

Does Anyone Remember?

Cruising and Bob's

SORTING BELONGINGS for a move, my husband and I came across a 1950s menu from a favorite teenage hangout in Phoenix, Arizona, Bob's, also known as Bob's Big Boy.

The restaurant had many curbside spots where kids would gather for 10-cent sodas and 45-cent hamburgers after cruising Central Avenue. We have many fond memories of both the cruising and the food at Bob's.

—Sandra Key, Peoria, Arizona

Her Employer Apologized

IN 1950, my girlfriend Juan Fischer and I moved from our small town of Currie, Minnesota to much larger Mankato. We rented a two-room, light-housekeeping apartment for \$72 a month, and our first stop was the local employment agency.

We both got jobs at the H.L. Green Company to work behind the lunch counter. We had to wear horrible hairnets, but we didn't mind, as we needed to pay our rent.

Recently, I came across the receipt for that first week's pay in its little brown envelope. On the outside, it said, "Pommier, \$16.92; meals, \$1.25; net, \$15.67."

Inside was a white card with a black frame around the following note: "To Employees: The amount of your pay is \$18.00. I have been forced by the government to deduct from your pay for income tax \$0.28 and for Social Security taxes \$0.80. Your take-home pay, \$16.92."

It wasn't long before I got a job at Archer Daniels Midland and Juan

got a job at a bank. I don't think we could have survived otherwise.
—Jeanne Pommier Stanton, Tracy, Minnesota

He Was an Early Plane Traveler

WHEN WE WERE 17, in 1948, my friends Marilyn Johnson and Dave Alson and I decided it would be adventurous to fly from Minneapolis to Duluth on an early Northwest Orient Airlines airliner, a DC-3.

So, on Sept. 8, we did, then rode back to Minneapolis on a train.

My flight cost \$9.72, and it was \$5 for the train ride back.

While this was the first flight for Marilyn and Dave, I had first flown in a DC-3, in 1938, when Northwest came to my hometown of Brainerd to demonstrate the new airliner and gave rides for 1¢ a pound.

Dad paid 80¢ for my ride, as I was only 7 years old and weighed 80 pounds.

—Bob Crawford, St. Paul, Minnesota