How I Met My Spouse

A Little Breaking and Entering

IT WAS Christmas morning 1944, and I was awaiting my first assignment in the Pacific after completing advanced submarine training in San Diego, California.

My ice skates had been checked at a local rink, and I wanted to ship them home. A small group of devotees was waiting outside for the rink to open. As I recall, the door was open, so I led the way inside (not my usual reticent conduct).

While searching for the area where my skates were stored, I checked out skates, played some music and answered the phone.

On the other end of one phone call was an intriguing female voice. I said to the caller, “No one is here who is supposed to be, but come on down anyway.”

About 20 minutes later, an attractive young lady in a bright yellow pantsuit arrived, and I just knew she belonged to the voice I had invited to join us. One thing led to another, and she invited this lonely sailor to a Christmas dinner at her home.

I shut down the music, wiped off the rentals and returned them to their proper pigeonholes, closed the door behind me and off we went.

After three dates, I was in love, engaged and on my way overseas. I made it back in time for Christmas 1945, and Raye and I were married the following January 7. —D.J. S. Jr., Magalia, California

Just Hangin' Out

THERE WAS no time for proper introductions when I met my future husband; he was hanging upside down out of a second-story window at Columbus, Ohio's Holy Family High School.

After lunch one day in 1932, I saw a couple of my taller sophomore classmates looking out the window. I walked toward them and gasped when I saw that they were holding the ankles of one of the shorter boys.

In my very best authoritative voice, I commanded them, "Bring that boy in here—you are going to drop him!"

The "hangmen's" fun was probably diminished by the fact that their victim appeared unperturbed as he hung out the window with both his arms crossed over his chest. He and I both were new students at the school, but I soon learned his name was John Martin.

The next year, John joined the football team and outshined those two taller boys. In our senior year, he was named to the Central Ohio All-Star Team; the "tall boys" were not.

After graduation, I invited the best dancer—by then, also my best friend—to all of the dances at St. Mary's of the Springs College, where I attended. We were married on September 7, 1940, and raised seven children.

—Mary Louise M., Lambertville, New Jersey

Atomic-Powered Meeting

IN JANUARY 1944, I was assigned to the Manhattan District (atomic bomb project) in Oak Ridge, Tennessee as an undercover agent for the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps.

I noticed a striking young lady who was always smiling and carried herself proudly as she passed by every morning and afternoon. I couldn't take my eyes off her!

I made it a point to walk beside her each day going out of the security gate, but I couldn't get as much as a glance from her.

When the atomic bombs put an end to World War II and I was no longer undercover, I was asked by the plant's personnel director to furnish GI escorts for a local beauty contest.

I agreed when I found out that Julia Mae Hoover, the striking woman I had seen, was to be in this contest to determine Miss Atomic Bomb. My condition was that I would escort her.

Julia was chosen first runner-up, and our picture appeared on the New York Daily Mirror and The Knoxville News- Sentinel newspaper front pages.

Although she had a date with another GI for the party and dance following the contest, I was the one who walked her home. We were married the following May and celebrated our 60th anniversary this year. She's as beautiful today as she was then.

—Harold "Hal" H., Boardman, Ohio