

From Jim:

Mom had a sweet tooth. Boy oh' boy, did she ever. Our icebox (it was really a refrigerator, but we all called it an icebox anyway) was always filled with chocolate candy bars. And the freezer never had less than three half gallon cartons of Velvet Freeze ice cream. All ready for the Hershey's chocolate sauce, Bosco, or Dad's favorite "Gold Brick" which would harden as soon as it was poured on the ice cream. Our family alone was responsible for the success Hershey had in their early days.

And Easter was a feast for a royal family. When we woke up on Easter morning, you could smell the chocolate waiting for us in the dining room in large baskets filled with chocolate eggs, chocolate cream eggs, chocolate malt balls, and to top it all off, a huge solid chocolate Easter Bunny that would take weeks of eating. Mom's fudge was the richest I have ever had in my life. Pure sugar that I would challenge anyone to eat more than two small squares (but we were professional chocolate eaters, so we could usually get three down before climbing off the walls). Dentists all over town would bid for our family business.

We also were raised on sandwiches such as cream cheese with sugar on it, cottage cheese with cinnamon and sugar, and kool aid with at least a cup of sugar (no artificial sweetener for us!). There was always dessert at the end of a meal, but snacks were another story. Maybe it was the depression experience, but Mom put her foot down on snacking when we were growing up. Three pretzels, or two cookies, or one candy bar between the end of school and dinner. Yes, life was good in the Morrison household.