

Points East

By:
Ike Adams

It's apple picking time in old Kentucky and there's not a better thing to wear the palate grown on land within the Commonwealth than a ripe apple picked straight off the tree this time of year.

The orchards are full and far between but, as mentioned in a recent column, all you really need is one good tree such as the one nestled in the corner between daughter Carol's driveway and the street that fronts her house in Stanford, Ky. It has borne yielded several bushels that relatives, friends and neighbors have gladly turned into pies and quarts of sauce and apple-butter over the last few weeks and left some folks muttering that they'd have liked more than they got even though I would not, personally, have given more than a dollar for the truck-load Carol's tree produced.

But since it was so popular, I have taken it upon myself to name the fruit, "Carol Lee's Little Striped Soupsauce", and I intend to have it grafted for propagation because I figure the women hereabouts who are raving over it know more than me about baking—and this pie are surely the best I have ever eaten.

In the meantime, I have grieved over the lack of Grimes Golden and thought for sure that they were gone from the face of earth. My friend, confidant and buddy, Diana Hays, who lives in Berea knew that her uncle in Jackson County still had a bearing tree so back in July or August, we conspired to offer him 30 bucks or so a bushel so we could have enough to dry some for the makings

of fried apple pies and, maybe some self-seasoned apple butter.

And then Diana emailed me and said we needed to resort to plan B. Her uncle's tree had been uprooted by a storm long before the apples were ripe enough to pick or have any utility and, maybe our best bet was to start some seedlings onto which we could graft sprouts from the mother tree. It was our considered opinion that Grimes Golden were a thing of the past unless we sprang to action.

Actually, I think that was my suggestion, but Diana bought into it, so I've been spraying some seedlings with hopes of grafting old Grimes Golden sprouts from her uncle's tree onto them and hoping to live long enough to savor one again before I die.

And then one day last week Loretta came home with half a bushel of apples that she had purchased at Brummett's Orchard & Apple House which is located just outside Crab Orchard in Lincoln County, some ten miles from our house as the crow flies. The apples looked and smelled suspiciously familiar.

Turned out that one of Loretta's friends, Catherine Pingelton, who lives in Lancaster, was making a trip to the orchard to get a bushel or two of those little rusty yellow apples that dry up so well and she invited Loretta and Adella Stevenson along. They called them Grimes or Grimesy or something like that, said Loretta and when I bit into one there was no doubt. Sweeter than sugar with spices built in. Juicy and crunchily. Grimes Golden, pure and

simple. The best tasting (not necessarily the prettiest) apple God ever had any thing to do with.

I couldn't wait until Saturday morning but somehow I did and at the crack of dawn I was hurrying around and muttering to Loretta to get to me so we could head back for the orchard.

Planted in the early 40's and still run by Francis and Rovenna Brummett, there are still hundreds of bearing Grimes Golden in the orchard. There are also Red and Golden

Delicious, Red Rome Beauties and Winesaps—more than 5,000 apple trees all told and over 1,500 peach trees in the orchard. It has to be one of the best kept secrets in Kentucky.

Francis is 77 years-old and his wife, Rovenna, is 71, but they still tend the orchard along with managing harvesting and they were lifting and dumping apples from bushel baskets into large paper bags and running conversations with a steady line of customers as though they were teenagers.

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

Thank you to the people at Rock of Ages Mission for being here when I needed help. I had no food for my kids. I didn't worry about myself, just my kids. I had two slices of bread. Some of you have been there. Right? I was ready to give up—when you're down, you're down.

I found a card saying Rock of Ages Mission, "A Friend Indeed." I needed a friend. I called, and when I told my story, I started crying. As a people, we waste so much but to have no food for your kids. I felt empty inside, so helpless.

The Mission lady gave me good food for my family. I am crying now to think that I could call someone who could help me. I have three children.

God bless you and the Mission. If you help keep food in the mission, they can help you, too.

Love to the Mission.
The Robison Family

Dear Editor,

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the many businesses and people who make Vacation Bible School a success each year at Brush Creek Holiness Church and have for the past 13 years.

First of all, I would like to thank God for making all things possible. For without Christ, we can do nothing on our own. I would also like to thank the following businesses for the many years of contributing food, ice, coupons for free treats or discounted prices on purchases made. Brush Creek Holiness Church.

agers. Business was brisk: Ten dollars a bushel unless you want the culls and they are 6 bucks a bushel. The big difference between the culls and the regulars is that the culls are already ripe and the regulars can stand a few days of hauling and storing.

Bottom line folks, is that if you have a day off, you can pay for a 400 mile round trip to meet two wonderful people by purchasing a basket or two of the finest apples (10 bucks a bushel!) you will ever eat and, in the process, get to see Kentucky countryside as good as it gets. The address for Brummett's Orchards is 5060 Hwy. 39 South Crab Orchard, Ky. 40419. Or just find Crab Orchard on the map, get there, and ask directions to the orchard. You will be glad you did.

And you will meet two hard-working, super active, far younger than you, so-called senior citizens who will tell you, without blinking an eye when you ask how they stay so healthy and full of strength and energy. "Grow and eat more apples!"

Sunday School Fund, Pizza Hut, Apollo's Pizza, Wendy's, Dairy Queen, Peg's Food Mart/Cigo, Food World, Drey Inn, Denny's Restaurant, BP Service Station/Bur, Save A Lot and B&A Concessions. A special thank you to our neighboring church, Flat Rock Baptist, for use of their chairs and also, in previous years, thanks to Dowell and Martin Funeral Home for the use of their tent and chairs.

We are very blessed with businesses in our community who are good to show their support for church and school activities.

Also, thanks to the many who donated their money, time, prayers and love to help make Bible School a success. Thank you to all the teachers, helpers, recreation people, refreshment and cleanup committees. I appreciate you all more than you will ever know.

May God richly bless you all!
Sincerely,
Debbie Francisco
VBS Director
Rev. Glen McGuire, pastor

Dear Editor,

November 2003 - Kentucky will head to the polls to elect their leadership for the next four years. The race for the top job in the state is a very close one, so it is important that people know exactly who they

(Cont. to A-7)



T.J.'s Journal

by: Tonya J. Cook

Today I think I'll address a subject very "close" to me. It's time to mention the unmentionable. Yes, it's time to discuss the history of underwear. Now before you think I've thought my karpis, I'll give you a few glimpses to consider.

It's my firm opinion that the less fabric there is in America's underwear, the less quality we have in the fabric of society. Remember where you heard it first. For instance, it's only been two or three years ago when I was out shopping in a little clothing boutique, I saw something that caught my attention. It was a wicker basket full of very colorful strips of material. Just assumed from a distance of about ten or twelve feet that it was a basket of headbands. They were on sale for fifty cents a piece. This was a pretty good deal, so I thought I'd get about a dozen. I started to select a few of these headbands and discovered they weren't headbands at all. They were thong underwear. It was only a waistband and a string. Boy, you talk about a wedge!

Just think how far we've come in only a hundred years. A hundred years ago, women wore pantaloons almost down to their ankles and if a man so much as saw a glimpse of her

undies, it was as good as a marriage proposal.

There's a lot to be said about underwear. One of the first things that your mother teaches you is about underwear. "Remember, honey, don't get caught in an accident without clean panties," she would say. First, if I'm in an accident, they may not be too clean. Second, if I'm in an accident, my underwear will be the last thing on my mind.

Underwear can cause serious problems if found in the wrong place. Just think of all the coals men have been faked over because strange undies were found in their cars, suitcases, around the house, or various other places. Boys, there's a lot of enough sisters or mothers or daughters or aunts or cousins to own this stuff. You might want to think about pleading temporary insanity and sticking with it. Hopefully, everyone should have enough trust in their relationship not to have to explain the situation.

Some people should have a huge collection of undies by now. Every woman knows it's only proper to have taken panties along to an Elvis

(Cont. to A-7)

Travelers' Diarrhea

Presented by Dr. David Brabon

It can ruin a vacation. Travelers' diarrhea, which is caused by a toxin from bacteria, can be quite severe. But there are