



Quest for Fire

SATISFYING A PRIMITIVE DESSERT URGE.

With two sticks, you can make a fire. With one stick, you can make s'mores. The Girl Scouts had the right idea when they first published this popular recipe in their 1927 book, "Tramping and Trailing With the Girl Scouts." The formula, which will be celebrated on National S'mores Day, August 10, has remained unchanged: "Toast two marshmallows over the coals to a crisp, gooey state and then put them inside a graham cracker and chocolate bar sandwich. The heat of the marshmallow between the halves of chocolate bar will melt the chocolate a bit. Though it tastes like 'some more,' one is really enough." Well, that's their opinion. The first time I tasted a s'more, I was 5. My mother, who was the president of the Girl Scouts of Chicago, took me "camping," along with 20 inner-city girls, to a friend's farm in Iowa. On the second

night, a tornado whipped through the tents that had been set up in a field. (I managed to sleep through it in the farmhouse, which my mother mentions to this day.) The scared, wet girls were brought inside and led to the fireplace, where we began toasting marshmallows and unwrapping Hershey's bars — a first for all of us. No one ate just one (a tradition I upheld during subsequent summers at camp). These days I might squish the charred Stay Puft between dark-chocolate-covered Le Petit Écolier cookies, or impale one of Pierre Marcolini's chocolate-chip-studded marshmallows on a fancy-pants skewer and eat it on its own (look, Mom, no carbs). But still nothing beats the combination of cheap chocolate, honey grahams and a flaming marshmallow lighting up the night.

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