

Patricia Williamson – Memories of WW2

On 6 Aug. 1940 my sister Brenda, just 15 and I, nearly 9 years old, left Harrow for Western Canada. Our mother's sister, a homesteader, offered to give a home during the war to all her English nieces and nephews, but only the two of us went. It took over three weeks to get to their farm 100 miles North of Edmonton in Alberta. The Atlantic crossing was slow (about 10 days), as our convoy was zig-zagging to avoid U-boats. A convoy leaving Liverpool soon after ours was torpedoed with the loss of nearly eighty child evacuees - so we were very lucky.

We stayed on the farm with aunt and uncle (miles from anywhere!) for some years, attending the one-room school. Brenda went to live in Edmonton to attend High School to take her Grade 12. I missed her, so was eventually fostered in that city by kind strangers.

Brenda returned home, aged 19, in 1944, but I had to stay until the end of the war and came back in August 1945 - five years almost to the day. Although delighted to be reunited with Brenda and our parents and elder sister Margaret, I found England very dreary and the food was awful - even though Margaret sometimes took me to a British Restaurant for lunch - ugh! - but we had ALL survived!