

# How I Met My Spouse

## Stuck on Each Other

BACK IN 1951, I was stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana, and some buddies and I decided to catch a bus to the little town of DeRidder. We heard there was a USO there with pool tables, pretty girls and lots of food, along with dancing.

I was talking to another buddy when a lady on stage said, “Okay, girls, it’s ladies’ choice. Get these boys up and dancing!”

I looked up to see a beautiful girl standing in front of me. She asked, “Y’all want to dance?” I said, “Well, I don’t dance very well, but I’ll give it a try.”

The girl’s name was Addie Mae Grantham, and the dance went very well. When the music stopped, however, her brooch got caught in my sweater and she had to untangle it. We danced many times that night, and the same thing happened nearly every time.

We were stuck on each other, and I didn’t mind a bit!

Another thing happened that night. The ID bracelet given to me by my hometown girlfriend came loose several times. I kept finding it until I noticed it was gone again and nowhere to be found. Was it a sign?

When I returned from Korea, we were married in DeRidder, and we’re celebrating our 53rd year of marriage this year.

—Bill S., DeRidder, Louisiana

## **Wager Pays Off Big**

I WAS barely 18 when I took a job 50 miles from home as a household aide and baby-sitter out in the country. There was limited contact with others my age, but the family hired a neighborhood youth for outdoor work.

I was somewhat “taken” by this boy, but he showed a great lack of interest. After a few days, I took my camera out and asked him to let me take his picture. Vehemently, he said, “No!”

I told him he might as well let me because I was going to do it and did not want a shot of his back, which was all he had offered.

He bet me that I couldn’t, but let me set the stakes. If I won, he would take me for a ride on Seneca Lake’s commercial boat. If I failed in a month, I would pay his way for the boat ride with me (my mother didn’t raise any fools).

Well, he ended up paying for that boat ride on our first date, a ride that led to our being married a year later.

—Barbara B., Watkins Glen, New York

## **Name, Rank and Marital Status, Soldier!**

I WAS a stewardess (below left) on a meal flight between Washington, D.C. and Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1953, and I was returning to the galley with three dinner trays.

The other stewardess was conversing with a man and his young son in the aisle, and when I said, “Excuse me, please,” the boy

turned and one of his hands hit the bottom tray.

Everything flew, and some of the leftover food and utensils landed on a handsome soldier who had been dozing nearby.

As the soldier began picking lettuce and forks from his uniform, he said he'd thought someday he would have some "fruit salad" (colorful military ribbons) on his uniform but didn't think it would come with dressing.

I said, "Oh, sir, I'm sorry. The airline will pay to have your uniform cleaned. All I need is your name, address, serial number, telephone and marital status."

Well, all I really needed was his name and address, but I was on such a roll (I should have thought of this ploy sooner in my flying days).

By the soldier's remark, I knew he had a good sense of humor, and by the time he got to his destination, he knew my phone number, too. When he returned to his base at Fort Belvoir, he called it.

Eventually, this soldier made me lose my job, since marriage ended a stewardess' career in the singles-only years.

—June R., Santa Rosa, California