By Nancy Whitaker

DO YOU KNOW “THE OMAR MAN?”

Anybody who grew up in the 1950s is probably familiar with all the delivery men we had stopping at our homes.

Those were the days when you had a milk man, egg man, ice man, brush man, coal man and a bread man. Even though I was quite young, I still recall the ice man bringing the big chunk of ice that went into our ice box. It was always fun for the iceman to give us a chunk of ice to suck on.

Another delivery man we had was a milk man. He used to put bottles of milk on the porch and take the empty bottles. This service was very nice because it was difficult to get the grocery stores more than once a week. Some women did not drive and if they did there was usually just one car in the family to use.

Remember the bread man who was called the Omar Man? He delivered not only fresh bread, cookies and pies, but he had a delightful treat I will never forget called French Cream Coffee Cake. Yum! That was so good.

There was streusel on top and the middle was a rich creamy delight. Since I have drank coffee since I was little, I remember “dunking” that coffee cake into a cup of coffee and thinking that nothing could beat it.

A few other delivery men included Jewell Tea, Watkins and Fuller Brush. Those salesmen would come by occasionally and show their wares and sometimes we bought something and sometimes we didn’t.

Now one person I remember who made house calls was the doctor. Many a night or day, our family doctor would come to our house to treat a nasty cold, cut, or maybe a broken bone.

Once when I was about age seven I got angry at my little brother over sharing a bag of potato chips. I was so mad I ran into a doorcase cutting my head open. After crying uncontrollably for an hour, the doctor was called and he said he would come to the house and see my cut.

When he got there, he looked at it and said all it needed was a small bandage. He dressed the wound amid my protests and told me to go into his office in a week to get the bandage removed.

My mama took me back to the office in a week and I was so scared to get that bandage off, I ran around the office and hid under the doctors desk. (I know, I know, I probably should have got a spanking.)

However, they had to literally hold me down and pull off the bandage. However, it was very handy to have the doctor pay a visit and treat my “wound.”

I am not too sure how many delivery men we have in today’s world. I do know that oil and gas men still make calls and sometimes a salesman will come to the door wanting to demonstrate a “Rainbow” sweeper. (I will be surprised if someone has not heard of those fancy expensive sweepers.)

I still remember all those services which used to come to our home, but I am happy to live in an era where we have more access to vehicles and can easily drive to the store or doctors office.

Do you remember the delivery men and what kind did you have come to your house? Do you remember the Omar man and French Cream Coffeecake? Let me know and I’ll give you a Penny For Your Thoughts.