

Life in the USA in 1930's and 1940's.

My Life, My Love, My Wife

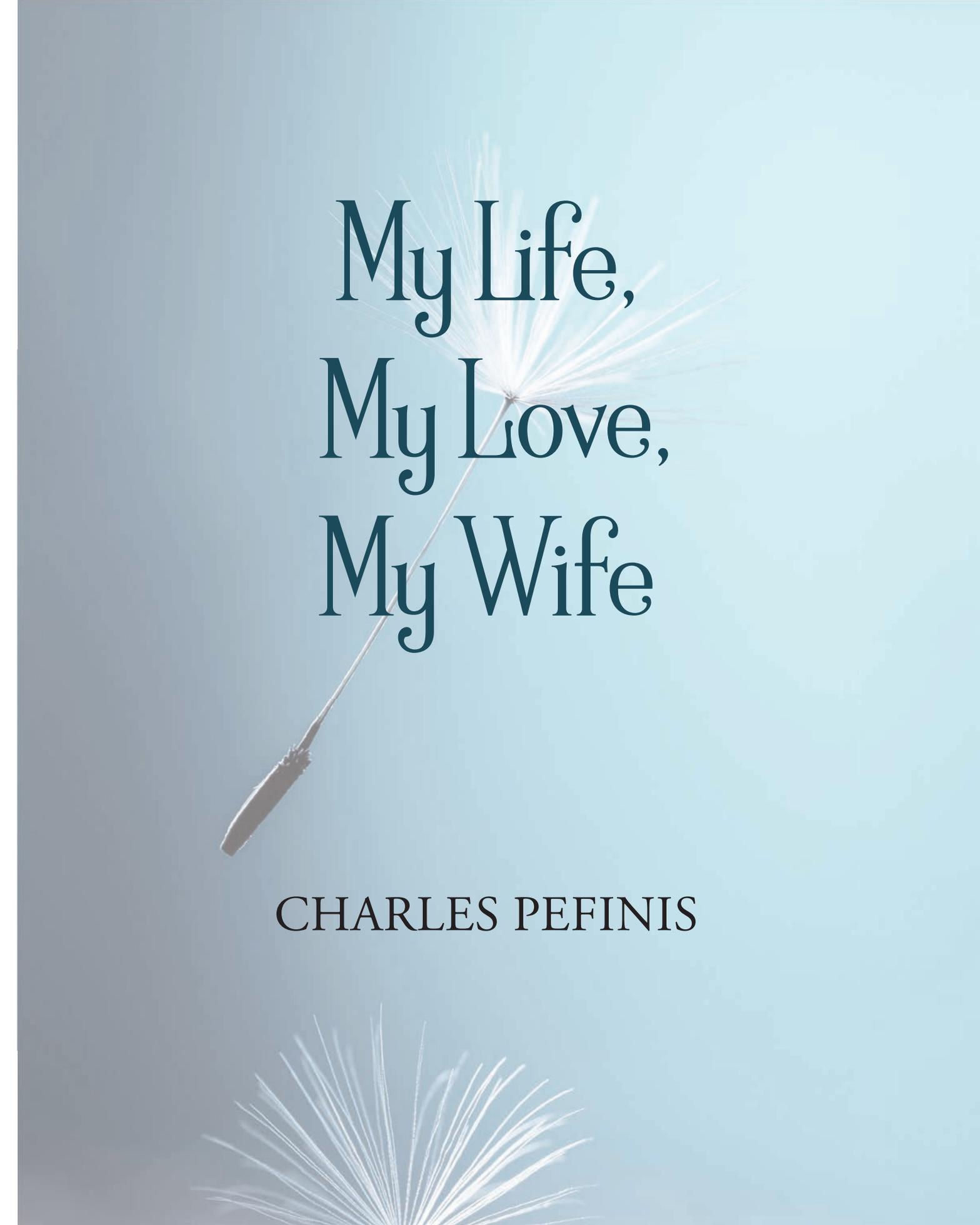
by Charles Pefinis

Order the complete book from the publisher

Booklocker.com

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/9123.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



My Life,
My Love,
My Wife

CHARLES PEFINIS

Copyright © 2017 Charles Pefinis

ISBN 978-1-63492-112-1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

Booklocker.com, Inc.

2017

First Edition

I am dedicating my story to my wife of 55 years, truly a 55-year honeymoon.

Sandra was my love, my inspiration, my life. No one could have a better life than she and I.

We are blessed with three lovely and sweet daughters, Angelique, Maria, and Melanie, two wonderful sweet and successful sons-in-law, Joel and Mark and three GRAND children, Olivia, Avery and Elias.

Thank you, dear Lord, for granting them to me.

As a member of the so called Greatest Generation, the contents of this memoir describes how a typical family lived in the early 30s and 40s in this country.

It will be marketed like my other books are, they can be purchased at Barnes & Nobel and Amazon, for about the same price from me, except mine will be signed.

I was born June 9, 1925. My family lived in a small house about 800 square feet at 461 Cooper Street in Atlanta, Georgia, maybe about three quarters of a mile from the Greek Church, on Pryor Street. We had a lovely village like area. Even though we were very poor, I never knew it. As far as I was concerned everything was fine, but we were quite poor.



My father was a salesman for a tobacco company; he would sell cigarettes, candy and other things like that to restaurants. He did not have a truck; he would take the back seat out of his sedan and put the product in there. Every night he would take it out so it wouldn't be stolen, and put it in our living room. Every morning about five am, he would put it all back in the car. One day was truly horrible. Someone stole all the wheels off our car. I don't know what Dad did about it but they were all gone.

I had two sisters. Angeliki, aka Evelyn, and Vasiliki, aka Doris. Mother had close friends next door, who were Jewish, she named the girls after them.

My father for our school lunch, would leave 3 dimes on the counter in the kitchen, and each one of us would take one to have lunch. I went to the elementary school about a half mile away, Formwalt School. The building is still there. At the entrance, there were many many steps. In fact, I have a picture taken in the late 30's with my sister Evelyn who was 5 years older than I, standing there on the steps at the school and some of her friends were there too.

One Christmas I heard my parents complaining that there was not enough money to buy any gifts for their children. Somehow, they got me a tiny little toy truck, which I loved very much.

I really loved my parents; they were a wonderful sweet loving people. One thing about father, he was 22 years older than my mother. That was sort of normal in those days, my dad came over from Greece in the early 1900s, he was born in 1882. A groom in those days had to be financially established. He married my mother when she was 16 years old and he was 38.

My mother was really wonderful. She was a beautiful woman, green eyes, blond hair, very light complexion. She grew up as a child in Samos an island not too far from Turkey. The whole family immigrated here in early part of 1900. Her parents ended up in Birmingham, Alabama and I don't know how they got together with my father but nevertheless, mother and daddy got married in 1919 and then Angelique—Evelyn was born in 1920. Doris was 2 years younger, born in 1923.

I have a picture showing my mother, me and my sisters. It shows my mother, about 24 years old with me sitting in her lap; I was 2 years old and my sisters Evelyn to the left, Doris to the right. We were well groomed. Apparently, my father's business, a soda and sandwich shop, was doing quite well.

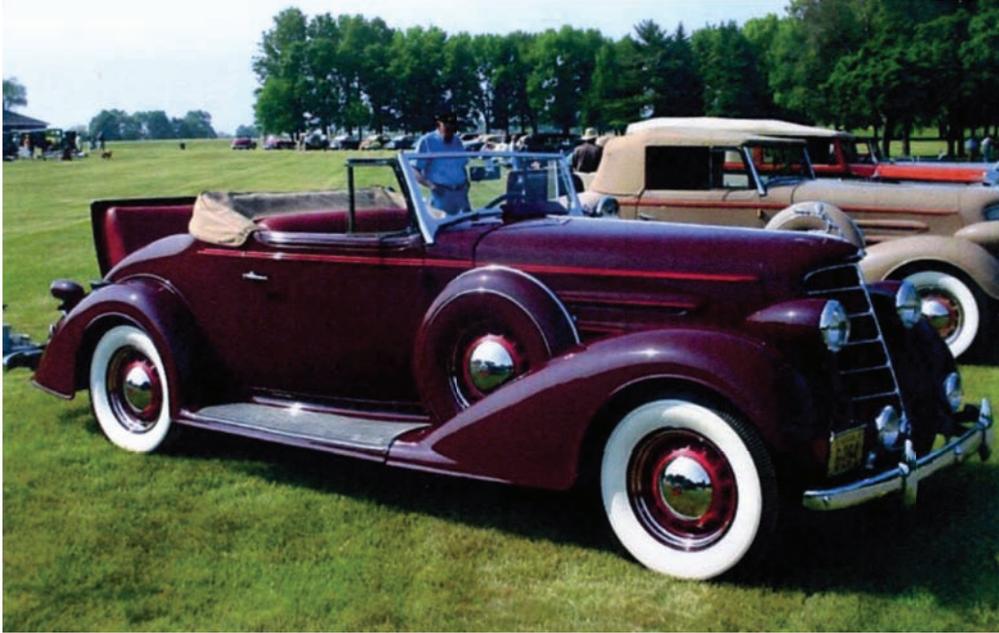
We had a very fine neighborhood. Next door was my godmother, Lucy Virgil. Across Romona Avenue was the Vasilopoulos family, next to them was the Macris family, then the Poulos family, and then the Karras family.

Across the street on the corner street was the Peak family, their son was killed in WWII as a gunner on the B-17. Across the street directly was my best friend Bobby Henson. His brother Louis, was nicknamed Country was a very good football player for Tech High.

He went into the service becoming a paratrooper. One thing about Louis, he was a very creative guy. When he got captured and became a POW, he put a little gold symbol in the netting on his helmet that made him look like a Major, so to be treated as an officer.

Louis owned a 193? Buick Convertible, it was gorgeous, but because gasoline was rationed, there was no way we could enjoy riding in it. One of our group came up with a plan, Bobby Henson, Louis' brother would steer the car. Three of us on each side would put our foot on the running board and the other on the street. We now had a four-wheel scooter. We scooted all the way to downtown with passersby's laughing and cheering us on. We returned the same way.





Our neighbors the Vlasses, were our best friends. They lived across the street from us. Evelyn married John Vlass, the second oldest son from the Vlass family. His youngest brother George, who was one helluva football player for Tech High. He got a scholarship at Chattanooga University. It didn't work out too well though.

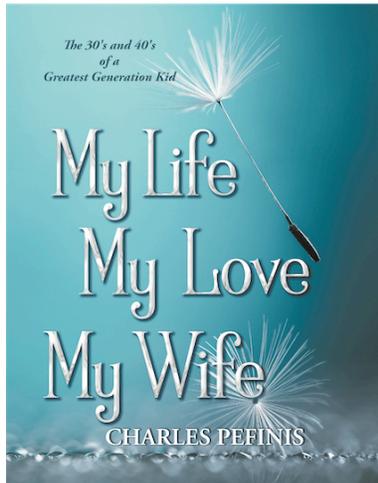
We were very close to the Vlass family. I had a crush on Gloria (Golfo in Greek). People thought we would get married. She married a very fine man, Ignance. She is still alive and doing well at the age of 91.

I remember that Cooper Street, was a very wide street, with large oak trees on both sides of the street. They were so large and so many tree limbs there, it would make almost a tunnel. A beautiful place. Street cars tracks came right down the middle of the street. At times Evelyn at about four years old, would go out and stand in the center of the tracks forcing the street cars to stop.

I'll never forget one episode, about my sister Evelyn, who was very bright. She loved my Uncle Nick, who lived with us for a while there. Once he said to everybody in Greek, "Listen, I'm going to tell her, I'm leaving and see what she does because she loves me so much she won't let me go," So he said to her in Greek, "Evelyn, I'm leaving," she says, "Uncle Nick, don't forget to take your hat, you'll need your hat to keep your head warm,"

On several occasions the street car would stop because Evelyn would stop it because she would stand in the middle of the street car line, just stand there. Strange. In fact, on several occasions the driver of the streetcar would bring the child into our house.

One time, when I was about 8 years old, one of my friends got us some cigarettes and we



Life in the USA in 1930's and 1940's.

My Life, My Love, My Wife

by Charles Pefinis

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/9123.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**