

The return & a disappointment... A not so tasty TASTYKAKE... A new dining experience in Newton Falls...Dancing in the Street in Newton Falls... Off to the Feather Ball

All, the return to Wisconsin has begun. At the moment, I am in Newton Falls, Ohio. The drive has been uneventful. Fine with me. There was, however, one significant disappointment. Followed by another once I arrived in Newton Falls.

A not so tasty TASTYKAKE...

I think would be safe to say that each of us has a favorite treat that we recall from our youth. It would be a safe bet to say that everyone who grew up in the Philadelphia area has fond memories of TASTYKAKE baked goods. One of my favorites, if not my absolute favorite, was the butterscotch krimpet.

Invariably, when I would be driving to New Jersey, I would stop at a service area at the eastern end of Pennsylvania where I could find this treat for sale. Of course, the price was outrageous because I was on a Turnpike, but I didn't care I needed my fix.

Today, I stopped at one of those service areas in order to relive a childhood memory. No way. Some years ago, TASTYKAKE was acquired by another baking company. That sent shockwaves through Philadelphia because it was a unique Philadelphia institution. The public was promised there would be no change in the product. Yeah, right...

Well, the butterscotch krimpet I had today fell horribly short of the original. TASTYKAKE used to wrap all of its products, very neatly in waxed paper. Now, they are enclosed in some sort of sealed plastic bag. Difficult to open. The product itself as shrunk in size. The once hefty krimpet has been reduced to something that will remind you of a ladyfinger. The icing is more pseudo-butterscotch than butterscotch. It was put on haphazardly – sloppily. The worst part was the fact that my fingers felt greasy after holding this once delightful treat. I am afraid that TASTYKAKE and I will exist only in my memory, as there is no future. Alas.

A new dining experience in Newton Falls...

My routine for the past 15 years has been to get a meatball sandwich at a place that never disappointed. This evening, went to the same place, ordered the sandwich, and decided I didn't want to eat it because I noticed that everyone working there had a cold. None of them were wearing masks. I was. (Note: I recalled how the place was when my friend Salvatore Giuliani was in charge. Sadly, he died. Nothing is been the same since.)

After I paid for the sandwich, I decided there was no way that I was going to eat it. Because I was still hungry, I decided to search for an alternative restaurant. I took a ride down the main drag and, lo and behold, I found very nice local restaurant. They offered both Italian and basic comfort food.

Although I cannot recall the name of the place even though I took a souvenir placemat with me so I wouldn't forget the name, I can tell you little bit about. I started off with Italian wedding soup; it was so good that, if I had been with the right person I would've married her on the spot. Next there was a meatball sandwich which was quite good. In addition, the waitress was very interested in making sure that I enjoyed the meal. This restaurant is going to be my new stop in Newton Falls.

You can dance in the street in Newton Falls...

I was surprised to hear music when I stepped out of my car after parking it on the main street near the aforementioned restaurant. What surprised me even more was the music that was being played. It was all big band music out of the 1940s. Glenn Miller was featured. There were a couple of melodies from movies that Ginger Rogers had done. It's not often you hear music played publicly on the street. The only other time I experienced this was in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

At any rate, I liked the music and wondered why more towns don't take this approach to soothing the public. The risk is it might irritate some people. Well, then's the breaks.

Off to the Feather Ball...

I am at the point where it's time to stop writing. It has been a long day. Not having Nova – the Husky next to me when I am headed to the Feather Ball will be a bit of a change from this past week. I am sure that I will adjust. What I will miss the most is having breakfast with Ciara.

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

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