

Readers share their Memories of WWII

I was born in '42, so I don't remember everything, but one thing was the magazine, Homefront, published in the Slate Belt of Pennsylvania. My Aunt Celeste was on one cover, and the website is searchable. <<http://www.homefrontmag.org/>>

I remember with lack of paper, writing in the margins of Look or Colliers or The Saturday Evening Post. The fish salesman came around once a week in his old panel delivery - sometimes with a new swab of paint gleaned from somewhere. Things were rationed, but I wasn't hungry - I was very lucky, most of my uncles were in Europe or the Pacific Theaters.

Not much but a few vignettes nowadays, but thanks for asking.

Harry M Kachline

My parents met in Paris during WWII. My father was with the U.S. Army infantry and was in Paris after the Germans were sent on the run. My mother was a native of France whose parents were both deceased by the time she was twelve. She lived in a convent, along with her sister, until she was eighteen and was allowed to leave.

They were living in dire circumstances in Paris after the Germans occupied the city, especially since they refused to collaborate with the Germans. She and her sister scrounged food out of the trash and lived in a bombed out house, struggling just to stay alive.

When the Allies bombed the train depot in Paris my aunt, who worked in the depot, was killed. When my father arrived in Paris and eventually met my mother he helped her by "borrowing" food from the supply tent. They fell in love and married in Paris in 1945.

My father was discharged later that same year and was sent back to the U.S. My mother followed a year later, arriving in New York City as one of many war brides. Her story is very moving and she was among many of the brave men and women that survived the occupation of Paris.

Diana Holladay

One of my vivid memories about the beginning of our entry into WWII was my parents very seriously listening to a speech on the radio. There were hushed conversations between them and my Dad started running, running and running some more. He would run before work and after work and after dinner. Then he left us, Mom was crying, Dad was crying and so was I but at four I didn't understand the importance of that moment.

Later, I was to understand that my Dad, who was already 30 was not called up, but wanted to enlist in the Navy SeaBees (Construction Battalion). They had rejected him because at 5'9" he was over the weight requirement. The Army Corp of Engineers would have him on the spot, but he wanted the Navy and so he ran and ran and ran some more until the day the scale showed the satisfactory number and he was inducted at Lt. J.G. and sent *immediately* to basic and from there to the South Pacific.

Our letters from Dad would arrive in bunches, although we mailed ours every day. At first, they would arrive with parts of the pages missing. As he got the hang of how not to "give away secrets" they got better.

We all wrote on thin crackly paper that was supposed to be very light so lots of mail could be shipped in one bag, my Mom told me. I liked the paper that we got from the post office that came flat. We wrote on one side and then folded it up to become its own envelope. It had an airplane on it so it would go faster.

It didn't know what a dangerous job my Dad had. He was attached to a Marine Battalion which would hit the beaches of the island that wanted to attack. As soon as the Marines moved off the beaches and started moving inland, the landing craft with my Dad and his company were sent from the big ships to the beaches to build landing strips for the planes to land. Many of the SeaBees were killed by Japanese snipers as they worked. My Dad never did tell Mom and me about it but he did tell my Granpa when he got back and I eventually learned about it. My Dad was on Iwo Jima and came back to the states from Okinawa after the bombing of Japan. He was gone for four years before we saw him again.

Leslie

Several very vivid memories...we couldn't find "Bubble Gum"... I wanted a Schwinn Bike so badly - but only got this awful skinny wheeled "victory" bike - taking the canned grease from bacon, etc. to the grocery store (what did the War effort use that for?) A picture of me in the newspaper suggesting we turn in all the metal stop signs and use wooden ones instead. My Grandmother gave me her shoe ration tickets. Early in the war, when they would say the planes were dropping bombs on Britton - I thought they were talking about Britton, Okla. Love you,

Lisbeth