

Trabing

Mostly about People

By Wally Trabing



How To Judge Goodies

Santa Cruz County Fair — I sat in with the bakery and candy judges on the eve of the fair (excuse me while I lengthen my belt another notch — “Aaaaaah”) and have concluded that here are the unheralded ladies of our universe.

In their mouths rested decisions of great import to that diminishing school of women who bless their husbands or if unmarried, whomever, with cookery untainted by commercial mixes and Madison avenue.

The judges were ladies of humor who look upon an ample girth with pride, divisible by pie squared.

“Mr. Trabing that’s the second slice of pecan pie. It is NOT the way to judge taste!” said one lady.

“Notice that we take tiny bites.”

I noticed and took tiny bites. It took longer to eat that way.

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We got into the brownies, nine or 10 entries.

One lady snorted: “They put stuff in the fair I wouldn’t serve my friends. Here’s a dampy and I’m not cussin’. A brownie should be a bit dampish, but at the same time chewy.”

I ate the dampies, the chewys, the firmies, rolling my eyes to denote thought.

No commercial mixes are allowed in any baking entries.

“We can tell,” said a judge. “We don’t use them at home very often, because our husbands are spoiled and they can tell. Oh, boy, can they!”

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There were six lemon pie entries.

“Mr. Trabing, would you kindly leave a crumb for judging?”

There were several apricot

pies with crisp sugary crusts and deep orange fruit and an aroma more beckoning than Sandra Dee.

“Please, Mr. Trabing!”

Someone with a magic wand in her kitchen conjured up a Boston cream pie that whispered to me. I unnotched my belt and answered the call.

The fruitcake was out of season, but not THAT out of season.

With greatest restraint I kept my hands from reaching the magnificent banana layer cake with white creamy frosting.

For a whole 22 seconds.

“You’re leaving claw marks on the cake,” scowled a judge.

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At the fudge table two judges were bird nipping six or seven sample entries. I fudged in and nipped with them.

This was followed by panocha, rocky road, coffee molts.

“Mr. Trabing, you’re eating my piece!” said an indignant judge.

“It is excellent,” I judged.

“Ummm,” said a lady at the next table, nibbling a piece of chocolate pie.

“Excuse me,” I said to the fudge tasters, and staggered over.

“Umm, indeed,” I said, letting the chocolate cream waltz across my tongue.

The fudge ladies worked their way into the divinity.

“Divine,” I said, flicking a white, creamy lump into my dispose-all.

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And so, when you attend the fair, and inspect the baking displays in the home economics building, you may see the evidence of my orgy.

I know now from whence sprung the saying about jolly fat men.