Short Memories

"Dog-Gone" Dilemma

FLYING WAS a normal way of traveling for my family, since I was a civilian (inset) and career military pilot. My wife and three daughters (right) all took turns at the airplane controls.

The weight and amount of baggage had to be closely monitored. Before one trip, I noticed the family had packed more than usual. I gathered my little group around me and explained that if they didn't reduce the baggage, we'd have to taxi the airplane all the way from Missouri to Idaho and back.

The children immediately looked at our pet poodle. I said, "No way. He has a reserved seat."

They knew I wasn't serious about the weight, but to this day, they remind me of that incident.

—William E., Ogden, Utah

Surprise Wedding Party

I WAS a young boy of 10 living in Snow Hill, Maryland when World War II started.

One Sunday afternoon, two soldiers and their prospective brides parked in front of our house and went into the Methodist church across the street. Shortly, the minister's wife called my mother and told her that one of the soldiers had asked if they had any rice, the projectile of choice those days at weddings.

My mother told my father, who quickly rounded up some other neighbors.

Getting into the spirit of the occasion, they proceeded to soap "Just Married" on the rear window of the parked car, tied a few

cans to the back bumper and wired shut the door handles, which opened from the middle.

When the two couples came out, we accosted them with congratulations and much rice. They ran for the car, only to find that they couldn't get in, and were pelted with more rice. Finally, they undid one door, piled into the car and took off to much cheering and honking of horns.

—William D., Dade City, Florida

A Fowl Headache

TO MAKE USE of the outhouse at my grandfather's place near Centralia, Washington, you had to travel through "No Man's Land," the area where Grandpa's flock of chickens roamed.

The lord and master of this flock, and of this area, was a large brown rooster. He was huge, a B-52 of a bird, and he was mean! My grandmother had to carry a cane to fend him off when she made the journey.

Once, I hadn't gone far toward the "facility" when up strutted the rooster, giving me the evil eye. As a small boy, I thought to myself, No chicken is going to scare me.

I made a false lunge to drive him off—big mistake. That rooster went up in the air and came down on my head, where he went to work piercing my scalp with his claws and working me over with his wings.

Abandoning all semblance of courage, I took off for the front yard where my grandfather was, the rooster still firmly in the saddle. When Grandpa saw this, he almost rolled on the ground with laughter.

Fortunately, the rooster spotted Grandpa, whom he was afraid of, and bailed out, heading back to his flock.

I don't know whatever happened to that bird, but I suspect he

threatened Grandma once too often and changed from head rooster to Sunday dinner.

—Dean S., Cupertino, California