A Spectacular Spread

SUMMER RECIPES
FROM TOP LOCAL CHEFS*

*Including salads from Clover, burgers from Catalyst and all the fixin's!

ON THE WATERFRONT
Will the Charles River Be a Dining Destination?

Plus
HOW BOSTON TECHIES ARE REVOLUTIONIZING RESTAURANTS

EZRA'S COMMENCEMENT SPEECH
We Take Care of Our Own

There’s no more hugely charitable and fiercely clannish fraternity in Boston than the restaurant community, which organized an epic event, *Boston Bites Back,* to raise a minimum of $1 million for the One Fund.

Held at Fenway Park and hosted by celebrity chefs Ming Tsai and Ken Oringer, the event drew literally every top chef, philanthropist and foodie in town, among them: lovable funnyman Lenny Clarke, the stunning Gretchen Monahan and her soap opera star husband, Ricky Pauli Goldin, PR guru Mario Fojman, car care Herb Chambers and his son, George, the dapper David Drumheller, shucker and jiver CJ Hulse, the hale and hearty Greg Lobber with the radiant Stephanie, fiber Boston boosters Lynne and Gary Smith, blue-blooded rummy Andrew Cabot and the curiously tall Nelse Clark, and so on and so forth. More importantly in attendance, though, were some victims of the marathon bombings, first responders and medical personnel, who proved that no pathetic zealot can put a dent in this city’s spirit.

Every inch of Fenway was filled with good food and goodwill, and anyone who went home hungry only had schmoozing to blame. As one guest put it: “There may be bigger cities than Boston, but none has a bigger heart.”

Pretty in Pink

From Prego-Bismol to bubble gum, pretty much every shade of pink was represented when the Breast Cancer Research Foundation hosted its annual Hot Pink Party at the InterContinental Boston.

This year’s theme was “feathers, glitter and glam,” and the high-octane crowd included the likes of cosmetics scion Leonard Lauder, Inside Edition kewpie doll Deborah Norville, TV anchor Kelley Tuthill, philanthropic fun couple Linda and Dan Waintrup, the toothsome twosome of Penelope Fireman and Ashley Bernon, the terrible threesome of Suhail Kwatra and Sal Malafrance, Palm Beach doyenne Sandy Krakoff, laugh riot Lynn Dale and her adoring other half, Frank Wisnieski, the delightful Elisha Daniels (in a pink ostrich feather dress), man of the world Alex Leventhal, honorees Peter and Carolyn Lynch, bride-to-be Joanna Humphrey, redheaded sirens Michelle O’Neil, hero and Patriot (in every sense of the word) Joe Andruzzi, the incomparable Jane Moss, yummy mummy Meredith Starr and one woman who said, “I might not be wearing pink, but I am wearing Wonder Woman undies.”

Cocktails and dinner were followed by a performance from the arresting beauty hip-hop star Sheen Rose, which prompted one guest to murmur, “This is more of a Tony Bennett crowd, but if you want to hire a rapper to entertain a roomful of 78-year-olds, be my guest.”

Meanwhile, the award for quick recovery from foot-in-mouth disease went to the man who was introduced to a woman he already knew and said, “The Children’s Museum in the window behind you makes you look so young I didn’t recognize you.”

Air Kisses Only

The horse-race scene in *My Fair Lady* has nothing on Party in the Park, the luncheon to benefit the Justine Mee Lifstrand of the Emerald Necklace Conservancy.

Famously known as “the hat party,” it causes a noticeable uptick in the sale of elaborate hats, and it’s held in a fantastically decorated tent on the Fenway. This year, even the heavily outnumbered men upped their game, sporting panamas, pork pies, fedoras, homburgs and, in one instance, a fierce-looking fascinator.

Seen sipping champagne at midfield were such ladies who lunch, and the men who love them, as brunette bombshell Julie Hume Gordon, incorrigible scamp Krystian von Speidel, three of the Owens ladies—

“I hate wearing hats. They make me look like a toadstool.”

Biddy, Julia and Lizzie—with the dapper Bob, honorees Hizowntown Tom and Angela Menino, the comme il faut Wendy Shattuck, grande dame Holly Safford, Cambridge chatelaine RoAnn Costin, the indefatigable Janet Atkins, latter-day Louise Brooks Jane Roy, real estate mack daddy Norman Leventhal, fashion plate Jeanette Hsu-McSweeney, Our Lady of Chanel Mary Nobile King and every other boldface woman in Boston.

Unlike the delicious quail that was served as a main course, the witty persiflage was flying. Among the comments overhead:

“I hate wearing hats. They make me look like a toadstool.”

“I’m hoping to get invited to a fancy English wedding so I can amortize the cost of this monstrosity on my head.”

And: “I broke my leg at the Playboy mansion during a fundraiser for breast cancer,” to which someone else responded, “How appropriate. I’m assuming there are lots of breasts there.”

*Are you skills?* Did? A spectacular social occasion? Call J.S. at 617-859-1460, ex. 303, or send an e-mail to jonathan@improper.com.