# War Era Story Project 2012

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Current home town: Cincinnati
Age: 93

I am 93 years of age, the sister of Paul Lawrence Weimer. Paul went to Saint Lawrence Grade School, then Elder High School. Upon graduation, he entered St. Gregory Seminary. When the War began in December of 1941, he was in his senior year. In June of 1942, after completing a four year college degree, he decided to drop out. At his age of 21 years, there was nothing to do but enlist, which he did, choosing the Navy.

He became a Fire Control man 2nd class and went to Europe where his ship a destroyer escort was located. He made one trip to North Africa and at least three more to Northern Ireland. His ship's job was to protect troops and supplies. When the war ended in Europe, he arrived at our house shortly after.

My Mother and Father had bought a house on Seton Avenue. The house was old with a front porch with wood columns, wood railings and wood floor. Mom was worried about that, but Paul said "Mom, don't worry this war can't go on much longer. If you are in the Navy, you learn how to paint; so when I come home I'll paint the porch."

He left across the U.S., across the Pacific and ended up in Buckner Bay off the coast of Okinawa, prepared to help invade Japan. Instead Atom bombs were dropped on Japan and Japan surrendered. However, Japan changed their mind for several hours and things went back as before the surrender. During this time, Paul's co-workers and friends gathered in his work space, talking about what they would do when they got home. Instantly, a kamikaze plunged into the ship, killing quite a few, including my brother.

Days went by, no word from Paul. Mother tried to think it was the result of the end of the war. On the Friday of the Labor Day weekend, she was asked by a pharmacy on Glenway Ave. to come and pick up a telegram. She figured they would tell her when and where he would get home. Instead it was about Paul's death. The pharmacist would not let her open it until a relative was with her. They drove her to my sister's home on Mozart Avenue. There, they found out the awful news that Paul was killed. It was the hottest weekend of summer. People, relatives came from all over to offer condolences. My sister and I spent the weekend making lemonade.

Weimer Family Photo
L to R: Laurence, father; Emma, Mother; Betty (Odley), sister; Mary (Davis), sister; Paul (brother and veteran)