

# Stirring Up Memories

Readers recall the flavors they savored in the good old days.

## Let That Be a Lesson

IN MY CHILDHOOD, one of the nastiest things to eat was oatmeal with milk. We had oatmeal every weekday morning. The sickly sweet taste hung in my throat all day. One day, I just refused to eat the stuff and preferred to go hungry. I went off to school, thinking, At last, a day without the oatmeal aftereffect.

But Mom had her ways of dealing with a reluctant eater. When we came for supper, there was my bowl of oatmeal. I was told to eat that “before you get anything else!” I never refused to eat my oatmeal again.

—Ginger V., Belvidere, Illinois

## “Soppit” with a Spoon

MY MOTHER was known for her delicious homemade cakes. During the '20s and '30s, while she was baking her famous burned caramel cake, my brothers and I were on standby, waiting for her to ice the cake so that she would give us the emptied bowl to sop up what remained.

We enjoyed the treat so much, we convinced her to make a little extra icing each time, which we called “soppit.”

My mother and brothers are now deceased, but my mother’s spry, 100-year-old sister still bakes the same delicious burned caramel cake and gives me the whole cake.—James H., Covington, Georgia

## **Mom, the Creative Cook**

WHEN I was in grade school, in the '40s, only the kids whose mothers worked outside the home could stay in during the lunch hour. The rest of us had to go home. Happily, my mother was an imaginative and creative cook.

For example...a can of sliced peaches added to sliced dumplings and heated through; leftover potato slices browned in butter with a raw egg cooked in; melted butter poured over cold noodles and then sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon.

She also made a quick soup by rubbing a clove of garlic on a couple of dry slices of rye bread, dipped in melted butter, then placed in a pot, barely covered with water. When the water began to boil, one or two raw eggs and a pinch of salt were stirred in.

My older sisters did not fare as well as I. They had homemade soup day in and day out. We all longed for sandwiches like the other kids had.

—Jean L., York, Pennsylvania

## **Peanut Butter and Lettuce Sandwiches**

IN THE LATE '40s, I walked home from school with my friend Lynn Green.

Each day, I stopped at Lynn's house, and her mom always had a special after-school treat ready for us. Not cookies and milk, but a crunchy peanut butter and fresh homegrown lettuce sandwich, cut in half on the diagonal, half for Lynn and half for me.

To this day, I have one of these sandwiches at least every 10 days.

—Gael M., Green Valley, Arizona

### **A Taste for Tart Pies**

WHEN I was a child, I learned to like the tart fruit pies my mother made for my father...rhubarb, gooseberry, apple, cherry, mincemeat, peach, apricot, pear, raisin, blackberry and strawberry. Mother was known as a wonderful pie maker.

—Imogene T. Guthrie, Oklahoma