Eileen

I was the first child to be picked by a host family who seemed very nice. However, they only had room for me and not my brother so we didn't see each other very often. This made me really sad.



Betty

It was so comfy. There was a lavatory upstairs, not down the end of the garden and they even had carpets. The people couldn't have been kinder.

EVACUATION ROLE CARDS



Ralph

I hated every minute of it. I remember going to the toilet on the carpet. She hit me really hard and shouted at me and called me filthy. Next I went against the wall. She hit me again, even harder. I didn't know what was wrong. That's what I did all the time at home and noone hit me there.



Norman

I was evacuated from the East End of London. I was billeted with a NICE host family. They had two children who liked me living with them. I had no brothers or sisters and enjoyed having children of my own age to play with. The fresh country air is a real change from the grime of London.



Christopher

Everything was so clean. We were given face cloths and toothbrushes. We'd never cleaned our teeth up till then. And hot water came from the tap and there was an indoor toilet. And carpets. And clean sheets. This was all very odd and scary.



Rosemary

I remember that the children in the village didn't like us. Some children shouted, "Go back to London, we don't want you here." They held me down and put snails and frogs in my dress.



Ernie

I was so frightened I used to wet the bed. I couldn't help it, but she never washed the sheets.



Brian

I hated it when my foster mum used to go through my hair with a nit comb. She kept saying I'd brought fleas into her house. It wasn't my fault.



Harry

The mother used to beat us with a leather belt which she kept on a nail by the fireplace.

Afterwards my legs were bright red and stinging. I used to run to my bedroom where I hugged the collie dog.



Elsie

I was tired and dirty from my long journey. I was given some food, bathed and sent to bed. The mother said I looked really scruffy. I cried myself to sleep.



Vera

Our foster parents were super people. They took us on outings at weekends and we all had a lovely time. I loved the countryside, and the big old house, and the home-made bread and pies made by a housekeeper who came each day to take care of things.



Bert

One of my chores was to empty the chamber-pots each morning into a bucket upstairs and carry it down to the toilet. One morning I fell down the stairs and the bucket of-yes!-completely covered me, so I got smelling quite sweet and soaked through.



John

I loved it - a new world of woods and green fields. This was so different from bombed out London where I was. This was another life - fresh country food and a room of my own.



Jane

I am Jane and was 9 years old at the time. I had been evacuated from Liverpool and was living in Wales with a family who didn't want an evacuee. They had no children and I missed my mother.



Joan

My foster mum thought she was onto a good thing with me and the other 11-year-old girl I was put up with. We did her shopping for her, cleaned her house, cooked, washed up and even looked after her crying three-year-old when she went out.



Ken

It was a real shock to me, I can tell you. They once asked me if I wanted biscuits. 'Biscuits?' I replied, 'I don't want biscuits, I want some beer and chips like me Dad gets me at home in Newcastle.'



Janet

When I arrived from my home in Sunderland I couldn't believe it. I was given a bath on my first night there. It was the first time I had been washed all over at once - but it was nice. My foster parents were so kind I wanted to stay with them when the war was over.



Tom

I couldn't believe my luck. We helped on the farm at weekends. I used to like watching the milking done. It was done by hand. We used to love the lambing season when we could go and see the lambs as they were born. It was all new to us. In the town we only had factories and shipyards.



Maggie

I was 11. The family washed in warm water but I was not allowed to. In winter there was a layer of ice on the water jug I had to use. She refused to wash my clothes



Daphne

Mrs H. encouraged us in our homework and I must confess that to a great extent she was responsible for my success at being first in the exams I took.

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Geoff

The first home I was in I was hurt all over my body from beatings from my foster mum. Luckily she became ill and I was moved to a foster home on a farm. I was shown kindness - the first I had ever known and was never hit. I felt like a badly treated animal let out of a cage.



Bill

I remember being locked in a cupboard under the stairs. I had to dig out coal with my bare fingers and broke my nails.



Mary

Our foster mother made sure we had a pleasant home and a good education, and did everything to make us happy. She put us above everything else.



Rita

My foster parents brought me up to respect all things and the difference between right and wrong. They took the place of my own parents and I loved them just as much.



Richard

I loved the big fire in the livingroom kitchen because it spelled
of freshly baked bread and
cooking. I guess I can look back
and say this was a very happy,
time in my life. The freedom to
roam around the countryside
climbing trees, playing without
supervision, in the fresh air was
wonderful. I took to this life
without effort and it made me
physically strong.



Emily

People were mostly kind and we soon made friends and went off on expeditions up the local mountain where we picked berries and we explored the canal where for the first time in my life I saw kingfishers. We had chores to doone of mine was daily to feed the hens and collect the eggs.



Greta

Having come from a modern house it was like going back in time. The toilet was halfway up the garden. There was no running water. The house was sunless. I was just so homesick, you can't describe that feeling.



Robert

I stayed with three unmarried women who were all very kind to me. When my mother eventually came to see me she was horrified when at bedtime I knelt down and prayed: 'O God, don't let this woman take me away; she says she's my mother, but I want to stay here with my aunties.'



Marion

When were first saw the big bath in the bathroom we thought we were about to be drowned. Next morning our hostess, by no means well-off, bought us both a completely new outfit to replace our dirty rags. When we had to go I don't know who cried more, us or our foster parents.



Jack

I remember being locked in a cupboard under the stairs. I had to dig out coal with my bare fingers and broke my nails. They told me I wouldn't get my supper til I'd finished. I felt very homesick most of the time.

