Reminisent

I Think I Had a V8!

In the section "New in '48" (from "Time Capsule: 1948," Nov/Dec), Campbell's V8® vegetable juice is mentioned.

However, in 1936, I remember a young woman going door-to-door giving a sales pitch and handing out literature on V8 vegetable juice in St. Paul, Minnesota. Is my memory that far off?

—Richard F., Harlingen, Texas

No, Richard, your memory serves you well. V8® vegetable juice was invented in 1933, but the Campbell's brand of V8 was new in 1948 after the company bought the brand.

Warning Signs

I remember drives on Sundays and reading Burma-Shave signs. I noticed, with interest, the two you published in "Over the Back Fence" (Jan/Feb). Here's a similar one that I remember well:

"Brother speeders, let's rehearse, all together, 'Good morning, nurse.'"

—Curtis K., Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Nostalgic Fragrance

My sweetheart of 64 years passed away recently, and in the process of sorting through hundreds of her trea-sures, I found a box containing five Evening in Paris items (right).

I was then excited to see your two-page spread (Nov/Dec) devoted to Evening in Paris products, so I removed the stopper from a small bottle of the perfume and smelled the wonderful scent. It brought back many pleasant memories of the '30s and '40s.

—Philip G., Collinwood, Tennessee

Ingenuity on Ice

I read with great interest the story “Pond Hockey Was a Sport Apart” (Jan/Feb). Our hockey games back in Stockertown, Pennsylvania were much the same, but we were less fortunate in the 1940s—our puck was a small stub of hardwood, and our sticks were carved from branches found in the woods.

We skated on an abandoned millrace that stretched almost 50 yards and was only about 12 feet wide. Among the hazards were the holes along the edge of the ice. These were used after the game to flood the ice, done by pumping a club in and out of them.

After an overnight wait, the ice was frozen over with a brand-new skating surface.

—Richard G., Lehighton, Pennsylvania

UN Voted on Palestine

In the opening paragraphs of “Time Capsule: 1948” (Nov/Dec), you said that Israel proclaimed itself a nation after the British withdrawal from Palestine.

Prior to that, it was the United Nations General Assembly that, on Nov. 29, 1947, approved the partition of Palestine into three parts: an Arab state, a Jewish state and an internationally administered Jerusalem.

It is also factually incorrect to say that the Jewish state was a “creation” on “Arab territory,” since much of the land involved was purchased by Jewish settlers.

—John S., Alexandria, Virginia

Vouching for “Doc”

Growing up in South Beach on Staten Island, New York, I often went to “Doc” Gullo’s pharmacy (“Short Memories,” March/April) with my dad and got to know Mr. Gullo quite well.

Everything that was written about him is true. He was a good man and respected by everyone. My mom needed a lot of medicine for years and Doc always trusted us to pay, even though my dad's pension checks sometimes came late.

Dad made good wine at home and would give some to Doc for his being so kind or sometimes as payment. We also knew Doc's sons, and they were just as kind and generous as their dad.

—Anne M., Ocala, Florida

A Chance Spotting

I like to share Reminisce with other people while I work at bingo, and one day, a gentleman came up to me and showed me an "As You Were" article (Jan/Feb) by John Engels concerning a picture ("Thanks for the Photo, Alice").

He pointed at the picture and kept saying, "This is me! This is me right here!" As his eyes began to tear up, he said, "I remember this being taken."

His name is Joe "Pete" Edwards, and he'd like to hear from some of his old buddies by mail at 310 Melrose, Scott City MO 63780.

—Marcus S., Benton, Missouri

"Skeleton Feet"

What a delightful surprise to see Dennis Adler's drawing of the shoe-store fluoroscope machine ("Does Anyone Remember?", March/April).

The first thing my brother Ray and I would do on a visit to the Sears, Roebuck store in San Jose, California was head for the shoe department to take turns looking at our skeleton feet. It was an eerie, greenish sight.

When they discontinued the machines due to fears of X-ray damage, I'll admit we watched our feet with apprehension for quite

some time. I'm happy to report after 62 years: So far, so good.

—Desiree C., San Jose, California

Lumberjack Brooker

Thank you for printing the picture of my grandfather as a lumberjack in "Pictures from the Past" (Jan/Feb). We were all thrilled but somewhat disappointed that the copy did not mention his name, Rollin H. Brooker. Thank you for including it now.

—Sandy B., West Lafayette, Indiana