

War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: S. Jean Bray

Current home town: Green Springs, Ohio

Age: 75

Rationing is the first thing I always recall of my childhood. Ration books were issued in the name of each family member. I recall holding onto my mother's apron while we waited in line to apply for the books. I was, of course, with her whenever she used the books for our necessities.

Gas rationing was a continuing topic of conversation at home and everywhere. Gas was needed to take my father to Bellevue to a rooming house to remain there for the week while he worked, and then be picked up on Saturday mornings for his weekend at home. This routine also saved "wear and tear" on the automobile tires, which were patched and re-patched due their scarcity.

Clothes were patched with ingenuity and scraps to hide the most worm spots due to cotton shortages, or so I was told. The elderly and the smallest children were fed better than older children and adults. It was a time of knowing, even among us children, we were all in the same situation and with the subsequent stresses. Church donations were meager, simply because there wasn't enough money to do better. A pooling of parental resources would produce a trip to Cedar Point but definitely not on a regular basis, but only as a rare treat for a special birthday.