

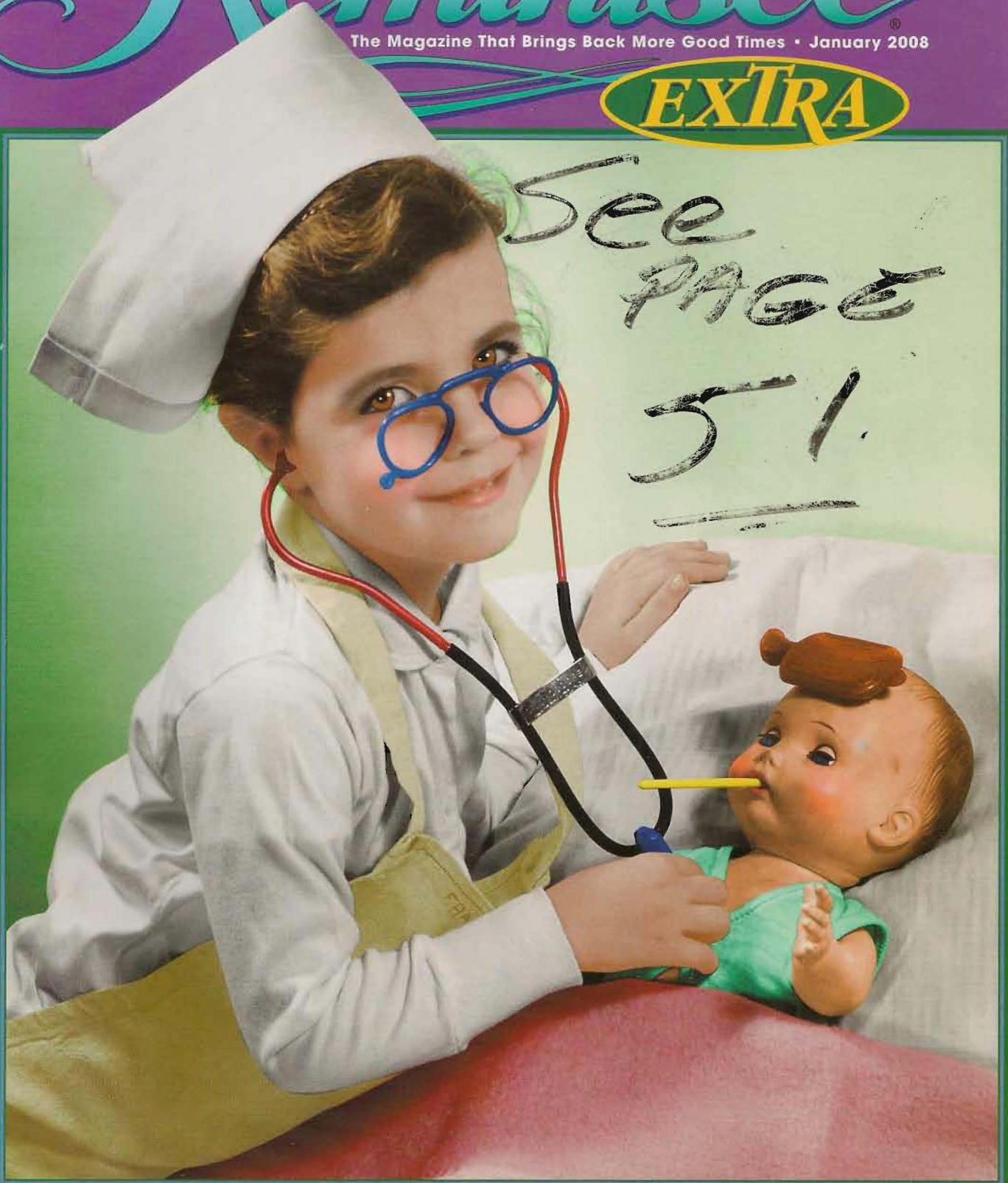
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Reminisce

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Stirring Up MMM Memories

From Pizzajel to Pizza

MY ITALIAN PARENTS and their extended family came to America in the early '20s and settled in Chicago. On Mondays, my mom, grandma and aunts made bread and tomato sauce. When it was time for supper, Mom was still busy making bread and sauce, so she made what Italians called *pizzajel*. This was a slice of fresh bread covered with sauce, sausage, cheese and bell pepper. Ultimately, this led to a family business and big-time production of pizza.

—Mario Gualtieri
Dallas City, Illinois

The Big Old Black Stove

FROM MY YEARS growing up, in West Virginia, I fondly recall visiting my sister, who had a big old black stove in her kitchen. She turned out wonderful, tasty meals of fried potatoes, pinto beans, fried chicken and many other savory foods. My favorite was those golden, melt-in-your-mouth biscuits.

—Vivian Jewel Rickman, Madisonville, Tennessee

Snow for a Special Treat

GROWING UP, in the 1960s, my brother and I looked forward to winter months and snow in New Castle, Delaware. Snow meant my dad would make his famous snow ice cream. He collected snow in a big pot, added milk, sugar and vanilla extract and mixed it all until it was creamy.

This is a cherished memory of my dad and a treat I'll never outgrow.

—Pamella Rhodes
New Castle, Delaware

CHECK OUT DAD. "When the Acme Markets came to our area, in eastern Pennsylvania, around 1951, my father, Tony Mosellie, worked in one on the weekends in addition to his full-time job at Bethlehem Steel," recalls Weda Mosellie from Phillipsburg, New Jersey. "The check-out counters were called booths, there were no scanners and each item had to be entered into the cash register."

Ten Cents' Worth!

☰ THE '20s, milk was 10¢ a quart and was kept in a large vat in the dairy store. When we needed milk, my mother gave me a clean bottle and a dime, and off I went to the dairy store. To keep the dime safe, I decided the best place for it would be in the milk bottle.

When the man at the store asked for the dime, I told him it was in the bottom of the bottle. Furiously, he poured the milk back into the vat, rescued the dime and then refilled my bottle!

—Marion Sherrow
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Starting the Starter

GRANDMA created her own yeast. She stirred up some flour and water, put in a peeled, large potato and left it all on the counter. At room temperature, it would eventually rise. Taking out a small portion, Grandma would begin preparations for her first batch of bread. She called her concoction a starter. If she ran out before she could create more, she would borrow some from the neighbor.

Whatever the magic, the bread was the best!

—R.M. Ramsey, Knoxville, Iowa

A THOUGHT TO REMEMBER: As you age, let your horizons expand, not your waistline.