

## War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: Betty King

Current home town: Lewisburg, Ohio

Age: 74

It was spring during WWII, and we had just finished a winter of rationing. I was a small child when my father and grandfather agreed to raise some beef at my grandma and grandpa's home outside of West Milton, Ohio. They would share the costs and the beef.

Grandpa said he saw an ad in the paper for feeder calves for sale near Covington, Ohio. Grandpa asked Dad to go with him to pick up a calf. Of course, I wanted to too! Grandpa took the back seat out of his old Ford car. We three piled into the front. The men talked about not having to worry about having meat next winter. They could use the ration stamps for other kinds of meat.

When we arrived, the farmer showed them a three-quarters grown bull. Dad and Grandpa were very happy, - they surely would not have to feed this animal very much more until it would be big enough – what a bargain! But, when they tried to get it into the back of the car, its head was out one window and his tail out the other. We piled into the front again for a very long ride home. We hadn't gone far when the "calf" decided he wanted in the front seat! Dad put me on the floor under the dashboard. Grandpa pushed the accelerator to the floor board! We went fast. Dad whacked the calf on the nose every time it tried to come up front with us. And so we made the trip.

The beef at our houses was plentiful and delicious that year. Dad and Grandpa never again tried to raise any beef, but rationing was ended anyway.