

# Preface and Disclaimer

## ice cream

*noun*

noun: **icecream**

1. a soft, sweet frozen food made with milk and cream and typically flavoured with vanilla, fruit, or other ingredients.
  - o a serving of ice cream.

I think that a scoop of icecream is one of my favourite foods in all the world. Were I still young, I would partake of it far more often than I do, however, as one ages, their tolerance to certain foods becomes very different from that when they were in a younger body, therefore eating of icecream nowadays is a far more unique experience than it once was! (More's the pity!)

When my children were young, Mr Whippy was invented and whenever we heard that well-known jingle, we would race down the driveway and with what spare money we had (which wasn't much or often in those days) I would shout my children a treat from the icecream truck.

Earlier still, when I was in my teen years, I spent an entire year in the USA in a town called Los Altos and that town had a fantastic Icecream parlour. I visited after the first five years in order to attend my first High School reunion to delightedly find my name still on the board as having achieved a competition they ran while I

was living in the neighbourhood. I remember the day I got the prize quite vividly. In order to compete for the prize, one had to eat 3 x 5 scoops of icecream in a delicious self-choices of sauces all in one go.

I must admit I remember struggling on the last few mouthfuls, but I did it! I had determined through the year from the time I spotted the advertisement that before I left to come back to New Zealand, I would take part in that competition. My young American family sister fasted with me all day from early in the morning until we had planned to begin our icecream gorge in the afternoon around dinnertime. Our other family members came to cheer us on. It was so much fun, and five years later when revisiting the area, there was my name still on the board. I was elated to say the least. I can't remember the prize – it was probably more icecream – I truly do not remember, however, my sister and I had so much fun together that afternoon. My poor American family mother – she was astounded that I could eat so much icecream at one sitting – but hey when one focuses their mind on something, it is surely to happen, and it surely did!

What stands out for me about that icecream parlour was all of the sauces that you could put on the scoops you had brought for your treat. Usually we didn't go past one or two scoops, even then I was conscious of weight

as without any problem whatsoever, I did put on 20lbs while I was over there. I put it down to eating meals at a different time of the day being that their clock was different to ours. At home in New Zealand my dad was able to make one regular tin of spaghetti last all three of us kids, spread out on hot toast, therefore meal helpings were very small and sparse.

Once I got to America though, meals were very different to what I was used to. Hamburgers? What did I know about hamburgers? Never seen one or heard of one before I left as that was off the list in my family. But in America it was definitely on the list in that family along with different types of salads and fries and desserts I certainly had never tasted before I landed on their soil. So 20lbs was easy to accumulate I can tell you. Plus, I mentioned earlier the sauces in the icecream parlour. I had never before heard of marshmallow sauce and once I got home, I scoured recipe books to find a recipe whereby I could reproduce that wonderful tasting sweet marshmallow. However, nothing was available, and I found myself mourning through the years for marshmallow sauce.

In 2019 I was able to visit the USA again and I just happened to look up at the television one morning during breakfast and there was this lady on TV showing us how to make her favourite recipe that included –

you'll never guess what! Marshmallow sauce. Well, she didn't call it marshmallow sauce – she called it – Fluffy Frost – Vanilla Marshmallow.

So that very day, I went to the supermarket and hunted the shelves in search of this great prize that I had looked for over the past many years and after much searching I found it, promptly brought myself a tub – not the biggest I can add – I have learned about my changed eating habits – went home and packed it into my suitcase to bring home. I let it sit on my shelf in our mobile home pantry for a few weeks just to savour it having waited so long to see it once again.

Eventually I did open it and I did eat it. It is not really the same but it is as nearest as I can get it, so I am happy with it. I have allowed it to last more than five weeks of dessert treats on a Sunday after church. But I know that the next time I have it, I will empty the tub and alas it will be gone until the next time I visit my other-home-country.

It has been nice to be reminded with each mouthful about my past time in the icecream parlour while I was in my 17<sup>th</sup> year of age.

As to the extra weight of 20lbs I mentioned earlier, that I gained while in my American Field Service year, it

didn't take me long to lose it once I returned to my own shores.

Also, I knew that once I returned to New Zealand there would be no more icecream parlour for me as nothing of the kind was even thought about in those days.

Once icecream became more popular and I was in a position that I could buy more of it as I wanted through wages from working, then my appetite for icecream became very apparent to even my New Zealand family.

Now I am prompted to find out more about icecream as my interests in food and history have changed over the years. It has been interesting to learn more about icecream and it's origins. Meeting my new friend in Tonga has sparked a huge interest in past delights and so we present this book to you through Mal as one of his adventure series.

Enjoy!

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Watch out for more from me in other areas.

As usual, my email address for your ideas for book titles, correspondence, criticisms or just some love from you is [stories4debbie@gmail.com](mailto:stories4debbie@gmail.com).

kindest regards  
Debbie Nicholson  
1<sup>st</sup> November 2019

