

# Prices from the Past

## Hero Got Sweet Reward

MY 18-YEAR-OLD brother, Jim, was one of the first U.S. casualties to return from the Guadalcanal invasion of August 1942.

He returned to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital to recuperate, and his photograph appeared in Philadelphia's The Evening Bulletin, with him showing a captured Japanese flag to our sister, Peggy.

One Saturday night, they went downtown to a movie and then to the Barbara Waldron restaurant, as many young people did.

The owner recognized my brother and sister and gave them a menu with the inscription on the back, "It's on the house for 'Jim Gorman.' Anything you want isn't good enough for you and all the rest of (the) boys. (Signed) Walter J. Salus, 2nd Lieut. R.M. (Royal Marines), First World War."

Can you imagine a pound of assorted handmade butter creams for 54¢?

Jim went to officers' candidate school at Villanova College and was a captain and company commander during the Korean War. He was sent home from Vietnam with excruciating headaches. At the naval hospital, they removed a benign brain tumor and discovered that splinters from the bullet that went through his arm on Guadalcanal were in it.

—Joseph G., Somers Point, New Jersey

## Operation Had a Price

I HAD an emergency appendectomy operation in July 1935, at age 12, in Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

I developed complications and was in the hospital 3 weeks and cried every day to go home.

Finally, they said that I could go, but the doctor had to come out to my house every day to dress the incision. I believe he sprinkled sulfa powder on it.

Come September, the doctor said that I wasn't able to go back to school yet. After years of going to a two-room school, this would be the first year that my grade would go by bus to another school—with an indoor restroom, no less!

By coincidence, the school was in New Stanton, about 6 miles away—and just across the street from the doctor's office.

When I explained all this to the doctor, he let me go to school, but I had to see him in his office every morning. Each afternoon, I was to rest for an hour or so.

The school had a room with a cot and a few chairs, so each day, one of my friends would pretend to be sick and spend time in the room with me.

One day, my pal Dody found an old songbook in a cupboard in the room, and we started to sing...too loudly. A teacher heard us, and

that was the end of my friends' entertaining me while I rested.

—June A., Santa Ana, California