



## NOT A PIE FAN?

The Noon Mark also serves breakfast, lunch and dinner with homemade breads, pastries and jams. On a hot day, spring for the soft serve!

# There Will Be Pie...

Swing by Keene Valley's  
**NOON MARK DINER**  
for a slice of Adirondack lore

**A** homemade New York diner with national rapport located in a town with more elevation than people? Pie in the sky.

### *Literally.*

The Noon Mark Diner, located on Route 73 in Keene Valley, has built a reputation in the last 35 years—and not just among locals. Sure, there are the Adirondack Trail Improvement Society kiddos and aspiring 46ers who crave pie after their mountain adventures and the backcountry skiers who wolf a slice for breakfast. But then there are the regulars in Alaska and Hawaii.

For 15 years, the Noon Mark has shipped custom orders to pie mongers in all 50 states. In a business marked by relatively minimal change since its 1981 opening, the expanded market has helped the Noon Mark weather the challenges for a small business in the Adirondack backwaters, from bureaucratic policy shifts to up-and-down tourism to occasional competition. Over a 10-month stretch in 2015, owner and founder Lola Porter says the Noon Mark turned out more than 12,000 pies.



Porter counts on warm-weather boons to balance the cold months. While pie sales hit 200 per day in summer, she can be forced to borrow money in long winters.

Altogether, Noon Mark pie comes in more than 30 flavors, most offered with regular or crumb crust. Lola says after three decades, only three people know the entire recipe, which she's adapted into a gluten-free version. My friends in Colorado choose strawberry rhubarb, a perennial favorite, while Jan Wellford, a Keene Valley athlete who holds the High Peaks speed record, prefers blueberry crumb.

As Lola schemes a paint job and locals in puffy jackets and hiking boots seat themselves in the dining room, her granddaughter Mindy refills my coffee and drops off my slice of raspberry rhubarb crumb, cut from the boxed pie I'll bring back to Plattsburgh. Mindy goes with raspberry crumb—until the kitchen cooks up an apple raspberry cheese special.

Before I leave, a guy I camped with over the winter stops at my table to say hello. Then another. Mindy laughs with customers at the end of the counter. Lola tells me her favorite pie is a custard version she sometimes cooks up in summer—one she doesn't ship.

*...Guess you'll have to come in and try that one for yourself!* 🍷

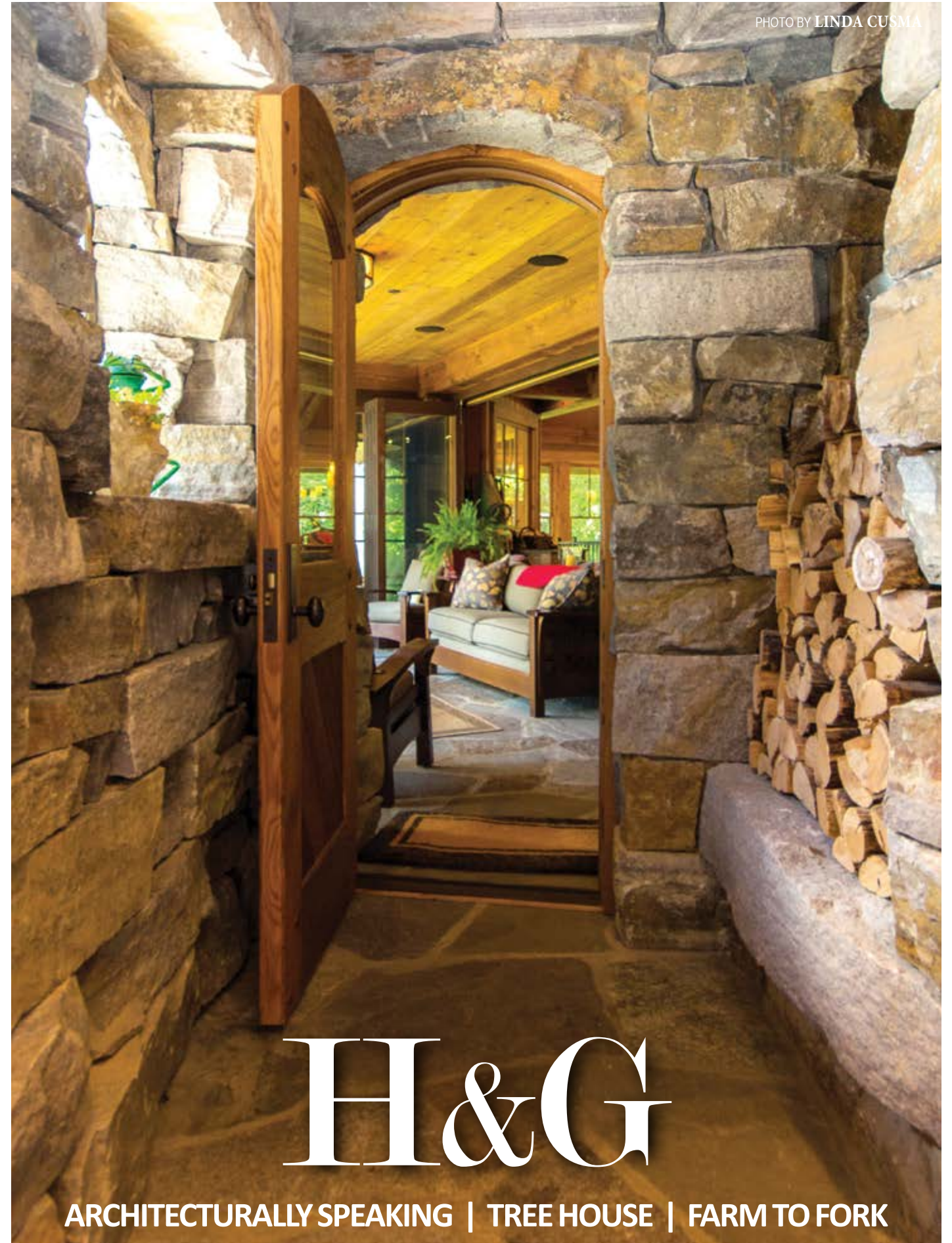


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