Wish I Still Had It Today

Real Cowboys, er, Cowgirls

WHEN WE first visited my Uncle Terry and Aunt Irene in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1949, our parents bought my brother Larry and me our first Western boots so we could match our cousin Lynda.

We really thought we were official cowboys. If only I had them today, I would love to be able to pass them along to one of my grandchildren.

—Dixie Preuss, Prescott Valley, Arizona

Made a Bad Trade

IN 1943, I married my "gal in Kalamazoo" while I was in the U.S. Army at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

After the war, we got a GI loan and purchased an old house from my wife's grandmother. In the attic, we found an Edison phonograph, the kind that played the wax cylinders and had a large speaker horn.

Later, I traded that phonograph for a Crosley automobile, which ran for about a year and died. Oh, my, do I wish I had that phonograph. I am reminded of that swap occasionally by Sheila, my dear wife of 63 years.

—Roger Foust, Baldwin, Michigan