

July 26, 2026 at 11:59 PM CDT

Kitchen adventures...How to preserve the cheese... The problem... The resolution of the problem... Reminiscing about waxed paper... A certainty...

All, my kitchen adventures continue. Yesterday afternoon I was craving some cheddar cheese, sharp cheddar. The craving was sufficient to motivate me to head to the grocery store where I knew I would get exactly what I wanted. Little did I know that this craving would lead me to waxed paper.

How to preserve the cheese...

After I sliced off the cheese that I wanted, I had to refrigerate it. In order to keep the cheese from drying out I knew that I had to wrap it so that would be protected from air and other flavors while in the refrigerator. The obvious choice to wrap the cheese was:



So, that's what I started out to do. It did not go well.

The problem...

Apparently, the last time that I used this product I made a mistake when I put it away. I allowed it to rewind so that I could not find the start of the roll. It was the same sort of experience I have had when I somehow let a roll of *Scotch* tape get stuck to itself. It's almost impossible to figure out how to get it started again. [Note: I hope that what I have described is clear, because it was hard to describe in words.]

To make a long story short I knew that I had to do something to protect the cheese when it I would be returned to the refrigerator. Aluminum foil was out of the question because I thought it might make the cheese taste funny. The only other option that I had was a roll of waxed paper that I had bought at a Mexican grocery store, owned by my friend Narcisco Sandoval, in Merrillan, WI:



I'm not sure why I bought waxed paper because I didn't have any pressing need for; however, I had it and I think I had a pressing need.

The resolution of the problem...

Fortunately, I was able to remember how my mother used to wrap my sandwiches for school lunch in waxed paper. She did it to perfection. The sandwiches were always nice and fresh at lunch time. (Mom specialized in peanut butter and jelly.) By applying her technique to the cheese, I was able to wrap it up and a way that would preserve it while in the icebox. (Did I just say "icebox"? That's a word that I picked up from my father, who as far as I can remember never said refrigerator.)

Reminiscing about waxed paper...

Earlier in the evening I was talking with my date for the Senior prom at Haddonfield Memorial High School, Louise Nittinger, now Louise Nittinger Stotz. We hadn't spoken for a while and I was thinking of her. So, I called. Among the things we talked about was my adventure with waxed paper and my frustration with not being able to get the clear wrap off the roll because it might as well have been invisible.

Louise was kind enough to share her experience with *Scotch* tape when the beginning of the roll cannot be found. (I am willing to bet that there is not a single person who is in the APT Group who has not had this situation arise.) While we spoke, I got to thinking about how I could possibly lift the invisible beginning of the plastic wrap from the main roll. I guessed that *Scotch* tape might help. With Louise's encouragement I held on to a short piece of *Scotch* tape and applied it to the plastic wrap roll. I was lucky because I found the invisible beginning. So, when I lifted it off I was able to pick up the plastic wrap. Louise was happy for me, especially since she understands my lack of kitchen savvy. My next step was to thread it through the dispenser so that I would be able to use it with no problem.

A certainty...

Louise and I graduated high school in 1963. In that era psychedelic substances were not available. The worst thing the kids in high school did was drinking. And we didn't do that. We were just sober teens.

I believe that there would be no way that either of us would've been able to imagine that 63 years after our senior prom we would be having a conversation about the virtues of waxed paper and plastic wrap, along with the frustration of not being able to find the beginning of a roll *Scotch* tape. Of course, had **psYchede4CS** been at our disposal, we might have had that conversation in 1963.

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

Ken