

My Most Embarrassing Moment

Secret Recipe for Gravy

AT A GATHERING several years ago, I was too busy serving other family members and failed to notice my husband, Adrian, getting bread and supposedly adding gravy to it.

All of a sudden—the third time he got up to get more—I realized that he was serving himself bread and adding the contents of the pan that I had roasted the ham in.

The pan, on the cupboard next to the sink, already had a mild degreaser added to make washing easier.

—Tillie Fields, Appleton, Wisconsin

Stingy with the Butter

IN THE EARLY 1940s, our family traveled from our Indiana home to the beautiful hills of Virginia to visit my husband's favorite relatives.

These people were known for their gracious Southern hospitality and delicious cooking.

At one meal, attended by nearly 20 people, someone at the far end of the table asked me to pass the butter, but I did not hear that.

My young daughter, seated beside me, leaned close and whispered, "Mommy, pass the butter."

I thought she wanted some for her bread, so I took some on my knife and gave it to her.

Horrors! She passed the knife and it went from one person to the next, all the way down the table.

Everyone roared with laughter but me. To this day, I've never lived that down.

—Evelyn Wray, Peru, Indiana