

## The Ice Cream Man

-by Gerald Reid

A few weeks ago, I heard an ice-cream truck. I hadn't heard one in our neighborhood in several years.

My mind was drawn back to another neighborhood, another ice cream man who patrolled our area. It was obvious that this man was a NASCAR driver in a previous life. And, any neighborhood kid who could catch him should consider a future as an Olympic sprinter. If the kids down the street could stop him, then you had a fighting chance to get a cream sickle or Eskimo bar.

My sister came along several years later. Same ice cream man — same results. Beyond our house, there were no potential customers for a while. That added incentive for "Fireball" to put the pedal to the metal and move to a more lucrative neighborhood.

One day, as little sis' ran at break-neck speed to catch the truck, he sped away, leaving the little one, heart broken, in his dust. Dad, who had seen enough,

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jumped in his car and pursued the fleeing ice-cream truck driver, finally accosting him downtown. It was there that the ice cream man learned the finer points of ice cream delivery. The improvement in driving skills was immediate.

I think he is probably delivering in heaven now but, if I see him, I'm going to see if I can catch him and buy a push-up. ■