Reminisent

Memories Covered

The splendid cover photo for your 15th anniversary issue (June) made me feel as if I were really sitting in that old attic looking at all those things.

Talk about going back in time! I relived my childhood just looking at that picture. I think all of your readers will agree—your cover photo was truly Reminisce.

—Janice B., Vicksburg, Mississippi

We heard a lot of positive feedback on this special cover. A few readers were concerned about certain items being stored in an attic. Rest assured, the more fragile items shown actually belong to magazine staff members and a few other Reiman Publications employees who loaned keepsakes to make the scene extra special. Those items are now safely with their owners.

And the owner of the attic and many of its treasures, Harry Komoll, was thrilled to see himself featured in his favorite magazine. (Remember…his daughter, Jan Petersen, arranged the photo shoot without his knowing because she wanted to surprise him.)

Harry became an instant celebrity at the assisted living center where he now lives and even autographed some issues for folks!

Too Irresistible…Again

Well, you've done it to me again! This afternoon, I received my 15th anniversary issue (June) and, as with every issue, promised myself I would save it to read on Thursday, when I volunteer at the local hospital.

However, I started looking at the amazing attic cover picture. Now it's bedtime, and I have nothing to read on Thursday.

Cover to cover, my Reminisce was just so enjoyable that I have to forgive you. Maybe with the next issue, I'll be stronger…or maybe not.

—Alice K., Berkeley, Illinois

Dust by Air Mail

Reminisce has shown us that our families were not the only ones who struggled, who didn't have a car or electricity and who had an outhouse, chopped wood and raised chickens that we ate. The 15th anniversary edition (June) was no exception.

The story "Dust Bowl Days" ("Memories of the Depression Years") made me wonder whether the writer and your readers know that dust from the 1935 storm reached all the way to northeastern Vermont and settled on a fresh April snow. We were in a rural area, and in the days before instant news, it was a while before we found out why our snow had been turned brown.

—Charles W., Tavares, Florida

I'd Like You to Meet Duke

In reply to the question "Who Was Duke?" in the May/June issue ("Sandwich Memories Stacked High with Readers"), "Duke's mixture" was a phrase often used in our family while I was a youngster. We understood it to mean a mixture of various items.

Your question sent me to the Dictionary of American Regional English. It said that the origin of the phrase was a brand of pipe tobacco, Duke's Mixture. It came to mean a mixture of things as well as chaos or a state of confusion.

Thank you so much for a glimpse into the past. Your magazine, a Christmas gift from my daughter, is a great way to bring past memories forward.

—Carole M., Knotts Island, North Carolina

Gwen Accawi of Knoxville, Tennessee also noted that it's possible the author's mother got the recipe off a jar of Duke's Mayonnaise, which can still be found today.

Ahem…Watch the Hem

Reading "The Night of the Ice-Blue Gown" (May/June) put me in mind of my first strapless gown, at age 15.

I was attending the senior prom of my friend Paul Kulha, who was graduating from Henry Ford Trade School in Dearborn, Michigan. The prom was being held on the second floor of the glamorous Dearborn Inn.

Never having worn a long dress, my lovely pink strapless gown soon became a very embarrassing pink topless gown. I never thought to lift the front of my dress while ascending the stairs, consequently stepping on the hem.

—Georgia B., Sturgis, Michigan

Streetcar in Alberta

The location of the very interesting picture on the back cover of the March/April issue is Calgary, Alberta, and the streetcar belonged to the old municipal railway. It's possible that John Caldwell, the gentleman who shoveled coal, worked in the mining area at Crow's Nest Pass 200 miles to the south.

I drove a bus for Calgary Transit for 30 years along the old Belt Line route, so called because it looped around a nondescript area of unplanned development south of town.

Gradually, between the two world wars, the area's open prairie was filled with front-porch frame houses, sandstone mini mansions and maple trees.

By the time I drove the Belt Line in my bus, it had become an area of transition with walk-up apartments and fast-food outlets. Now, the

Belt Line is full of condos, trendy boutiques and high-rises and is the most densely populated heart of the city of a million people. Only a handful of people likely know how the area got its name.

As for the streetcar operators in the photo, you might try getting in touch with someone in charge of Calgary Transit's archives, or possibly Amalgamated Transit Union 583 or the Crow's Nest Pass Historical Society.

—John M., Calgary, Alberta

Two-Star "Tiger"

In the May/June issue ("Can You Give Me a Hand?"), you have two Army Air Forces ladies pictured with a Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, the famous commanding officer of the "Flying Tigers." I believe he was a major general.

—Charles C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Right you are, Charles, as indicated by the two stars on his shoulder. The U.S. Air Force gave Chennault the honorary grade of lieutenant general on July 18, 1958, just 9 days before he passed away.

Mother's Day Mom

My 78-year-old brother called me, his 80-year-old sister, and told me to look at the back cover of my May/June Reminisce. What a big surprise! The "unknown woman" by the storefront's Mother's Day display is our mother, Alice Meadows Parkinson Pearce.

Mom remarried when she was 50, in 1949. She and new husband Arthur Pearce traveled all over, so we were surprised to see her in the picture.

—Elaine W., Lincoln Park, Michigan

Different GM Model

In the May/June issue ("Motoring Memories"), George Biringer noted he was sitting on his 1929 Pontiac convertible. The car he's sitting on is actually a Chrysler from 1925 or '26, which had a

different shape to the grille.

—James M., Los Angeles, California

Chilling Follow-Up

This is a picture (left) of an “icy ball” icebox like the one described in the June issue (“Does Anyone Remember?”). This example is displayed at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan.

My family had one when we lived in Luling, Texas. Ours worked by burning alcohol in the outside ball, and it made ice cubes in the inside one.

—Mildred M, Fort Pierce, Florida