

GROWING UP IN THE 1940s



Growing up during World War II in Australia in the 1940s was a very different experience from the life we live in today. Here are some memories of life in the 1940s. Use one of the memories to start your own story and write about a childhood where food was rationed, there were no large shopping centers and no television, computers or mobile phones or even refrigerators.

During "The War", we had an air raid shelter dug into the backyard - but my sister and I were sent to the country to live with Mum's parents for a year....

I vaguely remember the day the war ended - we were taken "into town" - it must have been night time, but I have a vivid memory of all the city lights going on - so we must have had blackouts - and black paper on the windows at night!
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I remember we had ration tickets for food - so dad kept chooks and we didn't have a refrigerator - ice chests only - a man would come around in a 'lorry' with big blocks of ice

A horse and cart would come up our street periodically, yelling "Clothes props!" No clothes hoists then! Mum washed the clothes on a wooden scrubbing board and then boiled them in a fire heated copper, wringing out by hand! We've got it easy these days!....

We used to put a lidded billy can on the front verandah every night for the 'milko' to fill up in the morning - and at night, we'd sit around the 'wireless', knitting or embroidering, listening to all serials! As kids, sometimes at night we would sit out on the kerb under a lamppost in front of our friend's house and tell ghost stories...

When we went to school we had nice neat uniforms - polished shoes, stockings, gloves, hats, blazers, ties, tunics - and I didn't go to a private or Catholic school! NEVER answered the teachers back - discipline was excellent - except some of the teachers would discipline us for the dastardly crime of either talking behind their backs or throwing notes across the room!

Entertainment consisted of either going ballroom dancing at the local town hall once or twice a week or going to the 'pictures', where there was a newsreel, a serial, then interval, then the main feature!

We had great family holidays - Dad would get 6 weeks over Christmas as we kids did and we would either go camping (Dad was a mad fisherman) or to Dad's parent's farm in the hills

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