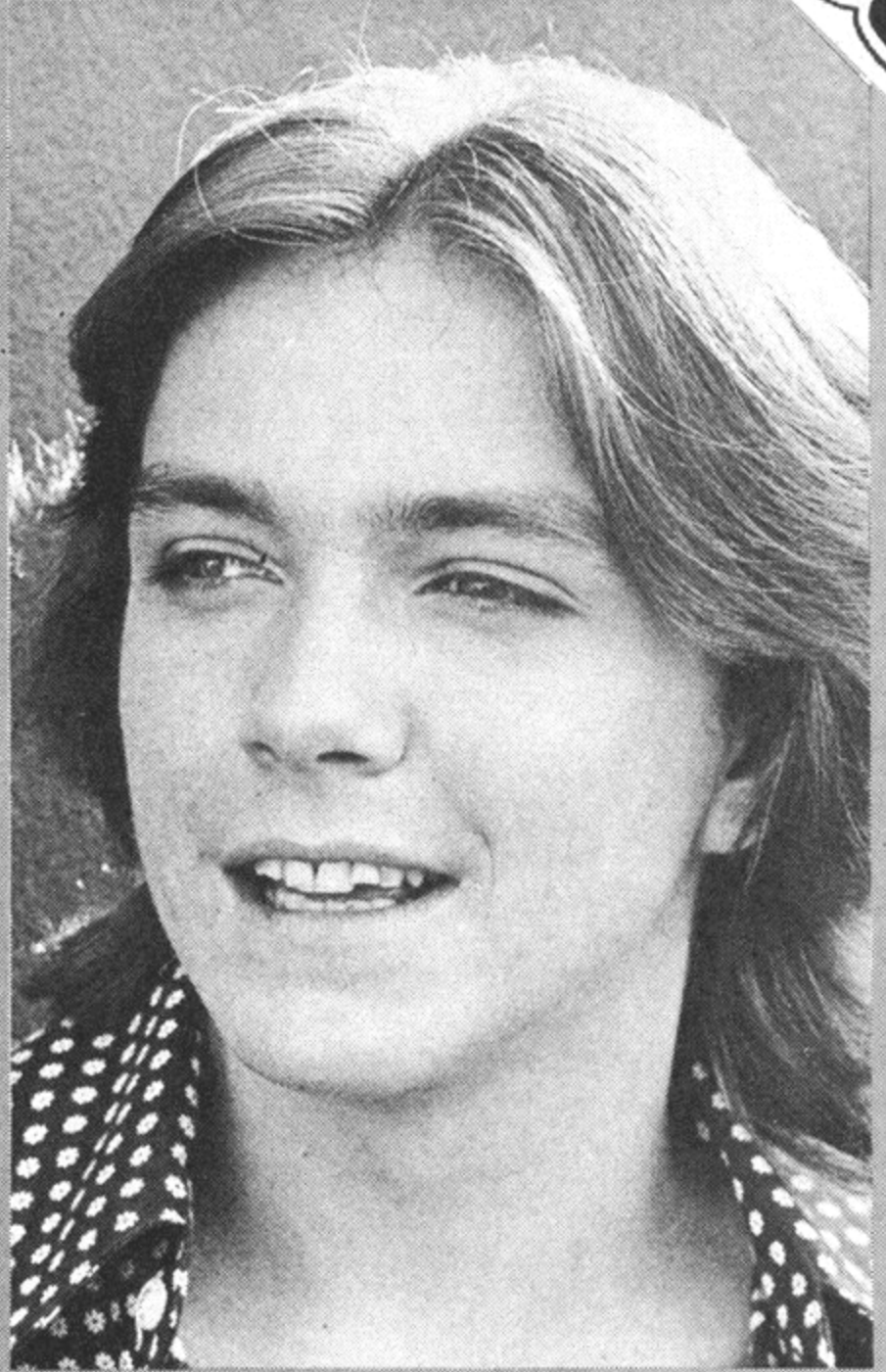


David Cassidy writes



David tells us more about his Cordon Bleu cookery — and how not to make candied apples!

Hello, luvs!

Welcome to the second instalment of the joy of cooking. That's the name of a group here in the States, you know. Not the whole sentence, of course. Just the JOY OF COOKING; which has absolutely nothing to do with what I'm talking about, but just thought I'd throw it in there. A goldmine of useless info, they call me.

As I started to say, remember the column where I started out telling what a fantastically horrible cook I am, and then went off on telling you about one of my culinary misadventures (the scouring powder candy, if you're unfortunate enough to recall)? Well, you're in for another bit of kitchen insanity, so sit back and try not to get an upset tum.

It all started one night in Laurel Canyon. We were just sitting around, several of us, and naturally we got hungry. There wasn't much to eat in the house because I didn't keep a lot of food around and still don't, but that didn't matter because we weren't hungry for sensible food. We decided we wanted something exotic. Well, not exotic, but unattainable at that hour. Candied apples, for instance.

And I don't mean the easy-to-make kind where you buy a bag of caramels, melt them in a pot and then dip the apples. I mean candied, or glazed or whatever they're called.

Since we had a bowl of apples sitting around, and someone had once stocked the kitchen with spices and condiments and that kind of staple stuff, my friends decided we had everything necessary to make the candied

apples ourselves. Of course, no one had a recipe, but they were 'pretty sure' they could remember what to put in.

We encouraged one of the girls who remembered the most to go out in the kitchen and try, and we sat around some more, getting hungrier, listening to her clanging pans and opening cupboards. Finally, when we were expecting her to come in with a luvly plate of candied apples, she instead came back into the living room empty-handed. She was also shaking her head. "It looks funny," she said.

Weak with starvation, we all ran out there to look and I'll tell you, funny was not the word. There was the pan on the stove, and inside burred the most sodden mass of something I've ever seen. It was bright red, but it looked more like red putty than glaze.

Feeling brave, I decided to taste the stuff, and after I regained consciousness (a slight exaggeration), I went to the cupboard and put in a dash of something I have now mercifully forgotten. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but the moment the ingredient hit the pan, the whole mixture turned purple.

I must admit that I started it, because suddenly, we were all dumping things in. First it was things we actually thought would help. But the mess kept getting worse and worse looking, and pretty soon we were getting really nuts and throwing in everything we could find, like toothpicks and vinegar and catsup.

When we finally calmed down, we had the world's most hideous pot of 'something' on our

hands, and just for kicks, we decided to experiment with one apple. But about ten second's after we'd dipped it in the mess, the apple was hard as a rock. We bravely tried to bite into it, but there was no getting through the 'glaze.'

Then we got a little crazy again, and took it outside and played 'ball' and threw it against the house. Wouldn't you know there wasn't as much as a crack in the apple?

Finally someone got the great idea of running over it with their car, which they did, and the whole apple disappeared. We went back into the house mumbling and stayed hungry.

The funniest thing was the next day when I found the apple beside the driveway under a bush. There it was, with a tire track right across it, but totally undamaged. It had simply ricocheted when the tire went over it!

I also had to throw out the pan because whatever was in it wouldn't come out. With that, I threw out any further intentions of ever cooking again and went out for a hamburger.

Love,

David Cassidy

