It’s summer. Time for tomatoes and Vidalia onions with blue cheese, fresh corn on the cob, burgers, and of course beer.

The burgers are from Food Source, the Yuppie food store on the Main Line, where the ground beef in the burgers is all prime, scraps from prime filet and dry aged rib eye. Yum. Burgers look pretty good getting started. They look pretty good when my spices have blackened. Jean still can’t quite deal with habaneros or even with a solid slam of cayenne, so both Jamaican Jerk and Cajun are solidly off limits for her, and her burgers are seasoned simply with a little garlic.

I’m particularly pleased with the way the mesquite smoke photographs this time. I shot fully manual, at ISO 800, f stop 8 to get the depth of field I wanted, and speed 1/250 to keep the smoke crisp.

There is nothing particularly interesting about the appearance of melting smoked gouda. The taste is great, but there is no need for a photograph.

And there is nothing particularly interesting about the appearance of the Ballast Point Sculpin IPA. It’s a great beer, and the taste is great, but there is no need for a photograph.

Happy summer. Happy smoking. Happy grilling. Enjoy the corn and the tomatoes. And, of course, enjoy the beer.
Since it is summer, we are blessed with an abundance of wildlife, which we stubbornly refer to as our pets. We have baby foxes. We have baby rabbits. We have fat and sassy ground hogs. At least I think they are ground hogs. The ground hogs come right up to the house to eat the grass closest to our patio, but they are enormously timid and flee at the slightest sound or flicker of movement. Does the grass taste better near the house? Or do the ground hogs secretly enjoy the danger of life near the edge?

The foxes are getting bigger, and are growing bigger faster than the rabbits are growing bigger. I see tragedy ahead. But as someone who eats so much meat myself, it would be hypocritical to complain about the foxes’ diet. At least now that Julia has gotten large enough to be off the menu.