

Feeling on edge decades after his service

Mike: I lived in a fourth-floor walkup on Kings Highway in Brooklyn and there was one particular night. The windows are open. It's a hot summer night. You're laying in bed. You're half asleep and the lull of a tractor-trailer outside at the stop light was just idling. I guess there was a car stopped in front of him. The driver reached over and gave him a couple of toots with the airhorn. Well that airhorn was our warning for a rocket attack. I took my wife and rolled her off onto the floor. That, I believe was one of the first times that I really felt that something is still in my mind that I can't get it out.



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