

Stirring Up Memories

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

Yellow Yolks in Red Gravy

DURING the Depression and WWII, because of cost and rationing, meat was hard to come by. Mother improvised with cheese, eggplant and crowder peas, all thought to contain protein.

The meal I truly liked was hard-cooked eggs in a thick, red gravy, served over rice. My sister didn't like the yolk, but that was my favorite part. Whenever we could, we swapped egg yolk for egg white.

—Dora Watson, Glasgow, Virginia

Biscuits Bit Back

MY FIRST ATTEMPT to make biscuits for my new husband was disappointing. They were so hard, we wondered why we hadn't chipped our teeth. Devastated, I threw them out for the birds.

A few minutes later, we heard the nastiest racket. When we looked outside, we saw a blackbird trying to pull its beak out of one of my biscuits!

—Bee Jones, Brownsburg, Indiana

Dad's Favorite Ingredient

MY MOTHER was a great cook, but Dad took over Sunday night suppers. No matter what he prepared, it was always something with cheese. We had English monkey, Welsh rarebit, cheese omelets, scrambled eggs with cheese and melted cheese sandwiches... melted in the top of a double boiler, resulting in the gooiest, stretchiest, most delicious meal ever. At least I thought so when I was about 10 years old.

—Miriam Randall Cronin, Windsor, Colorado

“Whistle Pigs” Her Specialty

WHILE I was growing up, in Lockport, New York, there was a hot dog stand called Chet’s Dog House. It was a popular place to stop after the movies for their specialty, called “whistle pigs,” hot dogs split down the middle, filled with cheese, wrapped in bacon and roasted on buns.

As a young bride, I hadn’t learned to cook, but I could make whistle pigs. The first time I served them, my husband made the mistake of saying he liked them. He got them nearly every night for weeks until I finally learned to make something else.

—Florence Chandler, Naples, Florida