

## War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: Mary Ann Jarosz

Current home town: Wickliffe, Ohio

Age: 94

My husband, Stephen Jarosz, and I owned a meat market and grocery on East 79 St. To our dismay, Selective Service listed him as 1A. Being 30 years old, married and with two children made no difference; working with food shortages and the general public did not help with the War Effort. "Get a job in a factory and you'll be deferred," the board told him.

He left for basic training in March of 1944 and was assigned to an ambulance unit. A lieutenant giving a session on first aid said something that Steve disagreed with. "Why are you so smart?" he asked.

"Because I'm a butcher," Stephen replied.

"Get out of here. Report to the Mess Hall," was the reply. No more hikes!!!

He came home a few times, sometimes at 7 a.m. on Sunday and then had to leave at 11 a.m. to get back to camp on time. His unit was changed a few times until he left for overseas assignment in France. That was toward the end of the Battle of the Bulge.

One night, they were camped outside of Rheims when they heard bells ringing and guns shooting. The war was over. A few weeks later, he was on a ship going towards the Pacific action. As the ship neared the Panama Canal, it veered north. The war was over. All the ports on the east coast were crowded and I got a collect call from Boston. I refused the call as I didn't know anyone in Boston. "It's me, hon," he said.

My days were busy with our baby and toddler and waiting for the mailman, hoping for a letter that often had a stick of gum in it.

Steve was discharged Jan. 30, 1946 as Technician Fourth Grade.