

Points East

By:
Ike Adams



I just polished off a big bowl of ice cream but about all I can tell you is that it was cold and creamy. My smeller ain't working again and my head is throbbing and the doc said that if I concentrated on eating and drinking really cold stuff might help. Not that I need an excuse to eat ice cream.

It says on the box that the flavor is "Deep Dark Secrets." Kemps is the brand name. I've been getting "Double Fudge" and "Homemade Chocolate" Blue Bunny brand, but they don't carry it in Wim Dixie so I asked one of the women working there to recommend the chocolatest chocolate they had in the store and she literally grabbed me by the hand and led me to Deep Dark Secrets.

I've discovered, over the years, that it is an effort in futility to talk to a male human being about chocolate. If it's brown and edible most men figure it is chocolate and they either like it or not. Most men go out on Valentine's Day and buy an expen-

sive box of serious chocolate candy for wives and girl friends figuring they will put the brand name together with the price and be impressed.

I use Valentine's Day as an excuse to shop for some pricey chocolate for Loretta because I know that I'm going to eat 90 percent of it. Loretta is one of those people who needs one little nibble of chocolate every month or so to be happy. Maybe two little squares of one of those Hershey bars that are blocked off in eight pieces. Normally when I get her a box of candy she looks at the code inside the cover to figure out which piece has a pecan stashed inside it and I eat the rest. I tell her it's a sin to let good fresh chocolate go unappreciated.

My friend, Debbie Spezio, in New Orleans is Catholic and she is typical of several other women I know who are genuinely passionate about their chocolate. Lent is one of those Catholic things where you give up something you like to eat or drink for forty days. Debbie is so serious about her

religion that she gave up chocolate. I know another woman who gave up beer and she told me that she couldn't wait until Lent was over because the Irish Whiskey she'd been guzzling was about to give her an ulcer. Unfortunately there is no substitute for chocolate as far as most women are concerned.

I, however, am perfectly happy with a big slice of apple pie or cheese cake if I can't have chocolate. And I have come up with a recipe for apple pie that you need to try.

A few weeks ago, I had my heart set on cheese cake and discovered that I didn't have all the ingredients in the house. On the other hand, I had a bunch of apples that were shriveling up but refusing to rot—too dried out to eat but too unspoiled to toss in the garbage so I began mulling over the basic concept of cheese cake and apple pie and wondered what a crisis might taste like. I call it Cheese Cake Cousin Apple Pie and the recipe follows. This may easily be the best thing you'll get out of my column in the new millennium.

CHEESE CAKE COUSIN

APPLE PIE
(makes 2 nine-inch, deepdish pies)
10 cups or thereabouts of peeled, thinly sliced tart granny smith apples

18 oz. pack Philadelphia cream cheese
16 oz. pack sour cream
1 cup honey
1 cup sugar
3 tbsp. corn starch
2 tsp. each, cinnamon, nutmeg all-spice

1 tsp. vanilla extract
2 score bought, deep dish pie shells and top crusts*

In a large mixing bowl, place cream cheese, sour cream and honey. Microwave on power level 5 for six minutes. Remove and stir until mixture is creamy. Add sugar, corn starch, spices and vanilla and combine with mixer on high speed for a couple of minutes. Place apples in even amounts inside the pie shells and cover with even amounts of filling. Cover with the pie crust and crimp edges. Use a cable fork to punch in few holes in top crust and bake at 325 for 35 minutes, or until crust is golden brown. *If you can't find the top pie crusts at your grocer, substitute with a Graham Cracker pie crust recipe (on the side of all Graham Cracker boxes) which actually makes it a double first cousin to cheese cake.

This is best served cold or cold. But to get as close to heaven as you can here on earth, I recommend that you have a big bowl of Deep Dark Secret ice cream on the side.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



A Little Of Both

Laying the paper aside to rest my eyes this morning I glanced out the kitchen window and the motion of leaves on the tree next to the driveway, and a squirrel scurrying up to its nest in the fork of the branches caught my eyes. Then my eyes went further and skimmed over a lawn big enough to be a small field or patch of corn, bordered by a sidewalk on Tevis St.

and Richmond St.

When I moved here ten years ago a beautiful and productive orchard was there. Edna Coates, the owner at that time, and the orchard are now gone. But the good earth covered with grass, a large shade tree, and the remains of an orchard are still there.

It now belongs to the local Olympic, Lee Cain, whose eye clinic on Richmond St. is directly across from

it. The eye clinic, a dentist office, a repair garage, car wash and small grocery store with gas pumps, complete the business section I can see from my window. The hillside beyond, also visible from my window, added another touch of nostalgia to my early morning reveries and another reminder of life on the farm. Various shades of green from a variety of trees and an occasional patch of what looked like freshly cleared ground could be seen. (garden spots maybe?)

By now I had forgotten the morning paper. A new idea was being born. Why this was almost a dream come true. I had the best of two worlds. Hmm, I had to take a better look and compare what I am seeing with my dream of once again living in town where I could walk on sidewalks, have street lights at night so one could find the number on a house or avoid the rough patches in the sidewalk and where I could see traffic and hear the accompanying noise that is always present and I had missed since moving to the country. I have always loved the noises that go with living in a busy world. The sound of a train whistle blowing as it enters the station, the sound of street cars passing by, the sounding of horns from an impatient driver, (that one sometimes got on my nerves), the sound of factories operating and whistles blowing at noon telling all within sound it was lunch time. All these things I was familiar with and loved the feeling of security that all was well when I heard them.

When I moved to the farm all I could see was trees, a few spaces of half cleared ground for gardens and men in overalls at work. And the only sounds were of birds singing, hens clucking to their little chicks or roosters crowing at the break of day. Or a cow mooing at the mill gate when milking time was near. Even those sounds, except the birds singing, weren't there when I first arrived.

The ringing of hammers and whining of saws when the house was being built was music to my ears. But time did go on and as it passed I became aware of other sounds of life and learned to love them. These were not the harsh sounds of horns, and whistles nor the constant clanking of machinery from the factory, these were the soft sounds of birds singing in the early morning or twittering in late evening when they were going to bed. The sound of a whippoorwill at night as he called to a mate and the answering call from some distant place in the depths of the woods. It was the sound of tree frogs filling the air with their message, "spring is here." The hooting of a hoot owl or the laughter of laughing owls when they gathered for their convention in late fall. These were not noises, these were life creatures, singing a heavenly chorus and each did his part beautifully.

There were other sounds of course that caused concern to a city girl beginning a family in the isolation of an undeveloped part of Rockcastle County and made her wish to be back in the city. This was the sound of a sick child crying out in the middle of the night and the closest doctor 22 miles away and no way to get there. Or the sound of a shot somewhere near the distance and one knew there was trouble abroad. These were the frightful sounds that was a part of being in an isolated section of the mountains.

My disliking for the sight of trees began soon after our move to what was later known as the farm. "There were trees, some not much more than

young sprouts, others full grown, but calls left from a former cutting of the timber, everywhere I looked. This was not the forest I had dreamed of, nor was it an estate with towering trees decorating the background. It was simply young trees without character, and none big enough to give shade to the little clearing where our house was being built. But in time that all changed, as all growing things have a tendency of doing.

Mat was a lover of nature with trees and wild flowers being his main concern. He guarded the trees from damage and watched them grow tall and strong, but picked the wildflowers from early spring till the last golden-rod was gone to decorate my kitchen table with. I can still almost see him as he entered the door in early spring with a handful of bright red wild flowers and say, "Look what I found today!" I thought you might like them. That would be the beginning of a spring and summer with some sort of wild flowers decorating a favorite spot at all times. And often he would suggest a walk in the woods to show me a section I hadn't seen before. Of course Mat knew every hillside and valley and exactly what kind of trees were growing there so when we entered a section I hadn't seen I was never surprised when what lay beyond was more trees, a mixture of all kinds. Some were tall plants with the wind whistling or moaning through the tops. There were white oaks and red oaks some towering above and others trying to catch up. I didn't know the difference between them but later I learned the white oaks were the most valuable. Mat's knowledge of the land and trees amazed me, yet I was bored with the details of which would be the most valuable when they reached maturity. I needed the security of some thing ready for harvest then. Not twenty years in the future.

Dogwood trees were scattered about where there had been a former clearing or fire and when in bloom their white blossoms decorated the fringes of the woodland like a white ruffle on a skirt. They are usually an aftermath of over cutting or fire damage. And since our farm had been the victim of each we later had more than a beautiful supply of them. Often their white blossoms decorated the dogwood in full bloom could literally almost take one's breath away. The whole valley below would look like a huge snow drift. A walk along a narrow ridge edged with the trees and the hillside below covered with dogwood in full bloom could literally almost take one's breath away. The song, "How Great Thou Art" would always come to mind and often I would burst forth in a song of praise as I viewed the scene.

Now, since my home there is gone and my age has slowed my steps I no longer hike to the ridges above and look down on dogwoods in bloom nor can I see which trees are ready for harvest. I can only see the ones blooming beside the road as I am being driven to "the farm." And occasionally see a big tree towering above the rest and wonder, is that one ready for harvest?

Now I can be thankful for a view of the hills beyond, the big yard with trees shading the house, next door, and the remains of an orchard all from my kitchen window. I can also enjoy the sidewalks and street lights, and wonderful next door neighbors I yearned for in my isolation on the farm. So, you see I now have more than a "BIT OF BOTH!"

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