

Cooking Parties & Classes

July & August

I'll take a break from open sessions; **special programs are always available on request.**

Looking for a fun, new way to spend an evening or afternoon?

The possibilities are endless -

Girls' Night Out

Cooking Couples

Customer Appreciation

Kids Kook

and lots more....

at your house or mine.

Try a Picnic or Dinner
To-Go!

....because summer should be fun and carefree!

Private Chef & Catering
Services

Romantic Dinners or Celebrations for Family & Friends. At my house or yours.

For more information

Visit the web at www.susannye.com

Contact Susan Nye at

susannye@tds.net or

603/526 7319



When my Grandfather retired he and my Grandmother moved to Cape Cod. To avoid going stir crazy he took on a wide variety of odd jobs to fill his time and pad his social security checks. As a master carpenter he was in great demand for small renovations and as a handy man. In addition to these odd jobs, in the summer he picked blueberries. However, family folklore suggests that Pop never managed to find the best and sweetest berries.

During blueberry season, Nana made a pie at least once a week as well as muffins and from time to time a cake. When my sister Brenda and I were small, our family rented a cottage within walking distance of Nana and Pop's little red house on Bayberry Lane. If the tide was low or no one was available to take us to the beach, Brenda and I would often wander over to Nana's kitchen. She was happy to spend time with us, tell us stories and make us our favorite treats. We got in her way and asked endless questions as she bustled around her tiny kitchen making cookies and pies. Nana always made sure there were a few leftover scraps of pie crust for us to make jam tarts.

One morning after making a blueberry pie, Nana found she had an extra quart or so of berries and asked me to bring them home to my Mother. At age 4 or 5, I was blessed with the brutal honesty of a child. Rather than beat around the bush, I bluntly told her, "Nana, my Mummy says she doesn't want anymore of your darn blueberries, they're sour as swill." Luckily Nana had a good sense of humor and told and retold that story for many years to come.



A few years later we started spending our summers on Pleasant Lake and we found lots of opportunities to pick wild blueberries. There was even a small stand of bushes right in our front yard. They were a bit scraggly and never gave us enough for a pie, especially when the birds beat us to it. However, for a few mornings we could go out and scavenge a few for cereal or pancakes. Along with the birds, we had competition from the family dog. My brother John decided to teach Poppy to pick blueberries. John was maybe 10 at the time and Poppy rarely left his side. He carefully taught her to nibble the berries directly off the bush. Although she didn't know anything about super foods and antioxidants, she thought the trick was loads of fun and especially enjoyed the praise from her favorite boy.

Blueberry Island rises out of the rocks about half way down the eastern shore of Pleasant Lake. When we were little, going to Blueberry Island was always a great adventure and special treat. Two or three families would band together for an afternoon of swimming and waterskiing.



There was never any notion of traveling light. Beach chairs for the ladies, coolers full of food and drink and canvas bags stuffed with towels, t-shirts and suntan lotion were loaded up and hauled over. You would have thought that we were going for a month instead of a couple of hours. There were always more bums than seats, so several trips were made back and forth. As soon as we arrived, kids and dogs would scatter; some to leap off of The Rock and others to search for blueberries. Jumping off The Rock at Blueberry Island is a special rite of passage for children growing up on Pleasant Lake. There is nothing quite as thrilling as that first leap off The Rock and into the cold water. At 6 or 7, it feels like you are jumping from the top of the world. And you probably are.

Enjoy all that summer has to offer and,

Bon appétit! - Susan

Cooking Parties

Learn & Laugh

Private Chef Services

Like to entertain?
Too busy to cook?
Let me do it for you.

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Nana Nye's Blueberry Cake

My sister Brenda still makes Nana's blueberry cake. When her children were little, it was the favorite for summer birthdays.

This is the recipe my Grandmother sent to my sister:

1 egg beaten
1 cup sugar
¼ cup melted butter
2 cup flour
2 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Bake 35 min. and sprinkle with cinnamon sugar

You might notice that her instructions are a bit sparse, she did not list blueberries or milk, indicate what size pan or cooking temperature. We think she just forgot!

A phone call or two later and some adjustments over time, here is

Brenda's Version of Nana Nye's Blueberry Cake

Sift:

2 1/2 c. flour
3 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoon cinnamon

Mix:

2 eggs
¾ cup brown sugar
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup milk
1/3 cup melted butter

Lightly flour:

1 overflowing cup blueberries

Combine all ingredients.

Cook at 400° about 35 - 40 minutes in a 9" x 13" buttered and lightly floured pan.

Sprinkle with cinnamon sugar.