

Memories of the War with Sue Peak Young

I don't have a lot of memories re WW2 but I will jot down those I have stored in my mind and you can throw out with the bath water if not required.

My mother walking 5 miles to get a fresh egg for her toddler - and I wouldn't eat it.

Going to the food office for orange juice in small dumpy bottles which tasted very good unlike the powdered egg.

Sawdust on the floor of the butchers and using the ration book for meat.

My father was a Squadron Leader in the RAF and I didn't see him until after I was 2 years old.

I have a memory of black out material and parachute silk.