

I can remember when I was young and asked for a piece of gum. My mom would dive in to her purse up to her elbows, rustle around and pull out a half-stick of Doublemint. "Here," she would say. "You don't need more than this anyway."
Really?!

It was never enough. You didn't have enough to blow bubbles and sometimes you would bite the inside of your mouth while chewing it because it was so small.

I used to love Bazooka bubble gum. You could collect the funnies and send them in for what really amounted to junk but was a treasure to a kid.

All in all, gum at that time really didn't hold its flavor well. After about 15 minutes, it was time for a new piece. Less if your mom gave you that carefully-halved piece from her purse.

Then came Hubba-Bubba, Bubblicious and Bubble-Yum. Big, fat, juicy pieces of gum. You really only needed one piece but, oh, what fun it was to stuff two or three in and have the juice run down your chin as you tried to chew and keep it all in your mouth while getting it ready for giant, sticky bubbles. I remember my dad used to delight in popping them just as they were getting really big and they would splat on my face.

My hubby has a fondness for hard-dip bubble gum ice cream. It's ice cream with little pieces of gum throughout. I enjoy some now and then.

Not everyone appreciates gum-chewers. Teachers really don't care for it and most employers don't see much use for it.

We've all been called out for it by someone.

We've found the sticky residue under tables, chairs, desks and other hiding places.

We've stepped in it and lamented the stringy, sticky mess. There's nothing like stepping in a ooey, gooey, warm piece of gum on a hot summer day and not realizing it until you've already spread the joy around the floorboards of your car.

In the last several days, I bet I have taken no less than 8 pieces of ABC gum from my puppy.

While I can't blame him for wanting to experience what I'm sure smells very sweet and tasty, I'm not sure it's in his tummy's best interest.

What the heck? Where are all these people who feel the need to spit their gum out in my yard? There must be a "pack" of them running around doing nothing but chewin' and spittin'.

Over the years, I have found a lot of things in my yard - beer bottles, empty packs of cigarettes, plastic grocery bags, firecracker remnants after the 4th of July - a lot of garbage. This is, however, the first time I have ever found gum; let alone what constitutes nearly a whole pack - already chewed.

Needless to say, I am less than pleased by this process. There will come a time little Ringo will snatch a piece and I won't know it and it will end up spread around my house. Makes me mad just thinking about.

I'm not a hater. I don't want everyone to stop chewing gum. Just put it where it belongs - under your kitchen table or on your bedpost at home. Mom will be so proud.