

# THE PIEROGI POTBOILER

"I'll fix him!"

"Here you go,  
you crab."

"She wasn't hurt,  
she was mad."

Continuing with our Comfort Food theme, the latest addition comes from an age old recipe with a contemporary, attitudinal, seaside spin.

My wife tells the story of when she was a little girl her Grammy Dabkowski would make homemade pierogies with sautéed onions and crispy bacon bits. Her father absolutely loved them. One day my mother-in-law tried to duplicate this act of tender, culinary love for her wonderful husband.

Laboring all day rolling out the dough,

peeling and mashing potatoes, folding, blanching, crying over slicing onions, and frying bacon, she was anxious for him to come home from work and see what she had created for him. He finally arrived home, much to her delight, and they sat down for dinner. She was unaware of the terrible day he had. Seeing the pierogies and thinking his mom had made them, an excited smile came to his face. One bite, the smile disappeared, and he asked sharply, "Who made these leatherbacks??"

His wife said "I did. I was trying to make something you would love." His reply was "Well I don't and they're tough and chewy". She wasn't hurt, she was mad. How could he be so rude after all that work? The next day she figured "I'll fix him!" She did all the work again except this time she boiled off some hard shell crabs and put them on top. When he returned that night they once again sat down for dinner. This time she slammed the plate down in front of him and said "Here you

go, crab." He felt ashamed until she started laughing and said "You were right; they were leatherbacks". This time, however, they were light and tender just like Mom's.

One night Dave Dinbokowitz, proprietor of Grammy D's Pierogies, while dining at Marblehead asked, "Would you ever consider selling pierogies here?" While discussing the possibility, I was reminded of this story and thought, "That might just work; they're comforting!" We decided to skip the shell, serve horseradish crème fraiche with it, and lo and behold—it's a hit. Our customers are currently eating Grammy D's at a rate of many dozens per week.

Although we make most of our comforting items from scratch, Dave and his staff make their pierogis so well by hand. And since none of our chefs has a Polish bone in their bodies, we wouldn't want to turn any of our beloved guests "crabby" by serving you "leatherbacks!"

*Barnacle Bob*