

A few reflections.....

During all this time we had to observe the blackout and never show a light after dark. Also, food and clothes were strictly rationed, and at the beginning of the war we had to carry our gas masks everywhere, when we left the house. However, looking back over these years when we were evacuated – it was a time full of variety and we were so fortunate to find ourselves in such beautiful countryside, which we enjoyed to the full.

At the back of this, though, my thoughts were full of anxiety over the war – with reports in the papers and over the radio – and we kept up to date with it all during our lessons on 'current affairs'. Uppermost in my mind all the time was the safety of my parents. We were safe, but they were in the bombing area in and near London. I remember vividly on one occasion after our parents had been to visit us at Shobden I hid when it was time for them to leave – I could not bear to say goodbye. My mother found me and I begged her to promise not to be bombed. She said, "Darling, I can't promise you that – but I promise that every time the air-raid siren goes we will go to the shelter".

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