

War Era Story Project 2012

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Current home town: None given

Age: 71

I was born eight months before Pearl Harbor, so obviously I do not remember much of the early years of the war. As I grew older, I was aware that my two older second cousins had joined the Army and Navy. They came home on leave when I was three, and I remember being so impressed by their uniforms! After they left for the war again, I remember riding my tricycle around in the basement while my mother hung wet laundry up to dry. "I'm Joe", I would tell her. "You have to call me Joe now. I'm a sailor!!" I even learned to sing Anchors Aweigh!

I have a vivid memory of what must have been VJ day. My father, who worked for Curtis Wright in Columbus, Ohio, came home earlier than usual, full of smiles, and took us down to the corner drugstore for ice cream cones to celebrate the victory. Afterwards, all of us children in the neighborhood banged on metal dishpans with spoons and shouted in celebration. But the best was that our neighbor, who had been pregnant all summer and seemed HUGE to me, gave birth to a little boy that afternoon, and named him Victor Jay in honor of the win!!

One footnote: during my fourth birthday party on April 12, 1945, the radio announced the death of our president, Franklin D. Roosevelt!