

#109 Thin Chocolate Frosting

This is for cookies, eclairs and cream puffs, etc. - This is a story about Mom's dad, our Granddaddy Morgan, who was the spunky one that had his hip joint removed when he was a child and overcame it :-). When he was about 9 years old which I believe was around 1911, he and his two sisters Alice and Margaret, wanted to sneak and find out what their Christmas presents were early. Their house had transoms, horizontal windows that could be lifted to allow air and light through, over the doors to the various rooms. Our great grandparents had put all the presents in one room and had locked the door to keep the kids out. With the help of his sisters, Granddaddy managed to get up and through the transom and into the room. He did get to see all the gifts... but one problem - he could not get back out because he hadn't counted on the door handle being locked on that side, too, and he couldn't get up to the transom over the door! Obviously he got caught. And he did get coal and switches in his stocking. His sisters, who were younger, were more fortunate and did not suffer from being accomplices to helping their older brother. Monkey business definitely runs in our family, LOL!



Christmas, 1963 -Our brother Charles (5) is in front with me (7) behind him, and behind us is Granddaddy and Grandmother Morgan who is holding little Margie (3 months) at their home in Spartanburg, South Carolina.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Thank you to Aunt Margie for the details of the story!

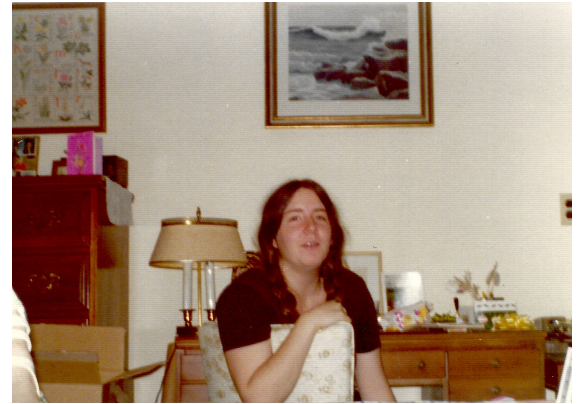
Thin Chocolate Frosting

1 square bitter/unsweetened baking chocolate
1 stick butter
2 tablespoons boiling water
1 cup sifted confectioners sugar

Melt chocolate and butter together. Remove from heat; blend in sugar and hot water. Heat until smooth but not stiff. Be sure to keep scraping the bottom so the chocolate does not stick.

#110 Cheesecake Supreme

On Labor Day weekend of 1970, a large group of Vietnam War Veterans set up an encampment at Valley Forge Park to protest the Vietnam War. I was 14 1/2 and the war angered me because it made no sense. I decided that I should at least do something nice to support the Veterans. At first I thought about making Spritz cookies so we had pulled out some food coloring and put it on the counter for them, but then I couldn't find all the parts for the Spritzer, so I decided to make chocolate chip cookies because they always put a smile on peoples faces :-). While I was making them, 2 1/2-year-old Mary Anne decided to 'help' and on her own decided that it needed a little green food dye and squirted some into the batter! I tried to get out what I could but some of it remained and got mixed into the dough. The cookie dough now had a little bit of a green tint when they were done baking but it wasn't going to hurt anybody so I went forward with them. When I took them to the encampment at Valley Forge Park, they had me take it to the head tent so everybody could come and get some. While I was there they were already disappearing like crazy, and as I walked out of the tent, I heard one guy tell another that he thought the reason they had a greenish tint was because they had weed in them (a.k.a. marijuana) and that's why they were going so quickly so if anyone wanted some, they better get in there quickly! Who knows, in some historical piece online, the 'Weed cookies' might actually be documented but now you know the real story, LOL!



Me, taken around that same time period.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Cheesecake Supreme

Crust;

1 1/4 cups graham cracker
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup melted butter

Put graham crackers inside plastic baggie and roll over with rolling pin or smooth-sided tall glass to make it into crumbs. Pour into bowl and add sugar and butter; mix. Press into a 10 inch spring form pan.

Filling;

5 8-ounce packages of softened cream cheese
1 3/4 cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
1 lemon grated rind
1/2 orange grated rind
5 whole eggs +2 egg yolks
1/4 cup heavy cream

Beat cheese until fluffy. Blend in sugar, flour and rinds; add eggs and yolks one at a time, then cream. Pour into crust. Bake at 350° for 1 hour to 1 hour and 15 minutes, until filling looks done. Cool, lightly cover with saran or foil, refrigerate and remove sides of pan to serve. Top with fruit or fruit pie filling.

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#111 Egg Noodles

or New Year's Eve 2012, I decided to take advantage of free overnights and tickets to see the little bit raunchy comedian Ron White so that Dad and I could go do something cheery and fun and be around other people instead of at the Rhode Island house by ourselves. We drove to The MGM Grand Casino at Foxwoods in Connecticut which is a huge complex in a beautiful forest setting. They do such a beautiful job decorating there, as you can see in the picture with Dad in the lobby, and it created a festive atmosphere! I had been given a meal certificate for the two of us to have dinner at Chef Tom Calicchio's Craftsteak restaurant. Dad loved it because he got to talk about wines with the sommelier who was asking Dad questions about all the amazing vintners that he had met and incredible wines that he had judged and tasted. Afterwards we went to see Ron White. I knew this was going to be a little tough for Dad because he was not a person who is a big proponent of swearing so I figured getting him a little toasted with wine first wasn't going to hurt, LOL!

At first Dad was hesitant at the show, but after a while he started laughing a whole lot. We went outside after the show and celebrated bringing in 2013 with blowing horns and wearing hats and the whole 9 yards! The next morning we had to get on the road pretty quickly because Dad wanted to make a get-together with friends and the roads were icy. I told him I needed to jump in the shower. It was one of those bathrooms that had a communal sink in the center and a toilet with its own door on one side and then the bathtub/shower with its own door on the other side. I told him I wouldn't close the door all the way just in case he needed y help.

When I got out, I did close the main door and I got dressed in that room because Dad was very modest. I came out and I told him that we needed to hurry and did he need to go to the bathroom before we left. He said that no he didn't, he had gone while I was in the shower. I told him that I was glad that he had gone ahead and used the toilet because I knew he gets very self-conscious about bathroom related things. Then he tells

Egg Noodles

2 cups flour
1/4 cup water
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt

Blend together into a soft dough. Sprinkle a little flour onto the counter surface and roll out as thin as possible (this is important because they do expand in cooking). Cut into 2 inch squares or strips. Drop into boiling broth or water. Stir to mix well and boil slowly 20 minutes.

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Dad in the lobby at the Foxwood's MGM Grand Hotel in Connecticut on New Year's Eve in 2012, and the infamous receptacle, LOL!

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

me that he didn't use the bathroom. I asked him if he had gone downstairs to the lobby and he said, no, he did not leave the room. So I asked how did he accomplish this and he said he had used the trashcan in the main room. I had been gathering our luggage together and putting it at the door as he's telling me the story and I thought, hunh, I did not want housekeeping to have to deal with a trashcan of pee. So I looked for it and couldn't find it and asked him where he put the can and he said in the toilet room which made sense because he needed to dump the pee in the toilet. As he is walking out the room into the hallway, I decided that since his dementia was starting to set in, maybe I better check this. I go into the bathroom and lo and behold, or maybe I should say lo and be holes, there it was as you can see in the photo below. All I could think was, the second he went to tip it to drain it, all the pee would have drained out of all of those holes all over the bathroom floor and the toilet! I went back and I added a \$10 bill to the tip on the pillow, LOL!

#112 Tempura

In December, 2007, Mom was receiving radiation treatments, but when we talked on the phone, she seemed almost giddy about going to the appointments and I was pretty surprised. I had taken some extra time off for Christmas and came out early. Mom was at one of her appointments and Dad had picked me up. After we got home, Mom came bouncing in the front door with this big flat package and she was grinning ear to ear. She explained that for the last couple of weeks, her doctor's office had been running a raffle and if you brought in a canned good, your name was entered into the drawing to win a lit penguin. She had cozied up to the receptionist to find out when the drawing was going to actually occur. Each time she went for her appointment she would bring one canned good, and then she scheduled her last appointment to be right before the drawing time the receptionist had told her. That day she brought in 10 canned goods to increase her odds because there were not a lot of entries in the basket, and she wanted to wait til the last minute so it did not encourage others to do more to protect her odds! When she came out of the treatment, she was told that she had won and they gave her the penguin. She was so excited! The next morning we put it together and that is the photo you see :-)



Mom and her penguin, December, 2007.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Tempura

2 eggs
2 cups ice water
1 1/2 cups of flour
1/2 cup rice flour

Mix just before using. Stir quickly and do not worry about any lumps. Use as batter for shrimp and vegetables. You can cook them in advance for appetizers, an entree or a side dish. You can also heat the oil and put it in a fondue pot with sterno, using fondue or bamboo skewers and let your guests fry their own (if using shrimp, make sure no one else is allergic to it if you are sharing the oil). Vegetable suggestions: sliced sweet potato, chopped off broccoli/cauliflower florets, mushrooms, carrots sticks, green beans with the ends cut off, onion rings, diced butternut squash or potato or sliced zucchini. Use your imagination! :-)

#113 Pecan Pie

Our paternal grandmother, Charlie Mae Abington Long DeVassie, a.k.a. Nany, brings up a well of emotions. She was a tough Southern woman that I also admired quite a bit. In the first 35 years of my life, she could be a hard task master but she was also fun-loving and very supportive of her community. During the last 10 years of her life, she and I actually became closer and were friends after the passing of her husband, our step grandfather, Harry "Sandy" DeVassie. Her name came from her father Charlie Rose Abington, and her mother, Lulu Mae Hilman Abington. She was always a snappy dresser and in fact in her college yearbook at Louisiana Tech, she was given the title of "The Modern Girl" in approximately 1928. The headshot photo of her below is from about 1930. She first worked at Western Union and then got a job at Randolph Air Force Base near San Antonio, Texas as a civilian Personnel Director and was one of the first females in that role. She asked when we were little to call her Nany so that people would not realize she was a grandmother and instead think that she was our nanny and to tell anybody who asked that she was 21 when we went to public places like the pool. When my Dad was around 8, they had a fight so she told him to get in the car with her. She drove him to the poor area of town, told him to get out and to find a new home since he was so unhappy and left him there for what seemed to him like hours but it was probably only 15-30 minutes before she came back and got him. It was very upsetting to him. You definitely tried to avoid ticking her off! I thought it important to give you some background for reference as you read stories that include her. When I first went to stay there in the fall of 1972, I took a shower on Saturday morning. After breakfast, Nany let me know that she wanted to wash up because she was going to a party later in the day. Shortly after, I heard her scream, "Betsy May!" (it was common with my relatives in Texas to call us by our first and middle names,

Pecan Pie

3 eggs
1 cup light brown sugar (or mixed dark brown sugar/granulated sugar)
1 cup dark Karo syrup or maple syrup or mixed
1/4 cup melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon vinegar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped pecans
1 piecrust

Mix eggs and sugar, then add syrup. Pour melted butter into the mix slowly while stirring fast. Add vanilla, flour, vinegar and salt. Mix all ingredients well. Spread the pecans evenly into the piecrust. Pour the mixture over the pecans. Decorate the top of the pie with pecan halves. Bake at 350° for 40 to 45 minutes. If you use small shells to make tarts, double the amount of nuts and the cooking time drops to 25 to 30 minutes.



The headshot is Nany (our paternal grandmother) in 1930, and the other is at Mom's parents' house (same backyard that had the wishing well in it) at Mom and Dad's pre-wedding party on June 2, 1955 (that is Mom's father in the background).

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

particularly when we got in trouble). I ran out of the kitchen and down the hallway to see her coming out of my bathroom, her normally stylishly coiffed hair was instead soaking wet and straggly, looking like a wet dog in the rain! She said she went to run her bath and I had forgotten to change the bathtub switch off of shower and it drenched her hair. She was soooo mad! She called her salon to see if they could rush and get her in. They had just done her hair the day before because she did it every Friday to be ready for the weekend. They did fit her in and she was able to go off to her party, looking beautiful as ever. But no help from me, LOL!

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#114 Coffee Ice

In 1994, an IMAX movie called "Destiny in Space" premiered at Paramount's Great America theme park here in Santa Clara, California. It was an IMAX film about the astronauts repairing the Hubble space telescope and it was narrated by Leonard Nimoy of Star Trek fame. At that time I was an officer in our local employee programs association. I along with the rest of our board members were invited to the premier event to see the film and attend a reception afterwards. It was very exciting, and Paramount had made arrangements that the Director and even Leonard Nimoy was there at the event! The film was incredible, and afterwards we went outside onto the balcony area for the reception. I was hanging out with another board member, leaning on a wall when I heard behind me a voice that I recognized but didn't really know and realized that it was Leonard Nimoy! I turned around and there he was wearing a turtleneck with a blazer and was joking around with someone. When he saw the startled look on my face he said Hi and started including me in the conversation. He asked me then if I had ever juggled. I said no I've never tried it but I didn't think I would have the coordination for it. He said it's a very simple matter of timing. He took his dark blue paper napkin and wadded it up into a ball, and then asked me for mine and his friends and wadded them up as well. I told him I was surprised that he could use something that light weight and he said it's very simple but make sure you make them as compact as possible. Then he started juggling them! I don't know which I was more amazed that, that you could juggle paper napkins or that I was standing there with Leonard Nimoy! Then he gave them to me to try and I made it for about three rounds but then totally lost the timing. He laughed as each one



Gracie Ochoa and me in front of a Universal Studios Hollywood promotion for 'Jurassic Park' at an employee programs convention from around that time.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

hit the ground, LOL! I figured I should let him go since he was a key attendee, but he was such a nice guy I hated to leave. I thanked him very much for the lessons and for his great narration of the film and all of the entertainment from Star Trek over the years. He shook my hand and told me thank you for watching and hoped that I would try juggling again in the future. It was such a special memory. I do have to admit that when he shook my hand, part of me half expected to hear "Live long and prosper", LOL!

Coffee Ice

4 cups espresso coffee
the grated rind of 1 lemon & 1 orange
4 tablespoon sugar
1 cup heavy cream whipped
2 teaspoons confectioners sugar

Make coffee and steep with rinds until cool. Remove rinds and put coffee into ice cube trays with sections removed or other flat metal container about 1 inch deep. After one hour in freezer, remove and beat with mixer. Continue the process of freezing and beating once an hour until serving time. Whip the cream ahead until stiff, and blend in the confectioner sugar. When serving, spoon ice crystals into dessert cups and top with the whipped cream. To make it pretty, you can grate a little of the lemon and/or orange zest on top of the cream.

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#115 Mint Chutney

Mom's Dad had 2 sisters, our Aunt Alice and Aunt Margaret. Growing up, we would go down to see them in Wilmington, DE. We would enter at the back door at Aunt Alice's that went directly into their kitchen which was cheerful and I was always happy to be there. When I was little, I was always willing to help carry food into the dining room through a small hall that had several doors between the kitchen and the living room and dining room areas. Then one day when I was around 9, everything changed for me! I was taking a side dish out of the kitchen, and as I stepped into the hall, I saw a door on my left that was halfway open that I had never seen open before. I peeked in, and there was light coming in through a white curtain and I realized I was seeing the outlined shadow of a coffin!

I ran back into the kitchen and whispered to my Mom what I had seen. She explained that Uncle Wynn, Aunt Alice's husband, was an undertaker and he helped people when they went to heaven and I shouldn't be scared because no one was in there, it was just where he sold them. We went back out and she closed the door to that room before I went to go again to take food into the dining room. But it didn't matter, from then on, once we arrived at their house through the kitchen, I would hold my breath and walk as fast as I could from the kitchen to the living room, never looking anywhere but straight ahead.

A few weeks later, I had gotten up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. I walked down the hallway to the top of the steps. The bathroom was to the left and Dad's office den was right in front of me. Mom always left the bathroom light on at night. As I was about to go into the bathroom, I looked ahead. The den door was halfway open, and I saw a scary face in the room! I ran into the bathroom, peed very quickly, ran back to my room and closed the door. I had trouble sleeping the rest of the night and I stayed in my room in the morning because I didn't know what would happen when I opened my door. Finally, Mom knocked on my door and

Mint Chutney

1 cup fresh mint leaves or 1/4 cup dried mint
1 cup finely chopped onion
Dash of Tabasco
1 medium tomato, finely chopped
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon salt

Wash mint, chop fine. Combine all ingredients. Very good with grilled or curried meats and vegetables (Lamb in particular).



Mrs. Alton L. Long, 115 Spencer rd., Devon, was a member of the art class at the Adult Night School held at Conestoga High School, Berwyn. At the open house held following the close of the school last Thursday she exhibited two oil paintings she made. Other exhibits included dressmaking, jewelry, wood and leather objects. Many of those who took advantage of the classes displayed the subjects they studied during the nine week period.

Mom and 2 of her oil paintings in The Suburban/Main Line Times local newspaper about 1960.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

came in. She asked me why my door was closed because I never did that before. I explained that there was a ghost in Dad's den and I was scared. She said there were no ghosts in there and she walked me down the hallway to the den and opened the door all the way. There on an easel was an oil painting that Dad had started to paint and it was the beginning of Mom's face but it was mainly shadow markings to define her features and that's why it looked so scary to me (he was taking a night course). To this day, and I am totally serious, I either keep doors all the way open or all the way closed and I move quickly past halfway open doors that are dark inside, LOL!

#116 Cranberry Orange Sauce

This is a continuation of #107, my high school time in Texas. Just before Thanksgiving, Dad told me that his assignment was extended in California until at least Christmas and I had to stay with Nany (my paternal grandmother) in Texas til then and not to talk about this with Nany or anyone else yet. I was so upset. One of the only things I looked forward to was being a part of the special choir at school, because I could get out of the house for events. The second week in December, the bass singer of our quartet, Chauncey (a very friendly and kind Black teenager) had to stay home due to pneumonia. I really missed him because we used to joke and laugh a lot. The day before my family was going to arrive (and the day before my Rainbow Girl induction), Nany and I went to the grocery store. When we got to the register, I was so surprised because bagging our groceries was my friend Chauncey! He saw me and had the biggest smile in the universe. I was so glad to see him to know he was better. Also because I was secretly hoping I was going home and wanted to see him one more time. I ran up and hugged him and said how happy I was to see that he was feeling better, when suddenly my grandmother came up, grabbed my shirt by the shoulder and collar and pulled me out of the store in the middle of the transaction! I asked her what was wrong. She said, 'How dare you embarrass me like that in public! Don't you ever do that again!'. I asked her what she was talking about because I had no clue. She said, 'You can know a person of color, but you cannot be friends with them! And you hugged him in front of everyone! I am so embarrassed!'. I told her that I could be friends with anyone I like and I was brought up that we are all the same and I didn't care what she said because that would never change. She told me I had to get in the car right away and stay there. On the way home, she told me that I was not allowed to go out with any friends over the next week and I should think about what she had said to me.

I actually started this story the other day, and I am glad I held it because since then, I have had an epiphany that finally shed light for me on the dynamic behind her anger. It has always puzzled me because I never saw that amount of racial based anger exhibited any other time while I was in Texas. Recently, my sister Margie and I

Cranberry Orange Sauce

1 package of fresh cranberries
From 2 Navel oranges:
½ cup orange juice
1/3 cup grated orange peel
½ cup water
½ to ¾ cup sugar

In a saucepan, add all of the ingredients, starting with just ½ cup sugar. If there is not enough orange juice, add water to make ½ cup liquid. Bring to boiling and keep stirring on the bottom. Berries will start to "Pop!" so beware of hot juice spray. As it starts to thicken, use a potato masher to break down berries. Taste, add more orange rind and/or sugar if desired. Remove from heat once thickened. Great with any entrée and is also good as a fruit spread on toast, biscuits, French toast, sandwiches or in cookies (tarts, thumbprints, etc.). Chopped pecans can be added before heating.



Nany (Charlie Mae) on her horse King on the plantation in Louisiana in about 1912; her father in 1895, ready for the Spanish-American War. Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

have been digging through literally hundreds of letters, cards and photos from 4 generations of our family. We learned that Nany was born in Louisiana in 1910, and her father was the Plantation Supervisor at his father's (her grandfather) plantation in Grand Cane, LA, a city which her grandfather had helped found. We also read in old correspondence that her grandfather originally had slaves on his plantation. My epiphany resulted from putting all of this together. Her racial references were likely affected by the Black and White races relationship based on plantation life; she was born 46 years after the emancipation, and most likely some people that worked at the plantation as she grew up were either former slaves or their children. We were from different generations and brought up in very different worlds. Seeing her reaction and such blatant prejudice this close-up was shocking and eye-opening for me, and made me feel very fortunate and appreciative of how I had been brought up back in Pennsylvania!

#117 Plum Pudding

Christmas of 2013 started off hard and ended very funny. I had spent most of the year and my money shutting down our parents RI house and getting Dad situated at the Masonic Village in PA. My roommate Patti has been my best friend out here since 1979, and as we came into Christmas that year, we are both feeling a little on the down side because it had been such a rough year and we had no money to buy presents. Not that you have to have presents, but it's different when you can't versus you choose not to. We had already decided not to get a Christmas tree because we could not afford one. I budgeted really tightly and I was able to scrape together \$100. I surprised Patti and said that we were going to make Christmas no matter what. We went to the big mall nearby and I gave her \$50 and told her that we each had \$50 to get each other some small gifts. We went off on our merry ways. I decided that I would get her some nonpareil candies because she really liked those, a \$20 gift card to the 49er store and two or three other small things. We met up again, went home and went to our separate rooms to wrap the gifts. She was very excited when she came out of her room and told me that I needed to open one gift right away! She had something behind her back and then handed me this long thin box about a foot long and about 4 inches square. She pointed to a cartoon picture on the side of a beautiful Christmas tree with a star on the top and balls all over it. She said, 'I know you love Christmas trees so I wanted to make sure that you had one! This is what's in this box!' I looked at the box briefly and kept feeling inside that something was just not right. I opened the end slowly and pulled it out, expecting each branch level to pop open as it came out. Instead, I pulled out what looked like a folded cane instead of a luscious gorgeous tree! I felt so bad when I looked at poor Patti's disappointed face. Then we

Plum Pudding

1 cup prunes
1 cup cranberry cocktail juice
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon pumpkin pie spice
1 cup dry breadcrumbs
1 cup packed brown sugar
2 eggs
1 6-ounce can of condensed milk 1/
3 cup melted vegetable shortening
1/2 cup sliced almonds

Cook prunes in cranberry juice, bring to a boil and simmer 10 minutes. Cool, pit and dice prunes. Sift flour, salt, soda and spice p (may want to sprinkle in some cinnamon and nutmeg as well). Stir in the breadcrumbs and brown sugar. Beat the eggs and milk together and stir it into dry mixture along with melted shortening. Add in prunes and almonds. Spoon batter into well-buttered mold, old ceramic pudding molds work best. Fill mold about 3/4 high, cover with aluminum foil. Place in pan of hot water and bake at 400° for one hour. Let it cool for a bit before turning it out. Serve with hard sauce made of powdered sugar, butter and vanilla or rum. It's fun to flame the pudding with hot Brandy and sprinkle cinnamon or nutmeg into the flames for sparks!



Patti laughing hard while opening the Christmas tree, and the box pictures in 2013.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Looked at each other and both just started laughing really hard! I gave it to her to allow her the honor of opening it up all the way (the left photo). Then we looked at the cover of the box-it was the Charlie Brown Christmas tree, LOL! I thought it was very appropriate because in Patti's mind, this was that beautiful tree instead of the spindly branch, just like in Charlie Brown's mind. :-) We still joke about this and it totally turned our Christmas around from pitying our situation to us being resilient and celebrating! Patti made our Christmas very special!

#118 Apple Bake

Since Mom enjoyed cooking so much, her kitchen was always a source of pride for her. When they built the new house in Rhode Island in 1995, she decided to put in a fancy new modern stove/oven/microwave that had a flat glass topped stove. She was very proud of it! I came out to visit to see the new house and Mom and I had gone to the store. When we came back, we opened the door and all you could smell was hot plastic, so of course we were very alarmed! We followed the smell into the kitchen while at the same time we were yelling for Dad to see if he could explain what happened. We got to the kitchen and didn't see anything obvious, so Mom opened up the oven door, and we see a blob of turquoise plastic with a solid drip several inches long coming down through the top rack and then a puddle of this plastic on the bottom of the oven. By now, Dad had joined us. Mom turned around and asked him, 'What in the hell happened to my brand new oven?'. He said that he gotten hungry and had pulled out several frozen jalapeño poppers to broil. He needed something small to put them on since otherwise they would fall through the oven rack, so he put them on a melamine butter plate that was the perfect size. Mom could barely speak and was beside herself. She asked him, 'Why in the hell would you use a plastic butter dish under a broiler? You have a masters degree from Carnegie Tech in Chemistry. You know what heat does to plastic. Why would you do this, and why didn't you try to deal with it while it was still warm?'. His reply was, 'I hadn't thought about it.' I thought Mom was going to explode! Mom and I had to use a combination of ice and thin metal spatulas with saran wrap over them to protect the oven surface. Boy, was she mad! Soon after, we had a family gathering at the house, and Mom decided to cook breakfast. She went to use the stove and

Apple Bake

3 slices of toast broken up
6 apples, peeled and sliced
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup butter, Melted
1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup water

Butter a casserole, layer toast, apples, cinnamon, (nutmeg if you like) butter, and sugar until all used up. Pour in molasses and water. Bake 45 minutes at 375°. Serve with hard sauce.

Hard sauce:

1/2 cup butter softened
2 cups of powdered sugar
2 teaspoons vanilla or rum or brandy
Sprinkle nutmeg

Beat together until smooth and chill. This also goes with yesterday's recipe, Plum Pudding.



My sister, Mary Anne and her husband Steve's son Malcolm at age 1 3/4 with Mom (the microwave from the story is visible at her elbow in the kitchen behind her) during Christmas, 2008. Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

nothing would turn on. Finally someone noticed that the microwave digital panel was showing a troubleshooting code that read 5AB. We looked in the handbook and could not find any codes that started with 5 and no one was answering customer service because it was Saturday. We went out for breakfast, and later in the day Mom decided to just keep perusing the manual because there had to be something about this in there. She finally found the code! The problem was we had been looking up the wrong thing. It was not the number 5 but the letter S! It was letting us know that it was the Sabbath and none of it was allowed to work! We had no idea how that happened, so I can only guess the oven decided to take a day of rest, LOL!

#119 Corned Beef & Cabbage

In 1981, I had the wonderful opportunity to design a personnel database for our new company site in Limerick, Ireland and I was asked to fly over there to help with the installation and training. Some people at the site had trained here first so I was glad I knew some folks since it was my first time off of our continent. Just before I left to fly over I had an incident that really shocked me when a manager and an executive, 2 men in our department which was Human Resources, were standing talking with me in the doorway of my office. Then the manager put his coffee cup under the front of my breast and while looking at the executive, said to me, "How about a little cream for my coffee?" I felt so humiliated and angry and when I complained about it within our department, I was told that there was nothing I could do about it and I had no real proof. This was my first experience of blatant harassment. And by my own department which was who one would go to.

Soon after when I went to Ireland, I realized very quickly that the male Human Resources executive I had to deal with in Ireland was sexist and talked down to me all the time! It really ticked me off. He made it very clear at least several times a day that I was the weaker sex and did not expect women to have an intelligent brain in their heads. He decided to take me and the employee I had come over with to dinner and drinks in Limerick. I was 25, but did not drink a lot and when I did it was mixed drinks like a tequila sunrise. He took us to the only remaining pub in town that had whiskey in the wood which meant it was aged in the oak barrels that it was served out of. The three of us were standing at the bar, and he said to the old woman on the other side that he would have a shot and 'the ladies' would have their shots in larger glasses with water pots. I wondered what he was talking about. He received his whiskey in a shot glass, but then my friend and I were served ours in larger glasses with small clear tea pots of water and small straws. I asked what we were supposed to

Corned Beef & Cabbage

Corned Beef without a lot of fat
2 bay leaves
All sliced in bite-size hunks:
Turnips, Parsnips Carrots, New (red) Potatoes, Onion
One head of green cabbage cut into 8 wedges

Place the corned beef in a deep pot and cover with water. Put in the bay leaves (and packet of seasoning if it came with one) and boil gently for about 50 minutes per pound. At the 45 minutes left mark, skim off the fat and put in the turnips, parsnips, carrots, potatoes and onion. 15 minutes after you put those in, take the beef out and add the cabbage and cook for 15 to 30 minutes until the vegetables are a consistency that you like. Let the beef rest a bit and then start to slice so it will be ready when the vegetables are done. Take out the two bay leaves and serve. Note: I have skimmed the fat off and used some of the juice to make a gravy that I add a little dill to that is very tasty over the corned beef and vegetables.



From the trip: me with my first pint of Guinness at a Limerick pub; the Galway countryside, 1981.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

do with this and he said the water was for us to pour into our glasses and the straw to stir it to make the alcohol weaker since us women would not be able to handle it. He shot his whiskey and then said that we should mix in the water and sip the whiskey while he had another shot. I had never had hard liquor in my life but the hell I was going to let this man treat me like this so I shot what I had (with no water of course) and though it hit me like a bolt of damn lightning, I was not going let it show and I asked for another and shot it the moment she set it down! He hurriedly drank his second one and suggested we leave and he would take us back to the hotel. I obviously had no problem with that because I wanted to get to safety before everything hit me like a ton of bricks, LOL! I went back to my room and drank a bunch of water, took some aspirin and ate some pretzels in hopes that I wouldn't wake up with too much of a hangover since I had to work the next day. In the long run, about a year or so after this incident, he was fired because there was a picture of him in some rag magazine in Ireland of him at an HR conference wearing women's panties on his head at a party. Obviously, I wasn't shocked, LOL!

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#120 Chili con Carne con Frijoles

Our step-grandfather, Harry "Sandy" DeVassie, a.k.a. "Sandpa" was a great well-rounded man – funny and witty, community involved, kind, good-looking and a snappy dresser. He was always the life of any gathering! He married Nany in 1947. In WW II he was a pilot and flew with the country singer Gene Autry to do recon missions for sea landing locations. He enjoyed playing the accordion, the organ and sax. He made the rough times with Nany much more bearable ☺ My extended time in Texas was an initial agreement that I was only going to be there from September '72 thru that Thanksgiving (3 months). Nany (my Texan paternal grandmother) set me up with sons of friends of hers from the Elks Club, Shriners, Masons, etc. because she was hoping to get me on the right path. Of the ones she set up, there were 3 stand outs. 1) Ronny, who was a mix of a nerd and a cowboy and was very into 4-H and corrected me as I took the photo below when I asked if he enjoyed raising his cows – he said "That's cattle, ma'am!". He was 17 to my 16 and he was a nice guy but not quite my style. However he did teach me the Texas 2-step when we went dancing a few times. I even had a light gray felt cowboy hat and gray cowboy boots (also called shit-kickers) but my nod to keep my identity was they had rainbow stitching which Nany didn't like – it was supposed to be white or black, LOL! 2) Bimbo was age 22, and I NEVER should have been forced to go out with him. When I was told his name and age, I already knew it was dangerous, so I wore a ballet one-piece leotard with my jeans. When he pulled up in a pick-up with rifles in his gunrack in the truck cab, I wanted to run away. He drove us to the drive-in to see some ridiculous women in prison film, pulled out a 6-pack of beer and started to get handsy. I said I had to go the bathroom, left, walked down the main road to a coffee shop, called Sandpa and asked him to come to get me. He pulled up in his Cadillac, and I remember thinking he was a knight in shining armor rescuing me from the evil

Chili con Carne con Frijoles

1 pound pinto or kidney beans
1 onion chopped
1 clove garlic minced
3 tablespoons oil
1 pound ground beef
3 tablespoons chili
1/2 teaspoon oregano
salt
1 cup tomato sauce or 1 can chili sauce or 2 cups enchilada sauce
Chopped onions and grated cheese for toppings

Wash and pick through beans (Watch for rocks). Cover with water and soak overnight. Sauté onion and garlic in oil, add ground beef and brown. Add spices and choice of liquid. Use water to bring liquid level to top of mixture. Cook, simmering on top of stove or bake in bean pot for about an hour. If sauce is too runny, mash some beans and stir. Serve with chopped onions and grated cheese. Is delicious over corn bread, tortilla or Frito chips or rice.



Sandpa in his pilot gear in 1942 and him again in 1978; Ronny and his cattle.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

villain. That was the end of Bimbo, LOL! And last but not least, 3) Curtis, who my grandmother did not care for because he was not cute or popular or well-connected. I enjoyed him as a friend and we flirted but again, not my type. He went to Nany's church in New Braunfels, and we were both in the special 4-man school choir; he was the tenor and I was the soprano (Chauncey from the other story was the bass). After youth church group one evening (another excuse to get out of the house), he was going to give me a ride home, and I decided this was the day to tell him we were just friends. We went into the sanctuary and sat down on the prayer pillows up front and started talking. After about ½ an hour, he agreed and then started telling me how he was hoping to get into Julliard for his violin playing. Suddenly, the front church doors burst open and it was my grandmother with 2 policemen! I was ½ hour late coming home and she got upset. Grounded for 1 week! Story of my life during that time, LOL!

#121 Seasoned Poached Fish

In 1991, Mom and Dad went to Provincetown to enjoy the New England fall and to go whale watching. It is located at the very tip of the curly cue that comes off the bottom of Massachusetts into the Atlantic Ocean. I had been informed a week prior to them going up there that I needed to fly out to North Carolina on business. I contacted Mom and said that I would love to fly out early and join them there for the weekend. Our secretary at work was setting up my trip including my flight to Provincetown. She contacted me to say that it was done but she had a lot of difficulty with the flight from Boston to Provincetown because Cape Air was a very small airline and there's only one person you can speak to make reservations. I flew out to Boston on a redeye and got there at 6:30 in the morning. I started to look for Cape Air's ticket counter because my flight was at 8 AM and our secretary had warned me that there was only one flight a day so I couldn't miss it. After searching for 45 minutes, I saw a cleaning person and asked him where that ticket area was. He told me they would be rolling it out in about 15 minutes. I was so confused but I had a seat where he pointed and in 15 minutes, out comes a registration counter on wheels with the name Cape Air across the front. The woman locked its wheels, and myself and three other people walked up to the kiosk. As I checked in, the woman asked me to come around to the other side and she weighed each of my pieces of luggage. She wrote the info on the tag that she attached to my luggage and told me to take my luggage and walk down the steps along the wall. I did and realized that we walked out directly onto the tarmac and there was a very small plane there with a person looking at each luggage tag. It turned out that they needed to add even weight to each wing because that's where the luggage went, LOL! The four of us got into the only seats for passengers in the plane. I was sitting right behind the pilot and as we were taking off, he was yelling back at us to read the emergency information on the seat in front of us and I remember thinking, we were so close to the ground that I better read it now because if there really was an accident, we'd hit the ground faster than I could read this! As we were flying

Seasoned Poached Fish

Cleaned fish
1 quart water
1 onion sliced
6 whole black peppers
2 whole allspice
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
1 Bay Leaf
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup white wine, optional

Using clean fish, put the water into a pan along with the sliced onion, black peppers, whole allspice, lemon juice or vinegar, Bay Leaf, salt, and white wine, optional. Simmer 20 minutes, before poaching fish. Be sure to add more water to insure enough liquid to cover fish. If fish is very thin or lean, it is best to wrap it in cheese cloth before poaching. Lower fish into gently simmering liquid or slide off a spatula. Never allow the liquid to raise above a very low simmer. Test fish after about six minutes until it is flaky. Gently remove with spatula. Serve hot or cold and with her without any sauce. Cold fish can be used for salads, mousse, etc.



Mom whale watching off of Provincetown, MA; a cranberry bog near Provincetown that Mom and I went to see after she picked me up there.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

above the Cape, I kept seeing beautiful fall leaves and dark red areas. I mentioned it and the pilot yelled back to me that those were cranberry bogs because cranberry bushes are planted in large ditch areas which are flooded and then the berries float to the surface and they use large wooden thin pronged forks to get them out of the water. When we got to the other end, he turned around to us to say that our luggage would be at gate A. As we were landing, I saw the short strip that had a small building next to it. As we got off the plane, I could see Mom standing next to the wooden rail fence that went along the strip. I was so happy to see her and hugged. Then I said that I needed to get my luggage from gate A. I was prepared to have to look

for it and instead realized it would take no time at all because the wooden fence was only about 50 feet long, and at each end were 2 wide planks that had been nailed into a V fashion and my luggage was sitting at the trough labeled A, LOL! This is the airline and airport that the TV show Wings was based on, and Cape Air actually purchased the plane they used in the opening and closing credits of Wings! Provincetown and the Cape were beautiful and it was one of the most memorable and amazing trips in my life!

#122 Cheese-Caraway Loaf

In November, 2008 I had received 2 free tickets to go see Elton John in Las Vegas and our sister Margie joined me there. We were staying at the Flamingo Hotel and the show was across the street at Caesars Palace. I went to Vegas often for tradeshows each year so I knew where a lot of free stuff was so Margie and I would have fun trekking all over the place and enjoying all the free things we could see and do. This of course included the free drinks you could get while playing slots, and as you can see in the photo, I did OK! The night of the show, we had plenty to eat and plenty to drink and then went to go see Elton John. At that time I was not a Diamond player but I was Platinum so we had free tickets but I had no idea where the seats were. Inside they told us to go up the stairs. And just like my story about the Philadelphia Opera House, we walked and walked and walked up several flights of stairs. When we finally got to the top, Margie asked if they also gave us free oxygen to breathe since it was so high up there, LOL! I of course was terrified by the height and Margie had to help me into my seat (see photo). The show was incredible! Afterward we decided to go out on the strip and went to one of our favorites, the Bellagio Fountains. We were standing there enjoying the music when a man rolled up in a wheelchair and he was making balloon hats. We asked for 2 and paid and thanked him. We enjoyed wearing our hats around the casino that night. The next morning we took the photo :-). We decided it would be great to pass these joyful hats so others could have fun, too. We went to the lobby where people would be arriving and there was a family with two kids that we gave the hats to and they were so happy! The parents might not have been thrilled but we were, LOL!



November 1981-Margie and I wearing our balloon hats in our room at the Flamingo Hotel In Las Vegas; one of the jackpots I hit; and a view of the stage to see Elton John from the crows nest seats, LOL!

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Cheese-Caraway Loaf

- 1 package dry yeast
- 1 cup warm water
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese and/or others if you like)
- 1 teaspoon caraway seeds
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 2 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 cups sifted flour

Sprinkle yeast on warm water, stir to dissolve. Add cheese, seeds, shortening, sugar, salt and 1 1/2 cups of flour. Beat on medium speed or mix with spoon, beat and stir in remaining flour, a little at a time until well mixed. Cover with a cloth and let rise until doubled, about 40 minutes. Bake at 375° for 45 minutes or until loaf sounds hollow when dumped. Cool on rack before slicing. Use one large loaf pan or four small ones, well greased.

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#123 Beef Stew

I worked at a Silicon Valley tech firm for over 20 years in HR, and the position with the most wild card moments was definitely recruiting. Every day had new surprises! Once I was about to interview a gentleman named Tom, but when he came into my office, he had a name tag on his suit jacket breast pocket that said 'Hello my name is Dave' I asked him to confirm his name and he said Tom. I asked who Dave was and he said why and I pointed to the name tag. He quickly took it off and tried to put it in his front pocket, but the front pockets weren't cut open yet! At this point he was very embarrassed, so he admitted that he and his friend Dave had split the cost of the suit jacket so they could share it for interviewing. I suggested that he look in a mirror and check things out prior to the next time he's about to go on an interview, LOL! Then a lady came in my office, set her purse next to her chair, came around my desk, plugged her phone in and set it on my desk. Then she went to sit down and she pulled out a thermos and took the cup lid off, poured herself a cup of coffee out of it and placed the cup on my desk. Then she reached in her purse again and brought out a small pad of paper that she placed on my desk, reached into my desk pen caddy and pulled out a pen to use and then finally sat back and stared at me. At that point I was just pretty much stunned!

Reviewing resumes was its own bit of fun and there were 3 that stick out in my mind. The first came from a fellow named Leonard who was looking for his first job. There was a glowing reference letter attached about how Leonard was wonderful, got along with others, worked really hard and was dependable, and it was signed, Sincerely, Leonard's Mother. I laughed so hard that I actually hired him for being clever since he needed his first shot at a job. He did pretty well in the production position. The second one was for a sales position, and the resume was actually printed on an 8 1/2 x 14 where it is a sideways gate fold, meaning that the last 1/4 of the page at either end was folded into meet in the middle so when you looked at it, you saw the two folds with the line in the center. On the outside it said in big lettering ,all of your sales needs have been met look no further!'. And then when you opened it up, he had a picture of himself standing



Me with Fievel from "American Tail-Fievel Goes West" at Universal Studios Hollywood in 1998.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

in the center with rays coming off of him like he's the prodigal child. On the inside of the two folded pieces it said all of his amazing qualities. He did not get a chance. I decided it was way too much ego for our offices, LOL! The last one was for an engineering position. He had his resume on one side and at the bottom it said, "If you are not interested, please turn over." Then on the back side, he had drawn the lines and written clear instructions for how to fold it to into a paper airplane to fly it into the trashcan. That was pretty clever and got him the interview, LOL!

Beef Stew

Braising can make a tough beef roast deliciously palatable. Cube meat in about 1" cubes such as Chuck, rump, top or bottom roast; these are all candidates for braising. Put a little oil in the bottom of a deep pan or Dutch oven. Using a paper or plastic bag or a bowl, put in some flour, salt, pepper. Take the cubed meat and drench it in the flour mixture till covered. Drop the pieces of coated meat into the heated pan with oil and braise them till seared on each side. Add enough water, broth and/or tomato sauce to cover about an inch above the meat. Your choice of spices can be added. Suggestions are Bay leaf (be sure to pull out before serving), garlic, onion, thyme, whole cloves, peppercorns, parsley, marjoram, with this year. Cook covered for about 1 1/2 to 2 hours, until the meat literally falls apart. Vegetables are added when there is about 30 minutes left of cooking the meat. Vegetable suggestions: carrots, potatoes, celery, turnips, small white onions, tomatoes, green beans, peas, and/or corn. 1/2 to 1 cup of wine can be added about a half hour before serving for a very fine flavor. If you would like to make it more of a gravy, take out the meat and vegetables temporarily, and put some of the broth in a Pyrex bowl. Whisk in some flour or corn starch and taste to see if you need to add any seasonings, and stir it in; get it bubbling to thicken before adding everything back in. It's very nice to serve this with sliced French or sourdough bread to sop up the gravy!

#124 Chocolate Chiffon Pie

During Thanksgiving, 1972, I had let my parents know that I just could not continue living in Texas at my grandmother's house. I had enough - the rainbow girls, the racism and constantly being in trouble. My parents had told me that they were driving there for Christmas since Dad's assignment was extended and they would steal me away with them when they left to go back to California. I was warned to not tell anyone in advance and they were just going to pack my clothes into their's and walk out the door with me after Christmas because they knew Nany would be really mad. It was the last day of school before Christmas, we had just had a friend who committed suicide a few days before and I was very worried that if I didn't let somebody know why I didn't come back after Christmas that people would be very worried. So I told my very best friend Carol that I was going to be leaving with my parents but she was not allowed to tell anyone until after I left and she agreed. She had come over to the house a few times and saw how my grandmother treated me and was glad I was getting out of there.

My grandmother had changed her usual Friday hair date to Saturday because Friday night was my rainbow girl induction and my family was arriving. While Nany was at the hairdresser, the phone rang and Mom said, 'Betsy it's for you - it's your grandmother and she seems pretty upset.' I took the phone and Nany yelled at me, 'Betsy May, do not go anywhere - I am coming right now and I need to talk to you.' and hung up. A few minutes later the phone rang again, my dad answered and then hung up. He said that Nany had backed into a car in the beauty salon parking lot. He went down, got her and brought her back. She still had on the black beauty salon cape and her hair in curlers. It turns out that the lady in the chair next to her had received an early Christmas gift from her husband of getting her hair done for the first time at the best beauty salon in town so she was very excited. And as they do in salons, everyone was gossiping and so this woman talked about how her daughter Carol told her about how her best friend was going to be kidnapped by her parents because her grandmother was so mean. My grandmother realized that was her the lady was talking about! And she was so angry at me that she backed into another car! She said I could not leave. The final agreement was that I had to stay to the first week in February when the school semester ended so that nobody would know it was her that was talked about. That was devastating on so many levels and it made the next five weeks hell with her. And not that I blame her. But it was so horrible and I just wanted it to end and my

Chocolate Chiffon Pie

1 tablespoon gelatin
1/4 + 1/2 cup cold water
1 1/2 squares baking chocolate
4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

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Dad took this of me on a beach in Carmel, CA in February, 1973, soon after I had arrived

©Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

parents felt so badly. When the time finally came for me to leave, she drove me to the San Antonio airport and she waited at my gate with me. She was smoking like a chimney and realized she had run out of cigarettes so she gave me her car keys and I went out to her Cadillac, opened the trunk and got her a fresh pack of cigarettes. I came back into the airport with them for her and soon after was my flight. She tersely hugged me farewell, and I beat feet out of there! When I landed at the San Francisco airport, I remember crying because I could not believe it was finally over. My family picked me up and brought me back to our apartment. We sat at the kitchen table and they asked me how it had gone with her at the airport. I told them about how upset she was with me in general and about her smoking the cigarettes like crazy at the airport. And then suddenly, as I was sitting 2000 miles away from Nany, I felt paralyzed! I realized I had her car keys in my pocket! I pulled them out of my jeans and held them up in front of everyone and they could see the Cadillac keychain and knew whose keys they were. Everybody froze in their seats with their jaws dropped! We were all in terror for a moment. And then, we looked around at each other and all just started laughing, LOL! I felt really badly that I left her stranded at the San Antonio airport, which of course did not make anything any better, but it was really nice to have some comic relief at the end of this whole madness, LOL! The siege had ended and I was in glorious sunny California with my wonderful family. Oh Happy Day!

#124 Chocolate Chiffon Pie (Continued)

4 egg whites
One baked 8 inch pie shell

Put gelatin in top of double boiler; add 1/4 cup water; let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Melt chocolate with 1/2 cup water, add to gelatin. Add egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar and salt. Place over hot water; stir constantly until gelatin melts. Remove from stove, chill until jelly like but not set. Beat egg whites until stiff; blend in remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Fold in chocolate mixture. Place in baked 8 inch pie shell or use tart shells. Garnish with whipped cream and optional chocolate shavings.

#125 Pinon Nut Soup

This soup comes from the Southwest where pine (piñon) nuts come from. - Something I feel really lucky to have are moments in my life that I feel are full of magic. One of those was when we first went to Monument Valley, a Navajo tribal area in Utah in 1972. We arrived at Goulding's Trading Post which we could not see because it was very dark there at night. It was a motel so we parked, went right inside and laid our weary heads on our pillows. In the morning, we were awakened early by an unusual sound. I remember peeking out the back window and I was filled with awe and wonder! Immediately! By our window was a member of the Navajo tribe herding a flock of sheep which were making the sounds. Behind them was a huge expanse of red earth and large impressive rock formations. It was one of the most beautiful and stunning visual moments of my life. We got dressed and went to the trading post which was literally, at that time, a post where local people came to trade and buy things. We drove into the desert area to get closer to the rock monuments and met a Navajo woman who was weaving on her loom which also totally fascinated me. The photos I have uploaded are from that trip but due to aging, do not capture the majesty of the color but I hope that someday if you have not already gone, that you will have an opportunity to experience this amazing land. The magic of Monument Valley never leaves me. Anytime I find myself feeling overwhelmed, I will look at pictures of it and I will recall those magic moments and calm washes over me like a wave. I am so grateful to our parents for taking us to places like this that made me appreciate the wonders of our planet.



Mom near the San Ildefonso Pueblo in Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1992; Photos from Monument Valley in 1972.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Pinon Nut Soup

1/2 pound pine nuts, also known as pinon or pignoli nuts
Or 1/4 pound of slivered almonds can be substituted
2 cups of milk
1 cup chicken broth
5 green onions or two leeks chopped into 1/2 inch pieces
5 coriander seeds
2 mint leaves
salt and pepper to taste
minced chives

Combine all ingredients, except chives, and simmer for one hour. Put in blender until smooth. Put through sieve, pushing large particles through. Refrigerate overnight. Serve hot or cold with minced chives sprinkled on top.

#126 Lasagne

Our sister Mary Anne was getting married to Steve Powers in January, 2001 in New York City. She had ordered our bridesmaids dresses but I wasn't able to go to the fitting in advance since I lived in California. The dresses arrived late so my first chance to try it on was the morning of the wedding. As I was a 48DDD, I was not entirely shocked when I tried it on and there was a wide gap in the back at the zipper of at least 8 inches, LOL! We located some green cloth that matched the dress so in the hotel room, Mom started to busily sew the cloth to the back and in the end, had to sew it to my bra so that my chest did not fall out of the dress front because there was not enough cloth to support and cover everything in the right places. The wedding at old Saint Christopher's Church was absolutely beautiful, and Mary Anne was stunning and Steve was very handsome and dapper. After the ceremony, instead of throwing the traditional bird seed, we blew bubbles which was very lovely. It was all wonderful! The reception was at a very nice Italian restaurant, and they had a great Prince cover band that caught a few members of our parents generation off guard because it was the first wedding reception they had been to where the words 'sexy mo' fo' were sung, LOL! It was a very special night. Another side to all this was that I realized I needed to make changes in my life and lost 75 pounds that I never put back on, so I can thank Mary Anne for that dress which was pivotal in my life. And of course, big kudos to seamstress Mom who came to the rescue as always! Congrats to Mary Anne & Steve on 19 ½ years!



Mom quickly sewing up the dress, and Steve and Mary Anne being joyful at the reception.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Lasagne

One package lasagne noodles (May want to have extra just in case)

Sauce

- 2 onions sliced thin
- 1 clove garlic minced
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 cup celery sliced thin
- 1 cup carrots sliced thin
- 1/2 teaspoon basil
- 1/2 teaspoon oregano
- 1 Bay Leaf
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups tomatoes or 1 pound cans of tomatoes
- 3/4 cup tomato purée
- 1 cup water

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126 Lasagne (Continued)

1/2 teaspoon sugar
1 green pepper chopped

Sauté onion and garlic in oil. Add celery, carrots, green pepper, Bay Leaf, salt and pepper, tomatoes, purée and water. Cook covered one hour. Add sugar, basil and oregano, cook covered 20 minutes. Remove Bay Leaf. Cool. Mash through sieve or put in blender to purée.

Filling

1 cup ricotta cheese
1 pound mozzarella grated
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan
3 eggs
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
pepper to taste

Mix all filling ingredients.

Cook lasagna noodles as per instructions on the box. Put layer of sauce in bottom of casserole, Add layer of the flat noodles, a layer of filling, and repeat until all used. Finish with the sauce on top; can add grated mozzarella and/or grated Parmesan across the top as well if desired. Bake at 325° for 25 minutes.

#127 Roasted Peppers & Squash

This is a Native American based dish that Mom made; the recipe appeared in the Daily Local News in West Chester, PA on 8/28/85, with today's photo.

- The family went out to a local restaurant to eat, and Mom had focused on her entrée decision because she wasn't feeling very hungry. When the server walked up to take her order, Mom told her the entrée she wanted right away, then the server asked her, "Soup or salad?" Mom misunderstood and said to her, "A super salad? I can't eat that much!" The server repeated her question but Mom misheard her again and repeated her answer. It finally got cleared up, but this became a running joke between us all at restaurants in the future, LOL! Another incident at the same restaurant happened when they had plans for going to dinner there that evening. However, late that afternoon, Mom's horticultural pride and joy, her night blooming cereus, looked like it was about to bloom any minute. This was a big deal because that plant only blooms once a year and the amazingly beautiful and delicate smelling bloom is only open for a short amount of time. Since it looked like it would open while she was at dinner, she brought it with her to the restaurant. This was not an easy feat because it is a large and gangly flat leafed succulent plant in a good sized pot and took up its own table! It did bloom during dinner and she and everyone else in the restaurant got to enjoy it. Re-reading this I recognize this trait in myself. I always feel the need to make and enjoy the most out of every moment, and now it's clear where that came from. Why do without if I can pull it off and everybody wins and nobody loses, LOL!



Article about Mom and Dad that appeared in the Daily Local News in West Chester, PA on 8/28/85. The article was titled "The Longs Always Make Certain They Don't Short Change Their Dinner Guests".
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Roasted Peppers & Squash

- 1 yellow summer squash, sliced ¼" thick
- 1 green zucchini, sliced ¼" thick
- 1 red pepper, chopped into 1" squares
- 1 green pepper, chopped into 1" squares
- 3 scallions, sliced including tops
- 1 tomato, cut in chunks
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced
- 1/8 teaspoon crushed dill seeds or dill weed
- 4 crushed coriander seeds 1/3 teaspoon salt
- freshly ground pepper
- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Put in casserole, dot with butter. Cover and bake at 350° for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Every once in a while stick in a fork to decide doneness you would like for your vegetables.

#128 Tempura Sauce

For Aunt Margie, Mom's sister, and Uncle Joe's wedding, Uncle Joe had planned ahead for keeping his car safe for after their wedding reception and had stashed it several blocks away with an arrangement with a kid to deliver the car to the reception at a specific time. That went fine but Uncle Walter (their brother) and Uncle Joe's brother, Nick, were not going to miss the opportunity to have their fun. So they took their cars and blocked the newlyweds in as they left the reception, and the 2 tricksters did their paint job on the car with the newlyweds looking on. Once free from the "artists", Uncle Joe found a gas station with a young man who agreed to give their car a quick wash job. As he worked on cleaning it, he said (per Aunt Margie) "If this is what they do to you when you get married, then I'm never getting married." LOL! The second thing that happened to them was Dad and Uncle Walter put a chain with a padlock around Uncle Joe's suitcase. They had to find a hardware store and buy a hacksaw to get into it (see photo). Then they discovered that my "kind" (again, per Aunt Margie) mother who had offered to do Uncle Joe's laundry for him before the wedding so he would have clean socks, etc., had sewn all of his socks together! There's Mom sewing again, LOL! The third thing the group of tricksters did was "help" pack a picnic supper for the couple. They actually did do that but they also included the bag of garbage from my family's drive down from PA to SC. And they made sure the bag of garbage was hidden behind everything else in the trunk. It included banana peels, orange rinds, half eaten sandwiches, etc. The newlyweds did not "discover" the bag for several days when the weather turned warm and smelly in Louisiana. That's our family, always adding fun into every event, LOL! Thank you to Aunt Margie for sharing these great family tales!

Tempura Sauce

1 cup soy sauce
6 tablespoons sugar
1/4 cup sake or Sherry
1 cup Dashi, Japanese broth
fresh grated horseradish or wasabi
fresh grated or sliced ginger

Mix the first four ingredients together well and pour into separate small bowls for each individual. Put horseradish or wasabi on one side of the bowl and the ginger on the other so your guests can add their own level of flavoring to their sauce bowl. Dip fried tempura (recipe #112) into sauce.



Aunt Margie and Uncle Joe at their reception; and Aunt Margie showing her mother the chain that was on the suitcase that Uncle Joe is holding.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long



#129 Buckskin Bread

This is another Native American-based recipe that goes well with the Pinion Nut Soup. - In February, 1973, I had flown from my grandmothers in Texas to my family in the San Francisco Bay area. I was going to be in for the second half of 11th grade. I had come from a predominately white high school on the edges of the Philadelphia Main Line. Then I had jumped to high school in a small town outside of San Antonio, Texas where the school was about 65% white, and the remaining 35% was a split mainly between Black and Hispanic. It was very clear there was a class structure there and it made me extremely uncomfortable, and my grandmothers racism issues made it even more complicated. When I showed up for my first day at Mountain View High School in California, as I went on a tour, I was shocked! The school had a large quad area that was open air with a lot of benches and tables with lots of hippie types hanging around. There were signs all around for the different student unions - Black student union, Hispanic student union, Asian student union and a school student union. This pretty much blew my mind! Diversity and equality were bigger issues than the prom or football games. I met so many amazing people that were artists and musicians and creative thinkers and my brain was just exploding with all the new input. I loved it! Then I met a girl at school who took me to my first California rock concert, the Grateful Dead at Maples Pavilion, Stanford University in Palo Alto, CA on February 3, 1973. It was so cool! They had a background visual of oil and colored water being projected from an overhead projector on the wall behind them. People were smoking weed all around us and I had never smelled it before. Everything was so crazy! What was even crazier is that I found out a month later that my new boyfriend (as of March) was at the same concert with a friend of his, Dave, sitting several rows above me in the same section, LOL! California was amazing! On the weekends my parents were taking us everywhere. Out here the problem wasn't what is there to do but what to do because there was so much to do! Within 45 minutes, I could be at Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk or up in San Francisco at Fisherman's Wharf. In a little over an hour I could be in Carmel, Monterey or Big Sur, or go up to Napa Valley or the gold country. Between 4 1/2 and 6 1/2 hours, I could be up at Lake Tahoe or Yosemite in the Sierra Mountains or in Los Angeles. So much to see and do. I felt so lucky and still do, LOL!



Mom, Dad, Charles, Mary Anne, Margie and me at Yosemite in 1973.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long



Buckskin Bread

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups water

Quickly mix all ingredients together. Press onto greased 12 inch cookie sheet. Bake in middle of oven at 400° for 25 minutes, or until middle is brown. Break into pieces and serve. This is like a very dense biscuit and is good with soups and stews as well as butter, honey, jams and jellies. Originally it was cooked on a rock or on sand by the fire.

#130 Vinaigrette Dressing & Variations

Mom often talked about how much she enjoyed her grandfather who was a pharmacist who owned a drugstore and soda fountain in Wilmington, DE. Mom talked fondly about stopping at his store on the way home from school and them eating ice cream right out of the tub together, LOL! Whenever she was feeling frazzled, we would steal off and go to the King of Prussia diner for a chocolate ice cream soda because it reminded her of him and those great times! Around 1950, their grandfather was being honored by the Delaware Pharmaceutical Society. He was not able to attend so their Dad went to accept the award for his father. Mom (about 17) and Aunt Margie (about 10) were left on their own in the vendors area and discovered the Coca-Cola booth with a Coke soda fountain setup and nobody working at the booth. In those days, you would put syrup in the glass and then added carbonated water for the fizz and could add special flavorings like lemon, cherry, vanilla, orange and chocolate. So the two monkeys started making concoctions, like doubling the Coke syrup and added all sorts of combinations of flavorings. They were having a great time serving conference attendees their versions of what they thought Coke should taste like. Eventually their parents found them and quietly removed the 2 before the Coke vendor caught them, LOL!



Left back row: their grandfather Willard and Aunt Margaret (his daughter/the sister of Mom's father). Left front row: Mom (about 14) and Aunt Margie (about 7). The other photo is a marble pedestal from their grandfather's soda fountain counter at the pharmacy that I still have.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Thank you to Aunt Margie for sharing this great story!

Vinaigrette Dressing & Variations

6 tablespoons olive or salad oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
1/2 to 1 teaspoon salt
12 grinds of a pepper mill

Blend together. Shake well before using. See variations below.

For variations, add/use:

1. Mustard-dash of dry mustard or 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
2. Garlic-either crush a garlic clove and mix in the juice, or finely mince and mix in 1 clove into dressing.
3. Fresh Herb-add chopped or crushed herbs of your choice:
 1. Tarragon is good for salads.
 2. Basil is good with tomatoes.
 3. Dill is good with cucumber
 4. Rosemary for salads that have oranges or grapefruit pieces in them.
4. Finally chopped onions, scallions or chives.
5. Finally chopped onions, scallions or chives.
6. Infused oils.
7. Other flavored vinegars.

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#131 3 Bean salad

This recipe is made with yesterday's recipe, #130. - On October 17, 1989, I had a 5:00pm appointment with a vendor to talk about some plans for our holiday event with the employee programs association I belonged to. They were a very kind couple who sold stuffed animals and other toys. My friend Patti had picked me up at work and I have to admit that I fibbed to my boss and said I had a dental appointment when it was really a vendor appointment so I was feeling a little guilty but I really needed to make it there on time because they had an event that evening. When we got there at 5, the couple were putting up stuffed animals and toys with Christmas decorations all around their sales room which was also their dining room. Suddenly, at 5:04 PM, we got hit with the Loma Prieta earthquake which measured a magnitude of 6.9! Patti and I dodged under the dining room table and the couple each stood in doorways while items were flying off the shelves. It was very scary and it took forever to get home because the traffic lights were out. The next morning I took the train into work because I was in HR and I knew there be a lot going on. It was intense as we went down the train track at 5 miles an hour because they couldn't trust the rails due to the quake and aftershocks. Going through Silicon Valley so slowly, I could see people who were inspecting their company's property and they waved at us on the train. When I got to work, I had to process a workers comp claim for an employee who followed the generally known instructions and stood in his office doorway when it hit. Unfortunately, his door swung and it broke two of his fingertips! A friend of mine who worked for the Walt Disney Company had been in town for events and the one in San Francisco had ended early so she had gone shopping At Union Square and was in Nordstroms when it hit. Her biggest worry was that she was shopping during company time and that she might get caught somehow, LOL! She said that she had to walk back to her hotel because everything was at a standstill outside. As she walked past some row houses, there was an elderly woman who was outside crying because she was afraid that it had been a bomb or that a war had broken out. She was from Europe and had been a child during World War II and had experienced bombing. My friend let her know that it was an earthquake so that she would feel more aftershocks but it was not a bomb. All in all, it was a very scary event, and what made it worse were the aftershocks going on for

3 Bean Salad

- 1 can green beans or equivalent cooked fresh
- 1 can yellow wax beans or equivalent cooked fresh
- 1 can kidney beans or equivalent cooked fresh
- 1 to 2 onions sliced paper thin
- Vinaigrette sauce (recipe #130)
- 1 tablespoon sugar

Mix well together. Let marinate overnight if possible.



Mickey and me at Disneyland in 1982.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

days. It made me very nervous inside because you never knew when it would happen again. The unsettling feeling of this experience lasted with all of us a long time. For about a year, in any circumstance, a person might say to you, where were you? And everybody would know exactly what that meant - where were you when the earthquake happened. When I could finally get through the next day to call Mom to tell her that I was OK, she asked me where I was when it happened and I explained that I was fortunate that I went to go see a vendor that sold stuffed teddy bears so when they were falling, we didn't get hurt. Mom said she was grateful that they didn't sell knives or bowling balls, LOL!

#132 Caramelized Honey Pineapple

In California in March, 1973, I decided to go with my friend to see the school play. Afterwards, we were invited to go to the cast party at a pizza parlor nearby. When we got there, I was tickled because there were these two guys, Morris and Dave, that I had seen at school and said Hi to but hadn't had a chance to get to know them. We sat with them and Morris and I really hit it off, and that was the beginning of a long relationship and a friendship that has continued to this day. Coincidentally, it turned out that our temporary housing was in the same complex that he lived in with his Mom so it made dating very easy, LOL! One time we had both snuck out to see each other on a full moon night, and I remember when we met up, Morris held my hands and said very romantically, 'You are so beautiful! I love the way your braces glisten in the moonlight!' Now it amuses me, but right then, I was so mad that I left immediately and went back to our apartment. He of course did not understand what he had done because he thought he was complimenting me. But my teenage self was embarrassed. I did get over myself the next day but obviously I've never forgotten it, LOL! One weekend, Morris drove us down to Big Sur and I fell in love with crashing waves, stunning rocks with sloping hills, Bixby Bridge and the mist. He had the cassette for Houses of the Holy by Led Zeppelin on and I fell in love with the music and the area. About 2 months later, on June 2, we went to see Led Zeppelin at Kezar Stadium outdoors at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. It was so magical! The main opening band, The Tubes, blew my mind with their onstage theatrics, and they became one of our favorite bands that we have seen over 70 times. The stadium was filled with hippies and whirling colors and Led Zeppelin played music from that album. At one point, during the song 'No Quarter', they had orange smoke bombs going off and doves were released and flying in the air! We could see people sitting and dancing on the roofs of buildings across the street from the stadium. It was all so amazing. I felt so lucky to have an opportunity to experience this incredible cultural event and time!



Morris, me, Mary Anne and Margie on a family outing to San Francisco in 1973; Big Sur.

Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long



Caramelized Honey Pineapple

1 fresh ripe pineapple
Honey

To select a ripe pineapple: 1) look for one whose outside coloring is golden mixed with light green; 2) pull a leave in the center – if it pulls out easily, it is ripe; 3) pineapple should have a nice pineapple smell to it.

Cut off the end and the top, then cut it in half, then each half into quarters. Then slice off the center core off of the top of each eighth. Put aluminum foil on a cookie sheet. Place a wedge on it, and slide the knife from one end to the other to loosen the pineapple meat from the shell. Then slice it long ways down the center and then slice across several times to make it into bite-size pieces but leave it all intact. Repeat this on the other seven wedges. Drizzle honey over each section. Bake at 400° for 45 minutes until caramelized.

Can be served to each individual as is or supply toothpicks in a bowl with one toothpick broken in half in it so people know where to put the used ones and set in center of table.

What's Hot in Dot's Pot! Recipes from the Archives of Dotty Long

#133 Chess Pie

Happy Birthday, Mom! Miss you like crazy, but celebrating you here is a real joy! Thanks for being a great Mom and a good friend to us. - When I was young, whenever Mom and Dad were going to have a party, I remember us helping Mom put together the games for the guests. The 3 most popular ones were 1) gathering odd things from around the house that would be hard to guess what they were once they were in the little felt bags that Mom would sew them into. They would be passed around and people had to feel the object through the felt bag and write down what they thought it was and whoever got the most correctly got a prize. 2) Mom would cut out scenes from various magazines, like a person in a convertible and tape it to a white sheet of paper. Then we would cut out the face of a famous person and she would tape it over the face in the scene and would write the name of the famous person on the back of the paper. People had to try to figure out whose face it was since it was not in its usual setting and not on its usual body, Sometimes the scenes were pretty funny! Points went to each person who got it right towards winning a prize. 3) Since both of our parents had degrees in chemistry, they would take a test tube rack, put a test tube in each slot and number them. Then they put various liquids such as food extracts, cleaning products, etc. and they would add food coloring to change their appearance. People had to smell them and guess what they were. Again, collecting points towards a prize. People loved coming to the parties and enjoyed playing these games! What was funny was that when we were clearing out our parents home in 2013, we actually ran into objects still in their felt bags, 30 years later! Back in the 60's/70's we were probably looking for whatever it was and couldn't figure out where it went and probably replaced it, LOL!



Our family in April, 1994 at Nany's house in Texas - Charles, Mom, Dad, me, Margie & Mary Anne.
Photo Courtesy of Betsy Long

Chess Pie

One prepared piecrust
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons cornmeal
4 eggs
1/4 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter melted
1/2 cup chopped pecans or walnuts, or coconut, optional

Mix sugars, flour and cornmeal. Beat in eggs, milk, vanilla, salt and butter. Fold in coconut or nuts or put them across the top, optional. Place pie shell on the oven rack and pour in the filling. Bake at 350° for 50 minutes or until set. Sift powdered sugar over the top if you prefer.