Hello Robert I was nearly 12 on VE Day there were many restrictions at the time.you had to have clothing coupons to buy shoes socks and all clothes.bread was rationed until 1948, there were no street lights, bike and car lights were half covered. All windows were covered by black out shutters or black curtains. Food was rationed and there was only dried eggs for cooking. This was a yellow powder which was mixed with water and didn’t taste very good. all this made it difficult to provide party food etc.paper was scarce but children used  wallpaper remnant to make flags which were hung from one side of the terrace houses to the other. There was no music equipment in those days so someone carried their piano out into the street. Sweets were rationed but somehow toffee apples were made. There were sack races and potato races on the day and the toffee apples were prizes. We played games like oranges and lemons and there was a fancy dress parade. My mum had died in 1942 but I went as an old lady in a shawl and funny little glasses. Our street is on a hill and when everyone brought out their tables at tea time it was tricky putting the food on them Everyone took down their blackouts and let the lights shine into the street and we sang songs and danced the Hokey Cokey .Things didn’t change much after the war as some dads were still fighting in the Far East and rationing was still on. I remember the first time we got a banana each some children had no idea how to eat it.

I t was a big relief when we didn’t have to get up at night and go into the air raid shelter.  My mum had a bag with our ration books and some first aid kits in case we were bombed again.we had 23 people killed in our street in April 1942 and the school had a direct [hit.it](http://hit.it/) was very scary that night as the bombs came whistling down and you thought it was going to be your turn. Our street had an enormous hole in it and there was no electricity or water as the bomb had gone through the main pipes. Our house was damaged by big stones coming through the roof from the school. My best friend Audrey and all her family were killed.They lived in our street. we had to walk to Acomb school every morning with our teachers and the Acomb children went in the afternoon. I was very scared after we were bombed so it was a relief when the air raids stopped . I have a picture of the school which was in the York Press last week, I will keep it for you . I hope this is what you wanted Robert.lots of love from great nanna Kath xxx