fresh dill weed, chopped
1 Tbs lemon juice
Salt and pepper
(1 cubed tomato)

1½ cup cooked brown rice
½ green pepper, chopped
1 Tbs finely slivered lemon zest
2 Tbs balsamic vinegar
(1 Tbs canola oil)

Mix beans with rice, red pepper, green pepper, dill and slivered lemon zest. Whisk lemon juice with balsamic vinegar, oil and salt and pepper. Combine all ingredients; adjust seasoning and serve.

It can be made ahead of time, but add tomato just prior to serving. Serves 4.

My wife the bridge teacher

Although I often moan about living in out of the way places, it does have advantages. One of them is that you get to do things that otherwise would be beyond your ken.

For thirty years I have been an eternal beginner at bridge. The St. Thomas Bridge Club appointed me social secretary. Even having such a position was beyond what I thought I could achieve in the world of bridge. I did organize a memorial dinner and bridge game for Doris Tunick, the founder of our club. That's when I made this salad with great success.

This small position gave me a lot of confidence and my game began to improve. To our amusement I was asked to give bridge lessons. For money! Only some-one who knows what a fine bridge player and outstanding teacher Dad is, and how hopeless I am at both, can appreciate the absurdity of the request. A week later Dad went to Miami on business and played

duplicate bridge one night. He told me his partner was a real Potz (idiot) in name and capability. Dad said that he hoped Mr. Potz would voice some criticism of his [Dad's] play because he wanted to tell the Potz that he knew how to play because his wife was a bridge teacher. Isn't he sweet?

PASTA SALAD

5 cups pasta, shells/screws/cut noodles
1/3 cup red wine vinegar
5 chopped basil leaves/1 tsp dried
1 small onion, chopped
1/2 cup chopped parsley
Ground pepper

1/4 cup olive oil
1/2 tsp salt
1 large green pepper, finely chopped
1/2 cup red pepper/1 cup drained pimento
1/2 cup black olives

If using cooked shells, reheat in a little water; drain and then toss in olive oil. If making fresh, drain, rinse and then toss in oil. Cover and let stand at least 30 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Serve very cold.

PASTA AND ARTICHOKE SALAD

3 cups pasta shells
1 clove garlic, mashed
150 g (6 oz.) mushrooms, quartered
1 cup black olives, pitted
1/2 tsp dry basil leaves/1 tsp fresh basil

2 Tbs olive oil
1 can artichokes, drained
1 cup cherry tomatoes, halved
1 Tbs chopped parsley
Salt and pepper

Cook pasta according to package directions; rinse and drain. Place pasta in a large bowl and toss in oil and garlic. Quarter artichokes and add to pasta with mushrooms, tomatoes, olives, parsley and basil and toss gently. Cover and refrigerate for at least 4 hours or overnight. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

MANYA'S ARTICHOKE SALAD

1 can whole artichokes
1/4 cup mayonnaise
Paprika

2 hard-boiled eggs
2 Tbs French dressing to moisten

Drain artichokes and quarter lengthwise. Cube eggs. Add mayonnaise thinned with a little French Dressing and mix gently. Sprinkle with paprika.

Best eaten out of a plastic container with the sun burning your back, salt burning your eyes and hot coffee burning your throat.

Manya HaShwedit

Manya Katz, is tall, thin and exceptionally attractive. Although born in Holland, in Israel she was known as Manya HaShwedit (The Swedish One).

We met Manya and Eli when she and I studied to become tourist guides, later working together with Sheila for quite a few years. On a field trip, all the students were sitting in an open dusty truck as we drove through the burning sands of Sinai - everybody uncomfortably hot and sweaty, and looking it, except Manya, who looked like a model, cool and composed, with not a hair out

of place, even under those conditions.

Artichoke Salad recalls lazy days spent by the Fjord, while it was under Israeli control; the dark sparkling waters of the inlet with its corals and brightly painted fish, always an incredible contrast to the stony beach and barren craggy hills rising so steeply at the water's edge.

SMOKED TURKEY SALAD

Combine rings of onion, tomato wedges, rings of green and red pepper, pitted black olives, thickly sliced strips of smoked turkey and oregano. Sprinkle with wine vinegar, a mixture of olive and canola oil, black pepper, and a little salt.

Variation: Add feta cheese or cooked pasta shells and a little mayonnaise.

CHICKEN SALAD

Remove flesh from cooked chicken and chop into pieces 1 cm (½ inch) thick. Add generous handfuls of chopped parsley and spring onions, 1 Tbs dill and one sliced celery stalk. Add mayonnaise mixed with ½ clove mashed garlic, a little lemon juice and ¼ tsp mustard. Use mayonnaise sparingly so chicken doesn't become mushy. Sprinkle with toasted slivered almonds and halved, seeded black grapes.

Variation: For a curried chicken salad, substitute 1 Tbs chopped coriander for the parsley and dill and 1 heaped tsp curry plus 1 Tbs chutney/apricot jam for mustard; use peanuts instead of almonds.

TOMATO CHARTREUSE

From *Salads* published by Cordon Bleu, a slight book with good ideas for salads. This is a great summer main course salad. The Chartreuse itself is simple to make - preparing the vegetables requires more work.

1 large can (3 ¾ cups) tomatoes
1 tsp tomato paste
1 bay leaf
1 tsp sugar
½ cup white wine/water

Strip of lemon rind
1 clove garlic, mashed
¼ tsp salt
6 peppercorns
4 tsp gelatin

To garnish: Young carrots, spring onions, radishes, celery, new potatoes, parsnips, peas, green beans.

French dressing:
Chopped mint
Grated rind of ½ orange
Little cream

French mustard
Cream cheese
Chopped parsley

In a saucepan place tomatoes and their juice with lemon rind, tomato paste, garlic, bay leaf, salt, sugar and peppercorns and bring slowly to boil. Simmer 3-4 minutes, then press through a strainer.

Add wine to gelatin and soak 3-4 minutes, then turn into hot tomato mixture and stir until gelatin dissolves. Measure liquid, adding enough cold water to make 4 cups liquid. Adjust seasonings

and pour into a wet ring mold and leave to set.

Prepare and cook vegetables until just tender - leave carrots and parsnips whole or trim into barrels if larger.

Carrots: Add a lot of chopped mint to a little French dressing and marinate.

Parsnips: To a little French dressing add 1 dessertspoon French mustard, grated rind of ½ orange, finely chopped celery and chopped parsley.

Spring onions: Cut lengthwise into green parts, making a spray and serve raw.

Radishes: Cut into roses and soak for 1 hour in ice-cold water.

Turn out chartreuse when set and surround with different vegetables. Fill center with vegetables, shredded chicken in a mayonnaise dressing, prawns, watercress or sliced turkey rolled around spears of pickled cucumber.

CAROLINE'S MARINATED PEPPERS

1 k (2 lbs) green, red, and yellow peppers

4-5 cloves garlic, mashed

¼ tsp salt

2 Tbs oil

½-1 cup vinegar

1/8 tsp pepper

Grill peppers on open flame. Place peppers in a pot, cover and let cool. Remove skins by rinsing in cold water; remove seeds and pat dry. Either leave whole or cut into long strips. Make dressing from oil, garlic, vinegar, salt, and pepper; combine with peppers.

Microwave: This is easier to prepare, but loses the wonderful grilled flavor. Place peppers in microwave on piece of paper and grill for about 3 minutes a pepper until color fades and peppers wilt. Continue with recipe.

MARINATED VEGETABLES

Must be prepared in advance. Remains good for days.

2 leeks/2 yellow onions

4 ribs celery

1 cup green beans

1 yellow squash

2 red peppers

250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms

Marinade:

1/3 cup fresh lemon juice

3 cloves garlic, mashed

¼ tsp salt

2 fresh sprigs thyme/¼ tsp dried

1 tsp sugar

2 cups chicken broth

1/8 tsp hot dried pepper flakes

2 tsp coriander seeds

2 fresh sprigs oregano/¼ tsp dried

(2 Tbs olive oil)

Wash and trim all vegetables. Slice leeks into 2½ cm (1 inch) pieces; quarter onions. Peel squash, halve lengthwise and cut crosswise into 2½ cm pieces. Cut celery into 3 cm pieces; halve lengthwise if ribs broad. Cut red peppers into 3 cm squares. Snap green beans into 3 cm pieces.

Halve mushrooms lengthwise and remove stems if large; leave small mushrooms whole.

In a large saucepan combine marinade ingredients. Bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Bring mixture to vigorous boil, add leeks/onions and simmer 2 minutes; add squash and celery and simmer 2 minutes, stirring gently; add bell peppers, green beans and

simmer 2 minutes; add mushrooms and simmer 30 seconds, stirring.

Using a slotted spoon, transfer vegetables to a shallow Pyrex dish. Boil remaining liquid 2 minutes or until reduced to ½ cup and strain through fine sieve onto vegetables; add salt and pepper to taste. Cover and chill at least 3 hours, better overnight. Let vegetables come to room temperature before serving. Serves 8 as first course. Especially good as first course before pasta dinner.

A good salad for back problems

When Viv and Frankie, together with Caryn and her friend Sam, flew to St Thomas for Thanksgiving and fun, I had excruciating back problems. This was an ideal salad to make, together with Lasagna (see Pasta and Rice), as it could all be prepared the day before. We had a wonderful time together. It was especially nice to see Dad and Viv reverting to their younger more carefree selves, cracking jokes, playing games and just plain having fun.

GRANNY'S PICKLED BEETS

This was one of Granny's staples, together with pickled cucumbers, apple tart and cheese cake. Every Passover I make beetroot salad. It goes well with turkey and tastes even better topping a matzo and cream cheese sandwich.

4 beets

3 whole cloves

1 cup cider vinegar

¼ cup sugar to taste

2 peppercorns

1 Tbs plain vinegar

1 onion, thinly sliced

1 cup beet juice/apple juice

4 bay leaves

3 whole cloves

Leave at least 2½ cm (1 inch) of stems on beets, so they won't bleed. In a pot of boiling water place beets, plain vinegar, and cloves, for fragrance; boil for about an hour, until soft. When cold, peel then cut into thin slices.

Place alternate layers of sliced beets with onion rings in a glass container. Heat vinegar and beet juice with sugar, bay leaves, and peppercorns until sugar dissolves. Pour over beets. Keeps well.

Granny sews, Bobbe knits

When I was young Granny, who was very quick, never took the time to teach me how to cook or sew. Granny used to be an excellent dressmaker, always resewing the clothes she bought. When Louise and I were young, Ma used to make clothes for us. I have terrible memories of endless fittings that required me to stand still (I was a hyperactive child!) in scratchy white material with green velvety dots while Granny poked and pricked me with pins and kept on telling me to stop fidgeting. Whenever I had to prepare something for school, Granny would sew for me and Bobbe Mary (Granny's ma) would knit for me. Bobbe would laugh at my 'sifters': shapeless pieces with gaping holes because of dropped stitches.

Knitting and sewing was for sissies - my greatest joy was to go with Grandpa to Star Shirt and Clothing Factory, in Fordsburg Johannesburg, where I could help the workers. I loved to run with a huge roller machine that laid down layers of cloth to be cut, run up and down and up and down the long table. Then there was a spiked machine for turning collars inside out. That was real work because I could do it myself. When I was a little older my 'best' was the button machine. My fascination with that machine was a constant cause of concern for Granny, who was sure I would catch the needle in my finger. The irony is that one day I was sitting by Granny's feet as she was embroidering the picture of the bird and the pagoda that hangs in the

Jabotinsky flat even today. She announced that she had finished the picture that she had worked on for months. I jumped up - and stepped on the needle she had inadvertently dropped in her excitement. Bobbe's attempts to draw it out with a large magnet were unsuccessful! Two operations and a year later they finally found the needle.

Uncle Jack nearly drowns

Bobbe's attempts to draw out the needle may sound silly, but she had great presence of mind. In Slonim Bobbe and Zeida lived on the banks of the Leman River. When Uncle Jack (Yankel) was little he would play with the other children on the banks of the river. Once, he appeared to have drowned and a group of people carried the lifeless body of Yankel into the house. Bobbe immediately placed his body in a sheet, gathered the corners firmly in both hands and slowly began to swing the sheet up and down, up and down in a big circle. Soon Uncle Jack vomited, water spurted out of his lungs and he revived.

GRANNY'S THREE BEAN SALAD

1 can white (butter) beans
1 can chick peas and/or Lima beans
1½ onions, sliced thinly
1 green peppers, chopped

1 can red kidney beans
100 g (4 oz.) frozen green beans
1 red pepper, chopped

Rinse and drain canned beans. Place in bowl with onions, red and green peppers, all chopped into large thumbnail-size pieces. Add green beans, no need to defrost.

Quantities are unimportant - it should look colorful and inviting and of course load the salad with ingredients you like best!

Marinade:

3 cups vinegar (half plain half cider is good)
1 Tbs sugar
Black pepper
6 peppercorns

3 cups water
1 tsp salt
6 bay leaves

Bring mixture to boil and taste - it should be sharp and taste of vinegar, but not so that you cough - adjust sugar, water and vinegar and pour over beans. If it is too vinegarish you can later boil more water and add. Store in fridge in glass container. Keeps for weeks.

Substitute: If you're unlucky and don't have canned beans available, use a variety of dried beans, soaked and cooked until just tender. Or use 1½ cups each of yellow beans, green beans and green peas.

Granny's marital advice

When Dad and I got married I certainly didn't know how to cook and had no idea what hard work is involved in making a marriage work. In fact I thought a person fell in love, got married and later fell out of love and got divorced.

The only bit of advice that Granny gave me was this: "Never mend. Throw it away." She then took Dad aside and taught him how to sew on buttons, because she knew that I would never do it. I never taught my kids to sew, but they all learnt to take clothes that needed mending to Yehudit (the dressmaker).

*** Continued ***

Rube Kunin's socks

In the 1970s when Dad was very involved with the Israeli Bridge Federation he worked closely with Rube Kunin, a multimillionaire who was then Captain of the Israeli Team. One Saturday, on returning from a meeting with Rube at his Kfar Shmariyahu house, Dad said that he and Rube had much more in common than one might expect - Rube Kunin also had holes in his socks.

GRANNY'S HALF PICKLED CUCUMBERS

Pick small, firm and preferably straight dark green cucumbers.

2 k (4 lbs) cucumbers

1 cup vinegar

4 cloves garlic

4 bay leaves

1 Tbs mustard seeds/1 tsp powdered mustard

2 Tbs salt

4 cups water

2 whole cloves

6 peppercorns

Wash cucumbers and cut off ends; place in a large stainless steel bowl. Combine remaining ingredients in a pot and boil 1 minute. Pour over cucumbers. Place inverted plate over cucumbers and place something heavy on plate; make sure all cucumbers are covered with brine. When cold place cucumbers in a pickling jar. Ready to eat the following day if you can bear to wait that long!

The pickles remain crisp for a few days only, but don't worry - they never last that long.

A store of memories

As we grow up we are unaware that the stories we glean from our parents are a treasure, a store of memories and family history that makes a family not just a moment in time but a continuum, extending from generation to generation. When I began to write this book in 1991 in the Bahamas, it was with an urgent sense that we had to preserve some family history. We needed to know our roots in the past to help give a strong sense of the future to you, our children. Dad's and my parents were by then long dead, as were many of their siblings. By the time we realized our need to learn more about our families, there was virtually no-one to ask. Uncle Julius has been a valuable source of information about our parents. After having one of Laura's sumptuous Friday night dinners we love to relax on their balcony. While Julius plies us with the 'good' (outstanding) brandy we ply him with questions about our family. This is one of the snippets.

Julius remembers his father Louis

Julius, the youngest of five children, was the only one born in South Africa. Zeida Louis and Bobbe Mary Nickel lived in Bertrams. Zeida was a wood turner, a famous one who had won many prizes. Like many families at that time, they had nothing but never lacked for food. In the house there were always barrels of pickles. When the boys came home from school, they would rush to the rye bread and break off the kreitchikel (the crusty end part). They would put one hand in the barrel of pickled cucumbers and the other in the pickled sauerkraut, eating the pickles and bread with a head of fresh garlic. And as Julius shares this story with us, it is clear that he tastes this memory of 50 years ago with the crispness of freshly pickled cucumbers.

On Sundays their dad, Louis, would take them on a tram ride. For the price of one ticket you could ride the whole day around Johannesburg. Julius, and perhaps his brothers Jack and Aaron (the latter if he wasn't playing cricket), would sit on the tram and wonder at the well-kept suburbs and neat houses. Julius would ask Zeida, "Will we one day be able to afford a house like that?" And Zeida would always reply "One day you will get that chance. When it comes,

grab it with your fingernails and hold on tightly until you succeed. And never let go."

Zeida Louis died of cancer of the thyroid at the age of 51 and never saw that Julius took those words to heart. All three Nickel boys worked for Grandpa Maurice at Star Shirt and Clothing Factory in Fordsburg Johannesburg. While his older brother Jack used to hide in the shelves Julius, full of life, was the star traveler (salesman) of the firm. Years later Granny used to urge him on. "If you can make so much money for Star Shirt, you can do it for yourself. Start your own business."

Julius and Laura moved to Port Elizabeth and opened a number of shops there. Jack had already left Star Shirt to open up his own shop in Johannesburg. Julius took Aaron with him and put him in charge of one of the new shops. Zeida never saw how well Julius succeeded.

ZIONA'S GREEN PAWPAW RELISH

Pawpaws (papaya) must be completely green without a trace of yellow.

1 green papaya	1 red pepper, chopped
1 large onion, chopped	2 Tbs grated ginger
6 cloves garlic, mashed	Freshly ground pepper
French dressing (with equal amounts oil and vinegar)	Salt

Peel pawpaw and grate finely in food processor. Soak in hot salt water for 1 hour. Meanwhile make *Anthony's French Dressing* (see Sauces and Dressings). Drain pawpaw and squeeze dry. Soak twice more for 5 minutes in plain water, squeezing dry each time.

Combine with remaining ingredients, adding just enough French dressing to moisten relish. Pack in glass jars and refrigerate.

PETER PIPER'S PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS

From *The Victory Garden Cookbook* by Marian Morash. This pickle brine is good for all kinds of sweet and hot peppers, carrots, and pearl onions, either separately or combined. I've prepared a general recipe and a per jar recipe so you can change the amount of vegetables pickled.

About 10 cups prepared vegetables	10 cloves garlic
5 tsp pickling spice	5 tsp dill seed
Bunch of fresh herbs	4 cups plain vinegar
4 cups water	1 7/8 cups coarse (Kosher) salt

Scrub and peel vegetables where applicable; soak in cold salted water for at least 3 hours. Rinse vegetables, leave whole, halve, quarter, or slice. Sterilize glass jars by boiling for ten minutes in water.

To each (1 pint/2 cup) jar add 2 cloves garlic, 1 tsp pickling spices, ¼ tsp dill seed and a sprig of fresh herbs (whatever is handy) and the vegetables, squashing in as many as possible.

For every 2 cups vinegar add 2 cups water and just less than ¼ cup coarse salt. Bring to boil and pour over vegetables, covering them by 1 cm (½ inch). Close jars.

Either leave in a cool place for 2 weeks or place in pot of boiling water for 15 minutes, slowly tightening the cap. Ready to eat when cool. Refrigerate after opening. Label and give to good friends on special occasions.

* Continued *

The mad pickler

To preserve an abundance of peppers - all types and colors - pickle them. One summer after a trip to Israel I returned to Nassau to find our kitchen full of glass jars and discovered that Dad had turned into the Mad Pickler while I was away. Every day he went to our vegetable garden and pickled virtually everything in sight - green peppers, red peppers, hot peppers of all kinds, kohlrabi, and carrots. The peppers and kohlrabi were excellent. Anthony Ivor's peck of pickled peppers.

The White Coat Theory

Dad: As a first year medical student at Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg I noticed that when I wore my white laboratory coat off-campus I was treated with undue deference. During a student bull session I stated that if one wore a white coat and acted naturally, one could do anything. Discussion was heated and a bet was made.

At that time the Rand Easter Show was taking place in Johannesburg. This was South Africa's premier and largest trade show and there were many booths and exhibits, including pavilions of various countries.

The USA had just launched its first rocket into space. This was a belated answer to the Russian "Sputnik", the first man-made satellite in space. The Americans were making a big fuss of their satellite and the USA Pavilion at the Rand Show featured only one thing - a six foot scale model of the American rocket/satellite. Surrounding the model was a picket fence with a US guard on duty. Around this were posters extolling the American space program.

My mission was simple: Prove The White Coat Theory.

One evening, wearing a newly washed white coat, I boldly walked into the US Pavilion. I walked up to the guard and told him the model needed modification, and asked him to open the wooden gate so that I could remove the model. He complied without hesitation. Lifting the model, I left the pavilion and walked to the Show exit gates. On the way I met Colin Kessel who stopped me, surprised that I had an evening job at the Show. "Shut up!" I hissed, but that only made him more curious. "Just F--- off - I'll explain later", I whispered.

Arriving at the exit, my heart sank when I saw the turnstiles - the six foot model could not pass. But The White Coat Theory passed with flying colors. I continued to the vehicle gate and an obliging security guard unlocked it for me.

I won my bet. The disappearance of the model was a major embarrassment for the US as well as the South African government which issued a formal apology to the US for not safeguarding sensitive material. There was even an editorial in the Rand Daily Mail. The model was "hot" property and was being diligently sought. I wrote an anonymous letter offering to return the model in return for immunity, but the request was ignored. For all I know the model is still in its hiding place.

Emboldened by this success we students tested The Theory many times, with enormous success. There were even corollaries to The Theory, one involving wearing a policeman's uniform. That stopped when, as a student prank, I pretended to be a traffic policeman and caused an accident.

**** Continued ****

Some of our escapades eventually crossed the line between good fun and criminal activity. Fortunately a friend (who later became a Rabbi) brought me to my senses. My last escapade exploiting The Theory was walking into an appliance shop and returning goods that I and other students had previously removed.

PICKLED GREEN OLIVES

1 k (2 lbs) broken (slit) green olives
2 hot peppers, sliced
½ head garlic
2 Tbs wine vinegar

2 lemons, sliced
8 peppercorns
1/3 cup salt

Either slit one side of the olives or crush with a flat stone (great for releasing tension). Cover with salted water and soak for three days, changing water twice a day. On the fourth day take a large glass container and place layers of olives between layers of sliced lemon, hot pepper, peppercorns and cloves of garlic. Cover the mixture with water, adding 1 Tbs salt to each cup of water. Top with 2 Tbs wine vinegar (to prevent mould). Leave for 2 weeks.

Now it bears olives?

Dalia Lamdani is an outstanding cook. When she used to come to Eilat every other weekend to be with Amos Ofer, we not only enjoyed her company but also her excellent cooking. This is one of her recipes. One of the great sorrows of leaving Eilat, was that after six years of seeing my olive tree not bear fruit, the year we left for the Bahamas it bore enough fruit to pickle!

Kibbutz Tel Yosef

In 1965, a week after I started university, Grandpa called me to the bathroom while he was shaving and said that if I still wanted to go to Israel I should do so the following week. He wanted me to get 'this Israel nonsense' out of my head. Ten days later a very bewildered Doreen landed in Israel and was met by Glen Brazil, a friend from Habonim. How prophetic that I spent my first night in Tel Aviv at 'Eilat Hotel'. At Kibbutz Tel Yosef I studied Hebrew. After ulpan I worked in the orchards, looking for little holes in the bark of the pear trees and then sticking up a piece of wire in the holes and squishing the wire around until I felt something soft and then bringing out a squashed worm on the end of the wire. It was good practice for later days as a cosmetician! But the most fun was picking olives. To our surprise we found that even ripe olives are too bitter to eat, but they are great for throwing at the other people who are perched on ladders and also picking olives! We were severely reprimanded for that game! I would have married my ulpan teacher if Grandpa hadn't physically come and taken me back to South Africa.



St. Thomas 18th Dec 1994
 30th anniversary / 3rd (?) Key reunion
 Brunch. Ant, Dor, Kered/Hov, Hov, Wlora
 Fern, Nina, Zach, Hannahs Teddy.
 Tandem chicken, carolines singys, Zach's muffins, homemade olives, lots of laughter, tears, a moving/bunny anniversary verse by Nina, tearful toast by Doreen - Wine? Five years in the Etat 'boiching' did nothing to improve the flavour of this usually wonderful wine - but everybody was too excited to really notice.

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ANTHONY'S FRENCH DRESSING

1 tsp salt
1 tsp dry Colman's mustard
½ cup vinegar

½ tsp freshly ground black pepper
½-1 tsp crushed garlic
½ cup (canola) oil

Combine first 5 ingredients in a wide-necked jar. Close jar and shake well. Add three ice cubes and shake again. Add oil and shake well. Dip a lettuce leaf in the dressing and taste. Adjust ingredients accordingly. Keeps for ages.

Use a variety of vinegars and oils to suit the ingredients and vary proportions of oil to vinegar according to taste. Olive oil goes best with fresh lemon juice. If you find the taste of olive oil overpowering, add only 1 tablespoon to a blander oil, to add a nice flavor.

Oh Aubrey!

When Dad and I made aliyah to Israel in 1964 it was as Anthony Ivor and Doreen Levy. At the ulpan we were encouraged (under intense pressure) to Hebraize our names. Dad became Eitan and I, shunning my Yiddish name Devorah, choose Dorit. When we moved to Eilat ten years later, in the midst of a midlife crisis (terrible 30s) I decided that Doreen I was born and Doreen I would die and changed it back. Dad, however, to my eternal disappointment officially changed his name to Eitan. This was a bitter cause of contention for many years, Dad insisting that I call him Eitan as no-one would know whom I was talking about.

It was only when Abba Eban and his wife Susie visited Coral World Eilat that Dad resigned himself to being called Anthony. Susie was quite taken by the wonderful fish and kept exclaiming, "Oh Aubrey! Oh! Aubrey!" Dad reasoned that if Abba Eban could be called Aubrey by his wife, then I could call Dad, Anthony.

CIA REDUCED OIL VINAIGRETTE

This dressing drastically reverses the usual proportions of oil to vinegar.

2 parts liquid
1 part oil
Herbs to taste

1 part acid
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients together in a shaker.

Liquid: water, juice, stock, apple juice, tomato juice, thickened with a little arrowroot or cornstarch

Acid: vinegar, red wine or lemon juice

Good combinations include walnut oil, apple vinegar, water, apple juice, and chopped walnuts; olive oil, lime juice, water, and chopped coriander.

Spies learn to cook?

In 1994, during the coldest winter in America in hundreds of years, I spent two delightful weeks at the Culinary Institute of America in Poughkeepsie, Upstate New York. I stayed at a motel a few miles from the Institute and the first ride to the school was memorable. The weather was incredibly cold; the roads were icy and snow was piled everywhere. The driver was bundled up so that only his eyes peered out at the road and he had a very rough voice. He and some other students were talking about the CIA. I knew the school was considered the most prestigious in

the States, but wondered idly if the spies learnt cooking as part of their repertoire to disarm people. It was a relief to learn that CIA is an abbreviation for the Culinary Institute of America.

We did know a spy, X, a very good bridge player, who related the following story to us. X was a very large man. Although a black belt in karate, he was very heavy and looked as if he could hardly move. During a certain period when he wasn't Israeli, not even Jewish, he was taken to a restaurant by an important 'friend' who wanted X to taste a certain very expensive bottle of burgundy wine. The old waiter carefully carried the bottle to the host, opened it, let it breathe and then gave him a sip to taste. The host spat the wine out, "Tu. This is not 1928. This wine's from 1927!" This caused great consternation and the waiter showed the host the opened bottle and label. But the host insisted the waiter call the Maitre D'. He looked at the bottle, the cork; everything looked fine. The Maitre D' tasted the wine, "Tu!" he spat out the wine, "This is not 1928. This is from 1927." It seems that there had been a flood in the wine cellar and when the labels floated off the bottles they were indiscriminately stuck back on.

LEBEN DRESSING

Excellent with boiled artichokes, lettuce salad or a nervous vegetable salad (finely chopped).

1½ cups leben (buttermilk)
½ tsp salt
Juice of ½ lemon

3-4 cloves garlic, mashed
1/8 tsp white pepper

Whisk together all ingredients; adjust seasonings.

Note: For a delicious summer soup see *Yoghurt Soup* (see Soups).

CHART HOUSE BLUE CHEESE DRESSING

¾ cup sour cream
½ tsp black pepper
½ tsp mashed garlic
100 g (4 oz.) Danish Blue cheese

½ tsp dry mustard
¼ tsp salt
1 tsp Worcestershire sauce
1½ cups mayonnaise

Blend first six ingredients well; add mayonnaise and blend again.

Crumble cheese into very small pieces and add. Blend, but do not beat. Refrigerate 24 hours before using.

My first effort at tour guiding

When Aviva and Daks Dekel visited us in St Thomas we took them to The Chart House. It was a much more successful dinner than the first place I had taken them, many years before that.

Although I qualified as a tourist guide in 1979, it was years before I would lead a tour. Cendrine Zevirin (Kaan) was directly responsible for that. While we were still studying, she decided that she and I would take the who's who in Eilat for a hike in the Eilat Mountains.

Overriding my protestations that I was unfamiliar with the area, she insisted that we take the group to Canyon Beauty in the Eilat mountains. We each prepared what we had to say, and decided where and when to deliver our speeches. We felt nervous but prepared. On the fateful Saturday, while everyone waited opposite Yoseftal Hospital, a delegation went to persuade a

sulking Yankul (Cendrine's then husband) to join the group. He eventually agreed to lead the convoy of cars on condition that Cendrine wasn't in the lead car. So off he and I went. While I was nervously rehearsing my first speech on the geology of the area, Yankul remarked that we were approaching the last view of the sea. Although our first stop was planned for further along the road, this felt like a terrible criticism and I immediately stopped everybody and gave my prepared speech (I understood very little of what I was saying). Everybody enjoyed the explanation; feeling gratified and well pleased I walked back to the car. Only Eddie Tzucker, in front of half the people, remarked that the talk was totally out of context and had no bearing on the mountains that we were looking at. Devastated, I ran to the half that hadn't heard his comments and told them what Eddie had said. At which point, and perhaps the only time in her life, Cendrine clammed up and refused to say a word for the rest of the trip.

One catastrophe followed another. I directed Yankul to the start of the hike; Rippin with his jeep full of children arrived, asking why we had stopped at Canyon Hafta'ot if we were to hike through Beauty Canyon - I stuttered that we were waiting for the others to catch up, mentally gasping because I had mistaken the wadis. We eventually arrived at Beauty, but joined it midway, missing the nicest part. I had trouble finding a particular tunnel and when we eventually crawled through, we got flak for taking the group through a darkened tunnel with Bureda just after his heart attack. Then because everything was out of whack, all the women were cross because the festive cholent would be dry. By which time we (read I) had alienated virtually everybody! Never in my life did I want to lead a tour again.

Back home, I thought that perhaps I had overacted and no-one really noticed all the mishaps until Moran, five years old, told Dad that I had taken everybody on a yo-yo trip - up and down, up and down, up and down all the time.

Only Daks and Aviva Dekel came and thanked me, saying they had never been in that area and really enjoyed it. I am eternally grateful to them!

PAWPAW SEED SALAD DRESSING

Good with coleslaw, grapefruit, avocado pear, or ripe papaya filled with pieces of orange, mango and banana.

1½ Tbs papaya seeds
1 tsp sugar
1 tsp dry mustard
2 tsp finely grated onion

½ cup vinegar
2 tsp salt
1 tsp paprika
1 cup salad oil

Blend seeds in food processor until they look like crushed black pepper.

Combine seeds with vinegar, sugar, salt, paprika, and onion and blend. Add oil and shake well.

What to do with pawpaw seeds

In Nassau we had a whole row of papaya trees in our back yard. If you (like we) already have enough pawpaws (papayas) growing handsomely from seed in your back garden you may want to do something else with the black shiny ribbed seeds.

VERSATILE SEAFOOD SAUCE

Serve with salads, cold chicken, fish or seafood. It is used in *Baked Fish in Seafood Sauce* (see Fish and Seafood).

1 1/4 cups mayonnaise
1/2 tsp dry mustard
10 drops Tabasco
1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce
(1 Tbs sour cream/yoghurt)

1/2 small onion, finely grated
1 Tbs lemon juice
Salt and pepper
3/4 cup ketchup

Whisk together all ingredients. Refrigerated, keeps for weeks in a closed jar.

TARTARE SAUCE

Excellent with any fish, especially fried fish.

1 tsp capers
1 Tbs parsley, chopped
1/4 tsp salt
Pinch of mustard
Pinch of tarragon

1 small pickled cucumber, chopped finely
Lots of lemon juice to taste
1 Tbs grated onion
1 hardboiled egg, chopped
Mayonnaise to bind everything together

Mix all ingredients together.

FENNEL BUTTER AND VARIATIONS

Great on grilled fish

5 Tbs unsalted butter, softened
1 Tbs minced green onions
1/4 tsp salt

1/4 cup minced fresh fennel leaves
1 1/2 Tbs fresh lemon juice
White pepper to taste

In a bowl combine butter, fennel leaves and green onions; gradually add lemon juice stirring until it is absorbed. Add salt and pepper and transfer mixture to sheet of wax paper. Form into a log and chill until firm.

Variations: 1. To make Tarragon Butter substitute 2 Tbs tarragon and 2 Tbs chopped parsley for fennel.

2. For Anchovy Butter substitute 1 can mashed anchovies.

Too excited to eat

If one wonders why there is no mention of the food at Vered and Aviv's wedding, the reason is I was so excited that I couldn't taste anything. It was a wonderful affair at the Daniel Hotel in Herzliya: cocktails for guests, a meaningful Reform wedding ceremony, dinner and great dancing. Everybody said the food was outstanding. The only thing I remember about the food was that there was a large fish baked in fennel sauce.

ROUILLE

Excellent with bouillabaisse and poached fish.

1 small sweet red pepper, seeded and chopped
3 cloves garlic, mashed
¼ cup fish stock, hot
¼ cup dry, wholewheat bread crumbs/boiled potato

(2 small fresh hot chilies seeded/few drops Tabasco)
¼ cup olive oil
1 egg yolk, beaten

Combine all ingredients in a blender until smooth. Let stand at room temperature for at least 30 minutes to let flavors blend.

MINT SAUCE

Excellent with roast lamb.

In a blender chop a large handful of mint, 1 tsp sugar and ½ cup vinegar. Dilute with a little water to taste. Keeps for months.

SCHOOG

Serve with hummus or couscous.

4-6 large ripe tomatoes
2 small hot chilies
1 inch of ground cardamom
1 tsp salt

3 cloves garlic
4 Tbs chopped coriander/1 tsp ground coriander
2 tsp ground cumin

Briefly blend peeled tomatoes, garlic and seeded chilies (add seeds if you want it even hotter). Place in a small saucepan together with remaining ingredients and bring slowly to boil. Cool. Eat. Sweat.

RED PEPPER COULIS

An excellent low-fat accompaniment to grilled fish, especially good with grilled salmon. Looks wonderful.

1 tsp olive oil
½ jalapeno (hot pepper), sliced
1 cup (chicken/vegetable) stock
Salt

4 large sweet red peppers
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 tsp Balsamic vinegar

Roast peppers on an open fire. Peel and cut into pieces. Wipe a frying pan with oil. Saute red pepper, jalapeno and garlic until soft. Add stock and cook, uncovered, until all liquid evaporates. Puree in food processor then strain through a coarse sieve. To serve, reheat, add vinegar and season. Spread a generous serving on a plate and place food on top.

UNIVERSAL TOMATO SAUCE

Serve over pasta, shredded cabbage or spaghetti squash. Use on pizza base, with savory pancakes, or cook strips of chicken or fish in leftover sauce.

2 Tbs oil	2 onions, slivered
2 cloves garlic, mashed	1 green pepper, seeded and chopped
6 ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped/1 can tomatoes	Handful of chopped parsley
¼ cup chopped fresh basil/1 Tbs dried basil	¼ tsp oregano
¼ tsp rosemary	¼ tsp salt
1/8 tsp black pepper	1 tsp sugar
(Few drops lemon juice added just prior to serving)	

In a heavy frying pan heat oil; saute onions and garlic until translucent, then add green pepper. When pepper changes color add remaining ingredients. Cook for 20 mins, adjusting seasonings to taste - add a little water or red wine if too thick. Add lemon juice just prior to serving. Freezes well.

Variations: 1. Add sliced black olives or mushrooms. If sauce is watery, add tomato paste.
2. For a meat sauce, add raw minced meat after cooking the onion, then continue with the recipe, adding a little red wine before serving.

Peles

Who doesn't like spaghetti? The most discerning spaghetti lover was Peles who could never resist a tasty sauce. Much more than just a dog, Peles was a much beloved member of our family for more than 15 years. While Dad was in the army during the Yom Kippur War, I brought home an adorable fluffy Alsatian puppy as company for the children (Vered was 7, Aviv 5 and Moran less than a year). But two days later Dad phoned from Machaneh Peles on the Jordanian border with the news that he had a puppy that he was bringing home to the kids as a surprise. So I had to get rid of my pup without delay. Oh, the crying! Oh, the tears! The hard-hearted mommy! When Dad came home, Oh! The shock.....what was this?....A dog? But Peles soon captured our hearts and imagination and proved that she had Soul. A timid dog, she was frightened of Rabbits (Bad Luck) and bull frogs (Frodge), but she was a great mountain climber and loved hikes.

Dad, in one of his long conversations with Peles told Peles that Vered was coming to visit us. Moran broke into tears crying that Peles always got to know important things before he did. But years later Moran complained that after Peles died Moran never got to hear about important family events.

SWEET AND PUNGENT TOMATO SAUCE

1 Tbs oil	1 onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, mashed	1 Tbs chopped green pepper
¾ cup slivered celery and/or carrot	1 Tbs tomato puree
1 tsp sugar to taste	2 Tbs wine vinegar/sherry
1 Tbs cornstarch	½ cup water
2 ripe tomatoes, in wedges	2 Tbs crushed pineapple

Heat oil in a wok; stir-fry onion, garlic and pepper until translucent. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 5 minutes. Serve over chicken or spareribs.

* Continued *

Even Ma can do stupid things

When we returned to St Thomas in the early '90s, I worked for a few months at the synagogue Judaica Shop. One morning while quietly standing and talking to two elderly tourists, a man spun into the shop doorway. Time really did seem to pass in slow motion as we looked uncomprehendingly at him. He had a half-mask over his face, his knees were bent and in his extended arms was a gun that he was pointing straight at us. I remember wondering whether it was some kind of tasteless prank. "This is a hold-up," he said. Trying to hide the tremble in my voice I said, "I recognize you. I think you had better go. I recognize you." That same morning, as I walked up the hill to the synagogue he had been hanging around and I remembered his white bib shorts and unusually angular face. "Gimme money," he demanded as he entered the shop. I had no money on me and kept staring at the gun. (It didn't LOOK real to me.) From experience with rape victims I knew that if a person has a gun or is out of control you don't mess with him. But if his gun wasn't real, I might be able to wrest the advantage.

Time suddenly speeded up and he was all over the woman, trying to grab her money belt. Subconsciously I must have decided that it was a fake gun; why else would he be grappling with the woman? I tried to pry him off the woman, but he was very wiry and tremendously strong. In desperation I picked up a chair and started to hit him with it.

Taken aback, he stumbled out the shop, fell down the stairs and ran down the hill. After quickly making sure that the woman was alright, I ran outside and chased him down the hill, screaming at the top of my voice, "Stop thief! Stop thief." A group of men who were repairing a roof watched the chase. As the gunman turned a corner and disappeared into an alley, they all pointed and shouted, "Hey lady, lady. Tha' way! Tha' way."

Out of breath, I stopped and trudged back up the hill to the synagogue on very shaky legs. On the steps of the synagogue lay a live bullet!

I can only surmise that he watched a lot of TV, and emulated TV characters because he looked so professional as he swung into the shop. He must have thought that we would throw all our money and jewels at him. When the tourist, with great presence of mind, threw her money belt to the far side of the room and I started to pummel him, he didn't know what to do. I'm sure he'll never mess with woman again.

Luckily, the day ended sweetly. But in retrospect I was foolhardy, showing more sauce than brains.

NON-FAT BROWN SAUCE (FOND DE VEAU)

Although the cooking time is long, preparation is simple and the end result, an outstanding fat-free gravy, is worth the effort.

1 k (2 lbs) bones
1 carrot, in chunks
1 rib celery, kinked
2 Tbs tomato paste
1 bay leaf
1 clove garlic
1 tsp arrowroot/cornstarch

1 onion, in chunks
1 leek, in chunks
2 Tbs oil
2 Tbs red wine
Pinch of thyme
Stock, meat or chicken
1 Tbs sherry

Roast bones (veal, lamb or chicken) in a hot oven until caramelized. In a 9.5 liter (10 Quart) pot fry vegetables in oil; add tomato paste and caramelize again. Mix in red wine; add bones, bay leaf, thyme, garlic and enough stock to fill the pot.

Simmer 6 hours, skimming the surface and adding water as necessary. Strain. Return to pot and reduce to about 4 cups liquid. Refrigerate. Remove any fat. Thicken with a little arrowroot mixed with sherry. (You can use cornstarch, but arrowroot remains clear).

Serve with roast beef, roast lamb, roast chicken or sliced duck breasts.

Progressive dinner

The St. Thomas Jewish Community is remarkable. Close knit and supportive, it is a source of strength to its members and definitely functions as a surrogate family. There are many community events during the year. One of the nicest is the Progressive Dinner. By tradition cocktails are hosted at the house of Charlotte and Isidore Paiewonsky, the doyens of the community, and dessert at Steve and Nina. The main course is hosted at a number of private houses, so people meet, split up for a sit down dinner and meet again over dessert. It is a wonderful evening. For the cook, the challenge is to prepare a scrumptious entree for about 14 people and still go to the cocktail party. After some discussion a few of us decided the only thing to prepare was lamb. I labored, hot and sweaty over the sauce. The sauce was exceptional and a great hit. When people wanted seconds (and thirds) I had to add water to the gravy, as right towards the end of cooking I had spilled half of it!*

Tradition: Steve Schafer defines 'tradition' in a community as transitory as St. Thomas as what was done last year.*

MELU'S HOT PEPPER JELLY

Delicious with cold chicken, roast meat or on salted crackers with cream cheese.

¼ cup hot green or red peppers
1 green bell pepper
1½ cups cider vinegar
2 envelopes Certo (liquid pectin)

2 red bell peppers
6½ cups sugar
1 Tbs grated ginger
7 X 225 g jam jars with good fitting lids

Sterilize jars and lids in boiling water for 10 minutes. Drain and keep warm.

Seed peppers; grate finely in food processor. In a heavy saucepan mix sugar, vinegar, ginger and peppers; boil rapidly 5 minutes. Add Certo, quickly stir and boil 2-3 minutes, stirring constantly. Skim off any foam. Cool slightly and pour carefully into sterilized jars. Wipe jar rims and thread. Close tightly immediately and turn upside down for 10 minutes. With a colorful ribbon around the lid, they make wonderful gifts.

Melu Holdom

We met Melu Holdom in Nassau through bridge. Although she has spent much of her life in Nassau she retains her Spanish temperament - capable, sharp-tongued and very kind-hearted. She was my Spanish teacher until I became so involved with the Women's Crisis Center that I had no time to do my homework and, dreading her impatience and disapproval, I stopped. And that in turn angered Dad who said without Spanish I was no longer much use to him in Cuba!



The Governor-General & Lady Darling
request the pleasure of the company of

Mr. Eitan Levy & Mrs. Levy

on Tuesday, 23rd February, 1993 at 7.30 P.M.
at Dinner

R. S. V. P.

Dress: Black Tie

The Secretary to

The Governor-General

P. O. Box N-8301

Nassau, The Bahamas

23/2/93.
USSP/KSPPN - Ambassador of Israel & wife
Sir & Lady Darling, Governor-General of the
Bahamas; Tangier, Attorney General, Minister of
Justice & Foreign Affairs, Minister of Agriculture,
Speaker of the House, Chief of Protocol
Rev. Davis, President Christian Council,
Member of Parliament, Speaker, Mr. Rogers,
Chief of Protocol, Seligman, Man. Council
of Israel & Mr & Mrs Eitan Levy;
Trusts to the Queen & President of

Israel on USSP presenting credentials
to Bahamas Gov. If only our parents
could see us. Sitting at Government
House. taking off Queen's robes!

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GAZPACHO

1 large can (750 g/28 oz.) tomatoes
1 red pepper
1 large cucumber, peeled
3/4 cup dry white wine
2 Tbs sherry wine vinegar
1/4 tsp pepper
1 Tbs lemon juice

1 green pepper
1 onion
2 cloves garlic
6 Tbs tomato paste
1/2 tsp salt
1 cup cold water to thin

In food processor blend all ingredients until smooth; strain. Cover and chill, preferably overnight. Must be well chilled! Serve with a dollop of yoghurt and garlic bread or herbed pita. Serves 8.

Note: If using fresh tomatoes, choose about 2 kilo (4½ lbs) very ripe juicy tomatoes. If mixture is too thick, add ice cubes.

Soup is good food. Soup is comfort food. A hot steaming bowl of soup with a chunk of crusty bread can surely warm even the coldest heart. But living in the Caribbean after menopause made me sweat even from warm soup and so I started on a series of cold soups - elsewhere called summer soups - here known as all-year-round soups.

PAPAYA GAZPACHO

This soup is from *Sunset Complete Vegetarian Cookbook*.

1 Tbs chicken soup powder
4 Tbs rice wine/white wine vinegar
2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 small (red) onion, finely chopped
Salt and pepper
Basil sprigs to garnish

4 cups water
1 large papaya, seeded, peeled and diced
1 large cucumber, peeled and diced
1 small clove garlic, mashed
Few drops of Tabasco

Dissolve chicken soup powder in 1/2 cup boiling water. Add remaining water, vinegar and Tabasco. Add diced papaya, tomatoes, cucumber, onion and garlic. Add salt and pepper and more Tabasco to taste.

Refrigerate for at least 1 hour or up to 1 day. Garnish with basil sprigs. Serves 10.

Variations: 1. Substitute 2 cups vegetable broth or tomato juice for the chicken broth.
2. Chop papaya. Puree remaining ingredients including 2 Tbs fresh basil leaves in food processor. Add papaya and whole basil leaves just before serving.

Gil and Roy Myers

In St Thomas we were happily inundated with visitors. Hardly a month went by without at least one house guest - towards the end of our stay we were even taking double bookings. Many enjoyed this soup, but making it for Gill and Roy Myers was a special pleasure; their stay can be summarized as a week of eating well and talking a lot, about South Africa, Judaism, hyperbaric medicine and the good old days. And some-one else to call Dad 'Anthony' or 'Tony'.

YOGHURT SOUP

2 cups yoghurt
Juice of 2 lemons
½ tsp salt
1 Tbs chopped dill
½ cup walnuts

1 cup buttermilk
2 cloves garlic, mashed
1/8 tsp pepper
1 Tbs chopped parsley

Add enough buttermilk (leben) to yoghurt until it is creamy, but still thick; whisk to blend. Stir in remaining ingredients, except walnuts. Chill well to blend flavors. Adjust ingredients to taste. Serve with chopped walnuts and herbed bread. Serves 6.

Goes well with Garlic Bread or *Herbed Pita* (see Breads).

There are many versions of this soup: Aviv likes it with lots of lemon juice and tons of garlic; Ziona uses only yoghurt and loads it with fresh herbs; I like it with chopped cucumber and tomato. Customize the soup to suit your taste.

MAUREEN COOPER'S GREEN PEPPER SOUP

4 large green peppers, seeded and chopped
Blob (2 Tbs) of butter
1 cup water
Salt and pepper

Chopped onion, 3/4 of volume of peppers
1 can cream of celery/asparagus soup
½ cup light sweet cream/buttermilk and yoghurt

Seed and chop green peppers. Saute onions slowly in butter for 2 minutes. Add peppers and continue to saute until onion is translucent or microwave until cooked.

Blend in food processor until very well pureed. Strain, pressing out all juices. Add cream of celery soup and blend thoroughly. Fold in sweet cream, adding enough water to make a thickish soup. Adjust seasonings. Refrigerate for at least 2 hours. Can be made a day ahead, adding more water if too thick. When serving, add good sprinkle of dill weed/coriander/parsley to garnish and serve with croutons. Serves 6.

Maureen Cooper is very gracious

Maureen Cooper from Nassau was most gracious to give me the recipe for this delicious soup. Most gracious, because I was incredibly tactless. When we first visited them, she had just been bitten by a dog; her hand was all bandaged, she was wearing a large flowing dress and speaking about going home to England the following day. I naturally assumed she was going 'home' to have the baby and when I inquired what month she was in, was mortified to hear that she wasn't pregnant.

COLD SORREL (SCHAV) SOUP

500 g (1 lb) sorrel leaves
1 packet pea soup or 3 Tbs chicken soup
1 Tbs lemon juice
1 cup sour cream/yoghurt

8 cups water
Salt and pepper
3 tsp sugar

Chop leaves. Mix water and soup mix, bring to boil; add schav leaves and simmer for 45 minutes. Add remaining ingredients except cream. Cool; season to taste. Add cream just before serving. Serves 10.

* Continued *

Bobbe ran away barefooted

Schav brings associations of my Bobbe Mary. We come from a long line of strong women. In South Africa Bobbe's husband Louis disapproved of her attending political meetings so he hid her shoes. Unfazed, she'd grab Yudel (Julius) by the hand and run away barefooted.

CHILLED CUCUMBER AND APPLE SOUP

2 cups water
2 Tbs chicken soup powder
2 Granny Smith or Golden Delicious apple
Salt and lots of black pepper
¼-½ cup chopped fresh mint

2 onions, chopped
6 large cucumbers
¼ cup chopped fresh parsley
1½ cups yoghurt

Pour water into a heavy saucepan. Add onion and chicken soup powder and bring to boil; cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Peel, halve and seed cucumbers. The seed part retains much liquid; set aside, then extract liquid through strainer. Peel and core apples. In a food processor blend cucumbers, apples and parsley until smooth. Add stock and salt and pepper; chill. To serve garnish with a dollop of yoghurt and garnish with mint. If soup separates whisk briefly before serving. Serves 10.

COLD VICHYSOISE SOUP

1 Tbs butter
3 leeks, sliced thinly
9 cups water
1/8 tsp white pepper
1 green onion (green part only)

1 onion, sliced
4 large potatoes, quartered
3 tsp chicken soup powder
¾ cup cream/yoghurt

Melt butter and fry onion and leeks until yellow. Add potatoes, water, soup powder and white pepper. Cook until potatoes fall apart. Blend until very smooth; sieve and chill thoroughly. Adjust seasoning. When serving, add a dollop of cream and finely chopped onion to each bowl. Serves 12.

VERED'S EVERYTHING SOUP

Vered: This is a really easy soup to make - nothing special, except that it is so easy and is great as a meal.

At least 2 mugs of boiling water per person
Osem/Telma Chicken soup mix (1 flat Tbs per mug)
Tons of vegetables - corn, onion, roots, zucchini, peas, carrots
Herbs - lots of oregano and parsley, pinch mustard, salt, pepper, drop of lemon
Tortellini, krepalach or any pasta (even spaghetti broken into smaller pieces)

Cook all of this for 20 minutes.

Take one egg and beat with fork. Add slowly to soup while stirring. Serve immediately.

Vered's interest

Dad, unlike me, always knew that Vered would have a profession connected to money. He remembers how Vered grasped the concept of interest from a very early age. When the kids were small, winter was the 'gulot' (marble) season. Aviv was good at marbles, and Vered wasn't. But

she learnt that she could always lend a few marbles to a pleading Aviv and when he returned her two 'gulot' she demanded a third one as well. "But you only gave me two" cried a distraught Aviv. "Yes," she replied, "but if it wasn't for my two you wouldn't have won those ten. So give me another marble."

FISH STOCK

1 k (2 lbs) bones and trimmings of any white fish
Bunch of parsley
½ tsp salt
1 cup dry white wine/2 tsp chicken powder

2 onions studded with 4 whole cloves
4 Tbs lemon juice
7 cups water

In a heavy saucepan combine fish bones, onion, parsley, lemon juice and salt. Cover and cook over medium heat for 5 minutes. Add water and wine; bring liquid to boil and skim off froth. Simmer 20 minutes. Strain.

Use for boiling fish or for *Bouillabaisse* (recipe follows). Gives 6 cups.

BOUILLABAISSE

2 Tbs olive oil
2 large onions, coarsely chopped
2 ribs celery, sliced
¼ tsp dried rosemary
½ tsp dried basil
1 tsp saffron/turmeric
½ tsp crushed fennel seeds/½ cup sliced fresh fennel
Tabasco
1 k (2 lb) firm white fish in chunks
Juice of 2 lemons
(¼ k shrimp, shelled and de-veined)
¼ cup parsley

2 cloves garlic, mashed
4 large tomatoes, peeled and cubed
2 Tbs parsley
½ dried thyme
1 bay leaf
1 ring of orange rind without pith
¼ tsp black pepper
3 Tbs tomato paste
6 cups boiling fish stock (see *Fish Stock*)
(1 lobster chopped into thumb-size pieces)
¼ cup Vodka

Heat oil in large pot and fry garlic and onions on medium heat until translucent. Add tomatoes and celery and cook until liquid evaporates, about 5 minutes. Add parsley, rosemary, thyme, basil, bay leaf, saffron, orange rind, fennel seed, pepper, Tabasco and tomato puree and stir. Place pieces of fish in pot, cover with boiling fish stock, add lemon juice and more water if necessary to just cover fish. Cover pot and bring to boil. Uncover and simmer for 5 minutes. Add shrimp and pieces of lobster and simmer for 10 minutes more. Sprinkle with remaining parsley.

Add vodka just before serving. Serve with *Rouille* (see *Sauces and Dressings*) and garlic bread. Serves 12.

Note: Although the recipe looks complicated it really is quite easy to prepare. The secret is to have lots of fish bones and heads for the Fish Stock and a variety of fish for the bouillabaisse. A piece of smoked mackerel, a squeeze of anchovy paste and a little chicken soup powder can do wonders, giving the soup body. Americans use clam juice.

TOMATO SOUP

This soup is best as is, without adding anything else.

1 k (2 lbs) ripe tomatoes
1 cup water
Salt and pepper
1 cup boiled rice

1 small onion
1 bay leaf
(Sugar to taste, if necessary)
Yoghurt to garnish

Wash and quarter tomatoes; thinly slice onion. Simmer with water and bay leaf until soft and pulpy. Blend in blender, then sieve. Add salt and pepper (and sugar) to taste. Serve with a spoonful of cooked rice topped with a dollop of yoghurt. Serves 4.

Yoshida and the camera

Grandpa Maurice spent a lot of time in Japan, where he bought cloth for his clothing factories in South Africa. He was fascinated by Japan and the Japanese and even had a Japanese girl-friend.

Yoshida was a business associate and a friend and Grandpa brought him to supper one evening when we still lived in Rehov HaGalil in Netanya. Grandpa reminded me a number of times that Yoshida loved tomato soup, but it had to have a lot of rice in it. 'A lot' is relative, depending whether rice is a garnish (for me) or a staple (for Yoshida).

Dad and I went to a lot of trouble preparing the table. Dad, who had a book on Japanese, wrote out the names of the guests on little cards in Japanese. The dinner was most successful. Grandpa was proud and laughed "th...th... th" with his tongue between his teeth as was his custom. Yoshida was delighted with the soup and amazed that Dad could write Japanese. He gave us a Japanese camera as a present and for years Dad and I would bicker whether it was in appreciation for the soup or the Japanese handwriting.

TOMATO AND ORANGE SOUP

The combination of orange juice and tomato gives the soup a zesty flavor, ideal for winter.

1 medium onion, chopped
5 medium tomatoes/28 oz. canned plum tomatoes
1 tsp basil
2 tsp chicken stock
Salt and pepper

1 Tbs oil
1 medium carrot, diced
1 tsp sugar
1 cup orange juice

Cook onion in oil until translucent. Add remaining ingredients except orange juice and bring to boil over high heat. Cover, reduce heat and simmer, stirring often, until carrot is tender, about 20 minutes. Cool slightly.

Blend soup in a food processor until smooth. Return to stove and add orange juice, reheat, stirring occasionally. Adjust seasoning, adding more water if too thick. Serves 4.

MUSHA KIRSCH'S CURRIED APPLE SOUP

1 Tbs butter
2 Tbs curry powder
3 cups chicken soup
1 cup apple juice
Grate of nutmeg
1 grated unpeeled Granny Smith apple to garnish

1 cup chopped onion
1 medium butternut squash
2 apples, peeled, cored and chopped
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Yoghurt to garnish
Black currants to garnish

Melt butter in a pot over low heat. Add onion and curry powder and cook until onions are soft. Meanwhile peel squash, scrape out seeds and chop the flesh.

When onions are tender, pour in stock, add squash and apples, and bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer, partially covered, for about 25 minutes, until vegetables are very tender.

Strain soup, reserving liquid, and transfer solids to food processor. Add 1 cup of soup and process until smooth. Return pureed squash to pot; add apple juice and about 2 cups of the reserved liquid, to make a thickish soup.

Season to taste, reheat and serve immediately, garnished with a dollop of yoghurt, shredded apple and black currants. Serves 6.

Note: This soup is equally delicious chilled and served cold.

The Nickel cousins

Musha and Issy Kirsch live in style on an estate in Sandton, South Africa. Gracious hosts, they always invite their family over to meet us when we visit South Africa. This is only one of the delicious foods we ate at their house.

Musha's mother, Rose Bacher (Granny's older sister) had five children. Very much a part of my childhood, the older Bachers, clever and excellent sportsmen, always seemed fabulous to me. Rose and Gertie, both trapped in unhappy marriages, were very close when they were young, but Rose became bitter and jealous and very late in life had a terrible fight (over nonsense) that unfortunately was never resolved. But we, the children, have always maintained good relations and especially since the 1980s have gone out of our way to keep contact with our cousins, all of whom except Sorrel live in South Africa.

Sorrel was like my younger sister and I clearly remember the day Auntie Rosie, holding Sorrel in her arms, walked out of their old house (in Orange Grove) moving near us in Cyrildene.

When I was six years old Granny, Louise and I flew to London to meet Grandpa. Those were the days when you bought special new clothes and hats to go flying. Those were the days when children had their hair curled on special occasions - always making me look terrible. A Rolls Royce (courtesy of Anglo African Shipping Co.) waited to fetch us from London airport. When I walked into the hotel room, on my bed was an enormous black and white panda with a red bow under his chin. My panda was my most treasured possession. When we left Johannesburg for Durban five years later it was to Sorrel's care that I entrusted my panda.

Vered on reading the first draft of this book, remarked that now she knows why she loves pandas! Many years later Fern gave baby Vered a panda which she loved. Later she left it to Peles' care and the two became inseparable.

YARDENA'S CORN SOUP

2 cups canned sweet corn
2 cups milk
2 cups chicken stock
2 tsp salt
2 tsp Worcestershire/soy sauce
Sweet paprika to garnish

4 Tbs flour
1 cup sour cream/yoghurt
6 Tbs butter
Good pinch white pepper
2 Tbs sherry
Chopped green onion

Blend sweet corn and flour briefly in food processor. Place all ingredients in saucepan and heat gently while stirring. Garnish with paprika and chopped green onion. Serves 6.
100% The Best!

The Blichs

Chaggai and Yardena Blich were friends of ours. Chaggai, one of Ya'akov Levinson's blue-eyed boys was very loud - he had a booming voice and always said "meah ahchuz, meah ahchuz!" (one hundred percent, one hundred percent!), when he agreed with someone. Chaggai liked the best and most expensive of everything and his liquor bar made even ours look paltry.

Yom Kippur 1986 was spent with Chaggai and Allon Meron (branch manager of Bank Hapoalim) on the beach near Coral World Eilat. As we sat and talked quietly Dad asked what was the best investment if one had some money to spare. An argument ensued between Chaggai and Allon; the latter, our bank manager, said to invest it in mutual funds, while Chaggai kept on insisting one should put it into 'balatot' i.e. stash it in a secret place. That December was Moran's barmitzvah and the Blichs gave Moran an exceedingly generous present - and the following day they skipped the country, suspected of embezzling forty million dollars!

ONION SOUP

1 k (2 lbs) sliced onions
5 cups boiling chicken stock
2 Tbs sweet dessert wine
Beaten egg

40 g (3 Tbs) butter/margarine
2 Tbs flour
Squares of toast
Parmesan cheese

Saute onions in butter until golden brown. Add boiling stock, and stir. Mix flour with a little cold water, add some hot soup and when well blended add to soup in pot. Cook about 30 minutes.

Before serving add wine. To piping hot soup add squares of toast, egg (optional) and Parmesan cheese. If possible, brown cheese under broiler.

Nancy and Herbert Gottesman

Nancy and Herbert Gottesman from Belgium and Hans Reijzer from Holland were in our Hebrew class at Ulpan Ben Yehuda. After we had completed Ulpan and had all moved to Netanya, Nancy invited us over for dinner and made this soup. It was disgusting, with raw egg inside. My! How sophisticated we've become in our tastes - the only thing I wouldn't let Dad eat was puppy in China!

DRIED MUSHROOM SOUP

Large bags of dried Shitake mushrooms were cheap and readily available in St. Thomas. Their meaty flavor makes them useful to add to all kinds of Chinese and vegetarian dishes.

From *Sunset Vegetarian Cooking*. Delicious and light in calories.

½ cup dried mushrooms	1 cup boiling water
3 cups vegetable/chicken stock	1 tsp oil
1 small onion, coarsely chopped	1 clove garlic, mashed
250 g (8 oz.) fresh mushrooms, sliced	3 Tbs flour
½ tsp paprika	¼ tsp thyme leaves
Salt and pepper	Yoghurt to garnish

Soak dried mushrooms in water for 30 minutes. Remove mushrooms; cut off and discard stems. Measure soaking water (without sand from mushrooms); add enough stock to make 4 cups liquid.

Wipe saucepan with oil; add onion, garlic and fresh mushrooms. Cook, stirring as necessary, until pan juices have evaporated. Stir in flour, paprika and thyme. Add liquid and dried mushrooms. Cook, stirring until soup thickens slightly. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 30 minutes.

Puree soup in food processor. Add salt and pepper to taste. Reheat soup and serve with a dollop of yoghurt and a light sprinkling of thyme/parsley leaves. Serves 4.

DENISE'S MUSHROOM SOUP

Best served after second heating.

2 Tbs butter	2 large onions, chopped
2 large potatoes, peeled and diced	500 g (1 lb) fresh mushrooms, wiped and chopped
1 packet (Telma) mushroom soup	Milk and water as per instructions
½ cup dry white wine	Salt and pepper
(Cream to garnish)	

Heat butter in saucepan; fry onions until translucent. Add potatoes and mushrooms and cook on low heat.

Dissolve mushroom soup in half the quantity of required boiling water and top with milk; Add soup mixture and wine to vegetables. Simmer until potatoes are tender. Best refrigerated overnight. Cream is an optional (delicious) addition.

Denise's Rosh Hashanah

Denise: Rosh Hashanah a la New Testament, 1990

Family gatherings have always been a joyous event although Vered and I would inevitably end up doing the dishes. This year was going to be a different Rosh Hashanah; Vered was away in Paris and Mommy [Louise] had arranged with Matilda her African maid to take charge of the washing up.

And so, in family tradition, this too ended up a small intimate affair for approximately 25 people: family, friends and a family of Russian olim (new immigrants) thrown in for good measure.

** Continued **

Having said the blessings, and just as we were about to sit down, Matilda asked whether she too could partake in the ceremonies and sing for us. To this day I'm not sure what we had all expected - but what a surprise it was when Matilda, in a beautiful voice started singing The Lord's Prayer.

Mushroom soup instead of traditional chicken soup was another surprise that awaited our guests.

SPINACH SOUP

500 g fresh spinach/2 cups frozen spinach
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 Tbs flour
Grate of nutmeg

30 g (2 Tbs) butter/margarine
2 cloves garlic, mashed
5 cups chicken stock/water/milk
Salt and pepper

Place washed and moist spinach/frozen spinach in a covered saucepan and cook for 5 minutes. Drain well and place in blender. Melt butter in a saucepan and cook onion and garlic until translucent. Stir in flour and cook until blended. Gradually add stock, salt and pepper and nutmeg. Add spinach and cook 15 minutes.

If using milk, don't cook, just heat well and serve with grated cheese.

Note: Can be made with leaf lettuce.

Soup to warm bones

The winters when I worked as a tour guide were among the most rewarding of my life. The Two Day Tour included Massada, Jerusalem, Jericho and Bethlehem. Although the work was demanding and the weather was often cold and rainy, it was tremendously satisfying, combining my love of people with the joy of sharing 'my' Israel with others. The guide and the bus driver were (fortunately) not forced to eat with the guests in the dining room at the Migdal Hotel in Jerusalem. We would retire, often with Sheila Meltzer and her driver, to the cafeteria, where we ate the best toasted cheese and spinach soup in town. Just the thing to warm the bones, before taking tourists on a walk through the Old City at night.

FENNEL AND SPINACH SOUP

1 onion
400 g (14 oz.) canned tomatoes
1 tsp thyme
5 cups chicken stock
1 cup cooked white beans

1 small bulb fennel
1 Tbs olive oil
1 bay leaf
Salt and pepper
3 cups shredded fresh spinach

Chop onion; trim fennel and cut into slices. Drain tomatoes, reserving liquid, and chop. Fry onion in oil until translucent; add tomatoes, salt and pepper, thyme and bay leaf. Add stock to reserved tomato juice to make 6 cups. Add to vegetables and cook 30 minutes. Remove bay leaf; add salt and pepper to taste.

Add beans and spinach just before serving, cooking until spinach wilts, about 3 minutes.

MINESTRONE

2 potatoes, peeled and diced
3 large tomatoes, skinned and chopped
1 wedge cabbage, shredded
2 cloves garlic, mashed
1 tsp dried thyme leaves
1 tsp red pepper flakes
½ cup short cut macaroni
2 Tbs tomato paste
Worcestershire sauce to taste
½ cup chopped parsley

2 large carrots, peeled and diced
2 large celery ribs, sliced
1 cup green beans, sliced
8 cups vegetable stock
1 tsp fennel seeds
¼ cup rice
1 can white beans
Salt and pepper
¾ tsp grated lemon rind
Parmesan to garnish

Prepare vegetables. In a large pot heat vegetable stock; add vegetables, adding more water to cover, if necessary. Add thyme, fennel seeds and red pepper flakes. Simmer 20 minutes. Add rice and cook 10 minutes. Add macaroni, drained beans, and tomato paste and cook 10 minutes more. Season to taste with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce and lemon rind. To serve, sprinkle with chopped parsley and grated cheese. Good with hot garlic bread.

Dad refuses to eat my soup

I consider myself an excellent soup-maker. It wasn't always so. When Dad and I were newly married, I constantly used to try new recipes. One of the few foods that Dad refused to eat was Cold Marrow Soup. For me soup is something thick and wholesome. With this in mind, and apparently following instructions, I threw away the thin watery part (the soup), and added a raw egg to the thick marrow part and served it. This part should have been discarded; it ultimately was, because Dad refused to eat it.

Hope you'll have courage to try the soups that appear here.

BEAN AND TOMATO SOUP

1 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
4 cups vegetable stock
1 can butter beans
Salt and pepper
3 Tbs parsley finely chopped

2 onions, chopped
1 tsp curry powder
1 Tbs tomato paste
5-6 firm ripe medium tomatoes, chopped
100 g (4 oz.) spinach, shredded

In a heavy saucepan heat oil over medium heat. Saute onion in oil until translucent. Add garlic and curry powder and cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Stir in stock, tomato paste and drained beans. Bring to boil and reduce heat, cover and simmer 20 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes and cook a further 10 minutes. Finally add spinach and parsley, simmer gently for 2 minutes and serve.

Coming to land at the airport

Saba Hayman on his trips to Israel would delight in helping with his grandchildren. When we lived in Netanya he loved to feed Vered. A healthy eater, she had no need of encouragement to take another bite, but Saba would always feed her by making circles with the spoon and saying "Airplane, airplane coming to land at the airport," and then he would pop the food into her mouth.

WHITE CABBAGE SOUP

Delicious and easy to prepare.

1 small white cabbage, thickly sliced
2 tsp sugar
5 whole allspice
Salt and pepper

30 g (2 Tbs) butter
5 cups stock
5 white peppercorns
Celery leaves to garnish

Saute cabbage in butter and sugar until brown, stirring frequently. Add stock and seasonings. Cook about 20 minutes. Add celery leaves or chopped parsley when cooked.

SWEET AND SOUR CABBAGE SOUP

½ k (1 lb) soup meat
1 parsnip
1 onion
½ head cabbage, shredded
Juice of 2 lemons
Vinegar to taste

½ k marrow bones
2 ribs celery
10 cups water
2 tomatoes, skinned
2 Tbs sugar

Boil meat, marrow, parsnip, celery, and onion in water for 2 hours. Add cabbage, tomatoes, lemon juice, sugar and vinegar. Serves 8.

Easy Vegetarian Variation: Fry 1 chopped onion in a little oil, add cabbage, tomatoes, lemon juice and a few dried apricots, water to cover and either vegetable or meat soup powder.

A little less salt

A memorable dinner when my soup was not successful was at a meal with Granny, Louise and Melly. We all watched fascinated as Granny, with apparent relish, ate spoon after spoon of soup and only after clearing her plate (none of us had touched the soup) suggested that next time I put in a few less tablespoons of salt.

MEADOW SOUP

1 medium carrot, peeled and diced
1 small cauliflower, broken into flowerets
1½ cups water
Salt and white pepper
1½ cups milk

1 parsnip, peeled and diced
1 small piece celery root (celeriac), diced
1 leek/onion, sliced thinly
1 Tbs flour
Chopped parsley

Prepare vegetables. Heat water in pot and when boiling add ¼ tsp salt, carrot, parsnip, cauliflower, and celery; cook 12 minutes. Add leek and cook until tender. Blend flour with a little milk and stir into soup. Bring to boil and simmer 3 minutes, stirring. Add milk and reheat; adjust seasonings. To serve, sprinkle with parsley and grated yellow cheese. Serves 4.

PLENTY OKRA SOUP

300 g (10 oz.) okra
 ½ cup sliced celery
 1 Tbs salad oil
 1 medium tomato, diced
 1 bay leaf
 Tabasco to taste

½ cup diced onion
 1 small dried hot chili pepper
 6 cups chicken soup
 ¼ tsp thyme leaves
 ½ cup uncooked rice
 (1 cup diced chicken)

Wash, dry and cut okra into fingernail-size pieces. Saute onion, celery and chili in oil until translucent. Add okra and saute for 5 minutes. Add soup, tomato and seasonings and bring to boil. Stir in rice, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Add chicken and simmer 10 minutes more.

We planted a vegetable garden

One of the most enjoyable things we did in Nassau was to plant a vegetable garden. Although I have no special feeling for flowers, it is particularly satisfying, after that first fragrant cup of morning tea, to take a little basket and pick the vegetables that are ripe. The first year there was an occasional okra pod that was an excuse to make a good curry. The second year we were faced with a surfeit and became more adventurous, trying other okra recipes.

ITALIAN DRY RED WINE

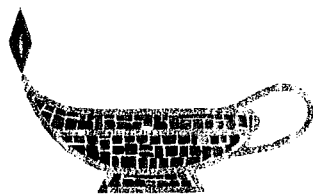
VALPOLICELLA

DENOMINAZIONE DI ORIGINE CONTROLLATA

CLASSICO

SONDAY 20 NOV 1994: PARTY at
 PINEAPPLE IN HONOUR OF THE KLAFES
 Us, Viv + Frankie, Ragn + Sam, Steve
 + Nina, Archie Ogden Gorgo Judy
 Roentha, Rich + Helen Kirwan,
 Sandy + Marilyn Grishman, Terri
 and Dick Golden.
 Great barbecue. Highlight of
 evening: Archie + Gay leading
 us in song with their
 guitar and Rich, Sandy
 and Steve adding some
 solo songs & ditties. A
 wonderful evening.

Wine - I really liked it
 couldn't drink it



YARDEN

GALIL

Cabernet Blanc 1987

PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY YARDEN VINEYARDS/ALCOHOL 11.5% BY VOLUME/CONTAINS SULFITES
750 ML WHITE TABLE WINE PRODUCE OF ISRAEL

Sweltering Heat in August. 11/8/1989

After a hard day's work (Ant
at the Whetstone, I next to the computer)
it was a relief to go to "our" ^{11/8/1989} ^{11/8/1989} in
the mountains. A roaring fire for
atmosphere, certainly the heat not needed.
Primitive urges to chase away the dark?
grilled Denise fish in our new barbecue
tomato in marinara, pasta salad, walleye
salad & blush wine. Evenings like this
help restore sanity. Why don't we do
this more often ???

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DEEP-FRIED FISH

Good for fillets or whole fish, grouper or any firm white fish.

Heat oil in a large wide pot; place a piece of carrot in oil.

To prevent fish from soaking up oil, the temperature of the oil must be right: 190°C/375°F, or when bubbles rapidly rise around the haft of a wooden spoon.

1. Fried Fish Coating:

Suitable for fillets or whole fish. Combine flour, matzo meal, crushed cornflakes, fine bread crumbs, i.e., whatever is handy. Add salt, lots of pepper and 1 tsp of mustard powder. In a separate bowl beat lightly one or two eggs with a little water.

Dredge fish, first in egg then in flour, until well coated.

Fry; drain on paper.

2. Beer Batter:

Suited to thick fish fillets. This is almost like a fried doughnut and seals the fish completely, evoking memories of fried fish and chips, wrapped in *News of the World* and sprinkled liberally with malted vinegar.

1 cup flour

4 Tbs beer

5 Tbs milk

1 egg, separated

1/4 tsp salt

5 Tbs cold water

Place flour in a large bowl. Make a well in the center and add egg yolk, beer and salt; mix thoroughly. Combine milk and water and add half to mixture; continue stirring until batter is smooth. Add more liquid gradually until mixture resembles thick cream. The batter can be used at this stage, but setting it aside for at least 30 minutes lightens it. When ready to use, beat egg white until very stiff and gently fold into batter.

Wash, then dry fillets. Coat pieces in batter then carefully slip into hot oil, frying until both sides are golden brown.

3. Banana Batter:

Suited to thinnish fillets.

1 banana, very ripe

2 cups milk

Mixture of butter and oil for frying

1 cup flour

2 large eggs

Peel and mash banana; add sieved flour. Combine banana mixture, milk and eggs and mix until smooth. Coat fish on all sides. Fry in a mixture of 2 Tbs butter and 2 Tbs oil on low heat until golden.

Fish stories from Hofit

Some of our memorable fish stories occurred in Hofit. When we moved to the Glicklich's house in Hofit Dad started to breed tropical fish. There were more than ten tanks scattered throughout the house. He had great determination, which he desperately needed, for he had to face many setbacks - i.e. the 'help' of his family. One evening, while Dad was in the army, the weather forecast was for one of the coldest nights in many years. Dad had two prize tanks, but only one of them was heated. Fearing for the fish in the unheated tank I transferred the heating element

to that tank and went to bed happy with my foresight. The next morning we woke to an awful smell - the fish in both tanks had died - in one tank all the fish had frozen to death and in the other they had boiled!

When we came to Hofit, Nahal Alexander was still a living river, but it rapidly became polluted and the fish died (although the turtles thrived in the area of Bet Herut and Kfar Vitkin). Already a conservationist, Dad filled a tank with some of the last mosquito fish (Gambusia) left in the river. Because the fish were weakened by the pollution in the river, Dad would check the tank daily, casually throwing any fish that had died out of the window. Early one morning Aviv emulating his dad, for once stood quietly, and threw ALL the fish out the window. How Dad mourned the last mosquito fish from the river.

And then Dad had a favorite black Mollie, a beautiful fish that Dad had trained to eat from his fingers. One Shabbat morning while we lay quietly in bed Aviv came into our room and sadly said: "Daddy! Daddy, fish no go! Fish no go." Dad grunted as he turned over in bed, then shot up as he realized the importance of what Aviv was saying. Poor Aviv. He had put his fingers into the tank - the fish came up, Aviv took it out, played with it for a few minutes and put it carefully back - but fish no go!

PAN-FRIED FISH

For fresh small fish or fillets only. Don't marinate; it prevents fish from becoming crisp during frying. Dust fish with seasoned flour or fine cornmeal. Place in a hot heavy frying pan in which a little butter has been brought to foaming. Pan-fry over low heat and turn fish to brown on both sides. Use a large pan so fish won't overcrowd.

Cooking for the kids is always fun

One of the reasons I like to cook is that the children were never schnitzel-and-chips eaters and cooking for the family was always fun. They don't like everything, and sometimes their preferences are peculiar. Aviv doesn't like chocolate mousse or french fries. Moran hated dairy products, wouldn't touch salad, but loved cooked vegetables, snails, frog legs and fish eyes - the latter partly, we suspect, because Vered would freak out when she saw Moran slurping them out.

Vered won't touch fish, although she happily eats seafood, oysters, conch, sevice and sushi. Perhaps the following experience explains her aversion to fish.

A bone in Vered's throat

Dad: In Eilat one night Doreen wasn't at home and the three kids and I were having fish for supper. Suddenly Vered choked - she had a fish bone stuck in her throat. Drink some water, we told her, have some bread, but nothing helped and it was obvious that she was choking. With Vered's history of asthma this could be serious. Aviv ran to get me a flashlight and I looked down Vered's throat. There quite clearly could be seen a bone completely stuck into the back of her throat.

I tried to get my fingers into her throat but to no avail. "Bring me my pliers" I shouted to Aviv, who stared at me in uncomprehending horror. "Bring the pliers," I screamed. I still remember the look on Vered's face as I forced open her mouth and stuck the dirty oily pliers inside. With the light of the flashlight to help it was easy to pull the bone out, and within five minutes we all laughing and teasing Vered about the incident.

FOREL AU BLEU

4 trout
6 Tbs wine vinegar
2 cloves garlic, mashed

8 cups water
4 Tbs butter
Juice of 1 lemon

Use only fresh trout for this recipe as they must not be rinsed. The natural coating is transformed in cooking to a delicious texture. Remove any blood in the cavity with a little salt. In a shallow pan bring water and wine vinegar to boil. Slip in trout and simmer 5-10 minutes (according to size) until cooked.

Melt butter and saute garlic and juice of one lemon. Serve on the side.

To serve cold: Slip fish into boiling water and bring it back to boil. Cover tightly and remove pan from heat; set aside. The fish will be cooked when the water is cool.

Yom Kippur War volunteering

The Yom Kippur War was traumatic in so many ways: the suddenness of the attack, Dad mobilized on the first day, the awful realization that we weren't invincible and finally the difficulty of being left alone with three small kids for seven months while Dad served as a medical orderly.

I was involved in a number of volunteer projects and regularly went with Jack and Yehida Singer to the Golan Heights on volunteer projects. One time we were taking a TV set up to a bunker in captured territory. A snowstorm developed; the van got stuck and we were transferred to an army truck. Miserably cold, we sat huddled in the back of the truck, drinking alcohol to keep us warm (we were unaware of the dangers of drinking alcohol in such weather). Eventually, about a mile from the outpost the truck got stuck, and one by one we jumped off the truck and trudged uphill through the snow. We were as blue (both physically and mentally) as the trout I made when we eventually got home. It was very heavy going. Yehida, who was undergoing chemotherapy, was faltering from the effort. Instinctively I knew that she wouldn't let Jack help her, so I grabbed her arm and we walked slowly together. Thank goodness soldiers came to help, and they half carried, half dragged us to safety. When the storm intensified, we had to spend the night in the bunker. Yaffa, my cousin who was always so willing to help, left work and rushed to Hofit to be with the kids. The next morning we were evacuated in 'zeldas', half-tracks, the newest acquisition of IDF. I remember one soldier grumpily remarking, as he helped pack us in to the small space, that he didn't see why we civilians should get to ride in them before the soldiers did.

TROUT MEUNIERE

4 whole trout
1 Tbs oil
1 tsp salt
Juice of ½ lemon

100 g (8 Tbs) real butter
½ cup flour
½ tsp ground pepper
Lemon quarters and parsley to garnish

Place half the butter in a frying pan and heat. Clarify it by skimming off the froth that forms. Add the oil. Wash the trout under cold running water; drain thoroughly but do not dry. Combine flour with salt and pepper. Dust each fish, inside and out, with the seasoned flour. Fry in clarified butter, turning once. Place on a hot serving dish. Place remaining butter in pan together with lemon juice and bring rapidly to a golden foam. Pour this over the fish, decorate and serve.

*** Continued ***

TROUT AMANDINE: Prepare as for *Trout Meuniere*, but saute 3/4 cup of slivered almonds in the butter and lemon juice.

Seven kilos of trout

On one of our trips to the Golan the whole area was being shelled and we were not allowed to go up. Instead we went to the trout farm at Kibbutz Dan. I came home with seven kilos of trout packed in ice. When I asked Dad, who was home on leave, to help clean the fish, he refused. We had never eaten trout before and he asked why was I so rash. Why, we may not even like it. Hours later, after cleaning the fish, it took only one bite to discover just how delicious trout is.

FISH EN PAPILLOTE

6 fish steaks, any firm white fish
2 green onions, finely chopped
6 Tbs finely chopped fresh parsley
6 lemon slices

6 large mushrooms, finely chopped
Freshly ground black pepper
6 Tbs butter

Prepare 6 large pieces of wax paper: Place 1 fillet to one side of each piece of paper. Fold the other half over the fish and cut a heart shape, leaving a 5 cm (2 inch) border around each fillet. Combine mushrooms and onion, unfold each packet and place a portion of the mixture, black pepper, 1 tsp parsley, 1 Tbs butter and 1 slice of lemon over each fillet. Fold paper over in half again. Seal edges by folding and threading a toothpick through the paper, or stapling together (don't eat the staple!).

Place on an oiled baking sheet. Bake in a preheated hot oven (230°C/450°F) and bake 10 minutes per 2½ cm (1 inch) thickness of fish. To test for doneness, open one packet and see if it flakes easily with a fork. Serve 1 packet per person, cutting an X to open.

Substitute: Instead of mushrooms use either a good pinch of dried tarragon and 3 slices of lemon for each fish, or 1 slice onion, 1 slice tomato and 1 green pepper ring. Jackfish. Pompano. Salmon, and Grouper are all good.

Poisoning Dad and Ruthie

This, one of the most delicious fish dishes I've made, was in honor of Ruthie Erez's visit to Nassau. The outcome, however, was unexpected, in fact almost fatal.

That morning Dad had skidded on sand and slipped off my moped. He received a bang to his chest, was a little shaken but otherwise okay. For dinner we ate Fish en Papillote. We enjoyed a most pleasant evening with 'Rabbi' Scott Edelman, the Commercial Attache at the American Embassy sharing with us stories about Somalia, where he had recently been stationed. Dad seemed unusually restless. At 4.00 am he felt awful and we thought he may have received a bang to his heart when he fell from the moped. But it was only when he felt desperately ill that he agreed to go to the hospital. His heart rate and pulse were both erratic and dangerously low. They immediately suspected heart failure and a heart specialist was called in. While Dr. Conville Brown was explaining the various scenarios of Dad's sick sinus syndrome I began to feel terrible. I had to ask the doctor not to tell me the details as I felt as if I was having a heart attack and my knees were literally buckling under me. Certainly not the typical gung-ho behavior I expect from myself. I felt guilty that my husband was almost dying and I was having a nervous breakdown. Dad's heart beat did not respond to treatment and the doctor put in a temporary pacemaker.

*** Continued ***

Hours later I went home and found Ruthie delighted to see me - she said she thought she was going to die! She then described tingling in the mouth and other symptoms and I realized we had eaten fish the night before and we all were almost certainly suffering from ciguatera poisoning. Luckily, Ruthie didn't have to be hospitalized, Dad didn't have a heart attack and I didn't have a nervous breakdown.

There is no cure for ciguatera and all treatment is symptomatic. For months we suffered from weakness and intense muscular pains, unbearable itching, while hot felt cold and cold felt like dry ice. It is an experience that we shall never forget.

BRAISED SALMON WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

This recipe is easy and quick.

250 g (8 oz.) cucumbers

4 salmon fillets

1 cup water

1 Tbs butter

Salt and freshly ground pepper

2-3 Tbs chopped green onions

1 cup dry wine

1/3 cup chopped fresh dill

1/2 cup sour cream

Peel, seed and finely dice cucumbers. Salt and set aside for 20 minutes; drain and pat dry. Set aside. Sprinkle green onion in a flameproof dish and place salmon (skin side down where applicable) on the onion. Pour over wine and water. Sprinkle with 1/4 of the dill. Bring mixture to boiling point on top of stove, then cover and bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 8-10 minutes, or until just cooked through.

Meanwhile, cook cucumbers for 1 minute in 1 Tbs of butter and set aside. Pour cooking juices from fish into a saucepan and reduce to 1 cup. Strain and return to pan. Stir in 1/2 the cream and boil for a few minutes until lightly thickened. Stir in cucumbers. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spoon over salmon and serve sprinkled with remaining dill.

Substitute: I seldom follow recipes faithfully and usually substitute whatever is handy for the original ingredients. Here I used rice wine vinegar for the wine, dried dill and parsley for the fresh dill and zucchini for the cucumbers. Just finely slice the zucchini and stir over medium heat for a minute to dry, then add butter and cook for 1 minute. No need to strain the vegetables, just pour everything over the fish and eat. Delicious.

We live dangerously

After our ciguatera poisoning we were not allowed to drink alcohol or eat Caribbean fish for a year. So we had to shun the fresh grouper and snapper sold from the back of a truck at the corner of Smith Bay next to Lake's Fried Chicken and buy expensive salmon from the supermarket in St Thomas. We eventually began to eat yellowtail snapper, and were never sick from it; people thought we were mad, but I replied that we like to live dangerously.

SARAH'S LARGE BAKED FISH

One large whole fish, Parrot fish/grouper/bream/hogfish	2 Tbs tomato paste
1 Tbs cumin	Juice of ½ lemon
2 onions, sliced	2 cloves garlic, mashed
1 Tbs oil	4 tomatoes, sliced thickly
3 ribs celery, sliced	Handful chopped parsley
3 bay leaves	2 peppercorns
3 Tbs ketchup	Salt and pepper

Score fish in portion-size cuts. Make a paste from tomato puree, cumin, lemon juice and salt and pepper and rub into cuts of fish. Fry onions and garlic in oil until soft. Add tomatoes and celery and cook a few minutes more. Add parsley, bay leaves, peppercorns and ketchup and mix. Spread half the onion mixture over the bottom of oiled pan. Place fish on top and smear remaining mixture over fish. Cover with aluminum foil and bake in a preheated moderate oven (190°C/375°F), for 1 hour.

Yom Kippur in Dahab

Sarah and Aharon and Coral World go together. They are good friends, warm and fun to be with. We have enjoyed many wonderful beach parties together, but one trip stands out in my mind. In 1978 we arranged a weekend diving party to Dahab over Yom Kippur (the only day that Coral World is closed). Each participant received a list of items to buy or prepare, some things turning out better than others.

Dad prepared a shower that fitted onto the Coral World van; Ruthie Erez brought fruit in large quantities. When the grapes (grapes on a desert picnic?) became mushy, we had to feed them to the camels and the sight of camels haughtily standing with bunches of grapes hanging from their mouths was incongruous; and then there was the faulty compressor that occupied the men most of the time, while we, the women and children, played games, climbed the water tower and cooked. Dani Erez nearly drowned in 1 meter of water when his regulator got stuck in the rocks as he was exiting from a night dive.

Even Dad can do stupid things

It was also the scene of Dad's infamous diving escapade. We planned to dive The Canyon, a dangerous dive where a number of senseless deaths had occurred prior to our trip. With professionals, Aharon and Oded, and me, a three star diver, it seemed that we had enough responsible people to prevent anything foolish from happening. The Canyon starts as a bowl with its base at 15 meters. Because it is enclosed you quickly lose any sense of depth or direction. An opening leads downwards through a narrow, dark canyon, with exits only at forty, fifty two and eighty meters, the latter, suicidal for recreational divers. While on the shore pairing up into buddies, Dad and I had an argument - he had ear trouble and when I insisted that if he had to abort the dive so would I, he walked off in a huff. We regrouped and started our dive: we gathered in the bowl and one by one descended the canyon, exiting at 40 meters, and hovered preparing to ascend. I suddenly saw bubbles coming out of the canyon. Looking again I saw Dad in a panic racing UP the canyon. Immediately realizing that he was in trouble I beckoned to Aharon, pointed at my wedding ring and into the canyon. He later related that he thought I had lost a ring in the canyon, but soon recognized Dad and went back into the Canyon and brought Dad to safety.

* Continued *

Dad's version is somewhat different. He maintains that after a while his ears cleared so he decided to join us. For some reason Dad's depth gauge showed 70 meters; he thought he had missed the exit and was as good as dead. It was at this point (40 m) that I saw him. Although even years later he insists he did not panic, he sure gave a good simulation of it - and showed that anyone can do stupid things under the water!

FISH BAKED IN SEAFOOD SAUCE

Fish fillet
Bay leaves
Seafood Sauce

Salt
Peppercorns

Oil a Pyrex dish. Place fish fillets on pan and season with a little salt, bay leaves and peppercorns; cover with *Seafood Sauce* (see Sauces and Dressings) and bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F) until fish flakes easily.

Fish are important

Fish have always played an important part in our lives. When I was 11 years old, we moved from Johannesburg to Durban. Grandpa Maurice, who loved fishing, decided to build a boat with the help of Indian artisans. It was a beautiful engine-powered boat, named Loudrena (Louise/Doreen) and many happy Habonim outings were spent lazing in the bay.

Deep-sea fishing was a more serious business, attracting the hardy enthusiasts, as the sea was usually quite rough. One memorable day, while fishing in deep water opposite the North Beach, we were surrounded by a school of sharks and suddenly realized that we were between the shark nets and the shore. We later learnt that the nets are staggered along the shoreline. As soon as the sharks swim between the nets, they sense they are entrapped and get caught trying to swim back out to open water. After that, I never felt really safe in the sea except when I was diving and could see the fish and sharks around me.

CURRIED FISH

Fried fish slices
½ cup raisins

2 sliced onions

Curry Mixture:
½ cup mild curry powder
2 cups vinegar
4 peppercorns
Salt and pepper

½ cup water
1/3 cup sugar
2 bay leaves

Place fried fish, sliced onions and raisins in a deep dish. Bring curry mixture to boil and simmer for a few minutes. Pour over fish while still hot. Marinate overnight.

Granny's salad

When Granny was alive, just the act of knocking on her door at Jabotinsky Street would be enough to make me ravenously hungry, a hunger I suspect had more to do with childhood memories and love than the physical need for food. When I think of meals at home as a child I always remember arguments at the dinner table between Granny and Grandpa about the salad

dressing. Grandpa would taste the salad and then push it aside, saying he wouldn't eat it because she had put sugar in the dressing and she would protest that she hadn't - and this went on for years! Today I suspect she did, and that this was her way of getting back at Grandpa.

PICKLED CURRIED FISH

1½ k fish cut into slices
¼ tsp black pepper
½ tsp ground turmeric
1 cup vinegar
½ cup raisins
4 peppercorns
(1 Tbs sugar)

¼ tsp salt
1 tsp ground cumin
1 cup water
3 sliced onions
2 Tbs curry powder
2 bay leaves

Dredge fish in salt, pepper, cumin and turmeric. Place in pot with 1 cup water, bring to a simmer and cook for about 15 minutes until tender. Remove fish to a glass container.

To the water now add vinegar, onions, raisins, curry powder, peppercorns, bay leaves (and sugar). Bring to boil. Pour hot liquid over fish. Cover and cool.

Refrigerate for 1-2 days before serving.

Note: 1. The dish can be prepared with leftover fried fish.

2. If you have a fish head, boil head and bones in the liquid for 20 minutes. Strain, discarding bones. Continue with recipe. The liquid will form a jelly when refrigerated, but will become liquid again about 30 minutes after removal from refrigerator.

Some of our best times

Some of the best times Dad and I enjoyed were spent on the long South Pier in Durban. It was quiet on the pier as the fisherman hunched silently over their long stout fishing poles or messed with their sardine bait. The calm of the evening was accentuated by the rhythm of the waves as they swelled past, thundering as they crashed to the shore. Looking backwards, the beach front always had a curtain of haze from the spray and humidity that reflected light from the buildings along the Marine Parade, giving us on the pier a feeling that we were separate, far away in the sea. On the pier the air was particularly sticky with spray and mugginess and the smell of fish permeating everything. A feeling of camaraderie bonded the people on the pier as they sat out the long nights. While Dad fished for shark, I bought fish and chips and a thermos of coffee to drink. Those were wonderful companionable evenings.

CENDRINE'S SEAFOOD BAKE

Simmer 750 g (26 oz.) fish in fish stock for 10 minutes. Remove fish. Mince and add chopped lobster, shrimp and fresh mussels. Prepare *Bechamel Sauce* (see below). Fold sauce into fish. Pour into a buttered flameproof dish and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 20 minutes.

Bechamel Sauce: Melt 4 Tbs butter in a saucepan. The instant it is melted, remove pan from heat and slowly sprinkle in 4 Tbs flour, stirring constantly. Add 1 egg yolk to 2 cups of room-temperature milk and blend well. Continue stirring and slowly add the milk. Return the pan to the heat and stir. When sauce starts to bubble add a pinch of salt and pepper. Continue cooking until the sauce thickens.

* Continued *

A strangely furnished room

Some people you know for ever; they are a part of the continuum of your life. Others, you can recall the very moment you met them. Cendrine is such a person. At a parent's meeting (for Vered) at Arava primary in Eilat, I couldn't take my eyes of this beautiful women in a lime green chiffon dress. We later became friendly while studying for the Tourist Guide's Course.

This recipe was given by Cendrine years later, when I visited her in France. She booked a room for me in a little hotel in the 16th Arrondissement, a most respectable part of Paris. That evening, while having a bath I looked around the strange room - the free-standing bath was in the bedroom, surrounded by strategically placed potted plants, tiger-skin chairs and rugs making the room look and feel like a jungle. Oddly, the walls and ceilings were covered with brocaded red cloth, while there were large mirrors on all the walls - I realized it was a high class brothel! The next morning as we laughed about it while dipping croissants into huge mugs of frothy coffee, she asked me if the passage of people had disturbed my sleep. I replied that it hadn't, but every time steps neared my door my heart quickened, thinking that perhaps Cendrine had arranged a surprise for me!

We later spent a delightful day visiting Monet's house in Giverny. Over lunch we remembered the first tour we gave (see Chart House Blue Cheese Dressing in Sauces and Dressings) and could finally look back and laugh at that horrid day.

BOILED FISH

1 fish cut into generous slices	2 cups fish stock/light chicken broth
1 tsp Tabasco/2 hot peppers	1 large onion, sliced
1 rib celery and leaves, sliced	5 leaves fresh basil
3 fresh tomatoes/1½ cups canned tomatoes and juice	3 bay leaves
Stick of fresh fennel/½ tsp fennel seeds	Few drops Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper	

Boil for 20 minutes all ingredients except sliced fish, but including head and bones if you have. Add fish, adding enough water to just cover fish. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 10-15 minutes until flesh flakes. When it starts to smell fishy add 1/3 cup pickled cucumber juice and/or juice of 1 lemon. Adjust seasonings. Switch off and let cool. Excellent with *Fungi* (see below).

Variation: Omit tomatoes and red pepper and add ½ cup white wine.

FUNGI: An excellent accompaniment to Boil Fish.

2½ cups boiling water	1 tsp salt
2 cups small pieces young okra/frozen okra	1¼ cups corn meal
1 Tbs butter	

To rapidly boiling water add salt and okra and boil 5 minutes. Slowly add cornmeal, stirring briskly to prevent lumps. Add butter and stir until mixture is shiny. Cover and steam about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon generous helpings of fungi onto plate, place a slice of succulent fish on it and spoon over gravy from fish. Add lemon juice or Tabasco to taste. Ignore Dad's scoffing and give Chewy our dog any leftover fungi (but not fish).

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Saba Hayman in Eilat

In 1965 Saba Hayman took his brother Abe and his wife Malia on a trip to Eilat. Dad and I were rather disorganized in those days and missed the plane, arriving at Sde Dov on our Vespa just as the plane was taking off. (Writing this I suddenly realize why Dad has this thing about airports and insists on arriving at least an hour before check-in opens!) We joined Saba later for what proved to be a turning point in our lives. Snorkeling at desolate Coral Beach, we began a lifelong fascination with marine life. When we looked up we were shocked to find that we had not been transported to a different planet, but were still only meters away from the shore.

We visited some people who worked at Timna (the copper mines were still active then). Dad was offered a job as a chemist at the plant but we, new immigrants, declined wanting to be in the center of the country. But the idea of Eilat took root.

One night we ate at the Blue Fish Restaurant and were served Parrot Fish. But I had to return it, heartbroken that such a beautiful fish could be eaten. When we moved down to Eilat I soon learnt that Parrot Fish was as good to eat as it was beautiful. Our friends Anette and Bjorn lived in a shack on the beach in Dahab. They would make forays into Eilat to sell fish, and I even introduced them to this delicacy.

Look what the burglars did!

Looking back at what I wrote made me laugh. Disorganized is a polite word for incredibly messy. One Saturday while the whole family went to the beach, our house in Eilat was burgled. The police were horrified how the thieves had turned our house upside down. Abashed, I had to admit that that was how I had left the house - the thieves were far more circumspect!

It was years later when the children were older and there seemed a chance that tidying up might last for a few minutes, that I became tidier. My vindication came when a gorgeous Ghanaian, Jimmy, used to clean my house in Eilat. One time when I apologized for the messy house, he assured me that I might be messy, but I was very clean, unlike the houses of other people where he worked. Thank you Jimmy.

STELLA DEVEAUX'S BOIL FISH

One large slice fish (grouper/hogfish) per person
2 limes/lemons
1 clove garlic, mashed
2 medium onions, thickly sliced
2 tsp lime juice
¼ tsp basil
2 peppercorns

2 hot fresh red peppers
1 tsp fish seasoning/chicken soup powder
Salt and pepper
2 potatoes, thickly sliced
¼ tsp thyme
2 bay leaves

Crush red peppers. Mix with lime juice, garlic and salt and pepper and rub into fish. Set aside. Meanwhile place sliced onions and potatoes in wide-bottomed pot; add lime juice and remaining seasonings. If you have a fish head place in pot and add enough water to cover. If using chicken soup powder, add now. Bring to boil and simmer 20 minutes. Place fish slices on bottom of pot, cover with onions and potatoes, making sure fish is completely covered. Simmer just below boiling point until it starts to smell fishy, about 20 minutes. Adjust seasoning.

Best eaten with *Johnny Cake* (see Breads) but *Corn Muffins* (see Muffins) are a good substitute. Serve fish and liquid in a deep dish, season with Tabasco, put on reggae music and enjoy!

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The Three Queens Restaurant

Our favorite native restaurant in Nassau is The Three Queens in Wulff Road and our favorite food, Boil Fish. But Bahamians eat Boil Fish and Johnny Cake for breakfast and so it is hardly ever on the dinner menu. When we met Stella, a warm Bahamamama waitress at Three Queens, she herself would go into the kitchen and prepare it for us. She gladly gave me the recipe, but would not give me the recipe for Johnny Cake, a delicious sweet bread, saying it was far too complicated. (The recipe for Johnny Cake is someone else's recipe.)

SHRIMP IN BEER

1½ k unpeeled shrimp (the larger the better)
6 allspice
1 hot dried pepper/few drops Tabasco
2 sprigs dill
Salt and pepper

4 cloves garlic
1 bay leaf
6 sprigs parsley
1 can beer

Rinse shrimp well to remove sand. Place all ingredients in a large saucepan and bring to boil. Cover tightly and cook 2 minutes. Let stand until ready to serve. Serve with bread and *Fennel Butter* or *Versatile Seafood Sauce* (see Sauces and Dressings).

Momo was Vered's first baby sitter

Shrimp dishes are an elegant and very easy way to entertain. I made this dish for a festive Levy Braverman dinner after I visited the shuk (market) in Netanya, for the first time since leaving Netanya years earlier.

It was a marvelous visit. Everybody looked familiar - memories and faces kept floating in front of me. Unfortunately, although flashbacks in movies are so vivid in detail, my mind was like a murky swirling mist with only the feeling that this or that face was familiar. While crossing a street, I was certain that I recognized a woman coming from the opposite direction, but pushed the thought aside. However, after we had passed each other we both stopped and turned around in the middle of the street - and in fact it was Bracha, a tall ample Rumanian woman who used to live below us in Rehov HaGalil. Her son Mommo was Vered's first baby sitter.

When Vered was born we were determined that children would not change our way of life. A week after Vered was born Dad, Saba Hayman and I went to eat supper in Netanya at one of those Rumanian Grill sidewalk cafes. I left strict instructions for little Mommo, who must have been about 11, that he had to let Vered cry for 25 minutes and only then could he give her a bottle. Poor Mommo! Poor Vered! One can imagine Mommo anxiously holding the bottle and looking at his watch and counting each passing minute so that he could stick the bottle into her yelling mouth at 25 minutes - but she fell asleep after 24 minutes and all was well. The experience must have been beneficial because at two weeks Vered began to sleep through the night!

That same evening Louise and Melly came to the flat with Grandpa Maurice who was horrified to see a young boy looking after his grandchild. Thank goodness Vered was already asleep.

Anette Amar

When we moved to Hofit I was fortunate to have Anette Amar as a maid. Full of energy, she helped me paint the house when I was eight months pregnant with Aviv. After the pregnancy it seemed a good opportunity to get rid of all the unsuitable clothes that I had brought from South

Africa. Anette suggested we sell them at the Netanya market. She first chose the clothes she wanted; we then packed the remainder in a suitcase and went to town. As we were unloading the suitcase at the shuk, a man offered us 10 lira for everything, including the suitcase! But Anette and I squatted on the pavement, opened the suitcase and sold all the clothes. When finished, with suitcase firmly in hand, we split the money and went home, delighted with an honest day's work.

SHRIMP PERI-PERI STYLE

50 g (2 Tbs) butter
 ½ tsp Tabasco
 750 g (26 oz.) shrimp
 1/8 cup water
 Salt
 Juice of 1½ lemons

2 Tbs oil
 1 clove garlic, mashed
 1 Tbs ketchup/tomato paste
 1 heaped Tbs sour cream/yoghurt
 ¼ tsp white pepper

Heat butter, oil, Tabasco and garlic in a frying pan. When foamy add shrimp, turning them to coat in oil. When all are pink add tomato paste mixed with water, then add sour cream. Cover and cook 1 minute. Add salt and pepper and lemon juice. Adjust seasonings. Should not cook for more than 5 minutes altogether.

Serve with pan juices on a bed of boiled rice, decorated with slices of lemon. Serves 4.

Uncle Julius' specialty

Uncle Julius' specialty in Port Elizabeth was Shrimp Peri-Peri. In addition to Julius and Laura's incredible friendliness and hospitality, this exotic dish always made our visit there special. This is a simpler version. When the Nickels made aliyah they became kosher, but we still talk about their shrimp.

Granny once told me that in Slonim her mother, Bobbe Mary, had prepared some meat dish for Zeida Louis. It was very tasty, but Louis was suspicious, asking Mary if she was sure the meat was kosher. Exasperated by his questioning she replied, "Of course it's kosher. I bought it from a Jew."

STEAMED LOBSTER

Fill a large pot with 2½ cm (1 inch) of salted water; add 1 Tbs salt for each 8 cups water. If possible place a rack at water level. Cover and bring to a brisk boil. When steaming add lobster, head first, and bang down the lid so the lobster won't try to get out, wait tensely for the screaming to begin (I've never heard it) and when the steam escapes again start timing.

Weight of lobster				Cooking time
500	-	700 g	/ 1 - 1½ lbs	10-12 mins
700	-	900 g	/ 1½ - 2 lbs	15-18 mins
900 g	-	2¼ k	/ 2½ - 5 lbs	20-25 mins
2 k	-	4½ k	/ 6 - 10 lbs	25-35 mins

Delicious with a sprinkling of lemon, *Versatile Seafood Sauce* or *Fennel Butter* (see Sauces and Dressings).

***Continued ***

Lobster season in Nassau

The 1st of August starts the crawfish (spiny lobster) season in Nassau. The season lasts until 31st March and virtually every day you can see rickety tables set up by the roadside with neat rows of lobster lying side by side. Always wary of the hygienic conditions (there is no cooling by the roadside) I would try to buy the freshest. I found that if you touch lobsters between the eyes, still live ones will move. An easier method, because dead lobsters still may be fresh, is to pick them up and if their tails curl up you can safely buy them.

One day I came home with two live lobsters crawling out of their packets and wandering around the back seat, thinking Dad would be brave enough to pop them into the pot. Actually we didn't have a big enough pot; neither Dad nor I could face squeezing live lobsters into a pot of boiling water (would their screams haunt us at night?) I eventually had to drown them in tap water.

CRACK CONCH

4 cleaned conch

1 cup flour

1 tsp paprika

1 egg

Juice of 1-2 limes

2 tsp baking powder

Salt and pepper

½ cup milk

Score conch lightly with a sharp knife and bruise with a tenderizing hammer, i.e. smash the cutlet insensible while trying to keep it whole. Sprinkle with lime juice. Meanwhile, combine dry ingredients in a shallow bowl; lightly beat egg and milk in a separate bowl.

In a large frying pan heat ¾ cup oil with 2 Tbs margarine and when hot, dip conch in flour, egg, then flour again and fry in oil until golden brown. Serve with lime juice and hot pepper sauce.

Crack Schnitzel

Living on a Caribbean island and dying for a piece of schnitzel? Try Crack Conch! Our conch (pronounced 'konk') was prepared by Eddie the Conchman, closed Tuesdays. Meticulously clean, there was always a long line of people waiting for their conch, even though other stalls were empty and offered the seemingly same conch. Mmmmmm. Not turkey, but a perfect reminder of home!

Eddie the Conchman

Homosexuality in the Bahamas was made illegal in the 1990s. As you can imagine for such an outdated law to be passed it had to have a lot of support from the general population, although we knew of quite a few gay men who were prominent in politics.

One day Dad stopped by Eddie the Conchman on his way home to buy conch salad for dinner. While they were talking, two men in a red sports car stopped by the stall and asked Eddie to prepare them salad. "Ain got no mor conch", he replied. "What 'bout those 2 over dere?" they asked "No man. Dey an't for sale," he answered. After they left Eddie told Dad that he wasn't going to be responsible for what those two sissies in the car planned to do to each other after eating his conch with its (purported) aphrodisiacal qualities.

BOILED LAND CRAB

Crabs
Cassava

Salted water

Wash crabs well with vegetable brush. Boil pot of water and put in crabs for a few minutes. Take them out and place in cleaned pot with enough salted water to half cover the crabs. To prepare cassava cut in 4 inch slices then slit thick skin and peel, somewhat like an orange. Place around crabs and boil 15 minutes.

Let cool enough to open crabs with hands. You open crabs by the seam, eat anything that comes out and carefully eat the inside, making sure not to eat the gall. How do you know what's the gall? When you've eaten it you know!

In practice, it didn't work too well. Dad and I gazed at the crabs floating in black liquid and decided that something was wrong and gave it to Charles our Haitian gardener who seemed unfazed by its color.

There's my friend

(Land) crabs are very popular in the Caribbean. One sees them in the local market or by the roadside - either crawling around in large wire cages, lying quietly with their legs tied with a strand torn from a coconut tree or with the legs broken off. Under a shady poinciana tree it is very common to see a large Bahamamama squatting on a box with her basket of crabs by her legs. Opposite Coral World there is a wooden fruit stall and the matriarch would always answer my questions concerning unfamiliar foods. Her business, fruit and vegetables with a little cookout of fried fish, carrot cake and macaroni and cheese on Saturdays, was run by an array of people, including sisters, her daughter who always was smartly dressed and had her hair braided and bleached into fantastic shapes, and various male and female children. I was always greeted with "There's my friend. Hello dahling!" Asked why they cut the legs off the crabs, my informant told me that when a child is naughty and runs away you spank him. You can't spank a crab, so you take off the legs to punish him (prevent) before he runs away.

We are a fish family

We are a practical family. Our feet are firmly planted on land. Granny would always show me her broad flat hand (mine is just like hers) and say with pride that we are of peasant stock.

We are not boat people, but the sea and fish have always played an important part in our lives. Dad changed a promising career in education to a lifetime commitment to things marine. And today while this book is being written, Aviv after floundering for a few years, is studying Marine Biology in Key West with great enthusiasm.

Dad: In 1980 I had to make a major career decision. I had undergone tests and preliminary training to become a Mossad operative. This would entail long absences from home. With one important examination remaining, I was offered the job of managing Coral World St Thomas. The Mossad could not hasten the procedure of a final decision. Faced with the possibility of losing both opportunities, I reluctantly decided to take the definite job offer in St Thomas.

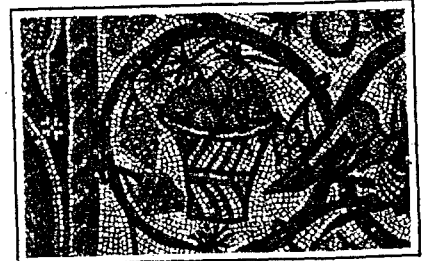
I often wonder how different our lives would have been, had I taken the other path.

Vered and Avir's wedding, - a
 gala occasion at the Dan. Vered
 looked gorgeous, like a French
 model & Avir handsome in his
 first suit. Our boys: Avir looked
 so good in jacket & tie & Moran,
 almost shaved after his $\frac{1}{2}$ shaved
 head. Family & friends and a
 beautiful ceremony in Reform
 Synagogue with a poetry
 reciting by Ont.
 Food excellent, (but I
 never tasted of them - too excited!)
 & wonderful D.S. One of the
 happiest days of our lives.



CARMEL

Selected



SINCE  1882

EMERALD RIESLING
 אמרלד ריזלינג

SEMI DRY WHITE WINE יין לבן חצי יבש

1990

CONT. 750 ml. 11.5% ALC. BY VOL.
 PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY CARMEL, 25 HACARMEL ST. RISHON LE ZION

Nassau July 1991
 "Save Our Seas" - all women
 Canadian TV film - Sarah
 Steerman, Brenda Simpson, Ruby
 Uer, Joan Hutan and (Tim
 Martin) and ME - underwater
 go-fer, diver, technician, cable
 tender extraordinaire. Great
 10 days. Wonderful working
 relationships. Part behind of
 Coral World & Eilat was part of
 temporary family. Swam with
 dolphins in the wild. Great
 experience and wonderful
 fun.

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BOILED RICE

For each cup of white rice use 2 cups salted water. When water boils, add rice and stir. When water returns to boil, reduce heat to low, cover and cook 12 minutes. Rinse and drain. For brown rice use 2½ cups water and cook for 20 minutes.

Ziona's microwave directions for the new generation:

Zap 1 cup washed rice and 1 Tbs oil for 3 minutes on high. Add 2 cups water and 2 Tbs chicken soup. Cover with wax paper. Cook 5 minutes on high/15 minutes on medium.

When I pointed out to Ziona that the time was almost the same she wisely pointed out that it meant using the same dish for cooking, serving and storing, and it didn't heat up the kitchen.

RISOTTO ALLA MILANESE

4 Tbs diced raw beef marrow
4 Tbs butter
4 cups hot beef stock
Salt and pepper

½ onion, finely chopped
2 cups medium-grain rice
½ tsp saffron
Parmesan cheese

To remove marrow, either push it out of the bone, or boil for 10 minutes then remove, cool and chop.

Saute onion and marrow in butter on medium heat for 3 minutes until onion is translucent. Add rice and cook 1 minute more, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Stir saffron into 1 cup hot stock and add together with remaining water. Cover tightly, reduce heat and simmer for about 18 minutes until rice is tender and moist and all the liquid is absorbed.

Uncover, toss lightly with a fork and serve with additional butter and Parmesan cheese.

Variations: 1. Substitute 1 cup diced cooked chicken and chicken stock for the marrow and beef stock.

2. Substitute 8 dried mushrooms for the marrow. Soak mushrooms for 30 minutes in hot water. Drain; cut into small pieces and add.

Grandpa and Bruno

This recipe, from Robert Carrier's Great Dishes of the World, is dedicated to Grandpa Maurice and his great friend, Bruno, who used to help him buy cloth in Milan. We have a picture of them together in Europe. Wearing full cashmere overcoats, wide brimmed hats tilted over one eye and Grandpa with his dark green glasses and an eternally lit cigarette between his fingers - they look more like Mafioso than cloth manufacturers.

VEGETARIAN RISOTTO

½ cup pine-nuts/cashew nuts
4 cups hot chicken/vegetable stock
1 onion, finely chopped
Dash of salt
2 cups brown rice
½ cup raisins

½ tsp saffron
1 Tbs butter
1 Tbs mild curry
1/8 tsp pepper
1 apple, peeled and diced
(Parmesan cheese)

*** Continued ***

In a heavy pot gently brown pine-nuts over low heat. Soak saffron in hot chicken stock and set aside. Remove pine-nuts from pot and set aside. In the same pot stir-fry butter, onion, curry powder, salt and pepper for 3 minutes. Add rice and fry 2 minutes more. Add pine-nuts, apple, raisins and stock.

Cover tightly and simmer until all the water has been absorbed, about 40 minutes. Add more water if rice is not soft. Fluff (and serve with Parmesan cheese).

Star Shirt and Clothing

Grandpa Maurice came to South Africa from Lithuania as a young man. He worked hard to save money to bring over his younger brother, Mike Glasser. After Granny and Grandpa married and made a success out of their fish shop in Springs, Uncle Yahne (Joe), offered Grandpa the chance to buy into Joe's clothing business in Johannesburg. Little did they know that the business was almost broke.

Granny worked alongside Grandpa. Grandpa asked her to work only until they made their first 10,000 pounds sterling. He promised that after that she would never have to work another day in her life. They learnt the business the hard way, starting by unpicking a shirt to see how it was made. Their idea was simple: mass produce shirts at minimum profit at an affordable price.

The factories were tremendously successful, the main one eventually moving to Ladysmith and then Durban. There were also factories in Windhoek South West Africa, Namibia today, and in Bulawayo Rhodesia, run by his brother Mike. This explains in part why we were so well travelled, visiting the various factories. Grandpa went to America to learn manufacturing and bought material from Milan Italy and later from Japan. A brilliant businessman, he would haggle over a farthing a yard (not much even in those days), knowing it could mean profit or loss on thousands of shirts. When Louise married Melly, Melly joined the business, as manager of the factory at Camperdown, outside Durban.

I was determined to marry a man who would not go into the business (a daughter was not even considered, only her husband), but who would take me to Israel instead. And today as we look back, it is with sadness at our youthful lack of comprehension of what Grandpa and Granny achieved. When Grandpa died, we (Louise and I and Uncle Joe's two sons, Stanley and Mervyn Glasser) sold Star Shirt to the general manager, Len Salmo, who went bankrupt and today Star Shirt is a faint memory in a few old timers' past.

WILD RICE PILAF

Wild rice has a tantalizing taste, much more nutty than ordinary rice. It is also delicious plain. Boil until it starts to split; serve with a touch of soy sauce.

1 cup wild rice

1 medium onion, finely chopped

1 tsp freshly ground black pepper

½ cup raisins

2 tsp oil

2½ cups boiling chicken stock

¼ cup pine-nuts

Grated rind of 1 orange

Wash rice in a colander until water runs clear. In a heavy pot with tight-fitting lid, heat oil and stir-fry onion over low heat until translucent. Add rice and stir briefly; add stock and pepper. When water boils, cover and reduce heat; simmer for about 1 hour until all liquid is absorbed. Toast pine-nuts. Toss rice with nuts, raisins and orange rind and serve.

ALMOST RISOTTO

Risotto should be made from scratch; this dish is for left-over rice. Its an easy chop and change recipe, so throw in any combination you like, but try and keep the celery, because its texture is intriguing.

2 medium onions, chopped

1 Tbs oil

1 cup celery, finely sliced

1 carrot, grated

1/8 tsp ground pepper

1 Tbs Worcestershire sauce

1/2 cup strong chicken broth

(1 cup cooked chicken or meat, diced)

1 clove garlic, mashed

1 green pepper, diced

100 g (4 oz.) mushrooms, halved

Dash of salt

2 Tbs tomato paste

1/2 cup dry white wine

2 cups cooked rice

Saute onion and garlic in oil until translucent; add green pepper, celery and mushrooms and stir-fry until pepper changes color; add grated carrot. Add salt and pepper, tomato paste, Worcestershire sauce, wine and stock, then add rice (and chicken). Mix well, adding more liquid if too dry (depending on how the rice was cooked).

Cover and simmer on lowest heat for 30 minutes or until all the liquid is absorbed.

Excellent with a colorful salad and green beans or minted peas on the side.

SYLVIA'S PEAS AND RICE

1 small onion, diced

1 Tbs olive oil

1/8 tsp ground black pepper

1/2 tsp thyme leaves

3 cups chicken stock

1 1/2 cups rice

1/2 green pepper, chopped

Pinch of salt

1/2 tsp cumin

1 Tbs tomato paste

1 can black beans, rinsed and drained/1 1/2 cups
cooked beans

Fry onion and pepper in oil. When translucent add salt, black pepper, cumin, thyme and tomato paste; cook a few minutes until the tomato paste is 'well done' (it changes color). Add stock and beans and allow to simmer for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Bring liquid back to boil, add rice and cook with the cover off until liquid evaporates to below the rice line. Stir, cover and cook on low heat for 45 minutes. Serve while singing *The Peas 'n Rice Song* (see below). Serves 8.

Sylvia Cabezas

Sylvia Cabezas gave me this recipe while we were sitting around the dining room table at her home in Barbados. Everyone would like Sylvia. She is bubbly like spring water and her enthusiasm and goodwill are infectious. When her husband Lazaro was roving Ambassador to the Bahamas she worked as an air hostess for Cubana Air, but the appointment to Barbados meant that they, together with their son Lisandro and Sylvia's mother, had to relocate. They lived in a small and simple apartment. Sylvia knew that obligatory entertaining and their diplomatic status demanded better, but shrugged her shoulders, saying, "We're a poor country..."

The Peas 'n Rice Song

*Mama don't want no peas 'n rice
and coconut oil, All she want
is brandy handy all the time.*

*Mama don't want no gin because
it makes her sin, And it keeps
her hot and bothered all the time.*

*Mama complains she has a pain
across her chest. Because the
food that Joseph give her wouldn't digest.*

From Bahama Cook and Drink Book by Lowell Grant and Joe Cartwright.

Peas 'n Rice is a favorite Caribbean dish, an important source of protein and a colorful description, "she got peas 'n rice figure". 'Peas' and 'beans' are used interchangeably; black beans are favored in Cuban, while pigeon or black eyed peas are used in the Eastern Caribbean.

SAFFRON POTATOES

A great way to serve potatoes at a dinner party. It looks and tastes great and is without fat.

2 cups chicken stock
12 small new potatoes, peeled

¼ tsp saffron threads
Chopped parsley

Bring stock and saffron to boil. Remove from heat and set aside until water is golden. Reheat stock. place potatoes in pot and boil until tender, occasionally basting with the golden stock. Remove potatoes and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

For added flavor and to prepare in advance: Boil potatoes for five minutes then remove from heat and set aside for 10 minutes. Remove potatoes from stock and refrigerate until needed. Twenty minutes before serving bring stock to a boil, place potatoes inside, boil for 5 minutes and steep in stock until serving. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

ANTONIO'S PASTA

Boil spaghetti according to package directions. Serve with a blob of butter, topped with slivers of basil and grated Parmesan cheese.

Uncle Julius told us the way to test spaghetti is to throw a strand against the wall - if it sticks, its ready. Remember to remove the spaghetti strands from the wall before guests arrive!

Dad eats through the menu

Dad: Hi Hi Dor

*I hope you are receiving this. I have this wonderful idea for a story for
your cook book.*

Sorry - by the time I'd typed this I'd forgotten it.

OK. SERIOUSLY, HERE GOES.

**** Continued ****

Mommy and I spent our honeymoon on a cruise ship, the Europa, going from Durban to Italy. The trip was a present from Grandpa Maurice and we travelled first class. As befits a luxury Italian liner the food was exceptional with a wide variety of choices.

The big problem was deciding what to choose - all different kinds of Pasta and Italian specialties apart from 'regular' food. One dinner while agonizing over what to order Mommy said, "Well order the whole menu!". So that's what I did. I asked the waiter - an Italian of the old style - to start at the top and go through the whole menu, appetizers, soups, pastas, etc.

You can imagine the stir this caused as I worked my way through everything. Towards the end I was gulping and wheezing but encouraged by kitchen and waiting staff who were cheering me on and shaking their heads in amazement, I finally finished the last dessert. As the applause died down I called our waiter who was flushed with the success of 'his' diner and in an annoyed voice demanded: "What about the cheese?" Screaming "Mama Mia, incredible, Mama mia" he breathlessly brought me a plate of Italian cheeses, including the delicious and smelly gorgonzola.

I cotched my heart out the whole night and it took two days for me to recover.

PASTA PRIMAVERA VEGETARIA

Colorful and easy to prepare when you are having guests over for dinner but have to play tennis just prior to their coming. From *The Silver Palate Cookbook* by Julie Rosso and Sheila Lukins. The book, a present from Jackie Kahn, makes great summer reading.

250 g (8 oz.) snow peas
½ k (1 lb) fettucine, different colors if possible
1 cup finely chopped red onion
2 ripe plum tomatoes, cut in eighths
250 g (8 oz.) sliced mushrooms
¼ cup chopped fresh basil
4 Tbs raspberry vinegar
¼ cup Parmesan cheese
Julienned rind of 1 orange

1 cup green peas
3 Tbs olive oil
1 clove garlic, mashed
2 red peppers, julienned
8 green onions, sliced thickly
¼ cup chopped fresh parsley
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup calamata black olives
Spinach Pesto (see *Green Pasta and Spinach Pesto* below)

In a large pot bring 3½ liters (4 quarts) of water to boil. Add 2 Tbs salt, snow peas and green peas. Cook 1 minute. With a strainer remove peas and plunge them immediately into a large bowl of ice water. Let stand 10 minutes. Drain peas and pat thoroughly dry.

Bring water to a vigorous boil and stir in fettucine. Cook until just tender and drain immediately. Transfer pasta to a large mixing bowl, add olive oil, chopped onion, and garlic and toss gently to combine. Set aside to cool to room temperature.

Place peas together with tomatoes, red pepper, mushrooms, green onions, basil, and parsley on top of pasta. If prepared hours in advance, do not refrigerate, but place pasta in a bowl of iced water to keep cool.

To serve, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with raspberry vinegar and toss gently. Add Parmesan, correct seasoning. Arrange pasta on a serving platter, scatter with olives and orange peel and serve at room temperature. Serve with *Spinach Pesto* on the side. Serves 6.

*** Continued ***

For surprise parties I'm always late

I am compulsive about being on time, mainly because I get so uptight when I am late that I prefer to be 5 minutes early and wait than 2 minutes late and have to deal with the tension and the guilt. The only time I am consistently late is when Nina makes surprise parties for me!

The first was my 40th birthday, when we were in St. Thomas. Nina and I decided to go to town for a birthday breakfast. I woke up, decided to take everything very easy and slowed down. So when Nina, who is compulsively late, very late, arrived, I was far from ready. When we eventually drove into town and I sauntered into Sinbad's Restaurant, all my friends were at the table, having waited 1½ hours for me!

Ten years later, again in St Thomas, Vered, her husband Aviv and Aviv's mother Tova, came to visit. Nina invited Vered over for tea. I was suffering from ciguatera for the second time and felt awful and decided not to go for tea - after all Nina had invited Vered and not really me! Vered was gentle with me, bringing me a cup of tea to wake up and being really nice. In the end it was too much of an effort to explain to Vered how to get to Nina's, so I collapsed in the car and off we went. At the Schafers', our friends and Dad, who was supposed to be at a meeting, were (again) waiting to surprise me, this time with a 50th birthday party, Quite amazed, I instantly cheered up and had a wonderful time.

Lest anybody think I was depressed because it was my 50th birthday, know that the party was a month before my birthday and so the surprise was complete. Amongst the lovely presents, in addition to a poem by Nina, Geritol tablets and supplements for elderly people, was an enormous platter, which was just the right size for Pasta Primavera Vegetaria.

GREEN PASTA WITH SPINACH PESTO

You'll find this every bit as good as traditional pesto but with much less oil. Start the meal with *Marinated Vegetables* (see Salads) and follow with pasta.

½ k (1 lb) spinach, rinsed
½ cup finely chopped red onion
Salt and pepper

½ k dry spinach noodles
1 cup radishes, thinly sliced
Additional Parmesan

Spinach Pesto:

1 cup lightly packed shredded spinach
1 clove garlic
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 Tbs olive oil

3 Tbs fresh basil
2 Tbs pine-nuts, toasted
1 cup non-fat yoghurt
Salt and pepper

Cook noodles in plenty of salted water until just tender.

In the meanwhile combine pesto ingredients in a food processor and puree. Season to taste.

Drain noodles, rinse and place in a large bowl. Pour pesto on noodles; sprinkle with remaining shredded spinach, onion and radishes. Toss and serve.

Serves 6 hungry.

LAURA'S LASAGNA

South African women are excellent cooks. I learnt cooking by trying recipe after recipe taken from the various community cookbooks published to raise funds for Jewish and Zionist causes. *The International Goodwill Recipe Book* published by the Johannesburg Women's Zionist League, *The Singing Kettle*, by the Union of Jewish Women Port Elizabeth, and *The Circle Cookbook* published by the Circle Bowling Club in Durban (see *The Circle Chocolate Cake*) are among the best. This recipe is from *Cooking with Myrna Rosen*, a present from Louise. A winner.

12 (green) lasagna strips
Sauce
Parmesan cheese

1 Tbs olive oil
Filling

Boil 1 packet lasagna in salted water with 1 Tbs oil added. Cook until tender. Rinse and drain on a clean cloth.

Sauce:

½ onion, grated very finely
100 g (4 oz.) butter/margarine
2 cups milk
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese

400 g (14 oz.) fresh mushrooms, sliced
½ cup flour
½ cup cream
Salt, pepper, paprika

Saute onion and mushrooms in butter over hot flame; when liquid from mushrooms has evaporated, gradually add flour and stir over heat; slowly add milk, stirring constantly. Add cream and stir until smooth. Remove from heat, add Cheddar cheese and seasonings. Set aside.

Filling:

1 chopped onion
50 g (4 Tbs) butter/margarine
1 dessertspoon cornstarch
2 Tbs chopped parsley
2 tins drained tuna

2 cloves garlic, mashed
1 small tin cream of tomato soup
½ cup water
2 Tbs chopped fresh basil/1 Tbs dried

Saute onion and garlic in butter; stir in soup and cornstarch mixed with water. Add herbs and tuna.

Butter a large flameproof casserole. Add a thin layer of tuna sauce and cover with 3 strips of lasagna. Top with 1/3 remaining tuna sauce and 1/3 cheese sauce. Continue layers, finishing with cheese sauce. Can be prepared a day in advance up to this point.

Cover with foil and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) until piping hot. Remove foil and sprinkle with paprika and Parmesan cheese and leave for 10 minutes in oven before serving.

Goes well with *Melon Salad* (see Salads).

Julius' black coat

Julius and Laura have always been very special to us. My first memory of Julius, nicknamed The Duke of Dornfontein, was after his first visit to London, when he brought back a truly memorable black coat, Napoleonic in grandeur and size. Made to last and last, it was handed down to each of his nephews, the Bacher children, as they went overseas.

*** Continued ***

When Julius and Laura made aliyah to Israel we would often spend holidays together, Pesach by us, Rosh Hashanah often by them (if not by Louise) and of course the occasional lavish barbecue. They are gracious hosts and generous, and it is always a pleasure to be with them. No better recommendation for this lasagna can there be that Vered, who doesn't like fish, lapped this up.

LASAGNA LIGHT

½ k (1 lb) carrots
12 lasagna strips
500 g (20 oz.) frozen, chopped spinach
Tomato Sauce (recipe below)

½ k (1 lb) zucchini
2 cups non-fat ricotta cheese
Grate of nutmeg
¼ cup Parmesan cheese for topping

Cut peeled carrots and unpeeled zucchini into ½ cm (¼ inch) diagonal slices.
To a large pot of briskly boiling water, add pasta and carrots; cook, uncovered for 6 minutes. Add zucchini and continue to cook until pasta is just tender (about 4 minutes more). Rinse and drain well; place pasta on a dry dish cloth. Set vegetables aside.
Combine drained, cooked spinach with ricotta and nutmeg.

Tomato Sauce:
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup chopped green pepper
2 tsp basil
2 bay leaves
1 large can (750 g/25 oz.) crushed tomatoes
Black pepper

1 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
250 g (8 oz.) sliced mushrooms, optional
1 tsp oregano
2 tsp salt
2 Tbs dry red wine

(If using chopped fresh ripe tomatoes, add 1 small can tomato paste).

Heat oil in a medium saucepan; stir-fry onion and garlic until soft; add peppers (and mushrooms) and fry a few minutes more. Add remaining ingredients; cover and simmer over low heat for about 45 minutes, stirring occasionally. The sauce should be thick. Add ½ cup chopped parsley. Remove bay leaves and adjust seasoning.

To combine: Spread a little sauce over the bottom of a Pyrex dish. Cover with 3 strips of pasta, ½ the carrots and zucchini, 1/3 of the spinach mixture and cover with 1/3 of the tomato sauce. Cover with another layer of pasta, the remaining carrots and zucchini, 1/3 of the spinach and 1/3 of the tomato sauce. Cover with a final layer of pasta, remaining spinach and tomato sauce. It can be refrigerated for a day at this point.

Sprinkle with Parmesan, cover with aluminum foil and bake in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/350°F for 40 minutes. Uncover and bake for another 10 minutes or until bubbly. Let stand for 5 minutes before serving. Makes 8 generous servings.

DENISE'S LEFTOVER PASTA SUPREME

For left over pasta. Reheat pasta in boiling water. In a frying pan melt 1½ Tbs margarine and saute 2 crushed cloves garlic; add handful of shredded fresh basil, salt and pepper; add drained pasta. When well blended add ¼ cup sour cream/yoghurt. Adjust seasonings.

* Continued *

Denise the niece

Denise The Niece, is much more than a niece. Both friend and relative, she and Vered are like sisters. She often comes with us on holidays. One of our earliest trips was to the Dead Sea and Massada during Pesach. Denise, with kova tembel (hat) firmly in place, was interested in everything, and a pure delight. Henya Glazer from Hofit, was a licensed tourist guide and in charge. She was graphically recounting the story of David and Goliath as we passed through the Valley of Elah. Suddenly Aviv, who was about four, got very excited and shouted, "And look! There's Goliath!" And sure enough, by the side of the road lay a man in a drunken stupor.

This book, long promised, was written when Vered, Denise and Yaffa (my cousin) were already accomplished cooks, and they were giving me recipes.

ANGEL'S HAIR PASTA WITH CHILIES

An unusual dish, the pasta is prepared like rice. It is somewhat sticky with an intriguing flavor.

100 g (4 oz.) angel's hair (thinnest) pasta
1 medium onion, chopped
2 Anaheim (medium hot) chilies, chopped
1 tsp dry oregano
2 cups chicken stock

2 Tbs olive oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
3 large tomatoes, skinned and chopped
1 cup frozen peas, thawed
Salt and pepper

Place pasta in a large sturdy plastic bag; break into small pieces with a rolling pin. Heat oil over medium heat. Add onion, garlic, chilies and cook until soft. Add pasta and cook for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add tomatoes, oregano, peas, and stock and bring to boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for about 15 minutes until liquid is absorbed. Season with salt and pepper. Serves 2 hungry.

VEGETARIAN PIZZA

Fresh vegetables give this pizza its delicious flavor. Use pita or roti as a quick base.

2¼ tsp active dry yeast
1½ cups warm water (43°C/110°F)
1½ cups whole-wheat flour
1 tsp salt
1 tsp dried oregano
White flour for kneading
Vegetables

1 tsp honey
1½ cups all-purpose flour
¼ cup bran/wheat germ
1 tsp dried basil
2 Tbs canola oil
Tomato Sauce

Mix yeast, honey, ½ cup of the water and enough of the flour to make a thin batter. Cover and leave in warm place for about an hour until the sponge develops. The batter will become frothy and increase in volume. Gradually add remaining ingredients and beat for about 3 minutes. Place dough on a floured surface and knead, adding sprinkles of flour if necessary, until the dough is smooth and elastic (about 5 minutes). Cover and leave until doubled in size.

Punch down dough and divide in half. Roll each half to form a 30 cm (12 inch) circle. Transfer to greased pizza pans. Either refrigerate until needed or bake, one at a time, on next to bottom rack in a hot oven (230°C/450°F), for about seven minutes, until bottom of crust starts to brown. During baking prick any bubbles that form.

*** Continued ***

Tomato Sauce for Vegetarian Pizza:

1 large onion, chopped
150 g tomato paste
1 tsp dry oregano leaves
½ tsp salt

420 g (1 lb) canned tomato sauce
½ cup red wine
1 tsp dry basil
(1 Tbs olive oil)

Place all ingredients in a small saucepan and simmer uncovered for 10 minutes. Cool.

To assemble pizza:

Spread Tomato Sauce over crust; cover with zucchini, bell pepper, green onion/thinly sliced onion, mushrooms, olives, artichoke quarters and/or anything else that takes your fancy. Sprinkle with mozzarella and Parmesan cheese.

Bake in a preheated hot oven, (230°C/450°F), for 12-15 minutes or until cheese melts.

Note: if using a pita or roti, place base in the oven for 10 minutes then add toppings.

LOW CHOLESTEROL PIZZA

Prepare base of pizza as above, or make *Low-Cholesterol Pie Base* (see *Pies 'n Pastry*).

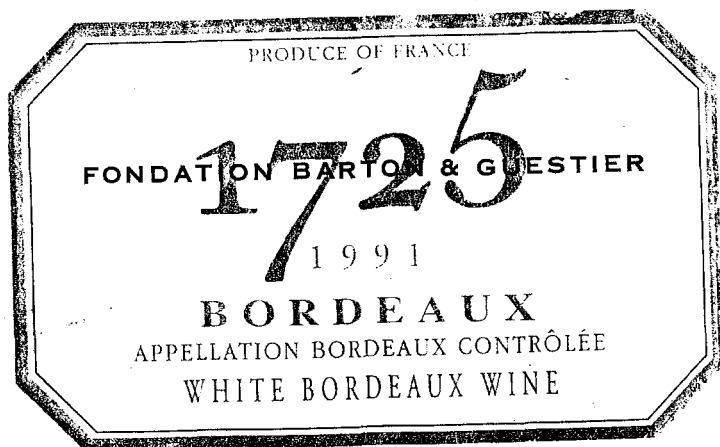
Topping:

1 large red pepper, thinly sliced
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 small yellow squash
½ cup sliced mushrooms
2 Tbs Parmesan cheese
Garlic and pepper

1 medium red onion, thinly sliced
1½ Tbs vegetable/chicken stock
1 small zucchini
6 sun-dried tomatoes
1½ cup ricotta cheese

Sweat red pepper, red onion and garlic in stock. Slice yellow squash and zucchini and marinate in a little French dressing (see *Anthony's French Dressing* under Sauces and Dressings). Soak sun-dried tomatoes in a little water. Spread ricotta over pizza base. Place circle of squash and zucchini around edge and pepper and onion in center. Dot mushrooms and tomatoes in the middle. Sprinkle with Parmesan, and pepper.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F). Serve with *Tomato Sauce* (see above) or *Tomato Coulis* (see Sauces and Dressings).



SUNDAY JAN 30 1994 ST THOMAS
David Fridman, Hanan, Yuval Gerson
A first taste of Dorreen's pizza,
fresh from her course at the
Culinary Institute. Also delicious
herring brought back from New York
eaten with delicious home baked
rye bread. Wine was so-so

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CARROTS IN GINGER

6 carrots
Pinch of powdered ginger

1 Tbs margarine
Pinch of sugar

Peel and slice carrots. Boil in a little salted water with margarine, ginger, and sugar.

CARROTS IN BASIL

Peel and slice carrots. Boil in salted water for about five minutes until just tender. Drain water. Place 1 Tbs butter/margarine and 1 Tbs chopped fresh basil into pot and coat.

Louise looks for the toilet

I don't have a story about Basle, but I do have one about Louise in Geneva. Louise joined Vered, Dad and I on a skiing trip to Mirabelle, France. Also there were Hans, Lottie and Ezra their son and the whole contingent of the Morris Kahn family. After a glorious week of skiing, langlaufing and lots of food and fun, we returned to Geneva. Louise, flying out the next morning, stayed at an airport hotel. In the middle of the night she got up to go to the toilet. She opened the wrong door by mistake, and as it banged shut she found herself standing in her flimsy night gown in the hotel corridor. She had no alternative but to walk down, half naked, to the reception and ask them to open her door. For comfort, she took out a green box of Swiss chocolates from her room bar. She opened the wrapping and found it was a whole box of condoms. The next morning, paying her bill to the same man who had opened her door, she wondered whether the clerk had told everybody about the naked lady who bought a whole box of condoms.

LEEEKS

4 whole leeks

Boiling salted water

Cut off roots and leave about 2½ cm (1 inch) of green before trimming off top. Peel outer layers if fibrous or damaged. Slice in half lengthwise and rinse under running water, separating leaves with fingers to remove dirt.

Boil in salted water for about 10 minutes or until limp. Drain well. Best served plain and eaten with fingers.

Dad takes a leak

Dad: As a kid I could walk to the bathroom while still asleep: out my room, take a right, another right, walk to the end of the corridor, lift up the seat and pee. Like all children, when relatives or friends come to stay, we would be moved to make place for the guests.

One night, while sleeping in Fern's room, I got out of bed, took a right, another right (into my parents' room), walked to the end (an enclosed balcony adjoining the room), lifted up the cover and peed. The last part was witnessed in horror by my mother who blurted out "What are you doing?!" "You know quite well what I'm doing," I mumbled as I finished peeing on the now coverless 16mm sound projector. I put little Willy away, stumbled back to bed and fell into a blissful sleep.

LEEEKS IN TARRAGON

1 kilo (2 lbs) leeks
1 Tbs chopped parsley
¼ cup Parmesan

2 Tbs butter
¼ tsp fresh tarragon leaves chopped

Remove cooked leeks from pan, drain and place in serving dish and keep warm. Melt butter and stir in parsley, tarragon and cheese. Pour over leeks and serve. Serves 4.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE

1 medium cauliflower
4 Tbs fresh bread crumbs
2 Tbs chopped parsley

Cheese Sauce (see below)
100 g (4 oz.) grated cheese

Break cauliflower into large flowerets. Steam for about 5 minutes until just tender. Place in flameproof dish, cover with sauce, sprinkle with parsley, bread crumbs and cheese. Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), until cheese bubbles.

Cheese Sauce:

2 Tbs oil
2 cups skim milk
1 bay leaf

3 Tbs all-purpose flour
Pinch of black pepper

Heat oil over medium heat. Blend in flour. Slowly add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boil; add seasonings, reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove bay leaf (and stir in cheese).

Variation: Fry chopped onions and grated carrots in a little oil. Spread over bottom of Pyrex as a base.

OKRA

Inspect your okra daily, removing snails, adding compost and praying for rain. Put on hat and sunscreen and with basket in hand go to vegetable patch and cut okra at stalks and take to kitchen.

500 g (1 lb) okra
2 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
3 tomatoes

½ cup cider vinegar
2 Tbs chopped parsley
1 chopped onion sauteed in a little oil
Salt and pepper

Make a slash at crown of okra. Place in casserole, one layer deep. Cover with vinegar and oil. Marinate for 1 hour. Drain off most of liquid, saving it for salad dressing. Sprinkle okra with parsley, garlic, onion, tomatoes and salt and pepper.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), until tender but not mushy. Serves 4.

Note: Substitute frozen okra for fresh and then no need for expensive garden preparation!

OKRA AND CORN

The microwave never did enjoy the tremendous success expected and did not replace the oven. This recipe, however, is excellent in a microwave although it is quite easy done conventionally as well.

500 g (1 lb) cut frozen okra
1 can (550 g) ready-cut tomatoes, drained
1/8 tsp salt

1 cup frozen corn/corn, peas, carrots
1 tsp lemon juice
1/8 tsp pepper

Place okra in microwave-safe casserole and cover with cling wrap. Microwave on high for 4 minutes; drain. Add corn, tomatoes, salt and pepper. Re-cover and microwave for 6 minutes until tender.

A most suitable dish for *Basic Black Beans, Cuban Style* (see Mexican).

How's the mealie woman doing?

In 1956 Ma took Louise and me to Israel on holiday. Frozen vegetables and microwaves were unknown then. You cooked where you made your fire. Louise's concern for a little old woman who sold mealies (corn on the cob) was all consuming. The woman appeared every morning below our hotel window in HaYarkon Street and set up shop. After priming her primus she boiled water, and when steaming, placed the mealies inside, where they would sit for hours. The question "How's the mealie woman doing?" is an enduring memory of that visit. Louise constantly ran to the window to see how business was, and wanted to buy a mealie each time there was a slack period.

It was for us a most startling sight to see white people doing menial jobs and physical labor. I can still recall my amazement as we watched white men toiling in the Hula Swamps.

On a trip to the Dead Sea I fell asleep and was woken to make room for a soldier on the back seat. Hot and grumpy, I was full of complaints, only to be chastised by the driver that in Israel one always gives rides to other people. Another prop of my social conscience was put into place.

Years prior to that I remember sitting with Louise in the family car in Fordsburg Johannesburg waiting for our parents. I pointed and said, "Look at the coolie..." Louise warned, "Don't let dad hear you say that or he'll beat you." For me, the stern message of this chance remark was that, even in apartheid-ridden South Africa, everybody deserves respect.

RATATOUILLE

½ small eggplant, peeled and diced
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 small zucchini, medium dice
2 plum tomatoes, peeled, sliced thickly
1 Tbs tomato paste
1 tsp basil, chopped
Salt and pepper

1 green onion, cut finely
1 small red onion, diced
1 small green pepper, medium dice
1 Tbs olive oil
2 Tbs chicken/vegetable stock
Pinch oregano

First sprinkle diced eggplant with salt and set aside, then prepare other vegetables. Wipe frying pan with oil and heat. Fry green onion, garlic, and onion until translucent. Add tomato paste and cook briefly, stirring, until it changes color. Add zucchini, peppers, tomatoes, stock and stir

well. Drain eggplant, pat dry and add to sauce. Reduce heat and simmer gently until vegetables are very tender. Add basil, oregano, salt and pepper.

Serve warm or cold with crusty bread.. Leftovers can form the topping for a pizza. Serves 4.

ALL-ROUND VEGETARIAN STUFFING

3/4 cup burghul

1 Tbs oil

1/2 green pepper, diced

1 carrot, grated

2 Tbs chopped parsley

1 tsp Worcestershire sauce

Pinch of salt

1 cup boiling water

1 onion, chopped

1/2 red pepper, diced

1 Tbs tomato paste

1 tsp soy sauce

1 tsp balsamic vinegar

Dash of pepper

Place burghul in a bowl and just cover with boiling water. Set aside for 20 minutes; drain any water that has not been absorbed.

Wipe a heavy frying pan with oil. Over medium-low heat stir-fry onions, green and red peppers and carrot until they change color. Remove from heat; add burghul, tomato paste, parsley, soy sauce, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, and salt and pepper. The stuffing should be moist, without any excess liquid in the pan - adjust, either adding more water if too dry or continue frying until liquid evaporates; adjust seasonings to taste. Stuff vegetables and bake. Recipes follow.

To serve leftover stuffing: pack a small (1/4 cup) measuring cup with stuffing and invert onto the plate next to the stuffed vegetables.

Variations: Just about anything can be added or left out: a handful of pine-nuts and 1/2 tsp cumin; 1/2 cup each raisins and slivered almonds; 1 fried onion with 2 cups sliced mushrooms, leaving out the other vegetables; 1 1/2 cups cooked brown rice for the burghul; leftover tomato sauce? Throw it in.

STUFFED PEPPERS

This is Vered's 'best'.

All-Round Vegetarian Stuffing (see above)

1/2 cup shredded cheese

6 red and/or green peppers

Stuffing: Prepare a moist stuffing, substituting 1/4 tsp thyme and 1/2 tsp oregano for the parsley.

To prepare peppers: A. Cut off flat side of peppers, near the stalk. Seed and remove pith, then steam for 5 minutes. Drain well. Spoon stuffing into peppers. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 35 minutes.

B. Cut green and red peppers into thick rings (thumb joint to tip) and remove pith. Blanch rings in boiling water for 5 minutes; plunge into cold water then drain. To serve, place a pepper ring on each plate and fill with stuffing.

Vered is salutatorian

In St Thomas Vered worked very hard at Antilles School, and revealed for the first time an iron-like determination. She studied until the early morning hours to get ahead at school. It paid off handsomely because she not only switched from studying in Hebrew to English, but also finished three years of high school in two, graduated as salutatorian and gave a speech before the graduation class. We were so proud! It was also one of the saddest times of my life, because that

was when Granny died and my feeling of loss at Granny's death was compounded by my guilt at missing such a highlight in Vered's life.

But almost twelve years later, as I look back beyond the tears on a life so full of laughter, I realize that time has softened the pain - Vered is a continual source of pleasure, while Granny is very much with me, in my thoughts and in my actions.

ZIONA'S CHINESE CABBAGE ROLLS

Sunset Vegetarian Cooking suggests using Chinese cabbage instead of regular green cabbage because it is easier to roll than traditional cabbage, although both are delicious.

All-Round Vegetarian Stuffing (see above)

1 large Chinese cabbage

½ tomato sliced

1 cup apple juice/water

½ tsp chicken soup powder

½ cup raisins

½ onion, sliced

1 green apple, quartered

2 Tbs ketchup

Salt and pepper

Prepare stuffing. Meanwhile, soak ½ cup raisins in water for twenty minutes. Drain and add to stuffing. Substitute raisin water for part of the apple juice.

To prepare Chinese cabbage: Choose a cabbage with broad leaves. Discard any torn leaves, then carefully remove about 14 large leaves. In a large pot of boiling salted water cook 5 leaves at a time for 2 minutes, until just limp. Remove from water, drain and let cool.

Cut off the stalk where it meets the green leafy part and reserve. Spoon equal amounts (about 1 tablespoon) of mixture onto the base of each leaf, and roll halfway to enclose. Fold sides in, then continue rolling. Place filled leaves, seam side down, in a large rectangular Pyrex. Slice the white stalks into strips and place on top of the rolls. (Cabbage can be made a day ahead and refrigerated at this point.)

Mix apple juice with ketchup, chicken soup powder and salt and pepper to taste. Pour over cabbage rolls and bake 30 minutes in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), or until cabbage begins to brown.

To use regular cabbage: Core a head of cabbage and steam it for 5 minutes. Cool and peel off large leaves. If necessary, thin down the center rib of each leaf so it can be easily folded. Use 2 leaves if they are small. Granny used to sprinkle dried apricots around the stuffed leaves.

When this cookbook was in its final stages I started to compile a cookbook for the Sisterhood of the St. Thomas Hebrew Congregation.

One of the interesting ideas was from G.G. Steiner who suggested freezing a head of cabbage overnight. When defrosted, it will wilt ready to be stuffed.

You may not recognize your recipe

Although I never ate stuffed cabbage at Ziona's house, I have eaten her stuffed vine leaves. She suggested substituting burghul for rice and bread in stuffings, which I did with spectacular success.

To all my friends whose names head recipes in this book, a word of apology. Please don't be upset if the recipe doesn't resemble your recipe. Just as my mother could never buy a dress without fixing it in some way, so can I never leave a recipe alone. I need to change it to make

it my own. And if you don't know why you are associated with a particular recipe, know that the connection is firm in my mind. I may not remember places or dates, but I can tell you who enjoyed this food (Vered loves stuffed vegetables), who likes spicy food (Daks Dekel) and who can't tolerate black pepper (Nina).

STUFFED ZUCCHINI

All-Round Vegetarian Stuffing (see above)

3 large zucchini

Stuffing: Prepare stuffing, substituting 3 green onions and 1 mashed clove garlic for regular onion, then adding 1 small can sweet corn, 1 tsp dry basil, and ½ tsp oregano.

To prepare zucchini: Trim ends of zucchini; cut each in half lengthwise and scoop out seeds with a spoon. Blanch zucchini in boiling water for 2 minutes; drain. Spoon stuffing into zucchini. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 25-30 minutes.

STUFFED ONIONS

6 large sweet flattish (Vidalia) onions

Stuffing (see below)

Remove protruding roots and leathery, brown skin from onions. Make an incision in the pointed center of each onion, leaving two outer layers and the base intact. Drop into boiling water and boil for about 15 minutes, until the cut in the center expands. Remove from water and drain; reserve water to cook curly kale. When cool, make a similar cut at right angles to the first and with a knife, scoop out the inner bulb.

To stuff onions: Use either *Green Stuffing* (below) or *All-Round Vegetarian Stuffing* (above).

Green Stuffing:

5 leaves of curly kale/Swiss chard

2 Tbs sour cream

Good grate of nutmeg

Chopped parsley to garnish

200 g (7 oz.) fresh mushrooms

3 Tbs burghul/cooked rice/bread cubes

Salt and pepper

Curly kale keeps its shape well, making it suitable for stuffing. Strip off washed leaves from center stalk and slice into strips. Blanch in salted water (or onion water) for 4-5 minutes. Drain well. Add mushrooms to the hot kale and cover. Add remaining ingredients, adding more burghul if too watery, or a little onion water if too dry.

Stuff onions, fully. If they tear, patch with bits of scooped out onion leaves. Chop the remaining scooped-out onion and add to any leftover stuffing; serve the onions on a base of leftover stuffing. Place onions in a Pyrex dish, sprinkle with grated cheese if desired, and bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for about 30 minutes. When serving sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Swiss Chard: Wash and slice chard and stir-fry for 2 minutes. Add mushrooms and continue with recipe.

Airports are expensive

I prepared this when we had Andrea Weibel and her mother Betty Lang, and Marilyn and George Blackhall for a vegetarian dinner. I had stopped at Atlanta airport on my way to St Thomas a few days prior and bought special (read: expensive) Vidalia onions at the airport. At the local

supermarket they were just as fresh and half the price.

Betty, like Frankie's ma Ellie, is a wonderful role model. Always impeccably dressed, she is interested in everything around her, making everybody feel welcome and special. A mega-mother, she substitutes for the mother we all wish we had.

STUFFED EGGPLANT

4 small eggplants
2 onions, finely chopped
1 rib celery, finely diced
1 tsp soy sauce
1½ cups cooked brown rice
(Grated cheese)

1 Tbs olive oil
1 green pepper, diced
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tsp balsamic vinegar/1 tsp chicken soup powder
2 tomatoes, sliced

Cut eggplants lengthwise in half and scoop out the insides. Slit remaining pulp without breaking skin. Salt and leave for ½ hour. Rinse, squeeze and dry. Bake in oven or microwave until soft. Place in an oiled casserole.

Wipe a heavy saucepan with oil. Stir-fry chopped onion, green pepper, and celery until soft. Add parsley, soy sauce, and balsamic vinegar, adding a little water if necessary to moisten. Mix in 1½ cups cooked rice.

Fill eggplant cases, cover with sliced tomatoes and grated cheese and bake in a moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 30 minutes.

I say kaddish for Granny

Granny died of a heart attack in 1983, shortly after Yael's batmitzvah. Louise and I, still traumatized by Grandpa's funeral at Holon, decided that Granny should be buried in the Savyon cemetery. The rabbi of Savyon was the closest thing we had to 'our' rabbi. He officiated at the barmitzvah ceremonies of Rael, Aviv and Yael. He was strictly orthodox and very nice. At the burial ceremony he refused to say kaddish because, although there were over 10 people present, there were less than the ten men needed for an orthodox minyan. It was profoundly insulting and hurtful that we had no rights - kaddish could only be said for us and not by us. The rabbi of course promised to say kaddish for us that night in synagogue, but it was not the same thing.

When we returned to St Thomas 14 years later, women were invited to join a minyan. There were 9 men and myself at the synagogue that morning. How proud I was to stand up and be counted so we could recite kaddish. I was no longer a child in Judaism. Somewhat late, but nevertheless I felt I had fulfilled a right and obligation.

EGGPLANT CHARLOTTE

This method of preparing eggplant is from *Low-Fat, Low-Cholesterol Cookbook* by the American Heart Association. For another method see *Granny's Stir-fried Hazilim Salad* (under Starters).

3-4 small eggplants (about 1 kilo)
1 clove garlic, mashed
10 tomatoes (1 large can) peeled, seeded and chopped
1 cup yoghurt
Parsley
* Continued *

1 Tbs olive oil
1 medium onion, finely chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup stock
Grated yellow cheese

Preheat broiler. Slice eggplant into ½ cm (¼ inch) slices. Place slices next to each other on a baking sheet. Broil 10 cm (4 inches) from heat, 3-4 minutes per side, being careful not to burn the eggplant. Let cool.

Wipe oil over the bottom of a heavy frying pan. Add garlic and onion; saute until translucent, stirring frequently. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper. Cook over medium heat for about 20 minutes until mixture is thick and pulpy. Adjust seasonings. Reserve 1/3 for sauce.

Arrange a layer of overlapping eggplant slices in a 1-quart (8 cup) Pyrex dish. Spread with a little of the remaining tomato mixture and yoghurt. Continue layers until all eggplant slices and yoghurt are used, ending with eggplant.

Can be prepared to this point 24 hours ahead, covered and refrigerated.

Mix reserved tomato mixture with stock. Preheat oven to moderate (180°C/350°F). Cover mold with foil. Bake 30-40 minutes, until a skewer inserted for 30 seconds is hot. To serve hot, cool Charlotte slightly, then turn onto a platter. Bring tomato mixture to a boil, adjust seasoning and spoon around base of eggplant. Top with grated yellow cheese and parsley. Or serve at room temperature with cooled tomato mixture.

COUSCOUS

1 onion, cubed
2 fresh tomatoes, chopped
1 parsnip, cubed
300 g (10 oz.) pumpkin in chunks
2 cloves garlic, mashed
2 tsp cumin
¼ tsp salt
2 Tbs tomato paste
1 can (500 g) chickpeas

3 sticks celery, sliced
2 carrots, cubed
1 turnip, cubed
1 Tbs oil
1 tsp turmeric
1 tsp ground coriander
1/8 tsp black pepper
Vegetable/chicken stock to cover
Chopped fresh coriander

Cut vegetables into chunks that will hold their shape during cooking. Wipe a heavy pot with oil. Stir-fry garlic, turmeric, cumin, coriander, and salt and pepper over medium heat for a minute. Add onion and cook a few minutes, stirring frequently. Add tomato paste and cook, stirring until it smells sweet. Add remaining vegetables and enough water to cover; bring to simmer point and cook for 20 minutes. Add drained and rinsed chickpeas and fresh coriander and cook 15 minutes more. Adjust seasonings.

Spoon over steamed Couscous and serve. Serve with pickles, hot sauce, finely chopped vegetable salad and *Fennel Salad* (see Salads).

Meat Variations: A. Add jointed chicken together with vegetables and boil until chicken is soft, then add chickpeas.

B. Boil marrow bones for 3/4 hour skimming off yucky stuff. Add water and bones to vegetables, adding chicken soup powder to strengthen flavor, if necessary.

But he still lacks speed

During one of our Annual Levy Reunions in St Thomas, Dad and I prepared 'awards'. Vered received the award for the best over-all tan, Aviv for the most improved iron-pumper, Dad for the most improved tennis player, Fern for most improved sailor, Moran for most prolific postcard writer, I for most tenacious vegetarian chopped liver maker, and Aviv Ron for the most improved eater. Fern dryly remarked that Aviv had improved the quantities he could consume, but still needed to work on his speed. Fern, who is also a slow eater, many years ago learnt to put ALL the food she planned to eat on her plate at the start of the meal.

COUSCOUS AND HOT PEPPER

1 Tbs olive oil
1 large clove garlic, mashed
1 medium light green pepper, chopped
1 Tbs ground cumin
2 cups chicken broth
2 cups couscous
½ cup frozen peas, thawed
¼ cup sliced black olives
Sprigs of coriander to garnish

1 medium onion, chopped
1 large red pepper, chopped
1 jalapeno (hot pepper), finely chopped
1 Tbs chili powder
2 Tbs lime juice
¼ cup sultanas
1 large firm-ripe tomato, chopped
2 Tbs chopped coriander
1 cup plain yoghurt

Heat oil in saucepan over medium heat. Add onion, garlic, red pepper, light green sweet pepper and jalapeno. Stir-fry until onion golden. Stir in cumin, chili powder, broth and lime juice. Bring to boil over high heat. Add couscous and sultanas; stir well. Cover, remove from heat and let stand until liquid is absorbed, about 5 minutes. Mix in peas, tomato, olives and chopped coriander. Cover and let stand for about 3 minutes to blend flavors.

Garnish with coriander sprigs and serve with yoghurt and a finely chopped tomato-based salad with lemon dressing. Serves 8.

NOT CHINESE CARROT AND PEPPER STIR-FRY

1 Tbs oil
(1 tsp chili powder/2 hot red peppers, finely chopped)
1/3 cup balsamic vinegar
1 small green pepper, cut into thin strips
1 small onion, thinly sliced
Dash of salt

2 cloves garlic, mashed
250 g (8 oz.) tofu, cubed
3 carrots, julienned
1 small red pepper, cut into thin strips
2 tsp fresh thyme leaves/1 tsp dried thyme leaves
Lots of ground black pepper

Steep oil, garlic and chili in a wok or heavy frying pan. Marinate tofu in balsamic vinegar; make sure all sides are marinated. Prepare vegetables. Heat steeped oil over medium-low heat; add carrots and stir-fry for about 7 minutes, until carrots change color. Add peppers, onion, thyme and salt and pepper and fry 3 minutes more. Add tofu and vinegar and gently stir until the tofu is heated through.

Serve on a bed of mashed potatoes, boiled rice or angel's hair pasta with a green salad.

Serves 2 hungry people as a main meal. Best served with crusty bread, preferably Honey, Garlic and Sesame Baguette brought by Mina The Baker, who was in the area anyway marketing her breads and so popped over for lunch.

Note: The seeds of the green and red peppers can be added to the stir-fry, but remove the pith.

GREEN (STRING) BEANS AND RICE

250 g (8 oz.) fresh string (green) beans
½ cup mushrooms, chopped
½ tsp salt
3 cups cooked rice

1 cup bamboo shoots, chopped
1 Tbs peanut oil
1/8 tsp pepper
4 Tbs pineapple juice

Prepare string beans; boil in salted water until just tender; drain. Saute bamboo shoots and mushrooms in oil. Add salt, pepper and cooked beans. Stir in rice and pineapple juice. Serve with *Onion and Green Pepper Sambal* (see Sambals in Indian).

VEGETABLE AND BURGHUL STIR-FRY

This is not Chinese; being a stir-fry it is quickly prepared. The crunchiness of the bulgur makes it a satisfying main meal.

1 Tbs canola oil
1 Tbs sesame seeds
½ cup sliced green onions
250 g zucchini, thinly sliced
125 g mushrooms, thinly sliced
½ tsp dry marjoram
Salt and a generous grind of pepper
2 cups broccoli flowerets
(½ cup shredded Jack cheese/Parmesan)

1 cup burghul
2 cloves garlic, mashed
250 g (8 oz.) carrots, thinly sliced
250 g yellow squash (crookneck), thinly sliced
½ tsp dry basil
½ tsp dry oregano leaves
1 ¾ cups water
Lots of lemon wedges

Heat oil in wok over medium-high heat. Add burghul, sesame seeds, garlic and onions; stir-fry for 2 minutes. Add carrots and cook for 2 minutes. Add zucchini, yellow squash and mushrooms and cook for 1 more minute. Add basil, marjoram, oregano, salt and pepper and water. Cover; reduce heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Add broccoli and cook until liquid is absorbed, about 5 minutes more. Sprinkle with cheese and serve with lemon wedges and pickles. Serves 4.

Variation: Substitute thickly shredded Chinese cabbage for broccoli.

VEGETARIAN PAELLA

½ cup water
1 cup fresh mushrooms
2 large cloves garlic, mashed
1 red pepper, diced
2 cups chicken stock
2 cups chopped Belgian Endive/Chinese cabbage/Swiss chard
1 cup drained canned ready-cut tomatoes, reserving juice
¾ tsp paprika
1 can white kidney beans, rinsed and drained
½ cup frozen peas

¼ tsp saffron threads
2 Tbs olive oil
1 medium onion, diced
1½ cups short or medium-grain rice
1 can artichokes, drained and quartered
½ tsp salt
½ can black/red kidney beans, rinsed and drained

Steep saffron in ½ cup boiling water. Cut mushrooms into chunks. Heat olive oil in a heavy large saucepan over medium-high heat. Add garlic, onion, and red pepper and saute until onion is golden. Add rice and stir to coat with oil. Add chicken stock, artichokes, endive, tomatoes and mushrooms and bring to boil, stirring frequently. Add saffron water, paprika and salt. Reduce heat to medium-low; cover and cook 15 minutes. Mix beans and peas into rice, add reserved tomato juice if mixture dry, then cover and continue cooking until liquid is absorbed. Remove saucepan from heat and let stand 5 minutes. Serve with lots of lemon wedges and Spinach Pesto (see *Green Pasta and Spinach Pesto* under Pasta and Rice). Serves 6.

The Aeronautical Club

The word Paella conjures up images of white-washed houses and cool evenings, dark-eyed sultry woman and voluptuous flamenco dancers. But the first time Dad and I ate Paella was in Paris. Grandpa Maurice had taken us to the Aeronautical Club, a very fancy private club and casino, where the food was not only delicious but also very cheap (relatively). That first spoonful of Paella was memorable - it looked wonderful and the taste was excellent, but then my teeth

crunched onto something hard and flat. Incredulously I took the hard platelet out of my mouth only to find it attached to a snail! (The podium at the end of its foot). Quite unused to such exotic foods (unlike Moran, who would not eat cheese, but took instantly to snails) it took a lot of courage to take a second spoonful. Note, this recipe does not include snails!.

CHEESE FONDUE

1 clove garlic, mashed
½ cup dry white wine
1 tsp Dijon mustard
(2 Tbs kirsch)
White pepper
Small boiled potatoes
Apple quarters in lemon juice

1 cup chicken stock
4 cups grated yellow cheese
1 Tbs potato starch/cornstarch/arrowroot
Freshly ground nutmeg
Chunks of bread
Large fresh mushrooms

Rub inside of a heavy small saucepan with mashed garlic. Gently heat stock and wine until bubbles rise slowly to the surface. In a bowl mix cheese, mustard and potato starch.

Stir cheese mixture into liquid, a spoonful at a time. Continue stirring slowly until mixture is smooth. (Add kirsch, 1 tablespoon at a time and again bring fondue to a simmer - too high a heat will cause the cheese to separate). Season with nutmeg and pepper.

Serve on a warmer that keeps the fondue bubbling slowly. Dunk bread, potatoes, etc., into cheese. Enjoy with semi-dry white wine. Serves 4.

Dad's "Teruah Gedolah"

In 1992 the Levy family and Denise met in Geneva on our way to ski at Club Med. Dining at a Swiss restaurant was a lot of fun. We ate fondue while listening to Swiss songs accompanied by cow bell music and yodeling; the boys learnt how to spin coins in a bowl. An enormous alpine horn was passed around and everybody tried, without success, to blow it. Dad, remembering his days as a shofar blower, took a big breath, mumbled "Teruah gedolah" and produced a blast that amazed everybody.

I am very fortunate that Vered likes to go away on holiday with me. It is a closeness that I did not enjoy with my mother. On a previous skiing trip to Davos in Switzerland we enjoyed Cheese Fondue with potatoes.

LEVY RON CREPES WITH MUSHROOM FILLING

Crepes are great! Also elegant. They can be filled with mushrooms or spinach (see below) or buttered and jammed and rolled for an easy dessert.

Crepes:
3 eggs
¼ tsp salt
Margarine

1½ cups milk
¾ cup all-purpose/whole-wheat flour

Beat eggs, milk and salt until well blended. Slowly beat in flour. If you let the batter rest for 1 hour the crepes will be softer. Melt butter/margarine in Teflon frying pan. Add just enough batter to cover bottom of pan when pan is tilted. Turn crepe over when bubbles appear and slightly browned on bottom; cook other side.

*** Continued ***

Mushroom Filling for crepes:

3 Tbs butter/margarine

2 cloves garlic, mashed

3 Tbs flour

¼ cup dry white wine

(3 cups diced cooked chicken)

1 onion, diced

250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms, sliced

1 cup chicken broth

¼ cup yogurt/sour cream/whipping cream

Salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste

Saute onion and garlic in butter. When golden, add mushrooms and cook 3 minutes. Sprinkle with flour and cook 1 minute more. Slowly add chicken soup, wine and yogurt. Season to taste. When mixture begins to boil and thickens, add chicken if desired; stir and remove from heat.

Spoon filling down center of crepes, roll and place seam-side down in a single layer in a large greased flameproof dish.

The lazy version (less fattening and just as good) is to just sprinkle cheese on the crepes and bake in a hot oven until cheese is golden on top. For the purists, Cheese Sauce follows.

Cheese Sauce:

3 Tbs butter/margarine

1½ cups milk

½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

3 Tbs flour

2 egg yolks

Melt butter, add flour and stir over medium heat until smooth. Add milk and cook stirring until sauce thickens. Beat egg yolks in small bowl. Add eggs to hot mixture stirring gently. Add half of the Parmesan cheese and stir until melted. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

Pour sauce over crepes. Sprinkle with remaining ¼ cup cheese. Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven 200°C/400°F, for 10-15 minutes until sauce is bubbly and golden brown on top.

Mushroom crepes with the sauce can be made 3 days ahead, covered and refrigerated. To reheat, place chilled crepes in a moderate oven 180°C/350°F for 20-30 minutes until browned.

To freeze, place prepared crepes next to each other in a foil container and cover well. To reheat, uncover and cook in a preheated moderately hot oven 200°C/400°F, for 35-40 minutes.

Aviv Ron is a model husband

Aviv (Ron) is a model husband for a modern wife. He encourages Vered to excel and never seems to feel threatened by her success, even on occasions when things aren't going too well for him. He is equally at home lifting weights with our Aviv and cooking and cleaning with Vered. My only complaint is that he refuses to change his surname to Levy Ron. Now that would be true equality!

Louise, will you change your name?

Not many years ago Louise told me that Grandpa Maurice had pleaded with her to keep her surname (Glazer) when she married Melly. Having no male heirs the surname died out with him. His brother and cousins were Glasser. Grandpa was always angry about this, insisting our name was Glazer, but never explained the discrepancy. When Louise told me this, I considered changing my name (Grandpa never asked me), but realized that our name would disappear with me anyhow as my children are Levys.

SPINACH RICOTTA CREPES

Universal Tomato Sauce or commercial sauce
1 egg
Dash of pepper
2 cups ricotta/cream cheese
¼ cup Parmesan
½ cup cooked squeezed spinach

10 Crepes (see above)
½ tsp salt
Good grate of nutmeg
2 cups grated yellow cheese
1 Tbs chopped parsley
Chopped parsley to garnish

Prepare *Universal Tomato Sauce* (see Sauces and Dressings).

Beat egg with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Mix in ricotta cheese, yellow cheese, Parmesan, parsley, and spinach. Spoon an equal amount of mixture onto each crepe and roll to close. Spoon about half the tomato sauce into a 2-quart flameproof dish. Place a single layer of crepes, seam side down, in sauce. Cover with remaining sauce (and sprinkle with some additional Parmesan). Bake uncovered in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 25-30 minutes until sauce bubbly. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

TOFU? TOFU!

½ k (1 lb) firm tofu
1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 carrot, finely grated
1 small stick of celery, finely chopped
3 eggs/egg substitute
1 tsp soy sauce
1/8 tsp ground black pepper

1 Tbs olive oil
1 clove garlic, mashed
½ green pepper, finely chopped
1 cup rolled oats
2 Tbs Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp chicken soup powder
¼ tsp dried thyme leaves

Rinse and drain tofu. Heat a heavy frying pan and gently fry onion and garlic. When translucent, add carrot and fry a few minutes more; add pepper and celery and fry a total of 5 minutes. If mixture appears too dry, cover with a lid. Just before switching off, add dry chicken soup powder.

Mash tofu with a fork. Combine all ingredients, mixing well; set aside for 30 minutes to let flavors blend. The mixture is soft, but appears fairly dry.

Grease a loaf pan, spoon in tofu mixture and sprinkle with paprika or seasoned bread crumbs. Bake in a preheated moderate oven, (180°C/350°F) for about 40 minutes or until firm. Serve hot or cold. Good topped with a slice of cheese. Serves 6.

Tofu Burgers: To the above recipe add 2 Tbs flour (and ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese). Shape into fat patties. Either grill for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, or dip in bread crumbs and fry. Serve hot.

A chance remark by Ella

A chance remark by Ella that she was considering asking the University of the Virgin Islands to offer a cooking course for tofu, started me on a serious quest for easy and delicious tofu recipes. This one is one of them.

MARY ELLEN'S VEGGIEBURGERS

1 cup cooked soy pulp, coarsely chopped/cooked soybeans processed in food processor	
2 Tbs chopped green onion	1 Tbs oil
1 cup cooked brown rice	½ cup grated cheese
1 cup toasted sesame/sunflower seeds, chopped	1/3 cup whole-wheat flour
2 eggs beaten	1 tsp salt
½ tsp basil	

Prepare soybeans. Stir-fry onion in oil, then mix in remaining ingredients. Form into patties. Best fried in oil, but can be grilled or baked in oven. Makes 8.

Ted, throw me overboard

Ted and Mary Ellen Greenwald are a team. Captain and crew, they manage yachts and motor boats. We met them when they were living on Morris Kahn's boat, Mystique, in Miami. Our whole family later crewed a boat they were delivering to St. Lucia. Invited to help crew the power boat Water Spirit from Fort Lauderdale to Nassau, I flew to the States. Three times we cast off and each time came back with engine trouble. I suggested they throw me overboard, as I felt like Jonah, destined to bring misfortune to the ship. They poo-pooed the idea, but after they put me on a plane back to Nassau they enjoyed truly smooth sailing.

GRAINBURGERS

This veggieburger is not high in fat and calories like many veggieburgers, but is high in taste.

1 (red) onion, peeled and quartered	1 carrot, peeled
2 large cloves garlic	2 cups boiled rice
1/3 cup rolled oats	1/3 cup burghul
1/8 tsp chili powder	2 Tbs cumin powder
1 Tbs coriander powder/2 Tbs fresh chopped coriander	1 Tbs dried oregano
1 Tbs dried basil	1 Tbs (balsamic) vinegar
1 Tbs Worcestershire/soy sauce	1 egg/egg replacer
1/8 tsp salt	¼ tsp black pepper
¼ cup boiling water	

Place onion, carrot, garlic and any fresh herbs in food processor and chop finely. Combine vegetables with remaining ingredients and mix. Add ¼ cup boiling water and set aside for 1 hour. If mixture looks too dry, add a little more water. Cover with plastic and refrigerate overnight.

Spray a heavy flat skillet with oil and heat over medium heat. Form the mixture into burgers or patties and cook until dark brown. Carefully turn burgers over and cook until browned on the other side. You can place a slice of cheese on the burger, which will melt as the burger cooks. Serve in a hamburger bun, pita or on a plate with various salads. Serves 6.

Note: If the mixture won't hold together, either dip the patties in seasoned flour or add 1 Tbs flour to the mixture, stir briefly and then form into patties.

Fern has succeeded

Fern has made a transition that many of us dream about, but few achieve: from chubby chewer to fitness freak, firm and lean. When we meet it is a given that our meeting will include a back-breaking walk. On our 30th wedding anniversary, she and the children surprised us by appearing

on our doorstep. After most other family members had returned to their respective homes, Fern, Moran and I caught a ferry to St John and went on a hike. Now to most people that means taking some form of transport to the start of the hike, a pleasant walk and catching a ride back. We, however, started our walk at the ferry, hiked uphill to the hike and then walked back part of the way, which added up to about 22 km (14 miles). We ended the day by having muffins and coffee at Luscious Licks, the vegetarian restaurant, before catching the ferry back. Their muffins aren't great, but their veggieburgers are and Bonnie kindly shared her recipe with me.

BROCCOLI BURGERS

2 cups chopped broccoli flowerets
½ cup toasted almonds/sunflower seeds
2 large eggs
Pinch of oregano
Salt and pepper

1 cup chopped (red) onion
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup water
Pinch of summer savory/marjoram

Blend (raw) broccoli, onion, almonds and bread crumbs in food processor until chopped finely, but not mushy. Add eggs, water and seasonings and pulse to blend. Shape into patties in cupped hands and place on an oiled sheet. Grill for about 10 minutes each side. Serve as for hamburgers.

ZUCCHINI

Choose firm small zucchini. Slice thickly. Place in a pot with water to cover. Bring to a boil; drain water, reserving a little of the liquid. Add a pat of butter, lots of black pepper, ½ tsp chicken soup powder and enough reserved liquid so the vegetables won't stick. Cook for about 4 minutes until the zucchini is just tender.

No, you push

The day after Dad and I got married we left South Africa for good. The ship sailed up the East coast of Africa, through the Suez Canal to Venice. On the way we stopped in Kenya and persuaded a taxi driver to take us to Tsavo National Park, although it was the day after the game park had closed for the season.

I have no memories of the animals. But I vividly remember that we got stuck in the mud. The driver told us to get out of the car and push. Afraid of lions, we balked at the idea and suggested that he get out and push. "Oh no!" he replied as he closed the windows tightly shut, "There's tsetse fly out there. The Park's closed for the season. No-one will come. You get out and push." Our legs were as mushy as zucchini that day.

POTATO ZUCCHINI FRITTERS

2 medium potatoes
2 large eggs
Grate of nutmeg

2T flour

2 medium zucchini
Salt and pepper
2 Tbs oil

Place in colander set aside 20 mins then

Grate potatoes and zucchini on a coarse grater. With hands squeeze out any liquid. Put pulp into basin with lightly beaten eggs; season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. + *2T flour*
Heat oil in frying pan; spoon half the mixture into the pan, forming a pancake. When brown on

Shape into 4c patties & refrigerate 1 hr.

the underside cut into quarters with metal spatula and turn each quarter over, frying until nicely brown. Add more oil if necessary for second batch. If it falls apart it doesn't matter. Delicious with *Universal Tomato Sauce* (see Sauces and Dressings). A very satisfying vegetarian main course. Serves 4.

CORN FRITTERS

1 small can sweet corn, drained
6 Tbs (whole-wheat) flour
Pinch of salt

2 eggs
½ tsp baking powder
Good grate of nutmeg

In food processor blend all ingredients until creamy or chunky, as desired. The mixture should have the consistency of thick cream; add a little milk if too thick. Heat an oiled frying pan over medium heat. Spoon about 3 tablespoons of mixture into pan for each fritter. When bubbly on top, turn over and cook until browned on the bottom side.

1985 was a disastrous year

1985 was a disastrous year for us. One night, after a particularly bitter fight between Aviv and me, Aviv left home declaring that he would go and live in Tel Aviv by himself. Although he came back much later that same night, I knew that when he was ready he would leave for good, which he did a few months later. He left school and home; fortunately, he went to Taba, just a few miles down the road. He lived on the beach and worked as a bellboy at the Sonesta. Even now, writing about that painful period, tears come to my eyes. Although we knew he was well - we didn't visit, but had 'spies' who reported regularly on his movements - I was devastated, mourning the loss of my son and the break-up of our family in equally bitter parts.

After three months Aviv came home and we were greatly relieved at the safe return of our errant son. A few days later he and his best friend 'borrowed' a rental car at the Sonesta and went for a ride. Aviv was not yet 16, while his friend had only recently gotten his license. Well, they crashed into an electricity pole and thank God had the sense to go to the police and report what had happened. The police were so impressed, they guided us at every step on how to have the matter settled. To this day there is an electricity pole in Eilat that we personally bought to repay the damage!

Aviv was fired from the Sonesta Hotel. He sat at home for about eight months doing very little besides going out late at night, sleeping until very late in the morning, then waking up and baiting me to see how far he could drive me up the wall that particular day. Eventually he got work as a diver in the port, but the port workers threatened to strike if outside workers were brought in to do the necessary salvage. Out of a job again. Then Mad Moshe offered him a job, tarring roofs. Two hours after he started, he fell through a skylight which was concealed by cardboard, splattering hot tar all over himself. The only lucky part about it was his shoulder-length hair, which he had adamantly refused to cut, even though Moran's barmitzvah was approaching. The tar burnt his one hand and neck, but splattered over his hair, saving his face from damage.

How to describe that horrific period! Aviv sat still, joking and being so brave, trying to make the nurse's job easier while she plucked tar from his skin with tweezers. Aviv had to have a shower every day to slough off the dead skin. It was terribly painful, so I would get into the shower with him. One traumatic day, while I was washing him down, he started screaming and

banging the shower door with his feet until eventually the door opened and he ran out crying hysterically for the nurse. The nurses eventually managed to calm us both down and bandaged and settled Aviv in bed. We decided that since Moran's barmitzvah was coming up the following week I would spend the weekend at home cooking. Although I warned the nurses that he had threatened not to leave his bed they scoffed at such nonsense, assuring me they would get him up to have his shower.

When I came to his room two days later I walked into the room and asked Aviv what the funny smell was. It was his arm, which hadn't been washed for 48 hours. Aviv is fearless by nature and absolutely the best person to have about in an emergency - but he was petrified to move. He has never shown greater courage than when he walked quietly into the shower that day.

After two skin transplants he was eventually ready to leave the hospital and wanted to visit Orna, his girlfriend in Beer Sheva. Fearful of entrusting him into the hands of Egged buses we decided to take him there by car. Since he was not allowed to be in the sun we covered him with all kinds of jackets and shirts and set out. I was driving. At the bend by kilometer stone 71 I lost control of the car; it overturned and we crashed. Aviv says he woke up to feel the car out of control (he was covered with the jackets) and bent down as low as possible. Had he looked up, the upper part of his body would have been smashed to smithereens when we overturned. As we landed, Moran, in a great fright, scrambled out of the boot-side window, peeling his cheek. Aviv reports he opened his eyes, found everything dark and decided that he was dead. Thank God he was not injured. Dad, who had concussion, asked me every few minutes where were we going. To our incredible good fortune only minutes after the crash, a doctor on his way to Eilat passed and within 10 minutes Dad and Moran had infusions. The doctor reported that knowing how dangerous the Arava Road was, although already in his car, he went back home and took a couple of infusions 'just in case'.

When the ambulance arrived people had to carefully lift Dad out of the car. I will never forget the love that rushed through my body, as I peered anxiously over the men's heads and Dad looked at me and winked! And so a few short hours after we had so happily taken Aviv out of hospital, we were back, Dad and Moran hospitalized with neck problems. A month later things looked fine as no-one was in hospital.

A week later Moran, back at school, slipped, somersaulted and was back in hospital. A few weeks later Vered, who was in the army got ill and landed up in the emergency ward needing oxygen. Six weeks after Moran left hospital, while watching an argument between his friend Gilad and a girl, Moran was struck a heavy blow to his neck! This time it was far more serious and weeks later he left hospital with metal rigging and a warning that he may need an operation to fuse his vertebrae.

Aviv, well recovered and in Nachal, was serving at Kibbutz Ein Gedi. While playing basketball he slipped and to protect his burnt arm, fell badly, tearing the ligaments in his shoulder! Back to hospital for an operation and some metal pins in his shoulder.

Well, by this time I was getting a nervous cough and decided that unless I went back to South Africa I wasn't going to get better - roots and all that. So, during school holidays, Moran and I went for a few weeks. We came back with an ostrich egg.

The ostrich omelet

It is said that an ostrich egg equals 24 chicken eggs, so one Saturday morning we had brunch for 12 people. Opening the egg was difficult. It had to be drilled and Anthony did a wonderful job of flipping this enormous omelet over in the air, and with muffins, smoked fish and CORN FRITTERS we had a wonderful time.

Dalia Lamdani wrote about that memorable brunch in La'Isha, November 1994 under the title "An Egg for Eight People". Here is a free translation of the part that deals with us:

"The omelet that I ate many years ago at the home of Doreen and Eitan Levy in Eilat will always be remembered. Saturday brunch; relaxed, simple and Israeli: eight people sat around the table to eat salad and an omelet from one egg. Not one egg per person, but one egg for everybody - and that is something one doesn't forget.

"We started by weighing the egg. Afterwards Eitan drilled two holes through the shell and blew vigorously into the one hole until the contents of the egg were expelled from the other hole. The shell now weighed 250 grams, so that the net weight of the omelet was over 900 grams.

"Two days earlier Doreen had bought the egg at an ostrich farm in South Africa. She also brought ostrich biltong which also played a part in the omelet, after been shaved into paper thin strips.

"This experience was recalled when I found a recipe for an ostrich omelet in one of the books of Alexander Dumas, the author of 'The Three Musketeers'....."

The male stripper

The ostrich egg brunch was the second time that a party of mine was mentioned in the paper. The first time was a few years earlier when Ariela Fridman brought the wife of Amos Ettinger to a birthday party that I made at Ziona's house. While Dad remained in Nassau I went on home leave to Israel. Feeling sorry for Dad, with only Chewy the dog for company, I decided on a small all-women party. It expanded to 30 of my closest friends, everybody bringing delicious food. For the intellectual part of the evening we listened to live classical music by a duo of Russian immigrants. The fun part was provided by a male stripper. The audience was about equally divided between those who danced with the stripper with abandon and those who ran inside to peek through the door! After he left, spirits were high and we all ended up in Ziona's pool. A memorable party to say the least!



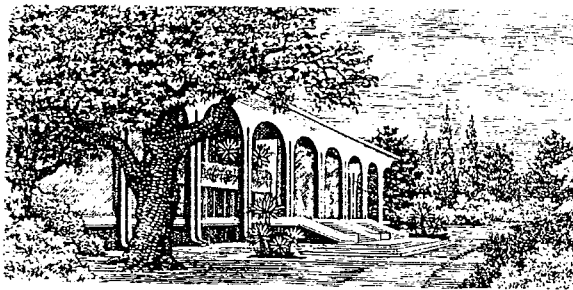
THE WINE CELLARS OF

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SAUVIGNON BLANC

OF CALIFORNIA

MAINTED & BOTTLED BY ERNEST & JULIO GALLO, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA



Friday Sept 2, 1994. Jellystone
Park - Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.

Us and Aviv, and Davie & Ziona.

Amazingly the Glassman's did
join us in Shenandoah, minutes
before we set out on a canoe trip.
We canoed - Aviv & Ant caught over
20 fish - rode horses, walked -
Ant "got lost" causing Aviv
& I much heartache. We enjoyed
the freshly caught fish.
Bridlepaths fun - 3 f's
A good end to a wonderful
year.

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CHEESE, ONION AND TOMATO FLAN

This recipe is from *Crank's Recipe Book*.

1 unbaked pie shell
2 Tbs (28 g.) margarine
2 eggs
1 tsp French mustard
1 large tomato, sliced

1 onion, chopped
100 g (4 oz.) Cheddar cheese, grated
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper

Prepare pastry, *All-Rye*, *Best Whole-Wheat* or other pastry of your choice (see recipes at end of chapter). Line a 23 cm (9 inch) pie shell.

Saute onion in margarine until translucent. Cool slightly and spread over base of pastry; sprinkle with cheese. Beat eggs, milk, mustard, salt and pepper and pour over. Arrange sliced tomato around outside edge and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 40 minutes or until set and golden.

Melly and Crank's

Crank's in Carnaby Street is a famous vegetarian restaurant. On a visit to London many years ago, when Louise and Melly were living there, Melly took me to Crank's for lunch. I still remember the tomato soup! Their cookbook has many excellent recipes. Despite the Braverman's subsequent divorce, Dad and I have maintained a warm relationship with Melly throughout the years, believing their divorce didn't mean we had to sever our relationship.

ELLIE SILBERMAN'S SWISS ONION TART

Pastry:

1 cup flour
2 tsp baking powder
80 g (6 Tbs) butter

1 tsp sugar
½ tsp salt
1/3 cup milk + 1 heaped tsp powdered milk

Place dry ingredients in food processor; cut in butter, blend briefly. Add milk mixture and blend until a ball forms. Pat into a large buttered Pyrex dish.

Filling:

8 onions, sliced
½ cup cream/½ cup milk + 1 heaped tsp powdered milk
Salt and pepper
3 spring onions, chopped

60 g (4 Tbs) butter
1 egg
¼ cup grated cheese
Paprika to garnish

Saute onions in butter until translucent. Cool. Mix milk with egg and add remaining ingredients. Pour into Pyrex and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F) for 20 minutes or until set. There is not much liquid, but pie when cooked is very moist.

When you're young

When young, one doesn't usually relate to parents as people. Rather they are a presence welcoming you on arrival at your friend's house and then promptly ignored. Today I have a special feeling for older people. People like Ellie, Frankie's ma, are good role models. A warm chirpy person, she has had her share of life's hard knocks, yet always seems optimistic and in good spirits. Still active, she travels to family and friends, cooking and baking for them, sharing recipes, listening to anyone's troubles if needed, and is always gracious to all those around her.

CRECY PIE

This is one of my favorite pies, also from *Crank's*. It doesn't have eggs or dairy, but is delicious. It is good hot or cold and freezes well. I usually make two pies, one to eat and one to freeze, baking the latter slightly less. With

1 unbaked pie shell
350 g (12 oz.) onions, chopped
½ tsp dried thyme
1 tsp soy sauce
Salt and pepper

50 g (2 Tbs) butter/margarine
350 g (12 oz.) carrots, grated
1 Tbs flour
1 tsp Worcestershire sauce

Prepare 425 g of *Best Whole-wheat Pastry* (see end of chapter) and refrigerate until ready to roll out. Melt margarine and saute onions until translucent. Add carrots and thyme and saute gently for about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in flour; combine soy and Worcestershire sauce and add. Season to taste. Leave to cool.

Roll out slightly more than half the pastry to fit a 20 cm (8 inch) pie plate. Spoon mixture into pie plate. Cover with remaining pastry. Seal edges and crimp. Make two slashes in center of pie and bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for about 30 minutes, or until golden until golden.

BROCCOLI QUICHE

This is adapted from *Sunset: Vegetarian Cooking*; well recommended.

1 23 cm (9 inch) pie shell
¼ cup slivered almonds
½ cup milk
1 cup cottage cheese
Good grate of nutmeg
1/8 tsp ground pepper

3 stalks of broccoli
2 eggs
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup grated cheese
Salt
Parmesan cheese to sprinkle

Prepare base from *Easy Pastry* or *All-Rye Pastry* (see end of chapter); bake blind for 10 minutes (i.e. cover with aluminum foil and place dry beans or rice on foil to keep it from rising).

Prepare 4 cups broccoli from small flowerets and peeled and thinly sliced stalks. Steam 4 minutes, then plunge into cold water and drain. Toast almonds in a teflon frying pan until lightly browned, stirring frequently.

Place broccoli on bottom of pastry shell and sprinkle with almonds. Blend eggs, milk, mayonnaise, cottage cheese, grated cheese, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Pour over broccoli and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 40 minutes or until nicely browned. Let stand for 10 minutes before serving.

Variation: Substitute cauliflower for broccoli. Leave out cottage cheese and increase grated cheese to 2 cups, adding 1 ¼ cups with the milk and sprinkling the remainder on top.

SPINACH PIE

Double portion of *Best Whole-wheat Pastry*
30 g (2 Tbs) butter/margarine
2 cloves garlic, mashed
3 eggs, lightly beaten
Good grate of nutmeg

900 g (2 lbs) spinach
1 large onion, chopped
½ cup yoghurt/sour cream
2 Tbs chopped parsley
Salt and pepper

Line a 23 cm (9 inch) pie dish with just over half the pastry. Set remainder aside. Wash spinach, and steam without additional liquid, until just cooked; drain well. Melt butter in small pan, add onion and cook until translucent. Combine all ingredients with spinach and pour into pie dish. Roll out remaining pastry and cover pie, trim edges. Slash a hole in the center with a sharp knife.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 30-40 minutes until golden. Serve hot or cold.

SPINACH AND FETA QUICHE

1 23 cm (9 inch) pie shell
100 g (4 oz.) crumbled feta cheese
6 green onions, sliced
½ tsp dry basil or 1 tsp fresh
1 small clove garlic
½ cup milk

500 g (1 lb) frozen chopped spinach
1 cup cottage cheese
1 Tbs olive oil
½ tsp pepper
4 eggs

Line a 23 cm (9 inch) pie pan with any pastry (see end of chapter) and crimp the edges. Bake blind in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 10 minutes. Let cool.

Meanwhile steam spinach and drain well, squeezing out as much liquid as possible. In a food processor whirl feta, cottage, onions, oil, basil, pepper and garlic until smooth; add eggs and milk, blend well; lastly add spinach. Pour into pastry shell.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 20 minutes, reduce temperature to 180°C/350°F, and bake 15 minutes more, or until set. Let stand for 10 minutes before serving.

DEFINITELY FRANKIE'S CHEESE AND VEGGIE PIE

Prepare a 20 cm (8 inch) pie shell
½ cup bread cubes
½ cup cream/buttermilk
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 large chopped fried onion
Salt and pepper

½ cup cream cheese
½ cup milk
¼ cup yellow cheese
1 cup spinach, cooked and well drained
50 g (4 Tbs) margarine
¼ tsp tarragon

Prepare your favorite pastry and line a 20 cm (8 inch) pie pan.

Combine ingredients and pour into shell. Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), until set.

Cranky Frankie

When Frankie read a rough copy of this book she said that a shrimp recipe attributed to her was definitely incorrect as she doesn't cook shrimp (it has since been deleted). Moreover, I had not credited her with this pie. Apologies.

LINDA IONSON VIA HARBOUR ISLAND TUNA PIE

1 pastry shell baked blind for 10 minutes

½ cup spring onion, chopped

2 Tbs parsley, chopped

3 eggs

½ tsp salt and a dash of pepper

200 g (7 oz.) can salmon/tuna/thawed box of frozen spinach

1½ Tbs butter

½ cup grated cheese

1¼ cups light cream

Lemon slices or parsley to garnish

Drain salmon, tuna or spinach.

Saute green onions in butter. Place salmon, green onions, parsley and cheese in pie shell. Beat eggs, adding reserved fish liquid if desired; add cream and season and mix. Pour into pie shell. Bake in a preheated hot oven (230°C/450°F) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 190°C/375°F; bake 25 minutes more, or until set. Serves 4.

The Women's Crisis Center, Nassau

Linda is a female version of Henry Fonda. With her blonde hair and startling blue eyes she is beautiful, elegant, caring and nice! Her use of 'shmuck' and a few other choice Jewish expressions was always an amusing contrast to her waspish appearance. We worked closely together, restructuring the Women's Crisis Center in Nassau. We formed a good team. While I was bold, seeing things on a large scale, she loved to make lists. She was meticulous and detailed and circumspect, restraining me when my loudmouth could get me into trouble.

This is a pie Linda prepared for a meeting to help determine how we could raise \$400,000 to buy a much needed building for the Center. No mean feat when the annual budget then was \$2,000! Even this delicious pie couldn't help us figure how to do that.

The Harbour Island bit, is that the recipe appeared in a slim volume, called I Hate to Cook, collated by women at Harbour Island, one of the idyllic Family Islands of the Bahamas. The idea was that you could spend the whole day lazing on the beach and drinking cocktails and then rush home and prepare something quick for dinner.

MACKEREL, PIED

While travelling for three months around Norway in a motorhome (later known as Recreational Vehicles) smoked fish became a staple. We eventually bought a little smoker that stood us in good stead for years. This recipe was for the rare occasions when there was some fish left over. Can be made with bought smoked fish.

1 pastry shell, baked blind for 10 minutes

1 onion, chopped

1 cup cottage cheese

3 eggs, separated

Ground black pepper

1 boned and flaked smoked mackerel

1 Tbs oil

¾ cup buttermilk

1 tsp dry mustard

Saute onion in oil until translucent. Add mackerel, mix and remove from heat. In a blender mix cottage cheese, buttermilk, egg yolks, mustard, and pepper. Blend into fish and onions. Beat egg whites and fold into mixture. Pour into pie dish.

Bake in a moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 30 minutes or until set. Serve immediately.

* Continued *

Caravans and Norway

When the children were very young (Moran was one year old), we travelled through Norway for two months in a caravan and had one of the most marvelous trips of our lives. The adventure began a year earlier. While camping opposite Coral Island, Dad - of all people! - struck up a conversation with a couple in a motorhome. They were from Holland; the fellow's business was to transform transit vans into campers. Well, on the spot we said we'd be there the following summer. Dad, who was a teacher then, went two weeks before us to prepare everything.

Our dream caravan was a far cry from the luxurious vehicle we had seen in Sinai. I spent the first night crying, "Why did you accept it?." It was cramped and rusted through; Dad and I slept over the wheel and if I needed to go to the toilet - thank goodness my bladder was better in those days - Dad had to crawl out of bed and then I would crawl outside through the window and re-enter through the back door to the toilet. Vered and Aviv slept in bunk beds, the upper one always collapsing. Moran was suspended in a kind of saddle that blocked the passage. But it had its advantages: you could sit on the toilet, open the window and wave to the people as we drove by. For weeks we drove to the sound of Peter Rabbit and Flopsy Bunny, and the Beatles.

One time we had quite a scare when we crossed a railway line. Hesitating on the lines, to make sure there were no trains coming, we suddenly realized that a train was coming and Dad drove off just as the barrier was closing. We turned back to wave in relief, and drove off. Soon we heard a police siren from afar. Dad hunched over the wheel and announced we would play cops and robbers and pretend the cops were chasing us. The kids were thrilled to see the cops gaining on us as we 'raced' along. After about 15 minutes, the cops eventually reached us and signaled for us to stop. To our utter amazement, when we walked outside we saw a mangled crossing barrier on our roof!

CABBAGE, CELERY AND SAGE DERBY PIE

1 pastry shell
1 large onion, thinly sliced
1 medium cabbage, finely shredded
½ tsp soy
1/8 tsp chicken soup powder
½ cup apple juice

1 Tbs butter
4 large celery ribs, thinly sliced
225 g (8 oz.) Sage Derby cheese/feta cheese
½ tsp Worcestershire sauce
Pinch of salt

Prepare favorite pastry and line a 20 cm (8 inch) pie pan.

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Stir in onion and celery, cover and let sweat for 10 minutes. Stir in cabbage and seasonings. Pour in apple juice and bring to boil. Put half cabbage mixture into large pie dish. Thinly slice cheese and lay it on top. Cover with remaining cabbage mixture and cover with pastry.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F), for 45 minutes or until top is golden.

This is for Caroline, who hails from Derby and who carries in her heart visions of the green countryside.

BEST WHOLE-WHEAT PASTRY

This recipe, from *The Cranks Recipe Book* is most successful. Enough for a single crust regular (20 cm/8 inch) pie dish; for a covered pie, double recipe, using 3-4 tablespoons water.

1¼ cups (150 g/5 oz.) whole-wheat flour
75 g (5 Tbs) margarine

1½ tsp baking powder
2 Tbs cold water

Sift flour and baking powder into bowl. With 2 knives or a pastry cutter cut margarine into flour until mixture resembles fine bread crumbs. Handle as little as possible. Add water and mix together. Allow the mixture to rest 4-5 minutes after the liquid has been added; if still dry add another 1-2 tablespoons of water before chilling.

Batches and types of flour differ greatly: in the States I always had to add at least twice the amount of water stated in the recipe. Be very careful when adding additional water lest you get a soggy mess.

Make sure work surface is clean. Lightly flour surface and roll out pastry in one direction only, turn over and roll at 90 degrees. Don't butter pie tin. Place pastry in pan (you can roll it over the rolling pin if its too thin) flute the edges with a fork and then trim extra bits with a knife. Prick the bottom with the fork.

If the pastry sticks to the surface, roll dough out between two pieces of wax paper - it also makes placing the rolled pastry in the pan much easier.

Note: Margarine is more suited than butter for pastry. If you do use butter, blend 1 part butter with 2 parts margarine; for tenderness substitute 1 tsp of the water with plain vinegar.

NO BUTTER, NO ROLL, NO MESS, PIE CRUST

A short flake or mealy crust, this is especially good for liquid fillings.

½ cup oil
1½ cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp sugar

2 Tbs milk
½ tsp salt

In a small bowl whisk oil and milk with a fork until well blended and oil is suspended in the milk.

Sift flour, salt and sugar directly into a pie pan. Spread flour mixture over the bottom of the pan. Pour about ¾ of liquid onto flour and stir with fork to mix. Carefully add just enough remaining liquid, 1 teaspoon at a time, until flour is barely moist. Mix well with a fork.

Spread moist dough evenly over bottom and sides of pan, pushing it outward to sides from the center with fingertips. Chill dough for 1 hour or longer.

Fill and bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), until the filling has set.

Cooking and family life

Sharing recipes with friends is fun; cooking together with my children is a delight. Moran requested an easy pie shell for his delicious pie fillings and we came up with this one.

Excellent cookbooks are published daily. Even my once special recipes appear in many books today. Most of the recipes in this book are really good. Although Aviv promises to try all the recipes, the importance of the recipes is as a vehicle for the stories. Other people may have the

same or similar recipes, but no-one has a family quite like ours. And it is this sense of our being a vibrant living unit, with our successes and failures, our hopes and our coming to terms with life, that I have tried to capture. This is what makes our family history distinctive.

EASY PASTRY

This recipe is from Sunset's *Vegetarian Cooking*, which has many outstanding recipes.

1 cup all-purpose flour
100 g (7 Tbs) cold margarine

1/3 cup oats regular/instant
2-3 Tbs cold water

Mix flour and oats. Cut margarine into flour with pastry cutter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. With a fork gradually blend in water. Press pastry into a ball with your hands. On a floured board roll out to fit 20 cm (8 inch) pie pan.

Easy to make, tasty and good for fruit pies and quiches.

ALL-RYE PIE CRUST

Low in gluten, it is excellent with any savory filling - worth buying rye flour especially for this.

1/2 cup cornstarch
1/4 tsp salt
6 Tbs (80 g) butter/margarine, at room temperature

1/2 cup finely ground rye flour
1/2 cup dry curd cottage cheese
1 Tbs milk, if needed

Sift cornstarch, rye flour and salt five times. Pour sifted flour into the bowl of food processor. Drop in cottage cheese and pulse to blend. Cut butter into smallish pieces and add to mixture. Process for about 15 seconds, or until well blended. Only if mixture is too dry and won't combine, add milk.

Wrap dough in plastic and refrigerate, two hours to overnight. Remove dough from refrigerator 1 hour before rolling.

Roll and shape between 2 pieces of wax paper. Lift off top sheet of paper and place bottom sheet with dough over a 23 cm (9 inch) pie dish. Carefully peel off the paper and patch up any tears. Bake blind in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 10 minutes before filling.

LOW CHOLESTEROL PIE BASE

If you love pies but can't deal with the fat in the pastry, try this recipe gleaned from Gail Duff's book *Bread*.

1/2 cup + 1 Tbs water
Pinch sugar
1/2 Tbs salt
(1 tsp dried basil and/or dried oregano)

1/2 Tbs dried active yeast
2 cups flour, all-purpose/whole-wheat
2 Tbs canola oil

Pour half the water into a small bowl. Sprinkle yeast and sugar onto it. Leave a few minutes until yeast begins to froth. Combine flour and salt in a bowl. Make a well in the center. Pour in the yeast mixture and mix in a little of the flour from the sides. Pour in remaining water and mix with a short wooden spoon. Add oil (and dried herbs) and mix. Knead in bowl when too heavy to mix. Place dough on a floured surface and knead 7 minutes, adding more flour if

mixture is too sticky. After scraping sides of bowl, return kneaded dough to bowl, cover and let rise for 1 hour.

Punch down dough and roll out to line a 25 cm (10 inch) round pan. Evenly prick the base with a fork. Place your chosen filling in the pie and leave for 20 minutes. Bake the pie for 25 minutes in a preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), until edges are golden brown. Brush dough with a little water as you take it out of the oven to give it a nice sheen. Push out of pan and serve.

CHOUX PASTRY

This is not a true pastry, but is always called pastry because it acts as a container for sweet or savory fillings. Simple to make, it is always impressive.

1 cup all-purpose flour
3/4 tsp salt
4-5 eggs

1 cup water
½ cup real butter

Sift flour. In a saucepan heat water, salt and butter; remove from heat as soon as liquid boils. Dump in all the flour and beat vigorously with a wooden spoon, until mixture is smooth and pulls away from pan to form a ball. Beat 30 seconds to 1 minute over low heat to dry mixture. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Beat 1 egg and set aside. One by one beat remaining eggs and add to warm dough, beating thoroughly after each addition. Beat just enough egg into the dough to make a very shiny mixture which just falls from the spoon. If not using immediately, rub dough surface with butter while still warm to prevent a skin forming.

Eclairs made from Choux Pastry: Pipe long cases (10 cm/4 inch) onto greased baking sheets. Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 30 minutes or until well risen, golden and crisp; don't open oven prematurely.

Slit each case and cool on wire rack.

When cool carefully remove any soft dough inside. See *Eclairs* (in Desserts) for filling.

Profiteroles or Cream Puffs: Form dough into mounds 4 cm (1½ inches) across, either with two spoons or through a pastry bag. Puffs should double in size while baking. Brush with 1 egg beaten with ½ tsp salt.

Bake in moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F) for 15-20 minutes until crisp; don't open oven door prematurely. Prick to allow steam to escape and cool on wire rack. If any soggy dough remains inside, carefully scoop out with teaspoon.

For ideas for a savory filling refer to *Chicken Salad* (see Salads) or *Louise's Cream Cheese Dip* (see Starters).

For a sweet filling refer to *Profiteroles* (see Desserts).

PATE BRISEE FOR FRESH FRUIT PIES

This pastry is easy to make and doesn't become soggy.

1¼ cups all-purpose flour

6 Tbs cold unsalted butter, cut into bits

2-3 Tbs cold water

¼ tsp salt

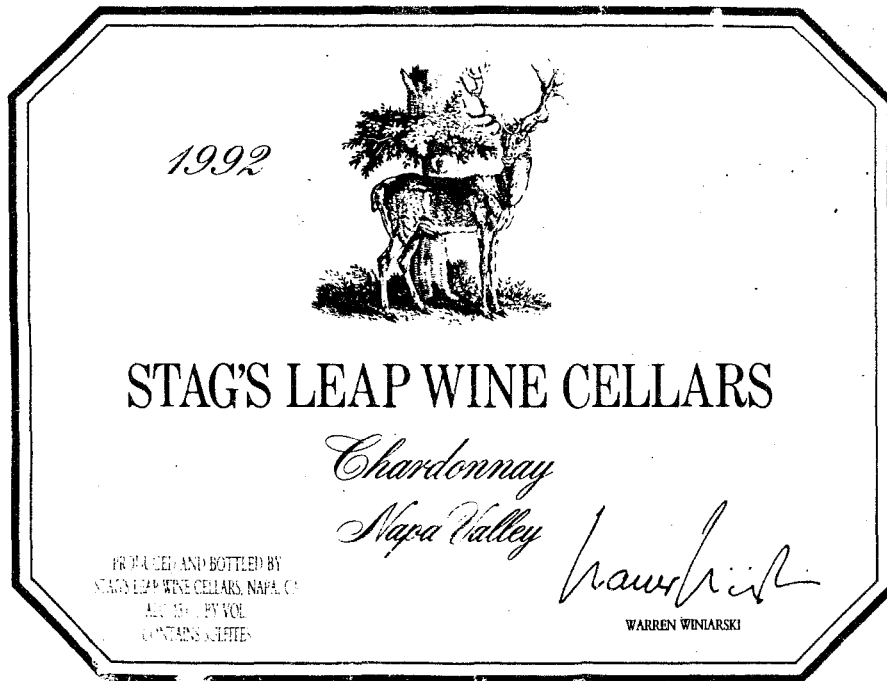
2 Tbs cold margarine

Place flour and salt in large bowl. Cut in butter and margarine with pastry fork until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add 2 Tbs water and mix with fork until liquid is absorbed, adding more water if necessary. The mixture should be moist. Lightly form into a ball. Dust dough with a little flour and wrap in wax paper; refrigerate for at least 1 hour to soften.

On a lightly floured surface roll out dough to less than ½ cm (¼ inch) thickness. Curl dough around rolling pin and fit into a 20 cm (8 inch) pie dish, crimping edges with a fork.

Bake blind: line shell with aluminum paper and cover with dried beans or rice and bake in a hot oven (220°C/425°F), for 10 minutes. Remove paper and beans and bake for 5 minutes more, until it loses its wet glassy look. Ready to fill.

Note: This pastry forms the base for *Cheese Tart with Pine-nuts* (see Desserts).



Doreen and Eitan welcome you to a Dinner in honor of
CAROLINE COLLINS
Saturday March 11, 1995

Pear and Walnut Salad

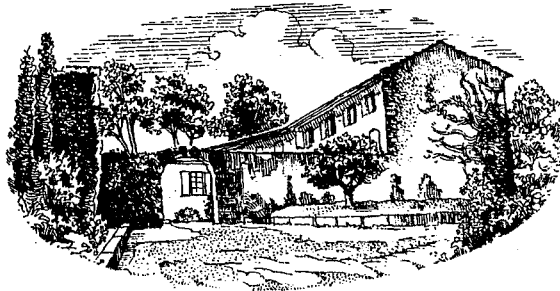
Bahamian Guava Chicken
with Rice and Julienned Zucchini

Green Salad

Meringue Nests on Chocolate Mousse

Coffee - Tea - Herbal Teas
Cheese Tart with Pine Nuts

Château Val Joanis



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Women's Crisis Week 1992
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Schools, Clergy Seminar, Radio
Shows, opening & closing
ceremonies. Extremely frustrating
to organise by end of week
we were firmly ensconced
as a national organisation
of importance. A year's work,
starting with volunteers
since Feb '92 coming together
Alison & I did most of work -
Pamela got the credit!

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DELICIOUS BOILED CHICKEN

Boiled chicken has always been a family favorite; a staple when the children were small and a treat nowadays when we are into ethnic foods and occasionally hanker after basic foods.

1 Tbs chicken soup powder
1 large onion, quartered
2 ribs celery, cut into chunks
1 potato, peeled and thinly sliced
8 portions chicken

¼ tsp pepper
2 carrots, sliced thickly
1 zucchini, thickly sliced
2 parsnips, peeled and sliced
1 large bunch of parsley/dark green celery leaves

Bring 4 cups water to boil. Add chicken soup powder, pepper, onion, carrot, celery, zucchini, potato and parsnip; simmer for 5 minutes, skimming off foam as it forms. Add chicken and when the water boils, reduce heat, cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Add parsley and cook 5 minutes more. Do NOT overcook.

Switch it on quickly

How can we think of Vered and Aviv in Hofit without this famous story? One night Dad was left to look after the children (I must have gone to exercise at Yossi Markus' house). The kids were obviously getting on his nerves as they wouldn't go to sleep and kept switching on the light switch next to Aviv's bed. Dad became quite angry and must have threatened them with dire punishment, for he switched off the light and hid around the corner. He overheard Vered saying, "Aviv! Switch on the light!" Aviv scared, "No, Daddy's cross." Vered, "Don't be a baby. Switch it on and off very quickly and he won't know." She eventually persuaded Aviv, and just as he switched on the light she screamed, "Daddy, Daddy, Aviv switched on the light!" Dad rushed from his hiding place and walloped her. How surprised she was! Vered was seldom hit and hardly ever punished.

To our later sorrow, Aviv was hit too frequently, his naughtiness often causing me to cry from frustration or embarrassment. He was a hyperactive child and we desperately needed help in learning how to cope, but didn't even know that we could ask.

I want to become Christian

Moran was hit only once and that was when he was 14 years old. And yet, to our utter amazement he considers himself a battered child. All I needed to say was: "Moran, I'm looking at you crossly", which was a severe enough rebuke to send him off crying to his room. Then one day when he was six years old he looked at me and said, "So what?" and walked away unperturbed. Moran hated Tanach (bible studies) with a passion. When he was at Sde Boqer, not only did he consistently fail his Tanach tests, but suddenly started to say that he wanted to become Christian and talked with alarming familiarity about the New Testament. Patiently I explained that Christians also have bible studies, but a crisis was obviously brewing.

One Shabbat morning I passed Moran's room and found his door painted with red (Christian) crosses. He had also nailed together a large cross that was hanging around his neck. As I type this I cannot help laughing at the utter absurdity of the situation - but at that moment I was livid! I rushed to Dad dragging Moran along and shouting what he had done. There was utter pandemonium. Aviv and Vered rushed into the room and jumped on the bed, eager to witness what was happening. Moran must have seen something cross Dad's face, for Moran suddenly started shouting: "I give up! I give up! I won't become Christian!" But it was too late - Dad gave him a tremendous crack on his bum - and we heard Vered and Aviv laughing, for they considered

Moran terribly spoilt and were pleased that he finally got some form of punishment. Note: he did pass Tanach in his Bagrut exam.

Although Aviv did momentarily enjoy Moran's discomfort that day, it was not his usual behavior. He would usually fight with Moran, complain bitterly about him, and then if punishment was to be meted out, cry and say, "Leave him alone. Punish me instead!"

CHICKEN IN TOMATO SAUCE

A versatile recipe that can be brightened up with many additions.

8 portions chicken	Salt, pepper and paprika
1 Tbs oil	1 onion, cubed
1 clove garlic, mashed	1 green pepper, chopped
1 red tomato, grated thickly	2 Tbs tomato paste
Chicken stock to cover	Handful chopped parsley

Dust chicken with salt, pepper and paprika. Wipe a heavy saucepan with oil and fry chicken pieces until golden on all sides. Add onion and garlic and cook 2 minutes. Add green pepper and cook until it changes color. Add tomato, tomato paste and enough stock to barely cover. Simmer about 20 minutes until just tender. Add parsley, adjust seasonings and serve. Delicious with noodles and a fresh green salad.

Note: 1. For an Italian sauce add 4 grated tomatoes, 1 Tbs chopped basil, ½ teaspoon dry oregano and a few chopped black olives. If sauce is sour, add a dollop of ketchup.
2. Add 250 g (8 oz.) sliced mushrooms and ¼ cup dry red wine.

One day I'll write a cookbook

Dad and I were brought up as meat eaters. In South Africa we ate meat at least once a day; fish was considered a light lunch while chicken, which wasn't considered a meat, was often served for Shabbat or holidays. When we came to Israel, meat was expensive and not very good. I became expert at preparing chicken and always said one day I'd write a cookbook on 100 ways to prepare chicken. "Promises, promises", everybody said. But almost 30 years later here I am, writing a family history through food.

CHICKEN IN WINE

8 portions chicken	Salt, pepper and paprika
4 Tbs oil	3 Tbs brandy
18 pearl onions/4 quartered yellow onions	150 g (6 oz.) mushrooms
1 tsp chicken soup powder	1 cup water
1 tsp tomato paste	¼ cup red wine

Dust chicken with salt, pepper and paprika. In a large heavy saucepan heat oil. When hot, fry portions until nicely browned on both sides. Warm brandy and pour over chicken and light with a match (stand away from pot). Reduce heat; add onions and fry for a few minutes. Add mushrooms, soup powder, water, tomato paste and red wine and stir well. Cover and simmer 20 minutes or until tender. Adjust seasonings.
Delicious served with noodles and a green salad.

BAKED BRANDIED CHICKEN

8 portions chicken	¼ tsp salt
1/8 tsp ground pepper	2 Tbs parsley, finely chopped
½ tsp thyme	1 bay leaf
1 large onion, sliced	½ cup brandy
1 cup red wine	1 Tbs oil
1 clove garlic, mashed	1 cup thickly sliced mushrooms
1 Tbs ketchup	½ tsp Worcestershire sauce

Place chicken in bowl with salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, bay leaf, onion, brandy and wine. Marinate for 4 hours. Drain, reserving marinade.

Preheat oven to 180 degrees C (350 F). Wipe a casserole with oil and add chicken and garlic. Bake, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Add reserved marinade, mushrooms, ketchup and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and bake 1 hour more, removing lid for the last 30 minutes.

LOUISE'S CHICKEN IN ORANGE JUICE

This is an easy and delicious party dish and can be successfully multiplied.

8 portions chicken (with bone)	¼ tsp salt
1/8 tsp pepper	1 Tbs paprika
1 cup orange juice	1 Tbs lemon juice
1 Tbs grated orange rind	1 heaped tsp dry mustard
1 Tbs brown sugar	¼ tsp ground allspice
2 cups prunes	1 onion, slivered
2 apples, quartered	

Dust chicken with salt, pepper and paprika. Place in a compact roasting pan without pieces overlapping. Combine orange juice, lemon juice, orange rind, mustard, sugar and allspice in a small saucepan and bring to boil. Meanwhile prepare vegetables and place around and between chicken portions. Pour orange mixture over chicken.

Bake uncovered in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 1 hour or until tender. Baste occasionally and turn pieces over when brown on one side. Serve with rice.

BAHAMIAN HONEY CHICKEN

Chef Moss and Chef Shay presented a talk at (Bahamas) Expo '92 on attempts to Bahamianize food presented at the Paradise Island Hotel. This was one of the most popular dishes they created.

8 portions chicken	Salt, pepper and paprika
30 g (2 Tbs) butter	1 red pepper, seeded and sliced
1 green pepper, seeded and sliced	1 Tbs honey
1 cup chicken stock	½ sliced pineapple

Dust chicken with salt, pepper and paprika. Saute in butter for about 10 minutes, until nicely browned on both sides. Remove from pan. Saute red and green peppers for 3 minutes; add honey and cook 2 minutes. Add chicken stock and bring to boil and skim. Add chicken and cook until tender. When chicken is almost tender add sliced pineapple, adjust seasonings and serve.

GUAVA CHICKEN

This recipe is from Chef Shay from the Bahamas (see previous recipe). Impressive party dish.

10 skinless breasts of chicken
Salt, pepper, paprika
3 Tbs butter
1/8 tsp ground allspice
3 cups chicken stock
Salt and pepper

Juice of 1 lemon
1 k (2 lb) canned guava shells, drained
1 Tbs grated fresh ginger/1/2 tsp powdered ginger
1 tsp curry powder
1/4 cup sour cream
(1 Tbs sugar)

Cut chicken breasts into strips; marinate in lemon juice and dust with salt and pepper; set aside. Saute guavas in 1 Tbs butter; add ginger, allspice, and curry. Add stock, cover and simmer 20 minutes. Process in a blender. (The sauce can be prepared in advance up to this point.) Add cream and simmer on lowest heat 5 minutes. Adjust seasonings; add sugar if necessary. While cream heats, saute chicken strips over high heat in remaining 2 Tbs butter, adding marinade after it begins to brown; total cooking time about 5 minutes. When tender, remove chicken to a deep serving dish and pour sauce over it. Garnish with a hibiscus flower on each plate - flowers are for decorating, but can be eaten! To prevent hibiscus flowers closing, pick during the day and place in refrigerator until needed.

Note: If necessary, for canned guavas substitute 10 fresh guavas, peeled and seeded.

The country was flooded with guavas

When we came to Israel in the 1960s the country was flooded with guavas during summer. These were later uprooted to make room for a variety of more exotic fruits. Today hardly anyone grows guavas in Israel, a great pity for those who love its heavy smell.

GILBERTO'S CHICKEN IN A PAPER BAG

On a trip to Cuba with Vered, her husband Aviv and their friend Keren, Gilberto took us to a delightful rustic Cuban restaurant where he shared this recipe with us:

"Sprinkle lemon, salt and garlic over the chicken to marinade. That you do in the evening, to cook it in the morning. And you put it in the fridge. Drain, add a little pepper, not too much, cut the branch of a rosemary and put it in the chicken. Add some little pieces of butter inside the chicken. Put in a paper bag big enough to close it at the end. Put in pressure cooker on slow for 20 minutes to half an hour."

The chicken is not from Russia

Thank you Gilberto. Because of rationing in Cuba, it must have been a long time since he had made a whole chicken or had seen butter.

On another delightful trip to Cuba, this time with Louise, we drove west to beautiful Pinar del Rio and Vinales. On the way we stopped for lunch at an open air restaurant in the middle of a green meadow. The sheer face of a nearby cliff was painted with an heroic scene depicting civilization. There was a band playing; while waiting for the food to arrive we danced and drank ↓ mojitas ↓, Hemingway's favorite cocktail, which has become a national drink, served to tourists wherever they travel in Cuba. Mounds of fried plantain, rice, beans and steaming roast pork

were piled in front of us. "Isn't the meat rationed in Cuba?" we asked, shocked at the gargantuan portions. "No - Absolutely not!" "But we heard the meat was rationed." we insisted. "No, No," he denied, "We have our own meat. The meat is Cuban, not Russian."

Yael's CHICKEN IN SALT

Yael Paperna first showed me how to make salt-baked chicken.

1 large whole chicken

About 2 cups coarse (kosher) salt

All you do is put lots of salt over a washed and dried chicken. Then roast it in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 1 hour, until done. When ready brush off any remaining salt. A very skinny chicken suddenly appears that is not at all salty.

Many years later on a trip to Bet Guvrin with Yael and Dalia, they both said the salt should be packed around the chicken, not on it. Either way it works well!

GUIDE TO ROASTING TURKEY

Part of the success of roast turkey is in the bird. Ziona, my mentor in all things turkey says, if possible, choose a female that weighs less than 7 kilos (15 lbs). Good for about 17 people. The best part of turkey is eating the leftovers the following day. To ensure a moist bird, marinate in cheap wine for 2-3 days in the refrigerator. Pour the wine into the cavities and on the turkey, then cover the bird well with plastic wrap. Turn turkey over on the second day, to marinate the other side.

For a moist and beautifully colored bird see *Turkey Roasted in Tomato Juice* (under Holidays).

Roast an unstuffed turkey in an oven preheated to 190°C/350°F for 26 minutes per kilo (12 minutes per lb) plus 12 minutes; baste frequently.

The turkey is ready when the leg joint is pricked with a fork and the juices run clear. If you have a thermometer, the inner thigh should read 180 degrees F.

Stuffing (see end of *Poultry* and in *Holidays*) is best made the night before, allowing flavors to blend. Remove from refrigerator an hour before stuffing, just prior to roasting turkey. Truss with string, or close skin flaps by sewing with thick cotton. Roast for 40 minutes per kilo (20 minutes per pound) or when pricked thigh juices run clear. A thermometer in the stuffing should read 165 degrees F.

TURKEY EN ESCABECHE

This is from *Bon Appetit's* special Spanish edition. It is a delicious summer main course.

1 turkey breast half on bone, skinned
2 large red onions, halved and thinly sliced
2 Tbs olive oil
6 whole allspice
1 fresh sprig rosemary/½ tsp dried
½ tsp salt

*** Continued ***

1½ cups chicken stock
½ cup plus 4 Tbs white wine vinegar
9 whole black peppercorns
3 bay leaves
1 fresh sprig thyme/¼ tsp dried
1½ red peppers, halved and thinly sliced

Place turkey in a deep frying pan. Add stock, half the sliced onion, ½ cup vinegar, oil, peppercorns, allspice, bay leaves, rosemary, thyme and salt. Bring to simmer, cover and cook 25 minutes. Turn turkey over and continue simmering until cooked through, about 20 minutes more.

Transfer turkey, onion and herbs to a large bowl. Add red pepper and remaining onion. Pour hot liquid over. Cover and chill overnight.

Remove turkey from liquid and skim off any congealed fat. (If liquid has gelled, place over very low heat just until liquefied, but do not warm.) Cut turkey from bones. Thinly slice meat. Arrange on platter. Add remaining 4 Tbs vinegar to cooking liquid. Adjust seasoning. Spoon vegetables and liquid over turkey. Serves 8.

It's a cold main course

I served this at a four couple dinner party in Nassau. As three of us (Alison Hamilton, Linda Ionson and I) were Women's Crisis Center volunteers, we made a pact that we wouldn't even mention the Center, especially since I was on Hotline duty. Just as we were about to sit down for supper there was a call for Linda. We all waited for an hour while she was busy with a client in crisis. Good thing it was a cold main course!

GUIDE TO ROASTING DUCK

Preheat oven to 230°C/450°F. Wipe a 2½ kilo (5 lb) duck inside and out with a damp clean cloth. Sprinkle cavity with salt and pepper, then rub with lemon juice. Place ½ sliced onion, ½ peeled and sliced apple and a few celery leaves in cavity.

Prick skin of bird with a fork, rub with a cut clove of garlic and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place duck, breast side up, on a rack in a roasting pan and place in oven. Immediately reduce temperature to 180°C/350°F. Roast until tender, about 20 minutes per half kilo (20 minutes per lb).

Serve with apple sauce. Sauces from other tart fruits, like dried apricots, apples, cherries, and figs also go well. Serves 4 generously.

ROAST DUCK CASBAH STYLE

2 ducks 2 k (4 lbs) each

Marinade:

5 tsp white pepper

5 tsp salt

2 tsp honey

1 tsp steak sauce

5 tsp sweet paprika

½-1 cup red dry wine

6-8 cloves garlic, mashed

Either the day before or that morning prepare marinade and rub over and inside ducks. Roast ducks in a cool oven (150°C/300°F), for about 2 hours, turning ducks over every 30 minutes. During the last hour brush pan juices over ducks. When golden remove from oven. Cool and refrigerate ducks.

Thirty minutes before serving place a few dabs of margarine on ducks and place in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 30 minutes. When brown, remove and serve with sliced oranges.

*** Continued ***

The Casbah

In the late 1960s when Grandpa Maurice used to visit Israel regularly, he would often take us to The Casbah for dinner. This was always a great treat - the decor rich in some undefinable style (a Casbah?), fine quality dinner placements and impeccable service by Emile and his waiters. The mad (well, he looked mad) emaciated pianist in the corner played Russian songs that after a few glasses of wine would bring tears of nostalgia to Dad's eyes. The specialty of the house was Duck. Justly famous, it was always delicious. The restaurant is still the place for a very special occasion.

DUCK IN ORANGE SAUCE

4 oranges

1 duck

1 Tbs cornstarch

1 tsp chicken soup powder

2 cloves garlic

Salt and pepper

1 tsp soy sauce

¼ cup Cointreau

Peel zest of 1 orange. Cut into julienne strips and reserve. Squeeze oranges. Place 2 squeezed halves and garlic inside cavity of the duck. Place on a rack in a roasting pan and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Roast duck in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F) for 30 minutes. Brush duck with pan juices. Reduce oven to 180°C/350°F) and roast for another hour. Turn duck over and brown for 10 minutes on the other side. Remove and carve into portions.

Mix cornstarch with juice of 4 oranges, soy sauce and chicken soup powder and any non fatty pan juices. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add Cointreau, bring to boil again and cook for 1 minute. Pour over duck and sprinkle with julienned orange peel.

Would Melly approve of the duck?

Whenever I prepare duck I judge success by whether it would meet an exacting standard set by Melly Braverman. It rarely does, since duck has to be both crisp and tender. Even though Louise and Melly got divorced, he has remained our brother-in-law. Meeting Melly on occasions as the years go by have an atmosphere of deja-vu; his increasing resemblance our own father is eerie. This duck would meet with his approval.

ROAST HONEY DUCK

1 duck

Marinade:

3 Tbs soy sauce

1 small onion, chopped

2 star anise/¼ tsp cardamom

1 cup boiling water

3 Tbs Sherry

2 cloves garlic, mashed

2 Tbs honey

Wash duck and pat dry. Leave to drain, then dry either uncovered in refrigerator for 24 hours or in cool well ventilated place (under fan is excellent) until skin looks dry, then turn duck around and do other side (about 3 hours).

Combine soy, Sherry, onion, garlic and anise. Divide marinade in half, adding honey to one half. Rub honey marinade into skin and let stand a few minutes until dry. Repeat three times. To remaining marinade add 1 cup boiling water and use for basting.

Prick duck all over. Pour marinade with water into duck cavity. Place duck breast side up on

a rack in a roasting pan over several centimeters of water.

Roast duck in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for about 1 3/4 hours (about 25 minutes per ½ kilo) until bird is a rich brown, basting with honey marinade every 15 minutes. Turn bird over when breast is nicely brown. Add more water to drip pan as it evaporates.

BROWN RICE STUFFING FOR CHICKEN

1 medium red apple, cored and diced
½ cup thinly sliced celery
Good pinch thyme
1 Tbs margarine/oil
¼ cup apple juice

½ cup chopped onion
1/3 cup raisins
Salt and pepper
3 cups brown rice cooked in apple juice

Cook apple, onion, celery, raisins, thyme and salt and pepper in margarine until onions are translucent. Stir in rice and apple juice. Stuff chicken; close aperture with aluminum foil and secure legs with string.

LEMON PARSLEY STUFFING FOR TURKEY

½ cup chopped onion
3 Tbs oil
8 Tbs chopped parsley
1 tsp grated lemon rind
1/8 tsp pepper

½ cup chopped celery
8 cups fresh bread cubes (about 16 slices)
Juice of 1 lemon
1 tsp salt

Saute onion and celery in oil until translucent. Combine with remaining ingredients. Let flavors blend for a few hours before stuffing. Enough for a 7 kilo (16 lb) turkey.

SISTER TERESA'S BREAD STUFFING FOR TURKEY

This is a dry stuffing, but when the turkey is cooked it is moist and delicious.

8 cups bread cubes (about 16 slices)
1½ cups thinly sliced celery
3 Tbs summer savory
¼ tsp salt

1½ cups chopped onions
120 g (8 Tbs) margarine
2 Tbs parsley
¼ tsp pepper

Cube bread and allow to dry overnight.

Saute onion and celery in margarine over medium heat until soft. Add summer savory, parsley, salt and pepper. Mix well with bread. Cover with plastic and set aside a few hours. Adjust seasonings.

Stuff turkey. If any stuffing is left over add a little liquid and cook in covered aluminum until crisp at edges.

Note 1: Substitute 3 tablespoons corn oil for margarine, adding a little liquid (water, chicken soup) to moisten if dry after letting it stand.

2. If savory isn't available, use 1 Tbs grated lemon grind, 1 Tbs chopped mint and increase parsley to ½ cup.

* Continued *

Sister Teresa

Sister Teresa joined the Women's Crisis Center during our last year in Nassau. She didn't wear a habit and didn't like to be called Sister. But her whole life was devoted to helping others. She arrived in Nassau after a fellow member of her order was murdered there. She came to be with Mary, another nun, who worked with AIDS patients. They epitomized the best in organized religion. Although she had been in managerial positions all her life she wanted to be a counsellor at the Center. She was one of the most feminist women I've ever met, deeply committed to improving the lot of women.

Life as a WCC volunteer

Excerpts of letters I'd written to friends about Life as a Volunteer

Oct. 1990

"...It's two months since we arrived in Nassau and I'm becoming increasingly bored. I have the number of a Dr. Sandra Patterson who is supposed to run the local crisis center. Not too many people have heard about it, but I'll give it a try.

Talked to Dr. Patterson. She was very friendly and suggested I come to the Women's Crisis Center at around 4.00 pm Wednesday.

Walked into a building called Knowles House. The experience was almost overwhelming. A white clapboard house, quite attractive from the outside, but how depressing inside! Broken, rickety chairs all around, dingy walls. But worst of all was the atmosphere - tired and depressing. When I arrived, which in itself took a lot of courage, I expected to receive an explanation about the Center, its aims, methods etc. But nobody was expecting me and no-one made the slightest effort to make me feel at ease. In desperation I tried to engage a few people in some kind of conversation, but it was hard going!

Eventually at about 5.00 pm Dr. Patterson rushed in. There was a flurry of excitement as people (volunteers and clients) clustered around her. I too struggled to catch her attention. Obviously unprepared for my visit, she glanced around and introduced me to a lady saying "She's a victim of elder abuse. Speak to her and get a feel for what we do." I gulped, but jumped straight into it. All the rooms were occupied, so we huddled in the nurses' station as people walked in and out to register and use the telephone. In amazement I listened to this old lady. She spoke in a kind of dialect and much of what she was saying was unintelligible. In addition she was very religious and considered the abuse that her 30 year-old son was showering on her to be God's punishment (now that's one angle we never thought of!) and her references to doctors and courts were quite baffling. She kept on asking how we could help her and exactly what did we do there. 'How do I know,' I mentally gasped, 'I'm just a visitor!' She too was baffled when, in the midst of pouring out her heart to me, she was whipped away to participate in a group support class. Definitely traumatic. I hope that after some easing in I'll find a niche for myself there. But first I'll have to buy some new clothes - they, the volunteers, all dress so formally and address each other as 'Mrs.' ...

January 91

"... It is very different from the Rape Centers in Israel, where the volunteers are liberal, often militant feminists trying to circumvent the System and help fellow sisters. Here, I suspect, the volunteers are just unpaid social workers trying to make the system work, but I may be doing them an injustice.

March 91

"... There is a lot in the newspaper about women and child abuse and that is most encouraging.

April 91

"... The course on Drug Abuse and AIDS Education at the college is finished. The lecturer, Gala Munnings, invited me to the Women's Crisis Center's Fashion Show (they sure aren't feminists!). I was so embarrassed at my dropping out that I promised to start volunteering again!

October 91

" ... My cousin Frankie, a clinical psychologist, is down here on holiday. ... She gave a lecture on crisis intervention to the volunteers which was most welcome.

" ... The Center is staffed by professional volunteers (social workers, psychologists, etc.) and they really have no idea that untrained volunteers, such as myself, may not have the skills and insights that they (the staff) take for granted.

" ... Dr. Patterson, who founded the Crisis Center has single handed done a tremendous job in raising the legal and social position of women in the Bahamas. But she cannot delegate, so much of her incredible energy is wasted on relatively unimportant matters, or at least on things that others could deal with just as efficiently.

October 91

"... On Saturday we're having a week-long seminar on Violence and Abuse in the Family - Professor Gaffner's forte is dealing with the family unit as a whole.

"... Dr Gaffner had a heart attack in the middle of the seminar! He should have lectured on stress management instead!

Nov. 91

"... I told Mrs. Neville that I'd be stopping as I really could not find a niche for myself. " A niche," she exclaimed, "Why, we have a whole room for you." Well, the Center had just been given the use of a room in Accident and Emergency and they gave me the job to liaise between A & E and the Center. It means going to the hospital every day which is quite tiresome....

Dec. 91

"... After a week, I already resent being tied down - the real world has proved to be overwhelming. My first case was a 91 year-old woman who was raped. Unbelievably, she tested HIV positive. They think she must have been previously raped and had forgotten about it! That taught me a basic lesson, which is to treat all people as if they have AIDS!

"... Relief comes from tennis and computer scrabble.

Jan. 92

"... The Center works without any regular source of funding. Volunteers are frightened by the haphazard nature of the Center and when the initial enthusiasm wears off they never return. Even I, who functions well in a mess, find myself floundering and am busy drawing up forms and trying to ensure correct follow-up procedures.

"... They've now given me the job of volunteer coordinator. But what's the fun of a title, if there are no volunteers. I'll have to arrange a course for volunteers.... "

Sunday 8 March 1982

Celebratory cocktail party to conclude the
successful 5 week training session for
volunteers to WCC, organised by the dear
Irene & myself. Overwhelmingly female
we all had a smashing time, at first
sedate, chatting, finger foods & drinks.
At the end dancing & whopping it up.

This is kind as wine, dry, pleasant
and a wonderful wine to wind down to!

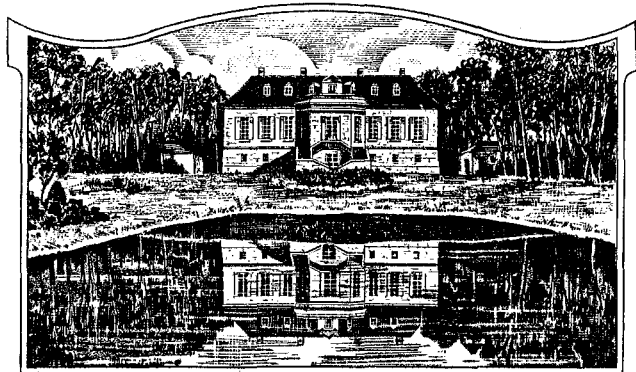
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VERED & ARIË November 91
Vered and Arië here for a belated
honeymoon. They are good together.
Arië is great in that he allows
Vered time with us/me with
characteristic generosity, without
feeling 'left out.' Vered balances
being married and our
favourite daughter (!) with
her usual flair & skill.
Hawtine flies - just the other
day I was at Hellel Goffe
unwrapping her covers to make
sure she had 10 fingers & 10
toes. The wine is present from
them for our collection.
E+celle.

MEAT

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PEPPER STEAK

2 sirloin or fillet steaks (2½ cm/1 inch thick)
2 Tbs peppercorns (green/black), crushed
2 Tbs lemon juice
¼ cup sour cream

1 Tbs Colman's mustard
2 tsp coarse salt
1 tsp Worcestershire sauce
1 Tbs Cognac

One hour before cooking, remove steaks from refrigerator and spread with mustard powder and crushed peppercorns; set aside.

Heat salt in a heavy skillet. When salt begins to change color, add steaks and brown each side for 4-5 minutes for rare, longer for well done. Remove steaks to serving plates. Reduce heat and add lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce, gently scraping off encrusted salt. Add sour cream and stir gently; add Cognac. Pour over steaks and serve immediately.

Yaffa

This recipe is dedicated to Yaffa who came to stay with us in Durban in the late 1950s. Things in Israel were difficult then. Living on a moshav, Kfar Meischar, the only meat the Bortensteins ate was chicken. My parents never got over Yaffa wanting to eat steak every night for the whole six months she stayed with us.

ROAST BEEF

It's hard to name the most suitable cuts, because in the early days in Netanya, I'd order meat saying "give me a nice piece of meat for stew" or "I want to make a roast for friends." Our butcher, the other Moshe Dayan, would prepare what he thought was best. Virtually any cut is suitable, especially fillet, rump and shoulder.

1 sirloin or rib roast (2 k/5½ lbs)
1 tsp Colman's mustard powder
½ tsp freshly ground black pepper
3 Tbs dry red wine

½ cup flour
1 clove garlic, mashed
2 crushed bay leaves

Remove meat from refrigerator. Combine flour, mustard, garlic, black pepper, and bay leaves (no salt). Brown this mixture in a dry frying pan, stirring constantly. Rub mixture over meat and set aside for 1½ hours.

Preheat oven to 220°C/425°F. Place meat in oven and brown 15 minutes. Add wine and enough warm water to make ½ cup and pour over roast. Reduce heat to 170°C/325°F and roast for 15-18 minutes per ½ kilo (1 lb) for rare, and 20-24 minutes per ½ kilo for medium/well done, adding more warm water as necessary. Baste frequently. Excellent hot or cold. Let people salt their own meat. Serves 8-10.

To make a sauce: Add a few drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 Tbs ketchup, and salt and pepper to pan juices.

An unexpected advantage

One of the unexpected advantages of our collection of wine labels is that we have captured many moments in our lives, that otherwise would have blurred or been forgotten. Many of these times were spent either with friends or in far away places - sometimes both together. In 1987 I made this roast beef for Edi Neminoff, Rael and Jeff Pirkey, among others. The labels records ".... lovely atmosphere, and even a sulking Gilad couldn't dampen our spirits."

* Continued *

Gilad comes to stay

Gilad was a very good friend of Moran in junior high school. When Gilad needed to be placed in a foster home he asked whether he could stay with us until he (and Moran) went to Sde Boqer boarding school the following school year. It was a very difficult period trying to achieve a balance between making sure Moran got the attention he deserved and Gilad got the attention and love he craved. Although it was Gilad's decision to stay with us he could never overcome his resentment toward Moran and us, who seemed to have everything. Years later, just prior to our departure for the Bahamas, Gilad appeared. He thanked us for what we had done for him, saying he finally appreciated what we had been trying to do.

ELLA'S INEXPENSIVE ROAST

2 k inexpensive cut of rolled roasting meat
1 bottle club soda

1 bottle Heinz Chili Sauce
1 packet dry onion soup

Place meat in a baking pan. Mix Chili Sauce, club soda and onion soup mix; pour over meat. Cover tightly with aluminum foil.

Preheat oven to 170°C/325°F. Roast meat for 25 minutes per ½ kilo (1 lb). For rare meat cook at 180°C/350°F for 22 minutes per ½ kilo. Let rest 10 minutes; skim off fat. Slice the meat. Reheat pan juices and serve as gravy with potatoes, rice or noodles.

Ella and Archie

Ella and Archie Ogden were lifesavers in St Thomas. Not the swimming kind, but the friendly, caring kind; they saw it as their duty to befriend all Israelis (and other strays) on the island and we were fortunate to be encompassed by their warmth and help.

Life in St Thomas was far more formal than in Israel. No-one would drop-in unannounced, despite our constant urging. Finally a short while before we left St Thomas the first time there was a ring at the bell. Dad opened the door and there was Archie, red faced and beaming. Pumping his arms he exclaimed, "I did it! I just came."

At my surprise 50th birthday party, arranged by Nina, Ella said she also wanted a surprise birthday party. I rashly promised to make her one. Rash it was, because how could we then surprise her? Varda and I decided on a joint surprise party, for Ella who wanted one and for Marilyn Blackhall who didn't even want to celebrate her birthday that year.

For weeks Varda and I planned and organized: who to invite, food lists, decorations, music, presents. Since Nina and family were away in Maryland for the summer, I called and ordered a birthday verse. Despite her protestations that she couldn't, she could and did, sending a delightful birthday verse which was read out during the evening.

The party was to be at the Pineapple pool. The problem was how to get the Ogdens and the Blackhalls there. When they arrived at our house the dining room table was set and Varda and Hanan were there. I pretended to be completely flustered, claiming the air conditioning had broken down and the food wasn't ready. When Marilyn suggested we just go out for dinner I had to say the dinner was in the oven, I just needed a few minutes to rest by the pool. Ella was delighted, put on her bathing suit and off we went to the pool. Imagine my surprise when no-one was there! The guests had hidden, and we were all surprised when they appeared. It was a memorable evening.

BEEF IN ORANGE

2 oranges
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 Tbs oil
2 carrots, sliced
Salt and pepper

2 onions, chopped
1 Tbs fresh ginger/1 tsp dry ginger
700 g (1½ lbs) stewing steak cut into large cubes
1 cup apple juice

Finely peel oranges; blanch orange peel in a little boiling water for 1 minute; drain, reserving liquid. Cut peel into julienne strips. Squeeze oranges.

In an flameproof casserole stir-fry onion, garlic and ginger in oil; add meat and brown on all sides. Add carrots, apple juice and half the julienned peel.

Cover casserole and bake in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/350°F for about 2 hours until meat is tender. If the sauce tastes watery add 1 tsp beef soup powder. Sprinkle with remaining peel. Especially good with thick noodles.

I was a thirty year old orphan

I made this dish often for visitors, including Grandpa Maurice on his frequent trips to Israel. I remember how bereft I felt when Grandpa, after dinner with us in Rehov Hagalil, told me that the doctor said he didn't have long to live. Although he had already given up smoking, his lungs were weak. Four good years later during a visit to Israel, he needed a minor surgical procedure and never recovered from the anesthesia.

Grandpa for me had been this all powerful protective figure, one of the world's great fixers. When he passed away, I felt so alone - a thirty year old orphan!

BEEF STROGANOFF

1 Tbs finely chopped onion
8 slices fillet of beef (1¼ cm/½ inch thick)
¼ cup rich beef stock
1 tsp paprika
1 Tbs dry sherry/dry red wine
1/8 tsp salt
Freshly ground black pepper

1 Tbs oil
200 g (8 oz.) mushrooms, sliced
1 Tbs tomato paste
1 Tbs Cognac
Good grate of nutmeg
½ cup sour cream

Stir-fry onion in oil until translucent. Add meat and saute each side for 2½ minutes. Add mushrooms; add stock, tomato paste and paprika and simmer 15 minutes. Add Cognac, sherry, nutmeg, and salt to taste. Reduce heat and add sour cream. When serving add a grind of pepper.

Grandpa Maurice's generosity

One of the sad things about our parents' dying so young is that by the time Louise and I became genuinely interested in our family's background our parents were no longer around to answer our questions. If, as children, we didn't do well enough in school, we were invariably told that we were ungrateful for the opportunities we had, unlike Grandpa Maurice who had to walk to school, five miles through the snow without shoes. It was too late to ask him whether he really did walk barefoot in the snow as he claimed, or did he lack proper snow boots to keep his tender feet warm. (Grandpa was very proud of his dainty feet).

* Continued *

This and many other stories were the threads of their lives, and formed a tapestry of memories that they took with them to South Africa to start a new life. For us they were pattered in the background, half-heard and half-forgotten -too vague to commit to paper. Julius, a valuable source of stories, told us this one:

When we lived in Johannesburg Grandpa often took us to the Carlton Hotel, the smartest place in town for dinner. On some festive occasion Louise wanted the middle of a particular chocolate cake. The Maitre D' Hotel protested, and suggested a big slice instead. But Grandpa grandly said that if his daughter wanted the center of the chocolate cake she could have it.

Louise was mortified at this story and remarked that it was no wonder that she grew up demanding instant gratification. She then recalled that as a young girl she was constantly showered with presents and lacked nothing. Once she told Grandpa that she would like a radio for her birthday, which was a few weeks away. She looked forward to the pleasure of anticipation, waiting for something she really wanted. The following morning she was crushed to find the radio already by her bed. Again there was nothing she wanted or lacked.

Why was Grandpa like this? We'll never know. He was a most generous man and delighted in granting wishes. He liked to appear all powerful and seemed to get real satisfaction from exercising that power.

Grandpa was known for his beautiful watches. If you admired his watch he was apt to take it off his arm and give it to you. This may sound fantastic, but Louise did meet someone, who did not know Grandpa well, who received a present in this way.

He was a master of the grand gesture. One evening when there was a function at the Cyrildene Hebrew Congregation in Johannesburg, a woman was trying to sell raffle tickets to raise money for a nursery school. Grandpa was rather drunk and asked her how much was still needed. She didn't know. Grandpa waved her away and told her to come and see him the following morning. She did, not quite sure whether Grandpa would remember his promise. Grandpa pulled out his checkbook and wrote a check for the full amount still needed to build the nursery school. Even today the nursery school bears his name, The Maurice Glazer Nursery School.

HAMBURGERS

To each kilo (2 lbs) ground beef add:

3 eggs

Salt and lots of pepper

½ cup ketchup

1 Tbs beef soup powder

3 onions, chopped finely

Tabasco to taste

½ tsp Worcestershire sauce

½ cup bread crumbs

Blend ingredients and form into patties. Grill until brown on both sides. For well-done hamburgers grill on medium heat. Makes 6 hamburgers.

Rael the fisherman

Louise's children have a special place in our hearts and I like to think that we function as an extended family. Rael, who was a cheerful skinny malink, loved to go on holiday with us when we lived in Hofit. At least once a year we went to the Kinneret, usually camping at Ein Gev, and Rael came along for the fishing.

*** Continued ***

Rael loved fishing, didn't mind putting the squiggly worm on the hook but, being a gentle soul, had someone else take the fish off the hook.

One time we reserved bungalows at Villa Melchett on the western side of the Kinneret. On the night we arrived a violent rainstorm blew in and the bungalow was awash with water. As the rain poured through the flimsy roof we hurriedly collected the drowsy children, bundled them into the car and drove off. By now the children were fully awake and heard Dad and I discussing alternate plans. Rael then insisted we go fishing. When we pointed out that it was still pitch dark, raining heavily, cold and wet, he quite reasonably answered that since we said we couldn't go to friends (Eddie and Yael on Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi) until it became light, we might as well open the window and fish from the car.

Rael the burgerman

When he grew up Rael worked at Burger Ranch, later went to Los Angeles where he was a personal security guard, then returned to Israel and became involved in The Burger King chain and the quest for a perfect grilled hamburger.

GRANNY'S STUFFED CABBAGE

1 large cabbage
1 onion, sliced
1½ apples, peeled and sliced
4 peppercorns
1 Tbs sugar/syrup

Filling (see below)
2 red tomatoes, sliced
2 bay leaves
1 lemon
1 cup chicken soup

Filling:

500 g (1 lb) ground beef
1 egg
Salt and pepper

1 onion, finely chopped
1 tsp matzo meal/bread crumbs
½ cup water

Core heart of cabbage. Steam cabbage for 5 minutes. Separate leaves, thinning the center rib where it is too thick to bend easily.

Combine filling ingredients, adding water gradually. Mix well.

Place 1 Tbs meat mixture on each leaf and fold leaf over, tucking in the sides. Place any remaining cabbage on bottom of casserole dish together with half the sliced onion, tomato, apple, bay leaves and peppercorns. Place meat rolls on top, seam side down. Cover with remaining onion, tomato and apple, and lemon juice, sugar and chicken soup. Cover with aluminum foil.

Bake cabbage rolls in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/350°F for 30 minutes. Uncover and baste; cook for another 30 minutes. Serve on a bed of rice. Serves 8-10.

Note: 1. To pad out rolls, add 1 cup rice and ½ cup raisins to the meat filling.

2. For vegetarian version, see *Ziona's Chinese Cabbage Rolls* (under Vegetarian).

I am my mother

When I was young and a rebel, I determined that I would be totally unlike my parents. I certainly wasn't going to make the same mistakes they did. This is partially true, for I made other, my own, mistakes. But as the years go by I often catch myself saying the very same words that my mother used to say to me. And sometimes, as I look with surprise at the aging face in the mirror I gasp, thinking that I have indeed become my mother.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE

250 g (8 oz.) ground beef
1 onion, finely chopped
2 carrots, finely grated
1 strip lemon peel
4 Tbs tomato paste
½ cup dry red wine

1 Tbs oil
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 stalk celery, finely chopped
1 bay leaf
1 cup beef stock

Wipe a heavy frying pan with oil and heat over low heat. Stir-fry onion and garlic for a few minutes; add carrot and celery and stir-fry until carrot changes color. Add ground beef and brown, breaking up meat with a fork. Add lemon peel, bay leaf, beef stock and wine and simmer, uncovered, for 30 minutes until sauce has thickened.

Serve with spaghetti, cooked until just tender. Serves 4.

Note: See *Universal Tomato Sauce* (in Sauces and Dressings) for vegetarian version.

Peles

Dad brought Peles, still a puppy, from the Jordan Valley during the Yom Kippur War. Peles was small and quiet, but had real presence. Not a fast runner, she loved to hike with us in the mountains and wadis and we'd call her the mountain goat. She also loved spaghetti.

When we moved to St Thomas in the early eighties Peles came with us. The children cried at the thought of Peles being put with the cargo and were quite prepared to fly cargo with her. We eventually put her in a large brown paper bag to secret her on to the plane. Peles, terrified, peed and wet the bag. The bottom of the bag tore and everybody was amused to see this brown paper bag walking around the airport.

Many years later Vered, a grown woman, came to me complaining that Aviv and Moran insisted that Peles slept in their beds every night. That was ridiculous as Vered knew that Peles spent the whole night with her - Peles was there when Vered went to sleep and always there when she woke up in the morning. But Peles did spend the whole night going from bed to bed, spending time with each member of the family. No wonder she spent the whole day sleeping!

Towards the end of her life she used to drive me to distraction. She would stand by the front door and scratch for hours to be let out. As soon as she was outside she would scratch to be let in. One day when she was particularly annoying I tried to ignore her, but finally gave in and opened the door to let her out. I swear I saw a confused look on her face - she saw the open door and thought "Oh. the door is open. I must have come in," and went to lie down on the bed.

Peles was riddled with cancer and we had to make the painful decision to perform euthanasia on her. We finally put her to sleep in 1988. I suggested we get her stuffed in a sleeping position, put her at the bottom of the bed and no-one would notice she wasn't alive.

Vered considered Peles her dog; Moran didn't know life without Peles; but it was for Dad that I was most afraid when Peles had to go. Dad loves dogs and has long conversations with them. But Peles, he claims, was the only dog who could talk back. He seriously told me that if Peles was human she'd be a doctor. She was a dog with soul, who infinitely enriched our lives.

MOUSSAKA

2 eggplants

Meat Filling:

1 Tbs oil

500 g (1 lb) ground lamb/beef

1 Tbs tomato paste

Salt and pepper

2 onions, chopped

1 cup ready-cut canned tomatoes, drained

Pinch of herbs

Custard:

1 Tbs cornstarch

2 cup water

(Grated cheese)

1 Tbs soup powder

3 eggs

Preheat broiler. Cut eggplant diagonally into slices about 1 cm (¼ inch) thick. Place on baking sheet and broil 10 cm (4 inches) from heat, 3 minutes per side, taking care not to burn eggplant. Remove from broiler and let cool.

Wipe a heavy frying pan with oil. Stir-fry onions until soft, then add ground meat, breaking mince with a fork as it cooks. When meat is brown, add tomatoes, tomato paste, mixed herbs, salt and pepper, seasoning well. Reduce heat and simmer uncovered for 15 minutes to reduce liquid.

Dry eggplant on kitchen paper. Cover the bottom of a Pyrex dish with 1/3 of the eggplant slices. Cover with half the meat mixture, another layer of eggplant, the remaining meat, and ending with eggplant.

Dissolve cornstarch and soup powder in water. Beat eggs and add to mixture. Pour over casserole (and sprinkle with cheese). Bake Moussaka uncovered, in a moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for 1 hour. Serves 4.

Note: You can add layers of sliced parboiled potatoes between the layers of meat, or substitute potatoes for eggplant.

Caroline's eggplant soup

Unfortunately I can't think of eggplant without shuddering. Although I used to like the taste, it would invariably make my mouth itch and tingle. In 1987, when Caroline stayed with us in Eilat for the winter, she would share in the housekeeping. At that time I was working as a tourist guide and usually came home from a 2-day tour of Jerusalem both hungry and frozen to the bone.

One evening when I returned Dad and Caroline were already eating and I hungrily joined them for a steaming plate of soup. While I enthusiastically related the events of my tour between mouthfuls, I became warmer and warmer and began to take off my jacket and jerseys. Suddenly I rushed to the bathroom and vomited.

The following week when I came home from a tour we were all aware that I shouldn't eat like a pig. But as I slowly ate the soup I again became warmer, then hotter, throwing off my clothes and this time was violently ill, near to fainting. In saner moments I can accept that Caroline was not trying to poison me (although she has thrust me before attacking dogs in the past!) but that I was allergic to eggplant and especially its juice in the soup. No eggplant soup recipes appear in this book. But the Moussaka is delicious.

SHEPHERD'S PIE

Shepherd's Pie was always a special treat when we were young and it was surprising to learn that it was made from leftover chicken or meat.

Coarsely mince leftover cooked meat/chicken.

Stir-fry chopped onion, sliced celery and grated carrot for 5 minutes. Add meat, tomato paste, a little water, good shake of Worcestershire sauce and chicken/meat soup powder and any other suitable leftovers. Cool 15 minutes. Place in casserole. Top with mashed potatoes or sliced boiled potatoes and tomatoes and grated cheese.

Bake uncovered in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for 30 minutes.

Bacon and Eggs in Windhoek

When I was five years old, my best time was when I accompanied my dad on business trips to Windhoek. I felt so special and grown-up, going away alone with my dad. I still see myself tucked neatly in a large enamel basin in a hotel room as I washed myself bright and sparkling before getting dressed for breakfast. For years the family used to laugh and tell me that at the table, the waiter would solemnly present me with the menu. Not being able to read, I would peruse the menu thoughtfully (whether I was holding it upside down or not!) and then order bacon and eggs. When we came back to Cyrildene, Granny didn't know what to do - all I wanted to eat was this delicious new food, bacon and eggs. Not a food for a nice Jewish girl! She eventually gave it to me every day for weeks, until I demanded a change of diet and was cured.

Yael's OSSO BUCCO

8 slices of meaty veal shank, 2½ cm (1 inch) thick
2 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
2 small carrots, diced or sliced
Handful of chopped parsley
2 bay leaves
Salt and pepper
1 Tbs thickly grated rind of 1 orange

Freshly ground black pepper
2 onions, chopped
1 rib of celery, sliced
1 can ready cut tomatoes, drained,
reserving liquid
4 peppercorns
1 wineglass dry white wine

Dust meat with black pepper. Heat oil in heavy saucepan and brown meat on all sides. Add onion and garlic and fry until translucent, turning frequently; add celery, carrots and tomatoes and fry for about 8 minutes. Add ½ the tomato juice in the can. Add salt, ½ handful parsley, bay leaves and peppercorns; bring to the boil, then cover.

Simmer for 1½ hours until liquid becomes thick. If watery, remove lid, raise heat to high and continue cooking until juices thicken. Add wine, grated orange rind and remaining parsley and cook for a few more minutes.

Note: To use fresh tomatoes, peel and coarsely chop 6 red tomatoes. Add half the tomatoes with celery and carrot and 1 cup of water mixed with 1 Tbs tomato paste. Add remaining tomatoes together with the wine.

* Continued *

Yael Paperna

When we moved to Eilat I was concerned that because the patios had adjoining walls, the neighbors would be living on top of each other. But after a month I complained to Dad that it was so quiet that if I died by our house, not only would no one recognize me, but no one would find me. Blonde Bertha was our neighbor and the morning after Ilan Paperna's 40th birthday, we woke on hearing a funny thump in Bertha's apartment. We went back to sleep as everything was again quiet. A few days later we were horrified to hear that she had hanged herself in the bathroom and we had unknowingly heard it.

It was at Bertha's house that I met Yael. In fact I met her twice, because the first time we were introduced it was dark, in Bertha's garden, and the next morning when she appeared in my kitchen, clutching her daughter Roni by the hand, I had no idea who this terribly thin woman was. Although not a very auspicious beginning, our friendship blossomed and we all, Yael and I and Vered and Roni, have maintained a remarkable friendship, both when we are close neighbors and when we are distant friends. This recipe is from her Eilat days, when Ilan did most of the cooking. This successful recipe was garnered from Yael herself.

OX-TAIL STEW

1 k (2 lbs) cut up ox-tail
2 Tbs oil
2 Tbs tomato paste
1 onion sliced
1 rib celery, in chunks
Salt and pepper

1 cup flour, seasoned with salt and pepper
1 cup beef stock
1 Tbs ketchup
250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms, sliced
1 carrot, cut into thick slices

Marinade:

2 onions, cut into thick wedges
3 parsley sprigs
1 bay leaf
2 cups dry red wine

1 Tbs black peppercorns
1 sprig thyme
2 cloves garlic, mashed

Place meat and marinade in a bowl; cover and marinate overnight. Remove ox-tails. Place marinade in a thick pot and boil 5 minutes. Meanwhile dry ox-tails, dredge in seasoned flour and fry in oil until brown. Add to pot, adding enough beef stock with a dollop of tomato paste and a squeeze of ketchup to cover.

Cover and simmer for two hours. Add onions, mushrooms, celery and carrot to meat. Cook one hour more or until tender. Stir occasionally to prevent burning. Adjust seasonings.

If fatty, refrigerate, remove fat and reheat. Goes well with pasta.

Disorganized Doreen

Although extremely unmethodical, I can usually get away with it. At City Market in Nassau, while shopping one day for something quick and easy to prepare, I decided to make Osso Bucco. There was a special on ox-tails and I happily rushed home to whip up dinner. But when switching on the computer, I looked at the Osso Bucco recipe (above). I realized I'd made a mistake - Osso Bucco is made from shank, not ox-tail. Pulling recipe books out, I agonized over what to do. All ox-tail recipes seemed long and complicated, requiring overnight marinating. We ate a very simple supper that night. The following day I prepared the ox-tail stew which was delicious. Although requiring long marinating, it is easy and worth trying. Luckily the weather was 'only' 28°C (82°F), so we could enjoy the rich gravy in relative comfort.

*** Continued ***

My untidiness used to drive Melly crazy. Week after week the Bravermans would visit us in Hofit and find the same dirty glass on the table. I am told I replied that if I didn't mind, why should they. I don't remember this, but I can only surmise that it was Dad's glass and I was waiting for him to take it to the kitchen.

My messiness is a family joke, on occasion reaching fantastic proportions. Before Aviv Ron's first visit to our house in Eilat, Vered warned him that the house would be in an awful 'balagan' (mess). How amusing that years later I learnt that Aviv thought Vered was exaggerating.

BOILED TONGUE

1 tongue, fresh or pickled
1 onion
4 peppercorns

1 carrot
2 bay leaves
Salt and pepper

Place all ingredients in enough boiling water to just cover. Cover with lid and boil until tender. It is ready when the outer skin peels off easily. Remove from water and cool until manageable, then peel.

Tongue soup

Although our children will most probably remember us as bickering a lot, Dad and I get on remarkably well. In addition to many common interests and views, we share a love of food and Dad delights in most things that I prepare. Many years ago I prepared boiled tongue and in my usual messy way left the kitchen without clearing up. Dad came home and checked out the food in the kitchen and then came to me saying that he hoped I didn't mind his criticism, but he thought the soup was a little salty. He had drunk the liquid in which I had boiled a pickled tongue.

TONGUE MIROTON

Based on a recipe from the *International Goodwill Recipe Book*, published by the Jewish Women's Zionist League.

1 boiled tongue (see above)
2 large onions, chopped
2 cups stock from tongue
¼ tsp cinnamon
Sugar to taste

1 Tbs oil
1 Tbs vinegar
1 can tomato paste
¼ cup seedless raisins
Few drops of Tabasco

Peel tongue and slice thinly. Wipe a casserole with oil. Stir-fry onions until soft. Add remaining ingredients, cook five minutes and adjust seasonings. Add sliced tongue and heat gently. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Straightening the tongue

Dad and I have a rule that we're not allowed to eat tongue until its served. This rule was made after I boiled and peeled a tongue. Boiled tongue looks a little messy, but tastes wonderful, and as Dad and I neatened it, cutting a little here and straightening a little there and over there, we suddenly realized we had eaten over half of it. This was one of the first dishes Moran asked me to teach him.

* Continued *

My friend had a little accident

Moran, whom I considered an angel, was naughty in a much more subtle way than Aviv, who was far too innocent to hide his naughtiness. When Moran was about five, he came one day to Dad to ask his advice. Moran said that he had a friend and what did Dad think his friend's father would say if his friend had a little accident with the car and but Dad didn't wait for Moran to continue (his stories were always excruciatingly long and involved) and rushed outside to find that Moran had been playing in my Renault 4 and had let the hand brake down. Luckily it crashed into a wall. It could have crashed into the apartment building at the drop at the bottom of our road!

ROAST LAMB

The most delicious recipe is also the simplest!

2 k (4 lb) leg of lamb
Bunch of rosemary leaves

4 cloves garlic
Salt and ground pepper

Cut as much fat off the lamb as possible. Make lots of slits and in each slit put either a sliver of garlic or a small sprig of (fresh) rosemary. Either sprinkle with salt and lots of pepper or cover with *Rosemary Crust* (see below). Preheat oven to 220°C/425°F, reduce to 180°C/350°F and roast for 20 minutes per ½ kilo (per lb).

Rosemary Crust:

2 Tbs oil
2 Tbs lemon juice
¼ cup orange/tomato juice/water
2 Tbs prepared seeded mustard
½ cup chopped fresh rosemary

Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 Tbs tomato paste
1 tsp cracked black peppercorns
2 Tbs chopped fresh thyme/1 Tbs dried thyme

Combine all ingredients. Brush lamb with 1/3 of mixture and bake for 10 minutes. Brush lamb with ½ the remaining mixture and bake 15 minutes. Brush with remaining mixture and bake until tender.

Serve with *Mint Sauce* (see Salads and Dressings) and *Saffron Potatoes* (see Vegetarian).

Childhood memories

On Friday nights we invariably ate roast chicken; lamb with mint sauce was a special dinner for Sundays. Yummy.

It is very hard for children to see their parents as people, having very ordinary faults, strengths and idiosyncrasies. Granny and Grandpa had a stormy marriage, culminating in their getting divorced after more than thirty years. Louise, the older sister, suffered greatly and far more than I as a child.

I was fortunate; I never felt unloved and have always felt that luck and good fortune shine upon me. A willful child, when I got angry I would push my large upright piano against the door and wouldn't allow anyone to come in. When I cheered up, I would move it just enough to be able to squiggle out, leaving the rest of the household to struggle to push it aside.

*** Continued ***

I was afraid of no-one except Uncle Mike, Grandpa's brother. I always used to walk barefoot, but a shout that Uncle Mike had arrived at 28 Beryl Street was enough to send me scampering for my shoes.

There are six years between Louise and I, too large a difference for us to be friendly while we were growing up. Louise resented the fact that she always had to take me with her to the movies. As if that wasn't bad enough, when things got too scary (i.e. the most exciting parts for Louise) I would have to go to the toilet, and she would have to take me.

Granny had an impartial justice. When Louise and I used to fight she would give both of us a 'frusk'. But in those days I was a skinny malarial and Louise, a.k.a Cookie, was chubby, and so I was more able to dodge the slap.

Grandpa, who wore thick, dark green glasses, seemed distant and intimidating to most people, but not to us. His harsh exterior was really a cover up for a softness that he tried to hide. He was the most generous person I knew and loved to give presents. He was very disappointed not to have a son, and looking back he must have encouraged me to be a tomboy. After I started to come home crying because the neighbor, Danny Boy, hit me, Grandpa taught me how to punch, with fists held high in front of my face, making sure the thumb was firmly tucked in and, pow! No, my children, I never did get to punch him.

SOUSE

Half a pig's head
2 pig's feet

One pig's tongue
The remaining ingredients don't matter.....

Pahtying in St Thomas

While in St. Thomas the first time we really enjoyed great parties at Coral World. The pulsating rhythms of reggae and soca, the writhing couples who screw-danced and the fun are unforgettable. The ability of the locals to imbibe enormous amounts of liquor and still remain sober, never mind standing, never failed to amaze us.

Shortly after we arrived in St. Thomas, Dad threw a big party for the staff and warned the barman to ensure there would be enough drinks for everybody. At one stage Dad and Margaret, his marketing manager, walked over to the bar and ordered a Bristol Cream. To his horror the barman said the Bristol Cream was finished. Dad became very angry and reminded the barman that he had told him not to skimp on the drinks: "Couldn't you have bought 2 bottles of Bristol Cream?" he demanded. The barman, in anguish, told Dad that he had bought a whole case, 24 bottles!

The food was delicious - large platters of pink roast beef, fried plantain, baked chicken and a large serving dish of something I couldn't identify. As everything else was so good, I put a generous portion of the unknown food on my plate and went back to my seat to tuck in - only to find I had chosen Souse and there was half a pig's trotter on my plate! Even today I feel bilious just at the mention of Souse!

Sisterhood Progressive Dinner
5th February 1994

Hors d'oeuvres at the home of Isidore and Charlotte Paiewonsky

Entree at the home of Eitan and Doreen Levy

*Roast Lamb with Rosemary Topping
and Sherry Vinegar Sauce*

Saffron Potatoes

Minted Zucchini Ribbons

Slivered Green Beans

Garden Salad with Balsamic Vinaigrette

Fresh Mango Chutney

Home-Baked Prosperi Rolls

White Bordeaux & Red Margeaux

Dessert at the home of Steve and Nina Schafer



Sisterhood Progressive Dinner Feb 5
Guests: Steve - Nina, Donalds Donis,
Linda, Jacque & Les Sternberg
A deep, smooth wine, rich and
satisfying in taste. A perfect
accompaniment for dinner of
roast lamb with a rich sherry
sauce (see Menu), our hosting
part of the Progressive Dinner.
We later had a Chilean wine
which was rich & rough as
comparison.

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VEGETABLE KEBABS

1 small, lightweight, unpeeled eggplant
12 small potatoes
2 peppers, green & red, in 2½ cm squares
2 ears corn cut into 2½ cm slices
16 whole large mushrooms

2 large carrots, cut in 1¼ cm (½ inch) slices
3 medium zucchini, cut in 2½ cm (1 inch) slices
1 large onion, cut into wedges then separated into layers

Cut unpeeled eggplant into 5 cm (2 inch) cubes; Cook in 2½ cm (1 inch) boiling water for 1 minute; remove eggplant. Cook carrots in same water (add more if necessary), until just tender (about 5 minutes); remove. Cook unpeeled potatoes until tender (about 20 minutes); drain and cut in half. Cook corn in a little water for 5 minutes; drain.

Place all vegetables, including red pepper, onion wedges and mushrooms in a plastic bag.

Marinade:

2 Tbs salad oil
½ cup white wine
1 tsp French mustard
1 tsp oregano
½ tsp rosemary

¼ cup white wine vinegar/rice vinegar
2 cloves garlic
1 tsp dry basil
½ tsp marjoram
¼ tsp pepper

Combine marinade ingredients and pour over vegetables. Seal bag and refrigerate for 2-24 hours. Drain, reserving marinade. Thread vegetables onto about 10 skewers and barbecue over coals for about 10 minutes, basting with reserved marinade. Leftover marinade remains fresh in refrigerator for two weeks and can be used again. Delicious!

Note: If you are microwave handy, zap vegetables until just tender, then marinate, etc.

At barbecues, people eat

Made initially for a vegetarian guest, we quickly discovered that all our guests wanted vegetable kebabs. Choice at a barbecue means how much of everything should one eat, and not a choice between chicken, steak or kebabs!

At a barbecue for Viv and Frankie, I made 'kosher' chicken for D, one of our guests. Just to be sure, I made a few extra pieces, in case someone else also wanted it. As I put the chicken on the table I announced, "D, here's your chicken." A number of guests came to tell me that D had taken ALL the kosher chicken on the platter and eaten it. When I teased his wife about it, she replied that he loves my cooking! To top it all, he's not even fat!

MUSHROOM TOFU KEBABS

Great as an appetizer while the barbecue is warming up.

16 dried Shitake mushrooms

250 g (8 oz.) firm tofu

Marinade:

½ cup soy sauce
1 tsp freshly grated ginger/½ tsp ground ginger
Drop of honey

1/8 cup balsamic vinegar/rice wine vinegar
1 clove garlic, mashed

*** Continued ***

Soak 8 wooden skewers in water. Soak mushrooms in boiling water for 30 minutes. Cut tofu into 16 cubes and drain. Meanwhile combine marinade ingredients. Place tofu in a flat dish and pour marinade over. Marinate for 30 minutes, turning tofu over after 15 minutes. Remove mushrooms from water, squeeze lightly and marinate together with tofu for 5 last minutes. Thread 2 mushrooms and 2 cubes of tofu on each skewer. Barbecue or grill until tofu is browned on all sides. Leftover marinade can be used as a dipping sauce, then kept for later use. Serves 4.

For a main course serve over a bed of boiled (wild) rice and steamed vegetables.

Note: Fresh Portabella mushrooms, thickly sliced or whole Shitake mushrooms are also suitable. Just marinate for 5 minutes with tofu and grill.

GRILLED STUFFED FISH

4 whole fish, snapper, bream, or small grouper

Stuffing:

½ handful fresh coriander

4 cloves garlic

Pinch of fennel, thyme and oregano

Juice of ½ lemon

1 handful parsley

½ cup bread crumbs

Juice and grated rind of 1 orange

1 Tbs oil

In food processor blend all stuffing ingredients to a paste.

Wash and dry fish. Salt insides of fish then stuff and close with toothpicks or wooden skewers.

Baste with a mixture of lemon, oil and garlic over a low fire. Yum yum.

Fish and conflict

We love fish, but even though we've lived near the sea most of our lives, fish was not always plentiful. When we (the Glazers) lived in Durban, Grandpa Maurice used to go out weekends on the Loudrena and bring back fish to Granny - thrusting it at her and expecting her to clean it. It was another cause of conflict between them as she, quite reasonably, expected his crew to do it. Louise says that when she and Melly were living in Ridge Road in Durban, they often came home from the beach on Sundays to find that Grandpa had thrown a packet of fish (also uncleaned) over their wall.

Many years later Vered, Gabi Marcus from Hofit and I went on a trip to Israeli-held Sinai. It was very hot and we wanted to buy ice from the fishermen encamped at Kilometer 101. I thought the ice was highly overpriced and so I argued with the fisherman: I said that he could charge 2 lira for the ice and still make a profit since he sold so much fish; charging 5 lira was exploitation. He said he was supplying a service and needed to charge for it. We couldn't agree and I walked off in a huff, stomped into my trusty Renault 4, drove off and promptly got stuck in the sand. No amount of pushing could free the car. After a moment's hesitation I told Vered and Gabi to remain by the car and, swallowing my pride, I walked back to the fishermen and asked them to help me, which they did immediately. They later told me that had I sent someone else they would not have helped!

A few years later one of these fishermen, Gadi, worked at Coral World. When he went fishing he would give fish to Coral World employees. When I offered to buy fish from him, he refused, saying, "I know you. You'd make me clean the fish for you!"

JAPANESE-STYLE BARBECUED FISH

Suitable for fillets of tuna, salmon, or Mahi-Mahi (dolphin fish), and small whole fish, like snapper (see Note below).

1 portion fish per person

Marinade:

1/2 cup soy sauce
1 clove garlic, mashed
2 Tbs water
1 tsp honey

1 tsp grated fresh ginger
1 tsp sherry/rice vinegar
Crushed black pepper

Combine marinade ingredients and marinate fish for 15 minutes.

Clean grill with ½ cut onion and preheat.

Brush fish with a little oil and place on medium-hot grill; Baste while cooking. Delicious. The secret of grilling fish is that it should never be overcooked. Remove it from the fire as soon as a fork pricks the flesh easily - flesh around the vertebrae should be slightly pink. Fillets can be grilled on a sheet of heavy foil. Marinade is enough for 6 fillets.

Note: To inspire exclamations of admiration from guests, score whole fish in a grid pattern, cutting diagonally to bone first in one direction and then in opposite direction. Cuts should be 2 cm (3/4 inch) apart. Marinate for maximum of 30 minutes. Brush with oil and grill on barbecue with lid closed for about 12-15 minutes, until no longer pink. If you score fish this way there's no need to turn it over.

Our stay at a Japan Inn

My first trip to Japan was with Granny in 1963. Granny and Grandpa did not approve of Anthony (this was before we got married) and they thought a trip to the Far East would get him out of my mind. (They had done the same thing with Louise, sending us off with Uncle Mike on a trip to the States.). Fortunately I enjoyed both the trip and keeping Dad.

A few years after we moved to Eilat, Dad and I visited the Far East. The Orient was very foreign to us then. Wanting to experience 'real' Japanese life we booked into a remote Japanese Inn. Dad had the name of the train station and the inn where we were to stay scratched on a piece of paper. There were no signs in English, so at each train station Dad would anxiously compare his piece of paper with the sign hanging up at the station. Eventually we got off and Dad showed his piece of paper to the taxi driver who drove us to an inn. As the door was opened and while dad was muttering something about it not being the correct inn, we were whisked into the hotel. First our shoes were removed, then they put kimonos over us. We were then ushered to our room while Dad was spluttering 'But this is the wrong place.' In our room a geisha quickly served us tea and only then, in the room, did we register. It appears that we were in the correct hotel, but the name had recently been changed.

Once registration was completed we wanted to explore the town. But how should we dress? Should we wear our kimonos or change back into our street clothes? Intimidated by fabled Japanese pride and fearful of causing someone to loose face (and hari-kiri), Dad suggested that we see what the other guests were wearing. I looked out the window and gasped: "But everybody is naked!" Later we learnt our window overlooked the communal bath.

* Continued *

We eventually learnt that one walked about in the Inn's kimono, the place where you were staying being a source of pride for guests.

At night we slept on futons on the floor long before they were even heard of in the West, and had a geisha helping us all the time. One evening as the geisha was serving supper she made signs for us to follow her into a hall, where some children were dancing for the grownups. She made a sign for us to sit down on the floor. Dad, somewhat worried about exposing himself in the kimono, looked around for a clue as to how he should sit. Suddenly the room was filled with the tittering of woman trying to suppress their laughter behind their hands ... he had sat on his haunches like everyone else - only they were all women, while men, it appears, sit cross-legged.

BARBECUED SHARK

Anyone horrified at the thought of eating shark meat should know that if they've ever eaten the British staple, 'Fish 'n Chips', chances are they've enjoyed shark meat. Malt vinegar is not only for flavor, but also to neutralize the uric acid in their flesh.

Shark meat needs to be soaked for a few hours, in lemon juice or vinegar if barbecued, or in milk if deep-fried (see *Deep-Fried Fish* in Fish and Seafood).

To barbecue, soak fillets of shark in lemon juice for an hour. Brush with oil and season with salt and pepper. Grill over a hot fire for about 5 minutes a side.

Best eaten sitting on the Coral World Beach in Eilat with Aharon and Sarah Mi-roz and Miki Makeitan from the Marine Laboratory at your side.

Dad enjoys fishing

Dad: When I was young I enjoyed fishing. My favorite fishing site was a certain spot at the Durban docks. It wasn't considered a very good location, but it was quiet and uncrowded and sometimes a whole night's fishing produced a fish or two big enough to eat.

I was an occasional fisherman, but Chanoch, the JNF emissary, was as keen a fisherman as you could get and he had all the equipment. I went fishing with him a few times and it was always filled with adventure, new techniques, new equipment and usually, no fish.

Once a grizzled old fisherman told him about a secret fishing spot. The old man even showed him a particular way to attach the special sinker and hook that would make catching fish a certainty. With Chanoch's trailer/tent towed behind us and with a smoker to smoke all the extra fish that we would catch we drove hours up the Zululand coast to the special spot. We fished day, we fished night, high tide, low tide, river mouth, sea, surf, you name it. But we didn't get even one bite between us.

Chanoch had a small boat with an even smaller outboard engine and sometimes we would chug out from shore and drop our lines with a fair amount of success. On one memorable occasion we were fishing just beyond the shark nets off one of the Durban beaches when we started catching sharks. We were looking for fish to eat and we knew where the sharks fed there would be no fish. So we moved on a bit, cast our lines, and again immediately caught sharks. To cut

a long story short, wherever we went we caught sharks, so we decided to catch them anyway. The sharks were in a feeding frenzy and when we had caught so many that the boat was almost sinking we stopped and got our bearings. To our horror we saw that we had drifted around the protective net and had led hundreds of hungry sharks to the supposedly safe swimming area. We got out of there in a hurry and for days afterwards I anxiously scanned the newspapers for reports of shark attacks. We ate one of the sharks (boiled in milk I think) and sold the rest to the Shark Research Center for half-a-crown each. We also had caught some tagged sharks for which we were paid the handsome sum of five pounds each on giving a report (fabricated of course) on where exactly we had caught them.

During the first few years of married life Mommy and I would sometimes go fishing together. After we made aliyah we would occasionally go to one of the beaches in the Netanya area and fish in the surf and sleep on the beach and more often than not barbecue the emergency hot dogs for breakfast.

TANDOORI CHICKEN

Tandoori chicken is the best way to barbecue chicken; it is always moist and tender. A grill with a lid is ideal, but an open fire or in the oven is also delicious.

8 portions chicken	1 cup plain yoghurt
1 Tbs paprika	2 cloves garlic, mashed
4 bay leaves	6 peppercorns
1 Tbs tomato paste	Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 tsp salt	1½ tsp turmeric
1 Tbs ground coriander	(1 Tbs tandoori masala)
1 tsp ground ginger or lots (1½ Tbs) grated fresh ginger	

Place chicken in a flat container. Combine remaining ingredients and smear over chicken. Cover with plastic wrap and leave for at least 2 hours (up to 2 days). Remove from refrigerator 2 hours before cooking. Either barbecue, or bake on rack in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/325°F for about 1 hour. Good also cold.

Note: If using chicken with skin, prick the flesh with a fork before marinating.

Kosher Version: Substitute lemon juice for yoghurt, adding enough lemon juice to make a thick paste.

I used to wear a wig

Homemade Tandoori chicken is delicious but cannot compare with chicken made in a genuine tandoor or clay oven. Our first taste of tandoori was in an Indian restaurant in London with Grandpa Maurice. Captivated by its tantalizing taste, I insisted on seeing the oven. We waited for an hour while the poor staff tidied up their mess so that we could visit the kitchen.

Although I am not known for being fashion conscious, in the late '60s and early '70s I too used to wear false eyelashes and wigs. In London we used to stay at The White House, where Grandpa, no longer living with Granny, would rent an apartment. Dressing to go out with Grandpa, I donned my wig and an emerald green sheath dress. Waiting on the steps for a taxi, a total stranger was moved to remark how lovely I looked! On another trip I wore a long curly blonde wig when Dad and I went to a play. After the play we spotted Dave and Debsie Geshen,

friends from South Africa and Israel. They saw us hailing them and started to walk towards us, but suddenly stopped in their tracks and walked quickly away. They obviously decided they couldn't greet Dad with a strange woman hanging on his arm!

[Moran's comment on reading about the false-eyelashes and wigs: This must be a mistake.]

JAMAICAN JERKED CHICKEN

12 portions chicken	4 cups (2 cm) pieces green onion
¼ cup thyme leaves	2 Tbs canola oil
1 Tbs ground pepper	1 Tbs freshly ground coriander seeds
3 Tbs grated ginger	2 Tbs fresh lime juice
2 tsp salt	2 tsp ground allspice
1 tsp ground nutmeg	1 tsp cinnamon
5 cloves garlic, peeled and halved	3 bay leaves
2 fresh Scotch bonnet peppers (hot peppers), halved and seeded	

Place all marinade ingredients in food processor and puree. Stop machine and stir mixture down and process until a thick paste forms. Makes 1½ cups.

Spread paste over chicken and refrigerate a few hours. If using chicken with skin, prick skin and rub the jerk under the skin wherever possible.

Grill on high and baste with remaining paste. Delicious and tender.

Note: Although it is possible to use ground spices, it is worth the effort to grind the spices yourself (in a coffee grinder) because the chicken is more fragrant. For parties we prepare both this recipe and the one below, to satisfy the hot guests and those with more sensitive palates. Both are delicious.

JERK STYLE CHICKEN FOR MILD PALATES

8 large boneless chicken breasts	2 green onion bunches, chopped
¼ cup freshly chopped parsley	1/3 cup red wine vinegar
2 Tbs vegetable oil	2 Tbs soy sauce
2 Tbs whole allspice, ground in mortar	2 tsp salt
1 tsp pepper	1 tsp ground cinnamon
¼ tsp ground nutmeg	

Place chicken in a flat dish. Coarsely puree remaining ingredients in a food processor; smear over chicken breasts. Cover and refrigerate at least 3 hours or overnight, turning occasionally. Grill on high heat until just done.

Note: If using a whole chicken cut into portions, prick skin. Grill on a slightly lower heat.

A poem for Nina

Nina finds black pepper too spicy, so when we made the hot jerk I was pleased to find a milder and equally delicious version for her to enjoy.

*Nina is my opposite in every way I know.
Carefully crafted and controlled -
Poetry is her metier; prose is how I flow.
Her message meaningful as worlds unfold
With Steve a better world she strives to create;
An enduring sense of eco-morality to inculcate.*

*Ethics and philosophy, the garb she logically dons.
For Education's the key to get her ideas through
She weighs each issue on its pros and cons
While I blustering, cry "I'm coming. Yahoo!"
She is passionate, caring and correct
When reasoned approach is what I reject.*

*Her life, is governed by intense desires
Her children to mold in fairness and honesty;
Perfection, to which she constantly aspires,
Demands inhuman effort and devotion, expiatory.
Benefits bestowed on friends and to family
Steve, Zach, Hannah, Jonathan and to Debi.*

*She has a gift, this uncanny audio-ability
To decipher her friends' sounds of strain.
With ears, a tuning fork of sensitivity,
To uncover those hidden quivers of pain.
This caring our different ways entwine
Where love and admiration joyfully combine.*

ANDERS' SHISH OF KEBOB

$\frac{1}{2}$ k (1 lb) lean top sirloin in $2\frac{1}{2}$ cm (1 inch) cubes	2 onions, peeled and quartered lengthwise
2 green peppers, cut into large $2\frac{1}{2}$ cm squares	10 mushrooms, without stems if large
$\frac{1}{2}$ k/1 lb grilling sausage/boerewors in 2 cm/ $\frac{3}{4}$ inch rings)	10 bamboo skewers soaked overnight in water

Marinade:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce	1 heaped tsp ginger powder
2 cloves garlic, mashed	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp powdered 5 Spices powder/aniseed

Prepare marinade and marinate meat for 2 hours to overnight. To assemble kebobs thread pepper, skin side facing end of skewer; add a few layers of onion, a meat cube threaded through the thinnest side and a mushroom. Leave a little space, add the sausage skewered through the skin, a few onion layers turning away from the sausage, another meat cube and cork with another bit of green pepper skin side out. Spread ingredients out along skewer. If not using sausage, increase meat by 250 g ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb). Serves 4. Barbecue over moderate heat to desired doneness.

*** Continued ***

Ho, Ho, Ho!

The Wibergs from Nassau were always very kind to us. Jane is an excellent tennis player and Anders, a colleague of Dad in Skal and Rotary. Obligated to volunteer at the Rotary Christmas Fair, Dad decided that the least work would be to help Anders who is very efficient. Well, Anders was called off island and Dad (and I) spent hours preparing scores of 'kebobs' according to Anders' recipe. At the Fair Dad had to stand over a barbecue for 4 hours in the noonday sun, grilling meat.

Rotary helped raise money in other ways as well. Despite my urging, Dad declined to sit outside our local supermarket in the hot sun dressed as Santa Claus and ring the Salvation Army bell while cheerily shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!".

The following year Eitan Claus did indeed ring the bell, but in downtown Nassau.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

1 k (2 lbs) spareribs	2 cloves garlic, mashed
1 Tbs grated fresh ginger	½ cup soy sauce
1 Tbs brown sugar/honey	¼ cup (cooking) sherry/brandy
(¼ tsp ground cardamom/½ tsp Five Spices)	

To barbecue rib rack whole, cut the meat between each rib, but do not separate them. Marinate ribs up to 2 hours, longer will cause toughening. Barbecue over moderate heat basting frequently. Individual ribs can also be done this way.

Shuki saves Aviv

We have had good luck with dogs. Our first dog in Israel was Shuki, a white mutt with brown spots. It was Shuki who used to come fishing with us when we were at Ulpan Ben-Yehuda. More loving than brave, she was an absolute coward. When we went for a walk she would literally jump into our arms if chased by a cat.

When Aviv was about six months old he used to crawl around the house. One day Shuki started barking behind the sofa. Afraid it was a snake or a scorpion I rushed to the dog. There was Aviv writhing on the floor. An electric cord had worn thin and the live exposed wire was caught on Aviv's neck.

Spareribs were not available in those days, but we hereby posthumously award Shuki The Spareribs Award for alerting us and saving Aviv's life.

MEAT-WINE MARINADE

¼ cup oil	1 tsp mustard
2 Tbs orange juice	¼ tsp thyme
1 tsp Worcestershire sauce	2 cloves garlic, mashed
1 onion, chopped	½ cup red wine
Salt and pepper	

Combine all ingredients. Marinate meat for 2-4 hours. Good for meat or fish.

For lamb, add 1 Tbs chutney, 1 tsp curry and 1 tsp grated ginger.

For kebabs, place marinated cubes of lamb or meat with quartered onions, whole mushrooms, tomatoes, pieces of pepper. Delicious.

SOUTH AMERICAN ASADO

Asado means roast in Spanish, although the term is also used for barbecued meat.

Marinade: Oil, onion, garlic, parsley. Slice asado (flank) thickly and cover with marinade. Leave for a few hours. Grill on very low heat.

David Fridman

During the Yom Kippur War, Dad, a medic, was in the army for over seven months. On his release he was entitled to study for a year and so studied Marine Biology at Tel Aviv University. On a field trip to Eilat he met David Fridman, and later Ariela. Dad's professional respect for David knew no bounds and when he became manager of the newly constructed Mitzpe Tat-Yami (Underwater Observatory), he was delighted to be able to work with David.

David seemed quite haughty when we first came to Eilat and used to intimidate us (Doreen, the children, Caroline, etc.) But the distance in our relationship soon dissolved and David proved himself to be a warm and caring person and his harsh facade covered an oversensitive being.

Three months before we could join him, Dad moved to Eilat where he was really impressed with the women. No wonder! His earliest acquaintances with female Eilatis were David's wife Ariela and her friend Jacqueline Sakarovitz at their most luscious!

CHIMICHURRI

2 Tbs olive oil
2 Tbs cayenne pepper
½ tsp black peppercorns
1 bay leaf, crushed

½ cup red wine vinegar
2 cloves garlic, mashed
½ tsp dried oregano
¼ tsp salt

Combine all ingredients in a bottle, shake well and refrigerate for 4 days for flavor to develop. Sprinkle over barbecued meat or chicken.

BAKED BANANAS

Place one banana per person on the grill and bake for about 10 minutes until bananas are soft but not mushy, turning over once.

Take to table, carefully slit open hot bananas and with a spoon turn onto dessert plates. Add a good helping of vanilla ice cream or *Frozen Dairy Dessert* (see Desserts), sprinkle liberally with cinnamon and chopped ginger and add a splash of Grand Marnier or Cointreau.

Variation: 1 When bananas begin to soften, make a slit in the skin and slide in cubes of chocolate; continue grilling until bananas are soft.

2. Peel and slice a pineapple, leaving core intact. Sprinkle each slice with a little brown sugar and let them marinate. When ready for dessert, simply place the slices on the open fire, basting with the juice that formed. Serve as for bananas.

* Continued *

The Levy Desserts

At our many barbecues Dad, always anxious lest the fire go out, would grill the food a little too early. Invariably when the fire was 'just right' we would have already grilled all the meat. So we created a recipe to bake bananas. Now we have a gas barbecue, but tradition is strong.

Watermelons were part of a kumsitz (campfire) at the beach. Everyone would get a halfmoon of watermelon. Holding the thick slices of watermelon in both hands, you sunk your teeth into the sweet flesh and munched away, glistening from ear to ear with the red juice.

One memorable Lag B'Omer we invited friends to join us at a beach party, just north of Taba. Dad was very relaxed and he decided to perfect his karate chop on the pile of watermelons. The following morning Louise asked Moran, who was about seven, about the party. He sniffed, "Dad was drunk. He kept on smashing watermelons all over the place."

The Levy Fireworks

No kumsitz (campfire) was complete without Levy Fireworks. Dad would attach a large piece of steel wool to a length of wire. He would then walk to some vantage point and the show would begin. Dad would light the steel wool and slowly spin it around in circles. The burning steel wool would leave a trail of fire momentarily suspended in the air as Dad swung the steel wool swifter and swifter in all directions. It was a magical show, a special treat for kids and grownups alike.

The Mosts

We met Oren and Tova when Oren worked for Ampal in New York and was in charge of the Coral World St Thomas portfolio when Dad was General Manager there. Over the years we became good friends, enjoying Oren's wonderful sense of humor and Tova's infectious laugh.

Later Oren was Managing Director of Keter Publishing in Israel. He asked friends for original contributions for a single-copy book he put together as a surprise for Tova's fortieth birthday.

The following was my contribution:

A Grim Fairy Tail for Tova Most

There was once a very old couple who lived at the edge of the desert in a small disheveled house surrounded by a high wall. The old couple had seen and done many things in their lives. They had flown above many oceans and swum below many seas and talked to many people in different lands. From all these experiences and from bringing up their difficult children they had become very wise and very wily.

The old couple were collectors; they loved to collect wine labels, stamps (used and unused), bits of scrap and oddballs. One day, while the old husband was driving to his place of work which was perched on a thin strip of land between the desert and the bottomless red sea, he saw an odd ball of fluff tumbling along the seashore. "Oh those tourists," he grumbled, "They leave so much mess on our beautiful shores." He was a very crabby old man. The very next day he again saw the same odd ball bouncing along, but this time it was by the road. "Oh!" said the collector, "I'll catch it and add it to my collection." He had to run fast and swiftly, wheezing and panting, as the little ball darted here and there in its frightened efforts to evade capture.

**** Continued ****

He stomped happily up the steps of his hovel, gave his wife a peck on the cheek and thrust the smelly ball into her hands. "Old wife," he boomed, "Get busy! Wash and dry my latest oddball!" The bent old lady, mumbling angrily under her breath at the old fool's lack of consideration, threw the oddball into the washing machine and then popped it into the drier.

They both peered in amazement, "Why, its a dog!" they exclaimed, "We'll have to throw it away when they collect the garbage Monday." They bent even lower to get a better look, but reeled back in disgust at the awful smell coming from the dog's mouth. They took the dog to the vet who declared that the dog had been kicked savagely. He then asked for many shekels to take out its broken teeth and fix its broken jaw.

The old lady's face looked like a desert flood as tears coursed down the creases of her wrinkled face. "Oh! We cannot throw away one of God's little creatures that has been subjected to such abuse. Let's keep her." They pondered long what to call their newest acquisition and decided on the name 'Lolly' because her tongue lolled out the side of her mouth where her jaw had been broken. Lolly was quite cute, but stupid. The old couple suspected that Lolly had been kicked in the head as well.

One day the old couple were informed that they would have to travel far across the seas to Bahamaland to earn their miserable wages. With great sorrow they looked down at their beloved Lolly and wondered what to do, for they knew she would never be able to learn new tongues (she spoke only Hebrew), nor feel at ease amongst strangers in a foreign land.

At that very moment a beautiful young couple with their bright bouncy children burst into the dingy hovel, lighting up the darkness with their smiles and intelligence. Only the husband was sullen and silent, even more crabby than the old fool host himself. They had come all the way from the big city in the north, many, many miles away.

Netta, a shining princess, smiled sweetly at the old couple. With the innocence of youth she did not see their dull and shabby exteriors, but only the purity of their hearts. "We have come laden with presents to brighten your miserable lives." Omer, small and pudgy, nodded sagely, as he always agreed with his older sister. The old couple glanced at each other and smiled in sly agreement. "Oh!" they exclaimed, "We are so thoughtless. We did not think to buy you presents. But when you go, we will give you Lolly as a present."

The young couple and the old couple sat together for many hours and talked of fish and stockings and the rhythm of their lives and then gossiped about the people they knew. Night descended slowly on the house, while the guests sat talking and enjoying themselves and the children frolicked with Lolly.

"It's time to go," announced the young man, who never had much patience for friends. Sadly his wife with cheeks that crinkled and dimpled as she laughed gathered the young children who had been romping gaily within the safety of the walls.

The four of them formed a moving scene as framed by the door they waved goodbye. Oren, Tova and Omer turned towards the car, but Netta bent down and picked up Lolly saying, "Thanks for the present. Goodbye."

*** Continued ***

And the old couple didn't hear from the young couple because the young man, Oren, was mad as hell and never forgave them until one day when he faxed them to ask that they write something creative for Tova's Birthday Book.

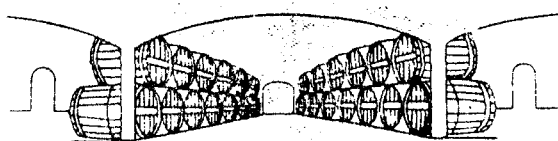
But Lolly remembered the crabby old man who rescued her from the harshness of the desert and vowed to repay his kindness. One night while sleeping alone on a worn floor mat outside of Tova and Oren's apartment at 44/38 Rehov Tagore, she heard men climbing over the balcony. "Oh you poor soles" (she wasn't very good at spelling), she thought as she saw two men creep stealthily into the apartment, "You have no place to live. Yes, go inside and find shelter." With curled bushy tail wagging, she trotted in quietly behind them, suppressing her usual joyful barking lest the noise disturb the sleep of the handsome young man and his kind laughing wife. Lolly settled herself happily on the sofa while the burglars made off with the contents of her owners' home. She sighed, content that she had finally repaid a Tova (favor) with the Most that she could do.

EFRAAT CAVE

Chenin Blanc

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white wine



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Diploma of the British Empire Exhibition 1924

יקבי אפרת מוצא ירושלים

75 ס"ל

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13/4/90

Oren + Tova (not
kids) - David Friedman
and Aviv + Miriam.

Chickens on the fire.
Lots of talk about Bahamas.

— and we got rid
of Lolly!

The wine? At least the label is
new for us.

27/10/89 Hua Ting Hotel (Sheraton)
in Shanghai.

Anton Restaurant: Morris, Tachie,
Leila, Myra, Dorci, Eitan.

The wine was a pleasant surprise -
not at all bad.

A day of dramatic contrasts - hard
to believe this is China

Today Shanghai - Tomorrow
who knows. Mems

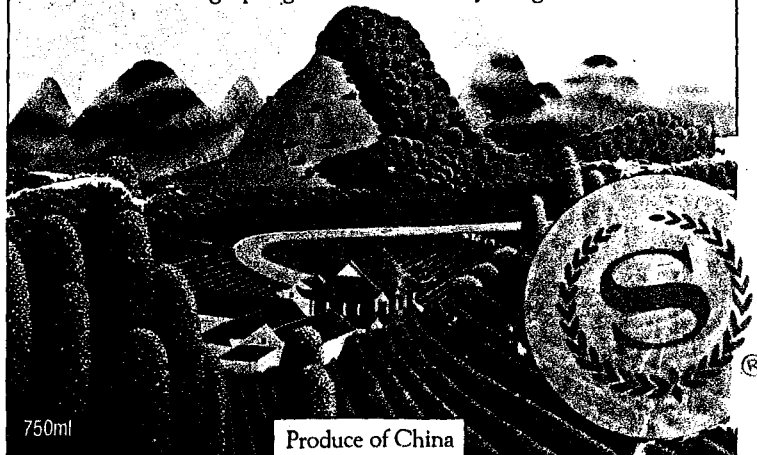
I find it hard to leave China
all together - Tachie.

Where's my suitcase? Myra.
No one leaves space for 2nd wife
(Leila)

DYNASTY

MEDIUM DRY WHITE WINE

A medium dry wine which derives its refreshing flavour
from Muscat grapes grown in the Tianjin region of China.



750ml

Produce of China

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DAIKON RADISH AND CARROT SALAD

1 large radish (about ½ k or 1 lb)
¼ cup thinly sliced green onion, white parts only
4 tsp oil
½ tsp grated fresh ginger

1 large carrot
½ cup cider/white rice vinegar
2 tsp soy sauce

Peel radish and carrot, grate coarsely. Add remaining ingredients and let stand for at least 1 hour. 6 servings.

Good served with Tempura or brown rice.

Substitute: Red radish or kohlrabi for the daikon radish.

JAPANESE-STYLE SALAD DRESSING

2/3 cup plain rice vinegar
1 bag (5 g) dried bonito flakes (see Note)
1½ tsp wasabi (see Note)
¼ cup canola oil

1 Tbs soy sauce
1 tsp sugar
1 tsp sesame oil
¼ tsp white pepper

Combine all ingredients with 2 ice cubes and shake well. Strain before using. Use for salads, tofu, cold somen (buckwheat noodles) or as a marinade for grilling.

Note: Substitute 1 tsp anchovy/fish paste for bonito, 1 tsp Colman's mustard for wasabi.

Our godson Ariel Pascal

When Richard and Lindy asked us to be godparents to their Unborn Child we were delighted, even though we knew that they would be returning to New Zealand. When Richard, who is a radiologist, did an ultra sound on Lindy, I was present. The sight of blips flashing on the screen, depicting heart and legs, was unforgettable. I flew to Auckland for the birth of Ariel Pascal, a brother to Jordan, and was welcomed warmly by the Knight and Davis families.

On the way back, I met Dad in Hawaii for a short vacation. We loved the islands, spectacular lush mountains and green fields and extremely friendly people, so that even though it was very expensive, we enjoyed spending money. At a local bookstore we bought two cookbooks: The first was called "The Legacy of the Japanese in Hawaii: Cuisine" and this salad dressing is from that book. More intriguing was the second, "The (when you live in) Hawaii (you get very creative during) Passover Cookbook", published by the Congregation of Sof Ma'arav (End of the West).

Noodle eaters

We Westerners associate rice with all Chinese food, but that is true only in Southern China. Southerners derisively call northerners 'noodle eaters'. The northern noodle was obviously eaten with gusto by Marco Polo when he journeyed to the Orient in the 13th Century. He took samples back to Italy where it became popular under the name 'spaghetti'. (Dalia Lamdani says the popular misconception that this is the basis of spaghetti was perpetrated by some misguided food writer.)

MORAN'S CHINESE BOUREKAS OR ISRAELI EGG-ROLLS

100 g (4 oz.) ground beef
5 Tbs soy sauce
1/8 tsp salt
2 onions, sliced thinly
1 carrot, grated
1 cup bean sprouts
1/2 tsp ground ginger
1/2 cup water

2 Tbs red wine
1 Tbs cornstarch
1/4 tsp pepper
1/2 cabbage, shredded
1/4 green pepper, sliced thinly
2 Tbs flour
1 tsp soup powder
Egg roll leaves/phylllo pastry

Mix meat with 1 Tbs of the wine, 3 Tbs of the soy sauce, cornstarch and salt and pepper; set aside for 30 minutes. Stir-fry meat mixture in a wok or teflon frying pan for a few minutes (while mixing meat all the time) until it changes color. Remove meat. Add all vegetables to pan and stir-fry until just tender. Add remaining soy sauce and wine, the flour, ginger, soup powder, water and meat. Fry a few minutes more and set aside to cool.

Place fried mixture on a 15x15 cm piece of phyllo pastry and fry in deep oil until the pastry bubbles.

Variations: 1. Don't use meat (it comes out just as good).

2. Instead of frying in deep oil, paint the bourekas with oil and bake in oven until pastry browns.

Moran's first dinner party.

Moran: I always remember Mom's story of the first cooked meal that she made in Israel [see Louise's Chocolate Mousse in Desserts]. So when I invited some friends over for a Saturday dinner, I wanted to be well prepared. I started to cook in the morning, taking note to finish all the little things - so nothing would be left for the last minute. By 15.00 everything was ready; friends were invited for 20.30. By the time everybody came most of the food was either overcooked or burned!

TERRI'S THAI PEANUT SALAD

2 packets shell/screw noodles
White vinegar
Handfuls of crushed nuts
Salt and pepper

1 bottle Thai Peanut Sauce (recipe below)
Lots of coriander
(Shredded cooked chicken)

To cooked, drained and rinsed noodles add 1/4 bottle of the peanut sauce thinned with a little vinegar. Mix well, cover and refrigerate for a few hours to overnight. Continue adding more peanut sauce and vinegar as it becomes absorbed, using most of the bottled sauce. Just before serving add coriander, peanuts (and chicken) to taste. Season with salt and pepper to taste and serve.

Homemade Thai Peanut Sauce:
1/4 cup soy sauce
3 Tbs sesame oil
1 tsp red pepper flakes

1/2 cup crunchy peanut butter
2 Tbs lemon juice
2-3 dashes Tabasco/hot sauce

Mix all ingredients and add.

* Continued *

A company dog

We saw Terri and Dick Golden a few times at synagogue in St. Thomas before we actually spoke. Terri, with her mass of curly hair framing a beautiful open face, seems always to be smiling, even when she is complaining. I liked her even before we met and we easily became friends. Dick, more reserved, gave balance to Terri's abandon but delighted us with a story of how he transferred ownership of a company to his dog to avoid paying taxes. Granny, always concerned that we mix with the 'right' sort of people would have approved of friends whose dogs were moneyed!

NOODLE SOUP WITH CHICKEN AND VEGETABLES

½ packet flat noodles, regular or Japanese
6 cups chicken soup
250 g (8 oz.) shredded chicken meat
1 carrot, grated thickly
250 g (8 oz.) Chinese cabbage, sliced thinly
2 green onions, thinly sliced
1 Tbs grated ginger

¾ cup sliced mushrooms/5 dried Shitake mushrooms
1 onion, sliced thinly
1 rib celery, sliced thinly
200 (7 oz.) g fresh spinach
1 Tbs soy sauce
Ground pepper

Cook noodles in plenty of boiling salted water for about 7 minutes until just tender. Rinse under cold running water and set aside. To reheat, either microwave or place noodles in very hot water for a few minutes, then drain and serve.

If using whole Shitake mushrooms soak in boiling water for 10 minutes to soften and remove sand. Bring stock to boil; add chicken and simmer 5 minutes. Add onion, carrot and celery and simmer 10 minutes more. Add mushrooms, cover pot and switch off stove. When ready to eat, reheat soup adding Chinese cabbage, spinach, green onions, soy sauce, ginger and pepper. Adjust seasonings. Serve with noodles.

Vegetarian: Leave out chicken. Add lots of Shitake mushrooms (they have a wonderful meaty favor) and cubes of silken tofu. Use a vegetable soup mix, or add 1 heaped tablespoon miso paste (soybean) just before serving.

Quick Chinese-style Soup: Prepare powdered chicken soup. When boiling vigorously add while stirring 1 Tbs soy sauce and 1 beaten egg. Serve at once.

We visited China

We visited China in 1988 with Jackie and Morris, Myra Simon, and Leila Zimmerman. On our first morning in Beijing we peered through the hotel window and watched a group of men and women performing Thai-chi in the silvery gray light of early morning. It epitomized our trip: a silent group of drably dressed people acting out in slow motion exquisite but, to us, incomprehensible movements.

Language was a problem: virtually no-one spoke English and even our guide wasn't fluent. We had to rely on what we saw and try to make some sense of it. On our first morning our intrepid Gang of Six, the only Westerners in sight, drove around in a taxi and got off at a market in the middle of nowhere. With wonder we stood by tables piled high with gossamer silk scarves, which we bought by the gram. Through gestures and smiles we made contact with an elderly couple who showed us around their humble home, a single room in a cluster of rooms around a courtyard. It had once been a spacious house for a single family, but now the solitary coldwater tap in the courtyard served the many residents. We changed money on

the black market with a women who kept her money in a garter under her dress. We ate soup and noodles at a tiny restaurant where they made the noodles by hand in a lean-to tacked onto the restaurant. Oriental noodle soup was to become one of Dad's favorite foods.

One of the most impressive sights was the sheer number of people, everywhere, all dressed in depressing gray clothes. Food was simple and lacked variety; cabbages were everywhere! There were few cars on the roads, but masses of bicycles. Communist countries don't have advertisements, but there were huge posters, including reminders about the necessity to limit the number of babies and the duty of contraception. For us the language problem severely limited communication. We visited factories and marveled at the grace and beauty of the arts and handicrafts. We saw mass production - masses of people hand producing, with machine precision, one exact copy of a comb, a toy. etc. after the other. Groups of women sat suspended at looms, weaving silk carpets with thread so delicate it was hardly discernible, and we marveled as their delicate hands flew over the warp with mesmerizing speed.

CORN SOUP

225 g (8 oz.) canned corn
1 onion, finely chopped
1 tsp grated ginger
1 tsp soy sauce
100 g (4 oz.) mushrooms, thinly sliced
5 green onions, thinly sliced

1 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
3 cups vegetable/chicken soup
Salt and pepper
(1 egg white)

Thoroughly blend corn in food processor. Heat oil in large saucepan, add onion and cook until translucent. Stir in garlic and ginger. Combine corn, corn water, soup, soy sauce and salt and pepper in saucepan and bring to boil. Simmer for 1 minute. Add mushrooms and cook 3 minutes more. Beat egg white with 2 Tbs water; pour into soup in thin stream, stirring constantly. Simmer 1 minute more. Serve, garnished with green onion.

I say, you say

The food in China was generally bad, a far cry from the Cantonese-style food we are familiar with in Chinese restaurants at home. Dad and I did occasionally eat in local markets, and although Myra Simon said she could see the typhoid walking around the plates, we found the food much tastier than the tourist stuff served in restaurants. One lunchtime, when I couldn't stomach pork, duck, cabbage, bok choy or a greasy egg roll, I sat outside the restaurant while the others ate inside. Forewarned, I had brought granola and powdered milk with me. A crowd of interested people soon gathered around, fascinated by my peculiar eating habits. Even though I was eager to share my granola and milk, there were no takers. Cow's milk is not only foreign to them, but it seems it tastes as bad to them as soy milk does to us. But bargaining was not foreign to them. We saw the beginnings of a fledgling free market in this Communist country and nearly everywhere there were little stalls with local crafts displayed. Their English was very limited but haggling was great fun. They would all open the bargaining by singing: "I say ..." and then scribble down the starting price on a piece of paper. "Wha' you say?" as they thrust the paper into your hands. After you wrote your price they would loudly protest and then repeat "I say..." writing a slightly lower figure on the paper. And this would continue until a price acceptable to both was reached. Although at the time we often felt badly about the bargaining, a few years later when the Chinese Stock Market was opened to the general public, a million people arrived by car, foot and bicycle to buy shares. We knew we had personally helped some on the road to capitalism!

CHINESE STEAMED BUNS

From *Vegetarian Cooking* by Sunset. The buns entail quite a lot of work but are delicious. Good with stir-fried vegetables.

1 packet (1 Tbs) dry yeast

1 Tbs sugar

1 tsp salt

Mushroom-cashew filling (recipe follows)

1 cup lukewarm water

2 Tbs oil

2 3/4 cups whole-wheat flour

In a large bowl dissolve yeast in warm water; blend in sugar, oil and salt. Let stand until frothy, about 15 minutes. Add flour and mix, forming a pliable dough. Place dough on a lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic (10 minutes). Turn dough into an oiled bowl; cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled in size, about 1 hour. Meanwhile prepare mushroom filling and sauce.

Mushroom-cashew filling:

1 Tbs canola oil

1 clove garlic, mashed

1 tsp grated fresh ginger

3/4 cup coarsely chopped cashews

2 green onions, thinly sliced

1 Tbs dry sherry

1/4 cup water

(1 tsp sesame oil)

100 g (4 oz.) mushrooms, chopped

1 small onion, chopped

1/2 cup coarsely chopped bamboo shoots/celery/cabbage

3 Tbs soy sauce

1 tsp sugar

1 Tbs cornstarch

Heat oil in a wide frying pan over high heat. Add mushrooms, garlic, onion and ginger and stir-fry 3 minutes. Add bamboo shoots, cashews and green onion and stir-fry 2 minutes more.

Meanwhile combine soy, sherry, sugar, water, cornstarch (and sesame oil).

Pour in soy mixture and cook, stirring until sauce bubbles and thickens. (Stir in 1 tsp sesame oil.) Remove from heat and cool.

Turn dough onto a lightly floured board and knead 1 minute. Cut dough into 12 equal pieces. Roll each piece into a round, about 12 cm (4 1/2 inches) in diameter. Press outside edge to make it slightly thinner than rest of dough. Place about 2 tablespoons filling in center of each round. Pull edges of dough up around filling and twist firmly to seal.

To steam buns: Place buns, twisted side down, on individual squares of foil. Cover and let rise for about 30 minutes until puffy. Place bun and foil in a steamer with boiling water. Cover and steam 15 minutes. Serve warm. Freezes very well. To reheat steam buns for about 8 minutes until hot.

To bake buns: Place buns about 5 cm (2 inches) apart on greased baking tray. Cover and let rise about 30 minutes until puffy and light. Melt butter and brush tops. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) until bottoms turn brown, about 15 minutes. Makes 12 buns.

TOFU AND GREEN BEANS

From the *Sunset Vegetarian Cooking* series.

500 g (1 lb) firm tofu
1½ tsp salt
4 cups water
1 Tbs grated ginger
5 Tbs canola oil
1 Tbs soy sauce

Cooking Sauce (recipe follows)
500 g (1 lb) green beans/broccoli/carrots
1½ tsp sugar
1 Tbs rice vinegar/sherry
250 g (8 oz.) mushrooms, quartered

Place tofu in a colander and let drain 15 minutes.

Meanwhile prepare cooking sauce and set aside.

Cut tofu into domino-shaped pieces and place between paper towels; gently press out excess water. Sprinkle with ½ tsp salt and set aside.

Prepare green beans: remove ends and strings and cut in long slanting slices (I bought a gadget for cutting string beans at Zabbar's in New York for cutting beans that I grew in our vegetable garden in Nassau.) To prepare broccoli, cut off flowerets, peel and thinly slice stems. For carrots, cut in thin slanting slices.

In a medium pot prepare seasoned water by combining the water, 1 tsp of the salt, 1 tsp of the sugar, ginger, rice vinegar and 1 Tbs of the oil. Bring to simmer.

Heat 2 Tbs of the oil in wide frying pan over high heat. Add mushrooms and stir-fry until golden. Add soy and ½ tsp sugar and cook until liquid evaporates; remove mushrooms and set aside. Reduce heat to medium and add remaining 2 Tbs oil. Add tofu and cook until flecked with brown (about 3 minutes each side). Return mushrooms to pan. Stir cooking sauce, pour into pan and cook, stirring gently until sauce bubbles and thickens. Keep hot. Bring seasoned water to a boil. Drop in vegetables and cook until just tender (about 4 minutes); drain.

Arrange vegetables on a platter. Pour tofu mixture on top and serve with noodles.

Cooking sauce:

½ cup chicken soup/vegetable stock
1 Tbs rice vinegar/dry sherry
2 tsp cornstarch
1 tsp sesame seed

2 Tbs soy sauce
1 tsp sugar
¼ tsp hot red pepper flakes

Combine all ingredients in a bowl.

The first home-made tofu recipe

This was the first home-made tofu recipe I made that we really liked. Starting in Nassau and then in St Thomas, Dad and I made a great effort to reduce the amount of fat and cholesterol in our diet - to keep both our weight and cholesterol down. This is a tasty and satisfying vegetarian main course that is easy to prepare. Serves 2 as a main course or four as a side vegetable.

SPICY TOFU AND VEGETABLES

250 g (8 oz.) firm tofu

Spicy Sauce:

3 Tbs soy sauce

2 cloves garlic, mashed

½ tsp crushed dried red hot chili/1 fresh chili, chopped

1 Tbs freshly grated ginger

1 Tbs cider vinegar

3 Tbs chopped fresh coriander

¼ tsp ground cumin

1 tsp cornstarch

Cube tofu. Combine sauce ingredients and drizzle over cubed tofu. Set aside. Meanwhile prepare vegetables.

1 Tbs oil

1 cup thinly sliced celery

1 cup sliced mushrooms

½ cup bean sprouts

1 medium onion, halved and sliced

1½ cups chopped broccoli (peel stems)

2 cups thinly sliced Chinese cabbage

Heat oil in wok over high heat. Add onion and celery and stir-fry 3 minutes. Add broccoli and fry 2 minutes more. Add mushrooms and Chinese cabbage and fry until mushrooms are just soft. Add bean sprouts then drained tofu and mix lightly until heated through. Stir in Spicy Sauce and cook until thick. Serve with Chinese noodles or rice. Serves 4

SWEET AND PUNGENT VEGETABLES WITH NOODLES

250 g (8 oz.) noodles

2 Tbs sugar/honey

1 Tbs soy sauce

1 Tbs cornstarch

2 Tbs oil

1 onion, sliced into crescents

500 g (1 lb) vegetables (instructions follow)

3 Tbs (cider) vinegar

½ tsp salt

2 Tbs water

2 cloves garlic, mashed

1 tsp grated ginger/½ tsp ground ginger

Cook noodles in lots of boiling salted water for 6-8 minutes until just tender; drain and rinse. Meanwhile prepare vegetables. When ready to serve, stir-fry noodles in a small amount of hot oil for a few minutes. In a cup combine sugar, vinegar, soy, and salt. Heat oil over high heat; add garlic and onion and stir-fry for a few seconds. Add ginger and vegetables and stir-fry until half done. Add sugar mixture; stir-fry 2 minutes. Combine cornstarch and water in a cup; add to stir-fry, stirring until thickened. Add noodles; stir to combine. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

Vegetables: Prepare vegetables; pieces should be big enough to retain their shape and crunchiness, but small enough so that they will cook quickly. Assemble a lively color combination with lots of crispy vegetables. (Carrots, celery and red and green peppers, first; next broccoli, beans and peas; then mushrooms, cabbage, and spinach. Vary as desired.)

Can I eat the flowers?

When we were in Japan in 1977 we found the food very foreign. Sushi was unknown to us, and we would often have no idea whether we were eating fish, meat, vegetable or Something Else. Perhaps because of the strangeness of the food we were always hungry. At the Japanese Inn where we stayed, dinner was eaten in the room, served by our private geisha. One evening, after devouring everything we recognized as edible, we were still hungry. The

table was still full - but with leaves and flowers and other unidentifiable things. Out of desperation I pointed to the chrysanthemums and in sign language asked our geisha if I could eat them. 'Yes, yes' nodded the geisha and I promptly did. To this day I don't know if the flowers were part of the meal or if she thought that foreigners have the strange eating habit of eating up the decorations!

Noodles were one of the things we did not only recognize, but enjoy.

TERIYAKI SAUCE FOR GRILLING

1 cup soy sauce
1 clove garlic, mashed
¼ cup mirin or sake

¼ cup brown sugar
1 tsp grated fresh ginger
(2 tsp miso)

Combine ingredients in jar; cover and shake until well blended. Use to marinate beef, chicken and fish and as a sauce over rice and broiled foods.

SNAPPER STEAMED IN GREEN ONION AND GINGER

½ k (1 lb) snapper, sea bass or grouper per person
2 Tbs grated ginger
8 cups water
6 green onions
1 Tbs sherry
garnish

Handful chopped coriander
1 tsp salt
6 slices fresh ginger
2 Tbs soy sauce
Slices of fresh ginger and green onion to

Make three slashes on each side of the fish. Combine coriander, grated ginger and ½ tsp salt; rub spices into slashes and cavity of the fish. Set aside for 20 minutes.

Bring water to vigorous boil in a large pan. Add ½ tsp salt, sliced ginger, green onions, soy sauce and sherry. Gently lower fish into the pan. When it just begins to simmer, cover tightly and turn off heat. Let stand for 30 minutes without removing lid. Remove to platter and sprinkle with ginger and green onions.

Note: To prepare a fish for 4 people, choose a sea bream or grouper that weighs 1.3 kilos (3 lbs). Place the fish in the pot, simmer just below boiling for 5 minutes then switch off heat and continue with recipe.

Ambassador Chang

Only three countries have diplomatic representatives in the Bahamas at the Ambassadorial level (as opposed to the Consular level). Ambassador Chang was the Taiwanese Ambassador to the Bahamas. He and his wife regularly invited us to dinner at East Villa, an excellent Chinese restaurant. Mrs. Chang would order food not usually on the menu: steamed fish. One time she offered the head of the fish to me. I very nobly refused, adding that my husband loved the head of a fish. Dad is to be congratulated - using only his chopsticks, he cleaned that fish head of all the meat, including the eyes.

*Vered would have been sick at the sight. As a child her brothers would terrorize her by pointing fish in her direction because she couldn't stand the eyes 'looking' at her.
[Vered: I am sick just reading it!]*

SWEET AND SOUR FISH

Seemingly a lot of work, it is quite easy once everything is assembled. Well worth the trouble.

2 snapper/bass/bream etc. (about ½ kilo/1 lb each)

Fish Marinade - Mixture A

Fish Frying - Ingredients B

Sweet and Sour Sauce - Mixture C

Topping - Mixture D

Mixture A:

1 Tbs cider/rice wine vinegar

2 stalks green onion, thinly sliced

1 Tbs grated ginger/1 tsp powdered ginger

1/8 tsp ground pepper

1 tsp salt

Rinse fish and pat dry. Score diagonally to the bone at 2 cm (3/4 inches) intervals on both sides of fish. Combine ingredients of Mixture A and rub into cuts and inside of fish. Let stand 30 minutes.

Ingredients B:

10 cups oil for deep frying

2 egg yolks, lightly beaten

1 cup cornstarch

Meanwhile heat oil. Make sure you have enough oil to deep fry the fish. I use a wide-bottomed soup pot (prevents splattering) and fill with about 6 cm (2½ inches) oil. Heat oil 190°C (375°F) or until bubbles form around a wooden spoon.

Coat fish in beaten yolk and coat with cornstarch, making sure to coat inside the cuts. On a board, place fish with stomach flaps open so it stands. Bang down sharply on fish with open hand or large rolling pin to square the fish. It will then remain upright when served. Hold fish by tail and place carefully in oil, ladling hot oil over fish if not completely immersed. Fry about 15 minutes until golden brown. Drain and place upright on serving platter.

Mixture C:

1 Tbs oil

1 tsp mashed garlic

½ cup finely chopped onion

¼ cup finely chopped green pepper

¼ cup grated carrot

(1 small hot pepper, finely chopped)

9-12 Tbs cider vinegar

6 Tbs ketchup

3 Tbs sugar

½ tsp salt

6 Tbs water

1½ tsp cornstarch

(1 Tbs sesame oil)

While oil is heating, prepare Mixture C and D. Heat pan, add oil and stir-fry garlic, onion, green pepper, carrot (and hot pepper) until fragrant. Add vinegar, ketchup, sugar and salt. Prepare sauce up to this point. A few minutes before fish is ready, reheat sauce. Combine the water and cornstarch and add to sauce while stirring. When the mixture boils add 1 Tbs sesame oil (for flavor) and a little more water if too vinegary (but still should be quite sharp). Pour over fish.

* Continued *

Mixture D:

2 Tbs shredded green onion
½ Tbs hot red pepper
coriander

1 Tbs grated ginger root
2 Tbs chopped coriander/2 tsp powdered

Combine all ingredients. Sprinkle over fish and sauce and serve immediately. Serves 2.

Note: To prepare 1 fish for 4 people, choose a fish that weighs not more than 1.3 kilos (3 lbs).

Fish in Nassau

It was only when we came to the Bahamas and I had a lot of time on my hands that I attempted to make this fish. Fish in Nassau was bought on the street. A few times a week, when the sea was calm you would see rickety tables by the road displaying grouper, snapper, hogfish and neatly lined crawfish (lobster), when in season. Since there was no cooling, to ensure really fresh fish I would wait for the fishermen to dock their boats and then rush down to the water's edge to haggle and buy the fish.

The main tool of the Bahamians is the machete (cutlass to the Haitians) and they could wield it with the precision of a surgeon. Grouper was never scaled but peeled. The perfect white skin without a nick reminded us of the puppies sold at the Canton market in China.

STIR-FRIED SHRIMP

250 g (8 oz.) uncooked shrimp
2 tsp soy sauce
500 g (1 lb) vegetables of choice
1 clove garlic, mashed
½ cup stock

1 Tbs sherry
¼ tsp salt
(2 Tbs oil)
2 tsp freshly grated ginger/½ tsp ground ginger

Shell and de-vein shrimp. Combine sherry, soy and salt and marinate shrimp. Prepare vegetables of choice. (For example, dice onion, green pepper, celery; slice mushroom, broccoli, green onion; grate carrot; leave shoots, sprouts, peas, snow peas whole).

Heat 1 Tbs of the oil and stir-fry garlic; add shrimp and fry until pink (2-3 minutes).

Remove from pan. Heat remaining oil; add ginger, then vegetables and stir-fry briefly to coat with oil. Add stock and heat quickly; cover and cook until tender. Add shrimp and reheat.

Adjust seasoning, adding soy sauce, sherry or more ginger to taste.

FISH SHABU-SHABU

The name Shabu-Shabu comes from the sound of the broth bubbling in the hotpot.

Fish Shabu-Shabu cooked in a fish or light chicken broth is excellent. Use any combination of snapper, grouper, dolphin, all cut into thin slices, oysters, shrimp, lobster and squid. Prepare about 150 g (5 oz.) fish per person. To prepare, follow instructions for Japanese Shabu-Shabu below, substituting the fish for meat.

JAPANESE SHABU-SHABU

You need an electric frying pan/wok or a heating element strong enough to boil stock. Although this dish entails a lot of preparation beforehand, it is a real fun relaxing party dish, best served in winter.

6 cups chicken broth
500 g (1 lb) top sirloin, cut in paper thin slices
12 whole mushrooms, wiped and ends cut off
250 g (8 oz.) washed whole spinach leaves
100 g (4 oz.) broccoli, cut in spears
250 g (8 oz.) cooked udon (thick) noodles/
vermicelli/broad flat noodles

(1 large piece of kombu seaweed)
500 g (1 lb) chicken from the thigh, cut thinly
1 block soft tofu cut in 2.5 cm (1 inch) cubes
4 green onions, sliced diagonally in long pieces
200 g (6 oz.) bean sprouts washed
1 beaten egg

Prepare meat, chicken and vegetables. Cook noodles until just tender; rinse and drain. Arrange meat, chicken, tofu, and vegetables on a large platter and place on dining table. Place noodles on a separate plate.

Prepare Sauces (recipes follow). Pour each sauce into little dishes and place on table.

Meanwhile, at the table prepare the cooking broth: In an electric wok place kombu and 6 cups of chicken soup; let stand for at least ½ hour. Bring soup to boil and remove kombu after 1 minute. Each guest, with her/his own chopsticks, selects food from the platter and cooks it in the communal wok. A flat strainer is helpful to fish out bits of food. Dip cooked food in tasty sauces and eat.

When the platter is empty and you are bursting, don't stop. Add any remaining sauces (except sesame) and the noodles to the pot; heat through. Place noodles in soup plates; add egg to soup while stirring. Good to the last drop. Serves 6.

Ponzu:

Combine 3 Tbs lemon juice, 1 Tbs orange juice, 4 Tbs soy sauce, and 2 Tbs mirin/sweet white wine.

Momiji Orashi:

Grate peeled daikon radish. Add 3 hot red peppers chopped finely. Substitute large red radish if daikon not available. Dip radish in Ponzu.

Ginger Sauce:

Combine 4 Tbs soy sauce, 1 Tbs mirin and 1 Tbs grated fresh ginger.

Sesame Sauce:

1 Tbs sesame paste/3 Tbs peanut butter
1 Tbs soy sauce
1 Tbs ketchup
1 finely chopped chili
2 cloves garlic
Grated peel of 1 lemon
mashed anchovy

3 Tbs white miso (soybean paste)
3 Tbs mirin/sweet white wine
2 tsp sesame oil
3 Tbs lemon juice
Green onion, chopped
¾ cup dashi stock/chicken soup with a little

Place all ingredients in a blender and process until well blended. Keeps well in refrigerator.

The gang of six

Dad and I first tasted Shabu-shabu in Hong Kong after our visit to China with the Khans, Myra Simon and Leila Zimmerman. Known affectionately as 'the Gang of Six' we had a marvelous time, visiting the Forbidden City, sailing along the Yangtze River, and walking

through streets thronging with people. As we watched the thousands of bicycles in the streets, Dad was moved to remark that he would give anything to have the bicycle concession for China. Morris, always the astute businessman, declared that all he wanted was the concession for the bicycle bells!

Back in Hong Kong, the rest of our Gang of Six went to eat Peking Duck - which Dad and I had previously found to be overrated. We choose to walk along the back streets of Hong Kong looking for a good place to eat. We passed long grey buildings with the fire escapes outside, markets crowding the streets and people milling around, until we came to a place that served only Shabu-Shabu (only years later, in Hawaii, did we learn the name for it). No-one in the restaurant could speak English and so we ordered by pointing at what was eaten at other tables. Shabu-Shabu is a kind of Japanese fondue where you boil meat, chicken, fish, vegetables etc. in stock, and towards the end add noodles and egg to the stock.

AVIV AND VERED'S THAI SHRIMP IN GREEN CURRY

(Adapted from "*Thai Cuisine*" by Sisamon Kongpan.

This recipe although kind of lengthy, can be prepared in advance, just adding the fresh vegetables to the paste when the guests arrive. It's delicious and special, even for people who aren't familiar with Thai cuisine. The spice mixture comes out great even if some ingredients are missing.

Spice Mixture:

1 Tbs lemon grass	½ to 3 chilies (choose your fire)
1 tsp roasted cumin seeds/1 tsp ground cumin	2 tsp green curry powder/3 tsp green curry paste
1 tsp shrimp paste	1 tsp salt
(1 tsp sliced galangal root)	1 Tbs roasted coriander seeds/1 tsp ground coriander

Place ingredients in a mortar (or plastic bowl) and pound until ground and thoroughly combined.

5 shallots/1 medium onion
1 Tbs fresh ginger, chopped

8 garlic cloves, mashed

Fry together until brownish.

Other Ingredients:

½ kg (1 lb) shrimp (or chicken/beef cut into 1 cm slices)
400 grams grated coconut/1 packet dried coconut milk
1 large potato peeled, boiled and cubed
Choice of mushrooms, broccoli, spinach, Chinese cabbage, or snow peas

Prepare dried coconut milk mixture or add 2 cups water to coconut and squeeze out 2 cups coconut milk and one cup coconut cream (with the coconut pieces).

Fry the spice mixture in 2 Tbs oil, adding 1 cup of thick coconut cream to the mixture in small amounts. Then add the shrimp and cook until orange.

Pour into a pot, add the remaining coconut milk, potatoes and any additional vegetables you feel like adding. Serve over rice. Serves 4.

* Continued *

Aviv taught me to enjoy cooking

Vered: I never really cooked before Aviv taught me to enjoy cooking together with him. One of the great things about New York is the Thai restaurants. A favorite outing is to go down to China Town, buy fresh shrimp and lots of vegetables that don't have a name in English, and cook Thai food.

VIV'S LEMON CHICKEN FOR BIRTHDAYS

3 chicken breasts (increase quantity as needed)

4 Tbs flour

1 sliced lemon, to garnish

4 Tbs cornstarch

Boiled rice (3/4 cup per person)

Marinade:

¼ tsp salt

¼ cup sherry

¼ tsp pepper

Juice of 2 lemons

Sauce:

2 Tbs sesame oil

½ cup soy sauce

½ cup vinegar

½ cup ketchup

¼-½ cup sugar

Cut chicken into 2½ cm (1 inch) strips and place in a bowl. Combine marinade ingredients and pour over chicken; marinate for 2 hours.

Heat sesame oil in small pot then add remaining sauce ingredients. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer for a few minutes; adjust sauce to taste. The sauce can be prepared in advance and heated just before serving.

Combine cornstarch and flour. Place in a plastic bag and drop in chicken pieces. Space chicken strips on a greased baking sheet. Sprinkle a little of the marinade over chicken if it appears dry. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (190°C/375°F), until chicken starts to turn brown, turning occasionally.

To serve, place chicken on a serving plate and garnish with slices of lemon. At table, spoon chicken onto rice and pour marinade over.

Note: Instead of baking, chicken can be stir-fried in ¼ cup oil in a wok; drain and serve.

Viv cooks festive chicken

Viv: In 1972 Frankie and I were living in Madison, Wisconsin while studying in graduate school. Home was a small student apartment with the entrance hall, living room, dining room, study, play room and kitchen all in one. It was November, with about a foot of snow on the ground and Frankie's birthday was fast approaching. Frankie had requested that I make her a birthday dinner. I set about this using the scientific method [Note, Viv is a demographer by profession].

After reviewing French, Viennese, Italian, and many other books my eyes lighted on a small book called Easy Chinese Cooking, with color pictures. I purchased the book and after about an hour of study, I decided on Chang's Lemon Chicken. An hour or so later I finished copying the ingredients, preparation and cooking steps onto about 15 cards (3 by 5). By 7th December I had purchased all the ingredients. Mid-afternoon (while Frankie and the kids were out) I taped the cards to the kitchen cabinets, in the order of procedure. Some time later, with some minor setbacks, the meal was ready and was obviously a success.

*** Continued ***

Despite the fact that Frankie's range of meals outnumbers mine by about 250 to 1, this recipe is frequently requested by the kids on special occasions.

[Note: Viv also makes great cappuccino].

FRANKIE'S SWEET AND SOUR APRICOT CHICKEN

This is an adaptation of Frankie's original recipe.

½ k (1 lb) turkey/chicken
¾ cup chopped onion
¼ tsp salt
½ cup sliced celery
1 tsp sugar
2 Tbs soy sauce
½ cup juice of the apricots

1 Tbs oil
1 clove garlic, mashed
¼ cup sliced green pepper
½ cup water
2 Tbs cider vinegar
1 cup canned apricots
¼ cup slivered almonds, toasted lightly

Slice turkey into bite-sized strips.

In a wok heat oil and stir-fry onion, garlic and salt until translucent; add green pepper and celery and stir-fry 3 minutes. Add turkey and cook 3 minutes more. Add water, sugar, cider vinegar, soy sauce, apricots and juice and heat through while stirring. Serve immediately over boiled rice topped with the slivered almonds.

Frankie's the girl and Viv's the boy

Frankie (she's the girl and Viv's the boy) is a good cook and quite a few of the recipes in this book originate with her. This is one of the earliest recipes she gave me, at a time when Chinese cooking seemed so exotic.

One of the nicest stories is Frankie's part in Dad's and my decision to get married. Dad, Viv, Frankie and I, all studying at Natal University, spent a lot of time together; not only are Dad and Viv cousins, but Frankie and I were best friends and all four of us got on well together. Dad and I had a stormy relationship and we were constantly fighting and breaking up - one time I even threw Dad out of the car on, what he claims, was the coldest night in Durban for hundreds of years.

My parents were very controlling and didn't want me to go out with Dad, thinking him to be most unsuitable for their wonderful daughter - he was too leftist and apparently after my money! Although we had no intention of getting married, as a show of independence, I left home upholding my right to see Dad. But we still continued to fight and break up. One day Frankie asked me why I was feeling so miserable and then I realized it was because I was missing Anthony, with whom I had again broken up. Later that same day, while sitting in the university cafeteria, Dad asked me if I loved him, to which I replied 'yes' and so on the spot we decided to get married. (Things were much simpler in those days!). But who could we tell? Certainly not my parents. So we went to Frankie and she gave us a small bottle of dandelion wine and sent us to her room to celebrate!

CHICKEN IN PINEAPPLE

3 cups chicken stock
8 portions chicken

2 Tbs lemon juice

Sweet and Sour Sauce:

1 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
1 small red pepper, grated
1 small can pineapple chunks, drained reserving liquid
4 Tbs soy sauce

2 small onions, chopped
1 small green pepper, chopped
2 carrots, grated
3 Tbs vinegar
3 Tbs cornstarch

Heat stock with lemon juice; place chicken in stock and simmer 10 minutes until just tender. Drain, reserving liquid for soup. Cool chicken and remove flesh, shred finely.

Heat oil and stir-fry onion, garlic, green pepper, red pepper and carrot for 3 minutes. Add chicken, pineapple chunks, vinegar and soy sauce and stir. Mix cornstarch with 3/4 cup pineapple juice and add, stirring until thickened. Serve over angel's hair pasta. Serves 8.

Variation: To prepare with meat, cut meat into bite-sized pieces. Stir-fry for 2 minutes then add onion etc.

CHICKEN WITH CELERY AND MUSHROOMS

1 clove garlic, mashed
50 g (2 oz.) mushrooms
1 (1 lb) uncooked chicken, sliced thin
1 cup chicken stock

2 Tbs oil
3 ribs celery, chopped
1 Tbs soy sauce
1 Tbs cornstarch

Stir-fry garlic in hot oil for a few seconds; add mushrooms and celery and fry 3 minutes; add chicken and fry until it changes color. Add soy sauce and stock and heat through. Just before serving add cornstarch mixed with a little water and stir until thickened.

STIR-FRIED CHICKEN AND HOT PEPPERS

2-3 hot red peppers
2 chicken breasts, cut into strips
1 Tbs grated ginger
1/2 cup chicken stock
3 Tbs water

3 Tbs oil
2 cloves garlic, mashed
2 Tbs soy sauce
1 Tbs cornstarch
Salt and sugar to taste

Seed hot peppers and cut into strips. Heat 2 Tbs of the oil and fry peppers until they change color (about 1 minute); remove from pan. Heat remaining 1 Tbs oil, add chicken, garlic and ginger and stir-fry until meat loses its pinkness (2 minutes). Add peppers, and soy and cook for 1 minute. Stir in stock and heat quickly; cover and cook for a further 2 minutes. Meanwhile blend cornstarch and cold water, add to meat while stirring. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

Variation: For a milder version, replace hot peppers with 1 sweet red pepper adding a few flakes of hot red pepper to taste.

PAPERNA SATE

100 g (4 oz.) desiccated coconut
1½ k (3½ lb) chicken, boned
Freshly ground black pepper

1 cup water/½ water and ½ milk
1 tsp salt

Sauce:

4 Tbs peanut butter
1 onion, chopped
3 Tbs ketchup
1 tsp ground coriander
1 tsp chili powder
Juice of ½ lime

1 cup boiling water
1 clove garlic
2 Tbs soy sauce
1 tsp cumin
½ tsp ground ginger

Soak coconut in water for 15 minutes; blend in food processor. Use as is, or drain through muslin bag or cone-shaped coffee filter, squeezing out as much liquid as possible. Cut chicken into 2½ cm (1 inch) cubes. Combine salt, pepper and coconut milk; add chicken cubes and marinate for 1 hour.

Thread cubes on a skewer and grill, basting with marinade.

Place all sauce ingredients, except lime juice, in a blender and blend until smooth. Transfer to a saucepan; bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer 15 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in lime juice and spoon a little over each barbecued skewer, serving the remainder in a gravy dish.

Ilan is an excellent cook

Ilan Paperna is an excellent cook. In fact, Ilan is maddening in that he is expert at everything he does. After he borrowed a cookbook on Far Eastern dishes he returned it with this recipe for Sate tacked inside.

MRS. CHANG'S ROAST DUCK

1 duck
4 tomatoes
1 rice bowl of soy sauce
Ground black pepper

2 onions, sliced
2 Tbs oil
¾ cup red dry wine

Wash and dry duck. Fry onions and tomatoes in oil; place them in the duck, reserving some to place around the duck in a roasting tray. Pour the soy sauce (presumably 1 cup) and wine over the duck and season with pepper.

Cover duck and roast in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 1 hour. Turn duck over and roast for 40 minutes more. Reduce heat to (300°C/150°F) and continue roasting for one more hour, or until tender. Skim off fat and serve duck with gravy on a bed of rice. Serves 4.

Yes, we've been to Taiwan

Mr. Ping-Nat Chang was the Nationalist China Ambassador to the Bahamas and we enjoyed a cordial relationship. We told him how much we enjoyed our trip to Taiwan and our vivid impressions of the national museum (full of priceless treasures shlepped out by Chang Kai Shek before Taiwan broke away from Communist China), diplomatically keeping silent about our trip to Mainland China. His wife was rather shy and spoke limited English, but one evening while they were entertaining us at East Villa, she shared her recipe for duck with me.

CHINESE FRIED LIVER

If you still buy whole fresh chickens and are fortunate enough not to have a cholesterol problem, try this.

Marinate chicken livers (and hearts) in a mixture of soy sauce, ½ tsp ground dry ginger, pinch of cardamom and salt and pepper. Heat a small frying pan with enough oil to just cover the bottom of the pan. Dredge liver in cornstarch and fry over medium heat until crisp on all sides. Goes well with *Spicy Tofu and Vegetables* (see this chapter).

CHINESE BEEF STEW

Easy and delicious.

750 g (1 ¾ lb) stewing beef, cubed
2 onions, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
3 Tbs soy sauce
½ cup concentrated apple juice
Salt and pepper

2 Tbs oil
1 large carrot, cubed
2 sticks celery, sliced
1½ Tbs wine vinegar
1 tsp meat/chicken soup powder

Brown meat in hot oil. Remove meat from pan. Stir-fry onion, carrot, green pepper and celery until they change color. Add soy sauce, wine vinegar, apple juice, soup powder and salt and pepper. Stir well and cook slowly until tender, about 1½ hours. Adjust seasonings to taste. Serve with noodles and a green salad. Serves 4.

HALF-A-STEAK

What to do if you have one steak and you need supper for two?

1 steak
2 cloves garlic, mashed
Freshly ground black pepper
2 medium onions, sliced
½ cup thinly sliced celery
1 Tbs sherry
(Few drops sesame oil)

¼ cup soy sauce
2 Tbs coarsely grated fresh ginger
2 Tbs oil
1 green pepper, sliced
3 small fresh hot peppers/¼ tsp dried hot red pepper

Slice steak across the grain in thinnest manageable slices. Marinate in soy, garlic, ginger and black pepper. Stir-fry in hot oil until meat changes color; remove meat from pan and keep warm. Re-heat oil and fry onions for 2 minutes, then add green pepper and celery and stir-fry for 4 minutes; add hot peppers, one thinly sliced and two whole. Add marinade when vegetables stick to pan. Add meat and fry 2 minutes more, adding a few drops sesame oil at the end. Remove the whole peppers. Serve immediately, on a bed of rice, decorated with the hot pepper.

SUSHI

This is a simple introduction to sushi from *Japanese Cuisine for Everyone* by Yukike Moriyama to get you started. It is a great party food.

1 cup short grain rice
2 Tbs vinegar
1 tsp salt
soy sauce

1½ cups water
½ Tbs sugar
wasabi paste
(pickled ginger)

Wash rice in several changes of water. Drain and set aside for ½ hour. Place rice and water in a pot with cover. Bring to boil over medium heat. When it begins to boil, turn heat to high and cook for 1 minute. Turn heat to low and cook 4-5 minutes. Reduce flame to lowest heat for 10 minutes. Turn off heat and let rice stand, covered, for 10 minutes.

Place rice on a large tray. Sprinkle vinegar mixture generously over rice; you may not need all the vinegar mixture.

Under an electric fan mix rice with a large wooden spoon in wide sweeping motions. (Alternately, flap away with a hand fan.) This is to evaporate the extra liquid, not to cool the rice. Cover with a damp cloth until ready to use.

Meanwhile cut fish into 1 cm (3/8 inch) slices. Tuna, yellowtail, yellow jack, flounder, sardine, octopus, lightly cooked shrimp, mackerel, salted herring roe, smoked salmon and even pickled herring are suitable.

Prepare a mixture of 1 cup water and 1/3 cup vinegar. Wet both hands. Take a blob of rice (20 g or 2/3 oz) in right hand and mold into flattened egg-shape. Pick up one piece of sliced fish in the left hand and while still holding the rice-ball in the right hand, dip forefinger of right hand in wasabi and dab on fish. Lay the rice-ball on the fish, and apply slight pressure. Compress sides with right thumb and forefinger. Place sushi fish side up on plate. Decorate with green onion sliced lengthwise into a shower, slivers of carrots cut with a vegetable peeler or cut radish. Serve with wasabi paste, soy sauce and pickled ginger. The traditional way is for each person to make a mixture of the wasabi paste with soy sauce and dip the sushi in this.

Sushi mega-rolls

In Nassau Dad became adept at making Sushi. I would make the rice, fanning it cold the Japanese way, while Dad would combine the nori (only for the advanced sushi student) with rice, cucumber and other fillings. Aviv and I laughed at Dad's first attempts - 'mega-rolls' we called them. But Dad soon became adept with his tatami mat and figured out the correct proportion between rice and fillings.

4/5/89 A curry evening (no peppers
 to 3 peppers) with a few friends
 Aviva + Daks • Dani + Nirit Lerner
 Ann + Edi Waradon • George Kissel
 Uri + Efrat Prigal • Albert + Mira Kharari •
 Fey + Reg Morris • Amos Ofer • David and
 Haya Blum • Carmella + Dani Sagi • Tony
 and Carol Kessel • Avi + Dvora Barnes •
 Abraham + Zippy Stanger • Udi + Tami
 Haral • The food was delicious
 • Samosas • Curried fish (not
 successful) • Tandoori chicken
 Hot kebab (3 peppers) • 2 pepper
 chicken • 1 pepper kebab • 1 pepper
 Vegetable curry • no pepper dhal •
 + assortment of sambals etc
 etc • Last course • Ice cream with
 Ginger + fruit salad •
 A most enjoyable evening with
 tables outside in the "garden"
 and in spite of the number of people
 not crowded at all. The friends
 from the north fitted in very nicely •
 The next day - off to Sinai!

Ben Ami בן עמי

THIS WINE IS PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY ASKALON WINES
 750 ML 11%-12% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME PRODUCT OF ISRAEL



Samuel Bak שמואל בק

INDIAN

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NEPALI VEGETABLE CURRY

1 Tbs oil
1 bay leaf, broken
4 green chillies, chopped
1 Tbs grated ginger/1 tsp ground ginger
½ tsp turmeric
4 potatoes, cubed
2 cups peas
2 carrots, sliced
10 okra pods
1 Tbs chopped fresh coriander, to garnish

2 onions, chopped
½ tsp ground black pepper
6 cloves garlic, mashed
1 Tbs cumin powder
1 tsp salt
1 small cauliflower split into flowerets
6 tomatoes, quartered
100 g (4 oz.) mushrooms, quartered
(1 Tbs garam masala)

In a heavy saucepan heat oil and fry onion until translucent. Add bay leaf, black pepper, chillies, garlic, ginger, cumin, turmeric and salt. Stir in potatoes and fry, stirring frequently, until browned. Add remaining vegetables and a cup of hot water. Cook on low heat until vegetables are tender. Adjust seasonings. Just before serving add garam masala and sprinkle with fresh coriander.

Any combination of vegetables can be used. If using frozen vegetables, add them when potatoes begin to soften, then cook an additional 15 minutes.

We visit Nepal

In the late 70s Dad and I visited the Far East. Our first sight of the Himalayas was remarkable. As we looked from the plane's window, the rosy glow of the early morning sun lit up the snowy mountains below and we sat in awe as the pilot identified Mount Everest.

Because we had South African passports at the time, we were not allowed to visit India. But we felt sure we could get an authentic curry in Nepal. When our guide suggested we would not like to eat food from stalls on the street, we grandly waved aside his reservations, saying that we weren't like 'The Americans'. Why, we had eaten at street stalls all over the Far East and had not suffered any ill effect. But after a few hours walking through the streets of Katmandu, we changed our minds. Cows walked through town crapping everywhere; clouds of flies gathered around dirty children and on refuse in water running through the streets; little children stood in the sun and peered into each other's hair, looking for lice. We decided not only to eat exclusively in the hotel (terribly bland food) but wouldn't even buy bottled drinks from the street vendors, fearing they had filled the bottles with some local contaminated concoction.

Our driver took us to look at the mountains. On the way we stopped to see how the peasants laid stalks of wheat on the road, so that when cars and trucks drove over them, wheat was separated from the chaff. A little child, barely able to walk, was playing by the roadside. He looked up at me, froze in mid step and started screaming. This was many years before Nepal became popular, and when few 'white' people visited. In a reversal of the threats of my own childhood, was mine the face of the bogey man with which desperate mothers threatened their naughty children?

FRIED CARROTS IN YOGHURT

1 Tbs butter
1½ Tbs grated ginger
2 tsp sesame seeds
1 tsp turmeric
2 tsp coriander powder
1 tsp salt
Chopped coriander leaves to garnish

500 g carrots, sliced
4 cloves garlic, mashed
2 tsp poppy seeds
1 tsp cumin powder
½ tsp chili powder/paprika
1 cup yoghurt

In a heavy saucepan heat butter and saute carrots for a few minutes. Add ginger, garlic, sesame and poppy seeds and fry until golden. Stir in turmeric, cumin, coriander, chili and salt and fry for 2 minutes. Add yoghurt and cook on low heat until carrots are tender, adding a little water if necessary. Serve hot, sprinkled with coriander leaves.

Substitute or partially replace carrots with potatoes, sweet potatoes, parsnips or turnips.

GREEN BEAN CURRY

This is a dry curry, i.e. the beans don't float in gravy. It is, nonetheless, moist and tasty.

1 Tbs oil
2 Tbs chopped fresh coriander
1 tsp turmeric
1 tsp coriander powder
2 cups fresh green beans
¼ tsp black pepper
1 tsp garam masala

1 large onion, chopped
1 Tbs freshly grated ginger
½ tsp cumin powder
½ tsp chili powder/paprika
½ tsp salt
1 Tbs lemon juice

In a heavy saucepan heat oil over medium heat and fry onion, fresh coriander, and ginger until golden. Add turmeric, cumin, coriander powder, chili and fry a few minutes more, stirring frequently. Add green beans and salt and pepper, mix thoroughly and cover tightly. Cook gently over low heat until green beans change color. To serve, sprinkle with lemon juice and garam masala. Serve with rice. Makes an excellent vegetarian main course.

Substitute: Green peas and tomatoes for green beans.

PUMPKIN CURRY

When my Nassau vegetable garden was successful I was forced to find recipes for the profusion of vegetables outside my bedroom window. I needed a lot of recipes for pumpkin!

1 k chopped raw pumpkin
2 medium onions, thinly sliced
1 Tbs oil
2 tsp hot Madras curry

6 Tbs water
1 large clove garlic, mashed
2 tsp ground cumin
½ cup raisins

Place pumpkin and water in a saucepan. Cover and cook over moderate heat for 20 minutes, mashing pumpkin down occasionally to reduce it to a thick puree. Remove from heat. In another saucepan fry onions and garlic in oil until soft. Stir in cumin and curry and cook until onions are brown. Stir in pumpkin and raisins and simmer uncovered for 5 minutes.

CAULIFLOWER AND COCONUT FROM MY TREE, CURRY

100 g (4 oz.) fresh coconut	1 cup (chicken) stock
1 medium cauliflower	2 large green peppers
1 Tbs oil	1 large onion, thinly sliced
½ tsp chili powder/cayenne pepper	1 tsp paprika
1 tsp fresh ginger/½ tsp ground ginger	1 tsp garam masala

Grate coconut and soak in stock for 30 minutes. Break cauliflower into small flowerets. Cut peppers into strips.

In a heavy saucepan, heat oil and fry onion until translucent. Add chili, paprika and ginger and cook until onions are brown. Stir in cauliflower and green pepper. Pour in coconut stock and bring to boil. Cover and cook on moderate heat for 20 minutes.

Add garam masala just before serving.

Jelly coconuts

Coconuts are not endemic to the Bahamas but they flourish everywhere and look so beautiful with their fronds swaying against the blue sky. In September the coconuts look like heavy clusters of pumpkins bunched below the fronds. At sunset the trees are aglow with golden coconuts that appear to be on fire.

Although we like to eat mature coconuts when they are dry, the people of the Caribbean prefer jelly coconuts. While the mature coconut is high in saturated fats, the milk from jelly coconuts has very little saturated fat. When the coconut is still green they drink the milk then eat the jelly coconut which is just like its name, a (disgusting) gelatinous mass. 'Gin and Coconut Water' is one of the most popular local drinks in Nassau.

Dad needed little urging to go, with cutlass in hand, to one of our trees fringing the pool, cut down a coconut and then hack at the fibrous covering to get at the firm white flesh inside. Locals would hold the coconut in one hand and hack at it with the cutlass, but I've seen Aviv Ron, with patience and determination open one with a little pen knife.

RED LENTIL DHAL

1 Tbs oil	2 medium onions, thinly sliced
1 large clove garlic, mashed	2 tsp cumin seeds/1 tsp ground cumin
2 tsp hot Madras curry	2 tsp ground coriander
100 g (4 oz.) red lentils	1 piece cinnamon stick/½ tsp ground cinnamon
8 cloves	3 cups stock
2 bay leaves	1 Tbs tomato paste
2 tomatoes, skinned and chopped	

Rinse lentils and remove any stones.

In a heavy saucepan heat oil; cook onion, garlic and cumin seeds until onion is soft. Stir in curry and coriander and cook until onions are brown. Stir in lentils, cinnamon and cloves and cook for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add stock and bring to boil. Add bay leaves and tomato paste; cover and simmer for about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add chopped tomatoes and cook 15 minutes more.

Note: If using brown or yellow split peas, add chopped spinach and coriander leaves.

TANDOORI CHICKEN

Prepare Tandoori Paste as in *Tandoori Chicken* (see Barbecue), but remove skin and prick meat well. Place on wire rack over a pan of water. Bake in a preheated moderate oven, (180°C/325°F), for 1½ hours, basting with marinade.

RON LIVINGSTON'S CURRY

1 chicken	1 Tbs oil
1 large onion, chopped	2 cloves garlic, mashed
3 cloves	1 tsp turmeric
1 long stick cinnamon	¼ tsp cayenne pepper
½ inch piece of fresh ginger	2 heaped tsp curry powder
½ tsp cumin seeds	½ tsp salt
1/8 tsp ground black pepper	400 g (14 oz.) canned tomatoes/4 large tomatoes
3 Tbs tomato paste	quartered
1 medium green apple, grated	3 Tbs garam masala, heaped
(1 Tbs lemon juice, particularly for meat curries - Ron's mother's addition to the original recipe)	

Joint chicken. Heat oil in a heavy saucepan. Stir-fry onion and garlic until golden. Add cloves, turmeric, cinnamon, cayenne pepper, ginger and stir-fry for 1 minute; add curry powder, cumin, salt and pepper and stir-fry a few seconds more. Add chopped tomatoes and their juice, tomato paste and grated apple. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add jointed chicken (or meat if preferred), cover with water and cook until liquid is thick and meat tender (¾ hour for chicken, 1½ hours for meat). Add water as necessary. Just before serving add garam masala or lemon juice.

A tidal-like wave in Nassau

On a sunny day in Nassau in November 1991, when the sky was blue-blue and not a breath of wind stirred, a series of waves came to our shores all the way from Bermuda, where Hurricane Grace had raged. As the tide rose, wave after wave crashed into Coral World, smashing everything in its path and hurling boulders and tons of sand everywhere. The trauma resulted not only from the enormous damage to the physical plant of Coral World, but also from shock and bitterness as we felt that all our efforts during the previous year had been literally swept out to sea. In his usual creative style Dad turned what might have been disheartening and depressing into an opportunity in which every Coral World worker felt as if s/he was a vital member of a team, with renewed commitment to her/his place of work.

Ron Livingston

The insurance adjuster for Coral World was Ron Livingston. Short, dark, cocky, very intelligent, chauvinistic and right-wing - and yet utterly charming and excellent company. He took on the insurance companies and bettered them at their own game.

Ron like Dad is a curry lover and they often conducted business in Indian restaurants. In Nassau Dad prepared curry for Ron at our house. Some months later, on the way back from the family reunion skiing in France, we overnighted in Orlando and stayed with Ron and his wife Susan and their two dogs. In between talk on bridge, Israel and various disasters, Susan prepared their family curry and shared this recipe.

CHICKEN VINDALOO

8 portions chicken	2 Tbs curry powder
1 hot chili thinly sliced/1 tsp chili powder	2 Tbs vinegar
1 tsp salt	6 Tbs oil plus
1 tsp Colman's mustard	4 bay leaves
1 tsp green cardamom seeds/½ tsp cardamom powder	2 large onions, sliced
2 tsp turmeric	1 tsp cayenne powder
10 cloves garlic, mashed	2 Tbs fresh ginger, coarsely grated
3 ripe medium tomatoes, coarsely grated	½ cup water
6 dried apricots, chopped	½ tsp lemon juice
Grated coconut or coriander to garnish	

With a sharp knife make gashes in chicken meat. Combine curry, chili, vinegar and salt and rub paste into chicken. Set aside for at least one hour.

In a heavy saucepan heat oil over moderate heat. Add dried mustard, bay leaves, cardamom and onion and fry until light brown. Add turmeric and cayenne (and more chilies if you are brave) and chicken. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring frequently to coat chicken with spices.

Add garlic, ginger, tomatoes and cook 10 minutes more. When the fat starts separating, add chopped apricots, lemon juice and water. Stir, cover and cook for a further 20 minutes or until tender. Serve with yoghurt-based sambals to counter the hotness. Delicious.

The curry is never hot enough

I love challenges; I love the test of skills, the effort and the flush of satisfaction on achieving my goal. Of course I don't always succeed and one of my consistent failures is my attempt to make a curry so hot that Dad can't eat it. I stand by the steaming pot, and with grim determination triple and quadruple quantities of chili, garlic and ginger, coughing and sweating as the curried steam swirls around my head and catches in my throat. I rush into the garden and gleefully pick a hot jalapeno pepper or two and throw it in, certain that this time I will succeed. But alas, the verdict is always the same.... "Mmmmmm, it's good." Never what I dream to hear "Wow! It's hot!"

FRAGRANT YELLOW CHICKEN

This recipe is from the most useful *How to make Good Curries* by Helen Lawson. Easy to prepare, the chicken smells wonderful and is most attractive, a bright yellow.

1 Tbs butter	3 medium onions, sliced
2 cloves garlic, mashed	2 whole cloves
4 cardamom pods	1 stick of cinnamon
1 Tbs grated ginger/1 tsp ground ginger	2 tsp ground coriander
¾ tsp turmeric	¾ tsp ground cumin
1 tsp ground chilies	8 portions chicken
1 cup chicken soup	Salt
2 Tbs powdered milk/1 cooked turnip mashed in a little water	

Melt butter in a heavy saucepan and fry onions, garlic, cloves and cardamom pods until onions begin to brown. Stir in remaining spices, then add chicken and fry, turning the chicken until yellow all over. Add chicken soup and bring to simmering point. Cover and simmer for about 1 hour. Remove from heat and stir in milk dissolved in a little water. Serve with boiled rice and *Tomato Salad* (see Salads), for good color contrast.

Durban revisited

Returning to South Africa after many years, we were amazed at how exotic Durban was with its subtropical climate, incredible beach front and mix of people. Wandering through the Indian market, with our noses itching from all the different spices, I was saddened that growing up we had taken all this in our stride, unaware of the uniqueness of the setting. One of my favorite pastimes is 'chatting up' the locals and this recipe was gleaned from a man who owned a spice shop. Between helping his customers, he told us how to make a good curry. The various Indian women, decked in saris would tell him what they needed and he would mix a little of this and a lot of that from enormous plastic bowls of turmeric, coriander, ginger and chili, while we watched quite fascinated.

DAD'S CURRY

1 k meat (stewing meat/goat/lamb)	1/3 cup vinegar
3 cloves garlic, mashed	2 onions, chopped
2 Tbs grated ginger/2 heaped tsp ground ginger	1 Tbs oil
2 finely chopped chilies/1 tsp chili powder	1 Tbs ground coriander
1 tsp cumin	1 heaped Tbs curry
4 bay leaves	4 tomatoes, chopped
Chopped fresh coriander	Salt and pepper

Cut meat into large cubes. Marinade meat overnight in vinegar, garlic, onion and ginger. Drain the meat, reserving marinade. Heat oil and fry chilies, coriander, cumin, curry, and bay leaves then sear the meat. When brown, add tomatoes and reserved marinade. Cook on low heat for 1½ hours or until tender, adding more water if gravy evaporates. Serves 6 (or 1 Dad + 1 Aviv).

Note by Dad: The above recipe is what Mommy thinks is Dad's curry recipe. Although it's a very good recipe it bears little resemblance to the genuine article. The true recipe will have to wait until I write my cookbook. I have started collecting my recipes for this event. So far I have one.

A clean cook

When Aviv and Orna visited us in Nassau, Dad made his special curry for them. It seemed an opportune time for me to get the recipe out of him. This was his reply (verbatim): "Dad's curry recipe? Top secret! Not to be divulged.....Note the cleaning of the dishes as I go along. [Wipe wipe, wash, wash.] Not like some other messy cooks we know. [As he wipes the bubbling pot and the stove around it, I'm doubled up with laughter, saying that we need a video to record this as no-one will believe it.] The secret dies with me!"

SAMBALS AND CHUTNEYS

Sambals and chutneys are essential accompaniments to curry. Here is a small selection of some of our favorites.

VEGETABLE SAMBAL: Dice tomato, cucumber and green onion into small pieces. Finely chop onion. Add oil and lemon juice and either mint or coriander leaves.

CUCUMBER: Peel and slice cucumber; mix with yoghurt/sour cream and sprinkle with paprika.

PRUNES IN YOGHURT: Cover prunes with yoghurt. Marinate overnight if possible. Excellent.

ONION AND GREEN PEPPER:

2 onions, finely sliced
1 small green pepper, chopped in small pieces
1 tsp freshly grated ginger

1 clove garlic, mashed
Juice of 1 lemon/lime
Salt and pepper

Mix together all ingredients. Remains wonderfully crisp even the following day.

APPLE IN LIME DRESSING: Beat 1 Tbs oil with 1 Tbs lime juice. Core 2 red-skinned apples and cut into slices. Arrange overlapping slices on dish. Sprinkle with dressing.

TOMATO BANANA CHUTNEY: Combine equal amounts of chopped tomato and banana. Add a very finely chopped green chili, salt, lemon juice and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Use the same day.

FRESH MINT CHUTNEY:

100 g (4 oz.) fresh mint leaves
1 fresh green chili
½ tsp salt

1 small onion, finely chopped
1 tsp sugar
Juice of ½ lemon

In a food processor chop mint, onion and chili. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice. Let stand a few hours before using.

* Continued *

She's a little white

One year, Frankie and I visited Durban at the same time. Between endless hours of talking and catching up, we visited Field Street, the Indian part of town, to have a good curry. At restaurant after restaurant we were politely informed that we would not be allowed to enter - this was still in the days of apartheid, when people of different races were not allowed to eat together, especially if liquor was served on the premises. At one restaurant when we questioned why we were refused entry, the waiter said that I was okay, only my friend (pointing to Frankie) was 'a little on the white side'. Of course that was when to getting black as possible was deemed most attractive, before the days of depleted ozone layers, sunscreens and wrinkles! When we did finally find a place to eat we were most uncomfortable as we realized that a (white) man had followed us for quite some time and was sitting opposite us as we ate. Spies we would never be!

ROBERT MCNDAY
WOODBIDGE.



1992

California

CHARDONNAY

Nov 3, 1994. Pineapple. In honor of Dalia Landani.
Present: Mac, Vanda + Hanan, Hank + Penny Kenezeig,
Clive and Lise Bamfield, Calvin + Jeanette Bastian,
Adriane Dondley, Neil + Trudy Pryor.
Curried Apple Soup, Breadsticks,
Tandori, Curried Pickled Fish, Pineapple
in green peppercorns + passion fruit
jelly, Mos Rixe Crespere biscuits.
To our surprise everyone knew each
other - a delightful relaxed evening
as people grouped + regrouped
moving inside and out. Most
Successful.

WINE: Very good!

VINO FINO DE MESA

Elaborado con uvas: Cabernet Sauvignon, Malbec, Merlot, Tinto fino y Albillo



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El Presidente

Samuel Alonso

VALBUENA DE DUERO (Valladolid) España

1983

*Summer '85
The start of our love affair
with Spanish wine
Campastello in Spain*



Guatemala 1-3 Aug 90.

*Celebrating wonderful days in
Mayan country visiting Tikal -
enormous stone monuments in
jungle, temples, altar,
ball courts, and cocoa money -
if you're rich enough you can
drink cocoa bean money!
Then to Santa Elena on Lake
Peten - eat at Mesas de las
Mayas - and real toucan!
Then over rutted road to
Sapicho and onto boat*

MEXICAN

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BASIC BLACK BEANS, CUBAN STYLE

Enjoy these beans as soup (see below), over rice for a satisfying vegetarian meal, or as a side dish with roasted chicken or meat. This is also the basis for *Refried Beans* (see this chapter). If black beans are unavailable, use red pinto beans. Freezes well.

Basic Black Beans:

500 g (1 lb) dry black beans
1 large green pepper, seeded
1 Tbs olive oil
4 cloves garlic, mashed
1 rib celery, finely chopped
¼ tsp dried oregano
1 tsp ground cumin
2 Tbs dry sherry/wine vinegar

1 peeled whole onion
10 cups chicken broth/water
2 large onions, finely chopped
1 large green pepper, finely chopped
¼ tsp black pepper
1 bay leaf
2 Tbs vinegar

Rinse beans and soak a few hours in plenty of salted water. When they are 'plump', drain and rinse. Place in large pot with whole onion and pepper and boil in chicken broth for about 1½ hours until tender. The mixture should be soupy. Remove onion and green pepper. Add remaining ingredients to bean mixture; simmer for about 1 hour more until beans are soft.

Serve over rice, garnished with chopped coriander. Serves 12.

Gilberto and Lazaro on Cuban life

Gilberto, the Cuban Government tourist representative, was responsible for Bahamian arrivals in Havana. He was tall, thin and with protruding eyes. It was his job to get us through customs and explain the vagaries of Cuban life. We soon became friends and enjoyed meeting him on our frequent trips from Nassau.

Gilberto and our other good friend, the Cuban Ambassador to the Bahamas, Lazaro Cabezas, were pragmatists. They well understood that communism in Cuba was ending. At our house in Nassau, Cabezas explained, while drinking strong cups of Cuban coffee, smoking Cuban cigars and drinking wonderful Cuban rum, that America has moved from the concept of each man for himself to more socialist concepts in health, welfare and education. Just as America has arrived at the center of the political line, so will Cuba have to reach this moderate middle, he maintained, but from a communist starting point. We hope they succeed.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

When the beans prepared as above are very soft, add 2 large chopped tomatoes and cook, uncovered, for 30 minutes more. The soup should be thick. Season to taste and served with chopped coriander.

For a creamy soup, puree either all or three quarters of the beans. Reheat, adjust seasonings and garnish with lemon wedges and a dollop of yoghurt.

MOORS AND CHRISTIANS

This is the Cuban version of peas and rice.

2 cups cooked black beans, with liquid
2 cloves garlic, mashed
2 cups rice
¼ tsp freshly ground pepper

1 Tbs canola oil
1 tsp ground cumin
½ tsp salt
4 cups water

Drain beans, reserving the liquid. Add enough water to bean liquid to make 4½ cups. Wipe a heavy pot with oil. Heat and stir-fry garlic and cumin; add rice and stir-fry a few minutes more. Add liquid, beans, salt and pepper; stir and cover. Reduce heat and cook on low heat for about 40 minutes until all the water is absorbed. Switch off heat.

The Cabezas in Barbados

When we left the Bahamas we lost contact with our friends, Sylvia and Lazaro Cabezas, Cuban Ambassador to the Caribbean. Two years later, on a business trip to Barbados, Dad and I returned to the hotel to find Lazaro and their son Lisandro standing in the hotel lobby. What a happy reunion we had. Lazaro headed the first Cuban Embassy to Barbados and the family, including Clara (Sylvia's mother), were living there. Other Cuban friends Batista and his family were also living in Barbados. It was Lazaro's birthday and Clara prepared lunch. We ate stewed chicken and delicious black beans and then we toasted Lazaro on his birthday with South African wine. How our worlds have changed.

REFRIED BEANS

2½ cups black/pinto beans
Chicken stock to cover

1 onion
(2 Tbs melted butter/margarine)

Rinse beans and soak overnight in plenty of salted water. When they are 'plump', drain. Place beans and onion in a large pot and add enough chicken stock or water to cover well. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer until beans are very tender and mash easily, about 2½ hours.

Drain, reserving 1 cup of the liquid. Mash beans with a potato masher or blend coarsely in a food processor. (Add 2 Tbs melted margarine or butter at this stage.) Return mixture to pan, add ¼ cup of reserved liquid and mix. Cook until almost dry; add another ¼ cup liquid, repeating procedure until all liquid is absorbed. Adjust seasonings. Serve with rice, tacos or grilled chicken. Serves 8.

Note: To prepare Refried Beans with canned beans, drain 2 cans of beans, reserving liquid. In 2 Tbs oil fry until translucent 1 large chopped onion, 1 mashed clove garlic and 2 tsp chili powder. Add beans and mash well. Add enough chicken stock to reserved liquid to make up 1 cup. Add ¼ cup of liquid to beans, stir and cook until dry. Repeat procedure using all the liquid.

GUACAMOLE

2 avocado pears	3 Tbs lime/lemon juice
2 medium tomatoes, skinned and finely chopped	2 cloves garlic, mashed
1/3 cup finely sliced green onion/chopped onion	2 Tbs chopped coriander
1 small fresh hot chili, seeded and chopped/few drops Tabasco	
Salt and pepper	

This guacamole is chunky not mashed. Gently combine all ingredients; place in refrigerator for about 30 minutes to let flavors blend. Adjust seasonings.

You can prepare all ingredients, except avocados, beforehand. Just prior to serving chop avocados and add, carefully tossing salad. Adjust seasonings.

MEXICAN TOMATO SAUCE FOR NACHOS

1 cup finely chopped onion	2 cloves garlic, mashed
3 cups finely chopped tomatoes	1 cup water
Salt and pepper	½ tsp cumin
1 Tbs chopped coriander	2 Tbs dry red wine
1 can tomato paste	¼ tsp chili powder

Place all ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to boil and cook for 10 minutes. Serve warm with tortilla chips, nachos or as a side dish with chili.

Variation: Heat any leftover sauce over high heat to reduce liquid. Add pieces of cubed fish or whole shrimp and cook gently for 5 minutes. Stir in 2 Tbs yoghurt and serve over rice.

VEGETARIAN BEAN CHILI

Easy and quick to prepare, it's great for parties.

1 Tbs salad oil	4 large onions, chopped
1 large green pepper, chopped	1 heaped tsp mustard powder
1 Tbs chili powder/2 chopped hot peppers	1 Tbs ground cumin
1 tsp cocoa powder/instant coffee	½ tsp ground cinnamon
1 small can tomato paste	500 g (1 lb) canned tomatoes
3 cans black beans, undrained	½ cup water
Salt and pepper	

Wipe a large, heavy pot with oil. Over medium-low heat fry onion, green pepper and hot pepper, stirring to prevent burning. Add mustard powder, chili powder, cumin, cocoa, and cinnamon and cook for a few minutes, stirring frequently. Add tomato paste and cook until it starts to smell sweet. Add tomatoes (breaking them up with spoon if whole) with juice, beans with liquid, and water. Reduce heat and cook uncovered on low heat for about 30 minutes, until most of liquid evaporates and chili becomes thick. Stir frequently to prevent burning. Season lightly with salt and pepper. To serve see *Taco Assembly Line* (below). Serves 10-12.

Note: 1. To make a smaller amount, use 1-2 onions, 1-2 cans beans, 1 small can tomatoes, but leave other ingredients the same.

2. If black beans are unavailable, use red kidney beans or a combination of what's at hand.

* Continued *

Chocolate in Mexican food

Steve Schafer is justly proud of his meat chili, the secret ingredient of which is chocolate. The best vegetarian chili I've tasted was made by Lottie Reijzer, and eaten by Vered and me while visiting her in Holland. Here is another vegetarian version and the secret of its wonderful flavor is the cocoa powder. When Dad and I travelled in Mexico we were constantly fearful of getting Montezuma's revenge. Eating in markets and at fairs we were fine, but one evening we ate at a posh restaurant in Oaxaca. Dad tried Chicken in Mole Sauce. The secret ingredient was not little moles but very rich chocolate, and Dad was sick for days afterwards! You won't find Chicken in Mole Sauce here (Dad won't let me make it), but do add a bit of chocolate to your chili.

TACO ASSEMBLY LINE

Bean Chili is an easy party dish. Start with *Gazpacho* or *Papaya Gazpacho* (see Soups) and conclude with *Creme Caramel* or *CIA's Dairy Dessert* (see Desserts) made with tropical fruit juice.

Place bowls of chili, tacos or tortillas, guacamole, shredded lettuce, finely chopped tomato salad with chopped coriander, canned sweet corn, yoghurt and/or Cheddar cheese, hot salsa, and boiled rice on the table and let the guests make their own combinations, wrapped in tacos or tortillas or on a plate with the tortillas on the side. For a meat dish, make *Picadillo* meat sauce (see below) and serve with *Refried Beans* (see above), or just add it to the dishes in the taco assembly line.

Dad and I always start this meal with a discussion about the correct order of layering the ingredients on the taco or tortilla. Not only can we never agree, but I suspect our order changes from time to time!

CALABACITA - ZUCCHINI, CORN AND PEPPERS

1 Tbs oil
250 g (8 oz.) zucchini, sliced
¼ red pepper, chopped
½ medium onion, chopped
2 pinches dried oregano
Fresh coriander to garnish

1 clove garlic, mashed
150 g (5 oz.) fresh/frozen sweet corn
¼ medium green pepper, chopped
2 tomatoes, chopped
Salt and pepper

Wipe a heavy frying pan with oil and heat. Add all the vegetables and seasonings. Cook for about 7 minutes, until vegetables are tender. Season to taste and decorate with coriander.

STUFFED CHAYOTE

4 chayote (Christophenes)
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 large tomato, chopped
100 g (4 oz.) grated Cheddar cheese

1 Tbs corn oil
1 clove garlic, mashed
2 eggs, beaten
8 Tbs Parmesan cheese

Place chayote in saucepan and cover with boiling salted water. Cook for about 25-30 minutes until tender. Drain. When cool cut each chayote in half and remove seed with a small spoon. The seed is considered a delicacy and is given to the chef (to eat). Scoop out flesh, leaving about a thumbnail of flesh behind. Chop scooped out flesh.

Heat oil and cook onion and garlic until translucent. Add tomato and cook for 5 minutes. In a bowl combine eggs, cheese, chopped chayote, and cooked onion. Fill chayote with mixture and top with Parmesan. Bake in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/350°F until brown.

Note: Dad loves chayote when it is peeled and thinly sliced, then boiled until soft. I like fresh, raw, peeled chayote diced in salads; it has a great crunchy kohlrabi-like taste.

Ted and Mary Ellen

Although our lives are intimately connected with the sea, we are not seafaring people, mainly because Dad hates the idea of being cooped up on a boat. I love boats; I am fascinated by their compactness and efficiency; I like the way that only essentials are present on board - a self-contained unit free to roam the world. Ted and Mary Ellen live and work on boats. In fact we met when they were living on Morris' boat in Miami. We first ate chayote (a hard green pear-shaped vegetable of the squash family) when we crewed Ted and Marie-Ellen's boat, from St Thomas to St Lucia. Dad and Moran got off at St. Maarten, but Vered, Aviv and I continued to St Lucia.

It was supposed to be a leisurely trip but Ted was a hard task-master, making us sail throughout the night. He put us on 2-hour shifts as we sailed through the night. Vered and Aviv loved their shifts together, listening to the Rocky Horror Show in the dark. For Dad and me it was a harrowing experience. Quite inexperienced, we had to peer at the radar screen in the darkened room and make sure the boat was on course and nothing was coming our way. Of course we had a great time. Aviv caught an enormous dolphin fish (Mahi-Mahi, not the mammal). Vered gave Aviv and I crewcuts; even weeks later our hair was standing on end. The weather was wonderful; calm ink-blue seas and cooling winds together with the swish swish of the boat cutting through the waves, a counterpoint to our chores aboard. Mary-Ellen was an excellent cook and baked dolphin with chayote for a sumptuous meal.

Eight years later Ted and Mary Ellen, visited Coral World Nassau, and we renewed our friendship. They had left the charter business and were captain and crew for the owners of an enormous (87-foot) sport fishing boat. They both looked just the same, although eight years had passed. When I tried to encourage them to stay on for a day so we would have more time to spend together, Mary Ellen said "You know Ted. If the weather is good, he goes" and I had to laugh, remembering our trip to St Lucia, and replied, "No, when Ted decides to go, he goes, no matter what the weather."

At the time of completing this book they had left the sea and had bought a small inn, The Great Outdoors Inn in Miami Springs. But the call of the sea and the constant challenges it provides proved too strong, and they returned to the sea.

SALMON EN SALSA VERDE

2 large (un-skinned) salmon fillets
¼ cup thinly sliced green onions
1/3 cup loosely packed chopped fresh coriander

¼ cup lime juice
1 jalapeno (hot) chili, seeded and finely chopped
2 Tbs olive oil

Lay fillets, skin sides down in a baking dish. Drizzle 2 Tbs of the lime juice over fillets. In a small bowl combine remaining lime juice, green onions, chili, coriander and olive oil. Spread ¼ cup of mixture over a fillet, lay the other fillet, skin side up, atop first. (It may be covered and refrigerated for up to a day at this point.)

Bake uncovered in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 35 minutes until fish is just slightly translucent. Spoon remaining salsa over individual servings.

PICADILLO - SPICED MEAT SAUCE

In 1989 on our way to work in the Bahamas, we visited Guatemala. We enjoyed the food thoroughly and wanted to make some of the delicious food at home. Although there are many Mexican restaurants there were few Mexican cookbooks in print then. This recipe is from *Mexican Cooking* by Carolyn Dehnel.

1 Tbs oil
(1-2 chopped jalapeno peppers, for a fiery taste)
400 g (14 oz.) canned tomatoes, undrained
2 Tbs red wine vinegar
1 tsp ground cinnamon
1/8 tsp ground cloves

1 medium onion, chopped
600 g (1 lb) minced meat
175 g (6 oz.) tomato paste
2 Tbs chili powder (more for spicier taste)
1 tsp ground cumin
(1/3 cup raisins)

In a heavy frying pan, heat oil and fry onion (and jalapenos) over medium heat until very soft; increase heat, add meat and fry until pinkness disappears. Add remaining ingredients, and simmer uncovered for 1 hour.

Vered a bunny?

While Vered was studying Economics and French at Tel Aviv University she worked as a waitress to help support herself. When she worked at a cafe or a pizza restaurant we listened with interest to her stories. But when she worked in Israel's (then) only Mexican Restaurant we went to check her waitress skills. We were most disappointed when the restaurant closed down. Her waitress career ended when, after moving to another restaurant, the restaurateur demanded that the waitresses wear big bows on their bottoms. She refused and looked for other work. She eventually got a job as a business consultant at Shaldor, where she continued to work until she and her husband, Aviv Ron, went to Columbia University in New York to get their MBA degrees.

* Continued *

Cuba!

12-15th September 1991

Cuba! Our first visit took place when Russia was drastically cutting back aid to Cuba, one of the last bastions of communism, and rumors of the imminent collapse of this endangered island abounded, especially among the emigre community in Miami. Our first surprise was that we were free to walk and drive wherever we chose. We also spoke freely (as our limited Spanish allowed) to people in the streets and were welcomed into many houses. There were very few policemen or soldiers to be seen - obviously the regime feels very secure.

Walking through towns and villages we felt like Rip Van Winkle, except that the towns had been asleep for forty years while our lives had continued unabated. In Cardenas, the port through which most of the sugar to Russia is exported, stately colonnaded buildings are unpainted; along wide streets move mostly bicycles and trucks, horse drawn carriage-taxis and occasionally old cars. Someone remarked that in America only the very rich can afford these fishtail cars from the fifties and humpbacked ones from an even earlier age, but here they belong to the poor. Shops are either closed or, if open, have few items to sell.

Choice, which we consider an essential part of democratic life, is unknown - you buy what there is, when there is. Almost everything is rationed, including bread, rice, gasoline and shoes. In this country which produces the best cigars in the world, tobacco has been recently rationed and we were often asked for cigarettes. Milk is not rationed, but even worse, the supply is limited. So Adela, the librarian at the Havana Synagogue, now has to get up at 4.00 am instead of 6.00 am to stand in line for one of the 96 quart bottles of milk available daily in her area. In Cardenas we watched fascinated as a stream of old people came into a dairy; one old man bought milk, the others exchanged bottles of soured milk for fresh. The only other things displayed were tinned orange juice and canned milk for babies. Later we saw unrefrigerated milk cans being transported by open truck and understood why milk sours so quickly.

The roads in Cuba are generally very good, so on our way to Jovenallos, a nearby town, when the road became very rutted we stopped to ask directions from a line of men squatting alongside a low-slung building. On one side of the road was a large enclosed plot, possibly an abattoir, and on the other side a few houses and two shops. One shop, except for an old fashioned scale and a few metal baskets, was completely empty. The young woman who ran the shop told us she sold food. What did she sell today? Nothing. Yesterday? Nothing. Tomorrow? Also nothing. "Yes," she smiled "Yes, next week I will have what to sell." In the other dingy shop a young man sold lemonade. He had only four glasses so we had to drink in turns. He was afraid to accept our American money, and we, who didn't have other money, stood there trying to persuade him otherwise. Eventually another man came into the shop and paid for us; only when we insisted did he take the proffered money in its stead. The young woman from the first shop followed us and when we peered into her mother's house they both invited us to come in and sit down, which we did in beautiful rattan-backed chairs. They immediately offered us coffee. This friendliness and hospitality, despite the meager means, was the norm during the three days we wandered through buildings and houses.

But I do not want to romanticize poverty. Housing is appalling by our standards. Houses and flats are subdivided into one or two bedroom units, depending on the size of the family.

*** Continued ***

Applications are made through one's place of work and allocated according to greatest need. Although each apartment is appraised when one enters, rent is a flat 10% of one's salary; when the appraised amount is paid in rent, one takes ownership of the apartment. We saw people living in crumbling buildings supported by wooden frames, seemingly unsafe to walk past, never mind to live in. In old apartment buildings each family haphazardly strung wires to the electricity boxes at the entrance, leaving the wires bare - Hevrat Hashmal would have a heart attack! Parents, children and grandchildren often live together. Despite the overcrowding, retired parents are an asset, playing an important role in Cuba - they stand in line.

In Jovenallos, school had just finished and groups of neatly dressed young children in clean uniforms with little scarves around their necks thronged the streets. A group of very young children were ushered to a cafeteria for the daily meal. We weren't allowed to enter, but the meal appeared to be rice in milk, avocado and ? The older children wanted Chiclets and to be photographed. They asked if we were Russians! Evidently the only non-Spanish speaking people they had met were from Russia. Cuba's two great achievements are education and good medical services, freely and promptly available. We met a man in Havana who needed a delicate eye operation. He said that he was operated on a week after he processed the necessary papers.

In Jovenallos we wandered into a house and were greeted by about eight people sitting in a high-ceilinged hallway. A young man who wanted dollars peeled the necessary pesos from an extremely thick wad of money. The local joke is that people don't work but have money and don't have food but are fat (we saw very little evidence of the latter!). At a local cafeteria a woman was served a piece of toasted bread with a miserable looking sausage in it, with nothing else on the side. In a country so fertile we were constantly amazed by the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables. When we asked for drinks the waitress said she didn't have any. Thinking it was one of the vagaries of Cuban life that a place served food but no drinks, we asked where could we buy refreshments. The nearest place was 26 kms away, in Varadero, the tourist town where we were staying.

Tourists live a very different life from the Cubans. They stay in hotels that are off-limits to the local people. Meat, fish and seafood are readily available in tourist restaurants. Tourists can only buy in designated tourist shops with dollars or special tourist money. The peso is artificially rated at one to a dollar, but on the black market it is worth about ten times that amount. In contrast to the neglected appearance of most buildings, public monuments and tourist-related buildings are painted, often the only splash of color besides the tree-lined streets. In Havana, in honor of the Pan American Games held a few weeks ago, a section of the Mal'econ, the boulevard fronting the sea, was painted in the most lurid colors, purple, green, pink and yellow - surely the cheapest paint at some End Of Year Sale.

On Saturday morning Anthony and I went to the synagogue, an imposing building behind the Berthold Brecht Theater. (Locals tell you how to get to the synagogue when you ask for the theater.) Adela, the librarian was our source of information. Today there are about 1,000 Jews on the island, mostly intermarried. The others have fled to the USA. Jews in Cuba are free to worship although organized religion was discouraged and religious Cubans of any denomination are not allowed to be members of the party. (This changed a few years later.) The Jewish community sold the (Berthold Brecht) building to the government and this money is used to support 4 community workers, including the librarian, a custodian of the building,

the man who leads the services and a shochet. Although meat is severely rationed, meat and poultry, when available, are ritually slaughtered. Adela thinks she has the only completely kosher home in Havana - keeping a promise made to her grandmother. About 5 years ago a Ministry of Religion was formed and since then they have no problem in receiving books or Passover foods. Canada and then Panama had sent food for Passover which they sold to the local community (while giving it to those who could not afford it), and then used the money for people in need.

In the hotels there are tourist shops that sell T-shirts. It seems that the man who supplies them is a wealthy South American Jew. Two weeks ago he brought, in his private plane, Rabbi Zion Levy from Panama to Cuba. They took over a wing of the most exclusive hospital and together with the head of the community who is a doctor, they performed 7 britot mila on men from 3 to 27 years old. Twenty seven men came to the hospital, but most opted out.

People are fearful for the future (the very fate of Cuba is uncertain) and there has been something of a religious revival lately. During Rosh Hashanah they had over 40 people, including a doctor, a member of the communist party, Adela emphasized. When asked whether they need anything they said that money is not the problem, since with rationing there is nothing to buy. But they are starved for contact with the outside (Jewish) world. They used to get a Spanish weekly from Israel and would like to have the subscription renewed. She had also heard that A.B. Yehoshua is the greatest modern Israeli writer and would love to have some of his books in Spanish.

We leave the small office and library filled with books and go upstairs. A tall old man, a retired musician, leads services in a small room. Six old men, one woman and a youngish man sit hunched over books while the 'cantor' stands in front and mumbles prayers. Jews from the Sephardic synagogue will join them later, and numbers will swell to about 20. Hassidim from South America came for two months and did an excellent job, going from house to house explaining about Judaism. But two years have passed and the effect has worn off; they need more contact. When we asked why they don't come again she says why would they choose to come when they have to get up so early to stand in line for milk and everything else. It was only the next morning when I saw with my own eyes everybody standing in line, that I understood the full weight of her words - Who would choose to live like this?

Walking through the spacious community center, we are joined by an elderly man who in fluent Hebrew told us he would leave tomorrow for Israel if he could. Together they opened the heavy wooden doors of the old synagogue. It was a most emotional experience. Birds, startled, flew to the ceiling. The electricity box was ripped open and windows shattered. But the ark was in place and facing it were rows and rows of beautiful wooden benches - an enormous synagogue built in 1953 to serve a community of 25,000. It was overwhelming to contemplate the destruction of such a vibrant community, a flourishing way of life.

But not everything was grim. One of our most delightful experiences was a ride on a 'bus' for bicycles. To get from the old city to El Morro, the imposing Spanish fort on the other side of the bay, one has to pass through a tunnel and special trucks provide a shuttle service for bikers. This was particularly impressive because it showed concern for the ordinary citizen.

One evening we went to Tropicana, an enormous open-air theater with a lavish revue. The dancers were lovely and the costumes gorgeous, but the choreography was stilted and

everything else was dated late 1950s. We heard the same four songs that are played at all restaurants. Another night we ate at El Ranchero, where they roasted whole pigs on an open spit. We took this abundance in our stride, thinking it was time we had a decent meal - it was only later that we learnt that locals hardly ever eat meat.

We lunched at La Bodeguita de Media, Ernest Hemingway's favorite restaurant. Here they solved the problem of lack of paint as the walls are dark with scribbled signatures going back decades. Should you ever go there, look for our names in the small passageway between the bar and the toilet. The food was okay, if lacking in variety. Anthony tried horse meat - not to be recommended. But the best thing about the restaurant was the three man band that played the same four songs heard everywhere and a few others with much emotion and audience participation.

It seems impossible that this regime can last much longer. However, unlike European Communist countries, the collapse will not come from within. In the late '60s Fidel allowed almost one million dissidents to flee to the USA, with the result that there is no strong opposition. The emigres in Miami want to invest money, but do not want to go back. Perhaps it will be the lack of food that will precipitate far-reaching changes in exchange for aid to Cuba. And when the tourists start to come, for there is certainly much to see, well we know how much change that can bring.

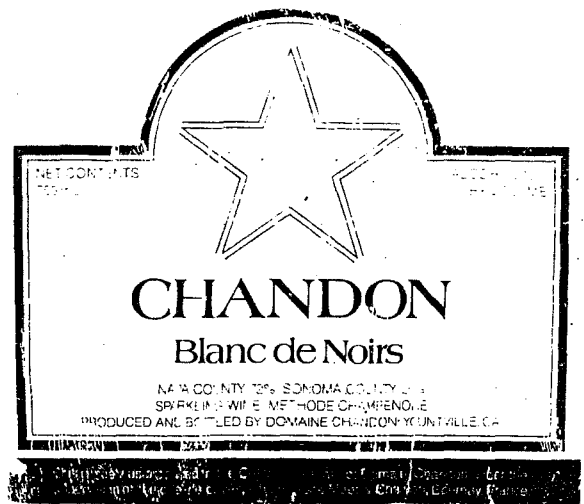


HAVANA
La Divina Pastora
15 JANUARY 1993

In Cuba this time with
Ved + Al + V, and Karen.
Delightful restaurant serving
seafood. Wine was excellent, and the
food was very good as well. Adding to the
atmosphere was a 5 piece band (with 2 violins) - good!

APRIL 27th 1990
my 50th BIRTHDAY

All the family: Doreen recovering from a hernia operation, Vard and his AUV, Amir, Moran, and joined by Catherine, eating delicious barbecued spare ribs cooked by AVO. Preceded by being lifted on a chair by the kids and followed by ice-cream with 6 sparklers in place of candles. Everyone in a good mood despite Doreen's Kneeling of Flannell pain.



1st Feb 1986 Moran's Anniversary
Was - family & close friends - 50 people?
Outstanding spread:
Danish & chopped herring, smoked mackerel
Beans salad, mushroom salad, rice salad,
lettuce, cabbage salad, Fern's fresh veg
salad
Roast turkey & stuffing - made with rice
sauce & dried herbs & butter
fresh strawberries & cream & meringues &
cakes & coffee. Outstanding flower decoration
by Zina. Food decorated by Victor for
Marah Hotel.

Wonderful atmosphere, every-
body friendly & relaxed.
Food surprisingly good - AVO
was in hospital with burns -
sadly missed making what
partly a big effort.

Moran was chugging &
conducted his barmy act pretty
well & took his growing up
seriously - urged everyone to
his wedding next year!



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CHALLAH

2 Tbs dried active yeast
1 cup lukewarm water
4 large eggs, beaten
6-8 cups unbleached white flour

2 Tbs honey
¼ cup canola oil
1 Tbs salt

Combine yeast, honey and warm water in a mixing bowl; let rise for 5 minutes. In a separate bowl beat eggs, setting aside 3 Tbs for the glaze; add oil and salt and mix. Add 2 cups flour to yeast mixture and beat well. Add egg mixture and beat well. Add flour ½ cup a time, mixing well after each addition. If you don't have a dough hook, use an electric beater for about 3 cups flour, then use a wooden spoon. After about 6 cups hand mix until dough is dry enough to handle without being a disgusting sticky mass. Knead dough on a well-floured surface, adding more flour (about another ½ cup) to hands and board until the dough is smooth and elastic. To knead, place hands lightly on dough; with fingertips, lift dough from behind and fold it towards you, pressing down and away from you with the base of your hands; repeat twice. Turn dough ¼ turn and repeat process, adding flour to hands and board as necessary. Knead for 8 minutes until smooth and elastic. Place in oiled bowl, cover with damp cloth and leave until doubled in size.

Punch down dough, knead lightly and form into two flattish balls. Let rest 5 minutes. Divide each ball into thirds and roll into long sausages, about 1½ inches in diameter. Line up each sausage and let rest a few minutes. If dough shrinks when you braid it, set aside and let it rest a few minutes more. Braid, making sure ends are pinched together and well turned in. Let rise until doubled in size. Mix reserved egg yolk with a little water and brush the challah then sprinkle with poppy or sesame seeds.

Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F) for 40 minutes, until nicely brown and bread sounds hollow when tapped.

Makes 2 large loaves or four small ones.

Freezes well. To serve, place bread in a moderate oven for 15 minutes, until warmed through. Shabbat Shalom.

Challah in Nassau

In Nassau we often spent Friday night with Richard, Lindy and Jordan. Delightful Jordan loved to 'make Shabbat' and say the blessings over wine and the homemade challah.

Once, invited to the Davis family for Shabbat dinner, we arrived to find their house in darkness. Pinned to the door was this message:

" SORRY! Things just got too stressful .. have taken off to Miami. Dinner's on the doorstep." And in a plastic bag was a lump of chicken wings.

Undeterred, we knocked on the door and waited patiently until they opened it and we walked in to enjoy the delicious dinner prepared for us. We always wondered what would they have done had we just walked home in a huff! The wings were a present for Chewy, our dog.

On Moran's first visit to Nassau he spent Wednesday mornings at the Crystal Palace Casino taking gambling lessons. We couldn't quite believe his story about his gambling instructor who had studied law in Israel and spoke Hebrew. It was Meryl Vaklev, a chief croupier. When invited to our house to Break the Fast, Meryl said she didn't know how to cook, but she showed her mother's Jewish cookbook to the owner of a bakery. The challah, which the bakery called Swiss Bread, was so successful that they made it regularly, except on Fridays!

TOVA'S VEGETARIAN CHOPPED LIVER

4 onions, sliced
1¼ cups walnuts
½ tsp mustard
¼ tsp black pepper
500 g (1 lb) canned peas, drained
(a harder, cheaper kind)

1 Tbs oil
1 Tbs (fat free) mayonnaise
Grate of nutmeg
½ tsp salt
Grated egg whites of two hardboiled eggs

Fry onions in oil on low heat until dark, stirring frequently. In food processor blend walnuts until finely ground. Add remaining ingredients, blending until smooth. Adjust seasonings. Line a damp loaf pan with plastic wrap. Transfer chopped liver to the pan, smoothing it out, and cover well with more plastic wrap.

To serve, either invert liver onto a flat plate, peel off plastic and decorate, or spread it out on a plate and serve garnished with parsley, pickled cucumbers, etc. Best prepared the day before; keeps well for days. Serves 8.

Tova Ron

Tova Ron, Aviv's mother is the classic mother figure, totally devoted to her children and grandchildren. There is, however, a special place in her heart for Vered. Tova always prepares special foods for Vered, buys her presents, etc. She made this, her famous 'chopped liver' the Pesach before Vered and Aviv were married (1991), a few months after the Gulf War. Caroline invited us all to her home in Arad and Gideon, with Aviv Levy's help, conducted the Seder. The following day Caroline led the Levys, Bravermans and Rons to the iris fields at Yeruham. To see these velvety black flowers growing in the arid soil was amazing and especially pleasing to Tova. We then visited the ruins at Mamshit. But most memorable of all was Tova's chopped liver.

Tova looked forward to Vered and Aviv having a baby, which she could look after. The kids always tease me, saying I'd never be a typical (Israeli) grandmother and that I'd never give up my activities to look after grandchildren.

In reply I tell them that when they were young I was sometimes so overtired and distraught, I'd drive from Hofit to Tel Aviv to Granny. While she took the kids to the park I'd have a good sleep and when refreshed we'd have tea and biscuits and then I'd drive back home (40 minutes each way). I then smile shyly and say, "I'll always do the same, when of course you'll bring the grandchildren to Eilat" (5 hours each way).

CHOPPED HERRING

3 salt herrings
3 Marie/tea biscuits
2 hard-boiled eggs
Black pepper

1 onion
1 green apple
½ cup vinegar
Sugar

Choose firm herrings. Remove heads and gut carefully. Soak herrings overnight in a few changes of cold water. Drain, pat dry in a paper towel, skin and fillet. Pat dry again. Mince with onion, biscuits, apple and eggs. Add vinegar, pepper and sugar to taste. Adjust seasonings.

The mixture should be moist but not mushy. Spread on large platter and decorate with thin slices of lemon, slices of scored cucumber, or sprigs of parsley. Serves 6.

MOCK CHOPPED HERRING

This recipe was a lifesaver in Nassau where schmaltz herring is unknown. From *The International Goodwill Recipe Book* by the Johannesburg Women's Zionist League.

450 g (16 oz.) canned mackerel in water
3 hard-boiled egg whites
2 medium onions
1 cup vinegar, cider and plain combined
1 tsp sugar

200 g (6½ oz.) tuna in water
2 green apples
9 Marie/Tea biscuits
Salt and pepper

Drain fish well. Flake fish with a fork and add mashed eggs. Peel and core apples. Place apples, onion and biscuits in food processor and blend; add to fish. Add ¾ cup of the vinegar, salt and pepper and sugar. Adjust ingredients to taste. Keeps well. Prepare the day before - a very credible mock. Serves 12 easily.

Lindy and Richard's Turtle Letter

Jordan Davis loved sharks and 'tuttles'. Since there are no turtle recipes in this book and there are no herrings in Nassau, this story is included here.

Our relationship with Lindy and Richard Davis in Nassau was always full of surprises. Once, when we checked into a hotel in Miami, Dad was presented with the following letter.

11-10-90

Attn: Mr. Levy.

Dear Mr. Levy,

It is with regret that I must write this letter, however unless there has been some enormous misunderstanding, we are to believe that you have smuggled out several baby turtles indigenous to the Bahamas. This is a most unfortunate occurrence and something that has to be dealt with quite seriously.

To avoid embarrassment on your part, an official of the Agriculture and Fisheries Department will notify you upon arrival and you may discuss this matter accordingly.

As no official document indicating ministerial permission was given for the turtles to be removed - we can only assume your intention was to remove the turtles on your own authority.

I must ask you not to consider leaving this hotel before an official has spoken with you.

*(signed) Mr. J. O. King
Agriculture & Fisheries
United States*

Luckily, as Dad finished reading the letter we were surprised to see Lindy and Richard whom we had left in Nassau a few hours before. Our panic turned to laughter as it dawned on us that the letter was another of their pranks.

CHICKEN SOUP FOR YOM KIPPUR AND OTHER HOLIDAYS

The lemon and coriander blend to make a particularly satisfying soup for Break The Fast.

Water to cover	1 chicken, jointed
(Chicken necks/carasses/fiselach)	1 onion
2 carrots	2 parsnips
2 celery sticks	Bunch of parsley
¼ tsp pepper	1 tsp chicken soup powder (Telma/Osem)
Salt to taste	¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup chopped coriander	

In a large pot bring water to boil (a cup of water for each guest). Add chicken, (bones) vegetables, black pepper and soup powder. Boil for 1 hour, skimming off scum as it forms. Strain soup; refrigerate until ready, skimming off any congealed fat. Reheat soup. When ready to serve, adjust seasonings then add lemon juice and coriander. Goes well with *Perogen*.

PEROGEN

Pastry:	
500 g (1 lb) flour	2 tsp baking powder
Pinch of salt	250 g (8 Tbs) margarine
1-2 eggs	1-2 tsp vinegar

Sift dry ingredients. Rub in margarine; blend in 1 egg and 1 tsp vinegar, adding the other egg and vinegar, if too dry. If still dry, wet hands and knead until mixture sticks together. Leave in refrigerator for at least an hour. For easier rolling, put ½ the amount between 2 sheets of wax paper and roll to less than ½ cm (¼ inch) thickness. Peel off paper and cut out rounds with a glass. Roll each round again to get the thinnest dough that won't tear as you fold it over the filling.

Put a teaspoonful or more of filling (depending on size), on rounds, fold over and crimp edges. Brush with beaten egg mixed with a little water. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), until golden brown. Can be served hot or cold.

If making ahead, bake until the edges begin to brown. When cool, store between sheets of paper and reheat in a moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), until golden brown.

Filling:	
2 large onions, chopped	3 Tbs oil
500 g (1 lb) minced meat	Handful of chopped parsley
Salt and pepper	

Fry onion in oil until translucent; add meat and cook while stirring mixture with a fork to break up meat. Add parsley and seasonings.

Variation: To meat add ½ tsp cumin and ¼ cup toasted pine-nuts.

DOVVIE'S HOTPOT CHOLENT

100 g (4 oz.) white beans/hummus soaked overnight
2 onions, thickly sliced
1 cup coarse burghul
3 carrots, cut into thumb-size pieces
1 cup water

4 ribs celery and leaves, cut into 3 cm (1 inch) slices
8 portions chicken
1/3 cup mushroom, onion or chicken soup mix
2 medium potatoes, quartered

Soak beans overnight. Drain.

Grease a hotpot or a large heavy casserole. Line the bottom of the pot with half the celery and onion, then cover with a layer of chicken. Fill spaces with burghul and sprinkle with soup powder. Place carrots and remainder of celery on top and then the potatoes. Cover with white beans or hummus. Place the remaining chicken on top and cover with onion. If any chicken is exposed, cover with leaves of quartered onion. Pour over 1 cup water mixed with 2 tsp chicken powder. Cover with lid.

Place in hot oven until cholent begins to bubble. Reduce heat to lowest flame and cook the whole day or overnight, adding another cup of water if necessary.

FOR GRANDPA MAURICE: FLAUMEN TZIMAS

When Dad's cousin, Sarah Olkienitski, gave me this recipe she told me that only Jews from Lithuania ate flaumen tzimas and teiglach. Most Jews in South Africa came from Lithuania. Both dishes were very popular in South Africa; flaumen tzimas was a special treat for my dad.

2 k (4½ lbs) brisket/flank
2 k (4½ lbs) peeled potatoes
400 g (1 lb) prunes
2 Tbs + 1/3 cup sugar
Juice of ½ lemon

1 onion, chopped
2-3 green apples, quartered
1 tsp salt
1 tsp ground ginger

In a heavy saucepan place meat, onion, potatoes, green apples, prunes, and salt; just cover with water. Bring to boil and cook until potatoes begin to be soft. Remove mixture to a flameproof casserole.

In a frying pan heat 2-3 Tbs sugar until it turns dark yellow (if it turns brown it will be bitter). Add caramelized sugar, remaining sugar and ginger. Cover and bake in a cool oven for at least 5 hours. Before serving add lemon juice and adjust seasonings: taste should be sweet sour. Serves 12.

Grandpa Maurice and his family

Grandpa came to South Africa when he was a young man, helped by Yahne, his Uncle Joe. Grandpa rarely talked about his childhood, although we heard about uncle Abrasha, who ran an inn in Vilna. Being a religious man he wouldn't touch money on Shabbat, but took the money on a knife instead. His parents, Leib and Nessie (Denise is named after her), and younger brother Avram (Aviv is named after him) were herded with other Jews from Vilna into the Great Synagogue and burnt to death by the Nazis. Grandpa never forgave himself that although he brought his brother Mike to South Africa, he didn't manage to bring his younger brother to safety.

* Continued *

It was a different time when Grandpa was young; then children took on the responsibility of looking after the parents and other siblings.

One Saturday, while writing this cookbook, Louise, Denise, Moran and I went to visit Rivka and Mussi at the farm in Kfar Mischar. Rivka told us that Grandpa's family had an inn on the outskirts of Vilna, and Uncle Hessel had a sausage factory, which may explain how Grandpa started to work in the grocery business. Rivka had visited Vilna before coming to Palestina, adding that neighbors had said that Leib and Avram were herded off to Panar, a workcamp where they must have died. Perhaps it makes no difference how or where they died, but we were profoundly shocked.

Yahne had two sons, Mervyn a psychiatrist and Stanley, a musician. They both live in London. Although we maintained a tenuous connection up to the time that Star Shirt was sold, we never saw them after that. Granny said they were snobs and unfriendly.

Hessel's son was Rubin, who also worked for Grandpa. His two sons moved to Israel. Dad and I visited the one, Ya'akov Leshem, at Rehovot when we made aliyah, but lost contact after that. One day while Louise was working at Bar Ilan, a lecturer from the office next door came to ask a favor of her. They started to talk - 'Where are you from?' kind of thing South Africa, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, changed name from Glasser Glazer. It was Rubin's son. He had worked in the office next to Louise for over five years and they had never met.

RIVKA'S NEW YEAR HONEY CAKE

3 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp baking soda
1 tsp allspice
1/8 tsp ground cloves
1/2 cup oil
6 eggs, separated

2 tsp baking powder
1 tsp cinnamon
1 tsp ginger
1 cup strong coffee
3/4 cup honey
3/4 cup sugar

Sift together the first 7 ingredients. Prepare coffee and combine with oil and honey. Beat egg yolks with 1/2 cup sugar until thick and very pale. Beat egg whites with remaining 1/4 cup sugar until they peak. Alternately stir flour and coffee mixture into yolks. Gently fold in beaten egg whites.

Grease and flour a large rectangular baking tin, 40x25 cm (12x18 inches). Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 40 minutes.

Eggs run in the genes

Rivka and Avram Bortenstein and Mussi and Felix Karlsbad and their children are part of our 'Farm Family'. Rivka's and Mussi's grandmother and our great-grandfather on Grandpa Maurice's side were brother and sister back in Poland. On finishing high school in South Africa I started to study Social Work at university, but a week later my dad, hoping to get that 'Israel nonsense' out of my head, suggested that I go to Israel, which I promptly did. On my first free Friday I took a bus to Gedera where Ya'akov and Yaffa came to fetch me with horse and cart - only strengthening my impression of what a wonderful place Israel was! They have been very much part of our lives, especially Yaffa who stayed with us in South Africa when she was a young girl and was later very involved with our children (see Birthday Cake in Cakes).

*** Continued ***

When young, the Levy and Braverman children loved nothing better than to visit the farm in Kfar Meishar where they would collect the eggs from the chicken run. Rael used to sleep fully clothed, so that he would be first to reach the chicken run in the morning.

Eggs must run in the genes. At the beginning of World War II, Granny and Grandpa, who owned a fish shop in Pretoria South Africa, won the concession to supply the army with eggs. Granny told me that although the price of eggs was very high at that time, they contracted to supply the army much below market cost. She said that Grandpa was full of anxiety, quite sure that all the profits from the shop would disappear through this ridiculous egg offer. But Granny remained calm, quite sure that the price of eggs would drop. And they did, the day they started to supply the eggs to the army.

Granny used to let Louise, who must have been about four or five, pack eggs in the crates. Granny didn't really care how many eggs got cracked (plenty) as long as Louise remained quiet.

SARAH'S TEIGLACH

1 egg plus 3 egg yolks

1 Tbs oil

Grated rind of ½ orange

1 Tbs sugar

1 tsp ground ginger

1 ¾ cups self rising flour, approximately

Beat eggs and sugar until light and fluffy; add oil, ginger and orange rind and mix. Stir in enough flour to make a firm pliable dough. Knead the dough on a floured board until soft and no longer sticky. Form dough into little balls and push a pitted prune or a few raisins inside. Another method is to divide dough in half and roll out each half to ½ cm (¼ inch) thickness. Cut into strips about 1¼ cm (½ inch) and shape into twists or wrap around pitted prunes or pieces of ginger, making sure to seal well.

Place teiglach on a lightly floured surface and let dry for thirty minutes, turning them over once.

Teiglach Syrup:

1 cup honey

1½ cups water

1½ cups sugar

1½ tsp ginger

Meanwhile heat syrup mixture in largest pot available. When it comes to a roiling boil carefully slide in each teigel. Watch carefully for a few minutes to ensure syrup boils but doesn't boil over. Reduce flame and cover pot loosely. Cook 45 minutes. The teiglach are ready when you drop a little syrup on a plate and it hardens when cool.

Remove teiglach with slotted spoon and place, not touching, on a moist tray. The teiglach can also be dipped in crushed cornflakes or coconut to prevent sticking.

A Happy New Year! Hic!

This recipe is dedicated with love to Caroline, who one memorable Rosh Hashanah made absolutely inedible teiglach. That was the year when Dad, fresh from St Thomas, celebrated Rosh Hashanah by making pina coladas with 150 proof rum. Evelyn Grosswald (Caroline's ma), Caroline and I were so drunk that by the time we got to the table everything was a blur - except the rock-hard teiglach! When Rosh Hashanah approaches and Caroline offers to make something for the festive dinner, a concerted cry goes out from all around: "Not Teiglach! Make Florentines, Florentines!" (see Florentines under Biscuits).

* Continued *

I want you to meet your cousin

Dad: My mother's family was from Shavel Lithuania. My great-grandfather Zelig (after who Vivian Zelig Klaff is named) had two brothers, Avraham and Joseph (Yosef). Most of Joseph's children ended up in England. Avraham's six children perished in the Holocaust. Of Zelig's four children only my grandmother Roddeh left Europe (with her husband Isaac Shapiro and her daughter Queenie [my mother]) and emigrated to South Africa. Sarah, a daughter of Zelig's son Choneh, arrived in Israel on the Altalena. She is the only other descendant of Zelig who escaped the Nazis.

Our family in South Africa established contact with Sarah and her husband Isaac Olkienitski. My mother's sisters Dora and Bess visited Israel, but unfortunately my mother was afraid to fly and never met Sarah.

Dora first visited Israel in May 1953 and met the Olkienitskis in Tel Aviv. Dora invited Sarah to spend Dora's last weekend with her in Netanya, a well-known holiday resort. The taxi driver suggested they stay at the Four Seasons Hotel. He assured them that it was the nicest and best hotel in Netanya and would be full of English speaking visitors. On the way they passed the newly renovated Park Hotel. "This is lovely. I want to stay here," said Dora. "There's nothing to do there. I'm surprised it's open," replied the taxi driver. But Dora insisted and they booked in. At lunchtime there were only two set tables - one for Dora and Sarah, the other for four people.

After lunch, Dora talked to one of the men at the other table. When he said he was from Liverpool, Dora told him that she had a cousin in Liverpool, a pen pal, with whom she had corresponded when she was young. "What is her name?" he asked. "Oh no," Dora replied, "She's grown up now. We've lost all contact and I don't know her married name."

"Well, I'm a doctor for 40 years in Liverpool. Tell me her name, perhaps I know her."

"Her name was Florrie Goldberg and I even remember her address," (which she then recited). The man turned to his wife and said, "Florrie, come here. I want you to meet your cousin!"

SODA WATER KNEIDLACH

I think Telma makes the best kneidlach. Follow boxed instructions, but add ½ tsp cinnamon and some ground almonds to the mixture. Tradition demands I include a kneidel recipe.

3 eggs
1/3 cup soda water
Freshly ground pepper
3/4 cup matzo meal

1½ Tbs chicken fat/canola oil
3/4 tsp salt
Dash of cinnamon

Beat eggs well; add fat, salt, pepper, cinnamon and soda water. Stir in matzo meal and mix well. Cover and chill in refrigerator until firm, about 1 hour. Cook in covered boiling salted water for about 20 minutes.

* Continued *

What makes a family?

What makes a family? How does a young couple, who one day become parents create and mold this special bond. Our family feeling is based on the fact that we look out for each other. When Vered and Aviv were already grown-up Vered told me that although Aviv and she used to fight constantly, if a neighborhood child turned on either of them, they combined forces and the unfortunate child was faced by a pair of tigers. This wonderful bond continues and even today, when we are scattered over different continents, the children choose to keep close contact with each other.

Although the children cannot remember many events of their childhood, they are familiar with the pictures and videos that have become our common memory, and which document our family history. We also have little, 'family-knowing' things. When one asks in an annoyed voice, "Who did this/forgot that/broke this/didn't do ...?" the person who answers, "What?" is the guilty party.

There is a substantial difference between 'we' and 'us'. "We are going to China" means Dad and I. 'Us' means the family, as in "All of us are going to Geneva on a skiing trip."

At Pesach all of us sing Ehad Mi Yodeah, our way, and all of us start giggling uncontrollably in anticipation of what fun all of us will have while singing it.

The ties that bind family are a source of support in troubled times and a reservoir of goodwill and fun during the good times. All of us belong to each other, and it feels good. This causes both of us much satisfaction!

SEAWATER GEFILTE FISH

Dad's vision of a perfect ball of gefilte fish is that it should be yellow. Taste, it appears is less important. Yellow, with saffron, he insists, is how his mother, Queenie, made it.

Mixture A:

Skin and bones of fish

1 tsp turmeric

1 rib celery, sliced

Salt and pepper

1 bay leaf

1 large unpeeled onion, sliced

Enough carrots for 1 slice per ball and a few for tasters

Mixture B:

1½ k fish - a mixture of fat and lean fish

1 small carrot

3 large onions (reserve skins for fish stock)

Small handful parsley

Mixture C:

1 tsp saffron fronds/½ tsp turmeric

1 well-beaten egg

¼ cup matzo meal

1 Tbs ground almonds

¾ cup boiling water

2 tsp salt

½ tsp pepper

(1 tsp sugar)

Place ingredients of Mixture A in a large pot and add water to cover. Bring to boil and simmer for 1 hour. Strain stock, reserving carrots for gefilte balls.

Meanwhile mince ingredients of Mixture B through a fine grinder and soak saffron in boiling water. When water is cool, combine ingredients of Mixture C. Add to minced fish and mix well.

*** Continued ***

Reheat fish stock; when it boils wet hands and form fish mixture into balls, carefully dropping them into stock; cover and simmer 2 hours. Remove all but one gefilte fish to a large Pyrex dish, place a slice of carrot on each fish ball, strain juice over and refrigerate. Serves about 30. Eat the remaining fish ball with a slice of carrot, then wait in anticipation for the Passover Seder. Best made two days ahead.

Serve with horseradish or mustard. Bought horseradish must have lots of grated horseradish root added, also a little vinegar to taste. You have the correct taste if you gasp for breath and clap the bridge of your nose in agony!

The Queenie of poker

Dad: My mother Queenie's passion was poker. It provided her with entertainment, friendship, and excitement. She played at least three times a week with six or seven other women, but when my uncle Eric was in Durban, he would join in, as would Sam Lizerbrun, a dentist who was married to one of my father's cousins.

Although the stakes were relatively high, money was secondary. There was much activity around the game: setting it up, trying to limit the game to seven players without insulting the uninvited person too much (eight was "bad for the game"), deciding on the food and preparing a lavish spread. Then, of course, there was the gossip during the game and the hour-long discussions on the phone after the game.

Games were usually at night, and a woman taxi driver (a rarity in those days) regularly transported the players to and from the games. She always arrived a little early to take the women home and thus enjoyed the poker games. She must have been privy more than anyone else to the scandals and gossip of the Jewish community. She was such an institution that I even remember her name, Anne Hutchinson, although I have forgotten most of the names of the other poker players.

As a child, when I couldn't fall asleep I would crawl quietly into the poker room and hide under a side table listening to all the talk and gossip. Immersed in their game, I don't think I was ever caught. I remember being amazed at what was said behind people's backs, and then listening to the same person being spoken to so warmly on the phone the following day. The alliances were constantly changing: one day it was my mom and Mrs Linder against Mrs Falk and the "shiksa" - the next day my Mom would team up with the shiksa against Mrs Linder; and of course taxi driver Anne was always kept up to date so that she would know whom to transport on the same trip without anyone getting upset.

FERN'S STUFFED GEFILTE FISH IN TOMATO SAUCE

This recipe reflects Fern's inventiveness. When making any of the above gefilte fish recipes, reserve a little to stuff fish. Worth the trouble.

Take a whole cleaned carp and enlarge the belly opening toward the head by sliding a short sharp knife closely around the bones and skeleton, leaving the body and head intact. Cut the bony backbone at both ends and remove. Stuff the cavity and sew up. Make balls with any leftover mixture. Oil a flat dish, put in fish and balls. Place a few sliced onions on top and enough tomato juice so the fish won't burn.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F), for about 35 minutes. Excellent.

* Continued *

Fern and Pesach

Fern used to visit us when we first came to Israel, but after her passport was stolen at Shuk HaCarmel, Tel Aviv's central market, she stopped, partly because of the passport and partly because of her political beliefs. This was followed by bitter years when she and Dad did not even keep contact. We were delighted when Fern, after many years, visited us when we moved to Eilat. The first time she had rather mixed feelings about the seder, and brought Moran a chocolate Easter Bunny. That was the start of many happy Pesach dinners together. My first gefilte fish was made under Fern's instruction. As we are both 'throw together' cooks, I can't remember the recipe, but it was good.

TAMI'S CARP GEFILTE FISH

Tami is Ziona's eldest daughter. I tried this recipe when we spent Pesach with Caroline just prior to Vered and Aviv's marriage. It is truly simple and tasty.

Mixture A:

1 packet (200 g) minced carp
2 large eggs
2 Tbs chopped parsley
1 tsp salt

1 large onion, chopped
4 Tbs matzo meal
½ finely grated carrot
Dash of black pepper

Mixture B:

6 cups water
1 tsp salt
2 large onions, sliced

3 bay leaves
Lots of black pepper
Carrots, enough to place a slice on each fish ball

Combine ingredients of Mixture A. Boil ingredients of Mixture B for 10 minutes. If you have any fish bones and heads boil them up as well. Strain the liquid, reserving the carrots for decoration. If you don't have bones, add 1 tsp chicken soup powder to the stock. Bring strained liquid to boil. Wet hands and form fish mixture into balls and gently cook for 1½ hours.

Sheila, Pesach and Hassan Issa

I am an intrepid cook, but one of the few things that have daunted me is gefilte fish. So much so that the first time I made a seder at our house in Eilat, I poached a large grouper and served it with sauce, instead of the traditional gefilte fish. Many years later Louise still reminds me that I served them fish that had been cooked in a pillowcase (to enable it to be easily removed from the pan, of course).

In 1985 Sheila and Muki Meltzer and us decided to make Seder together. We tossed a coin, and the loser (Sheila) had to make the gefilte fish. It was very good, but to this day Sheila swears she got gefilte fish elbow from mincing the fish. That was a memorable Pesach as Hassan Issa, then Egyptian Consul to Eilat, was our guest. Dad felt a little nervous as we read the Haggadah, but Hassan, a consummate diplomat, declared that although ancient Pharaoh was an oppressor of Jews, Sadat was a modern leader who believed in co-existence and peace!

TURKEY ROASTED IN TOMATO JUICE

This is from *The International Goodwill Recipe Book* and reflects the high standard of South African cooks. This is Jeanette Cohen's recipe and she writes that "once you have cooked a turkey this way, I can promise that you will never try any other method." I agree. This recipe is suitable for stuffed or unstuffed turkey.

1 turkey
¼ tsp salt
2 ribs celery
1 cups tomato juice
½ cup water

1 lemon
¼ tsp freshly ground pepper
2 large carrots, peeled
½ cup sherry
1 dessertspoon paprika

Place turkey on a rack in a large shallow roasting pan. Rub inside of turkey with juice of 1 lemon. Season with salt and pepper. Place celery and carrots in cavity. Mix tomato juice, sherry, water and paprika. Pour enough liquid over turkey so that the bottom of the pan is just covered.

Roast uncovered in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 3 hours. Baste every 30 minutes, adding more liquid as it evaporates. Turn the turkey over after 2 hours so that it will brown on the other side. If it gets too brown, cover with a tent of oiled aluminum.

It is ready when the thigh is pricked and the juices are longer run pink.

Note: for other stuffings, see *Poultry*.

Dad carves a great turkey

Dad takes great pride in his ability to carve turkey so that the slices are just thick/thin enough to add to the delicate taste. Many years ago we celebrated Passover with Vivian and Frankie in Jerusalem. For Dad, the whole Pesach was marred by a guest who volunteered to carve, then served us unappetizing slabs of turkey. His name is forgotten but his hacking job isn't!

ZIONA'S TURKEY STUFFING

2 onions, chopped
1 Tbs oil
1 tsp sage

100 g (4 oz.) mushrooms, sliced
3 slices matzo, crumbled
¾ cup chicken soup

Fry onions and mushrooms in oil. Add matzo, sage and enough chicken soup to moisten. Set aside for at least an hour to allow flavors to blend. Stuff turkey.

POTATO STUFFING FOR TURKEY

1½ cups mashed potatoes
2 eggs
2 grated apples
½ cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup grated nuts
Salt and lots of pepper

1 cup potato water
2 cups matzo meal
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 tsp cinnamon
2 Tbs parsley
(¼ cup bits of turkey fat)

Cook potatoes until soft; drain reserving 1 cup of the water. Mix all ingredients together and stuff cavities lightly.

MINA'S PRUNE-APPLE KUGEL

Delicious either warm with brisket or cool as cake.

250 g (½ lb) pitted prunes
4 eggs
2 apples, peeled and thinly sliced
1 cup matzo meal
Juice and grated rind of a large lemon

1 cup of warm water
1 cup sugar
2 Tbs canola oil
1½ Tbs cinnamon
½ tsp salt

Cut up prunes and soak in warm water. Beat eggs with sugar until well mixed. Add prunes with the soaking water. Stir in apples, oil, matzo meal, cinnamon, lemon juice and rind, and salt and combine well. Place in lightly greased

23x23 cm (9" square) baking pan. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 1 hour or until golden and firm in the middle.

To double the quantity, increase prunes and apples by only 50% Bake for 1½-2 hours.

Mina and Slice of Life

This is a particularly delicious kugel, even though Mina's expertise is in bread, as these excerpts of letters written in St. Thomas, 1995 show:

"This last year has proved very fruitful. I reorganized the Judaica shop at the synagogue for a few months, then worked for a few weeks as office manager for the condominium association where we live. This was quite a challenge as I had no prior experience in office procedure. Imagine my dismay when the first batch of checks I wrote all bounced (not my fault!). In addition I embarked upon a new career, bread baking. I had attended an adult education course on bread baking while in Nassau. In St. Thomas, Mina Orenstein, an acquaintance, was looking for help in Slice of Life, the specialty bakery she had recently set up. Although Mina, The Bread Lady, has a tiny, shoe-string operation, she bakes great breads and produces dense loaves with interesting textures and wonderful names like Sunny Honey Almond.....

Nina Schafer made a 'shidduch' and a lasting friendship was formed while kneading dough. I love clumping about in floury work boots, baseball cap on my head and complaining about bread elbow. I wonder whether I'll develop a barreled back and strong curved arms from kneading dough?....

Mina is on holiday and I'm in charge of her bakery. It is a lot of hard work, but I am pleased because it has given me an inkling of what it is like to run one's own bakery. Last Thursday we worked the whole night preparing enormous braided breads. I cursed the last three hours and every muscle and bone ached.... On Sunday I had a problem with my shoes and limped home at daybreak, having worked off both toenails....

My enthusiasm to start my own bakery is definitely tempered."

MY-MY MINA'S FARFEL KUGEL

6-8 onions, chopped finely
500 g (16 oz.) farfel
6 eggs
Loads of ground black pepper

1/4 cup canola oil
Boiling water
2 tsp salt

Fry onions in oil until golden. Place farfel in a large bowl and pour over enough boiling water to just cover. Leave a few minutes to absorb liquid. Beat eggs with salt and pepper. Add onions and farfel. Turn into a well-greased large Pyrex. Bake in a preheated moderate oven, (180°C/350°F), for 1 1/3 to 1 1/2 hours. Drive to friends, and proudly add your kugel to the Passover dinner.

"AST" PESACH CAKE

Every time I read this recipe I am surprised at the use of baking powder during Passover. It seems to be against the spirit of Passover to have light fluffy baked goods, but the cake is excellent.

2 Tbs matzo meal
1 level tsp baking powder
Juice and rind of 1/2 lemon

150 g (5 oz.) ground almonds
6 eggs, separated
3/4 cup sugar

Lightly butter a round spring pan and sprinkle with grated almonds. Combine matzo meal, almonds and baking powder. Beat egg yolks; add lemon juice and rind. Beat egg whites and slowly add sugar. Fold yolk mixture into egg whites and then fold in matzo meal mixture. Bake in a preheated cool oven (150°C/300°F), for about an hour.

Cream:
200 g (7 oz.) baking/semisweet chocolate
1 tsp sugar

2 Tbs margarine
1 tsp water

Over a double boiler, heat ingredients until smooth and pour over cooled cake.

Dad and bridge

In the early days, when we lived in Netanya and then Hofit, Dad used to play bridge at the Ast Hotel, a modest hotel on the Netanya boardwalk. The owner's son was Dad's commander in the army. This, for Dad, epitomized the equality of Israel's society that we sought - in the army young Ast was ordering Dad around and at the bridge table Ast used to run about serving Dad tea and cake and emptying his ashtrays.

Dad became very active in the flourishing Netanya Bridge Club, where he was Captain. He later was Captain of the Israeli Bridge Federation, as well as serving as tournament director for a number of international festivals in Europe and the Maccabiah in Israel. After the Yom Kippur War, when Dad took a sabbatical and studied Marine Biology at Tel Aviv University, he was offered the job of European Tournament Director. In the end we decided that the job entailed too much travelling, what with a family of young children, and all of us went south to Eilat instead.

VERED'S MATZO CAKE

½ cup sweet wine

8 pieces matzo

½ cup water/fruit juice

Combine wine and juice. Dip matzo in liquid to dampen. It should not be soggy. Spread with either of the cream fillings below.

Cream A:

200 g (14 Tbs) margarine

1 tsp vanilla essence

1 egg

1 Tbs instant coffee

¼ cup icing sugar

1 tsp rum

2 Tbs cocoa

Beat margarine with sifted icing sugar until light; add remaining ingredients and mix again. Spread cream mixture over layers of moistened matzo. Decorate with cherries or coconut flakes.

Cream B:

2 eggs

1 tsp vanilla

100 g (8 Tbs) butter/margarine

1 Tbs water

½ cup sugar

100 g (4 oz.) chocolate

1 Tbs cocoa powder

Beat eggs very well; gradually add sugar and vanilla. Over double boiler melt chocolate, butter, cocoa, and water. Add to beaten eggs. Spread thickly over layers of matzo.

FRANKIE'S DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE TORTE

3 eggs, separated

200 g (7 oz.) baking/semisweet chocolate

150 g (12 Tbs) margarine

100 g (4 oz.) ground nuts (walnuts/almonds)

¾ cup sugar

1 tsp coffee powder

4 Tbs matzo meal

Whip egg whites, gradually adding sugar. In a double boiler, melt chocolate, coffee and margarine; stir in egg yolks and fold mixture gently into egg whites. Remove 1 cup of mixture to fridge for topping; lick your fingers. Fold matzo meal and nuts egg mixture.

Spoon dough into a greased spring form pan. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 35 minutes.

Viv and Frankie

Viv, who teaches demography at the University of Delaware, brings students to visit Israel on alternate Decembers. Frankie made this cake in Eilat during one of these visits. Although it's a Pesach torte it's delicious and good at any time of the year.

DOUGHNUTS

1 Tbs active dried yeast
1½ cups warm water/milk
1 tsp salt

¼ cup sugar
6 cups flour
50 g (4 Tbs) margarine

Sprinkle yeast and 1 tsp of the sugar over liquid and add a sprinkling of the flour. Set aside until mixture froths. Combine flour, sugar, and salt; rub in margarine. Add yeast liquid, working it into the flour. Knead thoroughly for 5 minutes. Add more flour if necessary to make a smooth and elastic dough.

Place in an oiled bowl and let rise 1 hour. Punch down and knead lightly. Form dough into balls (remember they will double in size during cooking). Make a deep hole in each ball and put in strawberry jam. Re-roll balls to cover jam. Cover and set aside for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile heat the oil in a deep, wide pot. The temperature is right when a small cube of bread turns brown within 1 minute, not sooner, or when bubbles form at sides of wooden spoon inserted in oil. Carefully slip doughnuts into oil and fry for about 10 minutes until nicely brown. Lift out and drain well. Reheat oil to correct temperature before frying another batch. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Note: Doughnuts can be baked for 10 minutes near top of a very hot oven (240°C/475°F). Mix 1 Tbs sugar with 1 Tbs water and glaze buns the moment they come out of the oven.

Hanukkah

Sufganiyot - how can one celebrate Hanukkah without them? Although usually associated with happy times, one disastrous Hanukkah, while Denise and Rael were playing with candles in their house in Ramat Chen, Denise's pajamas caught fire and the left side of Denise's body was badly burned. Weeks in hospital, a temporarily stiffened arm joint and lots of pain and guilt (Louise's) were the result. But later memories of family gatherings, happy faces, bowls of hot sufganiyot and the delicious aroma made up for the earlier trauma.

POTATO LATKES

Potato Latkes and Hanukkah go together like.... sufganiyot and Hanukkah. Actually, it is not the food but the oil that links these foods to the spirit of the holiday.

½ k (1 lb) potatoes
3 Tbs flour
½ tsp baking powder
Cinnamon and/or sugar

1 onion
2 eggs
Salt

Grate potatoes and onion on the coarse blade of a food processor, draining any liquid that forms. Add remaining ingredients. Fry in hot oil and drain on paper. Serve with cinnamon and sugar.

VERED'S HAMENTASHEN

A recipe of Vered's dated 11.9.74

Filling:

200 g (7 oz.) stoned dates, chopped
½ cup chopped nuts

½ cup sweet wine
2 tsp cinnamon

Combine all ingredients. Set aside.

Dough:

3 cups flour
200 g (14 Tbs) margarine
2 Tbs buttermilk
1 packet of vanilla sugar/1 tsp vanilla

1/3 cup sugar
1 egg
Grated rind of 1 lemon

Mix together filling ingredients and set aside. Combine flour and sugar; rub in margarine. Add the egg, buttermilk, lemon rind and vanilla sugar and mix until blended. Roll out dough to about ½ cm (¼ inch) thick. Cut out rounds with floured glass.

Put a teaspoon of filling just off center of the round. Fold over and close sides with the floured tines of a fork. Cut the edges to make triangular shape. Dust with a little beaten egg and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), until lightly brown.

Who takes out the rubbish?

The first time little Rael, fresh from the luxury of South Africa, visited our apartment in Netanya he came to me in the kitchen and asked who took out the rubbish box (trash). Somewhat puzzled I asked him why. "Well," he replied, very seriously, "You don't have servants. Who takes out the rubbish?" He soon learnt that parents do it until their children are old enough to carry a plastic bag.

Vered and Rael looked alike. When Rael came with us on holiday, people would think that Rael and Vered were siblings and Aviv was the cousin! They all helped with the rubbish!

On Confirmation, Shavuot 1994

Judaism is an integral part of my life. It is more than the fact that I was born Jewish. Psychologically I am Jewish - I am Jewish because I consider myself Jewish; if there is a God, for me It is a Jewish God. Historically I am Jewish - not only am I part of my immediate family's history, I carry within a memory of the history of the Jewish people. I was a slave in the land of Egypt.

I am not a 'religious' person in the accepted sense of this word. I cannot truthfully say that I believe there is a God. But I do believe that I must act as if there is a God, to whom I am beholden, to whom I must give an accounting of how I have spent the days of my life. This belief gives structure to my daily life and hopefully enables me to be guided by eternal values of justice, peace and equality.

If the essence of Judaism is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," then this lesson has been learnt and relearnt and absorbed by me until it is second nature. Judaism is to me a lodestar, the principle by which I live my life.

Much of what I am today is a product of growing up a (white) Jew in the apartheid of South Africa. The Jewish Community of South Africa was close-knit and supportive of fellow members. Even as a child I learnt the value of belonging, of commitment, of drawing strength from being part of a larger group that shared similar values. From my mother I learnt the values of volunteerism, community work, fund raising for Israel, and helping the sick and the aged. From my father I learnt the need to help the less fortunate, to have respect for other human beings, no matter their race, religion or financial status. From my parents I absorbed the concept of family togetherness and support, and the precept that privilege carried a heavy burden. Privilege did not mean entitlement, license to take advantage of others, but rather service, the need to help others less fortunate than myself.

Living in Israel I thought that our Judaism would be automatic. We lived effortless Jewish lives through our children as they went to kindergarten and school. Their holidays and customs were Jewish holidays and Jewish customs; their history was Jewish history. Our Jewishness, however, was superseded by our Israeliness.

When we came to St Thomas ten years ago, it became apparent that being Israeli wasn't enough. Perhaps it is enough in Israel, but certainly not in the Diaspora. Going to Synagogue, celebrating holidays and sharing special events together with other Jews gave us a sense of belonging, of being part of a community. This is a source of strength and pleasure. The importance of observing Jewish holidays became apparent for the first time. In a place where it is always summer, where the year stretches monotonously ahead, Jewish holidays suddenly gave a rhythm to our lives. We again counted the years by the cycle of Jewish holidays. It gave a necessary cadence to the passing of the months.

It is a source of pride to be part of a People with such a long history and rich heritage. It gives me a sense of purpose. I consider myself fortunate to belong to a religion where values of family, justice, help to the underprivileged, education, and leading a moral life are integral. These values are not unique to Judaism, but I think their constellation and expression are.

I hope my children will find meaning and purpose to their being Jewish. I hope that they will have the same fierce pride in their Judaism as I do. I hope that their sense of identity is strong enough to pass on to their children and their children's children. I hope they continue to help forge the link of Judaism from Abraham to future generations.

Thirty seven years ago in South Africa, having recently moved to a new town, I watched in envy as acquaintances had Batmitzvah and Confirmation ceremonies. The strands of one's life develop at different paces. It is with satisfaction that, somewhat late, I too have been given the opportunity to share in this ceremony.

And it is particularly satisfying to do it here in St Thomas at this time in the presence of my husband and daughter, 150 years after the first confirmands, thus adding another link to the proud history of Jews in the Caribbean.

31/5/88

last day of summer holidays tea party
 Wale, Sophie, Fay, Ann, Shelly, Lucy,
 Aunt, Poppa, Suzanne (Auntie's friend)
 & Mark Henry - her birthday her champagne
 At a tea party eat cucumber sandwiches,
 scones, muffs, date cake, cheese cake -
 As we get older so nice to have
 family company, with many husbands
 Huge success.



Jean Dorsène
 vin mousseux

JEAN DORSÈNE 49 NGRANDES-S/-LOIRE - FRANCE

750 ml
 75 cl

CHAMPAGNE
 BLANC DE BLANCS 100 %

BATISTE PERTOIS

PROPRIÉTAIRE-RÉCOLTANT

CUVÉE DE RÉSERVE
 PREMIER CRU

PRODUIT DE FRANCE

CRAMANT
 (MARNE)

12% VOL.

RM-20233-01

75 cl

25/3/1989.

Durban, late tea (?)
 with Zelda & Bennie -
 no trips to Rbn is
 complete without visiting them. A day
 of memories, the old cemetery - Park Lane,
 Walsgrave Rd, the Bayly, old schools -
 our childhood. For me Bennie is a
 link to days long gone, another world.

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GINGER BEER

150 g (6 oz.) fresh ginger
1 cup sugar/honey
1 Tbs lemon juice

8 cups boiling water
Pinch of salt
1 tsp almond essence

Wash and grate ginger in food processor and place in bowl. Add boiling water; cover and leave overnight. Strain liquid, squeezing juice from ginger. Add sugar, salt, lemon juice and almond essence to taste. Serve with plenty of ice. If too sharp add a splash of club soda or Sprite.

Carnival in St Thomas

One of the nicest things about Carnival in St Thomas was the 'ol time drinks'. Although we didn't care for maube - a bitter drink made from the bark of a tree - ginger beer was our absolute best.

Carnival in the 1980s was a week-long festival of 'pahtying' (partying) that was glorious. Residents and tourists enjoyed the atmosphere and excitement leading up to the parade; the song competition; nightly strolls around the temporary food booths in the town car-park tasting local foods like conch fritters, souse, Johnny cake, kalaloo and ginger beer. All this was done while strutting to the insistent beat of the latest calypso songs. The parade itself was fun - participants spent months preparing elaborate costumes and beautiful floats, each accompanied by its own steel drum and percussion or brass band. It was very much a participant experience, so when you saw a friend you would join in the parade for a while or sit on the pavement, excitedly identifying friends.

The year 'Hot Hot' came out, I was busy dancing in the parade when a man came and danced with me for quite some time. "You fuck?" he asked, busy gyrating. And when I, also busy gyrating, answered "No" he turned away and danced on, looking for someone who did. One of the highlights of carnival was Juvée, which had its origins in the Catholic Mass, but is now a pagan festival in its licentiousness. Juvée took place on the morning before the Parade, after people had been up all night pahtying, drinking and dancing. As the calypso bands gathered for the parade, crowds of people followed, dancing in long close snake-line formations, not like the song "back to back and belly to belly", but rather - back to belly and belly to back. It took a lot of courage to join complete strangers in this sensuous rhythm, but the darkness was forgiving and it was great fun.

Another time Dad and I went by boat to Virgin Gorda to their carnival (much less spectacular). The trip was organized by Vandell Thomas, the manager of the Coral World restaurant, and as a gesture I served as waitress. The locals didn't wait to get to Virgin Gorda for the carnival, but started as they boarded the boat. Running up and down the deck serving drinks - a lot of rum, ice and a splash of juice (rum was cheaper than coke, juice or even ice) - I was harried even before we left the dock. As usual we were amazed by the St Thomian ability to drink.

SANDRA DEAN-PATTERSON'S SCREAMING ORGASM

2 parts Vodka
1 part Baileys

1 part Kahlua

Mix the liquors together, pour over ice and fire away.

PINA COLADA

3 oz (golden) rum
2 oz. cream of coconut
Crushed ice

4 oz. crushed pineapple
Red maraschino cherries with stalks

Combine all ingredients in a blender. Serve with a slice of pineapple and a red cherry.

Roy and the cherry stalk

When Roy and Gil Myers attended a medical conference in Nassau we went with them to dinner one evening. We waited interminably long to be seated and then there was a painful wait between each course. But the most memorable thing about the evening was the cherry. Roy ate the cherry that was in his pina colada, then did something with his mouth and out came the stalk, tied in a knot. I looked at it and said, "Hey, I can do that," and promptly did. Now it is my dinner trick to amuse people as we wait to be served at a restaurant.

TEA

Even the simplest tea came be transformed into a heavenly brew by the addition of Earl Grey. For every 2 teaspoons of black tea add 1 tsp Earl Grey, adding more Earl Grey if not fragrant enough. Heat teapot, add 1 tsp of tea per person and one for the pot. Add boiling water and let stand. Pour a little milk into the cup then stir tea and strain into cups.

Tea and People

Lizzie was our housemaid in Durban. A timid soul, short and softly spoken, she was very much part of our household. One of my most evocative memories, recalling feelings of special spoiling, is a cup of tea in bed. I never really thanked Lizzie for just being herself, unfailingly polite and kind and wish I could do so now.

Saba Hayman insisted that brewing tea shouldn't be stirred with a teaspoon; instead he'd turn the pot around a few times to strengthen the brew.

Rose Nickel would heat the milk on her coal stove in Bezuidenhout Valley; this would drive Granny mad, because she said milk for tea must be cold.

When I wanted to bring Ziona tea in bed, she was insulted, and insisted in getting up for her first cup of tea. But we do agree that tea and Scrabble are perfect accompaniments.

Caroline likes to drink tea in a china cup; I love my 2-cup enamel mug of morning tea. I can wake up from a deep sleep if my stainless steel teapot is banged on the kitchen counter.

Caroline and I agree there is nothing more delicious than to lie in bed, anticipating the arrival of the fragrant tea.

CHERRY BALSAMIC TEA

1 cup dried cherries
6 plain tea bags
1 tsp balsamic vinegar

4 cups boiling water
2 tsps finely chopped ginger
12 pitted cherries

Placed dried cherries in food processor and process until chopped. Transfer to bowl; add boiling water, tea bags and ginger. After 4 minutes, remove tea bags. Cool and strain. Stir in vinegar and refrigerate. Add fresh cherries and ice to glasses when serving.

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FRUIT SALAD WITH COTTAGE CHEESE DRESSING

Good fruit salad should be cut into fairly large pieces, with enough orange (or apple) juice so that the fruit floats. It should be prepared as close to eating as possible, although it is good the next day, if somewhat slurpy. An acquaintance, Pat Talbott from San Francisco, adds 1 tablespoon freshly grated ginger and 1 teaspoon (or more) orange marmalade for a delightful flavor. Concentrated passion fruit juice is also good. Mint leaves add a colorful touch. Any combination of fruit is fine. Especially good are bananas, unpeeled apples, pineapple, papaya, black grapes, pieces of orange, and pineapple.

Cottage Cheese Dressing:
1 Tbs fruit syrup/concentrated juice
½ tsp sugar

200 g (8 oz.) cottage cheese
1 tsp lemon juice
Pinch of salt

Beat cheese till light and creamy. Add remaining ingredients, then adjust flavors. Top with a few mint leaves. Serve with good bread.

Double Thicks for the memory

When Viv and Frankie came with Caryn and her friend Sam to St Thomas for Thanksgiving in 1994 we went almost daily to the little stall on the road owned by Israelis from East Jerusalem. Fresh pawpaws came in on Thursdays, but mango, pineapple, banana, soursop and limes were available daily. We enjoyed fruit salad the old (South African) way, made with plenty of pawpaw and lots of orange juice. Together with Mina's delicious bread it made a perfect lunch for a hot day.

It reminded me of a visit to South Africa with Moran at the same time that Viv, Tamir and Caryn were there. In Durban we made a nostalgic visit to the Tropicana Tearoom where the 'chevra' had spent many pleasant hours when we were young. Of course we ordered "Double Thicks", a very rich and thick milkshake which had always been a special treat when we were in Habonim. As Viv tucked into the double thick with a long spoon he began moaning with pleasure. Tamir and Caryn tasted it and looked at Viv with disbelief, "But Dad", they stated, "it's only soft serve ice cream." What they didn't understand was that Viv was tasting the memories of youth.

BASIC STEWED FRUIT

Good either with fresh fruit or end of week fruit. Use peaches, plums, guavas, pears, grapes and/or apples, but not bananas nor melon-type fruit. Red plums or grapes add wonderful color.

1 kilo (2 lbs) fruit
½ cup sugar
Few grates of nutmeg
2 whole cloves

4 cups water
2 cinnamon sticks
Peel of lemon, without pith

Peel and quarter apples and pears, skin and halve peaches, peel guavas; other fruit can be left whole. In a large pot boil water, sugar (add more to taste before end of cooking), cinnamon, nutmeg, lemon peel, and cloves. Add fruit and more water if necessary to almost cover fruit; simmer until just soft. While still hot you can add ½ cup liqueur - brandy to peaches, calvados to apples. Great with ice-cream or yoghurt.

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Diet: Make syrup with 2 Tbs sugar, using less water, about 1 cup water for apples, 2 cups for other fruit. When fruit is cooked and while liquid is still hot add sweetener to taste (about 7 packets).

A wealthy player

In 1965 after we completed Ulpan Ben Yehuda we moved to Rehov Hagalil 17 in Netanya. Dad had already started to teach English and Biology at ORT Netanya. In the flush of being in Israel, I was determined to make only Israeli friends, although there were numerous Anglo Saxons living nearby. I was lonely for a long time!

Dad met a lot of people through bridge. He and his bridge friends would have spirited conversations about the game and I would overhear "millionaire this and millionaire that." Although not too keen on bridge, I was pleased that Dad had met a nice crowd of wealthy players. Only later did I learn that they were talking about Yossi Millionaire, another player who was far from rich. Dad played and talked a lot of bridge in Netanya with his favorite partners including "the millionaire" and Basil Sandler.

One of the reasons we moved to Hofit was that Basil made sure that his bridge partner (Dad) didn't move to another club. It became a tradition that on Yom Kippur Dad would have a few tables of bridge and I feed everybody. (That was before I used to fast!) Knowing that people who do eat on Yom Kippur usually suffer from 'Yom Kippur Syndrome' and are ravenous throughout the fasting period, I prepared enormous quantities of food including my staple, stewed fruit, to last a number of meals. I remember my horror when the players ate all the food in one sitting.

BAKED APPLES

A useful dessert, especially if you are already using the oven.

1 Grannysmith or red Rome apple per person
Cinnamon

2 whole cloves per apple
Ginger

If you feel energetic, core apples and fill with raisins and nuts. Otherwise just stick cloves into apples. sprinkle with cinnamon and ginger and pour a little water or apple juice onto bottom of dish. Place apples in a Pyrex and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), until soft. Serve with yoghurt, custard, or ice cream. Pears can be done the same way.

STEWED RHUBARB

½ k (1 lb) frozen rhubarb
¼ cup water
2 whole cloves

¼ cup sugar
3 cinnamon sticks

Place all ingredients in saucepan and boil until rhubarb is tender. Adjust sweetness, adding either more sugar or sweetener (see *Basic Stewed Fruit* above). Fresh rhubarb is not as sweet as the frozen kind. It needs to be washed and cut into thumb-size pieces; it may need more sugar.

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Rhubarb, rhubarb

As children we always used to say 'rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb' when we pretended to whisper secretly to each other. This was from The Goon Show with Spike Milligan and Peter Sellers, a radio show that was very popular before the advent of television. TV, taken for granted by our children, was unknown to us when we were kids.

In 1974, while winding up our three month caravan trip to Scandinavia, Dad bought a small black and white television set on sale in Holland. He rushed back to the hotel, unpacked it and plugged it in. Vered watched the preparation with great interest, listened to the local (Dutch) program for a few minutes, then burst into tears. "Vered, don't you want television?" asked Dad, very surprised by her reaction. "Yes," sobbed Vered, "But I want it in Hebrew. Not in Dutch."

RHUBARB PIE

This pie transforms yesterday's leftovers into an elegant dessert.

1 pre-baked *Pate Brisee* shell in a 24 cm (9½-inch) pie dish

Fruit Filling:

2 cups stewed rhubarb

1 Tbs lemon juice

1 Tbs sugar

Few drops of vanilla essence

2 thinly sliced sweet apples/2 cup hulled strawberries

Grated lemon peel

¼ tsp cinnamon

2 Tbs cornstarch

Streusel Topping:

¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar

2 Tbs margarine, cut into bits

¼ cup finely chopped walnuts

½ cup all-purpose flour

¼ tsp cinnamon

1 egg mixed with 1 Tbs water

Drain rhubarb in sieve for 30 minutes, reserving ¼ cup liquid. (Top with top apple juice, if not enough liquid.) Toss apples in lemon juice, lemon peel, sugar, cinnamon and vanilla. Mix cornstarch with reserved liquid and blend into rhubarb. Set aside for at least 20 minutes. Add more sugar/liquid sweetener if too tart.

Meanwhile prepare Streusel Topping. Place all ingredients in bowl and mash with a fork until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs.

To assemble, place a layer of apples on the bottom of the pre-baked shell; cover with a layer of rhubarb, another layer of apples and finish with rhubarb, ensuring apples are well covered. Cover thickly with Streusel Topping. Brush any exposed pie shell with the beaten egg and water. Bake in lower part of a preheated hot oven (230°C/450°F) for 15 minutes, then lower the oven to moderate (180°C/350°F), and bake for 40 minutes until mixture rises then bubbles. Cool for at least two hours. If refrigerated, warm in oven for 20 minutes before serving. Serve with yoghurt. Serves 8.

Oupa and rhubarb

Dad: In South Africa certain words were peculiar to the country: a thruppenny coin was a tickie, papaya was pawpaw, corn was mealie, a cinema was bioscope, and a traffic light was called a robot. My grandfather always called robots 'rhubarbs' (probably because the sound was similar and his English wasn't too good), and I cannot hear the word 'rhubarb' without thinking of him. Oupa (which is Afrikaans for grandfather) was a large, jovial man (Uncle Eric reminded me of him) who was always struggling to make a living and worked at least some of the time as a

travelling salesman of skins, travelling between various small villages.

My parents had had a motorcycle accident very early in their marriage and as a result of a broken pelvis it was thought that my mother couldn't have children. You can imagine the excitement when after ten years of marriage I was born. (Fern was born after me, and later there was a stillborn son.)

My mother Queenie had a wonderful sense of humor. She was one of those people who always remembered jokes and always had a story ready in any situation. However on the following two occasions she certainly did not appreciate the humor of the situation.

My "late" birth together with the fact that I was born at the beginning of World War II also contributed to the very sheltered life I led as a baby. My mother would not let me out her sight. One day, when I was about 1 year old, she had no choice and Oupa was asked to look after me.

Although I wasn't his first grandchild (Shirley was) I was the first grandson, and Oupa decided that he would take his "Antelle" for a ride to see the big wide world. So off we went in his very old "terante", Oupa driving and baby Antelle sitting in the seat beside him. Oupa was of course very busy driving carefully and slowly and describing the sights to his grandson. So busy that he didn't notice when he turned a corner that the front door opened, Antelle fell out, and the door closed again. Well, it must have been some distance before Oupa realized that the baby was rather quiet. He took his eyes off the road for a minute and - "oy veyz mir. Where is Antelle? Perhaps I didn't really take him with me - I only imagined it." Poor Oupa retraced his trip, but by that time I had been picked up and given to the police, so he couldn't find me. He eventually plucked up the courage to go home and tell my incredulous mother that he had lost me. You can imagine the consternation and crying and recriminations, which did not stop when a call to the police resulted in my being united with my family.

They say that my mother wouldn't let Oupa near me for a year, but fate decreed that about a year after that Oupa had to babysit me. He had to promise on everyone's life that he would not take me out the house, nor let me out of his sight. I was a very beautiful baby with long blond hair which had never been cut, and my mother was so proud of my hair. Oupa didn't understand why a boy had to have such long hair; he assumed that my mother was afraid to take me out to a barber. So he decided to do her a favor. Of course he had promised not to leave the house, so he had to get a pair of scissors and cut off my golden locks all by himself. My mother's reaction when she came back and saw her shorn baby, was spoken of in awed whispers by the family for many years after that. It took a long time for her to forgive Oupa.

When this book was nearing completion I visited my cousin Jeffery Gefen and his wife Doreen in Ashdod. Delighted to renew our relationship we talked 'family' for hours. He told me that his grandfather (Oupa's brother), also named Hayman, fought on the side of the Boers against the British during the Boer War and was a prisoner of war. Years later, Oupa, like the vast majority of Jews, fought for the British in World War I. Hayman disdainfully referred to his brother as "that man with the black moustache." Whether this was an allusion his political affiliation, his sporting a British military moustache or his behavior to my grandmother I'll never know.

It always puzzled me that my father was born in South Africa yet had lived in Russia. Aunt Malia
*** Continued ***

told me that my grandmother, in an arranged marriage, emigrated to South Africa. But she and Oupa didn't get along. One day she packed her things and with her four young children, Ethel, Annie, my father Hayman, and Fannie, went back to Russia. But eventually she returned to South Africa, probably due to intense parental pressure - for in those days an arranged marriage had to last a lifetime. I regret not knowing my grandmother (she died when I was five) for she must have been a brave and independent-minded woman.

RHUBARB UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

170 g (3/4 cup) unsalted butter
½ k (1 lb) rhubarb
2 tsp baking powder
2 Tbs dark rum

1 cup brown sugar
1½ cups all-purpose flour
2 eggs

Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Spread half over bottom of a 22 cm (9 inch) cake pan. Cut rhubarb into 2 cm (3/4 inch) pieces, splitting thicker pieces in half. Arrange over bottom of pan, sunburst fashion to look pretty. Sift flour with baking powder. Beat eggs lightly; mix in rum and 1 Tbs flour. Gradually, while mixing, add egg mixture to creamed butter and sugar. Fold in remaining flour. Pour slowly over rhubarb to cover. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 45 minutes. Cool a couple of minutes and turn onto a serving platter. Top with ice cream or sweet cream/yoghurt.

PEARS IN WINE GRANITE

Simple to prepare: the color is impressive.

10 firm pears, peeled but with stalk intact
115 g (4 oz.) currant/red jelly (not quick jelly)
1 tsp grated orange peel
1 clove

1¼ cups red wine
¼ cup orange juice
1 small cinnamon stick
½ tsp ground ginger

Place all ingredients in saucepan over moderate heat and bring slowly to simmer. Spoon liquid over the pears so they will absorb red color. Simmer 20 minutes or until tender. Remove pears from liquid and cool. Strain liquid into a shallow pan and freeze. Scrape the ice into shavings and serve with pears and a dollop of plain yoghurt.

Variation: To prepare peaches, blanch in boiling water for 30 seconds, dip in cold water and peel. Add to liquid and cook.

Our twentieth wedding anniversary

The rich color of the pears cooked in wine reminds me of a wine so precious every drop has to be savored to the full.

Betsy Glasser, Uncle Mike's wife, used to tell me how Grandpa Maurice would order truly good wines. For our twentieth wedding anniversary I wanted a particular present: no pearls, diamonds or fridge, nothing that had to be guarded, dusted or cared for. I wanted a bottle of wine that cost \$200. In 1984 that was an awful lot of money for a bottle of wine, but I thought that \$10 a year for 20 years was not unreasonable.

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On a trip to Paris Dad walked into a wine shop. He confessed to the elegantly dressed salesperson that he knew nothing about wines but had to buy an expensive bottle of wine. "Do you want an expensive label or an expensive wine?" she asked. He told her the story of my anniversary wish, adding that he thought I wanted an expensive wine. "Well then, I will not give you Rothschild wines," and she passed the famous names of Margaux, Lafite and La Tour and walked to a small cupboard, and with a flourish pulled out a dusty bottle. "This," she announced, "is the best kept secret in wines. I keep it for special customers. Because I like the romance of your story, I will sell it to you." Dad looked doubtfully at the rather ordinary yellow and red label of Petrus Pomerol, but decided to buy it. He never fails to remind me that it cost only \$100, but would have cost \$200 in a restaurant. As he was about to leave the shop, the woman made him promise that when he flew back to Israel he would not put it in a suitcase, but carry it with him. In addition he had to promise to let the wine rest on its side for 3 months before he opened it. Because our anniversary was in a few weeks, Dad then bought a Chateaux Palmer. a label, to open on the day of our anniversary.

For months Dad agonized over the wine. Hans Reizjer, who knew wines, hadn't heard of it; it wasn't even mentioned in any wine guides. Dad was sure he had been had.

Four months later, on a warm night, we packed our crystal wine glasses, a hamper of cheeses and snacks, a tape with classical music, a blanket and Peles. Dad carefully carried the bottle of Petrus Pomerol (still on its side, as instructed) and we drove to the Coral World beach. It was a divine wine, so rich it felt smooth and thick; so full of flavor that we repeatedly smacked our tongues against our palates to squeeze out the last drop of taste. It was the perfect present and together with the Palmer, the start of our wine label collection.

We originally collected the labels to learn about wines, writing our impressions of the wine on the back. Soon the labels began to commemorate the little moments in our lives when we have enjoyed friendship and food. It is the abundance of such moments that have made our lives so full.

CHEESE TART WITH PINE NUTS

This is from *Italian Cooking* by Aharoni and Evron. Although simple to make, it looks very professional. An elegant dinner dessert.

Dough:

2 cups all-purpose flour	½ tsp salt
1 Tbs sugar	100 g (8 Tbs) unsalted butter, chilled
2 Tbs margarine, chilled	1 egg, lightly beaten
1 tsp lemon juice	1 Tbs cold water, if necessary

In a medium bowl place flour, salt and sugar. Cut butter and margarine into small pieces and drop into flour. With a pastry blender cut fat into flour until mixture resembles coarse meal. In a small bowl combine lightly beaten egg, lemon juice and 1 Tbs cold water. Slowly pour liquid into flour mixture while stirring with a fork. If mixture doesn't combine, add a little more water. Wrap dough in plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least 1 hour.

Roll dough to ½ cm (¼ inch) thickness and place in fluted pie dish; crimp edges with fork, discarding excess. If dough is sticky roll out between two sheets of wax paper.

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Cheese Mixture for Cheese Tart with Pine-nuts:

3 eggs
400 g (14 oz.) ricotta cheese
1 grated lemon rind
4 Tbs smooth apricot jam

3/4 cup sugar
28 g (1 Tbs) soft butter
50 g (2 oz.) pine-nuts
4 Tbs brandy

In a food processor blend cheese until smooth. Add eggs and sugar and blend again; add butter and lemon rind. Pour into pie dish and bake in a preheated moderately cool oven (170°C/325°F), for 45 minutes, or until set.

Meanwhile toast pine-nuts in a small pan, stirring frequently until just brown. (Beware they scorch easily.) Sprinkle over cooked cheese mixture.

Cook jam and brandy for three minutes and carefully brush over top of pie. Looks good, tastes even better. Serves 12.

Aviv, unlike Vered and Moran, is not fond of classical music. He does on occasion take time to try to teach me about his music. I was delighted when he introduced me to B.B. King and his song about cheesecake.

ORANGE JELLY PUDDING

1 packet orange jelly
2 eggs, separated
1 cup orange juice

1 1/4 cups boiling water
3/4 cup sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange

Dissolve jelly in boiling water; cool. Beat egg yolks with 1/4 cup of the sugar until pale and light; stir in orange juice, orange rind and jelly. Beat egg whites with remaining 1/2 cup sugar until peaks form. Gently fold into orange mixture. Refrigerate overnight.

We've come with the washing

This is dedicated to Ariela Fridman, who adored this dessert. Because Dad and David worked together daily we seldom met socially, although we enjoyed an excellent relationship.

People who live in Eilat are inundated by visitors, especially during holidays, or when they are camping nearby and flash floods force them to seek shelter (yes Kessels!). Eilatis enjoy visitors, but Dad once promised to help the Fridmans get rid of someone who had overstayed his welcome. A distant cousin of the Fridmans came for a holiday and stayed and stayed and refused to leave.

One night after supper we drove to the Fridman's house. Towing three young scruffy kids, darling Peles and all our dirty washing we walked into their house. We concocted a story that we had been camping on the beach but couldn't manage and asked the Fridmans if they could put us up for a few days and also do our laundry. The next day the cousin left. Mission accomplished.

Life's turning points

Years later Ariela, Sheila, Cendrine, Manya and I studied to become licensed Tourist Guides. I like to think that major decisions in my life have been made after careful consideration and weighing options. But, in fact, the turning points have always been made spontaneously and by the way.

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When Vered and Aviv were small (no, Aviv was never small; I mean young) and I was feeling frustrated by housework and motherhood, Ruti Maor, an acquaintance from Hofit remarked that she was studying to be a cosmetician and I should join her. And that chance remark was how I came to be a cosmetician for the next 15 years.

Soon after arriving in Eilat I attended a course in Marine Biology at the local college. At the end of the course Dani Paran told me that a course for tour guides was starting and he thought I would be suitable. "Me? You think I'm suitable?" The following month I had embarked upon a new career that gave me immense satisfaction.

BAJAN PASSION FRUIT JELLY

The people who live in Barbados are called Bajans.

½ cup (skimmed) evaporated milk
1 cup boiling water
1 egg, separated/2 egg whites

1 packet lemon jelly
1 cup concentrated passion fruit juice (sweetened)

Thoroughly chill evaporated milk. Dissolve jelly in water; add fruit puree to make 2 cups liquid, adding more water if necessary. Beat egg yolk and add it to jelly; chill.

When nearly set, beat evaporated milk until thick and frothy. Fold into jelly. Beat egg white until stiff; fold in. Refrigerate until set. Serves 8. Recipe can be easily doubled.

Note: 1 To use egg whites only, fold the mixture occasionally to recombine, before it sets.

2. If using unsweetened concentrated passion fruit, beat eggs whites with 1/3 cup sugar.

3. To make with concentrated guava juice, use raspberry jelly.

Granny and Grandpa meet

When Grandpa Maurice, with his uncle Yahne's help, emigrated from Vilna Lithuania to South Africa, he worked at Piel's, a grocery store in Johannesburg. Granny Gertie, who was young and beautiful, worked at the nylon stocking department at Wellworths and passed Piel's on her way to work. Uncle Julius says Grandpa was thin like a herring. Even then Grandpa wore thick dark green glasses and was a natty dresser, always wearing a clean white apron. He also had a motorbike. He invited Granny to dinner. Granny, then poor, was so impressed - Grandpa seemed like a real man of the world. He knew which food to order and which wine went with each dish. Only later did she learn that his knowledge came from selling these foods and not from fine dining.

Grandpa maintained that he ruined his eyes at Piel's. When he first started to work there, he was sent to the basement to check the freshness of eggs. He spent long hours every day in the darkened room, peering at eggs as he held them in front of a candle.

He also swore that later on, when he was in charge of the shop, a young Afrikaner couple walked in and asked for a bottle of concentrated passion fruit syrup. As they left, arm in arm, the young bok shyly turned to his young bride and said "I hope it works."

LEMON FLUMMERY

A delicious dessert, from *Complete Book of Home Freezing* by Audrey Ellis.

4 tsp gelatin
6 eggs, separated
1 cup lemon/lime juice

8 Tbs water
1 cup sugar
Grated rind of 2 lemons

Place gelatin and water in a small basin over a pan of hot water and leave until dissolved. Beat yolks and sugar until thick and pale. Gradually beat in lemon juice, then gelatin and lemon rind. Leave until almost set, then beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Allow to set overnight. Serves 6. Recipe can be doubled.

CAROLYN WARDLE'S KEY LIME PIE

2 17-cm (7 inch) pie dishes lined with biscuit-crumb base

1 cup fresh lime juice
A few drops of green coloring
4 egg whites
½ cup sugar

1 can sweetened condensed milk
4 cups of Cool Whip
Pinch of salt

Blend lime juice, condensed milk and coloring, then fold in Cool Whip. Pour into tins and refrigerate for at least 2 hours. Beat egg whites with salt until foamy, then gradually add sugar and beat until stiff. Spread thickly over pie fillings. Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F) for about 3 minutes until nicely browned. Serve cool.

Ziona and I trade places

I inherited Carolyn Wardle as a friend from Ziona when we came to Nassau in 1990. Carolyn and Nick were instantly welcoming, in marked contrast to most other Bahamians and ex-pats. Carolyn brought over this pie when John and Sarah Stoneman were visiting us in Nassau, and brought us a copy of Save Our Seas, an underwater film which I had helped make.

When we went to live in St Thomas in the early eighties Dovie, Ziona and their daughter Lior moved to Eilat. While Dovie took over from Dad at Coral World, Ziona inherited my place in a circle of friends - Caroline, Ruthie, Sheila, and Yael. This nucleus has lasted years even though they have all since moved to the center of the country, while Dad and I move between Eilat and overseas. But they are my friends, whose companionship I need and whose friendship I seek. They are, together with my family and relatives, my connection to Israel.

LOUISE'S CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

350 g (14 oz.) baking or semi-sweet chocolate chips
1 tsp vanilla essence
4 egg whites
1 cup whipping cream

1 Tbs butter
3 Tbs liqueur (Bailey's or Tia Maria is best)
½ cup sugar

In a double boiler melt chopped chocolate, butter, vanilla and liqueur, or zap in microwave until melted, about 3 minutes. Beat egg whites with sugar until peaks form. Whip cream. Fold in egg whites and then whipped cream into chocolate. Serves 10.

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The Herrenstadts come for dinner

A few months after we moved from Ulpan Ben Yehuda to an apartment in Rehov Hagalil 17 Netanya, Dad and I were ready to start entertaining. Dad, who had just begun to teach English at ORT Netanya, invited Ilana Herrenstadt, who taught Hebrew Literature, and her husband Yankele over for dinner.

My first dinner party! I was so excited, I spent days planning and preparing the menu, which was to end on a high note, with Louise's Chocolate Mousse. I carefully set out our best dinnerware and had everything prepared except for last minute details.

When they arrived we sat in our lounge and chatted. How patient they were. Although their English was far better than our Hebrew I insisted we talk in Hebrew, and it must have been most tiresome to have to listen to our halting Hebrew. But very pleased with myself I sat and conversed in gracious style, modeling myself on Gertie Glazer who was a wonderful hostess. An hour later I went to the kitchen to serve the food and to my horror realized that much remained to be done. It was fine for Granny to sit and entertain her visitors while Lizzie did the last minute preparations - but I was by myself. It took another hour of work in the kitchen until everything was ready to eat. Today I think nothing of whipping up a dinner for 20 people, but that was the most traumatic dinner party I ever made!

CHART HOUSE MUD PIE

125 g (4½ oz.) chocolate wafers
2 liters (½ gallon) coffee ice-cream
Diced almonds

¼ cup butter, melted
1½ cups fudge sauce

Crush wafers; add melted butter and mix well. Press into a 22 cm (9 inch) pie plate. Freeze. Remove ice-cream from freezer and set aside until it softens slightly. Pile ice-cream onto pie plate and freeze again.

Pour fudge sauce over ice-cream and freeze for 2-3 hours. To serve, cut cake into 8 sinful pieces, sprinkle with nuts and serve.

Note: Although the pieces are enormous and loaded with calories, make sure everybody gets their own piece!

Famous Mud Pie

The Chart House in St Thomas is a large rambling wooden house open to the sea. To reach the restaurant you have to pass through Frenchtown, a community of fishermen who live in tiny wooden houses with hammocks slung from the ceilings. Some say because they are boat people they like the rocking motion, others claim the houses are so small there is no room for beds. Driving to the restaurant and peering through the doors and windows of these quaint houses was definitely part of the fun. The Chart House served excellent steaks and offered a large salad bar, but it was most famous for its Mud Pie.

This recipe is for Louise who spent a wonderful holiday with us in St Thomas. On her last night we took her to The Chart House. She later sent me a cookbook, "Table Manna," with this inscription:

"In memory of a lovely evening. (I could have eaten it [the Mud Pie] all by myself - not share with 4 others!)"

NIKI'S PIE

1 pre-baked biscuit pie shell
4 eggs, separated
4-6 Tbs instant coffee

1 cup cream
4 Tbs brown sugar

Whip cream and egg whites in bowl. Beat egg yolks, sugar and coffee in a separate bowl. Gently fold in beaten egg whites and pour into crust. Freeze. Decorate with chocolate coffee beans.

Gill and Roy Myers

Niki and her friend Ralph sent us this recipe after staying with us in St Thomas. Niki and her sister Tamar are the daughters of Gill and Roy Myers. Dad knew Roy from Durban High School and later from Wits University when they were at medical school together. The Myers, unlike Dad, finished their medical studies.

Dad studies laterally

Before Dad finally got a degree in Chemistry and Psychology at Natal University he caused his parents a lot of grief. Because his dad Hayman and three uncles were all lawyers, it was expected that Dad become one as well. He was sent to the Kalahari Desert and articulated in his uncle Eric's law firm. That didn't last. He then went to Wits and began medical school. The first year he majored in pinball machines and liquor making. The second year he explored his White Coat Theory The third year he transferred to Natal University in Pietermaritzburg and later to Durban where he squeaked out his degree. On honeymoon he was informed that he hadn't passed Math 101 and had to return to South Africa to redo the exam for his degree (he got a distinction, the highest mark possible). People who knew him then are amazed that this wild chap grew up to be a responsible adulthood. Those who know him today cannot believe that he was once a high-spirited youth.

CREME CARAMEL

This delicious dessert is always good to make when preparing something else in the oven.

Caramel Coating:

3 Tbs sugar
1 tsp fresh lemon juice

1 Tbs water

In a heavy saucepan boil sugar with water and lemon juice until mixture turns dark brown. Carefully pour into Pyrex dish and swirl around to coat base and side.

Custard:

3 eggs
Pinch of salt
Few drops vanilla essence
Grated nutmeg

1/3 cup sugar
3 cups scalded milk
Cinnamon

Whisk eggs, sugar and salt. Add hot milk slowly, stirring constantly; add vanilla. Pour into Pyrex dish, sprinkle with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in a dish of water in a preheated cool oven (150°C/300°F), until set, about 40 minutes.

Lite version: Reduce sugar to 1 tsp and substitute 6 packets of Sweet and Low.

PANACHE COCONUT CREAM PIE

Biscuit Crust:

3 Tbs (50 g) melted margarine
1 tsp cinnamon
Grated rind of 1 orange

1½ cups of biscuit crumbs (Marie or tea biscuits)
½ tsp ginger

Melt margarine and mix with crumb ingredients; with the back of a spoon pat into buttered cake tin. If too dry sprinkle with a little orange juice. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F) for 10 minutes.

Filling:

2 cups made Birds custard
¾ cup frozen passion fruit concentrate (sweetened)
1 cup vanilla yoghurt
2 ripe mangoes, peeled and sliced

1 packet gelatin
1½ tsp vanilla extract
1 cup sweetened flaked coconut
1 tsp lime juice

Make a thick custard according to package directions, using 4 Tbs custard powder and 2 Tbs sugar; cover with a piece of plastic wrap to prevent skin from forming. Cool. Dissolve gelatin in half the passion fruit juice. Microwave on high for 30 seconds then add to remaining juice; set aside. When thick, combine with remaining passion fruit juice, custard, vanilla, yoghurt, and sweetened coconut. Pour into pie crust and refrigerate overnight. Decorate with mango slices sprinkled with lime juice just before serving.

A fear of enclosed spaces

David and Carol, captain and crew aboard Panache, the super luxurious motor yacht belonging to Herman and Gert Gross, shared this recipe on a lazy overcast day when we sailed to St John.

It is to a diving incident with Herman that I owe my fear of enclosed spaces. When we were in St Thomas the first time around, Herman and I broke a number of diving engagements. We agreed to give it one more try and I swore that no matter what I'd be by his Boston whaler at Pineapple beach.

That morning I brushed aside a queasy feeling in my stomach and joined Herman on the shore. When we reached the diving spot, I had to put on my diving gear in the rocking boat. By the time I managed to pull on my wet suit (had it shrunk yet again?) I was feeling awful. Before we jumped into the sea, Herman warned me that the current in Pillsbury Sound was very strong and I was to come up on the anchor line to avoid being swept away. Herman, busy with his photography motioned me to go into the hull of the wreck by myself. But I was feeling a wreck myself, very nauseous, and wanted to quiet my stomach first. Eventually I got in control and we prepared to enter the hull. As I cleared my mask the glass caved in - I couldn't see and felt as if I were suffocating as my eyes and nose filled with water. "Go up" Herman motioned, eager to go into the wreck. But I couldn't see anything and remembered the current. Herman, annoyed at being distracted, took me to the line and I went up. Eventually I flopped/pulled myself onto the boat, feeling awful. He eventually came back and we never mentioned the incident again.

A few weeks later while walking in Manhattan, I glanced up and began sweating while my heart raced. After that any enclosed area terrified me. Flying was a real nightmare and diving was impossible.

** Continued **

Trying to understand how this phobia suddenly took control of my life, I remembered that just before we moved to St Thomas, Aviv, Moran and I got lost in a cave in Bet Guvrin (Vered wisely remained in the car) and had some scary moments until we found our way out. Aviv sat Moran and I down in the middle of the suffocatingly black cave and tried each exit until some people entered the cave bringing light and redemption.

On a trip back to Israel I asked David Fridman and Caroline to dive with me at the Mitzpe. Although I felt myself fluttering on the verge of panic, I made it through the dive. It took years until I again really felt comfortable in the water, but I got over my panic that day.

And Herman Gross? Gert and Herman Gross were our (winter) neighbors in Pineapple. Unfortunately Herman's hearing aid appeared to be tuned exactly to the pitch of our cutie pie Teddy's barking. It seems it was also tuned to the frequency of our amplifier: Herman and Gert came to a Purim party at our house. Herman spent the whole night turning the music down to inaudible, loudly proclaiming each time - "Some people want to talk!"

ZIONA'S TRIFLE

Sponge cake/1 packet Boudoir biscuits

½ cup good wine and brandy/ cherry brandy/ Kirsch

4 cups milk

5 Tbs sugar

1 cup whipping cream

1 can apricots/peaches

1 packet red jelly (not instant)

5 Tbs cornstarch

3 eggs

Strawberries, kiwis, grated chocolate, nuts, cherries,
etc. for decoration

Slice cake horizontally into two. In a food processor blend half the canned fruit and spread over 1 layer of cake; reassemble. Cut cake into very thick slices and line a large glass dish. Sprinkle with liquor. Make jelly with 1 cup water. When cool, pour over cake and refrigerate.

Meanwhile prepare custard: heat milk in a saucepan. Mix cornstarch and sugar with a little cold milk. When milk is hot, add cornstarch and cook, stirring constantly, for 2 minutes. Remove from heat and add eggs, one at a time, beating until well blended. Cook over a double boiler for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. The custard should have a runny consistency. Cover with a wet cloth until cool. When jelly sets, pour custard over and let set.

Line bowl with remaining peaches. When ready to serve, spread with whipped cream and decorate.

Ziona and I go back a long way

When asked to comment on the first draft of this book, Ziona said that lack of a trifle recipe was a glaring omission. So here's her recipe. I made it at the first opportunity and found that between those who didn't like jelly and those who wouldn't eat custard, Dad and I were left with a lot of trifle to finish by ourselves! But who's complaining?

Ziona and I go back a long way. One Shabbat at Beit Yanai beach, before we became friends, Aviv was holding on and walking around the wooden play pen where Lior, Ziona's tiny doll-like daughter lay. "Tell him to stop putting sand in Lior's playpen," Ziona said. Rather taken aback, I told her I couldn't. "What do you mean? Tell him!" "Well, I can," I answered, "But he won't understand," annoyed that someone would come to the beach and want to be sand free. Although only six months apart, Aviv at ten months old was enormous, while Lior, six months younger, was especially small.

** Continued **

Ziona was my first Anglo Saxon friend in Israel. We got to know each other while exercising at Yossi Markus' basement gym. As we sat in the sauna trying to shed a few pounds, we shed, instead, our inhibitions and defenses. A life-long friendship was formed that transcends time and place.

When Ziona left Bet Herut, I went to help her pack. When she and Dovvie got married, Dad and I flew from Eilat, uninvited, to Tel Aviv to be at the Rabbanut for the ceremony.

Lior was a gifted person, beautiful in personality and looks. She was loved by all whom knew her. The trauma of Lior's death at age 15 in a car accident has been ongoing for Ziona. From Ziona I learnt that although it is very sad when our parents die, it is the natural order of things. We can and do accept it. But when a child is snatched from a parent, the loss is almost too great to bear.

STRAWBERRY TIRAMASU

1½ cups nonfat cream cheese at room temperature	¼ cup powdered sugar
7 Tbs Marsala (sweet white) wine	½ cup yoghurt drained overnight in a cheesecloth
1 pint basket (punnet) strawberries	¼ cup boiling water
2 Tbs sugar	2½ tsp instant coffee
200 g (7 oz.) Boudoir biscuits	3 squares bittersweet chocolate, grated

Blend cheese, sugar and 5 Tbs Marsala in food processor until smooth. Mix in yoghurt. Slice half the strawberries and halve the rest. Combine water, sugar and coffee; mix in remaining Marsala. Dip biscuits in coffee mixture and line a Pyrex dish. Spread half the cheese mixture over biscuits, then line with sliced strawberries. Cover with another layer of biscuits; spread remaining cheese mixture over and decorate with grated chocolate and halved strawberries.

ANTHONY PAVLOVA

4 large egg whites	Pinch of cream of tartar
1 cup powdered sugar	½ tsp cornstarch
1 Tbs vanilla essence	1 tsp vinegar
2 cups whipping cream	1 cup fresh fruit: strawberries, cherries, kiwi, peaches

Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff. Beat in half the sugar until dissolved and mixture is very shiny. Fold in cornstarch, vanilla and vinegar. Fold in remaining sugar.

Line a baking tray with buttered wax paper or aluminum foil and sprinkle with more cornstarch. Spoon mixture onto tray, scooping up (or piping) the sides to form a rim.

Bake in a very cool oven (130°C/250°F), for 1½ hours until outside is crisp and inside is like marshmallow. When meringue is cold, whip cream and spread in case, topping with fresh fruit. Hold plate high and pirouette as you serve! Serves 8.

Hold her aloft this way

This dessert was originally developed for the Russian Ballerina Pavlova when she visited New Zealand. I flew to New Zealand just before Lindy was supposed to give birth to Ariel Pascal Davis, our godson. Lindy's mother, Varda Knight, feted Lindy with her favorite foods at a 'last supper' that was repeated for ten nights until she actually gave birth.

** Continued **

While Dad and I were in Nassau we regularly went to see local productions at the Dundas Theater. A new dance group had been formed and Dad and I went, more to support their efforts than to enjoy the performance. While watching the dancers, Dad turned to me and asked if I was aware that he had had a very minor ballet career. While in Pietermaritzburg he went out with Natalie who played the piano for the ballet students. While he waited for Natalie to finish, he was occasionally asked to help lift one of the dancers. Imagining Dad in white tights and a tutu caused me much amusement.

BY MAUREEN'S, FROZEN MERINGUE

400 g (1 lb) meringues
3/4 cup raisins
3 cups whipping cream
2 cups sliced strawberries

1 cup crushed pecans
2 large Flakies/1 cup chocolate chips
2 tsp instant coffee
3 kiwis, peeled and sliced

Crush meringues. Mix half with half the pecans, raisins and chocolate. Place in a large bowl. Whip cream until thick, then add coffee. Spread half over meringue. Cover with strawberries and kiwis. Place remaining meringue on top and cover with remaining cream. Spread with remaining pecans, raisins and chocolate. Freeze for at least four hours. Remove from freezer about 1/2 hour before serving. Delicious. Serves 8.

Maureen

Maureen and I were together in Habonim and high school and we shared (unknowingly) many of the same friends and boy friends. On Maureen's 49th birthday, she gave a dinner party for 8 women at her house in Jerusalem. Meira Glassman brought this magnificent dessert. Although Maureen and I did not get along when we were young (Dad says that is an understatement) we became good friends many years later when she and Dick visited us in Eilat. We enjoy a special relationship - there are very few people with whom I can discuss my childhood without explanations. While she painted my portrait we talked for hours about ourselves and it was a wonderful experience. We get along so well, it is amazing that competition over friends and status kept us apart all these years.

MERENGUE MERINGUE

This is from Scott Grundy's *Low-fat, Low-Cholesterol Cookbook*, an American Heart Association publication.

Meringues
Ice-cream

Blueberry Topping

Meringues:
1 cup sugar
1/8 tsp cream of tartar
1/2 tsp vanilla extract

4 large egg whites
1 tsp vinegar

Blend sugar in a food processor for a few seconds to make it finer.

In a large bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff peaks form. Add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vinegar and vanilla; beat well to blend.

Line a baking tray with wax paper and spray with oil. Either pipe kisses or drop heaping

tablespoons onto the tray. To make nests, spread each spoonful against the edges to raise slightly. To make kisses, lift spoon slowly to form peaks.

Bake in a cool oven (140°C/275°F), for 45 minutes. Reduce oven to (130°C/250°F) and bake about 15 minutes more, until firm but not brown.

Remove from wax paper while warm and allow to cool on a rack. Stores well in an airtight container. Makes 20 nests.

Blueberry Topping:

2 cups frozen blueberries

¼ cup sugar

1 Tbs cornstarch

½ cup water

1 Tbs fresh lemon juice

2 Tbs cold water

Place blueberries, water, sugar and lemon juice in a saucepan. Bring to boil over medium heat. Combine cornstarch and water. Add to blueberries and cook over low heat 1 to 2 minutes more, stirring until thick and smooth. Serve hot or cold.

To assemble: Fill nests with ice cream and Blueberry Topping.

Variations: Shake a little chocolate powder onto each meringue prior to baking. The chocolate will melt slightly and form an icing.

Coffee Meringues: Mix 2 teaspoons of instant coffee with the sugar before adding to the egg whites.

ECLAIRS

Choux Pastry (in Pies 'n Pastry)

Chocolate Icing

Chocolate Cream/thick Bird's (commercial) custard

Chocolate Cream:

100 g (4 oz.) bittersweet chocolate, coarsely chopped

½ cup sugar

2 cups milk

6 egg yolks

5 Tbs flour

Melt chocolate over a pan of boiling water or in microwave; cool slightly. Beat egg yolks with sugar until pale and thick. Stir in flour. Meanwhile heat milk. Whisk half the hot milk into egg mixture, then whisk mixture back into remaining milk in saucepan. Bring just to boil, whisking constantly. Remove from heat; when lukewarm beat in melted chocolate.

If not using immediately, rub surface with butter to prevent skin from forming. Just before using beat until smooth.

Fill cooled eclair cases with Chocolate Cream.

Chocolate Icing:

75 g (3 oz.) plain chocolate

2 Tbs hot water

200 g (7 oz.) icing sugar

Melt chocolate in a basin over a pan of hot, not boiling water. Sieve icing sugar into a bowl, add hot water and stir until well mixed. Add melted chocolate and beat until smooth and shiny. It should cling to back of wooden spoon. Add more hot water or icing sugar to obtain correct consistency.

Dip the top of each eclair into the icing to coat.

PROFITEROLES

Choux Pastry (see Pastry)
Chocolate Sauce

Chantilly Cream

Chantilly Cream:

3/4 cup whipping cream

1 1/2 tsp sugar

1/2 tsp vanilla essence

Whip cream until it starts to thicken; add vanilla and sugar, continuing to beat until peaks hold shape. Make a hole in the bottom of each cooled profiterole and fill with Chantilly Cream. Dust with icing sugar and pile into a pyramid.

Chocolate Sauce:

25 g (1 oz.) cocoa powder

25 g (2 Tbs) butter

25 g (1 oz.) castor sugar

2 Tbs water

Heat all ingredients until butter melts, stirring continuously. Pour over pyramid. Start eating from the top!

First Annual Levy Reunion

In 1992 we decided to hold the First Annual Levy Family Reunion. Against Dad's better judgment (the majority wish prevailed) we spent a week skiing at Les Meneures Club Med in France. We had a wonderful time, enjoying the togetherness at a rare moment when everybody was feeling good about themselves. The skiing was great (except for Dad, who even weeks later was still on painkillers for torn muscles) and the food was delicious.

The amount of food the Levys consumed caused amazement and sometimes disbelief among the people at our table. One evening Moran came back very pleased with himself: on the dessert table there was a huge pile of Profiteroles and as he approached with his plate already laden with cake and pastries, to the chef's horror Moran stretched out his hand as if to take the two bottom profiteroles. The chef rushed forward waving his hands and saying "No! No, please no!" much to Moran's amusement.

All you can eat

When Aviv was studying Marine Technology at Key West Florida in the mid 1990s, eating properly was a major concern as he played a lot of basketball and worked out regularly at the local gym. When KFC (Kentucky Fried Chicken) opened an all-you-can-eat buffet, serving grilled chicken breasts and other healthful dishes, it became a regular eating stop for Aviv. The first time he went there, the manager watched as Aviv made foray after foray to the buffet, each time piling his plate high with food. At last, unable to contain himself as he saw all his profits go down Aviv's lanky frame, the manager approached Aviv and asked him to leave. How we all laughed, and agreed that Aviv most probably thought it was an all-you-MUST-eat buffet.

A combined treat

Vered: The first time I ate eclairs was with Dad at the Jerusalem Moriah. We sat in the lobby and ordered these delicious chocolate eclairs. To drink, Dad ordered a Brown Cow, coke with ice cream. I must have been about 12 then but still clearly remember this particular treat.

GUAVEE' FLAMBEE'

2 cups quartered guava shells with pips scooped out	1 Tbs real butter
6 Tbs sugar	1/3 cup Cointreau/Grand Marnier
1/2 cup orange juice	Ladle of brandy

Prepare guavas and set aside. Heat butter and sugar, stirring constantly until mixture turns light brown. Add Cointreau and ignite. Add orange juice and mix well. Add cubed fruit and heat. Add brandy and cook for 1 minute then light. Serve flaming. Good with vanilla ice cream. Serves 4. It is also excellent with mangoes, bananas or peaches.

A dessert for Hanukkah

Dad and I love to entertain, making lavish dinners for lots of people. One memorable dinner was during Hanukkah when we had over 20 people for dinner in Eilat. The food exceptionally tasty and Rafi Nelson wanted to marry me for my broccoli soup. For dessert I made a fruit flambe and Sheila Meltzer put out the lights and when I lit it everyone burst into the Hanukkah song: "Suru Hoshech (Chase away the darkness).

Little boys are pyromaniacs

Little boys are pyromaniacs! When Aviv was about five, he and a friend made a little fire in the field opposite our house in Hofit. When the fire got out of control, setting the whole field ablaze, they rushed to the phone and called the Netanya fire brigade. The fire station didn't take seriously the call from two children seriously and we were lucky that our neighbor, Koren, put the fire out before it caused any damage to the Kfar Vitkin cattle in the adjoining field.

CREPES

1 cup all-purpose flour	1/4 tsp salt
1 cup milk	3 eggs
2 Tbs oil	

In a food processor blend all the ingredients for 5 seconds (the crepes will be tough if over beaten). Switch off and scrape sides. Blend for 20 seconds more and transfer to a bowl. Cover and let stand for 1-2 hours. Add about 2 Tbs of water, if needed, to make batter the consistency of thin cream.

Brush a 18 cm heavy frying pan lightly with oil and heat over moderate heat until a drop of

batter sizzles in the pan. Pour 2-3 Tbs of batter into pan, turning the pan quickly to coat bottom. Pour excess batter back into bowl. Cook over medium-high heat until lightly browned on bottom and then turn with a metal spatula, lightly browning the other side. Transfer to a plate or a sheet of waxed paper. Continue making crepes, brushing pan lightly with oil as needed. If pan gets too hot remove from heat for a few seconds. Stack crepes and keep warm, covered with a kitchen towel. Makes about 15 crepes.

Crepes may be made ahead, stacked and frozen in plastic bags.

Fillings:

Crush strawberries and mix with whipped cream.

Chop pineapple, add a little apricot jam flavored with a splash of Kirsch.

CREPE SUZETTE

8 crepes
¼ cup icing sugar
1 Tbs grated lemon rind
4 Tbs Cognac

100 g (8 Tbs) butter
Grated rind and juice of 1 orange
6 Tbs Cointreau/Grand Marnier

Prepare crepes (see *Crepes* above). Cream butter and icing sugar; add orange juice, orange and lemon rind, and 4 Tbs Cointreau.

When ready, heat orange butter gently until it bubbles. Dip each crepe into mixture and then fold into quarters, and push to side of pan. When all crepes are folded, sprinkle with a little sugar, remaining Cointreau and Cognac. Carefully light pan and spoon flaming liquid over crepes. Serve as soon as the flame dies down. Very sophisticated.

Vered studies in Paris

When Vered was 18 she spent a few months in Paris studying French through Alliance Francaise. She shared a tiny apartment near the delightful Mouffetard market. When Dad visited her he was horrified that she shunned the market (she didn't like to cook then) and instead lived off pasta, claiming it was the only thing she could afford on her tight budget. But she did introduce Dad to one of her favorite activities - eating crepe suzettes from roadside creperies.

SOUFFLE GRAND MARNIER

150 g (¾ cup) sugar
50 g (2 Tbs) real butter, melted
5 Tbs Grand Marnier
Grated rind of 2 oranges

2 cups milk
50 g (½ cup sifted) all-purpose flour
5 egg yolks
7 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Dissolve sugar in hot milk. Blend melted butter with flour and add milk gradually to make a thick paste. Remove from heat, add liquor then egg yolks one at a time. Add orange peel then fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered molds and sprinkle with a little sugar. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 20-25 minutes without opening door. Serve immediately.

BREAD PUDDING

This is from *Moosewood Cookbook* by Mollie Katzen, an excellent vegetarian cookbook.

3 cups milk
½ tsp cinnamon
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 tsp vanilla
2 Tbs brown sugar/8 drops of liquid sweetener
1½ cups freshly grated apple
Ground cinnamon

3 large eggs
Good grate of nutmeg
½ tsp salt
3 Tbs honey
4 cups old bread, white and whole-wheat
½ cup raisins
Nutmeg

Combine first 9 ingredients in a blender. Cut bread into large cubes and place in a buttered Pyrex dish. Cover with grated apple and raisins; pour liquid over and mix. Sprinkle with cinnamon and nutmeg.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 40 minutes or until crisp. Serve either hot or cold. Serves 6.

* Continued *

Gladys and Elaine

Our return to St Thomas after the Bahamas was very different from our previous stay in the '80s. Without the children, there was less pressure to 'do things'. People lived more secluded lives and although the memories hadn't changed, we had, and so had the people we knew.

Sisterhood in the early 1980's had been a wonderful viable organization. The members were ready to try out managerial and leadership skills and were thirsty for knowledge and eager to make their mark in the community. It was so successful that the leaders of Sisterhood became the leaders of the synagogue: Marilyn, Andrea and Jeannette all became in time President of the Synagogue. Sisterhood went through many changes in the intervening years, continuing with important and innovative fund raising events. During our second stay in St. Thomas there was an attempt to redefine the purpose of Sisterhood that included donations to Mazon (every food event would include money for the needy), projects for the Bicentennial, an outreach project to the elderly, and the Sisterhood cookbook.

Gladys de Castro, 90 years old, and Elaine Robles, her younger sister, lived by the synagogue. Gladys was very frail and not well. 'The ladies' were to move to Florida to be near relatives. The whole community was shocked. Gladys and Elaine provided a unique history and connection of the Jewish community to the island; their departure symbolized the passing of an era. Nina and I went to visit the sisters as they were packing to leave. Gladys, who was the oldest member of the Sisterhood, said she would give us the recipe for her bread pudding for the proposed Cookbook. She died two weeks before they were due to leave for Florida. This recipe is dedicated to Gladys and Elaine with love.

FRUIT COCKAIGNE

Base:

1 cup whole-wheat flour
½ tsp salt
2 Tbs margarine
½ tsp vanilla

1¼ tsp baking powder
2 Tbs sugar
1 egg
About ¼ cup milk

Fruit Filling:

3-4 cups peeled, sliced apples, guavas, or sliced unpeeled plums
(2 Tbs fruit juice, if necessary)
2 tsp cinnamon
2 Tbs butter

¼-½ cup sugar
Good grate of nutmeg

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add margarine and cut in with pastry blender until it resembles bread crumbs. In a measuring cup combine egg, vanilla and enough milk to make ½ cup liquid, then beat. Combine with flour to make a stiff dough (it is not necessary to use all the liquid). Pat dough into a 22 X 22 cm (9-inch) greased Pyrex.

Place sliced fruit in overlapping rows over the dough. Sprinkle with a little fruit juice if not juicy. Mix sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg and butter. Sprinkle over fruit. Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F), for 25 minutes.

* Continued *

Variation: Peach filling for Fruit Cockaigne

1 k (2 lbs) ripe peaches
¼ tsp almond extract
½ tsp cinnamon

1 Tbs lemon juice
½ cup sugar

Drop peaches into boiling water for 15 seconds, drain, peel, halve, pit and slice. Sprinkle with lemon juice and almond extract, toss to coat. Add sugar and cinnamon.

NINA'S SWEET NOODLES

250 g (8 oz.) broad, flat noodles
3 Tbs sugar
Pinch of salt
½ cup raisins

4 eggs whites, beaten
½ tsp cinnamon
4 Tbs canola oil
Cinnamon to sprinkle

Cook noodles until just tender, drain and rinse. Combine egg whites with sugar, cinnamon and salt. Add noodles and mix. Add oil and raisins and mix thoroughly. Pour into a well buttered 23 cm (9-inch) square Pyrex; sprinkle with cinnamon.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), until lightly browned, about 45 minutes. Serves 6.

Good hot or cold.

Nina's cooking

One the nicer benefits of the liberation of women, is the liberation of men, particularly freeing them to go into the kitchen. As with many of my friends, it is the husband, Steve in this household, who does most of the Schafer cooking. But whenever we invite them over for a meal, Nina always offers to make brownies. Once, exasperated by this lack of imagination, I asked if she knows how to make anything else. She laughed and said, "Yes, Kugel." It is delicious.

Nina's Anniversary verse

The following poem Nina whipped up for our 30th wedding anniversary. Anyone can cook, but few can write so beautifully in rhyme.

* ANNIVERSARY VERSE *

*A serious poet I cannot be,
When it comes to gastronomy.
For food's too fun, and life's too short,
To labor with deep metaphors.*

*We need to stay with simple rhyme,
You'd rather eat than spend your time...
I'm sure you'd rather taste enhance,
Than waste your time with consonance.*

*For now Doreen has made a book,
To help us all who cannot cook;
To tell the few on whom she dotes,
Their history in anecdotes.*

*A family's life in recipe,
She's told the tale of raising three:
Aviv, Moran, and Vered dear,
between creamed soup and broth that's clear.*

*Before Risotto Milanese,
She happily revives the days,
When Granny sewed, and Bobbe knit,
When needles into feet didn't fit.*

*Between green beans and scones to toast,
Is Ella's inexpensive roast.
And while you're looking up which wine,
Find Derby Pie for Caroline.*

*While writing how the challah's done,
She'll tell of Grandpa Louis' son:
That's Uncle Aaron and the condom,
Stuck between corn bread and - guar gum?*

*And even Eitan sings the tune,
Of his cruise-ship honeymoon,
Of stuffing food from soup to cheese.
Not other appetites that please.*

*There's Frankie's bread, the Six-Day War,
With diving quickly to the floor.
Dalia, Mac, and Kalaloo,
Dozens of friends, passing through.*

*Mina's farfel, Fern's stuffed fish,
Grandpa Maurice and his Flaumen Tzimas.
Yael's Osso Bucco, and Nina's Sweet Noodles,
Founded for friends needing healthful kugels.*

*Nira's Yeast Dough, sufganiot,
Nassau, Hofit, sailing Steve's boat.
Chili, lasagne, gluten-free bread,
Climbing in Wales till you're almost dead.*

*Spinach pesto, veggie pizza,
Louise, Ziona, and Batista.
Calabacita, Denise the Niece,
Pass the guacamole, please!*

*** Continued ***

*And then I got a call that said:
"Can you find for five a bed?"
Aviv and Fern, Vered/Aviv,
Moran, who's fresh from Tel Aviv.*

*To celebrate these thirty years,
Of laughter, joy, and of yes, tears.
What kids, to parents, want to come?
Who think that being "with" is fun?*

*You must have done that 'something right',
To forge rewards that shine tonight:
A recipe of food for life,
For living well, with joy and strife.*

*Ingredients of Love and Care,
Commitment to - always being there.
A quarter cup of hope and bluster,
A pinch of forgiveness you'd always muster.*

*A tablespoon of generosity,
Stir in some child-rearing philosophy.
Grease all their lives by - letting go.
Betting that your fuse won't blow.*

*Cook and store in homes kept warm,
Nourished, free, bold-souls to form.
Look what thirty years have wrought:
No rolexes or rubies bought.*

*Just three great kids, a son-in-law,
Good friends, good food, some fish that's raw.
A little bitter, a lot that's sweet,
And now - a book - to help us eat!*

*Will it last to thirty-one?
We hope, you hope, it's just begun.
As tender as your angel hair pasta,
We wish you union that will last.*

** For Doreen and Eitan, on the occasion of their 30th wedding anniversary, December 16 1994, in St Thomas being commemorated by the pre-publication of a family history cookbook, by the visit from all corners of the earth by their sons Moran (from Israel) and Aviv (from Florida), daughter Vered and son-in-law Aviv (from New York), Eitan's sister Fern (from Wales) .. and being noted for posterity in this light verse by your 'other' friend. Happy Anniversary - Nina.*

HOUSEKEEPER PUMPKIN PIE

The filling, without the eggs, is set aside for at least 1 hour for the pumpkin to be totally absorbed into the liquid mixture. It can be prepared the night before. The eggs are added just before baking.

1 partially baked pie shell (*Basic, Whole-wheat or All-Rye see Pies 'n Pastry*)

1½ cups cooked/canned pumpkin

1/3 cup sugar

1½ tsp cinnamon

¼ tsp allspice

1 2/3 cups milk

2 eggs, lightly beaten

1 Tbs flour

2 Tbs brown sugar

½ tsp nutmeg

¼ tsp ginger

½ tsp salt

Prepare a pie shell. In a large bowl combine all ingredients except eggs. Set aside for 1 hour. Add lightly beaten eggs to pumpkin mixture. Fill shell half full.

Bake in a preheated hot oven, (220°C/425°F), for five minutes. After 5 minutes fill it to the brim, using a ladle to pour in mixture and continue baking 10 minutes more. After 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (180°C/375°F) and continue baking for an additional 40-45 minutes, until firm in the center.

Variations: 1. Use squash instead of pumpkin.

2. Scatter 1 cup chopped pecans on crust before filling.

3. 10 minutes before end of baking, sprinkle with slivered almonds or halved pecans.

Memories of Windhoek

I include this recipe because it is easy to make and quite tasty, although the following incident tells why it was difficult for me to try it. When Louise and I were young, Granny went by boat to Europe with Hasie Geronimus from Windhoek. This was before air travel was commonplace. Granny and Hasie were gone for months. Our dad was left in charge of us with the help of a housekeeper. Only Grandpa Maurice didn't like the help and we endured a constant stream of different housekeepers. One was fired for presenting Grandpa with pumpkin pie - no wonder I never eat it!

We loved Windhoek in South West Africa, now Namibia. It appeared so exotic with stately Herero women, wearing long dresses and swathed in high turbans gliding along the dusty roads. Getting there was always painful for me, because Louise used to tease me that I would one day marry Mr. Popkevitch (which to me sounded like Mr. Fartkevitch), who had a chain of stores with his name blazoned in black everywhere. Her prediction almost came true, for in my grosser moments I call Dad 'Fart-face'.

Once while Grandpa was busy with his clothing factory in Windhoek, Granny took Louise and me to the magnificent Etosha Pan Game Reserve in South West Africa. An American film company was there and the three of us soon became the stars of their documentary, as we leaned out of the car driven by Grandpa's black driver, Samuel, pointing to the plentiful herds of game. A few days later Grandpa joined us. He became very jealous, suspecting the camera crew to be too interested in Granny and immediately bundled us back to Windhoek, so to our bitter disappointment we never did become film stars.

CIA's FROZEN DAIRY DESSERT

From *Techniques of Healthy Cooking*, by the Culinary Institute of America.

1½ cups ricotta cheese, nonfat/part-skim
Scant ¾ cup maple syrup
Flavoring (see below)

1 cup plain, nonfat yoghurt
1 tsp vanilla extract

In a food processor, puree ricotta until very smooth. Add remaining ingredients and puree until smooth. Serves 10.

Flavoring:

Banana Glace: 1 cup pureed bananas

Tropical Glace: Add 1 cup pureed papaya, mango and/or pineapple topped with a good dash of frozen pineapple concentrate.

Strawberry Glace: Add 1¼ cups of strawberries, either pureed or sliced.

Passion fruit Glace: Add 1 cup of frozen sweetened concentrate. Reduce maple syrup to ¼ cup.

Freeze in an ice cream maker. If you don't have one, when the mixture is almost frozen take out and whip. Return to freezer and repeat procedure, then freeze completely.

EASY ICE CREAM FROM THE OLD COUNTRY

1 can condensed milk
1 cup evaporated milk

½ cup water
Flavoring

Chill condensed milk with water. Whip evaporated milk until thick. Fold into condensed milk; add flavoring (see below). Freeze until thick, turn into bowl and beat until smooth. Replace in trays and freeze again. **Coffee ice cream:** Dissolve 1½ level Tbs instant coffee in the water.

Fruit ice cream: Stir 1 cup thick fruit puree into beaten milk.

Granny's ice cream

Granny Gertie used to make this ice cream and although forty years later I cannot recall the taste, I can still see the light brown ice cream in the battered aluminum ice tray and feel the anticipation before we tucked in. Serves 1 child, 6 adults.

COFFEE AND BURNT ALMOND ICE CREAM

As nice as the people who made it!

½ cup slivered almonds
Pinch of salt
1 cup whipping or non-dairy cream
2 Tbs strong instant coffee dissolved in 1 Tbs boiling water

3 eggs, separated
¾ cup icing sugar
1 Tbs Tia Maria

Toast almonds to a rich brown. Beat egg whites with the salt until stiff peaks form. Add icing sugar, a tablespoon at a time, whisking after each addition, until meringue is stiff again, then stir in yolks until color is even. Whisk cream until it is stiff enough to hang from beaters, whisk in COOL coffee, a tablespoon at a time. DON'T over beat! Fold cream and liquor into meringue, then add burnt almonds.

Turn into a plastic container and freeze for 6 hours, beating every 2-3 hours to break up icicles, or freeze in ice-cream maker. Serves 4.

Carey and Jackie Knight

When I went to New Zealand in June 1991 for the birth of our godchild, Unborn Child (born Ariel Pascal Davis), Lindy and Richard's family went out of their way to make me feel welcome. Lindy's brother and sister-in law Carey and Jackie, prepared a wonderful Friday night dinner, the piece-de-resistance being this delicious ice cream.

FRUIT ICE

2 cups strawberries
¼ cup sugar
2 cups buttermilk
1 Tbs dried milk powder
1 tsp vanilla essence

1 banana
1 tsp liquid sweetener
Juice of 1 lemon/lime
1 egg white, well beaten

Puree fruit; add sugars, buttermilk, lemon juice and milk powder. Place in ice trays. When mixture begins to freeze around edges, mix well and add beaten egg white and vanilla. Return to freezer and stir occasionally to make smooth ice cream. Best eaten when fresh and slightly thawed.

Virtually any combination of fruit is good, especially guava (puree fruit then sieve), mango, melon, banana, and peaches, either fresh or frozen.

MOCK WHIPPED CREAM

1 tsp gelatin
3 Tbs boiling water
½ cup nonfat dry milk
3 Tbs canola oil

2 tsp cold water
½ cup ice water
2 Tbs sugar

Chill a small mixing bowl. In another bowl, soften gelatin in cold water. Add boiling water, stirring constantly until gelatin is completely dissolved. Cool until lukewarm.

Place ice water and nonfat dry milk in chilled mixing bowl. Beat at high speed in an electric mixer until stiff peaks form. Continue beating and add sugar, oil and gelatin.

Freeze for 15 minutes, then transfer to refrigerator until ready to use. Stir before using to retain creamy texture.

Use in all recipes that call for whipped cream.

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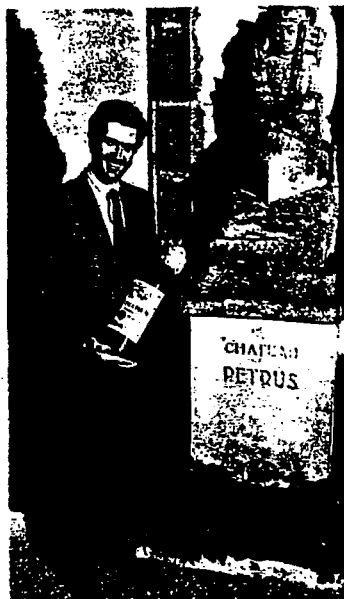
Divine Wine

Heady prices for Château Pétrus

The most famous fine French wines have traditionally come from the Médoc, a region north of Bordeaux. True wine lovers think nothing of paying \$80 for a 1982 bottle of Château Lafite or Château Mouton. But many discriminating connoisseurs are paying even more for a once obscure, less aristocratic wine: Château Pétrus. Produced for more than 130 years but virtually unknown in the U.S. until the 1960s, Pétrus comes not from the famed Médoc but from a region to the east called Pomerol, which used to be disdained in Bordeaux wine circles. Now Château Pétrus commands \$250 a bottle for the acclaimed 1982 vintage, making it perhaps the most expensive wine for that year on the market. Older Pétrus vintages occasionally fetch more than \$1,000 a bottle at auction.

Despite the price, there are those who actually drink Pétrus, and do so regularly. The French monthly food review *Sel et Poivre* (Salt and Pepper) calls Pétrus "the most sought-after wine in the world." At New York City's Sherry-Lehmann Wines, President Michael Aaron says that Pétrus is Actor Burgess Meredith's favorite wine, as well as a frequent pick of Herbert A. Allen, a Manhattan investment banker who used to own Columbia Pictures. Vogue Magazine Critic Martin Gersh describes a Pétrus taste-testing session as "unquestionably one of the supreme wine experiences of my life." Wine experts praise Pétrus' full-bodied, fruity flavor, but no one can adequately explain its new mystique.

At a fair in Paris in 1855, hundreds of wines were classified into five levels of



Christian Moueix with a 1981 Jeroboam

No one can fully explain the mystique.

quality, but Pétrus was not even ranked. For many decades after that, Bordeaux traders disdained Pétrus and other wines from Pomerol in favor of more prized labels from the Médoc, Sauternes and Graves regions. But the 1947 Pétrus was so spectacular that word of the château began to spread throughout France.

In the 1960s, Pétrus was introduced to American wine lovers by the late Henri Soulé, owner of the tony Le Pavillon restaurant in New York. Explains Alexis Li-

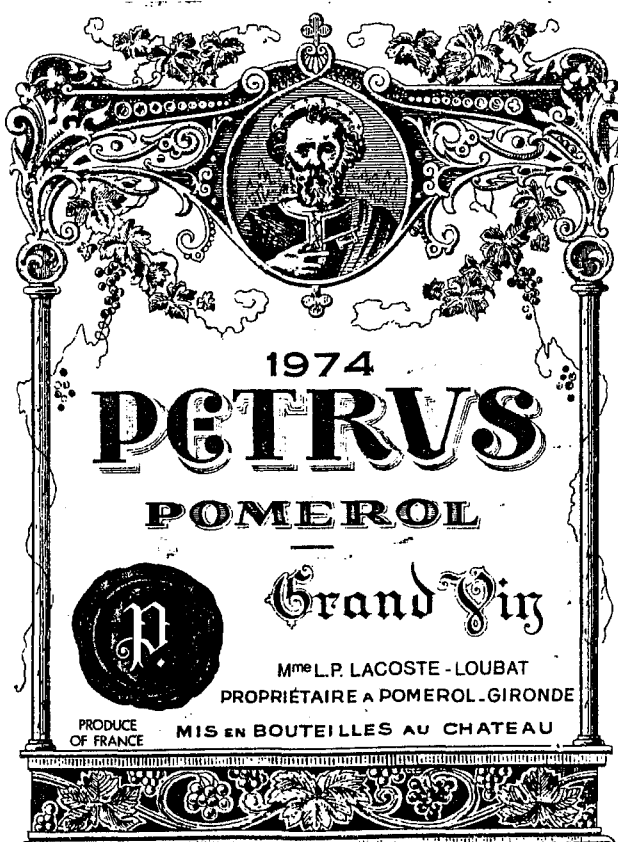
chine, author of *A Guide to the Wines and Vineyards of France*: "It was served at Le Pavillon in the days when Onassis sat at a corner table. After that, Château Pétrus became a status symbol, the sort of name dropped by people who wish to imply not only that they know wine but that they are in wine."

Pétrus comes from a gray-stone château 15 miles east of Bordeaux that is co-owned by Jean-Pierre Moueix and Lily Lacoste-Loubat. The operation is run by Moueix's son Christian, an art collector and jogger who attributes Pétrus' quality to the château's mature, 40-year-old vines and to his own green thumb. He personally oversees the cultivation of the vines and claims to have given each one individual attention. Says he: "I call them people. I have seen each of them." Every fall, when the grapes reach just the right degree of ripeness, 180 workers pick them swiftly over a two-day period.

One reason that Pétrus is so costly is that only small quantities are produced. While the renowned Château Lafite has 225 acres that annually yield about 240,000 bottles, Château Pétrus has just 30 acres that produce a scant 42,000 bottles. Says John Laird, a vice president for Seagram Chateau & Estate Wines, the largest U.S. distributor of Pétrus: "We ration it out with an eyedropper."

Its buyers, however, do not exactly ration their funds. In a wild auction at the Chicago office of Christie's in 1981, one exuberant connoisseur paid \$13,000 for a jeroboam (equal to six bottles) of Pétrus 1961. Such princely prices have prompted Aaron of Sherry-Lehmann to call Pétrus "the Rolls-Royce of all wines." Unfortunately, it is not possible to open a bottle just for a test drive. —By Gordon M. Henry.

Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York and Adam Zagorin/Paris



APPELLATION POMEROL CONTRÔLÉE

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CORN MUFFINS

We are great lovers of muffins. This recipe is the only one with cornmeal that is moist - in fact it is even better when cold and remains good until the next day.

1 cup yellow cornmeal
½ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ tsp salt
2 eggs
1 cup buttermilk

1½ cups all-purpose flour
4½ tsp baking powder
3 Tbs sugar
1 cup cottage cheese
1/3 cup canola oil

In a large bowl combine dry ingredients. In a small bowl beat eggs lightly, mix in cottage cheese, buttermilk and oil. Make a well in center of flour mixture and add liquid ingredients all at once. Stir with a fork to just blend. Spoon into well-greased muffin tins.

Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), until golden brown. Turn onto rack.

Note: For a sweeter muffin increase sugar to ½ cup or add 2 envelopes of a non-caloric sweetener.

HONEY AND BRAN MUFFINS

This is one of the first recipes I taught Moran how to make.

1½ cups flour
1½ tsp baking soda
2 eggs
4½ Tbs margarine/1/3 cup canola oil
½ cup raisins

¼ tsp salt
1½ cups wheat bran
1½ cups buttermilk
½ cup honey

Sift flour, salt and baking powder; add bran. Lightly beat eggs and buttermilk. Melt margarine with honey and add to egg mixture while beating. Add raisins and egg mixture to flour and combine quickly. Spoon into greased muffin tins.

Bake in a preheated moderately cool oven (170°C/325°F), for about 25 minutes.

St Thomas in the 1980s

Moran enjoyed his first years in St Thomas. He liked school, enjoyed ceramics, Coral World and his rabbit Bad Luck. But by the third year he was suffering from the most severe migraines. Medical tests, C.T. scans and psychologists were of no help. One day I walked into a bookstore and the title of a book appeared to flash out at me: Power over Pain without Drugs - a method of relaxation through self-hypnosis. Using the technique described in the book, Moran's headaches eventually stopped. Only at the end of the year, when the year-book came out, did we find that Moran hated a particular teacher. Wherever the teacher's picture appeared, Moran had drawn in the picture of a devil!

For me, it was a pretty miserable time too. The kids were often unhappy. One day Dad, Vered, Moran and I were sitting quietly in the lounge when in walked Aviv. Within a few minutes there was an uproar - shouts, a fight, pandemonium. In a grim voice Aviv said: "There won't be one happy face in this family when I am so miserable."

I hated having to drive the kids back and forth to school and to extramural activities. On an

island that was only 30 km by 15 km I was spending 2 hours a day, more than the time it takes to drive from Eilat to Sodom, chauffeuring them around. The day after Vered got her driver's license, at age 16, Varda and Hanan Rosbruch and Dad and I went off to St Maarten for the weekend. Guy and Chen were unceremoniously dropped off at our house. We handed Vered the car keys and told her she could spend the weekend driving all the boys around the island. What irresponsible parents we were!

But despite all this there were many good things about our time there and in retrospect it was a learning experience for everyone. For one, the children learnt that Israel may be the center of our lives, but not the center of the world.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

This delicious recipe is from *The Enchanted Broccoli Forest* by Mollie Katzen which contains many excellent recipes.

1 (250 g/8 oz.) packet frozen blueberries, thawed and drained	
2¼ cups all-purpose flour	¾ tsp baking soda
1½ tsp baking powder	½ tsp salt
½ cup honey	6 Tbs (85 g) margarine/1/3 cup canola oil
2 eggs, lightly beaten	½ cup milk
3 Tbs lime/lemon juice	¾ tsp grated lime rind

Combine dry ingredients. Melt honey with margarine; cool and add with milk and lemon juice to beaten eggs. Pour into dry ingredients and stir gently. Add grated peel and blueberries.

Spoon into greased muffin tins. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 25 minutes. Cool in pans for 10 minutes before taking out.

Note: For a sweeter muffin, use ¾ cup honey. You can replace part of white flour with whole-wheat flour and I can drained or 1½ cups fresh blueberries for frozen berries.

SOPHIE'S MUFFINS

1½ cups flour	2/3 cup sugar
¾ tsp baking powder	1 tsp cinnamon
½ tsp cloves	¼ tsp nutmeg
1 large egg	2/3 cup buttermilk
1/3 cup raisins	1/3 cup pecans

Combine dry ingredients. Lightly beat egg with buttermilk and add, stirring until just combined. Lastly add raisins and pecans.

Spoon into greased muffin tins and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 20-30 minutes.

Sophie Stern

I first met Sophie many years ago, when Yael Paperna and I attended a course on the Psychology of Education, given by Sophie's late husband, Dr. Stern. Over the years I saw Sophie, usually at Baruch the Greengrocer, but never knew how to strike up a friendship. Then, one of the best

*** Continued ***

things about my involvement in the Rape Crisis Center was making new friends and Sophie was one of them, enriching my life in Eilat. We have many things in common, including a passionate involvement in women's affairs, Women in Black, commitment to exercise and a love of muffins and healthfood!

One day Mali Fishman called to say that Sophie was in hospital in critical condition. We rushed to Intensive Care and were told that she had had a life-threatening asthma attack, and was unconscious. I told the physician that I wanted to speak to her. "But I told you she's unconscious. No visitors are allowed." After Sophie recovered and was back at work I mentioned this to her. "It's a pity you didn't come," she said, "I couldn't speak, but I could hear everything."

Gladys and Elaine

A number of years later, when we returned to St Thomas, I renewed my acquaintance with Gladys De Castro, who had recently turned 90, and was one of the most beloved members of the community. Health considerations made it imperative that she leave the island, but she took ill only days before she and her sister Elaine were to move to Florida. Her condition worsened and she became unconscious. Family, who came from afar to be with her at the special synagogue service which was to have taken place to honor her, gathered by her hospital bed instead. Her many friends, Jewish and non-Jewish, arrived wanting to be with this special lady during her last hours of life.

Remembering the story about Sophie, I took her hand and quietly began to speak, telling her that all the people who loved and cared for her had gathered and wished her well on her journey. A few minutes later she died. I have always hated the expression 'she passed away', thinking it did not reflect the cruelty of death. But Gladys did indeed 'pass away', as gently as a puff of air lifts a leaf.

She had achieved what she had wanted - to stay forever in her beautiful Virgin Islands.

WINNIE'S MUFFINS

<i>2½ cups oat bran</i>	<i>1 Tbs baking powder</i>
<i>¼ cup sugar</i>	<i>¾ cup milk or apple juice</i>
<i>2 egg whites, lightly beaten</i>	<i>2 Tbs oil</i>
<i>2 small grated apples/1 banana and apple, grated</i>	<i>½ cup raisins and/or nuts</i>
<i>1 tsp ground cinnamon</i>	

Combine bran, baking powder and sugar. Add milk, egg whites and oil and mix lightly; add fruit and cinnamon. Spoon into greased muffin tins.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 35 minutes, or until a knife inserted comes out clean. Must be eaten cold.

Winnie Levy

On a trip to South Africa to celebrate Sholem Klaff's 100 birthday I met Fern in Seapoint and we stayed with Aunt Winnie (the charming wife of Dad's uncle Eric). Winnie made these muffins when Fern and I climbed Table Mountain. Climbing down arduous steps, it was the thought of Winnie's muffins that kept my trembling knees going.

*** Continued ***

Uncle Eric

Dad: In the late 1940s Uncle Eric was a partner in Saba Hayman's law firm in Durban. They lived in Musgrave Road, a few minutes walking distance from us and I spent quite a lot of time there with my aunt Winnie and my cousin Sharon. Aunt Winnie suffered very badly from asthma and once I witnessed an attack that left me terrified. Durban's climate was very humid and they moved to Upington, a small town in the Kalahari Desert, where she had lived previously.

One of Uncle Eric's clients, a Jewish family, had extensive farmlands on the banks of the Orange River in the Kalahari. When I was articled to Uncle Eric for a short time in 1959 I was often a guest on the farm as they picnicked by the river. I became quite good at water skiing.

Among other things the farmer grew watermelons and evidently Uncle Eric could have all the watermelons he wanted. One day, while eating a watermelon, he told me that when he was a child, his dream was to be rich enough to buy a watermelon, eat only the heart, and then discard the rest. He'd achieved the watermelon part, but unfortunately the money part had eluded him.

In the short time I was in Upington (I think about 2 months or so) I joined a local cricket club, and played without too much success. We played against other local teams and once traveled to Kenhardt, the nearest town, about seventy miles away. There I finally met the Sheriff of Kenhardt, none other than my father's cousin, Morrie Levy. I had expected to see a large swaggering John Wayne type and was totally unprepared for the quiet, unassuming short Levy cousin. (Although my father and his brothers were quite tall, all the cousins that I remember were very short and looked very much alike: Morrie, Ann Berman, Ray Lizerbrun, Ethel Kahn, Dr. Sam).

The Kalahari was in the midst of an extensive drought and large areas of crops had failed, leading to much hardship and poverty for many African people. Some of Uncle Eric's clients had sued many of these impoverished farmers because of arrears in rent. The law office reception was always full with people coming in every week to pay their few shillings to satisfy the court judgments against them. When one couldn't pay and would ask for an extension it was referred to the client who would more often than not refuse, leading to further court action and further costs. It was almost entirely because of this that I made my final decision not to be a lawyer, even though I enjoyed many other aspects of law.

PEAR GINGER MUFFINS

1 can drained pear halves
2 cups flour (1 white, 1 whole-wheat)
½ tsp salt
1 tsp cinnamon
1/8 tsp cloves
1 egg, lightly beaten
¼ cup oil or unsweetened applesauce
(½ cup chopped pecans)

½ cup finely chopped preserved ginger
1 tsp baking soda
1 tsp ginger
1/8 tsp nutmeg
½ cup packed brown sugar
1 cup sour cream/yoghurt
3 Tbs molasses/honey

Dice pears and drain on paper. Chop ginger. Combine flour, baking soda, salt, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and brown sugar. Combine egg with sour cream, oil and molasses; add to flour mixture, stirring until just mixed. Combine pears, pecans and ginger. Stir into batter. Spoon into greased muffin tins. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for about 25 minutes. Makes 8 large or 16 mini muffins.

VERED'S PERFECT MUFFINS

Vered: Based on numerous makings of Mom's different muffin recipes.

Makes up to a dozen. This is a meta-recipe. It's adapted to a home that never has all the right ingredients...

1 cup flour (white or whole-wheat)
2 tsp baking powder
1/8 tsp salt
4 Tbs margarine (or oil)
1 egg

1 cup bran (or oat bran or quick oats)
1/4 tsp baking soda
1/4-1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup milk (or yogurt and water)

Sift dry ingredients. Melt honey and margarine, Beat together milk and egg; add melted margarine. Add to flour mixture and stir gently.

Add any (or all) of the following depending on fridge status: Ripe bananas (up to 3); two handfuls of raisins, dates, almonds, nuts, Chocolate Chips, and/or berries.

Spoon into buttered muffin pans. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for 25 minutes or until an inserted knife comes out clean.

Vered and Aviv's third anniversary

14th April 1994

To Vered and Aviv:

A few years ago a tall young man walked up to a young woman, a stranger, and asked her to knot his tie. As she took the two ends of the tie in her hands, their eyes met and a spark flashed between them. They were modern and did not believe in love at first sight. They thought it was, after all, a passing affair. Unknown to either of them, they were locked for life.

The next few years were tumultuous. They loved each other and yet they fought. They lived together, they lived apart. They travelled to opposite ends of the world but saw each other wherever they went. A battle raged as each wanted the other to succumb to his or her will.

The parents of the young girl tried to be neutral as they saw their daughter's heart being repeatedly broken (they were less interested when the young man felt hurt). But their relationship and that of their parents flashed before their eyes as they searched for understanding and wisdom to impart to their troubled daughter.

In the end they had to trust their daughter to know her heart and pray that she had an easier time than they.

The young couple's marriage was a joyous affair. It was a storybook wedding - a meaningful ceremony, a union of equals, witnessed by family and friends. He was a handsome prince and she, a French model. The two families joined in pleasure as parents met mother, sister, sister and sister and another sister and another sister, each one as nice and as talented as the other.

The years went by busily. The young couple moved continents and worlds as their efforts to succeed gained momentum.

Then one day the daughter called the mother to remind her that it was the young couple's wedding anniversary. As the parents discussed with pleasure the fulfilling union their daughter

had made, they marveled that three years had already passed.

And they saw that their daughter and son-in-law's marriage had a stability and a strength that was a cause of tremendous satisfaction. So they wished them well with the hope that they continue to have the commitment to their marriage that they showed that day.

We are so proud of both of you.

THE ORIGINAL WHOLE-WHEAT SCONE

3½ cups whole-wheat flour
1 tsp salt
50 g (4 Tbs) butter/margarine

1 cup bran
1 tsp baking soda
1 cup buttermilk

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Rub in butter. Make a well in the center and pour in buttermilk. With a wooden spoon stir mixture together, adding more flour if too sticky. Turn onto a floured board and pat out with the palm of your hand to about 2 cm (¾ inch) thickness. With a floured glass cut into rounds.

Brush with a little buttermilk and bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for about 30 minutes (20 minutes if scones are small). Eat hot or cold. Makes about 12 scones. The scones are simple and quick to make.

Variation: Add ¼ cup grated yellow cheese and 1 Tbs herbs to dough.

The taste of home

Ask the children what is the taste of home. They will most probably reply that the best of all mornings is to wake up and sit with other family members, eating warm muffins and drinking hot tea or coffee. Home is also sleeping on lumpy mattresses with their old duvets wrapped around them even in the heat of summer.

On the first morning when any of the kids are home I love to wake up early and prepare scones so that when they wake up, the house is filled with the smells of baking.

ELLIE SILBERMAN'S SCONES

Before we got into muffins, scones were always a treat. Delicious when served with strawberry jam and whipped cream, ideal for a ladies' tea party or for my annual morning tea to celebrate our children's return to school. But on one occasion when Fern, who was visiting, made cucumber sandwiches they became the highlight of the party.

3 cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp salt
1 cup milk

3 tsp baking powder
75 g (6 Tbs) margarine/butter
1 egg, beaten

Combine dry ingredients. Add margarine and crumble together. Combine milk and egg and add. Transfer to floured board and pat out thickly. Cut scones with a floured glass. Scones are sticky, so flour hands, then place on a greased sheet and lightly paint with milk.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F), for about 20 minutes. Makes 10 scones.

* Continued *

Ellie Silberman

Ellie is over 80 now [1994]. She has had her share of pain and distress. After her husband George died she must have been lonely. But, always determined to make the best of things, she is never sorry for herself and is always cheerful. She now lives in Beit Protea in Ra'anana and continues to be active in WIZO and Hadassah. On visits to her children and relatives she delights family and friends with her delicious cooking. She is a wonderful role model and 'savta' (grandmother) to us all.

Living Wills

This recipe was gleaned from Ellie, Frankie's mom, when we celebrated Rosh Hashanah, 5755/1994 with the Klaffs. It was a magical time as Dad, Aviv and I joined all the Klaffs in this celebration, and in a discussion of life and hope for a new year. Limor, Aviv's girlfriend, was there as were Dovvie and Ziona and Steve and Nina and kids.

As I write this book I constantly remember my father, who has been dead for over 22 years, and my mother, who died over 12 years ago. And yet I miss them terribly, and hardly a day goes by when I don't think of them. But as Dad and I grow older and we see parents of our friends become ill, we have come to realize that in some way we were fortunate that we did not have to suffer the pain of our parents ailing health.

Dad and I have written Living Wills, firmly requesting that our lives not be extended should either of us become terminally ill, needing life-sustaining support without hope of a minimum quality of life.

LOW-FAT SCONES

2 cups all-purpose flour
3 tsp baking powder
1 Tbs canola oil

2 Tbs sugar
1 cholesterol-free egg substitute
3/4 cup nonfat yoghurt

Sift dry ingredients. Combine egg, oil and yoghurt. If all the flour won't incorporate, add a little more yoghurt. On a floured board pat to about 2 cm (1 inch) thickness and cut into rounds with a floured glass.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/450°F), for 20 minutes or until just brown. Makes 8.

SMALL AND FILLING SCONES

1½ cups all-purpose flour
2 Tbs brown sugar
½ tsp baking soda
1/8 tsp salt
2 Tbs whipped butter/soft margarine
(1/3 cup raisins)

1 cup rolled oats/oatmeal
2 tsp baking powder
½ tsp cinnamon
¼ cup margarine
3/4 cup buttermilk

Combine dry ingredients: rub in margarine and butter. Add buttermilk (and raisins). On a floured board pat dough out thickly and cut into rounds with a floured glass. Place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F), for 15 minutes or until light brown.

Substitute: 2 tablespoons apple sauce for whipped butter.

PANCAKES

1 cup all-purpose flour
Pinch of salt
1 tsp baking powder
1 Tbs oil

1 tsp sugar
½ tsp baking soda
1 egg
1¼ cups buttermilk

Combine dry ingredients. Beat together the egg, oil and buttermilk; add to flour mixture. Add more buttermilk if necessary to form a cream-like pouring consistency. Heat and oil a large frying pan and pour spoonfuls of mixture onto it; adjust heat accordingly. When bubbles appear on one side, turn pancakes over until light brown on other. Serve with cinnamon and sugar, honey or jam. Good for family breakfasts.

BLUEBERRY WHOLE-WHEAT PANCAKES

From *Sunset Low Cholesterol Cookbook*.

¾ cup all-purpose flour
2 tsp baking powder
2 egg whites
1½ Tbs canola oil

¾ cup whole-wheat flour
4 tsp sugar
1¼ cups nonfat milk
½ cup blueberries

Combine all-purpose and whole-wheat flours, baking powder and sugar. In a medium bowl combine egg whites, milk and oil; add to dry ingredients and stir to moisten. Stir in blueberries. Heat a large oiled frying pan over medium heat. Spoon about 3 tablespoons of batter per pancake onto pan, making four pancakes at a time. When bubbly on top turn over and cook until browned on bottom. Serve plain or with syrup. Makes about 12 pancakes.

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ENGLISH APPLE PIE

1 pie shell (see Pies 'n Pastry)

Juice of ½ lemon

1/3 cup brown sugar

1/8 tsp nutmeg

2 tsp grated ginger/¼ tsp powdered ginger

Grated rind of ½ lemon

1/3 cup raisins

1 Tbs butter/margarine

4 large crisp green apples, thinly sliced

1/3 cup sugar

1 Tbs flour

½ tsp cinnamon

Pinch of ground cloves

Grated rind of ½ orange

2 Tbs orange juice

Peel and core apples and slice thickly; toss in lemon juice.

Combine sugar, brown sugar, flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, and cloves and rub a little of this into pastry lining. Add grated rind to remaining sugar mixture. Line bottom of pastry with a layer of apples and sprinkle with raisins and sugar mixture. Repeat layers to fill pie shell.

Sprinkle with orange juice and dot with butter.

Carefully lay top crust over apple filling. Crimp edges with a floured fork. Make a few slits in pastry to let steam escape.

Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F), for 40 minutes.

Serve with cream or ice cream.

Variation: Top with Streusel Topping instead of covering with pastry. Combine 1/3 cup brown sugar with ¾ cup flour, grated rind of 1 lemon and 6 Tbs softened butter. Combine ingredients with a pastry cutter until crumbly, then sprinkle over apples. Bake in a hot oven (230 C/450 F), for 15 minutes, then reduce temperature to moderate (180°C/350°F) and bake for 30 minutes.

I love cookbooks and even one good recipe makes me regard a book highly. Great Dishes of the World by Robert Carrier has two: English Apple Pie, and Carrier's Tips for Roasting, which can transform any cut of meat into a mouthwatering delicacy (see Any Cut Roast Beef). This cookbook, the first of my collection, came a little too late to save Grandpa from my first effort at entertaining.

Ulpan Ben Yehuda

In 1965 Dad and I made aliyah. We studied Hebrew at Ulpan Ben Yehuda opposite Shikun Dora, Netanya. Conditions in the tiny apartment were simple: we either had to wash our clothes by hand or take them to the dry cleaners in town; there was no fridge but we did have a cool box, which was surprisingly efficient. Twice a week an old man would come with his donkey and wagon and we would rush to buy dry ice for our 'fridge'. To Moran, who as a child would ask whether there was electricity when I was young, the answer is 'yes, sometimes!'

We ate our meals in the ulpan dining room and I hadn't yet learnt to cook. When Grandpa Maurice came on his first visit I agonized over what to prepare, eventually deciding that I couldn't go wrong with frying some sausages with onions and tomatoes. Only years later did Grandpa tell me that my 'dinner' gave him heartburn that lasted for weeks! He never ceased to be amazed that I eventually became a proficient cook.

MARBLE MINUTE CAKE

1½ cups flour
¾ cup sugar
½ cup milk
2 eggs
1 Tbs cocoa

¼ tsp salt
2 tsp baking powder
1 tsp vanilla essence
100 g (8 Tbs) butter, room temperature

Sift dry ingredients into large bowl. Make well in center; add milk, vanilla and eggs. Lastly add softened butter. Mix well. Blend the cocoa with a little extra milk and sugar. Remove 1/3 of batter and blend well with cocoa. Put white batter into greased bundt baking tin. Drop spoonful of cocoa batter around pan. With a knife, streak in the cocoa. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°C/190°F) for 30 minute.

Variation: For *Apple Minute Cake*, substitute 1 large apple and 1 Tbs cinnamon and 2 Tbs sugar for the cocoa. Cut apple into 16 and push into batter after it's spooned into the bundt pan. Sprinkle thickly with cinnamon and sugar.

Joe's Rule

Uncle Joe and Aunt Ethel lived in Uitenhage in the Cape. Ethel served 'a good tea', meaning there was a variety of delicious cakes and biscuits to be consumed while drinking strong-brewed tea out of dainty china cups. They have three children, Shirley Kansky who lives in Israel, David in Australia and Miriam in South Africa.

Joe, like Hayman and his other two brothers Eric and Abe, were respected lawyers. Joe was a very active man. He held the position of mayor of Uitenhage for many years; he was on the Board of Governors of Rhodes University and he was active in Jewish affairs. Like Saba Hayman he was good at golf and played a good game of bridge. After he died, Aunt Ethel moved to Port Elizabeth and sorely missed Joe, whom she described as "a precious man."

Once, while Joe was showing Dad and me the correct way to swing a golf club, we talked. Joe told us that when you are on holiday and are wondering whether to buy something or not, just buy it. Do it. He explained that although you think you'll come back later and buy it, or that you'll find it cheaper elsewhere, you usually don't, or you can't find your way back to the place. He finished by telling us that it was a good rule because the times when you are glad you buy something far outweigh the times that you regret it.

Dad and I instantly adopted his advice, and it became the basis of our family's "Joe's Rule." Whenever we mean to do something, but procrastinate and thus miss out, we nod our heads and look at each other saying, "Joe's Rule." We've further expanded it as a rule for life, applicable to any situation. The night Dad and I lay in bed and realized we had omitted to write about Joe's Rule for this book, I asked Dad to remind me in the morning to include the Rule. Dad said, "Joe's Rule," and I got up immediately and jotted it down. The next morning Dad turned to me and said, "Just think, because of Joe's Rule, Uncle Joe's name will live on in our family, long after we are dead."

HEARTY VEGETABLE CAKE

Some of the best dates are grown in the Arava. Fresh dates are delicious served naturally or frozen. Dry dates are great as energy food for hikes and ideal for cooking.

Base:

1 cup whole-wheat flour	2½ cups rolled oats
¾ cup brown sugar	1 tsp baking powder
Pinch of salt	100 g (8 Tbs) margarine

Combine flour, oats, sugar, baking powder and salt. With a pastry blender cut margarine into mixture until it resembles fine bread crumbs. Pat ½ the mixture onto a large rectangular Pyrex dish.

Filling:

½ packet pitted dates, chopped	2 carrots, grated
3 apples, thinly sliced	4 zucchini, thickly grated
½ cup raisins	1 Tbs grated ginger/1 tsp powdered ginger
½ tsp cinnamon powder	Good grate of nutmeg

Combine all ingredients. Spread over dough in pan.

Topping:

2 Tbs bran	¼ cup walnut pieces
½ tsp cinnamon	(¼ cup grated coconut)

Add topping ingredients to remaining dough and sprinkle over vegetables. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) until brown. Cut into squares and serve with yoghurt or ice-cream. A favorite.

Dad's Ode to a Video Stairclimber

I love to workout on the Stairclimber. It drives Dad mad that I invariably leave the accompanying videotape in the video recorder. This note, written by Dad, cured me of that.

Ode to a Video Stairclimber

*You'll seek it here
You'll seek it there
I've hidden Stairclimber - somewhere*

*Could it be below?
Sorry - oh no!
Perhaps outside
No - I cried
In the Draw
Haw Haw Haw*

*Must be above
yes my love!*

SHULAMIT'S ORANGE CHIFFON CAKE

This cake is particularly moist and tasty.

4 eggs, separated
½ cup oil
Grated rind of 1 orange

¾ cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
1 packet (370 g/13 oz.) self-rising flour

Beat egg yolks with ½ cup sugar until thick and pale yellow. Combine oil, orange juice and orange rind. Add flour alternately with liquid, beating lightly after each addition. Beat egg whites with remaining ¼ cup sugar and fold in gently. Pour into a large buttered cake tin. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 40 minutes, until cake leaves sides of pan.

When cool, decorate with *Orange Icing* or *Golden Delight Frosting*.

Recipe swapping with Chen's ma

Aviv's playmate Chen, was, like Aviv, a large blond child, but quiet while Aviv was boisterous. I spent many hours with Shulamit, Chen's mother, chatting as the kids would play. One of the most important parts of our conversation was recipe swapping.

This cake was shared on a long summer afternoon.

THE CIRCLE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Frankie gave me this recipe, but it originates in *The Circle Recipe Book*, published by the Circle Women's Bowling Club, Durban. Mentioning it here is a chance to pay homage to all the Jewish women in South Africa who published cookbooks as part of their tireless efforts to raise money for Israel and worthy Jewish causes.

1½ cups self-rising flour
½ tsp baking soda
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 tsp vanilla
2 eggs, lightly beaten

½ cup cocoa
1 cup sugar
110 g (8 Tbs) butter
¾ cup buttermilk/water

Sift together flour, cocoa, baking soda, sugar, and brown sugar. Add soft margarine, vanilla and ½ the buttermilk. Beat 2 minutes at low speed. Add remaining buttermilk and eggs and beat 1 minute at low speed. Pour into a greased round tin,

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for 45 minutes or until a knife inserted comes out clean.

Bridge and golf

Dad: Bridge played an important role in my life and I suppose took up much of my time and effort. In Netanya I was very involved in "the bridge club" and many of my conversations at home probably began "I opened one club". So I suppose I should not have been surprised that when Vered was asked by her kindergarten teacher what her father did for a living, her reply was "He plays clubs."

My obsession with bridge came nowhere near Saba Hayman's obsession with golf. Virtually all my memories of childhood involve golf. There was even a trophy donated by my father to the

Durban Municipal Golf Club, the "Anthony Ivor Levy Cup" and every year I would dress up in my best, and present the trophy. For all I know it is still presented every year. A typical weekend outing with my father involved me pushing a golf club as I walked around the course with my father and his golf friends. I used to enjoy it and would always try to guess what club would be used next and I was usually right. I certainly learned a lot about golf but curiously had no real desire to play it myself. Even though I had my own clubs and took some lessons and knew the theory backwards, beginning with the purchase of the land. I hardly played at all. I suppose that my kids not playing bridge is a similar reaction.

My father's efforts and time were devoted to the establishment of a golf course for Jews in Durban. Most of the golf clubs in Durban - certainly the good ones - did not accept Jews as members, and my father and some friends took it upon themselves to build a Jewish Country Club - the Circle Country Club. It was a monumental task that had to be started from scratch, the purchase of the land. My childhood was filled with talk of planning holes, what grass to use, where to put the doors in the toilets so that the lady members would not see the men zipping their pants. It took years of dedicated work but the Circle Country Club became a reality and was considered an excellent club and course. In more recent years the raison d'être of a Jewish Country Club disappeared and Circle today exists as just "another" golf club.

Fern: Hayman's passion for golf I well-remember; unfortunately my memory of the song he wrote to commemorate the CCC's opening goes no further than the first lines -

*"We built a course
From virgin gorse....."*

GABY'S CAKE

4 large eggs

1 cup butter (not margarine)

Juice from 2 oranges

1 cup sugar

2 cups flour

1 glass of Grand Marnier

Beat eggs well; add sugar. Cream butter and add to beaten eggs. Beat well for 5 minutes. Add flour, beat 5 minutes more. Pour into a greased cake tin.

Bake in preheated cool oven (150°C/300°F) for 2 hours. Remove from oven.

Combine orange juice and Grand Marnier; dribble over hot cake.

Zvi Ben Tovim, Ostend, and time

Gabi Oosterhuisen was married to Nico, the European Bridge Director. We met them during the 1973 European Bridge Championship in Ostend, Belgium, where Dad and Zvi Ben Tovim were Assistant Tournament Directors. Dad and Zvi shared a room until I arrived and then Zvi moved to another hotel. One morning he went down by elevator to the lobby and was horrified to find that he was all alone in the hotel and had been locked in! They had closed the hotel for the winter and had forgotten to inform him.

Zvi used to spend a lot of time with us in Hofit in the early days and he was amazed by Moran's ability to tell the time - 'haff passt fwee' - even though he could barely speak. It took him a while to realize that any time was half past three for Moran, and only Dad's timely asking the hour made Moran seem so clever.

CAROLINE'S POPPY SEED CAKE

325 g (11½ oz.) fine white sugar
1 Tbs rum
6 eggs, separated
50 g (7 Tbs) flour

200 g (7 oz.) ground poppy seeds
1 cup milk
50 g (2 Tbs) butter

Place 130 g (4½ oz.) of the sugar, poppy seeds, rum and milk in a double saucepan. Cover and cook, stirring only after 20 minutes. Remove from flame and cool. Mix yolks with remaining sugar and beat well. Gradually add yolk mixture to poppy seeds. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into poppy mixture.

Spread butter thickly over the base of a deep cake tin and sprinkle with flour, throwing off flour that doesn't stick. Carefully spoon mixture into pan. Bake in a preheated cool oven, (150°C/300°F), for about 1 hour. Delicious either plain or with sweetened whipped cream.

Where's the chocolate?

About a month after we moved to Eilat while browsing around the town library I heard someone behind me complaining. I turned around and an instant and long lasting friendship was born. Always ready for an escapade, together Caroline and I got into many scrapes - a leisurely Saturday stroll near Taba turned into a demanding hike without water; lost on Har Shlomo, only the shame of newspaper headlines "Well-known tourist guide gets lost on mountain overlooking Eilat" and the terrible realization that we had forgotten the emergency chocolate spurred us in failing light to retrace our steps down the mountain; we wandered into a 1950 minefield by Kibbutz Eilat; and we shared a number of tense situations while diving. Caroline, with her children Gidon and Avigail, are part of our extended family and we have shared many chagim together. We have also shared some of Caroline's cooking successes and failures. On our first Rosh Hashanah in Nassau, Caroline sent a packet of biscuits to remind us of home. I was much relieved to see it wasn't her teiglach, but delicious Florentines instead. This cake is another of her great successes and one of Vered's favorites.

WARM LEMON CHEESECAKE

2 eggs, separated
150 g (6 oz.) yoghurt/sour cream
5 Tbs lemon juice
2 Tbs flour
1/8 tsp salt

400 g (14 oz.) cream cheese
2/3 cups sugar
1½ tsp grated lemon rind
1 tsp vanilla

Beat egg yolks together with next 8 ingredients. Beat egg whites stiffly and fold in gently. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F), until set. Best served warm.

Lucky de Cat

We moved to Hofit shortly before Aviv was born. We acquired a beautiful striped Tabby with the most incredible bushy tail. Her name was Lucky de Cat, who is not to be confused with Lucky de Dog, a huge dog who hung around the Braverman's house. This cat was supposed to be a companion for Vered, but Lucky was Aviv's cat in every way. They adored each other. Aviv could literally swing her by the tail and she would purr with pleasure. To the rest of the family she was mean and bad tempered, always swiping at us when we walked by her. She never made her peace living with a family who loved dogs; even the remains of cheesecake couldn't appease her.

JACKIE'S CHEESECAKE

This is the best cheesecake. It must be made in a blender or food processor and only from Israeli-style cream cheese.

Biscuit Base:

50 g (4 Tbs) melted margarine
1 tsp cinnamon
Grated rind of 1 orange

1½ cups biscuit crumbs (Marie or tea biscuits)
½ tsp ginger
Orange juice, as needed

Melt margarine. Combine biscuit crumbs, cinnamon, ginger, and orange rind. Mix in melted margarine. Line the base of a large buttered Pyrex dish and pat crumb mixture down with the back of a spoon. If too dry, sprinkle with a little orange juice. Place in oven for 5 minutes while preparing cheese mixture.

Cheese Mixture:

3 eggs
110 g (8 Tbs) margarine
1 tsp vanilla
Few drops vanilla essence

400 g (14 oz.) nonfat cream cheese
¾ cup sugar
150 g (12 oz.) sour cream/yoghurt

In a food processor place eggs, cream cheese, margarine, sugar, and vanilla; blend until creamy. Pour carefully over crumb mixture. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F), until set, about 40 minutes. Switch off oven and remove cake. Combine sour cream with vanilla and pour very gently over cheese. Return cake to oven for 20 minutes.

Jackie and Morris, good friends

We met Jackie and Morris Kahn through Basil Sandler when all of us lived near Nahal Alexander. Jackie was breathtakingly beautiful, inviting comparisons with Elizabeth Taylor at her best. Through the years all members of both families became friends and the friendship survived even Dad's working for Morris! We, the parents, travel well together, and together have visited the Galapagos, Sinai and China.

RICOTTA CHEESECAKE

1 pie shell
3 eggs
1/3 cup yoghurt/sour cream
1 tsp baking powder
3 Tbs margarine, melted and cooled

3 cups ricotta cheese
2/3 cup sugar
1/3 cup cornstarch
1 tsp vanilla
2 tsp grated lemon rind

Line a buttered Pyrex dish with biscuit crust (see *Jackie's Cheesecake* above).

In a food processor blend cheese until smooth; add eggs, sugar, and yoghurt and blend again. Mix cornstarch and baking powder; add to cheese mixture with remaining ingredients. Blend until well mixed. Pour gently into pan. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F), for about an hour, or until set. Can be decorated with sliced strawberries.

Variation: To reduce calories, instead of crumb base, sprinkle 2 Tbs flour over well greased cake tin, discarding flour that doesn't stick. Reduce sugar to ½ cup, and add 1 tsp liquid sweetener/12 tsp powdered sweetener.

* Continued *

Cheesecake is home

Most of my Israeli cheesecake recipes did not adjust well to American cheeses. This is a firm and filling cake that I made when Vered, Aviv and Moran came to Nassau on a short visit three weeks after the Persian Gulf War broke out. For the kids, home wasn't home without cheesecake or muffins, and they got plenty of both.

VERED'S CHEESECAKE

This recipe is dated 27.5.1979, when Vered went through a cooking phase, trying recipes cut from the newspaper.

250 g (9 oz.) Boudoir biscuits

½ cup fruit juice

Dip Boudoir biscuits in juice and line a flat dish.

Cheese Mixture:

1 egg

400 g (14 oz.) low-fat cream cheese

1 cup sugar

1 tsp vanilla

1 packet vanilla instant pudding

Mix together egg, cheese, sugar, vanilla and instant pudding. Spread ½ the cheese mixture over biscuits. Cover cheese with another layer of moistened biscuits. Cover with remaining cheese mixture.

ICING:

50-100 g (2-4 oz.) bitter chocolate

50 g (2 Tbs) butter/margarine

Melt chocolate and butter and pour over mixture. Chill in refrigerator 2 hours.

So what if you have asthma?

Vered is not an enthusiastic cook; she is like Louise in that she doesn't like to cook, but when she does, the food is good. Aviv, Moran and 'her Aviv' are more like me in that cooking is a source of great satisfaction. Dad has 'his specialties': curry, liver, steak, salad dressing, pickles, etc. but his best is shopping at the supermarket.

At age two Vered began to suffer from asthma. Today we realize that there were often times when she should have been in an oxygen tent, instead of lying semi-unconscious, battling to breathe. It was only when she had what I thought was a mild attack in Dr. King's clinic in Rehov HaGalil Netanya that the doctor realized the severity of her attacks.

Vered hated the attention that her attacks brought her. We were determined that asthma wouldn't rule Vered's or our lives. One night in the Glicklich's house (where we first stayed in Hofit) Vered was upset that we were going out for supper and leaving her with Orna Sandler, her baby sitter even though she was having an attack. We again made sure that Orna knew what to do and left. We spent a miserable evening, consumed with worry and guilt. But we think that was the first and last time that Vered knowingly brought on an attack.

Many years later Vered told us how she hated Lomudal, a powder-filled capsule that had to be inhaled. She repeatedly showed us the same used capsule as proof that she had taken her

*** Continued ***

medication, until Dad caught on. From then on she had to take it in front of us.

Aviv, even as a child, had a hacking cough. (Did his body know even then that he would be a heavy smoker?) Just before each new tooth appeared he would break out in a terrible rash and get severe diarrhea. The tooth would eventually pop out and he would be back to normal - a fearless barefooted giant with long blond hair and a little black dog behind him.

Peles used to follow all the children around when they left the house, waiting patiently in front of the friend's front door until they re-appeared. Imagine our panic one day when neither Aviv, who always tried to ride off to Netanya on his little tricycle, nor Peles could be found ! We eventually found Aviv playing happily with his friend Chen, while Peles, for some reason had stayed behind.

FOR RAE: SUGARLESS LEMON-CHEESE MOUSSE

This recipe, gleaned by Vered, is from an Israeli newspaper.

500 g (16 oz.) nonfat cream cheese
5 Tbs lemon juice
4 level tsp gelatin
½ tsp lemon essence
6 eggs, separated

Grated rind of two lemons
½ cup water
½ tsp rum essence
10 packets Sweet and Low

Combine cheese, grated rind and lemon juice in a bowl.

In a finjan (small pot) gently heat water, gelatin, rum and lemon essence sweetener until just dissolved. Do NOT boil mixture. When gelatin dissolves, turn off gas and immediately add 6 egg yolks and mix well.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Combine gelatin mixture and egg whites with cheese mixture. Pour into a 20 cm (8 inch) deep Pyrex dish, cover and leave for at least 24 hours to allow the taste of the sweetener to mellow.

Why is Rael so thin?

Doctors sometimes miss things that are quite apparent to the lay person. In 1992 Rael had a car accident, overturning Yael's car in the Arava. The doctor who subsequently examined him pronounced him well, but a few weeks later we were shocked by his thin and nervous appearance. When Rael, who had the frozen yoghurt concession at Coral World, went to Eilat Shimi the Maintenance Manager took one look at Rael and said that he, like Shimi, suffered from hypothyroid and should have it checked. How thankful we all are to Shimi, for when Rael was diagnosed as having a very serious case of hyperthyroid they also found that he was also severely diabetic, and on the verge of diabetic shock. Rael said that more than anything, he would miss cheesecake.

Please make me cheesecake

About the time that Dad and I started to go out together, Saba Hayman, a widower for many years, started to go out with Ray. Hayman used to tease me, asking which of us would get married first. He did. Ray was an excellent flower arranger (she arranged the flowers at our wedding), but didn't like to cook. Saba Hayman suffered from diabetes and was always careful with his food. When he visited us in Israel he always ask me to make him a sugarless cheesecake. Although known for my cheesecakes (see Warm Lemon Cheesecake above), in those days I had no idea how to go about making a sugarless cake.

SILVER LAYER CAKE

A tasty cake, useful for leftover egg whites.

2½ cups flour
1 tsp salt
1½ tsp vanilla
100 g (8 Tbs) soft margarine
3 egg whites, beaten

3 tsp baking powder
1 cup milk
¼ tsp almond essence
1½ cups sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Combine ¾ cup milk with vanilla and almond essence. Cream margarine and sugar. Alternately add dry and liquid ingredients, beating ½ minute on slow speed then on high for 2 minutes. Add remaining ¼ cup milk, then fold in beaten egg whites. Beat 1½ minutes longer. Pour into a greased oblong baking tin.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 40 minutes.

Variation: Melt ½ cup grated chocolate and add before folding in egg whites.

Aviv gets lost again and again

Aviv as a child often used to get lost. The most frightening time was at Victoria Falls in Zimbabwe (Rhodesia).

The summer after Grandpa Maurice died we visited Betsy Glasser, Mike's widow in Bulawayo. Grandpa Maurice and his brother Mike Glasser had died within a week of each other. Moran was born a week after that; he is named after both of them.

Saba Hayman, and the Glasser children, Mark and Vanessa, came with us to the incredible Wankie Game Reserve and the Victoria Falls. The area around the Victoria Falls is constantly wet and the path is muddy and quite slippery. At some stage, to our horror, we realized that Aviv, then five years old, wasn't with us. We searched up and down, running all over, peering down the unprotected slopes, looking for signs of his battered body.

Dad decided to run back to our starting point to call for help, while we came back with the transport. Imagine our relief when a smiling Dad and an unperturbed Aviv were waiting for us to arrive. Aviv had indeed lost sight of us, so he decided to walk back to the starting point, not realizing it wasn't a circular route. I, as usual, burst into tears of relief. Saba Hayman muttered dryly, "I wonder why you don't cry more often over him." And Aviv said, "I wasn't lost, you were. I knew exactly where I was."

A year later we went on a caravan trip to Scandinavia. In Copenhagen we spent evenings at the large Tivoli Park. On the first night Aviv got lost. He found a policeman who took him to Lost Property where we, distraught, later found him. On subsequent evenings he'd happily 'get lost' and make his own way to Lost Property, and never seemed to be able to find us.

NUTRITION ALMANAC CARROT CAKE

The *Nutrition Almanac Cookbook* by Kirschman and Dunne is a useful guide for dieting. This carrot cake is relatively low in calories; light and delicious, it is very easy to prepare. Double recipe for a large pan. The cake becomes more moist with age. It freezes well.

2 eggs	½ cup honey
½ cup canola oil	1 tsp vanilla
1 cup whole-wheat flour	1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda	1 tsp cinnamon ½ tsp nutmeg
½ tsp cloves	½ tsp allspice
½ tsp ginger	½ tsp salt
1½ cups packed grated carrots	(¾ cup walnuts/ pecans and/or raisins)

In a large bowl beat eggs, honey, oil, and vanilla. Combine flour with other dry ingredients and stir into liquid. Fold in carrots (and nuts and raisins). Spoon into a greased and floured 20 x 20 cm (8-inch) square cake tin.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F) for 45-50 minutes. Cool in pan on wire rack. Eat plain or with *Cream Cheese Frosting* (see below).

Lite version: Substitute ½ Tbs liquid sweetener for honey, adding a dollop of honey to counteract the sweetener aftertaste. Taste to make sure mixture is sweet enough.

ELAINE'S CARROT CAKE

2 cups sugar	4 eggs
1¼ cups canola oil	2 Tbs cinnamon
2 cups flour	2 tsp baking soda
1 tsp salt	3 cups grated carrots
½ cup pecans	2 tsp vanilla

Mix sugar with eggs, oil and cinnamon; sift together flour, baking soda and salt and sift into oil mixture. Add grated carrots, pecans and vanilla. Pour into a greased 20 x 20 cm (8-inch) baking tin.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 45-60 minutes. Test for doneness before removing from oven. Cool before frosting. Eat plain or with *Cream Cheese Frosting*.

CREAM CHEESE FROSTING

3¼ cups icing sugar, sifted	1 cup cream cheese
100 g (8 Tbs) margarine	1 Tbs vanilla
1 cup chopped pecans/walnuts	

Cream icing sugar, cream cheese and margarine until very smooth; add vanilla. Ice cake and sprinkle with nuts.

Jewish life in Nassau

A few days after our arrival in Nassau in 1990 we were drawn into preparations for the High Holy Days. Not only was the Manager of Coral World the official Keeper of the Torah (it rests in the spare room cupboard) but also a pillar of the 'Jewish Community' together with Chic Hecht, the American Ambassador and Ralph Seligman, Honorary Consul for Israel. Meetings,

telephones and faxes were the order of the day, drawing up lists of Jews, arranging for a Chazan from Miami (a used-car salesman who, despite his lack of voice, succeeded in creating a lovely holiday atmosphere), setting up a room at the local hotel and shnorrering money to cover costs (my job). Over 30 people participated, including Moran, who was visiting from Israel. That was most convenient as he was needed for the minyan, performed creditably when called to read the Torah, causing us great joy, and shlepped the Torah a few times a day.

We were so impressed by the turnout that we invited everyone to break the fast at our home - we even fasted for the occasion. A few people offered to make something, including Elaine, the fiancée of Jeffrey Spector, a delightful somewhat shady character of English descent. She said she didn't know anything about kosher cooking (she is a Bahamian) - but she sure does know how to make Carrot Cake - it was the hit of the evening.

Elaine and Jeffrey met me in Eilat a few months later. I took them to a local restaurant and delighted in seeing them blanch at the local fare of heart, lungs, and bull's balls.

CHOCOLATE GENOISE

6 eggs
150 g (5 oz.) flour
30 g (2 Tbs) melted butter

170 g (6 oz.) sugar
30 g (1 oz.) cocoa

Beat eggs and sugar until light and fluffy. Sift flour and cocoa; fold in flour, then melted butter. Pour into two buttered cake tins.

Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 30 minutes.

To make the cake flat on top, turn upside down onto a wire tray to cool.

Ice top and sides with *Ganache* (see below). Press toasted almond slivers into sides of cake and decorate with almonds and sliced strawberries.

This cake may be successfully quadrupled.

Granny always had style

This recipe is from pastry chef Armin Wernli at the (Bahamas) Expo '92. In 1950 Granny took Louise and me to join Grandpa who was on a business trip in Europe. Many memorable images remain - a huge panda bear waiting for me on the hotel bed, London still in ruins after the war, Antwerp looking magical in Christmas decorations, attending a live opera performance, and visiting the forbidding Florence cemetery on a cold grey day in winter with fears of being locked inside.

One day Grandpa and Granny took us to an extremely elegant restaurant. While we waited to be seated, eyeing the dessert tray laden with cakes and tortes, Granny suddenly started to walk after one of the waiters, presumably thinking he would seat us. Granny was beautifully dressed in a smart white suit, white high heeled shoes, white gloves, and a stunning white hat open at the crown. Back straight, head held high, Granny grandly walked after the waiter, looking neither right nor left ... and followed him into the kitchen!

On the way back from Europe it was their wedding anniversary and Grandpa and Granny had a grand celebration, inviting everybody in first class to a party in the ship's dining room. Louise and I stood with our parents in the reception line and greeted all the guests. We were so proud. Although I don't remember what Granny wore, we have a picture, taken at some other time, of

Granny and Grandpa dancing cheek to cheek. She is wearing a black sheath dress and her hair is piled high on her head and held in place with a string of pearls. She is breathtakingly beautiful and her happiness bursts from the picture. This is how I like to picture them that evening on the ship, dancing cheek to cheek as the band played Golden Earrings, a song that has private significance for them both. The memory of this anniversary celebration is special because our parents eventually got divorced, but this event reminds us that there were happier times.

LOUIS NICKEL'S YOTVATA CAKE

The yoghurt container (3/4 cup/6 oz.) is the measure for the sugar and flour.

1 container flavored yoghurt (prighurt)	2 containers sugar
3 containers flour	½ cup canola oil
3 eggs	1½ tsp baking powder
½ tsp grated lemon rind or 1 mashed banana	

Louis says throw everything together and bake at 200°C (400°F) until ready (a knife comes out clean).

My cousins, Louis, Ricki and Warren

It always surprised me that Louis, together with his brothers Ricki and Warren, grew up into responsible adults. My earliest memory of them is walking into their house in Port Elizabeth where both Louis and Ricki were scrambling about the house like monkeys. They were perched on top of the kitchen cupboards with everybody screaming at them to come down. Aviv remembers spending a holiday with them, wearing one of the Nickel family's sandals (only just covering his toes) when they went to a party. His other memory is of Julius, waving a strap and chasing them around the house.

Louis was part owner, together with Rael, and also manager of the Burger Ranch in Eilat and it was nice to have family in town. Before that, when studying Hebrew at Ulpan on Kibbutz Yotvata he made me this cake for my birthday.

APRICOT CARDAMOM CAKE

¼ cup honey	¼ cup margarine
2 cups flour, white or whole-wheat	¼ cup brown sugar
1 tsp baking powder	1 tsp baking soda
1 tsp ground cinnamon	1 tsp ground cardamom
Pinch of salt	¾ cup dried apricots
1¼ cups buttermilk at room temperature	1 Tbs cider vinegar
1 Tbs grated orange rind	

Combine honey and margarine and heat until melted. Cool slightly. Combine flour, brown sugar, baking powder, baking soda, cinnamon, cardamom and salt. Place 2 Tbs flour mixture with apricots in food processor and process until finely chopped. Add to flour mixture. Mix buttermilk, vinegar, orange rind and melted margarine. Add to dry ingredients and stir until combined. Spoon into a greased round cake tin and smooth the top. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 35 minutes or until an inserted knife comes out clean.

* Continued *

Renewing friendships

I made this cake when Aura and Hilton Greenberg stayed with us in Nassau. One of the advantages of living in the Bahamas was the opportunity to renew childhood friendships with people now living nearby in America. Aura Bilchik, who married Hilton Greenberg, was one such person. Aura made a remark many years ago that I still remember. One day while we were walking and talking, discussing I can't remember whom, Aura turned to me, quite shocked and said, "Doreen, you made a catty remark. You never do that." I thought I did, but from that day, I tried not to.

We went to Durban Girls' High School together with Eleanor Gamsy, Maureen Konigsfest, Myra Phillips, Hilary Diner and Ilana Rubenstein and were part of the Habonim chevra. The Jewish crowd sat on the steps leading from the building to the playing fields; the younger girls on the lower steps, the older grades towards the top.

It is strange how some seemingly extraneous incidents are burned into memory. I can still picture the usual lunch crowd sitting on the steps. From the Manning Road entrance Hilary and Sandy Diner walked through the grove of trees and said, "Queenie's dead." I had never met Queenie, Dad's ma, but I knew Fern and knew who Anthony was, never dreaming how that would later impact my life.

SHULA'S CAKE

Base:

100 g (8 Tbs) margarine
2 Tbs sugar
1 tsp vanilla

3/4 cup flour
1 tsp baking powder
2 egg yolks, lightly beaten

Combine dry ingredients; add margarine and crumble with flour mixture. Add eggs and mix together with a fork. Spread and pat to line a buttered pie dish. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for 20 minutes.

Filling:

½ kilo (1 lb) firm strawberries
2 cups water
4 tsp sugar
Whole strawberries for decoration

1 packet strawberry jelly
1 container sweet cream
½ tsp lemon juice
Chocolate flakes

Slice strawberries lengthwise and line pie shell. Prepare strawberry jelly with 2 cups water. Cool until half set. Pour over strawberries. Whip sweet cream with sugar and lemon juice and spread on top. Decorate with whole strawberries and chocolate flakes.

Shula Frazer

Shula Frazer from Hofit gave me this recipe. Tall and blond, she was very striking and intensely aware of it. One day (I must have been in my thin phase) I visited her while wearing red pants. She told me that I was very lucky to be able to wear red pants - she couldn't because she stops the traffic when she wears red. I should be so lucky!

Note: If the men are chasing you incessantly, use a prepared biscuit pie base.

BIRTHDAY CAKE

This recipe is from *The Joy of Cooking* by Rombauer and Becker and as promised in the book, children love it. Firm, yet moist it is ideal for cakes that are to be cut into shapes. It also makes good cupcakes. It can be successfully multiplied eight times and is suitable for wedding cake, if anybody is interested.

Ingredients should be at room temperature

2¼ cups cake flour
½ tsp salt
1¼ cups sugar
1 tsp vanilla

2½ tsp baking powder
½ cup butter
1 cup milk
4 large egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour before measuring; re-sift with baking powder and salt. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Combine milk and vanilla. Add sifted ingredients to butter mixture in 3 parts, alternating with thirds of the liquid combination. After each addition stir batter until smooth. Lightly fold in egg whites. Pour into a large greased cake tin.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 25 minutes. Enough for 1 large square pan or two 23 cm (9 inch) round tins.

Children's birthdays

Children's birthdays were always happy events and had a specific structure. We would have to show the movie of our latest travels. Yaffa would have to lead the circle dances not forgetting "I have a goat." There would have to be a number of races: egg and spoon, three-legged, jump in the sack, and of course the watermelon-eating contest. There had to be a birthday cake in the shape of a house, a bunny, a child, a fish or a something. And after blowing out the candles, the birthday child would have to be raised in a chair, once for each year and an additional time for good luck for the following year. And we have hours of home movies to prove it!

ORANGE ICING

4 cups icing sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange

110 g (4 oz.) butter
1 Tbs orange juice

Sift icing sugar, then beat with butter and orange rind. Add just enough juice to make a spreading consistency.

Brush loose crumbs off cake. Heat broad knife in hot water to help spread icing. Decorate as desired.

GOLDEN DELIGHT FROSTING

3 cups icing sugar, sifted
3 Tbs sweet cream
½ tsp grated lemon rind

90 g (6 Tbs) butter
½ tsp vanilla

Beat together icing sugar, butter, sweet cream, vanilla and lemon rind until light and fluffy. Enough to fill and ice a 2 layer cake.

7 MINUTE FROSTING

This frosting is a bit of a bother to prepare but it does hold its shape well, making it ideal for fancy birthday cakes.

1 cup sugar
½ tsp salt
3 Tbs water

2 egg whites
½ tsp cream of tartar
1 tsp vanilla

Beat sugar, egg whites, salt, cream of tartar and water over boiling water for about 5-7 minutes, until soft peaks form. Remove from heat and add vanilla; beat again to mix. Divide into portions and color with a few drops of food coloring as required.

MOCHA FROSTING

90 g (1/3 cup) butter
½ cup cocoa
1/8 tsp salt
A few drops brandy/lemon juice

½ k (1 lb) icing sugar
1/3 cup hot strong coffee
1½ tsp vanilla essence

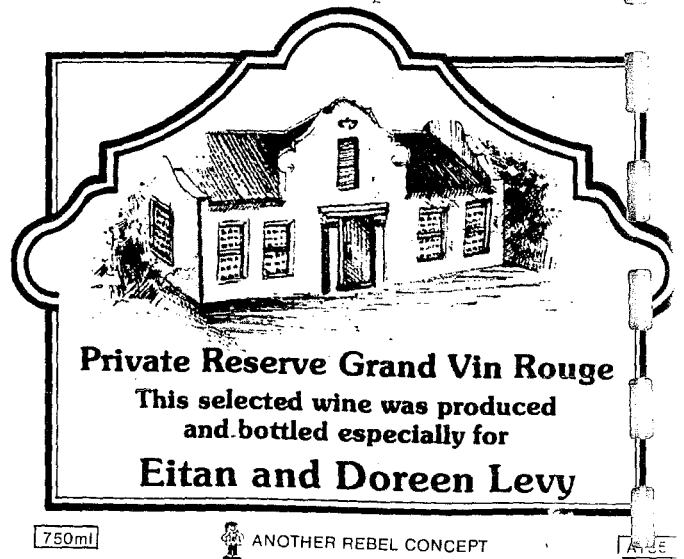
Cream butter in a bowl for a few seconds. Add sieved sugar, cocoa, coffee, salt and vanilla. Beat slowly until blended, scraping often. Then beat on high until fluffy (about 2 minutes). Add brandy to taste. Consistency should be almost firm.

GANACHE

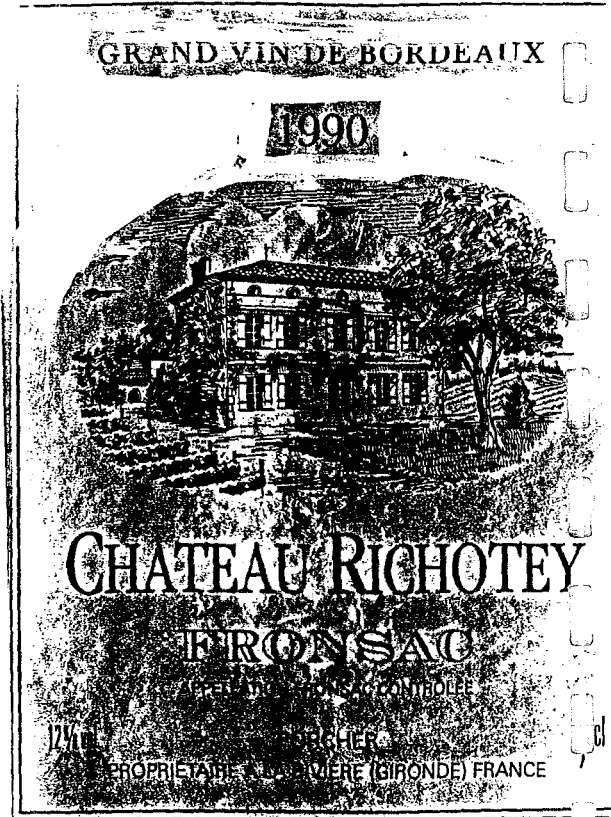
300 g bittersweet chocolate/10 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips
1 cup heavy whipping cream

Melt chocolate over a double boiler. Fold in whipped cream and mix well. Suitable for cakes and iced brownies.

Tel Aviv August 94
 Home leave. St. Thomas to Israel.
 A wonderful month in honour of
 Miriam's completing the army -
 delayed by 2 weeks - but still
 good. Miriam wanted cooking
 lessons and this, an old bottle of
 SA wine went well with
 Tengu Miriam.



13 Aug 1994.
 Miriam's 56th birthday. A small
 surprise party at Sirtaki in Jaffa.
 Denise, Yael, Miriam, Caroline & Miriam's
 friends. Good food, Greek music
 & Greek plates and dancing
 in the street as the sun slowly
 set over Jaffa. Not to forget the
 mustached man who drove upon his
 vespa and sold iced salted
 almonds to everyone. Happy Birthday



BISCUITS

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MALIA'S BISCUIT RECIPE

370 g (13 oz.) self-rising flour
1 cup sugar
200 g (15 Tbs) margarine
Few drops of vanilla essence

1 dessertspoon custard
1/8 tsp salt
2 eggs, lightly beaten

Combine flour, custard, sugar and salt; add margarine. With a pastry blender or two knives cut the margarine into the flour until it resembles coarse meal. Add eggs and vanilla and mix into a ball. Refrigerate for 1 hour.

Roll dough out to 1/2 cm (1/4 inch) thick. Cut into strips, about 7 cm (3 inches) wide, and fill with a mixture of grated apples, cinnamon, raisins, (nuts) and a little sugar. Pinch close and brush with beaten egg. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) until golden.

- Variations:** 1. Cut into shapes, brush with a little egg white mixed with water then sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar, cherries, nuts or chocolate worms.
2. Use as a base for sweet tarts, apple tarts and cheese cakes.
3. To use plain flour, add 2 tsp baking powder to 3 cups flour.

Ironing

Abe and Malia are Dad's uncle and aunt who live in Ramat HaSharon. Abe is Saba Hayman's youngest brother. The day after Dad and I were married we left for Israel, spending our honeymoon on board the Italian ship, M/V Europa. But Dad, who had just finished university (so he thought) had failed Math, and when the ship arrived in Venice he went back to South Africa to complete his exam, and I went on to Israel. In a show of new family solidarity, I stayed with Abe, Malia and their son Jonathan until Dad came. To Malia I owe not only this recipe, but also my special skills at ironing. One day, after complaining to her how on the ship I used to struggle with Dad's shirts, she showed me how easy it is to iron a shirt - something which I have passed on to succeeding generations!

CRUNCHY COCONUT BISCUITS

From *The Singing Kettle Cookery Book*, published by the Union of Jewish Women, Port Elizabeth. It was a gift from Laura.

250 g (1 cup) butter/margarine
2 eggs
1 cup all-purpose flour
2 cups oats
1 cup unsweetened coconut
1/4 tsp ginger

2 cups brown sugar
1 tsp vanilla essence
2 tsp baking powder
2 cups cornflakes
1/4 tsp cinnamon

Cream butter and sugar; add eggs and then vanilla. Blend in remaining ingredients. Spoon onto greased tray, spacing well apart, and flatten with fork. Bake in a preheated moderately low oven (170°C/325°F) for 10 minutes.

We never brought food

I included these biscuits in a food parcel sent to Aviv while he was in the army and they were voted the best biscuits on base by Aviv's fellow soldiers.

*** Continued ***

Although we consider ourselves thoroughly Israeli, the one area where we have consistently failed is in the sending of food parcels to our children when they were away from home. I shall never forget the shock when Vered finished her basic training and we went to the ceremony with money intending to take Vered to a restaurant, while everybody else went with great hampers of food to share a picnic with their ravenous children.

You'd think I'd have learned, but when Aviv finished his basic training it was even worse. Not only didn't I take food, I didn't even take Dad, who remained behind in Eilat. Although there were hundreds of soldiers assembled in the parade ground, it didn't take me long to spot Aviv, who looked uncharacteristically neat. I had to shake my head in dismay when I saw all the soldiers standing ramrod straight, except Aviv who was fidgeting about, busy scratching his legs with his boots. Imagine my surprise and delight when they announced the name of the Hayal Mitzayen (outstanding soldier) from his group, and called out Aviv's name. He walked to the podium in freshly wiped boots. Later, I felt so bad that Dad had not come to the ceremony to be able to share the pride I felt in Aviv.

And when Moran finished his basic training, well, Dad and I were already stationed in the Bahamas. Vered told me that 'all the kids', i.e. the Levys and the Bravermans, celebrated the Israeli way, with food and a mangal (barbecue), so that at least one child would complete his basic training in style!

QUICK AND EASY OATMEAL COOKIES

From *Joy of Cooking* by Rombauer and Becker, a most handy general reference for many foods. My favourite cookbooks are all spotted, stained and falling to pieces; this is one of them.

110 g (8 Tbs) margarine
Scant 1/3 cup white sugar
2 Tbs milk
1 cup whole-wheat flour
1/2 tsp baking powder
1 cup oats (rolled or quick-cooking)
1/2 cup raisins/3/4 cup chocolate chips

1/3 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 tsp vanilla essence
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/8 tsp salt
1 tsp grated orange rind

Cream margarine with sugars until light and fluffy. Add egg, milk and vanilla. Add sifted flour, baking soda, baking powder and salt. When smooth, add oats and orange rind and lastly raisins. Beat well. Drop cookies 5 cm (2 inches) apart on well-greased cookie sheet. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for about 30 minutes, until light brown.

FRANKIE'S OAT COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp salt
1/2 cup oil
1/2 tsp almond essence

3/4 cup non-fat dry milk powder
2 cups rolled oats
2 eggs
(1 cup raisins)

Combine dry ingredients; lightly beat together the oil, eggs and almond essence. Mix together all ingredients. Drop teaspoonfuls onto a greased pan and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for 10-12 minutes.

Uncle Sholem's 100th birthday

When Uncle Sholem (Viv's dad) had his hundredth birthday, Dad, Fern and I joined Viv and Frankie in South Africa to help celebrate. It was very difficult to decide on a present. We finally settled on a nice warm dressing gown. Sholem, to our delight, on seeing the gown, exclaimed in his heavily accented English "Now dat's a useful present!" Sholem was a pleasure to see, still sharp and full of good humour. He had been extremely ill a few months prior to his birthday. As we sat with him at the Jewish Aged Home in Johannesburg, Sholem, recalling his illness, said that he had refused to speak to Viv because although it sounded like him it didn't look like him. Even delirious he remembered what had happened.

Bennie and Zelda

On that trip we went to Durban, and it was rather a sad visit as most of the people we knew had either died or left. We spent time walking around the cemetery and visiting the graves of Queenie and Hayman and other family and friends. Afterwards, to cheer up, we went to see Bennie and Zelda Shotland. Bennie was Grandpa's best friend and being with Bennie is the closest connection I have to my Dad. Zelda tells that when she and Bennie got married (a second marriage for both), Grandpa was so delighted that he flew to Zurich to be with them on their honeymoon!

FERN'S SUGARLESS HEALTH BISCUITS

400 g (14 oz.) mixed dried fruit
300 g-400 g (10-14 oz.) whole-wheat flour/
bran/oats (proportions as desired)
1 tsp ginger
2 eggs

2 cups apple juice
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp cinnamon
120 g (5 oz.) margarine (roughly half the weight of
the flour mixture)

Boil half the dried fruit with the apple juice until syrupy. Cool. Sift the flour together with the baking powder, cinnamon and ginger. Rub in margarine, then add the rest of dried fruit. Add beaten eggs and enough liquid to form a dropping consistency. Bake in a preheated hot oven (200 C/400 F), for 20-30 minutes.

Fern even learnt to ride a bike

Fern is always keen to teach me new ways of healthful living. Only the recipes never taste as good as when she prepares them! In adulthood Fern did the impossible. She lost pounds of weight and took up a regime of healthful eating and vigorous exercise: weight lifting, jogging, mini-marathons, swimming, mountain walking, then mountain climbing and eventually becoming an instructor at camps. We, her family, followed her determined progress with head-shaking awe. The one consolation to me was that she couldn't ride a bike. But after talking about it one year while we were doing a (half) Tour of Mont Blanc, she went home to Essex, borrowed a bike and was soon eating up the miles with her usual single minded determination. Wow!

OUTSTANDING RICE CRISPIE BISCUITS

100 g (8 Tbs) butter/margarine
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 tsp cinnamon
A little orange/apple juice
* Continued *

500 g (1 lb) pressed/pitted dates
1 tsp grated orange/lemon peel
1 tsp grated ginger/1/2 tsp dried ginger
7-8 cups Rice Crispies

Melt butter in a large heavy pot; add dates and sugar and cook on low heat for about five minutes, stirring frequently until a thick syrup forms. Add orange peel, cinnamon and ginger. Add a little juice if mixture is not syrupy enough - it should be the consistency of runny jam. Throw in Rice Crispies and stir quickly until evenly mixed. Cool for 2 minutes. Carefully empty contents onto damp (marble) surface and with back of wooden spoon carefully (mixture is very hot) pat mixture down to form a compact block about 1½ cm thick. To make Rice Crispies stick together you have to pat the mixture down and inwards, compacting it. When cool cut into squares (and roll in unsweetened grated coconut). Delicious. Said to keep well (they've never lasted, so we don't know.)

Grandpa Maurice's Cheese

At the time of the second World War Grandpa Maurice was in the food business. Julius tells how the Nickels' house in Bertrams had one room that was filled with hundreds of enormous rounds of cheese. Rationing was in force; luxuries were scarce and cheese unobtainable. Even today Julius doesn't know where Grandpa got the cheese. Every week Grandpa would come and quietly take two or three rounds of cheese back to the shop, presumably to sell at black market prices, leaving the Nickels with only the stink of the cheese.

PEANUT BUTTER BALLS

This recipe is absolutely delicious.

1½ cups melted margarine
5 cups powdered sugar
Melted chocolate

4 cups creamy peanut butter
4 cups Rice Crispies

Rub together the margarine, peanut butter and powdered sugar. When completely blended add Rice Crispies. Roll into balls. Dip each one into melted chocolate and place on wax paper. Put in refrigerator or freezer to set.

Godparents to Ariel Pascal

This recipe was gleaned from Lindy's sister-in-law's mother. The whole Davis clan came on a visit to Nassau and we were invited to meet the parents and children. It was at this gathering that we learnt that Lindy was pregnant. We were asked to be godparents to their Unborn Child, later named Ariel Pascal.

APPLE BUNS

From *The Cranks Recipe Book* by Canter, Canter and Swann. Easy and delicious.

2 medium cooking apples
½ tsp cinnamon
Pinch of salt
¼ cup packed brown sugar

Scant 2 cups whole-wheat flour
1 tsp baking powder
175 g (12 Tbs) margarine
1 egg, lightly beaten

Core and dice apples. Combine flour, cinnamon, baking powder and salt in a bowl. Rub in margarine until mixture resembles fine crumbs; add sugar and eggs and mix well. Place heaped spoonfuls on lightly greased baking sheet.

Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 20-25 minutes until golden brown. Cool slightly before transferring to a wire tray.

JOSSELYN'S LACE COOKIES

1 cup all-purpose flour
100 g (8 Tbs) real butter
½ cup brown sugar

1 cup walnuts, finely chopped
½ cup corn syrup
1 tsp whisky

Mix flour and walnuts in small bowl. In a small saucepan heat butter with corn syrup and sugar until they bubble. Remove from heat and pour into nut mixture. Stir and add whisky.

Drop ½ tsp of mixture 7 cm (2 ¾ inches) apart on a greased cookie sheet - they spread tremendously.

Bake 6-8 minutes in a preheated moderately cool oven (170°C/325°F). Remove from oven and let stand 1 minute. Carefully place cookies on a paper towel and then on a wire rack to cool. Store in an airtight tin. Wipe the cookie sheet, grease and repeat until all the dough is baked.

Learning Spanish

Learning Spanish was an important part of my first year in Nassau. Not only did it occupy much of my time (it's hard to learn a language when you are old), but I met a number of people through the lessons, including Rachel Smith, Ann (a sometime tennis partner) and Josselyn. Ann, Josselyn and I used to meet with Melu our teacher on Friday mornings and sit on her verandah. Somehow the incredibly blue aquamarine sea behind us and the coconut palms swaying in the gentle breezes never inspired me, but only emphasized my gawky and stumbling efforts. Josselyn, the most fluent, was very talkative and friendly, although I found my initial encounters with her rather abrasive - I thought some of her remarks were insensitive, even anti-Semitic. Although Ann just brushed them off as Josselyn's way, I was not convinced, until she later showed herself to be a warm and friendly person. These cookies, which she brought to the lesson one morning, are easy to prepare and delicious.

CAROLINE'S FLORENTINES

½ cup glace' cherries
¾ cup almonds
½ cup flour
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp lemon juice

¼ cup glace' peels
½ cup sultanas
125 g margarine/butter
1 Tbs syrup
100 g (4 oz.) semi-sweet dark chocolate

Combine fruit, nuts, and flour. Melt butter and combine with sugar and syrup; add lemon juice and combine with fruit. Line a baking tray with greased wax paper. Spoon out small quantities on baking sheet. Bake in a preheated moderate oven, (180°C/350°F) for approximately 10 minutes.

When cool, either dip bases in melted chocolate or paint with pastry brush and leave to harden.

Caroline is a good friend

Caroline can on occasion drive me up the wall with her constant self derogation. No matter; she has proved a faithful friend. When we were first in St Thomas and Aviv at Kibbutz Machanaim was in trouble, it was Caroline who took off work and travelled hours by bus to see him and try to find out what the trouble was. When Granny died, Caroline again took off work to sit shiva with Louise and me. Another of her generous gestures was sending Florentines with Moran to Nassau. I felt deserted by my friends who never replied to my letters. It was a wonderful reminder of home.

Florentines are one of Caroline's specialties.

AVIS' DATE AND HONEY BARS

150 g (5 oz.) chopped dates
2 Tbs lemon juice
8 Tbs water
110 g (4 oz.) brown sugar
170 g (6 oz.) butter/margarine, melted

3 level Tbs honey
2 level tsp all-purpose flour
110 g (4 oz.) self-rising flour
150 g (5½ oz.) rolled oats

Grease an 18 cm (7 inch) square tin, which is at least 2½ cm (1 inch) deep.

Place dates, honey, strained lemon juice, all-purpose flour and water in a small pot. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring, and cook gently for 3-4 minutes. Cool. Mix together the self-rising flour, sugar, oats and melted butter and spread half over the base of the tin, pressing well down. Spread the date mixture over the base. Sprinkle the remaining oat mixture evenly over the dates and press lightly down.

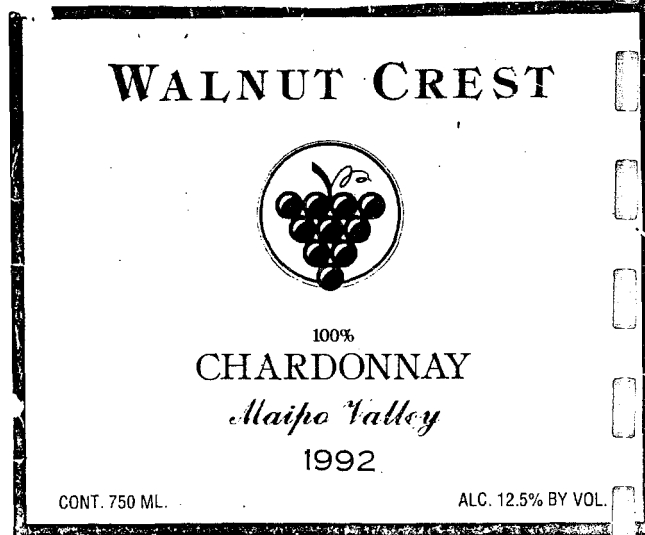
Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F) for about 25 minutes, until golden. Cool in tin for at least 30 minutes, then cut into bars and ease out of tin. Makes about 18.

The Pinnacle Club

Fern is an active member of the Pinnacle Club, an all-women rock climbing group. They have a marvelous club hut in the Snowdonia area of Wales at the foot of a rise (I used to think of it as a mountain) with an icy stream where one could bathe nearby. The most remarkable thing about the hut, besides the genuinely warm and friendly members, was the chemical toilet that smelled delicately of pineapple! I joined Fern at a Club meet in July '92 to harden me for our Tour of Mont Blanc. Most of the women slept in the hut, but others pitched little pup tents on wet grassy slopes by the stream and were quite unfazed by the awful rainy weather. The women came in all shapes and sizes and they organized groups to rock climb in the most casual way, belaying the real difficulty of the climbs they were about to undertake. Fern relegated me to 'very slow easy walking' and indeed I felt like an invalid amongst all those incredibly healthy and fit women! Avis, one of club members, I liked. Scatter-brained and not quite with it she seemed fallible, human like me.

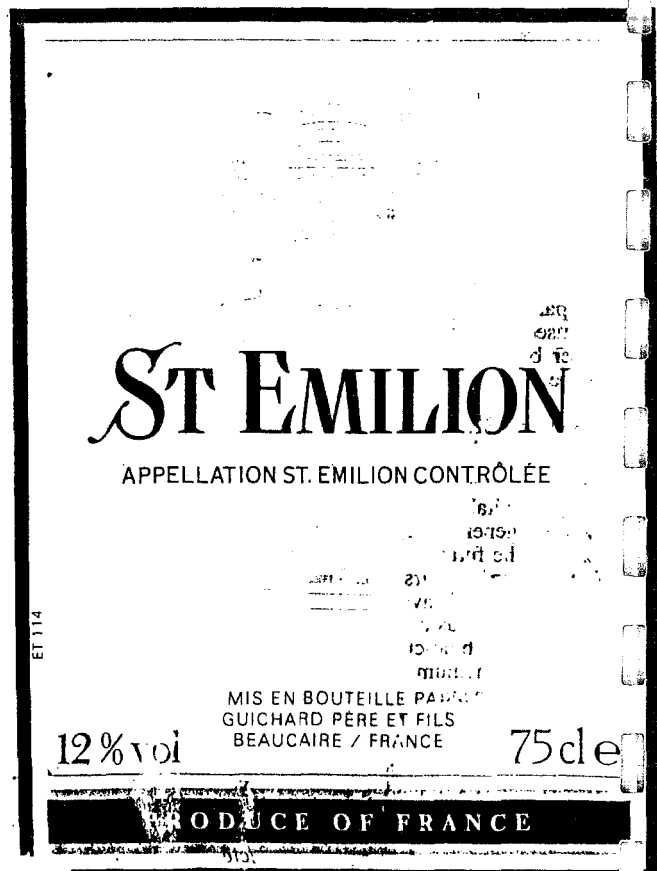
29 April 94

Ellen Archie came to play tennis with us, & later joined by Maria and her Charles, Teddy's hummingbird friend. A delightful relaxed dinner. Afterwards our guests signed having Will that we had prepared and Anthony spent the rest of the evening preparing similar documents for them - A great having, Will Hay! Ah!



Passover St. Thomas 94.

This from the Hornsby - ③ a long wait for them until the food - guess I didn't explain Passover well enough. This excellent wine was kept for the head table.



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BEFORE YOU BEGIN

1 packet dry yeast weighs $\frac{1}{4}$ oz = $2\frac{1}{4}$ tsp (often measured as 1 Tbs) = 1 cake fresh compressed yeast weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ oz/15 g.

Bread baking has a certain mystique that can be quite intimidating for the uninitiated. In these days of bread machines and specialty bakeries there is still room for home baked bread. Making bread is very satisfying: the aroma of fresh bread is wonderful and eating it is great, while kneading strengthens the upper arms and helps release tension. The pride of serving a home-baked loaf to family and friends is worth the time involved.

Try *Frankie's No-Need to Knead Bread* to see the magic of yeast. This foolproof recipe doesn't require kneading and virtually any combination works. For all other recipes, the amount of flour is an approximation. Different batches of flour absorb unequal amounts of liquid and even the weather can affect this process. If you, like me, don't have a heavy duty mixer, while kneading grab the edge of the dough with one hand, lift it off the table and slap the dough down on the work surface about seven times. This helps release the gluten.

HERBED PITA

4 whole-wheat pitas
4 cloves garlic, mashed
Pinch of thyme
1 Tbs lemon juice
Oil

Large handful of parsley, chopped
Few springs mint or coriander, chopped
Salt and pepper
1 tsp grated lemon peel

Blend herbs and spices, adding enough oil to make a thinnish paste. Cut pitas into quarters and spread mixture inside each pocket. Place next to each other, pointed side up, on a length of aluminum foil and dribble remaining mixture between the pitas. Add more oil if mixture insufficient. Close foil and bake in a moderate oven ($180^{\circ}\text{C}/350^{\circ}\text{F}$) for 15 minutes.

HERBED GRISSINI TWISTS

Easy to make and ideal as pre-dinner snacks. Children will love to help form the twists.

$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups (bread) flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tbs fresh chopped basil/1 tsp dried basil
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tbs fresh chopped parsley
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ tsp dried yeast
1 Tbs + 1 tsp olive oil
Vegetable cooking spray
1 egg white, lightly beaten

1 Tbs sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ fresh chopped oregano/ 1 tsp dried oregano
 $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp salt
1 cup + 2 Tbs very warm water
1 Tbs brandy
1 tsp water

Place first seven ingredients in food processor; pulse to blend. With processor running add water, oil and brandy through food chute. Process until dough leaves sides of bowl and forms a ball. Turn onto lightly floured surface; knead lightly a few seconds. If dough is very stiff, wet hands and work moisture into dough. Place in large oiled bowl; cover and let rise 40 minutes until doubled in size.

* Continued *

Punch down dough; turn onto a floured surface. Roll dough into a rectangle and (with a pizza cutter) cut into 14 equal strips. Let dough relax 5 minutes. Lift a strip and carefully stretch it until doubled or even tripled in size. If dough doesn't stretch easily let it rest a few minutes more. Fold dough in half and form a plait by slightly stretching and twisting each end in opposite directions. Place on a greased baking sheet. If the plait starts curving on the baking sheet, straighten only when all plaits have been formed.

Cover and let rise 15 minutes or until puffy. Combine 1 tsp water and egg white and gently brush over sticks. Bake in a preheated hot oven (200°C/400°F) for 20 minutes or until golden. Remove from pans and cool.

Note: Some twists will be crunchy and some soft, depending on how they were cut and rolled. If you have any twists left over the next day, dry them out in a very low oven until very crisp. They will remain fresh for a few days if stored in an airtight container.

Dalia and Mac and Ella

When Dalia Lamdani and Mac McPherson came to St Thomas, together we explored native restaurants. It was with pride that I found a small restaurant up the road that served kalaloo, something that Dalia and Mac had been wanting to taste for two years.

One night some friends came over for dinner and I made grissini, which was a hit. But the highlight of the evening was a story about Ella Fitzgerald that Mac told us.

In 1934 Mac was a curtain puller (stagehand) at the Apollo Theater in New York. Amateur Night showcased a lot of up and coming talent. Work was scarce and every contestant hoped to succeed, which meant money and a week's work. The unpopular ones were literally pulled off the stage with a hook by a man called Puerto Rico.

Ella Fitzgerald was to appear at Amateur Night in a tap dance routine! But the three Edward Sisters preceded her, receiving long ovations for their uniform tap dancing. The Hook said, "Oh boy! She's (Ella) in trouble." Ella, also realizing this, meanwhile said to the pianist, "I'm not tap dancing tonight. I'm singing!" When she ran out of words, she just sang 'la le la'. People were stunned and she brought the house down. A new star was born.

FRANKIE'S NO-NEED TO KNEAD FRENCH BREAD

1 Tbs yeast
2 cups warm water
2 cups bread/all-purpose flour
Salt water for brushing

1 Tbs molasses/honey
2 cups whole-wheat flour
2 tsp salt

Mix yeast and molasses in ½ cup of lukewarm water; let rise 10 minutes. Add remaining water. Combine flours and salt in a bowl and with a wooden spoon stir into yeast mixture. The dough should be soft and gooey (nothing you'd willingly touch), resembling a muffin mixture. Add a little more water if necessary.

Cover with a damp cloth and let rise 1 hour until doubled in size or you have played a set of tennis. Cut mixture in half and with floured hands pick up each yucky half and pull into a long roll in an oiled baguette pan. Let rise or 30 minutes.

Brush with salted water and bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F), for about 35 minutes or until crisp.

* Continued *

* Frankie's No-Need to Knead Bread - Continued *

Note: This recipe adapts readily. To use white flour, reduce water to 1 7/8 cups. If you use only whole-wheat flour, the loaves will not rise as much. If you add ½ cup bran to the flour, add about another ¼ cup water. If you have a sourdough starter, add 1 Tbs with the yeast. If using perforated baking pans, line with paper to prevent dough from rising into the holes. Enjoy.

Aviv and Oren and child rearing

Although there have been long periods when we haven't seen each other, Frankie and I always pick up our relationship easily. Together we've discussed the 30's crisis, wrinkles, sex drives, the unfortunate lack of male menopause, the 50's crisis, etc. We have also noted interesting parallels between our children throughout the years - or is it just phases of our (the adults) growing up?

Once, when the Klaff family was visiting us in Nassau, I watched Frankie give Oren a hard time, insisting he should come home at a certain hour. Unable to keep my mouth shut, I told her that if she would only give Oren a little more freedom he would give her less trouble. Frankie smiled sweetly and answered, "And if you had only given Aviv a few more limits, he would surely have been less trouble."

Unfortunately none of us are ideal parents, only the best parents we are able to be at that given time. We too were kids once; we too have grown up with hurts and anger and slights and unfairness caused by our parents. But it is up to the kids to decide whether they will spend the rest of their lives looking backward at what they missed, or accept it and get on with their lives, patching up the messes their parents made.

BAGUETTE

3/4 Tbs (3/4 oz.) dried yeast
1½ tsp salt
½ cup (2 oz.) all-purpose flour

1½ cups warm water
3½ cups (14 oz.) plain cake flour

Dissolve yeast in a little of the warm water and let stand until it froths. Dissolve salt in remaining water. Combine the two flours and salt in a bowl. Make a well in the center and pour in yeast mixture. Mix everything to a dough and knead on a floured surface. Cover with a clean cloth and leave for 1 hour to rise.

Knead dough again and divide in half. Form each one into a roll 35 cm (14 inches) long. Place on floured sheets and leave for 20 minutes.

Make four long diagonal slits down each loaf. Brush well with cold water. Just before placing in oven, put a small basin of water on the bottom shelf. Bake in a preheated hot oven, (200°C/400°F) for 1 hour, brushing surfaces with more cold water every 15 minutes.

Cool in rack. Eat as soon as cool or same day.

Ted and Mary Ellen

Ted and Mary Ellen captained a boat in the Caribbean for many years. They said that when they chartered boats, Mary Ellen always baked just before prospective clients arrived so that the aroma of freshly baked bread would fill the boat. The clients invariably decided to book the boat. They were never sorry, because Mary Ellen, in addition to being a licenced captain, is an accomplished cook.

COINTREAU BAGUETTE

This is an easy bread to prepare, ideal for a small dinner party. It has a most tantalizing taste and is equally good eaten as is, dipped in olive oil, or lathered with butter.

2¼ cups bread flour

1 package dry yeast

¾ cup hot water (50°C/120°F)

Grated rind of 1 orange

1 tsp dried thyme leaves

1 tsp dried savory

¾ cup whole-wheat flour

1 tsp salt

⅓ cup Cointreau

2 tsp dried basil

1 tsp fennel seeds

(1 tsp fresh lavender/mint, or other herb flowers)

In a bowl combine 1½ cups of the flour, yeast and salt. Pour in hot water, Cointreau and orange rind and beat to form a smooth batter. Stir in herbs. Gradually work in remaining flour. Knead for 8 minutes until smooth and elastic, occasionally slapping the dough on the work surface to release the gluten. Place dough in an oiled bowl; cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours.

Punch down dough, divide in half and roll into two balls. Allow dough to relax 10 minutes. Roll each ball into a long baguette, about 30 cm (12 inches). Place on a greased double baguette pan or a flat baking sheet. Cover lightly and allow to rise about 1 hour. Before placing in oven make 4 slashes in the top of each baguette and paint with vinegar. Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 30 minutes. To test for doneness, turn the loaf over and tap the bottom. The crust will be hard and sound hollow when done. Paint with water as you take it out the oven to give it a nice sheen.

Note: If savory is unavailable use mint and tarragon. Herbes de Provence mixture is also suitable: double quantities if using fresh herbs.

DILL RYE BREAD

This bread, based on a recipe from Bernard Clayton's *New Complete Book of Breads*, is not only delicious, but also enables the ecologically aware to re-cycle pickle juice.

3½ cups bread/all-purpose flour

1 cup dill pickle juice

1 Tbs canola oil

2 tsp salt

1 tsp dillseed

1½ cups rye flour

2 Tbs dry yeast

¼ cup hot water (46°C/116°F)

2 Tbs molasses (or honey)

1 Tbs dried dillweed/3 Tbs chopped fresh dillweed

2 tsp caraway seeds

Mix 1 cup of the flour with yeast, pickle juice and hot water. Stir well. Add oil, molasses, salt, dillweed, dillseed and caraway. Beat well for 3 minutes. Add rye flour, beat again and stir in remaining white flour ½ cup at a time. Turn onto a floured surface and knead until smooth. Round dough into a ball; cover with wax paper and let rest 20 minutes. Divide dough into two and shape into rounds. Place on greased baking sheets; cover and let rise for 45 minutes until doubled in size.

Preheat oven to 180°C/375°F. Slash the top of each loaf with an 'X', spray with vinegar, and place in oven. Bake for 45 minutes until it sounds hollow when tapped.

* Continued *

Hunger in Slonim

We associate food with love and caring. Was it because our parents were poor that the supreme gift to a child was food? Granny's parents Louis and Mary Nachamovitz and their four children (Julius was born in South Africa) used to live in Slonim, a poor village in Belarussia, on a tributary of the Leman River. The town was situated between the bend of a large river and a forest. Louis was a wood turner and although he worked hard they were very poor. Granny told me that at night they would take the doors down and place them on the floor so they would have a place to sleep. Her father, she says, used to lock away bread before he went to work so that they would have something to eat in the evening. No wonder that Granny could eat a full meal, but was never full until she had bread. Granny always maintained that everybody was poor then; their poverty wasn't something special. But while other children used to swim naked in the river, Granny would always swathe herself in a piece of cloth before 'appearing in public.'

This modesty continued. Many years later Granny and her friend Toby Kahn toured overseas. They visited Russia, no mean feat with South African passports. They booked tickets on an overnight train. As they were settling in their bunks, a man entered the compartment to claim his berth for the night. Granny, quite shocked, literally pushed him out into the corridor and locked the door. No amount of shouting and screaming by the outraged passenger and the inspector could persuade Granny to let a strange man sleep 'with her' that night.

TOMATO BREAD AND ROLLS

A great party bread: pretty to look at. pink with green flecks and delicious.

2 cups warm water

1 Tbs honey

½ cup whole-wheat flour

¼ cup grated fresh tomatoes

1 tsp dillweed

1 tsp basil

2½ tsp active dry yeast

¾ cups bread/all-purpose flour

1 tsp salt

1 Tbs olive oil

1 tsp oregano

Combine water, yeast and honey in a mixing bowl; set aside. Meanwhile prepare the remaining ingredients. Combine two flours and salt; mix tomatoes with olive oil and herbs. Add 1½ cups flour to yeast mixture and beat 3 minutes. Add tomato mixture and continue beating while adding remaining flour, ½ cup at a time. Total beating time 8 minutes.

Place dough on a floured work surface and knead for a few minutes. If dough is sticky, add sprinkles of flour until it becomes smooth and satiny, but still quite soft.

Place dough in a greased bowl, cover with plastic wrap and let rise until doubled in size, about 1 hour.

Punch down dough, turn onto a lightly floured surface and tear off 10 pieces the size of golf balls. Form them into small rolls, pinching the seams at the bottom and place 5 cm (2 inches) apart on a greased baking sheet. Cover and proof for 30 minutes.

Cut remaining dough into three equal pieces, roll into fat sausages and braid, challah like, pinching ends together. Place in a greased bread tin. Paint with a mixture of egg and water and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Cover and proof until rolls come out of oven.

Spray rolls with undiluted vinegar and bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 22 minutes; remove and brush immediately with water to give a nice sheen. Bake the bread for 45 minutes until brown or it sounds hollow when tapped on the bottom.

Serve rolls warm. Cool bread on rack.

*** Continued ***

The Six-Day War with the Klaffs

Viv and Frankie with tiny Oren were visiting us in Netanya when the Six Day War broke out. This, like all wars, was filled with tragedy and sadness, but also with moments of irony and humor. Dad was teaching at ORT Netanya and volunteered to be an ambulance driver as he wasn't yet inducted into the army. One night he came home with this story: He and the doctor were called out at 2 am to see an old woman who complained of chest pains. When asked how long had these pains been going on, she replied, "For the past ten years."

When the first air-raid siren went off I had just bought some rolls. Frantic, I ran across the street and as each tenant rushed past on her/his way to the shelter I tried to give him my precious bag of rolls, so that I would be free to run upstairs and help Dad with Vered. How foolish I feel remembering this, but then the rolls were so precious. The rolls in this recipe are blush-colored, reminding me of my stupidity that day.

Frankie, knowing that her parents would be worried, had on arrival sent a telegram telling them not to worry since the Klaffs were not at their home in Jerusalem, but safe with us in Netanya. Dad and Viv had a map on which they outlined in red the amazing victories of the army. One day Viv was looking out the window at an airplane and said, "Hey. Look! There's this funny" Boom! A bomb exploded in town, not far from us. The sight of Viv grabbing Frankie and Oren and diving under the dining room table still makes me laugh. Frankie's parents, relieved to read they were with us, then picked up a newspaper and read that Netanya had been bombed!

Only Ben Gurion realized how heavy the price of success would be. But even he could not imagine the thousands of young men and women who would be killed; the enormous costs of occupation, financially and in the weakening moral fibre of the occupiers; and the Intifada, where occupier and occupied are locked in a cruel embrace nobody is the victor and all are victims.

CRACKED WHEAT AND BRAN BREAD

During our first stay in St Thomas I learnt to make bread, as the bought bread was spongy.

3 cups bread/all-purpose flour
2 full cups water
2 Tbs oil
4 tsp salt
1 cup bran

2 Tbs dry active yeast
2 Tbs honey
2 cups whole-wheat flour
1 cup cracked wheat

Combine 2 cups white flour with yeast in a large bowl. Heat water, honey and oil until warm to the touch (46°C/115°F). Add liquid to dry ingredients and beat for 2 minutes. Add whole-wheat flour, salt, cracked wheat, and bran, ½ cup at a time. Beat 6 minutes more. With a wooden spoon stir in remaining flour, to make a soft pliable dough.

Knead a few minutes on floured surface, adding sprinkles of flour if dough is sticky, until it becomes smooth and elastic. Place in oiled bowl; cover and let rise for 1 hour.

Punch down and let rest 15 minutes. Divide dough in two, shape to fit loaf pans and place in oiled pans. Cover and let rise ¾ hour. Paint with salt water and sprinkle with cracked wheat. Bake in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F), for 40 minutes, or until it sounds hollow when tapped. Makes 2 loaves.

Excellent, particularly good for sandwiches, lavishly spread with peanut butter or as toast.

* Continued *

Aviv and the football riot

Aviv grew at an alarming rate and there were times when he seemed to grow overnight. He was like an eating machine and could never assuage his hunger. Today, his size, his largeness of body has combined with his largeness of spirit and gentleness that are very special. If ever I were in a tight spot, I would like Aviv to be by my side to help me out.

Aviv hated being in St Thomas. Although he appears to be such a free spirit, change is hard for him and having to leave his good friends in Eilat and go to a new place and start over again, was particularly hard on him.

Aviv was on the Antilles football team. One day Antilles had a match against the local (black) high school, and accompanied by Vered's very good friend Patisa, we went to watch. Unfortunately Antilles took the lead (the first time ever) and a riot broke out and some of the players and teachers were beaten. Frantic we found Aviv and bundled into the car as angry black youths milled about and I kept on thinking - "My God, all the way from South Africa to be killed in a race riot in St Thomas!" Suddenly we noticed that Moran wasn't in the car. A fight then ensued between Aviv and I as to who should get out of the car and look for Moran. Eventually I found Moran, this blond child, walking about quite unconcerned among the angry youths, watching the excitement. Back in the car and with locked doors we tried to make our way out of the school grounds. Suddenly one of the local boys, blocking our exit, raised his hand in a threatening gesture. With a presence of mind I did not feel, I gave him a big grin as if to say 'funny joke' and he moved to let us pass.

By the end of the second year life had become so unbearable for Aviv he went back to Israel, to Kibbutz Machanaim. He continued to be troubled and by Pesach he had been kicked off the kibbutz for infringement of rules. He came back to St Thomas and worked at Coral World for the remaining months, until we all returned to Israel.

HANS VON ROTZ'S WHOLE-WHEAT ROLLS

You need an electric beater (unless you have very strong arms).

1 cup lukewarm milk (or milk and yoghurt)
Pinch of salt
1½ cups bread flour
¼ cup butter

1¼ tsp dried yeast
1 egg, lightly beaten
1½ cups whole-wheat flour
Herbs, etc. (see recipe)

Combine milk with yeast and salt; when it froths add egg and flour and beat for 8 minutes. Work in butter cut into small pieces until it melts. Beat dough for a total of 15 minutes. Place dough in an oiled bowl and cover with plastic wrap. Let rise for 40 minutes or until doubled in size. Punch down and let rise once more. Shape dough: cut into 4 pieces. Lightly roll pieces into long ropes and cut off pieces the size of golf balls; round dough into balls. Place on a greased baking sheet.

As you shape the rolls you can work in small quantities of coconut, cinnamon and raisins, walnuts, cracked caraway or chopped onion fried in a little butter. Let rise again. Brush rolls with egg glaze (1 egg beaten with a little water and salt) and press into poppy or sesame seeds, oats, bran, and/or coconut. Cover and let rise one more time. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F) for about 20 minutes until brown. Makes 20 rolls.

*** Continued ***

Hans' roadside business advice

We have moved a lot in our lives. Unfortunately underwater observatories are usually built in out of the way places. But rather than viewing each place as just another hick town, I've been fortunate in finding interesting things to do. In Nassau I took a course in International Bread Baking at the Bahamas Hotel Training College. Hans was dark, short, with a walrus moustache and bright eyes like freshly glazed raisins; he was Swiss-born with an Indian accent. He lived 'over the hill' in the roughest part of town, in a clapboard house lovingly remodeled. Hans kindled an enthusiasm and love of bread baking in all his students. He enchanted us with guidelines on how to set up a stall at the side of the road and sell muffins! He tutored us in ways to draw customers into our shop, advising us always to give samples and to remember to tell them to come and buy the next day. The classroom next to us was learning Wine Appreciation and Hans always exchanged bread for wine so that at the end of the lesson we could enjoy the fruits of our labor with the fruits of the vine.

FOR THE BORTENSTEINS: GLUTEN-FREE BREAD

2 cups white rice flour
3 tsp xanthan gum/guar gum
2 Tbs sugar
2 Tbs dry yeast/2 cakes fresh yeast
3 egg whites, beaten slightly

1 cup tapioca flour
1½ tsp salt
1½ cups lukewarm water
2 Tbs margarine, melted
1 tsp vinegar

In a bowl combine flours, xanthan gum, and salt. Dissolve sugar in water and add yeast; set aside until foamy then blend into dry ingredients. Add butter, egg whites, and vinegar. beat on high speed 3 minutes.

To form loaves, spoon dough onto greased and cornmeal-dusted cookie sheets in two long French-loaf shapes or spoon into special French-bread pans. Slash diagonally every few inches. Cover dough and let rise in warm place until doubled in size, 20-25 minutes.

Bake in preheated moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F) for 40 minutes. Remove from pan to cool. Makes 2 loaves

To substitute non-gluten flour for other recipes, use one of the formulas below, add 1 tsp vinegar and increase eggs.

Wheat Substitute 1:

1 cup cornstarch
2 cups rice flour

1 cup soy flour
3 cups potato starch flour

Wheat Substitute 2:

2 parts white rice flour
1/3 part tapioca flour/garbanzo flour

2/3 part potato starch flour

Sift together 3 times and use cup for cup for wheat flour.

Give the hard jobs to the pensioners

Some of the Bortenstein grandchildren, our 'Farm Family', suffer from celiac, a gluten intolerance. I researched wheat-flour substitutes as a way of thanking that branch of the family for accepting their 'kusina von Da-rom Afrika' unquestioningly into their hearts when we made aliyah. One Shabbat when Avram Bortenstein was still alive, we were talking about the work ethic of the young. (He was about seventy then.) "They [the Government] should give the hard jobs to the old people," he said, "Unlike the youth of today, we pensioners still know how to work."

JOHNNY CAKE FOR BOIL FISH

"Johnny Cake originates from journey cake. This was a bread made in the long ago for going on a trip. It keeps for a few days very well. It is fried, baked on a baking stone, or in hot ashes. It is a popular number at Fish Fries and Food Fairs" from *Krusan Nynyam from Mampoo Kitchen* by Laura Moorhead. The book contains recipes of Mampoo, an old timer from St Croix, Virgin Islands. The book is dedicated to "all women who toiled over a hot fire trying to produce heat from wet coals, green wood, smoky charcoal, and coal dust They have left their footprints in the sands of time."

2 cups flour
1 Tbs sugar
50 g (2 Tbs) margarine

½ tsp salt
2 tsp baking powder
About 2/3 cups milk or water

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add margarine and rub into flour. Add liquid gradually, combining to form a soft pliable dough. Dust with a little flour and knead lightly. Flatten dough and fit it into a greased square pan, filling in the corners.

Bake in a moderately hot oven (200°C/400°F) until brown. Best eaten warm (with butter). An ideal accompaniment to *Boil Fish* (see Fish and Seafood).

CORN BREAD

2½ cups cornmeal
2 Tbs sugar
4 tsp baking powder
3 eggs, room temperature
½ cup corn oil
4 jalapeno chilies, chopped
2 cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese

1 cup bread or all-purpose flour
1 Tbs salt
½ cup nonfat dry milk
1½ cups warm water
1 large can cream-style corn
1 small sweet red pepper, seeded and chopped
1 large onion, grated

In a large bowl combine cornmeal, flour, sugar, salt, baking powder and dry milk.

In a smaller bowl lightly beat eggs; stir in warm water and oil. Pour liquid mixture into cornmeal and then stir in the corn, chopped peppers, cheese, and grated onion.

Pour batter into 2 small greased baking tins and spread evenly with a wooden spoon.

Bake about 30 minutes in a preheated hot oven (220°C/425°F), or until a knife inserted in the middle comes out clean.

DATE LOAF

This is a most versatile recipe and virtually any combination of dried and fresh fruits is successful: at least 250 g (8 oz.) of dates, however, must be included.

300 g (10 oz.) pitted dates
1 cup sugar
1 cup hot strong coffee
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp vanilla

110 g (8 Tbs) margarine, cut into chunks
1 tsp baking soda
2 cups (whole-wheat) flour
1 tsp ground ginger
1 tsp almond essence

Cut dates into small pieces. In a large bowl place dates, margarine, sugar, and baking soda. Pour in hot coffee and stir with a wooden spoon until margarine melts. Combine flour, baking

powder and ginger. Add to date mixture together with the vanilla and almond essence and stir until well blended. Pour into 2 buttered loaf tins.

Bake in a preheated moderate oven (170°C/325°F), for one hour, or until an inserted knife comes out clean.

- Variations:**
1. Replace margarine with ¼ cup canola oil and ¼ cup unsweetened apple sauce.
 2. Mash two ripe bananas with a little more ginger and sugar, and add after adding flour.
 3. Replace half the weight of dates with raisins, nuts, candied cherries, or freshly grated apple.
 4. At end of baking, switch off the oven and remove cake. Dribble a glass of brandy over cake and return to oven until cool.

ZUCCHINI BREAD

1½ cups whole-wheat flour
1 cup brown sugar, lightly packed
¼ tsp salt
¼ tsp ground cloves
1 cup raisins
2 large egg whites/1 egg
¼ cup canola oil

1½ cups all-purpose flour
1 Tbs baking powder
1 tsp ground cinnamon
2 cups grated, unpeeled zucchini
¼ cup chopped walnuts/pecans
1½ cups skim milk
1 tsp vanilla essence

Combine first 7 ingredients. Stir in zucchini, raisins and nuts; set aside.

Beat together egg whites, milk, oil and vanilla. Add liquid ingredients to flour and stir lightly to moisten.

Pour into 2 greased loaf pans. Bake in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/350°F, for 1 hour, or until an inserted knife comes out moist but not wet. Cool slightly, remove from pan and cool. Wrap in foil to preserve moisture. Freezes well.

Our 30th wedding anniversary

Vered and Aviv announced they would be joining us for our anniversary. We were a little miffed in the beginning, as Dad had planned a romantic weekend on exclusive Peter Island nearby, but later pleased that they choose to join us.

E-mail sent to Vered and Aviv on 15th December re our quiet 30th Anniversary Weekend:

Date: Thu, 15 Dec 1994 12:48:58 -0400 (AST)

From: Eitan Levy <ab363@virgin.uvi.edu>

To: Vered Levy-Ron <levy_ron_vered@smtpmac2.bah.com>

Subject: Program

Hi Cooks!

Hope you have time in your busy schedule to look at this and be cheered.

- Vered and Aviv arrive Friday 16th December in St Thomas

- Joyful reception at airport by parents and Teddy

- Home to tea and delicious special sugarless zucchini bread

- Prepare for evening's barbecue

- Rest, swim eat and relax on private beach

** Continued **

Saturday

- *Sleep as late as possible*
- *Walk Teddy*
- *Relax at beach of choice with appropriate lunch arrangements*
- *Afternoon sleep*
- *Coral World Party*

Sunday

- *Brunch at hotel*
- *Tearful goodbyes at airport*

Hope it sounds good. See you tomorrow, love Ma.

[End of e-mail]

THIS IS HOW IT ACTUALLY WENT

Wednesday 14th December:

On telephone to Vered, she sounds stressed out of her mind; she can't even think of trip to St Thomas. I decide to have a little talk to her about quitting work if it is too much to handle. Watching the weather forecast, I realize that my own last few months' grumpiness is just that, and that I am very lucky to be where I am with Anthony. Mood instantly changes.

Thursday 15th December:

Send a little e-mail to cheer up Vered, stressing peaceful nature of planned weekend.

I make zucchini bread and muffins. Hurrying, I forget to add sugar to zucchini bread.

Nina phones at noon. Wants to bring children over to pool. Elizabeth is cleaning house - I don't want Nina and kids to mess up house, and Nina's sure to pull bathroom curtain down again. But she insists.

Anthony calls, says I can have the car to do shopping for tomorrow's barbecue. Phone Nina to say I have to go out - and she still insists on coming.

Shop, come home and find Nina ensconced by the pool. Check in with Ant - he says Steve is looking for Nina; Ant remarks that Steve phones him at Coral World and then asks him where he is. Go to pool to chat with Nina; ask her if she and Steve don't talk to each other since he doesn't know where she is.

Teddy plays in grass; comes back smelling awful. I rush home to wash him. Phone rings, Steve wants to come over. Christ! Tell Steve he can't stay for dinner as we are going out. Anthony calls me to fetch him. Steve arrives; I invite him to come with me to fetch Anthony from work. He says he's not feeling well (is obviously in pain) and he'll just get a book from the car and sit by the pool. As I drive off, I see Steve driving off.

Anthony is delayed at work and we rush home to get ready for Skal dinner at Coral World. I warn Anthony that the Schafers are at home and it is awfully hectic. Thankfully notice Schafer cars are gone.

We walk into patio WHAAAAAT?!!!!!! Calls of "SURPRISE!" Unbelievable - there are our children sitting in the hammock. I look at Anthony to see if he knows about this - his mouth is also hanging open. Hugs, kisses, delight. The surprise was absolute. Tearing ourselves away, Anthony and I rush off to get dressed. In a huddle we decide to take the children to Virgin Gorda the following day for a counter surprise. Anthony tells everybody to give him their passports and tickets as break-ins are rife.

At excellent Skat dinner, Anthony who has bought champagne, makes a speech (quite unlike him) and finishes by telling about our children and asks everybody to join him in a toast to me (tears!). Children later join us wearing their "3rd Levy Family Reunion/30 Years Together" T-shirts. Everybody is delighted and we are so proud!

Friday 16th December: Anthony goes off to work and I make hurried, secret arrangements for planes, hotel, transport on Virgin Gorda. This is going to be very rushed. Realize we can't secret them away overnight as they need medications, contact lens fluid, etc. Have second thoughts about the trip, go to Moran, the only one awake, and ask if they have any more surprises planned. He answers no, but doesn't seem particularly keen to go. I wake Vered and Aviv - she says that Aviv has heard all about the island and would love to go. With that okay I rush to confirm all arrangements, including chartering a small plane to bring us back to St Thomas. Pandemonium again breaks out - Vered insists we have brunch; but Anthony is still at work and we have to go to the airport. The doorbell rings; glued to the phone, I tell Moran that it must be the man coming to cut the coconuts and Moran should tell him to come back next week. Teddy starts barking frantically. Moran says the man won't go away, and I must come and speak to him. I finish Virgin Gorda arrangements and rush, annoyed, to the door.....gasp. FERN???????. So excited I jump up and down (like a frog in my green shirt, Fern later says). Rush to the phone and tell Ant, "Fern is here. I can't breath." Another frantic rush to change arrangements to include Fern.

The flight over was wonderful - so many islands dotted in the sea. Virgin Gorda was delightful. Even the immigration officer, catching our enthusiasm, when stamping our passports signed "30 years" to make sure we would remember our trip. We were delighted with everything - the ambiance of the island, our little jitney, the hotel, not to mention the company.

Watching the kids pack a picnic basket for a short walk to The Baths, I remarked. "The Levys never travel without food." Aviv replied, "The only time they travel without food is if they are moving towards food." As we munched biscuits, Fern tucked into the sugarless zucchini bread. The Olde Yard Inn was charming with library, pool jacuzzi and gym. Dinner was adequate. I had ordered a cake to celebrate. But we forgot to bring the wine we had bought 5 years ago for the occasion!

Saturday 17th: After the largest continental breakfast, we toured the island, even including a hike to Gorda Peak to please Fern. Returning to St Thomas by private plane made us feel like millionaires. The whole family joined us at the Coral World Christmas party.

Sunday 18th : We invited Nina and children to join us for brunch (Steve, not feeling well, had flown to the States to see a doctor). We opened the cards with the Braverman letter opener, then the presents, and Nina read a poem she had written that made us all, even Anthony, cry. [see Nina's Sweet Noodles.] Photos, balloons, tandoori chicken, muffins by Zach and Hannah Schafer, pineapple rings courtesy of the Collins family, olive extractor from Denise, and the wine. They were all with us in spirit.

3.00 pm Vered and Aviv fly back to NY, and Anthony flies to Miami on business. What a wonderful weekend.

NIRA SHOIER'S COLD YEAST DOUGH FOR BULKELACH

Does anybody have suggestions as to the identity of Nira Shoier, please?

30 g fresh yeast/1½ Tbs dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
200 g (1 cup) soft butter/margarine
2 egg yolks
1 Tbs vanilla essence
½ tsp salt
1 tsp orange juice

1 Tbs sugar
4 cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
½ cup milk/water
1 Tbs grated lemon rind
1 tbs confectioner's sugar

Place yeast, sugar and water in a bowl and leave to rise until mixture begins to froth.

Combine flour and flour. Beat eggs with milk, yolks, vanilla and lemon rind.

Pour both liquid mixtures into flour. Using a dough hook, beat for 3 minutes then gradually add butter cut into chunks. Beat for a total of 8 minutes on slow speed, until dough is soft and comes away from sides. Dough can be used immediately, without rising, or cover with plastic wrap and leave in refrigerator for a day or two.

Take out of refrigerator an hour before using. Punch down and knead briefly. Divide dough in two. With a rolling pin, roll each half into a rectangle. Spread with filling (see below) and with fingers roll into a Swiss roll. With a sharp knife cut the Swiss roll into 4 cm (1½ inch) slices and place almost touching, cut side up in a greased bundt pan. Cover and let rise for 1 hour. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F), for about 30 minutes.

Mix 1 tablespoon icing sugar with just enough orange juice to make a runny consistency. Just before it is ready, brush the top of the cake with the icing. Return it to the oven for a few minutes until the glaze dries.

Variation: Form the Swiss roll into a circle and with a sharp scissors cut eight ¾ slices into dough and then enlarge the ring by pushing it outwards with your hands. Continue with recipe.

Cinnamon Filling:

50 g (4 Tbs) butter, melted
3 tsp cinnamon

1 Tbs brown sugar
½ cup raisins

Soak raisins in water (or brandy) for ten minutes, then drain. Brush rolled dough with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar, cinnamon and raisins. Roll.

Like bees 'round honey

I can't say bulkelach without remembering my maternal grandmother, Bobbe Mary. And it is her house in Bertrams Johannesburg that I see: just recalling it suffuses me with happiness.

A simple house, it had a large, wooden porch heavy with overhanging grape vines that surrounded an inner courtyard, where fig and other fruit trees grew. Bobbe would make a runny grape jam which we would eat by the spoonful, sucking it in while drinking lemon tea. Bobbe Mary never did learn how to speak English fluently - she spoke in Yiddish, and we in English. But she always had a twinkle in her eye and used to tell us that when she was young the men used to flock around her "like bees 'round honey".

When Aaron, Bobbe's second youngest son, went on holiday for the first time by himself at the age of 18, she packed a supply of condoms in his suitcase. Liberation came early to our family.

To The Peak

I wrote the following piece when mountain walking with Fern and Moran in 1988 in Wales.

Rustle in the far bed. Startle awake. Have I overslept? Squint at watch through bleary eyes. Good! Twenty minutes to wake-up time. Why does my body feel so heavy? Relax, relax. It's no crime if I don't climb the mountain today. Another five minutes. Turn on side and block out the world. One more minute 'til the shrill insistence of the alarm clock. Everybody's up, might as well too. First, fragrant tea to pull my world into focus, then coffee; force cereal and grapefruit down a resentful throat and flush it with scalding coffee. The after-breakfast conference with Fern and Moran: where shall we go? Scramble up Sharp Edge? How are you feeling? Everything's okay, nothing's okay, legs so lifeless. Two sandwiches, a roll and a bun, lovingly prepared, with the foreknowledge of how tasty they'll be on the slopes; take carrots, apple and a pear, also nuts and raisins. Everything in one portion packets. Pack haversack: first-aid, sun block, rain gear, food and thermos. Fill up corners, pack evenly. How routine it has all become when only a few days ago these preparations seemed so cumbersome and strange.

Bundle into the battered car and off we go. Left at intersection, then right after two miles, cross the little humped stone bridge and there's the mountain. We gaze at its grassy mass; it doesn't look too bad. Yes, I'll make it. Park the car. Vaseline heels and toes to prevent chaffing, powder feet, first brown socks then red. Slip feet into boots. Yucky. I greased them last night and they feel all sticky. Haven't left the car and they are already covered with dust. Tie laces, test feet. Shit! Iron eye again pressing into ankle. Why does the left shoe always go askew? Undo laces, yank tongue left while tightening laces with right hand. Ah, that's better.

Sun protector on face, glasses and hat, swing haversack over shoulder, feels light. Off we go. Shoes crunch, crunch along the gravel, as we identify wild flowers: "That's buttercup". "No, that not vetch". "Mind the nettles on the left side of the road." Sheep everywhere chomping grass, ma's baah, lamb's beeah. Behind the light chatter the awful awareness of how heavy feet feel. There's the sign: we are there. Take a deep breath as we start up the path. God, just a few steps and feet feel so leaden. Don't worry, it always takes time to get into stride. Muscles burn as I start to puff. Mind blurs in panic as pain overtakes the whole body. Clear the head. Keep the pain to the legs. Breathe rhythmically - in for the count of one out for two, in one out two. The rhythm of controlled breathing relaxes me. Helps focus energy on the climb. Legs feel so weak. Head down marking each plodding step. How long until our first stop? At last, flop on grass for a well deserved cup of coffee. Hope the caffeine goes straight to my legs. Another conference. Yes we'll continue. Looks good. Nothing's okay, everything's okay. Path up hill looks vicious, but I'll make it, I want to make it. On we go. Shit! Even after coffee and an apple legs feel so lifeless. In one out two, in one foot, foot, foot. Choose stones carefully, try to make each step as shallow as possible. Slog away. I'll quit at the top of this rise. It's not the end of the world if I don't continue ... in fact its character building to say "leave me out". Pace yourself, clear the head. Not too far now... ah, what a relief, a heavenly flat part. At the top of the hill a tarn cupped in the mountains comes into view. It looks so full you wonder why the water doesn't spill out. Focus energy for the next rise. As we continue to gain height a line of hikers, like a colorful centipede, circles below us on the edge of the tarn, where the icy wind makes ripples on the green and blue water.

** Continued **

Look at Moran walk, so effortless and light. Think legs light. Ah, that's better. But how do light legs support a heavy body? Here's the start of the scramble, Fern's already above. That's it, I'll never make it. Now I'll quit. Find a ledge for right leg and little holes for fingers to grasp, push up until suspended on one leg. Place left shoe on sloping rock, take a deep breath and have faith that foot will hold, transfer weight to wedged leg, while pushing with left hand and pulling with right. Suspended like a crab on the rocks, all claw-like fingers and toes. Why do I do this! The other foot, suddenly higher, finds anchorage in a new niche. Wow! That was great! A rush of adrenalin to the legs. And unexpectedly its fun. Scrambling up Sharp Edge, climbing upwards, testing new-found skills. It's exhilarating. Moran now waiting patiently but alertly below me. What does he think? That I'll fall down and he'll be left to pick up the pieces? The wind is gusting, be sure to walk on the wind side of the Edge. Ah, here's The Gap. Why, it's only a small jump to cross the abyss to the other side. Disappointingly tame. On we climb up the narrow path. I thrill to see the walls of the mountain falling steeply on either side. It's like walking a tightrope. That was fun. Looking back we're impressed by how formidable it looks, the sides even sheerer than I thought. Feeling good, I'd like to do it again. Look, there's the human centipede, now laboriously scrambling up Sharp Edge.

It isn't far now. We gladly stride towards the cairn at the summit, placed as if to challenge all those who dare it to the top. Lengthen your stride, breathe deeply, in two out two, head up, shoulders back, swing those legs. How wonderful the world below. Touch the cairn. I did it!

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SMALL AND FILLING SCONES 230 (Muffins)
SOPHIE'S MUFFINS 225 (Muffins)
VERED'S PERFECT MUFFINS 227 (Muffins)
WINNIE'S MUFFINS 226 (Muffins)

ORIENTAL

AVIV AND VERED'S THAI SHRIMP 153 (Oriental)
CHICKEN IN PINEAPPLE 156 (Oriental)
CHICKEN WITH CELERY AND MUSHROOMS 156 (Oriental)
CHINESE BEEF STEW 158 (Oriental)
CHINESE FRIED LIVER 158 (Oriental)
CHINESE STEAMED BUNS 146 (Oriental)
CORN SOUP 145 (Oriental)
DAIKON RADISH AND CARROT SALAD 142 (Oriental)
FISH SHABU-SHABU 151 (Oriental)
FRANKIE'S SWEET AND SOUR APRICOT CHICKEN 155 (Oriental)
HALF-A-STEAK 158 (Oriental)
JAPANESE SHABU-SHABU 152 (Oriental)
JAPANESE-STYLE BARBECUED FISH 132 (Barbecue)
JAPANESE-STYLE SALAD DRESSING 142 (Oriental)
MORAN'S CHINESE BOUREKAS 143 (Oriental)
MRS. CHANG'S ROAST DUCK 157 (Oriental)
NOODLE SOUP WITH CHICKEN AND VEGETABLES 144 (Oriental)
PAPERNA SATE 157 (Oriental)
ROAST HONEY DUCK 114 (Poultry)
SNAPPER STEAMED IN GREEN ONION 149 (Oriental)
SPICY TOFU AND VEGETABLES 148 (Oriental)
STIR-FRIED CHICKEN AND HOT PEPPERS 156 (Oriental)
STIR-FRIED SHRIMP 151 (Oriental)
SUSHI 159 (Oriental)
SWEET AND PUNGENT TOMATO SAUCE 41 (Sauces & Dressings)
SWEET AND PUNGENT VEGETABLES 148 (Oriental)
SWEET AND SOUR FISH 150 (Oriental)
TERIYAKI SAUCE FOR GRILLING 149 (Oriental)
TERRI'S THAI PEANUT SALAD 143 (Oriental)
TOFU AND GREEN BEANS 147 (Oriental)
VIV'S LEMON CHICKEN FOR BIRTHDAYS 154 (Oriental)

PASTA AND RICE

ALMOST RISOTTO 72 (Pasta and Rice)
ANGEL'S HAIR PASTA WITH CHILIES 78 (Pasta and Rice)
ANTONIO'S PASTA 73 (Pasta and Rice)
BLACK BEANS AND RICE SALAD 26 (Salads)
BOILED RICE 70 (Pasta and Rice)
DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD 25 (Salads)
DENISE'S LEFTOVER PASTA SUPREME 77 (Pasta and Rice)
GREEN PASTA WITH SPINACH PESTO 75 (Pasta and Rice)
LASAGNA LIGHT 77 (Pasta and Rice)
LAURA'S LASAGNA 76 (Pasta and Rice)
LOW CHOLESTEROL PIZZA 79 (Pasta and Rice)
MOORS AND CHRISTIANS 169 (Mexican)
PAELLA 89 (Vegetarian)
PASTA AND ARTICHOKE SALAD 27 (Salads)
PASTA PRIMAVERA VEGETARIA 74 (Pasta and Rice)
PASTA SALAD 27 (Salads)
RISOTTO ALLA MILANESE 70 (Pasta and Rice)
SAFFRON POTATOES 73 (Pasta and Rice)

PASTA AND RICE (continued)

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE 123 (Meat)
SYLVIA'S PEAS AND RICE 72 (Pasta and Rice)
TERRI'S THAI PEANUT SALAD 143 (Oriental)
UNIVERSAL TOMATO SAUCE 40 (Sauces & Dressings)
VEGETARIAN PIZZA 78 (Pasta and Rice)
VEGETARIAN RISOTTO 70 (Pasta and Rice)
WILD RICE PILAF 71 (Pasta and Rice)

PIES 'N PASTRY

ALL-RYE PIE CRUST 104 (Pies 'n Pastry)
BEST WHOLE-WHEAT PASTRY 103 (Pies 'n Pastry)
BROCCOLI QUICHE 99 (Pies 'n Pastry)
CABBAGE, CELERY AND SAGE DERBY PIE 102 (Pies 'n Pastry)
CHEESE, ONION AND TOMATO FLAN 98 (Pies 'n Pastry)
CHOUX PASTRY 105 (Pies 'n Pastry)
CRECY PIE 99 (Pies 'n Pastry)
DEFINITELY FRANKIE'S VEGGIE PIE 100 (Pies 'n Pastry)
EASY PASTRY 104 (Pies 'n Pastry)
ELLIE SILBERMAN'S SWISS ONION TART 98 (Pies 'n Pastry)
LINDA IONSON TUNA PIE 101 (Pies 'n Pastry)
LOW CHOLESTEROL PIE BASE 104 (Pies 'n Pastry)
MACKEREL, PIED 101 (Pies 'n Pastry)
NO BUTTER, NO ROLL, NO MESS, PIE 103 (Pies 'n Pastry)
PATE BRISEE FOR FRESH FRUIT PIES 106 (Pies 'n Pastry)
SPINACH AND FETA QUICHE 100 (Pies 'n Pastry)
SPINACH PIE 100 (Pies 'n Pastry)

POULTRY

AVIV AND VERED'S THAI SHRIMP 153 (Oriental)
BAHAMIAN HONEY CHICKEN 110 (Poultry)
BAKED BRANDIED CHICKEN 110 (Poultry)
BREAD STUFFING FOR TURKEY 115 (Poultry)
BROWN RICE STUFFING FOR CHICKEN 115 (Poultry)
CHICKEN IN PINEAPPLE 156 (Oriental)
CHICKEN IN TOMATO SAUCE 109 (Poultry)
CHICKEN IN WINE 109 (Poultry)
CHICKEN SALAD 28 (Salads)
CHICKEN SOUP FOR HOLIDAYS 181 (Holiday Menus)
CHICKEN VINDALOO 164 (Indian)
CHICKEN WITH CELERY AND MUSHROOMS 156 (Oriental)
CHINESE FRIED LIVER 158 (Oriental)
DAD'S CURRY 165 (Indian)
DELICIOUS BOILED CHICKEN 108 (Poultry)
DOVVIE'S HOTPOT CHOLENT 182 (Holiday Menus)
DUCK IN ORANGE SAUCE 114 (Poultry)
FRAGRANT YELLOW CHICKEN 164 (Indian)
FRANKIE'S SWEET AND SOUR APRICOT CHICKEN 155 (Oriental)
GILBERTO'S CHICKEN IN A PAPER BAG 111 (Poultry)
GUAVA CHICKEN 111 (Poultry)
GUIDE TO ROASTING DUCK 113 (Poultry)
GUIDE TO ROASTING TURKEY 112 (Poultry)

POULTRY (continued)

JAMAICAN JERKED CHICKEN 135 (Barbecue)
JAPANESE SHABU-SHABU 152 (Oriental)
JERK STYLE CHICKEN FOR MILD PALATES 135 (Barbecue)
LEMON PARSLEY STUFFING FOR TURKEY 115 (Poultry)
LOUISE'S CHICKEN IN ORANGE JUICE 110 (Poultry)
MRS. CHANG'S ROAST DUCK 157 (Oriental)
NOODLE SOUP WITH CHICKEN AND VEGETABLES 144 (Oriental)
PAPERNA SATE 157 (Oriental)
POTATO STUFFING FOR TURKEY 189 (Holiday Menus)
ROAST DUCK CASBAH STYLE 113 (Poultry)
ROAST HONEY DUCK 114 (Poultry)
RON LIVINGSTON'S CURRY 163 (Indian)
SMOKED TURKEY SALAD 28 (Salads)
STIR-FRIED CHICKEN AND HOT PEPPERS 156 (Oriental)
TANDOORI CHICKEN 134 (Barbecue), 163 (Indian)
TURKEY EN ESCABECHE 112 (Poultry)
TURKEY ROASTED IN TOMATO JUICE 189 (Holiday Menus)
VIV'S LEMON CHICKEN FOR BIRTHDAYS 154 (Oriental)
Yael's CHICKEN IN SALT 112 (Poultry)
ZIONA'S TURKEY STUFFING 189 (Holiday Menus)

SALADS

BLACK BEANS AND RICE SALAD 26 (Salads)
CAROLINE'S MARINATED PEPPERS 29 (Salads)
CAULIFLOWER SALAD 24 (Salads)
CHICKEN SALAD 28 (Salads)
COLESLAW 23 (Salads)
CORN AND PINEAPPLE SALAD 24 (Salads)
CUCUMBER SALADS 20 (Salads)
DAIKON RADISH AND CARROT SALAD 142 (Oriental)
DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD 25 (Salads)
FENNEL SALAD 24 (Salads)
FENNEL, SPINACH AND ROQUEFORT SALAD 24 (Salads)
FRESH BEET SALAD 25 (Salads)
FRESH MUSHROOM SALAD 20 (Salads)
GRANNY'S CABBAGE SALAD 22 (Salads)
GRANNY'S HALF PICKLED CUCUMBERS 32 (Salads)
GRANNY'S PICKLED BEETS 30 (Salads)
GRANNY'S THREE BEAN SALAD 31 (Salads)
GRAPE AND LETTUCE SALAD 18 (Salads)
GREEN OR YELLOW STRING BEAN SALAD 22 (Salads)
GUACAMOLE 170 (Mexican)
LEEKs 80 (Vegetarian)
MANYA'S ARTICHOKE SALAD 27 (Salads)
MARINATED VEGETABLES 29 (Salads)
MELLY'S RICE SALAD 26 (Salads)
MELON SALAD 25 (Salads)
MINTED ZUCCHINI RIBBONS 21 (Salads)
PASTA AND ARTICHOKE SALAD 27 (Salads)
PASTA SALAD 27 (Salads)
PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS 33 (Salads)

SALADS (continued)

PICKLED GREEN OLIVES 35 (Salads)
RED LEAF AND VEGETABLE SALAD 19 (Salads)
SALAT MUKPATZ - SAUTEED MUSHROOM SALAD 19 (Salads)
SALSA VERDE 18 (Salads)
SAMBALS AND CHUTNEYS 166 (Indian)
SMOKED TURKEY SALAD 28 (Salads)
SPINACH SALAD 19 (Salads)
TOMATO CHARTREUSE 28 (Salads)
TOMATO SALAD WITH TARRAGON 20 (Salads)
TREVOR'S CAESAR SALAD 18 (Salads)
WALDORF SALAD 23 (Salads)
Yael GALAMADI'S RED CABBAGE SALADS 23 (Salads)
YELLOW STRING BEANS AND EGG SALAD 22 (Salads)
ZIONA'S GREEN PAWPAW RELISH 33 (Salads)
ZUCCHINI JULIENNE 21 (Salads)

SAUCES AND DRESSINGS

ANTHONY'S FRENCH DRESSING 36 (Sauces & Dressings)
CHART HOUSE BLUE CHEESE DRESSING 37 (Sauces & Dressings)
CHIMICHURRI 138 (Barbecue)
CIA REDUCED OIL VINAIGRETTE 36 (Sauces & Dressings)
FENNEL BUTTER AND VARIATIONS 39 (Sauces & Dressings)
JAPANESE-STYLE SALAD DRESSING 142 (Oriental)
LEBEN DRESSING 37 (Sauces & Dressings)
MEAT-WINE MARINADE 137 (Barbecue)
MELU'S HOT PEPPER JELLY 43 (Sauces & Dressings)
MEXICAN TOMATO SAUCE FOR NACHOS 170 (Mexican)
MINT SAUCE 40 (Sauces & Dressings)
NON-FAT BROWN SAUCE 42 (Sauces & Dressings)
PAWPAW SEED SALAD DRESSING 38 (Sauces & Dressings)
RED PEPPER COULIS 40 (Sauces & Dressings)
ROUILLE 40 (Sauces & Dressings)
SCHOOG 40 (Sauces & Dressings)
SWEET AND PUNGENT TOMATO SAUCE 41 (Sauces & Dressings)
TARTARE SAUCE 39 (Sauces & Dressings)
TERIYAKI SAUCE FOR GRILLING 149 (Oriental)
UNIVERSAL TOMATO SAUCE 40 (Sauces & Dressings)
VERSATILE SEAFOOD SAUCE 38 (Sauces & Dressings)

SOUPS

BEAN AND TOMATO SOUP 53 (Soups)
BLACK BEAN SOUP 168 (Mexican)
BOILED CHICKEN 108 (Poultry)
BOUILLABAISSE 47 (Soups)
CHICKEN SOUP FOR OTHER HOLIDAYS 181 (Holiday Menus)
CHILLED CUCUMBER AND APPLE SOUP 46 (Soups)
COLD SORREL (SCHAV) SOUP 45 (Soups)
COLD VICHYSOISE SOUP 46 (Soups)
CORN SOUP 145 (Oriental)
DENISE'S MUSHROOM SOUP 51 (Soups)
DRIED MUSHROOM SOUP 51 (Soups)

SOUPS (continued)

FENNEL AND SPINACH SOUP 52 (Soups)
FISH STOCK 47 (Soups)
GAZPACHO 44 (Soups)
MAUREEN COOPER'S GREEN PEPPER SOUP 45 (Soups)
MEADOW SOUP 54 (Soups)
MINESTRONE 53 (Soups)
MUSHA KIRSCH'S CURRIED APPLE SOUP 49 (Soups)
NOODLE SOUP WITH CHICKEN AND VEGETABLES 144 (Oriental)
ONION SOUP 50 (Soups)
PAPAYA GAZPACHO 44 (Soups)
PLENTY OKRA SOUP 55 (Soups)
SPINACH SOUP 52 (Soups)
SWEET AND SOUR CABBAGE SOUP 54 (Soups)
TOMATO AND ORANGE SOUP 48 (Soups)
TOMATO SOUP 48 (Soups)
VERED'S EVERYTHING SOUP 46 (Soups)
WHITE CABBAGE SOUP 54 (Soups)
YARDENA'S CORN SOUP 50 (Soups)
YOGHURT SOUP 45 (Soups)

STARTERS

ASPARAGUS AU GRATIN 13 (Starters)
ASPARAGUS SPEARS 2 (Starters)
AVOCADO WITH CELERY FILLING 2 (Starters)
BRAISED FENNEL WITH GRUYERE CHEESE 15 (Starters)
CHOPPED HERRING 179 (Holiday Menus)
CONCH-STYLE SALAD 11 (Starters)
COOKED CUCUMBERS 2 (Starters)
CURRIED FISH 62 (Fish and Seafood)
DALIA'S BOUREKAS 9 (Starters)
DANISH HERRING 12 (Starters)
DOREEN CAINES' STEW SALT-FISH 12 (Starters)
DVORA'S CHACHILIM SALAD 7 (Starters)
ENDIVE ARDENNAISE 14 (Starters)
GRANNY'S STIR-FRIED HAZILIM SALAD 8 (Starters)
HAZILIM AND THINA SALAD 7 (Starters)
IRIS HORWITZ'S MELITZANO SALATA 6 (Starters)
JEANNETTE'S MUSHROOM TURNOVERS 5 (Starters)
LOUISE'S CREAM DIP 15 (Starters)
MOCK CHOPPED HERRING 180 (Holiday Menus)
MUSHROOMS IN SOUR CREAM 6 (Starters)
PEAR AND WALNUT SALAD 4 (Starters)
PEPPER JELLY WITH CREAM CHEESE 17 (Starters)
PICKLED CURRIED FISH 63 (Fish and Seafood)
RATATOUILLE 82 (Vegetarian)
REIJZER ARTICHOKEs 3 (Starters)
ROQUEFORT-STUFFED TOMATOES 4 (Starters)
SANDWICH CAKE 16 (Starters)
STUFFED MUSHROOMS 6 (Starters)