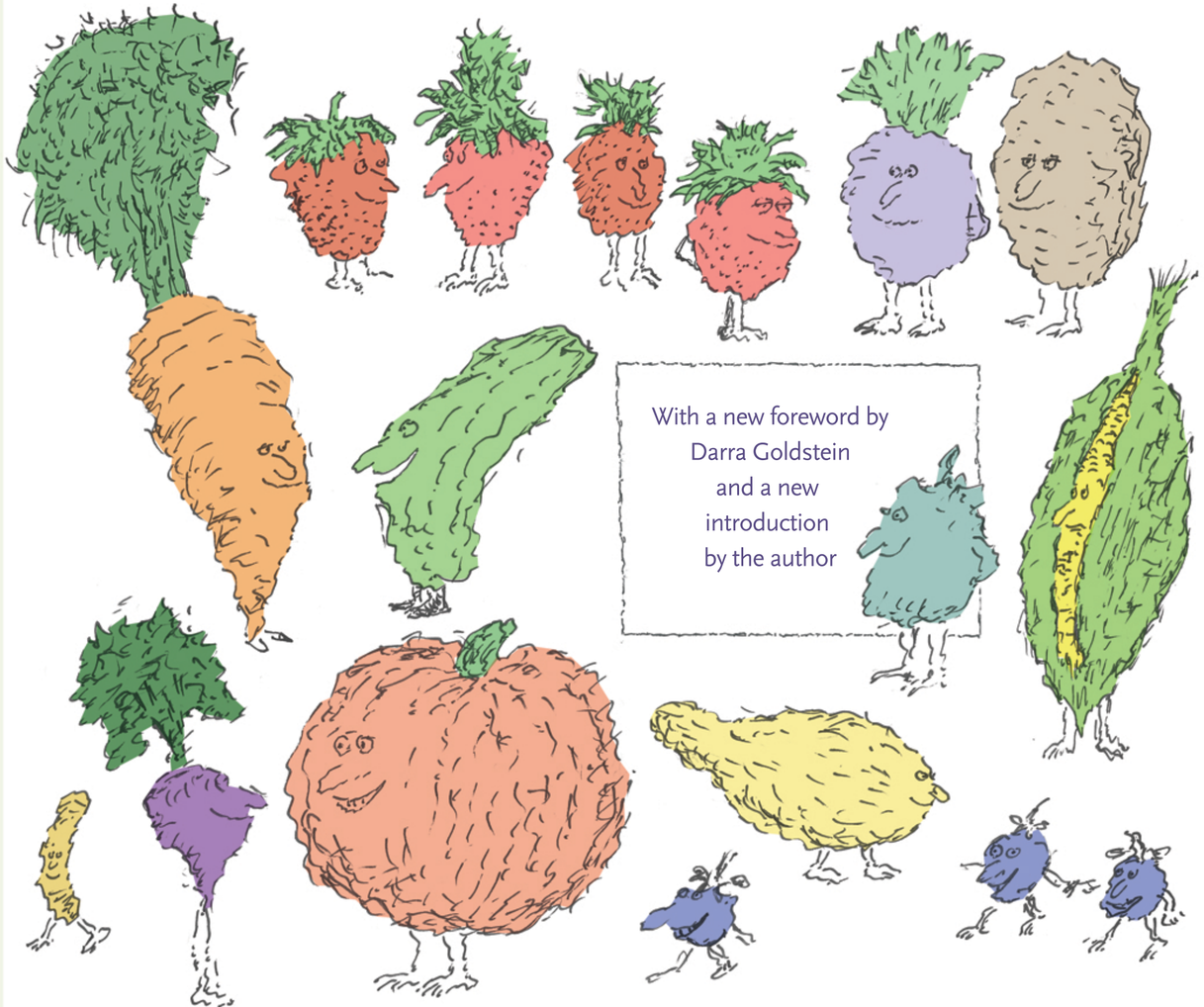
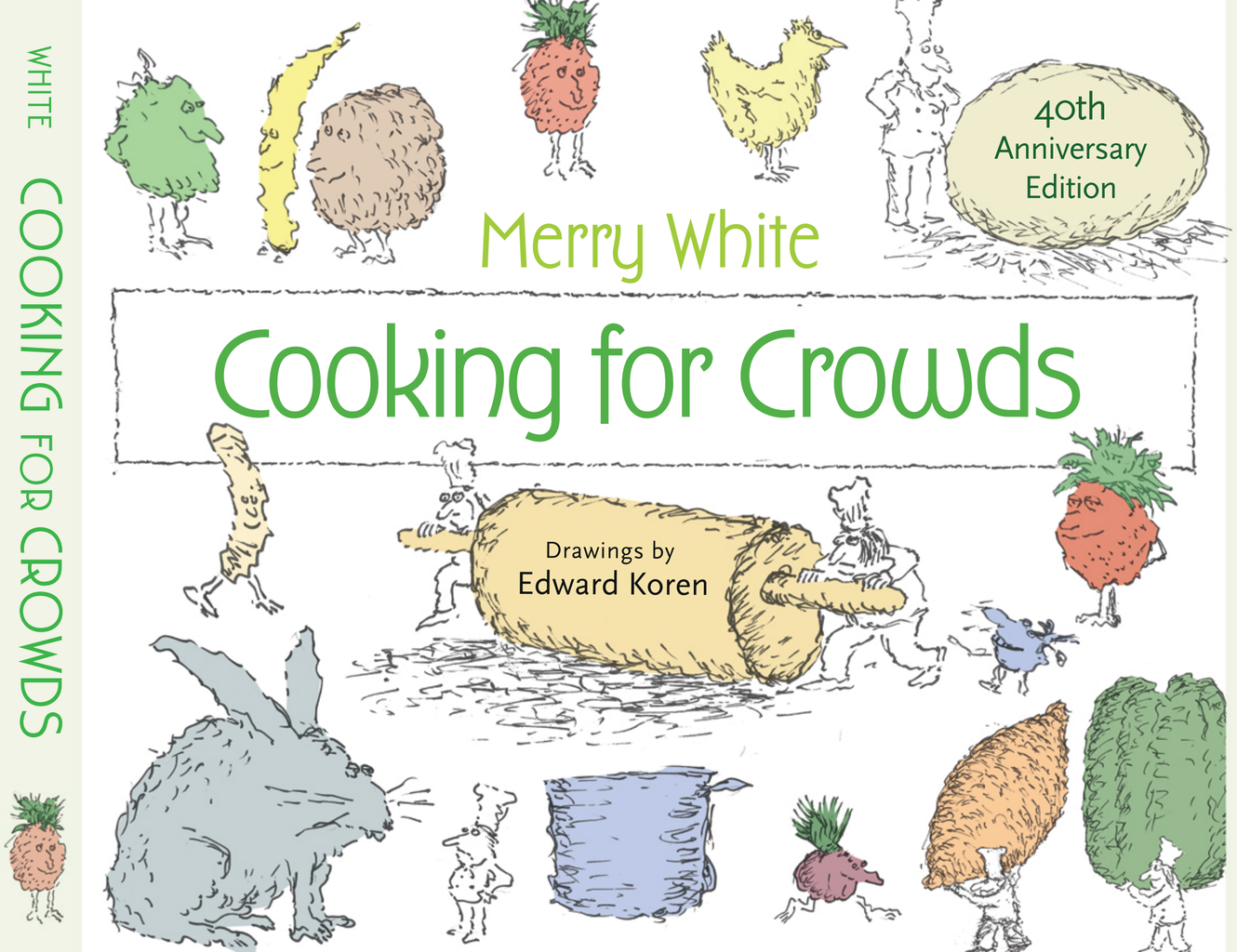


With a new foreword by
Darra Goldstein
and a new
introduction
by the author

WHITE COOKING FOR CROWDS



40th
Anniversary
Edition

Merry White

Cooking for Crowds

Drawings by
Edward Koren

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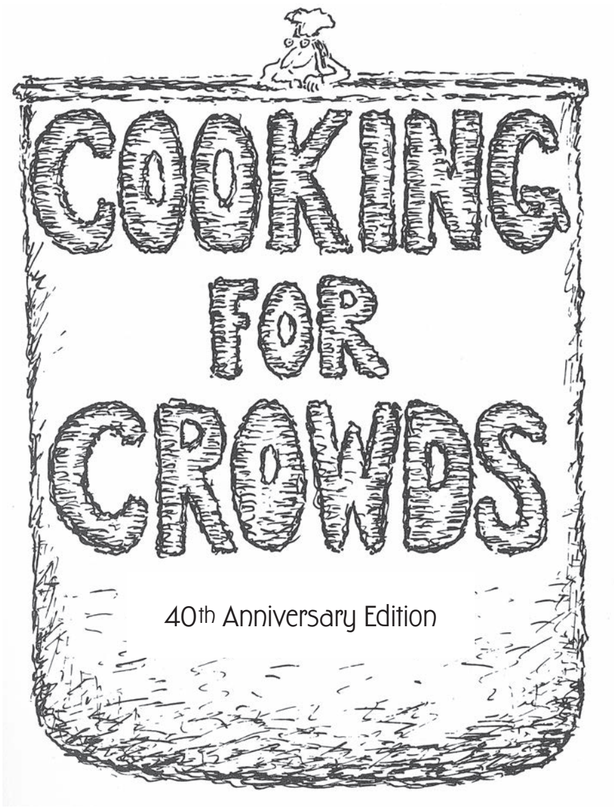
Edward Koren



Merry White

With a new foreword
by Darra Goldstein
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Princeton University Press
Princeton and Oxford

Published by Princeton University Press, 41 William Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540
In the United Kingdom: Princeton University Press, 6 Oxford Street, Woodstock, Oxfordshire OX20 1TW

press.princeton.edu

ISBN 978-0-691-16036-8

British Library Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available

This book has been composed in Scala Sans, Sabon, and Hardwood display.

Printed on acid-free paper.

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

This is uncorrected proof.

Contents

Foreword

When *Cooking for Crowds* first appeared in 1974, its recipes seemed radical for the times. The book's author, Merry (Corky) White, was innovative, bold in her palate, and anything but prescriptive in style. As a young caterer, she aimed to turn catering into an art, to go beyond the standard presentation of ho-hum dishes like chicken tetrazzini. She wanted to dazzle her guests, and she insisted that the American palate is far more adventurous than most people make it out to be. *Cooking for Crowds* propelled readers on an eclectic gastronomic tour of the world, all the while reassuring them that there is no need to be anxious when cooking for a crowd, whether six people or fifty. And no need to be anxious about using unfamiliar ingredients! Corky convinced her readers that they could bake a great cake and enjoy it, too.

To situate Corky's inspiring book, we must travel back in culinary time and recall the American palate of 1974, before any food revolutions had swept the country. French cuisine still held sway in upscale restaurants across the United States, where affluent diners could demonstrate their distinction by ordering foie gras and escargots—this was l*a grande cuisine classique*, not the nouvelle cuisine just coming into vogue. Nationwide, the landscape was defined largely by French and continental restaurants, or fast-food and family joints. It is hard to imagine that dishes we now take for granted—Greek moussaka, Swiss fondue, Italian pasta primavera—were then considered exotic.

Only after the reforms of the 1965 Immigration and Nationality Act did hole-in-the-wall ethnic restaurants begin to appear with any frequency. These unprepossessing places promised adventurous eaters an expanded palate, an antidote to the predictable fare of

most other restaurants. The general discomfort with foreign foods further eroded when Richard Nixon visited China in 1972. Television networks offered live broadcasts of the banquet Prime Minister Chou En-lai held in Nixon's honor, triggering a national desire to eat "authentic" Chinese food, beyond the chop suey and chow mein of Chinese-American restaurants. Even so, Nixon's visible befuddlement at the chopsticks in his hand underlined to viewers how foreign Chinese culinary culture really was.

It took the culinary revolution of the 1970s to definitively change people's attitudes about foods, both foreign and local. In 1980, the *New Yorker*'s Calvin Trillin declared Henry Chung's San Francisco Hunan Restaurant "the best restaurant in the world," while Gilroy, California, held its second annual festival in celebration of the garlic for which it is famed. Hank Rubin's Pot Luck restaurant in Berkeley had fomented revolution in the 1960s, followed in 1971 by Alice Waters's Chez Panisse, whose many talented cooks went on to spread the gospel of good food throughout the country. The epicenter of esculent activity was Northern California—three thousand miles from the East Coast, where Corky White lived—but the shock waves quickly spread.

Those were heady times, and the social and political activism of the sixties was reflected in the ways people ate. The natural foods movement had brought an awareness of fresh food to the table. Palo Alto's newly opened Good Earth restaurant transformed lackluster brown rice into tasty fare, as did the Moosewood Collective in Ithaca, New York. Celestial Seasonings came out with herbal teas that seemed astonishing (Americans apparently had never heard of tisanes). Anna Thomas's *Vegetarian Epicure* lent vegetarianism cachet. But national culinary awareness still lagged, as evidenced by President Gerald Ford's gaffe at the Alamo, when he publicly bit into a tamale still wrapped in its cornhusk. Our cultural cluelessness was at least somewhat mitigated by several excellent cookbooks that appeared in the early 1970s, all considered classics today: Paula Wolfert's *Couscous and Other Good Food from Morocco*, Marcella Hazan's *The Classic Italian Cookbook*, and Madhur Jaffrey's *An Invitation to Indian Cooking*.

Corporate America did little to encourage the nation's culinary sophistication. Test-kitchen developers focused on convenience instead. More women than ever were joining the workforce, and many were finding it difficult to get a good dinner on the table after a long day at work. The big food companies stepped in to help them, creating new products like Hamburger Helper (introduced in 1970) and Stove Top Stuffing (brought to market in 1972). Meanwhile, Mrs. Fields and Mr. Coffee wooed the American public with name brands of cookies and coffeemakers. Many women felt torn between ease and sophistication.

Enter Corky White, a Harvard graduate student. She didn't have access to fields of garlic and artichokes, or to peach and apricot groves (which had not yet been paved over). Even though she was far from the food mecca of Berkeley, Corky shared the Californian spirit of exploration and fun. On a dare, she had begun cooking for Harvard's Center for West European Studies in 1970, when she needed to save money toward graduate school. Each week, Corky prepared a lunch for fifty, and one or two dinners for twenty-five. As a single mother of a six-year-old, she was juggling a lot, but her daughter proved an expert helper, especially when she was allowed to toss billows of lettuce in bed sheets to dry.

The Center staff typed up all the recipes and made dittoed copies. One day, Erwin Glikes, the publisher of Basic Books, noticed the recipes when he came to lunch at the Center. After his meal, he secretly spirited the collection away, and some days later Corky got a phone call out of the blue: Glikes wanted to turn her recipes into a book. Corky was stunned that an intellectual publishing house would take such an interest in recipes, but the era encouraged visionaries. Erwin Glikes's plan shows great verve and foresight at a time when the market for cookbooks was much more conservative than it is today. To enhance the book's design, Glikes asked his friend Edward Koren to do the illustrations. Koren's charm-

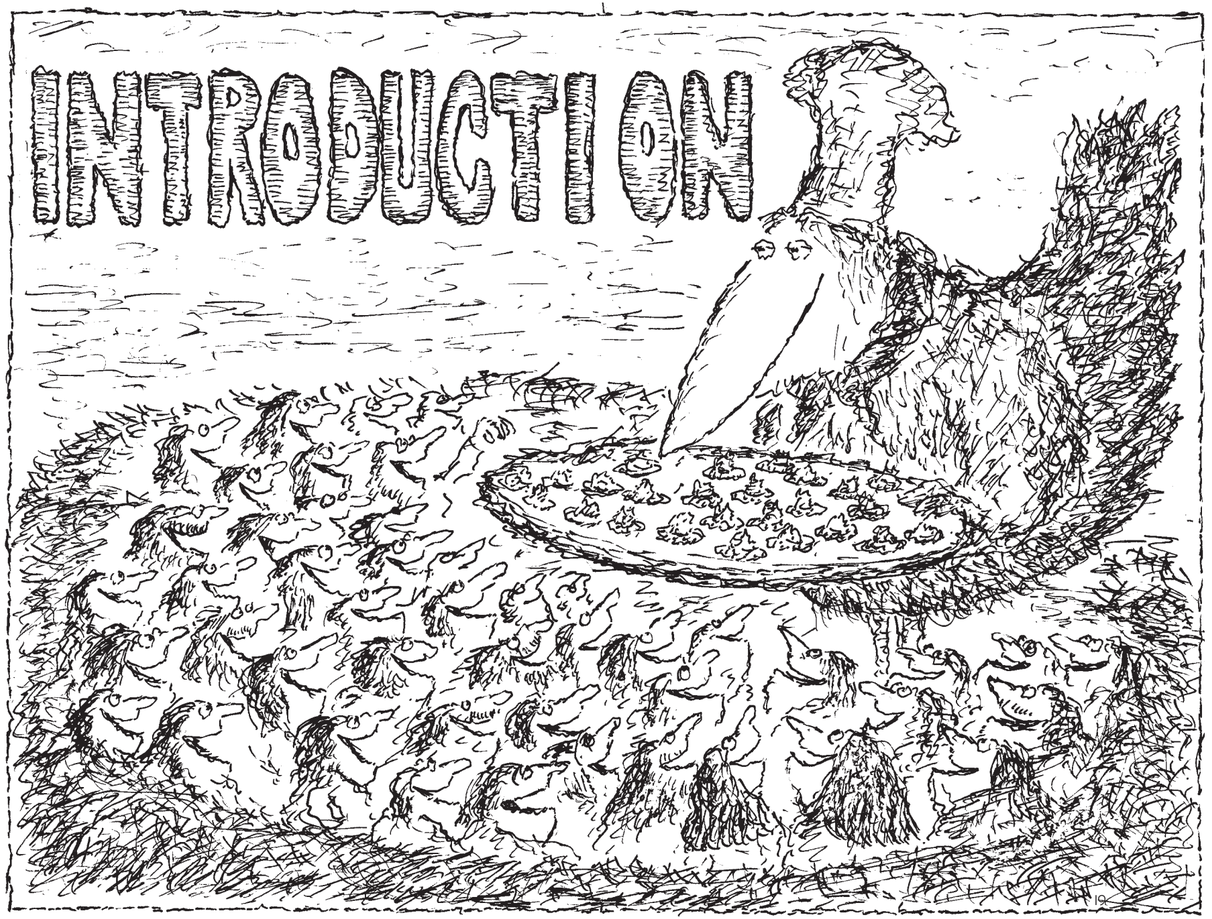
ing, often wacky line drawings contribute greatly to the book's appeal in their animation of the vegetable world and the upending of natural scales. You can't help smiling when you see two small men laboring to push a mighty rolling pin along.

The recipes for *Cooking for Crowds* were gathered from many sources—from friends and family, and especially from Corky's travels. In the 1970s, she traveled several times to Nepal, to trek in the mountains and experience Nepalese food. A high sense of adventure spills over into her book. Corky never really left the community-minded spirit of the sixties behind, and her book conveys a relaxed, unconstrained approach. She wants people to enjoy themselves in the kitchen, to be bold and not worry about perfection. Recipes should not be daunting prescriptions, but guidelines, blueprints that allow for flexibility and experimentation. Above all, Corky believes, recipes should encourage cooks to play with new, vibrant flavors. Her self-assured and reassuring headnotes assuage any apprehension that incipient cooks might have about plunging in, trying new ingredients or cooking methods, or making meals for a multitude. Today's readers are advised to remember how unfamiliar certain foods seemed in their day. Corky carefully defines "Syrian bread" (pita) and phyllo dough, tahini and tandoor ovens. She introduces readers to a foreign herb called "cilantro": "Coriander is available in Spanish markets, where it is called 'cilantro' and in Chinese markets where it is called 'Chinese parsley,' " she writes. Reading this book today, we can clearly appreciate the evolution of American taste, as well as the shifting meaning of the term "exotic." If coriander was once defined by its Otherness, we can measure how far we've come.

Cooking for Crowds brought the wide world to people's kitchens—well before such trendy food purveyors as Dean & DeLuca and The Silver Palate took New York City by storm. The book was ahead of its time, too, in its insistence on fresh ingredients, simply prepared, without fuss or pretension. Corky points out "the virtue of avoiding ready-made curry powder" and strikes a conversational tone with her readers when she gently proclaims that "the 'sameness' of commercial curry powder is to me quite boring." Her mission is to convert even the "staunchest" cauliflower and sauerkraut haters into lovers of those foods, and she does so through tempting recipes for cauliflower soup and goulash. She disarms the most nervous of readers (could I ever possibly cook for fifty?!) with charming descriptions: just serve lemon mousse to your guests at the end of a spicy meal, because the bright citrus flavor "alerts the sodden senses." Corky may admit to having last served Artichokes and Chick-peas Vinaigrette "at a mock Roman orgy, beside an entree of squab with truffed pâté stuffing," but she hastens to add that the salad would be equally delicious served alongside a charcoal-broiled hamburger at a backyard barbecue.

The ultimate mantra in *Cooking for Crowds* is that pleasure should reign supreme. Though decades have passed since the book first appeared, it feels fresh. Its exuberance leaps from the pages. And this same exuberance keeps the recipes enticing, even if the times may have finally caught up and the recipes now represent familiar fare. In the end, who can possibly resist Charlotte Malakoff au Chocolat, which remains perfect "for a time when only pleasure matters"? Pleasure is precisely what this fortieth-anniversary edition promises a new generation of readers. And it delivers. I recommend this book to all kinds of crowds.

Darra Goldstein


INTRODUCTION

Introduction to the New Edition

The idea that this book could rise, phoenixlike, from the ashes after all these years shows that its bones were always strong, and to continue this awkward imagery, that they might be fleshed out now for a new audience. We might all benefit from a look backward at foods that once did, and now again will, entice us. A good meatball is not "dated"—it stands the test of time—and an almond torte has nothing to do with trends and all to do with taste. The dishes I prepared for my catering assignments in the 1970s might now seem less exotic and challenging than they appeared forty years ago, but they will still please both cook and consumer.

And the use of the book to create meals for larger numbers than fit at the dining table remains relevant. We still love large, noisy parties of happy eaters, whether they sit at table or, as at my house on occasion, crossed-legged on the floor.

I would not deny the historicity of this book, however: There are in its pages stories of change in American eating and in the place of food in our values and experiences. The book came out of my first real job—catering for Harvard's Center for West European Studies, a special institution then (before history happened to change its name) and now (when it has become the Minda de Gunzburg Center for European Studies). I loved to cook, but I didn't know anything about cooking for crowds; after college I took on catering as a challenge and a necessary source of income almost on a dare. Abby Collins, one of the wonderful people at the Center, was brave enough to ask me if I would cater her wedding.

Well, I'd eaten around the world (on a student's shoestring) by then and I thought—how hard can this be? Besides, it was a friendly, slightly hippyish event where foods I liked, Indian curries and Middle Eastern foods like dolmathes and lentils and baklava could work. Just an extension of informal gatherings of friends around a kitchen table heaped with "ethnic" food—a term that had gained currency as an expression of taste and politics in the late sixties. Up the road was an emblematic restaurant called "Peasant Stock," where large bowls of variously and vaguely ethnic dishes that were politically and nutritionally correct were served family-style on long wooden tables. The oddments served at the wedding were intriguing enough to lead Abby and her colleague Leonie Gordon to take me on as the Center caterer, and therein begins this book's tale.

I took the job as a way to learn about food and, of course, support myself. I enjoyed exploring—trained as an anthropologist, I kept pushing into new "exotic" realms. I rarely cooked anything that I'd made before and almost never made anything twice for the audience. Living in Cambridge meant having a lot of friends who had lived somewhere else and who had grandmothers from faraway places, friends who were generous enough to share their recipes. The book is a collection of those recipes and thus approaches what we would now, rather timidly, call "authenticity"—at least as measured by the food's proximity to the grandmother's own version.

My own grandmothers didn't figure much in this work; they were of the "modern" school of efficient boxed mixes and frozen vegetables. I'd grown up in the Midwest, and there was scarcely a pizza in my Minnesota neighborhood, nor did Chinese food in Chicago offer more than egg foo young and subgum chop suey. Not that there is anything is wrong with these dishes.

By the time I reached high school, we had moved to Boston, and both school and home experiences of food were so very boring that in sheer frustration I reacted by seeking madly intense tastes—which at that time were hard to find. In high school, lunch was a course called "Gracious Living," which aimed to prepare us young ladies for our future roles as genteel hostesses and especially to separate "civilization" from the lower functions of the

body, including appetites of any kinds. The meals, all beige, were not to be discussed, but politely eaten. Chicken breast covered with white sauce, mashed potatoes, and cauliflower were served up by black-uniformed Irish maids. One day, I really couldn't swallow it, literally, and asked the teacher at my right, "Could I please have some salt and pepper?" The response still rings in my ears: "Pepper is too heating for young ladies." From then on my life has been a search for the heat and pleasure of food. I wanted food to excite, not to suppress the senses.

What a reach to my last night's dinner of Umbrian lentils or the pork-and-fennel Chinese dumplings of the night before, or even the chopped fennel and dried persimmon in the turkey stuffing this past Thanksgiving. The themes of change and continuity in foodways (as we anthropologists call "food cultures") show that tradition never stands still, that we enhance old forms with new ingredients, and that it's not all about heat, though I now insinuate it into more dishes than "tradition" would permit.

The foods in this book are the children of necessity and desire: I cooked to please, and a little also to surprise the guests, whom I hoped hadn't yet encountered Afghan pizza or rogan jaush or kulfi. These Europeanists were culinary sophisticates—in European foods—but they perhaps weren't so acclimated to other cultural models of good eating. I counted on their inexperience (which was matched by my own) in Asian, African, and Latin American realms. And I didn't want them comparing my food to what they'd had at that perfect Parisian bistro or that red-velvet-seated vestige of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in Vienna. For most of my guests and clients, even the sophisticates, quiche, now as common in cafés as doughnuts, was still exotic. This fact allowed me to make tiny little shrimp quiches, exotic enough to serve to Jackie Onassis as a starter before pâté-stuffed squabs at Harvard's Institute of Politics. That's another story.

As I think of the book's beginnings, all the years between its first appearance and the present time collapse, fold up like an accordion. I see Ed Koren, my friend and favorite cartoonist, just as I saw him then, a bit fuzzy like his characters and modestly philosophical, meeting me to eat at the old Chang Sho restaurant, where one of his cartoons hung over the cash register. I see Erwin Glikes, the director of Basic Books, who first picked up the pile of typed recipes from the front desk of the Center, where they sat in case anyone wanted to try a dish at home, and as I found out later, swiped them to take to New York. That phone call—Could we publish your recipes in a book?—now seems a dream.

I see Leonie Gordon and Abby Collins, who made everything work so that I could get by without servers or dishwashers—with no catering staff at all. I see Peter Gourevitch and Peter Lange, always first in line for Friday lunch at the Center. I also see the avuncular Daniel Bell, who told me, kindly but confusingly, that I'd be better off continuing to cook than going to graduate school. I see Charlie Maier, Guido Goldman, and Stanley Hoffmann and remember Stanley's attempt to name the book "Mob Cookery," which was too redolent of wiseguys to work in the end.

I also see Julia Child, who saved me more than once from utter disaster. There were legendary near-failures. One day, I was preparing lunch for fifty—our standard Friday lunch at the Center. I had made a huge pot of Ukrainian soup—a specialty of the Putney (Vermont) School Harvest Festival, where I got the recipe. I suspected none of the audience would have had this big, blowsy, peasant cabbage-and-pork stew, redolent with garlic and caraway seeds. I'd made salads and big loaves of nearly black pumpernickel, and there were chives and sour cream for garnish. Makes me hungry to think of it now, but at the time—when I'd left the kitchen to help set up the dining room—the dish burned, horribly. Nothing, nothing is as acrid as burned cabbage. I rushed back into the kitchen, removed the pot from the stove and collapsed in a tearful heap on the floor. Ruined.

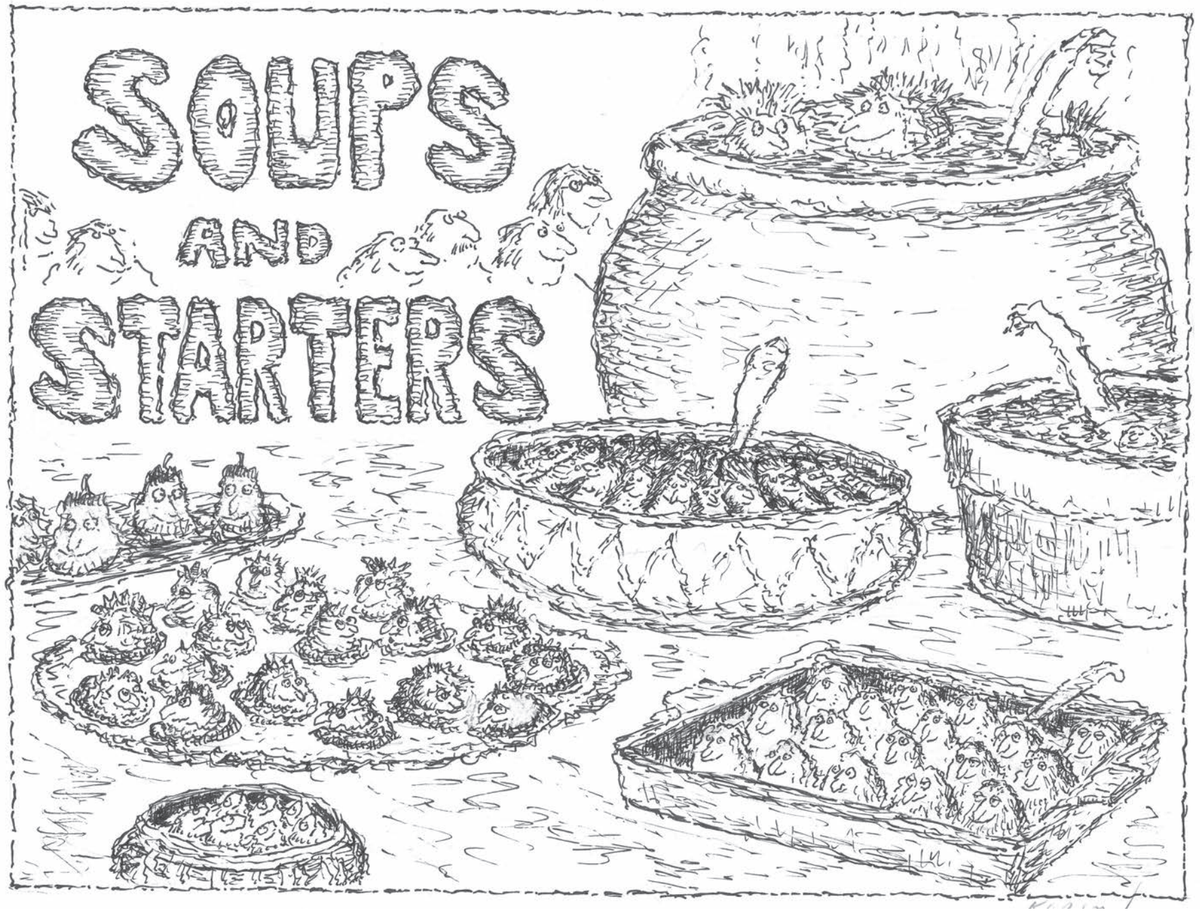
I got on the phone to Julia as we opened windows and decanted the stew into clean pots. She was just down the block and had said I could call for help. She always knew it was me because I was almost always crying. "What is it now, dearie?" I explained, and she briskly instructed me on the phone: have someone run down to Savenor's—get more sour cream, get lemons, and get parsley. Sour cream coats the mouth so the bitter taste of burn is masked. Lemon rind and juice changes the taste itself, brightening it. "Why parsley, Julia?" "Because, silly, it makes it pretty." Then, she said, put it in a large tureen and carry it into the dining room and announce "The dish of the day is Smoked Borscht"—and I did, and it was, and all was well.

When I finally cooked the last meal at the Center and entered graduate school, my advisers were a bit embarrassed by my cooking past and suggested that I take all my food writing and cookbooks off my résumé if I wanted an academic career. Food has come a long way in status since then, and many of my anthropological research projects and teaching now include food. As soon as I got tenure, the cookbooks and all the food journalism went right back on the CV: I now announce myself as a food anthropologist with pride and no qualms.

This edition owes much to the people in the past who helped, who ate, who wanted more. And to the people who might now use it. I've had many requests for the book over the decades from people who want a "crowd" cookbook for events (it is still not for everyone: one comment was "the food is too foreign for my church") and from young people whose parents have the book on their shelves. Adventuring with Gus Rancatore of Cambridge's Toscanini's Ice Cream means expanding the culinary repertory into corners and byways new to me. If I were to do the book over, his contributions would double its size. Our experiments have also taught me that paying attention to small things is a very big idea.

I want to thank Peter Dougherty of Princeton University Press for his interest and stewardship in getting the book back and out, and Ed Koren, whose work is legendary. It has been a great honor to work with him, then and now.

The first edition was dedicated to my daughter Jennifer, who worked hard, tossing lettuce in sheets, kneading bread, and drying dishes. This book is now happily dedicated to Meghan, my granddaughter, whose mom was the best helper this cook ever had.


SOUPS
AND
STARTERS

New Orleans Shrimp

This is an excellent cold appetizer: shrimp marinated in a spicy vinaigrette dressing, which must be served thoroughly chilled, perhaps on a bed of greens.

	6	12	20	50
olive oil	½ c	1 c	2c	3¼ c
garlic cloves, finely minced	2–3	4–6	7–9	10–12
small onions, finely chopped	2	4	7	10–12
raw shrimp, shelled and deveined	2 lbs	4 lbs	6 lbs	15 lbs
scallions, finely chopped	6	12	20	30
lemon juice	½ c	1 c	1½ c	2½ c
salt	1 tsp	2 tsp	4 tsp	3 tbs
freshly ground black pepper	½ tsp	1 tsp	2 tsp	3 tsp
dry mustard	1 tsp	2 tsp	3 tsp	5 tsp
Tabasco, to taste, or	¼ tsp	½ tsp	¾ tsp	1¾ tsp
dried dillweed	2 tsp	4 tsp	2½ tbs	6 tbs

Heat one-third of the oil in a heavy skillet, add the minced garlic and onion, and cook, stirring occasionally, over a moderate flame for 10 minutes. Do not let brown. Add the shrimp and sauté for 5 to 7 minutes, still stirring, then remove from the heat and cool.

In a large bowl, combine the remaining oil, minced scallions, lemon juice, and seasonings. Add the shrimp mixture and toss thoroughly. Let marinate in the refrigerator for 6 to 24 hours, stirring occasionally. Serve quite cold, over ice if possible, with toothpicks.

Shrimp in Dill Pesto

Pesto is that green spaghetti sauce that gets its flavor and color from fresh basil. This fresh dill version is delicious on shrimp. Served cold on a lettuce "boat," this is an excellent first course.

A mixture of fresh dill and parsley may be used.

	6	12	20	50
white wine	½ c	1 c	1 c	4 c
water	½ c	1 c	1 c	4 c
peppercorns	6	12	20	50
bay leaves	1	2	3	8
thyme	½ tsp	1 tsp	1¾ tsp	3¾ tsp
small onions	1	2	3	8
salt	1 tsp	2 tsp	3 tsp	8 tsp
raw shrimp, shelled and deveined	1 lb	2 lbs	3 lbs	8 lbs
olive oil	¼ c	½ c	¾ c	2½ c
garlic cloves	4	7	12	26
fresh dill weed, roughly chopped	l½ c	3 c	5 c	12 c

Combine the wine, water, peppercorns, bay leaves, thyme, onions, and salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes. Add the shrimp and simmer only until the shrimp curl and turn pink, about 5 minutes. Remove the shrimp from the pan, then turn up the heat and reduce the liquid by half.

Make the pesto in batches by pouring the olive oil about ½ cup at a time into the blender. Add some of the garlic and dill to each batch and blend. Empty the blender into a large

Quiches

I like serving individual quiches for the first course of an elaborate dinner. They are rather filling, so make them small—I use small foil pans, about 3 inches across. Or make several large quiches to slice. If you make a large quantity of the basic egg and cream filling, you can make several kinds of quiches for a buffet, in one baking, simply by adding cooked spinach to some, grated cheese and sautéed onion to others, and raw shrimp to still others. (Or cooked artichoke hearts, or blanched asparagus tips, or use your imagination.)

Use any standard recipe for pie crust, chilled for at least two hours before you roll it out. If making more than one pie (serving six) it is better to make it fresh in separate batches, rather than mixing one large bowl for twelve, twenty, or fifty. I find it is easier to control the mixing of the flour and fat this way.

One standard 9-inch quiche serves six. One batch of pastry for a 9-inch quiche will make about 4 small tart-sized quiches.

Basic Quiche Mixture

	6	12	20	50
eggs	4	8	16	34
salt	½ tsp	1 tsp	2 tsp	1 tbs
cayenne	(to taste)			
grated nutmeg	(to taste)			
light cream	1 pt	2 pts	4 pts	8 pts

Garnish Suggestions

	6	12	20	50
raw shrimp, shelled, deveined, and chopped	1 c	2 c	4 c	2 lbs
Swiss cheese, grated	½ lb	1 lb	2 lbs	4 lbs
onion, finely chopped	½ c	1 c	2 c	4 c
sautéed in butter, until brown	1 tbs	4 tbs	4 tbs	½ lb
10-oz packages fresh spinach, cleaned, chopped, and cooked in the water clinging to the leaves	1	2	4	8

Preheat the oven to 375°.

Combine all the ingredients for the basic quiche mixture and beat lightly, then set aside while you roll out the pie crust to fit the pans. Add one or more of the garnishes above and pour in the basic quiche mixture, to about ¼ inch of the top of the crust. Bake for about 40 minutes (the small pans will take less time).

NOTE: These can be served warm or cool, but they are best tepid, I think.

Rogan Jaush

This simple but delicious lamb curry is also called "color-passion curry." Make it hot, and add green peppers 10 minutes before the end if you like. For this it's best to grind your own spices, either in a pepper grinder, or with a mortar and pestle, or, for large amounts, in a blender.

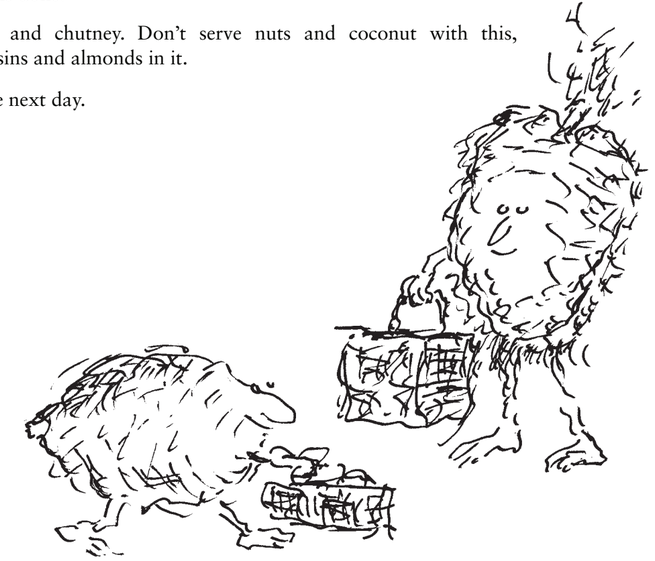
	6	12	20	50
butter	5 tbs	10 tbs	2 sticks	5 sticks
medium onions, finely chopped	6	12	20	40
lamb (leg or shoulder) cut into 1- to 2-inch pieces	2 lbs	4 lbs	7 lbs	16 lbs
ground red chilies	½ tsp	1 tsp	1½ tsp	1 tbs
or				
cayenne	½ tsp	1 tsp	1½ tsp	1 tbs
salt	(season to taste)			
yogurt	½ c	1 c	2 c	4 c
ground coriander	1½ tbs	3 tbs	5 tbs	½ c
ground cumin	2 tsp	4 tsp	7 tsp	41/3 tbs
fresh ginger, finely chopped	1 tbs	2 tbs	3 tbs	1 c
ground turmeric	1 tbs	2 tbs	3 tbs	1 c
ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped	3	6	10	22
green peppers, diced (optional)	2	4	5	12

Heat the butter in a heavy casserole. Brown the onion to an even dark brown, but do not let it burn.

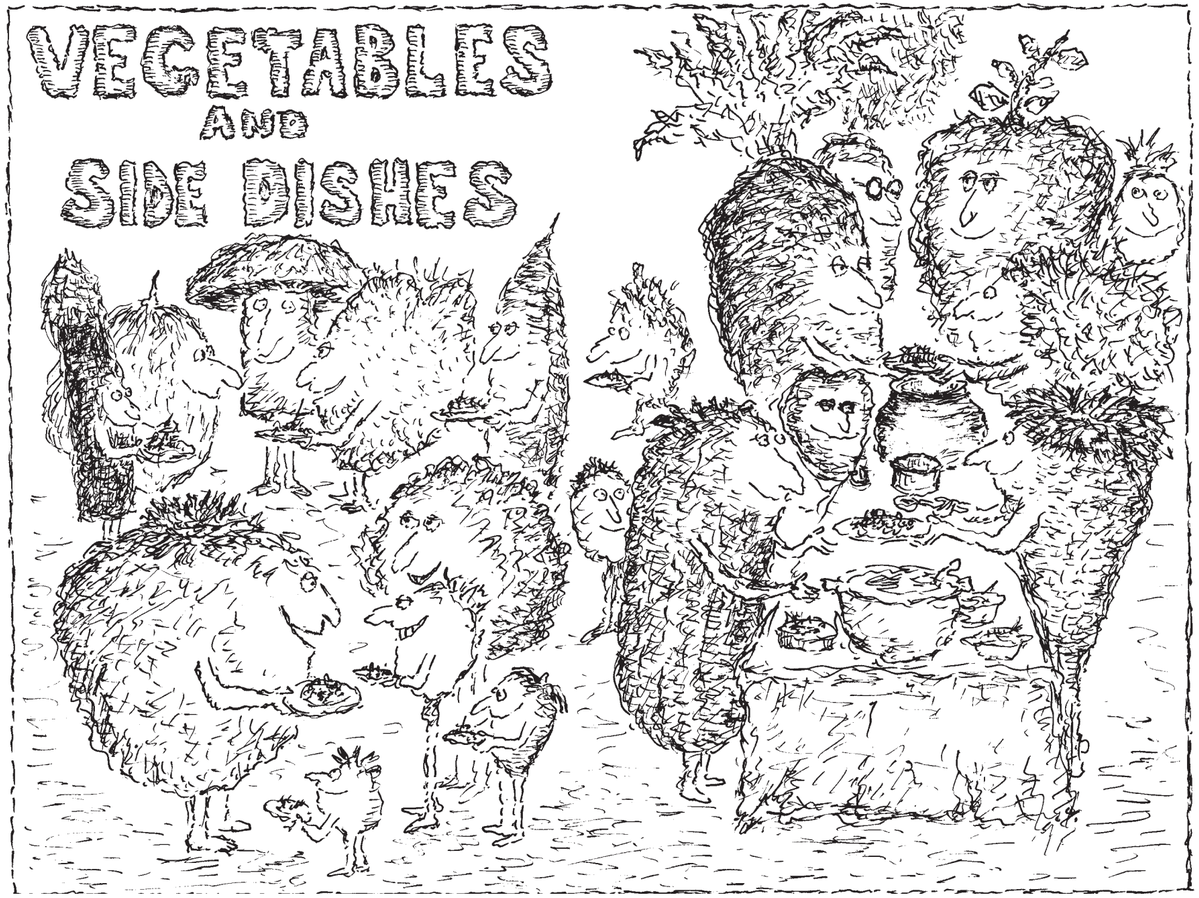
Add the lamb, pushing the onion to the sides. Add the chilies (or cayenne), salt, yogurt, coriander, cumin, ginger, and turmeric. Crush the tomatoes onto the meat and cover closely. Let the meat cook at a very low simmer until the liquid is reduced. If the liquid has not reduced after 45 minutes, cook uncovered until meat is tender; the sauce should reduce to a syrupy thickness by the time the dish is done.

Serve with rice pilaf, *raita*, and chutney. Don't serve nuts and coconut with this, since the pilaf should have raisins and almonds in it.

NOTE: This is best reheated the next day.



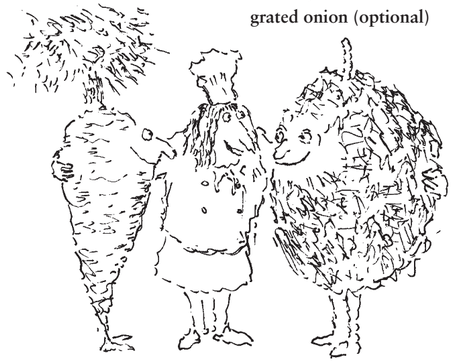
VEGETABLES AND SIDE DISHES



Garlic French Dressing

The amount for six is perhaps more than you might need for one service, but it keeps, covered, in the refrigerator for about ten days. Let it come to room temperature before dressing a salad. You may add lemon juice to your taste. I like it quite lemony.

	6	12	20	50
dry mustard	1 tsp	2 tsp	3¾ tsp	8 tsp
water	1 tbs	2 tbs	3¾ tbs	8 tbs
garlic cloves, finely minced	1	2	3	5
granulated sugar	1 tsp	2 tsp	3½ tsp	5 tsp
salt	1 tsp	2 tsp	3½ tsp	5 tsp
olive oil10	1 c	2c	3½ c	5c
lemon juice	3 tbs	6 tbs	10 tbs	1½ c
grated onion (optional)	1 tsp	2 tsp	3½ tsp	5 tsp



Combine the mustard with the water and let stand 10 minutes. Mix in the garlic, sugar, salt, and oil and let stand for 1 hour. Add the lemon juice and grated onion, if desired, pour into a large jar, and beat or shake very well. Dress the salad just be fore serving.

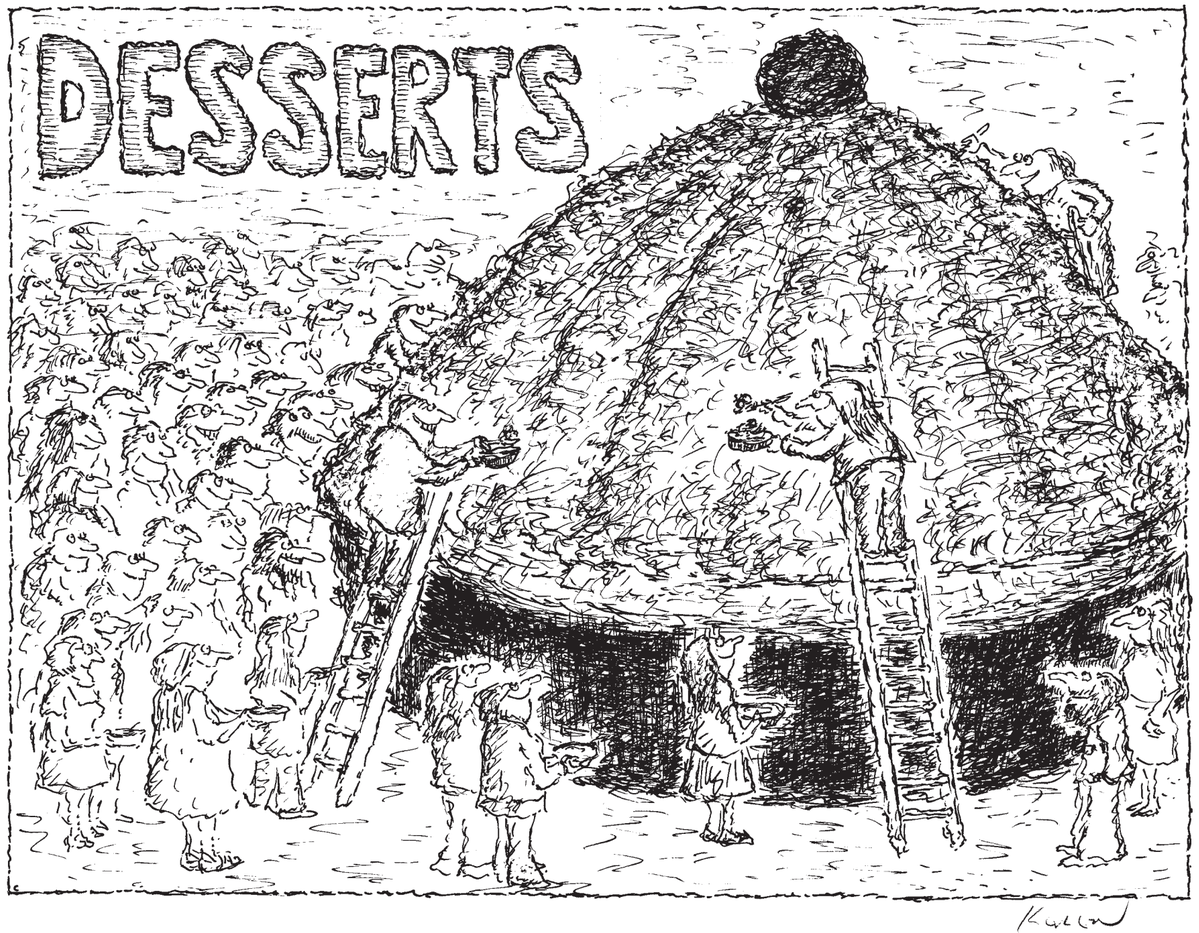
Tabbouleh

This is an unusual, lemony cracked wheat salad, excellent for crowds and easy to prepare. The cracked wheat is soaked until tender and mixed with herbs and vegetables.

	6	12	20	50
bulghar wheat (or cracked wheat)	1 c	2 c	3½ c	8 c
onions, finely chopped	¾ c	1½ c	2¾ c	6 c
scallions, finely chopped	½ c	l c	1¾ c	4¼ c
salt	1 tsp	2 tsp	3¾ tsp	6 tsp
freshly ground black pepper	¼ tsp	½ tsp	¾ tsp	1¾ tsp
Italian parsley, finely chopped	1½ c	3 c	5 c	10 c
fresh mint leaves, finely chopped	½ c	1 c	1¾ c	4 c
or				
dried mint	3 tbs	6 tbs	10 tbs	1 c
lemon juice	½ c	1 c	1¾ c	4 c
olive oil	¾ c	1½ c	2¾ c	6 c
Garnish				
tomatoes, peeled and chopped	2	4	6	12

Cover the wheat with cold water and let stand for 1 hour. Make sure you have put it in a very large pot, as it expands enormously. Drain, then squeeze out the extra water with your hands. Add all the remaining ingredients except the tomatoes and mix with your hands. Place in a large bowl and garnish with the tomatoes.

NOTE: This can be made the day before and refrigerated.


DESSERTS

Toasted Almond Parfait

This is a terribly easy assembly job. If you make it in clear cups, it's an attractive frozen dessert. Very good for large groups, and well liked by children if you leave out the rum. You may want to use blended syrup, as pure maple is expensive. Do ***not*** use "maple-flavoring."

	6	12	20	50
6-oz packages unblanched almonds	**1**	**2**	**3½**	**8**
maple syrup	**¾ c**	**1½ c**	**2¾ c**	**6c**
rum (optional)	**2 tbs**	**4 tbs**	**7 tbs**	**1 c**
vanilla ice cream, softened	**2 pts**	**2 qts**	**3½ qts**	**8 qts**
Garnish				
heavy cream, to be whipped	**1 c**	**2 c**	**3 c**	**5 c**

Preheat the oven to 400°.

Spread the almonds on a baking sheet and toast in the oven, turning occasionally, until browned. Do not let them burn. Chop very fine with food chopper (*not* in the blender). Mix the almonds with the maple syrup to make a thin paste, adding the rum if desired.

Spoon a generous tablespoon of almond paste into the bottom of each of six parfait glasses [or 5-ounce disposable plastic cups]. Cover with a layer of ice cream. Continue the layers until the cups are full; then cover with plastic wrap and freeze until hard. Thirty minutes before serving, remove from the freezer and put in the refrigerator. Top with whipped cream.