

Reminiscent

The Cat and the Canary

I was dismayed to see the photograph of a bird “reading” in your Oct/Nov issue (“ReminiSent”)! Everyone knows a bird’s brain is incapable of comprehending words, while no one can say for sure what goes on in the mind of a cat, like my long-haired “Pooter”.

I was so upset that I considered canceling my gift subscriptions, but that would further alienate me from those family members still speaking to me, so I will continue to renew.

—J.W. George W., Wellsburg, West Virginia

George, the editor and publisher of “The Brook County Review” weekly newspaper in Wellsburg, is certainly adept at tongue-in-cheek moral outrage. The picture and note gave us all a chuckle.

Going Home to the Past

I first picked up an issue of Reminisce when I was in my early 20s and living with my grandmother, who loves your magazine. I was enthralled. Always having felt that I was born in the wrong era, your magazine lets me feel like I’m going “home.”

Last year, I made it a goal to collect every single issue of Reminisce ever published, and I’m more than a third of the way there. Recently, while going through some older issues, I came across a story by reader Dave Ocorr about his Grandmother Teagie, who was a poet (“Grandma Painted Pictures in Words,” July/Aug 2001).

I located Mr. Ocorr and wrote him a letter telling him how touched I was by his grandmother’s talent. A couple weeks later, I received a packet of several of Teagie’s poems. Such generosity!

I wanted to tell all of you at Reminisce that you not only make it

possible for the older generation to revel in memories, but you also make it possible for a younger generation to “live” back in the good old days.

—Kelly S., Hope Valley, Rhode Island

Fooling with a Ford

The picture of the Ford roadster in the Aug/Sept “Short Memories” really is of a 1930 or ’31 Model A, not a 1932 Model B (contrary to a letter in “ReminiSent,” Oct/Nov).

Installing Model B radiator shells to disguise our Model As was common practice among us would-be hot-rodders in the 1940s and ’50s.

If you look closely, you can see the gas-filler cap on top of the cowl and under the folded windshield; the ’32 Ford had the gas tank in back between the frame rails. The stainless steel band around the cowl is also Model A.

In addition, you can see that the body has a flat reinforcing panel along the running board between the fenders, whereas that panel on the ’32 was curved on top and thinner.

—Harrison M., Coarsegold, California

NEC a Little Dynamo

Thank you for bringing back a flood of memories with your story about the NEC radio in your June issue (“We’ve Kept It All These Years”); I also owned one, but it was black.

In April of 1960, when I was a high school senior, I had eye surgery that required me to be in the hospital with both eyes bandaged for 3 days.

My parents presented me with an early graduation gift, a black NEC radio. I had wanted a transistor radio, but was a little disappointed to see a brand unknown to me. To my great surprise, that

little radio was probably the best battery-operated radio of any kind that I have ever owned.

My parents, two sisters and I had moved from southern California to Cocoa Beach, Florida because of my dad's work, so I didn't have many visitors at the hospital. My little NEC radio was my 24-hour "friend" through those 3 days of not being able to read or watch TV.

Through the years, my little NEC went many places. Sometime during our sons' teen years, the radio disappeared, but I wouldn't be surprised if it's still giving someone pleasure somewhere right now.
—Karen M., Twentynine Palms, California

Sewing for the WPA?

In the Aug/Sept issue ("Pictures from the Past"), I believe the room in Bob Smith's photo of a group of women sewing showed one of the many sewing rooms of the U.S. Works Progress Administration during the Great Depression.

The women were paid for sewing clothing for distribution to the needy.
—Starr G., Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Sailor Buddies Reunited

I attempted to locate two Navy buddies with whom I served, in the late 1940s and early '50s, but had no luck until 1997, when I found P.K. Exclamation doesn't begin to express his mood at the time.

In July of this year, I received an envelope from P.K. with the 15th Anniversary Special Issue of your magazine enclosed. Along with it was a note: "See page 42!"

There, in "How I Met My Spouse," were Steven Hanson and his wife, Marilyn, the couple I had been looking for all these years. So, buddies, keep looking—in Reminisce!

—Hank M., Redding, California

Dedicated to the One I Love

Mention of the Automatic Hostess jukebox in the Aug/Sept issue (“Does Anyone Remember?”) brought back some fun memories from when I was a bartender at the Cadet Bar in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

For an extra fee, it was possible to dedicate songs to someone at another location through the microphone on the Automatic Hostess.

A customer of mine, Bernie, had become quite interested in me. While at a tavern three blocks away from where I worked, Bernie asked the waitress to send a certain song to “Maxine at the Cadet Bar from Bernie at the Hillcrest.”

With amusement, the waitress complied. It was some time later when the waitress informed Bernie that I, Maxine, was her daughter.

—Maxine V., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Was “Flow” a Blown Word?

In the “Does Anyone Remember?” memory (Oct/Nov) about the fuel trucks with dangling chains, should it say the static electricity might otherwise “blow up” instead of “flow up” the truck?

—Maurice Y., Kewanee, Illinois

Actually, the sentence is correct. The author was talking about the flow of static electricity through the metal on the truck—certainly with explosive possibilities.

I Spy George and Jimmy

In the “Royal Review” picture from the Aug/Sept issue (“As You Were”), I’ll bet other readers recognized King George VI of Britain on the far right standing next to Jimmy Doolittle, the famed U.S. Air Force flyer and four-star general. I thought it worthy of mention.

—Mildred Gilbertson, Springfield, Missouri

Hot Tip on the Grille

The older car in the picture titled “Auto Upgrade” on the “Motoring Memories” page (Aug/Sept) is not a 1950 model, but a '51. I can tell by the grille appearance. The owner added the fog lamps as a non-factory item.

The old Plymouth may have been described as a 1950 model, but the Chrysler Corporation tagged it a '51.

—Kenneth Q., Gadsden, Tennessee