

Columns & Community

J.C., Crickets, and Grasshopper Pie



CONFESSIONS of a
BAKING QUEEN
KRISTY DEAN COLE
COLUMNIST

Well it's almost officially Spring, but my thermostat and sweatshirts say otherwise. What blooms of Bradford Pears, daffodils, and lilies that were filled with color are still hanging on. Trees are still bare, and not quite yet a warm day to

open the windows and air out the house. One thing is for certain, the insects are coming out, just ask the chickens and birds.

Spring always makes me think of fishing. I grew up in a household where fishing was a religion. If it were decent weather, you were in a boat or on the bank with a zebco 33 in your hands trying to hook the one that got away. My dad took me along on most of his excursions, and for the most part, even as a young child, I could pass as an equal fishing partner. I knew how to tie a fisherman's knot, bait my own hook, and take the fish off and gently return it back to the water. There was one

thing as a child that I drew the line on and I stand firm on my feelings about, it was bait store crickets!

There was something about those khaki tan insects that had long barbs on their legs and some had projectile points coming from their bottoms that resembled needles. One fine day when everything went wrong which was often the case to hear my dad tell it, we were at Laurel Lake fishing and the outboard motor quit in the middle of the lake. My dad worked helplessly on the motor, waves gently rocking the boat and my dad's patience. Meanwhile, I'm trying to snatch an elusive cricket to use as bait and one jumps on top

of my hand and I sling it accidentally knocking over the cricket cage. Now nearly a hundred crawly creepy crickets begin to escape inching towards me single file to exact revenge for their fallen comrades. In a panic, I begin to quickly scoot backwards nearly knocking my dad out the boat. He turns to see the mess I created and back at the motor, he takes his Bass Pro hat off and shaking his head looking up at the sky says, "Why me J.C., why me?" My sister Jean's father in law was named J.C. Smith. I jump to my feet, "Where is J.C., daddy, is he here to help?!" Evidently, that wasn't the J.C. dad was referring to. My dad

Grasshopper Pie

Ingredients

- 1-1/2 c. 2% cold milk
- 1 pkg (3.9 oz) of instant chocolate pudding
- 2-3/4 c. whipped topping, divided
- 1 (4.67 oz) pkg of Andes mints, chopped and divided
- 1-9 inch chocolate crumb pie crust
- 1/4 tsp mint extract
- 2 drops of green food

Directions

In small bowl, whisk milk and pudding mix for two minutes. Stir in 3/4 c. whipped topping. Fold in 3/4 c. of mint candies. Spoon into pie crust. Place remaining whipped topping in another bowl. Fold in extract, add food coloring. Spread over pudding mixture, top with remaining candies. Cover and refrigerate 4 hours or until set. Serves 8

just grabbed a lunch box and got out the mustard sardines and crackers remaining silent. What...a... day.

This pie doesn't have a

cricket in it, but I think it's name maybe comes from one's cousin. If you have a recipe you would like to share, email kdcole1120@gmail.com

Creature From the Black Lagoon: An immortal masterpiece

By now you all realize how much I love the old Universal horror films, from Bela Lugosi's *Dracula* to Boris Karloff's *Frankenstein* and Claude Rains as *The Invisible Man*. But as much as I adore all the great Gothic chillers from the thirties and forties, my favorite of all the Universal classic monster movies is none other than *Creature From the Black Lagoon* from 1954.

The story starts when a grizzled scientist unearths a prehistoric claw beyond current classification, and shortly thereafter the explorer and his assistants disappear. A second team

of researchers follows the trail of the first group into the wilds of the Amazon jungle to uncover the truth. There they stumble into the legendary Black Lagoon, described by their boat's captain as a paradise...from which no one ever returns. And the ultimate truth is the Gill Man (Ben Chapman) himself, a scaly, half-human amphibian who falls in love with the group's lovely female assistant, Kay (Julia Adams). When one of the scientists (Richard Denning) decides to make a trophy of the monster, the Gill Man strikes back. The men need only fear a grisly death—but



FRAME
BY
FRAME

SEAN JUMP
COLUMNIST

for Kay the Gill Man plans a fate far worse...

An immortal masterpiece of the horror/sci-fi genre,

Creature From the Black Lagoon was the last great monster from Universal Studios. Reminiscent of the Deep Ones from the tales of horror scribe H.P. Lovecraft, FX man Bud Westmore's Gill Man suit turned actor Chapman into a truly scary presence. The rest of the cast handles each of their respective roles impressively, and the script not only makes the most of the archetypical plot (isolated researchers menaced by prehistoric beast) but tightens the suspense by building conflict between Denning's obsessive character and leading man Richard Carlson. The two's rivalry for

both Kay (Carlson loves her; Denning needs her) and the creature (Carlson wants to study it; Denning wants to kill it) adds a realistic human element to the fantastic story. The film's setting, deep in the recesses of a dark and eerie jungle, is unsettling and evocative--anything could be lurking out there. Likewise, the movie's score is legendary among classic monster fans, the perfect complement to the mysterious locale.

There aren't many monster movies that can rival *Creature From the Black Lagoon*, whether from the Universal vault or among all the

creature features that have been made since. From the opening creation prologue to the Creature's first deadly attack, to the hypnotic dual water ballet as the delectable Kay strokes back and forth through the Lagoon's black waters, oblivious to the monster floating along with her, to the climax deep in the Gill Man's underground home, *Creature From the Black Lagoon* is a masterclass in science fiction cinema.

Creature From the Black Lagoon
1954
79 Minutes
Rating: 9/10

Celebrating the Career of Renown Inorganic Chemist Marcetta York Darensbourg

What do Artemus, Kentucky and College Station, Texas have in common even though they're nearly 1000 miles apart? They've both been home to this week's Women's History Month honoree, Marcetta Bernice York Darensbourg.

Marcetta York was born May 4, 1942, in the Artemus community of Knox County. She was the middle child of public school teachers Atlas Hercules and Elsie Walton York. "Herc" and Elsie both taught at Artemus School and all three of their children, Lucille, Marcetta and Larry all attended school there before transitioning on to Knox Central High School.

Knox Central High School Chemistry teacher Billie Bolton is credited with developing Marcetta's interest in chemistry. Miss Bolton was last week's Museum Corner honoree and we reported on how many students loved and respected her for her teaching and Marcetta was certainly one of them. At the time, Miss Bolton taught biology, physics, and chemistry which in-



terested Marcetta.

Besides excelling in the sciences in high school, Marcetta was also a member of the marching band, the cheerleading squad and a member of the KCHS choir. She graduated with honors in 1959, leading her class as valedictorian followed closely by Mr. Jim Sproul as salutatorian. Mr. Sproul says the academic competition in school made them close friends, a friendship that's lasted nearly 70 years.

Marcetta enrolled at

Union College in the fall of 1959 and quickly became emmeshed in college life as a Bulldog. She was a member of several clubs and organizations including The Student Senate, Beta Chi Alpha, Union's newspaper, The Orange and Black, The American Chemical Society, The German Club, the Women's Dormitory Council as well as being a member of the Homecoming Court. She graduated with honors in 1963 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Chemistry. The Stespean staff reported that Marcetta would be going far, and they were definitely correct.

The University of Illinois accepted Marcetta as a graduate student in the fall of 1963 and she received her Master's and PhD in Inorganic Chemistry under the tutelage of Dr. Theodore L. Brown in 1967. Her doctoral work focused on the kinetic studies of organolithium reactions.

Marcetta took her first teaching position at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York in September

1967 and later that fall, married fellow chemist, Donald Darensbourg, whom she had met at the University of Illinois when both were PhD candidates.

After just a year, Marcetta was promoted from instructor to assistant professor at Vassar as reported in the Poughkeepsie Journal in February 1968.

From 1971 to 1982, Marcetta taught at Tulane University in New Orleans, Louisiana, attaining the rank of professor. In 1982, she was appointed professor at Texas A&M University together with her husband, Donald, positions that they both still hold today. Their teaching and inorganic research of more than 40 years at Texas A&M have earned both Darensbourgs numerous awards and honors and because of their notoriety in their field of study, their own Wikipedia pages.

The Wikipedia page lists Marcetta's most recent awards and honors. They include the American Chemical Society's Willard Gibbs Medal Award, a highly pres-

tigious award recognizing the contributions of a chemist to the field. In 2018, Darensbourg was recognized as the SEC Professor of the Year. (If you watched the SEC basketball tournament that year, you probably saw her.) She was also awarded the American Chemical Society Award in Organometallic Chemistry in 2017 for her application of organometallic chemistry to hydrogenase enzyme active sites and synthetic analogues. In 2016, Marcetta received awards for her teaching and mentoring abilities at both Texas A&M University and UCLA. She was the recipient of the 2018 Kosolapoff Award from the Department of Chemistry and Biochemistry in the College of Sciences and Mathematics at Auburn University. In 2024 Darensbourg was honored by the Texas A&M Aggie Women Network as the recipient of its 2024 Eminent Scholar Award.

The Museum Corner dares anyone to say that our Knox County Public Schools aren't producing award



MUSEUM CORNER

DORA SUE
OXENDINE FARMER
COLUMNIST

winning professionals, as Marcetta York Darensbourg is a living example of where grit and determination, motivation and love of your craft will take you if you're only brave enough to step out.

We salute research chemist and professor, Dr. Marcetta York Darensbourg on her phenomenal career at Texas A&M University and beyond. And we thank Miss Billie Bolton and Mr. Jim Sproul for providing challenges and motivation to a young, gifted student from Artemus. Happy Women's History Month from your friends at the Museum Corner.

Unanswered letters



memories
MILDRED HIGGINS
COLUMNIST

A dear friend sent the following writing titled "Unanswered Letters" (author unknown) My friend said, "Millie, this writing reminds me of you." Her sharing this piece encouraged me to continue writing.

Unanswered Letters

There are many times when we begin a certain task that God lays on our hearts. We think our efforts are minimal and not making a difference, So we quit the job that God told us to pursue. The enemy loves to plant seeds of doubt and lure us to thinking that we are not capable of making a difference in this world. But with God's help we can overcome and fulfill the destiny that God has for every believer.

If you're going through a situation of doubting your task unto the Lord then I hope this story will bless and encourage you to never quit what God has laid on your

heart because you may never know the lives that you are touching.

I read of a man who was involved in a tragic accident. He lost both his legs and his left arm and only a finger and thumb remained on the right hand. But he still possessed a brilliant mind, enriched with good education, and broadened with world travel. At first he thought there was nothing he could do but remain a helpless sufferer.

A thought came to him. It was always nice to receive letters, so why not write them? He could still use his right hand with some difficulty, but to whom could

he write? Was there anyone shut in and incapacitated like he was who could be encouraged by his letters? He thought of men in prison - they did have some hope of release whereas he had none - but it was worth a try. He wrote to a Christian organization concerned with prison ministry. He was told that his letters could not be answered because it was against prison rules but he still decided to commence this one-sided correspondence. He wrote twice a week and it taxed strength to the limit. But into the letters he put his whole soul, all his experiences, all his faith, all his wit, and all his Christian

optimism.

Frequently he felt discouraged and was tempted to give it all up but it was his one remaining activity and he resolved to continue as long as he could.

At last he got a letter. It was very short written on prison stationary by the officer whose duty it was to censor the mail. All it said was please write on the best paper you can afford your letters are passed from cell to cell until they literally fall to pieces.

Millie's thoughts for today:

No matter what your situation may be, you still have

the ability to encourage someone who is discouraged by life and is feeling down. Take this story as the encouragement I did. Give your all to someone else, and do not worry about the results. No good work will go and unseen. God knows the impact that your life can have on someone else.

The only thing that we can take with us to Eternity is what we have done for the Lord. There are no bank accounts in heaven to show how much your net worth was on Earth. But there will be accounts in heaven of what you did to show your life's example and lead others to him.