

# Stirring Up Memories

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

## The Good Humor Man

IN THE EARLY '50s, if we were good all week, Mom and Dad treated my brother and me to one of the Good Humor man's delicious ice cream bars. We all waited for him on the curb in front of our house, listening for the sound of his truck. When he arrived, dressed in his white uniform and hat, Dad placed his order, and the Good Humor man cranked out the change from the holder attached to his belt. Then we sat on our front lawn, savoring every bite.

—Judy A., Phelan, California

## Soothing Salt Flavors

WHEN I was growing up, during the '40s, my mother set the dinner table with individual salt dishes. Between bites, we used these miniature dishes to dip our finger foods...onions, carrots, celery. On hot summer days, I often took ice cubes from the freezer box inside our refrigerator, dipped them into the salt and sucked on them.

—Jeanne F., Noblesville, Indiana

## Pungent Horseradish

I REMEMBER Mother's annual ritual of grinding horseradish. She attached her hand grinder on a shelf pulled out from her Hoosier cabinet, inserted the freshly picked and cleaned roots and started to grind. My sister and I watched from a distance.

It wasn't long before we could see the tears starting to roll down Mother's cheeks, but she never stopped grinding. After a while, she would take a break, and out the back door she'd go for some fresh air. I don't know how many times she did this, but by the end of the day, our year's supply of horseradish was packed away in vinegar and all sinuses in the household were clear for months.

—Mary H., Meshoppen, Pennsylvania

## **Savoring Every Flavor**

WHEN I was raised, in the '30s, nothing was wasted. Oranges were a special treat a few times a year, and Mother always saved the peelings. After drying them until they were hard, she grated them very fine and then used them in cakes for flavor or for a crunch like nuts.

—Doris S., Woodruff, South Carolina