Does Anyone Remember?

BACK IN THE late 1930s, residents of the small farming community of Canby, Minnesota would often see me, an elementary school girl, flying down the sidewalk on a large type of scooter called an Ingo bike.

The back wheel with an off-center sprocket connected to a platform powered the bike, which my brother William is on in the picture. When the sprocket was in the highest position, the rider would pull down on the handlebars and, bending the knees, bear down on the footboard to drive the bike forward.

Years later, the bike disappeared when my mother sold our home. I didn't see the Ingo again until discovering one in the Pioneer Auto Museum located in, I believe, Murdo, South Dakota.

—Joan Magee, Alamogordo, New Mexico

ONE MEANS of refrigeration in the good old days was the Crosley Icy Ball refrigerator. It was an insulated square box with a lid on top, and the cooling element consisted of two balls, each about 15 inches in diameter, connected by a tube.

Each morning, the cold ball was immersed in a tub of cold water and the other ball was heated over a kerosene stove. After an hour, a whistle blew and it was time to put the heated ball into the tub of water until frost developed on the cold ball. I never understood the chemical process involved.

When frost formed on the icy ball, it was hung in the box and actually would make ice cubes and keep things cold for a day. The warm ball was left on the outside.

—Eileen Griffin, Orange, California

IN THE 1940s, while I was growing up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, no

birthday party was complete without ice cream in shapes.

These single-serve treats could be seasonal: orange sherbet pumpkins, chocolate ice cream turkeys, vanilla snowmen.

Each order was a baker's dozen, 12 of the same shape and a 13th treat always, for some reason, a cluster of purple grapes. At one party, all the guests wanted the grapes, resulting in pouting. At the next party, a clever mother solved the problem by ordering a dozen bunches of grapes.

—Suzanne Giessel, Friendship, Wisconsin

MY MOTHER was a member of something called the Home Demonstration Club of Watha, North Carolina in the 1920s and '30s. Projects included sewing, preserving foods in tin cans and raising money to help neighbors in need.

A demonstration agent taught the canning process, and my mother did the same for people where poverty was more severe.

People of that era will also remember "potato banks." On hot days, milk and dairy products were lowered into the well to keep them cool, the depth depending on the water level.

—Lucille Hayley, Austin, Texas