

## War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: Esther Klotter  
Current home town: Cincinnati  
Age: 92

### **World War II Memory: On the Home Front**

Marking time, waiting for letters and comforting little ones; these activities were coupled with coping with shortages and, most significantly for many, loneliness. On August 14, 1945, a day of joy for my three-year-old daughter, a small group of friends and relatives joined us to celebrate her birthday. Following our rendition of “Happy Birthday,” the bells of St. John’s Church on Bellevue Avenue rang loud and clear. That unusual clamor prompted us to turn on our radio and hear the glorious news. World War II had ended.

One small party guest looked forward to his dad being returned from the merchant marine. Another was jubilant that his father would come home to him after building bridges in the South Pacific. Two brothers were excited about the end of their dad’s service on a landing ship medium. I was thrilled that my younger brother would be safe. Meanwhile, the family in whose home we rented a flat worried about their grandparents spending time in a bomb shelter in Germany.

It was good we had sung the birthday song earlier, because nothing could top this! We all foolishly entertained the idea that families would be reunited in a month or so, but it was January before everyone came home.