

'WHERE'S PEARL HARBOR?'

On Aug. 25, 1941, I turned 9 years old. Friendships and creative playtime were the norm in summer. In winter, Saturday afternoons were reserved for the movies. Take your pick: the Zaring, the Ritz, the Uptown or the Vogue.

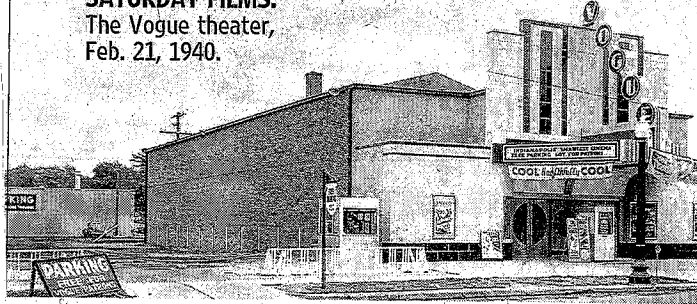
We consumed 25-cent malted milks and devoured the latest edition of Batman or Captain Marvel comics. Action serials on the radio began about 4:30 p.m., followed by the new which was forecasting the probability of a world war. But, hey, although we didn't always recognize names like Hitler and Stalin and Tojo, our time would come.

Bowling was a favorite sport in 1941. On Dec. 7 that year, after dinner at the Main Café in Broad Ripple, we drove to East 42nd Street and College Avenue at the Uptown Alleys. Shortly after we arrived, bowlers gathered around a radio. It seems the Japanese had, without provocation, attacked Pearl Harbor, an American outpost in the Pacific. I asked my mother, "Where's Pearl Harbor?" She wasn't sure. But within several days, the world would know.

— Robert D. Arnold, Indianapolis

SATURDAY FILMS:

The Vogue theater,
Feb. 21, 1940.



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