If you could see past the damaged buildings, blocked off streets, and large, empty places where buildings used to be, Evansville was quite a beautiful city, especially in the streets where the bombings weren’t bad at all. Since this was a very large city, it was a natural bombing target for the enemy. The smell of smoke and debris mingled with the cool, crisp autumn air. But despite all this, it still had beauty to be seen.

Evansville’s main roads had long, wide cobblestone streets with shops, restaurants, and tall apartment buildings lining its sides. Long, winding streets and alleys wound in between the buildings, creating something almost like a maze. It was easy to get lost in Evansville if you didn’t know your way around. It took newcomers at least a year to get familiar with all the streets.

Despite the active bombings, Evansville was still an active city. Shops were still open, but with their glass windows boarded up for safety. Automobiles zoomed around the cobblestone streets, blaring their horns at the hustle and bustle of people going about their business.

When late afternoon and evening came along, the streets would suddenly grow quiet and people would disperse. Nobody knew if there were going to be bombings that night, and what time they would start if there were bombings. People sought shelter in underground rooms in their homes or in public buildings. The streets would then grow eerily quiet and then the drone of planes could be heard overhead.

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