



Wider Curriculum Unit Plan for Home learning

Subject: History

Unit: How did WW2 change Britain

Year: 6

Session

Lesson task

Session 1

How did people cope during the war? The use of propoganda

- There were lots of government messages during WW2 to the public about what to do, how to act and what to think. We will find out more about this.
- Have you seen the 'Keep Calm and Carry on' (see resource1) It has an interesting connection with World War 2 although was never used at the time. Find out more in the first 1.30 minute of [this clip](#).
- Watch this [video](#): How the government used propoganda during the second world war.
- Look at the propoganda posters resource 2. Write your thoughts about what messages the government were trying to send with each of these.

Session 2

How did children's lives change during the war?

- The Second World War changed everyone's lives. People had to change how they behaved, with adults finding new jobs or going off to fight. Children's lives changed too. Watch and listen to [these videos](#).
- Have a look at the information [here](#) and [here](#).
- Using **Resource 3**, record all the things that changed the lives of children.

Session 3

What was being evacuated really like?

- Many children in British cities were [evacuated](#) to the countryside to keep them safe from German air raids.
- Some people really enjoyed being evacuated, other people found it a strange or difficult experience. How do you think you would have felt? Watch this [video](#).
- Listen to the videos [here](#) and look at the pictures and the real stories included as **Resource 4**. You could write your own thoughts about what evacuation was really like. **Challenge:** Can you write your own diary as an evacuee?

Session 4

How did the numbers of evacuees change over time?

- The process of evacuation changed over time. At first people were absolutely terrified of what might happen, but then slowly people began to bring their children back to the big cities.
- Why did this happen? Have a look at the timeline of events in **Resource 5**. What effect would that have on evacuation?
- Then have a look at **Resource 6**. Were your predictions correct? See if you can explain the marked areas on the graph.

Session 5

Was the war the same for everyone in Britain?

- There were so many people in Britain during the war. Some of them were soldiers, sailors or airmen; others were in uniform but not fighting, working as cooks, organisers, mechanics, and doctors. There were also many people who were not in uniform who did war work in factories or in the fields or had other important jobs.
- Across the world, countries that were under British control also took part in the war. People from all corners of the Empire travelled to Britain to fight and work.
- Have a look at the ideas in **Resource 7**. Research and find out about what the war was like for different people.

Session 6

Was the war the same for everyone in Britain?

- Many people experienced the war in different ways. Having done your research for Session 5 this session is all about creating something to show what you have learned.
- You could write about how different people experienced the war or make a poster to show the experiences of different people.
- If you have time you could create a museum exhibition of your own or make a video presentation about life for people in Britain during WW2.
- Maybe there are some experiences in your own family that you would like to include?

Session Resources

Session 1: Resource 1



Resource 2: Propaganda posters



Resource 3

Before the War	During the War	Why did it change....
Children lived at home with their families.	Many children were evacuated out of the cities to the countryside.	Because of the danger of German air raids or other attacks in cities children were safer living away from towns.

What do you think the biggest change was?

Resource 4

29 conten-
hall-way
Blisworth
Northamp-
ton.

Dear Auntie Beatie.

3.10.34.

I hope you are all right.

To ^{morrow} moroy maring we have got
to bring some eps for Maerch-
^{study}sadei. I am knitting a ^{pair} pear
of slippers in pink and blue
wool. mummy's ^{machine} mercher has
not ^{arrived} yet. It is nice down
her. I ^{expect} exspt you would like
to come down here Joy and I
went for a ^{walk} walk. I got my eps.
I bought a little doll down
^{the}hear. with Love From Pam.

xxx.

 This is a ips

Letter written by Pam Masters (later James) aged 7, about picking
rose hips. The spelling was corrected by her sister Jay.





W^m Harvey
31 Bouverie St

Sir



received letter informing me
about blankets & sheet, but how
do I stand about the other
damage that was done in my
home,

Being a widow with only 10/- a
week, I have to go out working
hard to keep a home for myself,

When I came back to my
place it was spoilt all over,
there was a real smash up.

1 Butter Dish, (3 knives & forks
missing)
4 Plates
Tea Caddy & Spoon

Short curtains from windows
2 Chambers from set Broken







Northampton County Borough Education Committee.

Air Raid Precautions for Schools.

INSTRUCTIONS TO PARENTS AND HOUSEHOLDERS.

1.—Children should never move away from home or School without their gas masks.

2.—All children should have a label fastened into their clothes in such a way that it will not readily become detached.

3.—WHERE TO GO WHEN AN AIR RAID WARNING IS GIVEN.

- (a) If warning is given before children have left home to attend School they should remain in their homes until the "all clear" is sounded.
- (b) If they are on their way to or from School they should enter the nearest public shelter, sand-bag shelter, police box, etc. Failing this they should ask the nearest householder to take them in.
- (c) Parents and householders who are likely to be away from home before or after School hours are advised to make arrangements for the reception of their children by friends should an air raid occur.

4.—WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.

Each School has been provided with adequate specially constructed air raid shelters. On an air raid warning the children will be immediately conducted to these shelters and will stay there in charge of their teachers until the "all clear" has sounded, although this may not occur until after the usual time of dismissal.

PARENTS AND HOUSEHOLDERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO GO TO THE SCHOOL TO COLLECT CHILDREN WHEN AN AIR RAID WARNING IS RECEIVED. The period of warning is likely to be a few minutes only and such action can only result in exposing both adults and children to increased danger. The presence of parents or guardians on School premises in such circumstances will impede the Teachers in securing the safety of the whole of the scholars of the School.

Head Teachers have been requested to refuse admission to parents after an air raid warning has been received.

In the case of children playing organised games in the Public Recreation Grounds, children will be directed to the nearest shelter when an air raid warning is received.

5.—All children who may be injured out of School hours should be taken as soon as possible to the nearest First Aid Post.

6.—SCHOOL SHELTERS AND THE PUBLIC.

The general public cannot be admitted to School air raid shelters during School hours; there is only sufficient shelter for the children.

H. C. PERRIN,
Secretary for Education.

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COPY.

Stipina

FORM C.W.D.

DEATH DUE TO WAR OPERATIONS.

Name and Address of Mortuary.....Aylestone Baths Mortuary.....

A.—TO BE ENTERED IMMEDIATELY UPON RECEPTION OF THE BODY AT MORTUARY.

Date.....24.11.40..... Hour.....of Reception.

1. Place { of Death*
of Finding the Body*
* Cross out whichever is inapplicable. 27, Highfield Street
Full postal particulars of house or street.

2. Date and hour { of Death*
of Finding the Body*
* Cross out whichever is inapplicable. 3. Sex. 4. Probable Age.
Male..... 18.....

5. Cause of Death [see Note 1]. Buried under wreckage, Fractured Skull

Signature..... Official Description.....Officer in Charge Mortuary

Date.....24.11.40.....

B.—BODY CLAIMED AND REMOVED FOR BURIAL BY RELATIVES OR FRIENDS.

1. Signature of Relative or Friend.....

2. Address

3. Deceased identified by Relative or Friend as.....

4. Serial Identification Number (if any).....
[See Note 2.]

C.—BODY NOT CLAIMED FOR BURIAL.

(Enter following identification particulars so far as ascertainable.)

1. Name, in Block Letters (Surname first) [REDACTED]

2. Residence (Full Postal Address) 24 Highfield Street

3. Occupation or Description

4. Whether Single, Married or Widowed..... 5. Age..... 6. Sex.....

7. Cause of Death (based upon A.5 above and any further inspection and examination) [see Note 3].

8. If Identified on Inspection of the Body by a Relative or Friend. Signature of Person Identifying.....
Relationship to Deceased.....

9. If Identified by personal effects only (including Identity Card, if any). Nature of Evidence.....
Serial Identification Number (if any).....
[See Note 2.]

Signature..... Official Description.....

Date.....

- NOTES.—1. The entry should state the apparent cause of death, e.g., whether due to bomb-splinter, falling masonry, fire, etc.
2. If National Registration is in force and an Identity Card is found on the body, the Serial Identification Number must be entered, as directed, either in Part B or Part C. The Identity Card itself should be marked "Dead: War Operations" and forwarded with this form to the Clerk of the Council, for transmission to the Registrar-General.
3. This entry should confirm (or modify as required as a result of any further examination), the entry made in A.5. It is not intended that any attempt should be made to give medical details (e.g., the precise location of wounds, or vital organs affected), but the particulars furnished should relate to the nature of the violence which caused the wounds rather than to the medical nature of the wounds themselves.









***DON'T** do it,
Mother—*

**LEAVE THE CHILDREN
WHERE THEY ARE**



**LEAVE HITLER TO ME
SONNY — YOU OUGHT
TO BE OUT OF LONDON**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH



CHILDREN

are safer in the country

. . . leave them there







Sheelagh recalls an unhappy childhood



Many children evacuated to safety were received and made welcome - or at least looked after. But some were met with unkindness and even cruelty. Here is one account from Sheelagh O'Shaughnessy.

My brothers and I lived in Silvertown in East London, an industrial area close to the docks. My father had died just before war and Mum was left to look after our newsagent, tobacco and confectionary business. She did not want to be parted from us, but a relative insisted that we children be evacuated with the rest of the school.

I remember the bus journey from Silvertown Viaduct to Paddington Station and the fact that parents weren't allowed to see us off. Lots of the children were sick on the travels - possibly because of too many sweets given by the parents. Neither children nor parents were told where we were being sent to.

We ended up in a hall in Albert Street, Jericho, Oxford. We were all very tired, but were then dragged through the streets in groups whilst the billeting officers knocked on doors; we were almost the last to be picked as no one wanted 3 children together. I felt really unwanted.

Eventually Alan (age 5) and I (7) were left at a small house in Nelson Street, and Ivor, (9) and another boy went on later to Walton Crescent where he was housed to a family of 7 (I suppose they wanted the money) plus another evacuee. They all slept top to toe, 4 in a bed. He was not too badly treated, though the mother would exclude him from small treats, like cakes etc. so like me he felt out of it, and unhappy.

Our foster parents told us plainly that they did not want us. Mum and others visited every month even though the authorities thought this wasn't good for parents and children! Special coaches were laid on for these visits. Mum sent money and parcels which we didn't see. Mrs. L treated me like slave, no affection at all, I felt she hated me. We had to see ourselves off to school and we weren't allowed in the house if she was out. She sent me out in the bitter cold weather to run her errands and do bits of shopping. My hands chilblained and I always felt hungry. I was often sent into the scullery to eat just one slice of bread and lard for my evening meal. (Alan says that was only when I had been naughty or answered her back.)

MR L was good to Alan and brought him toys from the shop where he worked. I had to put up with him being mean to me, but I never told anyone, I was too afraid. We were sent to church 3 times on Sundays, and sometimes during the week. In those days St. Barnabas was extremely cold and dim, we were far too young to understand the services and long sermons and I grew to hate it.

My mother survived the terrible East London Blitz; she had stayed to keep the business running, spending darkness hours in the Silvertown viaduct. The docks were the main targets of the German bombers, and our house and shop were burned down by incendiaries, and later looted, so she lost money, clothes, nearly everything she possessed. She managed to get out of the area, and friends helped her to get to Oxford. She was unable to get help or money as she had lost her identity card.

She found a temporary room fairly near with some good people, worked long hours in Radcliffe Hospital laundry, desperate for money, and it was then she began to realize how bad our foster parents were. She eventually moved to fresh billets in Longworth and found another places for me and Alan in Shellingford with a childless farm labourer and his Yorkshire wife. They had no experience of bringing up children and were very strict, furniture always covered with dust sheets, but they fed us well.

It was my first experience of country life and animals. I saw hunts, picked wild flowers and went to a farm to see cows being milked straight into the jugs we took there. Meanwhile my mother found a tiny old derelict condemned cottage near Longworth; been empty for 15 years, persuaded farmer to let her rent it. It was extremely primitive, no electricity, water, sewerage; the whole place was falling to bits; the thatched roof was full of birds and vermin nests. She must have worked like a hero to get it even slightly habitable.

One day my brothers and I were told we were being re billeted. I was upset to be shifted around again and not knowing where to and who to, but we were taken to this cottage by a fake billeting officer, and when he knocked on the door there was our MUM. So finally the family was together once again.

Another East London school had been evacuated to Longworth and we joined up with them, and then I won a scholarship to Faringdon Grammar. We had lots of relatives and friends to stay for short periods to get away from the bombs in London. To make room for them, we younger ones slept in the cottage opposite with some wonderful neighbors who gave us garden produce, rabbits, pigeons and sometimes even eggs. Mum was an excellent cook and managed to make lovely nourishing meals for us all, even though she only had oil and primus stoves to cook on, and regardless of the severe rationing of most commodities. She would make sandwiches and tea for the soldiers who often stopped their convoys on the main road outside the cottage

Over the years the cottage was modernized, but the eccentric farmer owner demanded two rooms back to live in, so Mum looked after him in his old age and illness. She never went back to London; she had no desire even to see where once we lived. But for me, even to this day, I cannot bear to be in the Jericho area. Recently had to go there several times to a foot clinic almost opposite the house where we had been billeted. I made myself walk around, looked at the church and the school, found a bench where I sat and cried, reliving the unhappy memories, hardships and the loneliness which some evacuees had to bear.

Enid's story



Three new sisters

I was born in 1934 and lived with my aunt and uncle in a valley in Wales. I knew my uncle had an important job because we were the only people in the street who had a telephone. My Uncle Tom was a Relieving Officer for our area; this means that when people got into trouble with money, or they would fall ill, they would come to our house to ask him to help them.

So one day my aunt told me that there would be three sisters coming to stay with us from Hanwell, just outside London because England was at war with Germany. She called them evacuees - I never heard the word before

It was my Uncle's job to meet these children and teachers at the station and one by one show them the houses they were to stay in. I remember looking down the street at these strangers walking towards us clutching their gas masks, suitcases and food bags, looking very tired. They had left their mothers at Paddington Station in London to travel down to our village...I felt very excited about having girls my age living with me. Can you imagine what they felt like?

They walked into the living room and stood looking at a big coal fire burning in the grate. I remember wondering why they stared at the fire but after getting to know each other, they told me they had never seen such a fire before and Diane, the youngest said when she felt the warmth, it made her feel very happy after such a long journey.

Diane the youngest was a year older than me, Audrey, two years older and Jil about ten, known as the Aylott family. In the beginning I found their accent hard to understand and they said we talked funny! This difference in accent -although we were all English - became a problem at school because one day I was in a class of thirty - the next sixty! Can you understand what it felt like to my school-friends to try learning with accents in a very crowded classroom?

We lived on the flat part of the valley and had small mountains both sides. Evacuees had never seen such scenery before so after school we would race over the railway lines, through a broken fence and up the mountain. The best part was running as fast as we could downhill, often rolling on the grass until we reached the road.

The girl's mother worked full-time so they had been brought up to carry out tasks for themselves and around the house; polishing shoes, making their own beds, laying out the supper-table. I found this very strange as our mothers never worked so we never had to do any jobs at all

The girls stayed with us for about a year and went back to London, but returned a couple of years later when the bombing became bad. Diane and Audrey came back with their friend Gretchen who lived across the road from them in London. I didn't like her because she was jealous of our friendship. I also didn't like her mother who was not very nice to my aunt, but I did like Mrs Aylott.

When the girls went home, I missed them a lot. We had shared a lot of fun together even though awful things were happening during the war.

Hazel's story



The corned beef and the butler

My name is Hazel and I was born in 1926 in Lewisham, London. In 1939 when war was declared, I was twelve years old, and attended a private school as a scholarship pupil. When the whole school was evacuated, we all went together, teacher, headmistress plus all the equipment we needed for studying. The headmistress made sure that no war was going to interfere with the girls' education! As I was twelve years old, I treated the whole thing as an adventure.

My first move was not too far from London, a place called Ashford in Kent. We were in the village hall waiting to be chosen by our respective hosts when I remember being given a tin of corned beef and a tin of condensed milk for our supper that night! I had never tasted corned beef before and thought it was a real laugh to be given this tinned food. The Lady of the Manor chose two girls and as there was only one of us left, we pleaded with her to stay together. She said 'oh, very well, I will ring the butler and tell him to put up another bed.'

The Lady of the Manor and her family were very rich people. They lived in a huge house with a home farm attached. We three girls were told to go downstairs with the butler and his wife (who was the cook). They were Austrian and spoke very little English. One day, the Lady called us into the sitting room and said 'we could play anywhere in the gardens except in front of the drawing room'

This life of luxury only lasted ten days. We were relocated to the centre of Ashford, which was a big town not far away from the big house. So off I went with the billeting teacher to my new home. On arrival, the lady said 'I wanted two little girls' but when she was told there weren't any, she said, 'OK, I will take a big girl instead'.

The couple were very nice, and were childless. My first shock was the discovery of no inside toilet or bathroom. A pot under the bed was the answer to emergencies in the night. The first chore every morning was a bucket for collection... I had never seen this before because we had a bathroom, and toilet and telephone at home! I moved several times afterwards, so I got used to this scenario. Bath night in every house I stayed in was Friday night, rigidly applied by everyone.

Our school consisted of 500 pupils so to accommodate this number; they made clever use of either morning or afternoon school. We also used different schools in the area on this 'round robin' rotation. As transport to these schools was limited and distances could be several miles, we had two choices - walk or cycle. So my mother bought me a bike, which I always wanted. It was my pride and joy. To make up for the half day off, the staff gave us lots of extra homework to do each day which made us work very hard on our own at home.

Ashford was not too far from London so when the bombings became heavy, we were once again moved - this time to a place called Llanelli in South Wales. During my stay in South Wales I moved five times for different reasons. I didn't like it there at all, especially after spending one Christmas home in London. I suffered from home sickness badly. In one house I broke out in dermatitis owing to the cat sleeping on my bed. When I complained, the lady made it quite plain that it was the cat's home, not mine. Another time I

spent in a hostel which was fun except for the food; every night supper consisted of green runner beans soaked in water! Ugh! One night we collected these awful beans in paper, stuffed in our jumpers and pockets and took them to our bedroom and threw them out of the window. The next day, one of our teachers saw them on the sidewalk, realised what the problem was and quickly sorted out a better quality supper. No more beans!

During these trials with these hosts and their odd behaviour, our school was kept together by learning. The staff made sure our education was not to be interrupted. The teachers were understanding and sympathetic with our various problems and did their best to help us under the circumstances. However, the novelty of adventure I felt at the beginning was fast turning into homesickness.

It was not long afterwards I returned home to London, bombs and all. It was wonderful to have an inside toilet and bathroom, it was wonderful to be home.

Joan's story



Sent away to Penzance

I was born in 1933 and my brother in 1935. We lived in a place called Kilburn, London. My school was called St Augustine's School, but my brother was still too young for school. In 1939 World War 2 was declared and bombing started in London.

So in 1939 my school was evacuated from a heavily populated area of London to the extreme tip of South West England called Penzance. This was a sleepy little town by the seaside and surrounded by farming countryside. Very different from my home in London!

My mother took my brother and myself to a big station called Paddington in London. She did not tell us that she would not be coming with us on the train only that I must hold my brother's hand all through the journey. The whole of my school were there plus the teachers who took care of us. When the train left the platform and my mother still stood standing there, I felt very frightened.

We carried a gas mask over one shoulder and another containing enough food for the journey over the other. A label pinned on our lapel had our name and school in London. The journey was very long, ten hours in near darkness. On arrival at Penzance Station, we were told to climb onto a lorry and taken to the village hall which was very bright after our dark train journey.

The hall was filled with local people and us children. Ten children were told to stand on the stage whilst the local people chose the children they wanted. My brother and I were the last up onto the stage so at this point only one couple was left. They agreed to take my brother but not me, but I refused to let go of his hand. They reluctantly took us both.

Pamela's story



A London childhood

Most of our country trips were not so exciting or pleasant. The people in the country were paid for the room and board of the Londoners, and they didn't like us. They would come to the train station when we'd arrive, and choose the family they would take. They didn't like fat people because they would eat too much. They didn't like Jews because they were supposedly all the awful things that have ever been said about Jews. And we were Jewish.

Mother had pinned a tiny Star of David to my undershirt, hoping it would work like a good luck charm to help keep me alive. One evening, the lady of the house walked into our room while mother was giving me a sponge bath, saw the Star of David and became hysterical. She told us to leave her house, screaming that we had 'contaminated' everything we had touched - her dishes, her knives and forks - her very air!

We walked to the train station along the stony country lane, and my doll, my precious doll, my only toy, fell from the carriage where our bags of stuff were stacked. Her china head cracked and broke. We spent the night sitting on the bench at the train station waiting for the morning train to take us back to London. I was heartbroken and cried for hours.

Back in London, one day my Zaida (Grandfather) and Mum were pushing the baby carriage along the High Street of our neighborhood, in the middle of the day, when the siren began its up and down wailing. Mother wanted to run to the tube station shelter because it was closer. But Zaida said "No, we cannot leave Booba (Grandmother) alone. She would be too frightened". Mother insisted on going to the station.... But Zaida grabbed hold of the baby carriage and began pushing it, running, toward home. Mother and I had no choice but to follow him.

We spent the rest of the day and all the night in the dark, in the shelter. In the morning, when it was quiet, we came out, only to hear on the news that the subway station we had almost gone to had been bombed. All the people down there on the subway platform had died.

When the war was over, there was a party on the street. And some time later the soldiers began coming home.

I begged my mother to allow me to run down the stairs and answer the door when my daddy came home. And she said yes.

It seemed a long time later that the doorbell rang, and I remember very well the excitement of that moment. I ran to the door, opened it, and a giant stood there. A tall, tall man in uniform, with a backpack! A total stranger! I don't remember him at all after that moment for many years. My mother told me that I kept asking her when he was going away again, because I didn't like this stranger telling me what to do.

Nina's Story



My name is Nina and my twin sister is Jean. My brother John was three years older than us and was a pupil at a school in Balham, south London. My parents agreed with the school that the three of us would be evacuated together. My sister and I were ten and my brother, thirteen.

I can remember my father taking us girls to Battersea Town Hall to be fitted for gas masks. We wanted a Mickey Mouse mask, but were told we too old! We also had to listen to the air raid siren warning going 'on/off' (they were two different sounds) and practice carry our small case, gas mask, sandwiches and drink for what seemed ages. For two weeks we went with our brother to his school carrying all this gear. We found it all rather exciting but our parents must have been feeling rather sad at the uncertainty of the future.

On 3rd of September, the big day arrived, the brief telegram from the Government arrived and we were on our way. Parents read our destination at the school notice board after we had left.

I remember walking to Clapham Junction Station and listening to the thud of 300 pairs of feet walking along the wooden bridges. Our teachers and a few retired teachers kept our spirits up during the journey that was not long.

We arrived at Datchet in the afternoon and it was such a beautiful village. A small village green was in the centre and the Thames ran nearby. I remember two black carthorses looking over the hedge, watching all the noisy action of hundreds of youngsters. Later on I watched these lovely horses ploughing a field whilst the farm worker sowed corn by hand. I immediately fell in love with the feel and sounds of the countryside. Although I didn't know it then, this scenery was to be my home for the next four years.

After refreshments and a brief play, we left Datchet for the short journey to Winkfield and Cranborne Parish Hall. The Parish Council Committee selected their choice of children and we wondered who would be our host. We soon found out. It was the Lady of the Manor who had sent her retired nanny to collect us. Imagine that! Clutching our tin of corned beef, a tin of condensed milk and bar of chocolate we saw our future home, a beautiful house right in the middle of the country! I couldn't believe my luck.

The retired nanny and her sister took care of us in her farm cottage. They were lovely warm people who made us feel wanted and loved. Our meals were taken in the Servant's Quarters in the Big House. The children of the house were evacuated to Canada so we inherited caring for their animals. There were three dogs that I loved grooming and one ginger cat that soon became our furry friend. In London we never even had a window box - just imagine how we loved the freedom to roam the green fields and help with feeding the hens, collecting eggs, pick fruit, shell peas and rake the summer hay. The gardener taught me about planting seeds and weeding the garden and to respect wildlife. One day I saw a dead pheasant hanging behind a cupboard door; it gave me such a shock.

Life in the countryside filled me with wonder. I loved the heavy winter snow coating the fields and trees. Then there was springtime, when the big horses ploughed the fields guided by the farm hands who wore

leather gaiters and huge aprons slowly spreading seeds. I will always remember watching the horses and men working together slowly moving across the field on a warm spring day. In contrast to this pastoral landscape, I remember looking up and watching the dogfights between the Germans and British planes overhead. They flew so low we would flatten ourselves on the ground.

The Lady had a chauffeur to drive her around and he also collected livestock from neighbouring farmers. He took me with him one day to fetch twelve chickens from a nearby farm. He told me to pick one chicken up and put it into the basket. This I did, until I tried to put the second chicken into the same basket, the first chicken flew out squawking loudly and refused to be re-captured. The chauffeur and the farmer were laughing at the expression of amazement on my face. The chauffeur and gardener were my best friends - they too loved having my sister and me to share their knowledge.

The Lady host told us one day that she would be expecting some important visitors and we were expected to be clean and well dressed. The big day arrived, and we were ushered into the parlour to be introduced to an eminent Bishop, his wife and daughter. I think the Lady wanted to show them how she was helping with the war effort. They were polite and asked us where we came from and were we happy in the countryside. It was my first insight into the social divide of life upstairs and downstairs as the saying goes!

The village became the centre of our lives. We joined the local guide group, played football, cricket, even learned about woodwork and taught ballet in the British Legion Hall. In the evenings we are all sat in the kitchen listening to the radio, read books and played games.

My brother only spent a short time with us on the farm, he returned home to London, however, Nanny took in four relatives from Roehampton whose house had been destroyed by a bomb. So our evenings were full of laughter and fun.

At the end of four years we returned to our home in London and life with our parents. Being an evacuee opened up a lifetime interest in botany, wildlife and the environment. I am grateful for experiencing this world and the love of all the servants and Nanny and sister who played such a vital part in our young world. I consider myself a fortunate evacuee indeed.

Malcolm's Story



Bath Night

My name is Malcolm and my home was in the east end of London. I was five years old when I was evacuated with my school to Tonypany, South Wales. It was a long way from London.

I can't recall my mother or other members of my family telling me anything about there going to be a war coming. Nor was there any warning that I was going to be sent away to live with strangers far from home.

I can remember the day I left my home in London because my mother and her two sisters were crying at the bus stop. My three cousins and I jumped on a bus to go to the railway station. I couldn't understand why they were all crying. Looking back on that day, I was too young to understand what was happening to my family. It was unreal - the crying, my cousins, the bus then the long train journey.

Once on the train, all I can remember was how long the journey was. I felt tired and hungry and wondered where I would sleep that night. My three cousins were older than me so I guess they could talk to each other and help each other. Although they looked after me on the journey, I do recall feeling lonely and lost.

Eventually, the train stopped at Cardiff, and we were taken to a church hall in the middle of the city where we spent the night sleeping on the floor. I can remember looking around and seeing my school friends dotted around the hall, that made we feel better.

The next day we were taken in an open topped truck on the last part of the journey up a valley. I can't remember how long it took but I remember seeing green mountains each side of the valley. I had never seen countryside like this before.

Off the truck, I can remember a lady walking me up a steep hill with rows of houses each side. Without saying a word to me she let go of my hand and walked away down the road. There was no- one in sight. What seemed like hours to me, a lady came rushing down from the front of the house and saw me standing all by myself at the bottom of the steps. She picked me up and took me into the kitchen. She was very upset that I had been left alone in a strange country at five years old. That was the only sad part of being an evacuee. This lady and her husband took great care of me for the next two years.

These good people were called Mr and Mrs Thomas, they told me to call them aunty and uncle. They had a grown daughter who lived at home because her husband was in the forces. They were very affectionate and loving towards me but I felt the daughter was jealous of their affection. She had lost the baby she was expecting so that was probably the reason why I felt her hostility

The house I lived in was quite big but it had no inside bathroom. . Bath night and hair washing took place every Friday night, however, Mr Thomas was a coal miner and came home each day black all over. When I saw him black all over I didn't recognise who it was when he spoke to me so bath night was a daily event

for him. The bath was a long metal bath that hung on the wall outside the kitchen. Lots of kettles were needed to fill the bath which took place in front of the fire. All of this was very strange to me because we had an indoor bath and toilet at home in London. After a while I got used to this new way of life.

The Thomas family went to a Baptist chapel every Sunday. Mrs Thomas wrote to my parents and asked my mother if I could go with them, as I was a Jew. This worked out well as I attended chapel with the Thomas' on Sunday and then attended a small synagogue two evenings a week to learn Hebrew.

The only awkward thing that caused concern from my parents when they visited me was they noticed that I was underfed. I had a fast metabolism that caused me to be underweight. This was soon put right and no harm done.

Two years later I returned to my home in London where to the amusement of the family I had adopted a very Welsh accent. I was in constant demand to speak to everyone - just to hear my accent. Just imagine I was still only seven years when I returned home. The war was still on but the whole family stayed together through it until peace returned.

Dennis' Story



Freedom and fresh air

I was born on 31 July 1932 in New Cross, south London. I am the middle child in a family of three, a brother two years younger and a sister two years older.

During the war years, I was evacuated four times to different parts of the England and Wales. The first time I went with the whole school to Ringmer, in Sussex. My sister and brother came with me. I can't remember anything about the journey on the train or even arriving at the destination. All I can recall is the three of us stayed in a country house surrounded by lovely countryside. This area is called the South Downs, the sea on one side with soft hills leading down to the coast. I loved walking and exploring the pathways along the coast. I had never had such freedom before. We stayed there for six months before going home to London. Before our return the winter was very cold. Everything was frozen, the streams, rivers, and ponds. I recall seeing a rabbit frozen in a pond, poor thing. It must have fallen into the water and couldn't get out. They called this the Phoney War.

Five months later the whole family moved to Hatfield in Hertfordshire. My dad's job was connected with the aircraft industry. We stayed with a local family during this time. The husband of the house was a milkman and as I enjoyed being in the open air, I got up early in the morning to help him with his milk round. He didn't have a van for his round but a horse and cart. One day as I was climbing onto the cart, the horse started forward suddenly, I slipped back and fell badly onto the ground. I was taken to hospital and spent one month flat on my back. I had broken the base of my skull. I was sent to a convalescent hospital to get me better when they discovered I was a carrier of Diphtheria, which is a contagious illness in children. This time I was in an isolation ward. Between these two illnesses, I was away for three months. Our stay in Hatfield lasted six months before we once again returned to London.

We came home to the Blitz. For a while we lived in a war zone. On the way to and from school, my school friends and I would find out what was damaged in the night raids. We picked up shrapnel from the bombs; some of it was still hot! I can't remember being frightened by all the bombed buildings we saw - somehow it seemed fun in a way. However, the war was becoming dangerous in London so a collection of junior schools and their teachers were sent to a place called Lampeter in south Wales.

This time my sister stayed with two single ladies whilst my brother and I were billeted on a farm. The farmer shared the house with his son and a local maid who did the cooking and housework. I loved the big fire in the living-room and the kitchen because it smelled of freshly baked bread and cooking. The farm had a small dairy herd and a big bull.

I guess I can look back and say this was a very happy, contented time in my life. The freedom to roam around the countryside climbing trees, playing without supervision, in the fresh air was wonderful. However, all farms are kept busy all year round so being a big strong lad, the farmer taught me how to milk the cows, prepare their food, clear the shed of manure, feed the chickens, lift bales of straw and many more chores. I took to this life without effort and it made me physically strong. The farm also produced far

too many kittens; they overran us so I was taught to drown the litters at birth. I also became very good at catching rabbits that were sold in the local marketplace called Carmarthen. Owing to an incident at the farm I was re-billeted with a host couple that lived two miles out of the village.

I spent nine months with this family. They had two children and it was a lovely happy time I spent with them. Once again I was lucky enough live in the country area that allowed me to explore the surrounding fields and play my games. However, I learned that I had passed my 11 plus examination and would be sent back to home to London.

The emergency grammar school I attended was short lived. The flying bombs began in earnest and it decided we were off again to Ashburton in Devon. My new home suited me well because it was a mixed farm; newly built with an inside toilet! I helped out with the farm work, attended school and it felt so familiar. As I was a big lad and had a mind of my own, I became a bit of a handful so I was moved to Totnes, a small town in Devon. I stayed in a children's home for about two to three months before returning home.

Being an evacuee made me a more confident, independent person. The farm work taught me the value of the cycle of the seasons; birth and death; supply and demand of food; and the effects of the weather. I have never lost this need to be out in the fresh air walking and looking at nature in all her glory. Yes, there were many bad times away from home and family, but it made me stronger in spirit to deal with my future life.

Muriel's Story



Sent away to Wales

My name is Muriel. I was born and brought up in inner city Birmingham. In 1939 I was 9 years old, my brother Leonard was nearly 12, my sister June was 7 and baby Margaret was 3. My parents decided that, in the event of war, we three older ones should be evacuated. Since they felt it essential that we should stay together, June and I were to go with the boys' school.

So, on the morning of Friday, 1st September, before the actual declaration of war, we were taken to the school carrying gas mask and just one bag each with a change of clothing. Then we all walked to a local suburban railway station where we boarded a train to we knew not where. We were, in fact, bound for the village of Cwmbran in South Wales. Sometime in the late afternoon the train drew into a siding and we were shepherded into what I afterwards learned was the works canteen of the Weston's Biscuit Factory at Llantarnum. Here we were given a meal and a brown paper carrier containing packets of biscuits, sweets and tin of corned beef. Then we went by bus to the council offices in Cwmbran where we were sorted out and taken to the homes where we were to stay.

We were taken to a large house (Oakfield house) quite the largest house we had ever been in, standing in quite a large area of land. The front gate opened onto the tow path of the Monmouthshire and Brecon Canal. A large garden surrounded the house, in some of which vegetables grew. There were apple trees and a large area of raspberry canes. At the rear was an area with pig sty, hen house and a place for ducks. The family we were with was called Paling.

All this a world away from inner city Birmingham!

In the manner of the times it was not considered proper that June and I should be taught with the boys, so we two were taken into the village girls' school. Another new experience was that our accents were considered funny and we felt somewhat inferior.

People were mostly kind and we soon made friends and went off on expeditions up the local mountain where we picked whinberries and we explored the upper and lower reaches of the canal where for the first time in my life I saw kingfishers. We had chores to do at Oakfield House - one of mine was daily to feed the hens and collect the eggs. We hated it when the ducks escaped onto the canal for it was a long-winded task to persuade them back in. People who kept pigs were allowed to kill one per year and on the day the

butcher was coming to kill the pig we were sent off with sandwiches and a drink to spend the day up the mountain.

Our parents made occasional trips to see us so we heard something of the devastation of Birmingham by the bombing. The nearest we came to an actual experience of war whilst at Cwmbran was one afternoon on the way home from school when we saw in the distance a German aircraft falling out of the sky in flames and the pilot baling out and his parachute opening. He was captured by farmers, his plane having been off course

Marion's Story



I am evacuated to America

After World War II began in 1939, my brother and I with all the other children in the neighbourhood schools, were evacuated to the country to be away from the heavily industrial Birmingham/Coventry area close to Smethwick. My brother, age 7, was in primary school and I, age 12, had just started at Holly Lodge High School for Girls, in the 3rd form.

We were sent to Wellington, Shropshire, to separate homes, rather losing track of each other for a while. I don't remember how we travelled there. It was overwhelming to be leaving home in the first place, and more so when I found myself being placed in first one home and then another.

I finally was settled, with a schoolmate, in a very small house located on Watling Street, the old Roman road that skirted the town. It was only afterwards that I realized the enormity of the sacrifice our hosts, a young couple with a small child - giving up their bedroom for our use and taking care of us while they struggled with the horrors of wartime. Their name was Mr. & Mrs. Smart and I recall this serious young husband trying to be a figure of authority but tempered with great kindness - how difficult it must have been to take on such a responsibility! My brother was on the other side of town and I rarely saw him.

It was not until many years later that I learned of my father's massive efforts during this time to arrange through my mother's brother and sister to get us out of England to the U.S for the duration of the war. He had voluntarily re-enlisted in the Merchant Navy (where he had served as an 18-year old in the last year of World War I) and was most concerned about the ceaseless bombing of adjacent Coventry, together with his decidedly uncertain future. I will always remember his leaving, watching him walking down the road and out of sight, and we never saw him again.

After endless efforts on the part of the U.S. relatives who had emigrated to the States in about 1923 or so, permission was granted for us to leave, with my mother's sister and husband assuming full financial responsibility for us for an indefinite period of time. My mother didn't tell us we were about to embark on this truly amazing journey until a few days before we were to leave. I was not doing well at school, to the extent of being summoned to the head mistress's office (a shocking event)! What a relief to gasp out that I was actually leaving the country in a few days...

And so our second evacuation came to pass. This was, I believe, the last officially evacuated group of children to leave. We somehow reached Liverpool and boarded the ship, actually sleeping through a couple of nights of the worst bombings the city suffered. We then left as part of a very large convoy. In addition to the group of British children, about 25 plus their mothers, our ship had a contingent of Dutch

sailors on board (for what reason I don't know) but thank goodness they were there as they took charge of us, marching me round and round the deck, holding my head while I vomited continuously - usually over the side - and looked out for my brother.

The convoy was huge and inevitably it was attacked by U-boats. Two ships went down while we watched - it seemed so unreal. But being assembled at our lifeboat stations waiting to abandon ship seemed quite real, and my mother deciding to run back to our cabin for some vital papers nearly gave me a heart attack! The convoy then dispersed and we continued on our own. The crossing took 15 days as we zigzagged our way across, landing in Boston about September 1, 1940. Together with family from New Jersey, which is just across the Hudson River from New York City, we were met by what seemed to be hundreds of reporters all talking rapidly. It took a long time for us to travel the rest of the way, but we made it!

I learned some time after the war that my father died in 1944 when his ship was hit by torpedoes three times. His name is on a memorial in Birmingham, which was very moving to see.

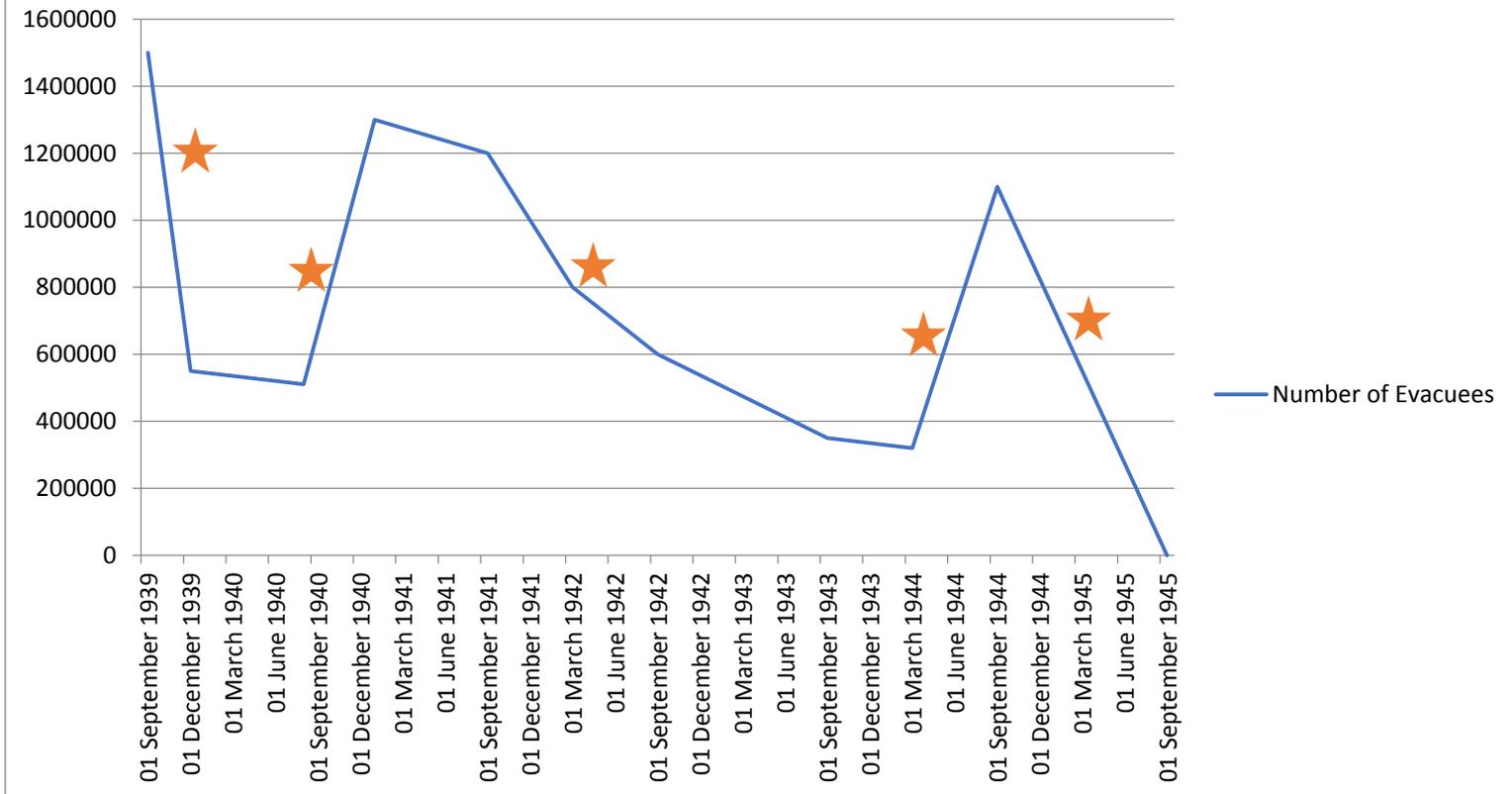
Resource 5

Date	Event	Effect on Evacuation
September 1939	War is declared on Germany. For several months little action is taken and no major fighting occurs.	Lots of children are evacuated at first but because there is no fighting, many are taken back home by their parents.
June 1940	The Fall of France. The French government collapses and British troops are evacuated. It becomes clear Britain is next.	
September 1940	German air raids on London begin and intensify.	
January 1941 onwards	German air raids on British cities slowly end and eventually stop altogether.	
May/June 1944	V1 flying rockets are aimed at London by the Germans. The rockets have no pilots, and stop flying when the machines on board have calculated the distance travelled. Many of them fall all over London.	
May 1945	VE Day. The War in Europe is over.	

When do you think the biggest numbers of evacuees were sent away?

Resource 6

Number of Evacuees



Each star next to the graph shows a section where the numbers of evacuees changed dramatically.

Using the timeline in Resource 5, can you explain what event caused the change next to the star?

Resource 7

Mary's Story



Air Raid Warden

My brother Cyril and I were Air Raid Wardens for the section of Binley Road, Coventry, where we lived with our Parents and Family. This involved having some training in the effects of blast, etc., from the bombs, and also First Aid for immediate attention to any casualties before the Ambulance and First Aid Teams arrived on the scene.

One of our duties was to contact the people in all the Houses in our Sector and find out how many people were living there - a question resented by many of the occupants until we explained that this information was necessary so that should the house be destroyed by bombs we could tell the rescue squads how many people they might need to look for in the ruins. Not a nice thought but we had to be prepared.

We also had to be prepared to put out incendiary bombs, and you can see us practicing in our back garden. We were to have plenty of practice over the next couple of years.

Once when things seemed quiet, we decided to go to a Cinema to the city centre, to see a Bing Crosby film. However bombs started dropping, so we went out (after helping to calm the panic in the cinema (it's amazing what a uniform can do!)), and reported to the nearest Warden's Post to see if we could help. Whilst we were there a High Explosive fell in the street behind, and when the Warden on duty opened the rear door to see what was happening he saw a deep crater with flames shooting out - a gas main had burst and ignited, but as he looked the water main also burst and put the fire out!

One day as I made my way across the road towards the Warden's Post I heard the rattle of machine gun fire and saw across the roofs of houses a little distant an enemy aircraft machine gunning the Siddeley Aircraft Engine Factory.

I must now add to this my late Husband's description of what occurred inside the Siddeley Test House that day. His job then was to report on the engines of crashed aircraft, and at that precise moment he was running an engine on the Test Bed (ear plugs in ears, of course, so nothing could be heard above the engine noise - communication with others being by signs and 'mouthing' words), when suddenly he saw a line of holes appearing in the wall!

He nudged the foreman in charge, and mouthed "what's that?" pointing to the wall - The immediate answer was "Good God! An Air Raid!" and throwing off all switches they 'legged it' to the shelter!

Arthur's Story



A Conscientious Objector

I thought it might be an idea to record what I actually did as a Conscientious Objector (usually shortened to just 'conchie') in the second of the series of wars to make the world safe for democracy.

I was born on 3rd October 1915 and up to the time I was about 14 years of age, I had very little idea of politics, nor much idea of other nations of the world.

In 1931 at the age of 16 I read that famous book "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists". It made a deep impression on me and straightway I joined the Labour Party, and a few months after, the Labour Party League of Youth, and my course was set.

In 1932 after getting my General Schools Certificate and Matriculation Exemption, I started work at Waterlow and Sons as an estimating clerk. It was here that I first met Charlotte Burton, who sat opposite to me, on the other side of the desk, and with whom I fell in love and eventually married. Fortunately she shared my views and Politics.

During this period I joined the Peace Pledge Union and various other anti-war movements, and I remember attending a meeting at Kingsway Hall run by an organisation called the United Front which incorporated all the Left Wing groups opposed to War, during which there was squabbling and actual fighting on the platform and in the audience. This was only quelled by the Red Flag being played on the organ, whereupon everybody stopped scrapping - but only until the end of the music, when they were at it again immediately.

At the outbreak of war I registered as a conscientious objector. It was several months before I was summoned to appear before a Tribunal at the Law Courts to give reasons for my objections, and by this time many of my age-group had entered one of the three Services and been involved in the hostilities that occurred when the British Army was pushed out of Europe and France capitulated.

I attended the Tribunal in August 1940. My position so far as the war was concerned is possibly best illustrated by my submission on the form, as follows:-

"I refuse on moral and rational grounds to take part in any military activity or to assist the military machine in any way. I believe that the method of War is wrong and futile. Might is not

Right but it is illogical to attempt to prove it by means of force. I cannot and will not kill, or help in the killing of human beings I do not know and with whom I have no quarrel

Since I realise that the War is actually in progress and that people are likely to be killed and injured, I am prepared to assist them to keep out of danger and help them if they are injured by serving in the ARP or the AFS as they are at present constituted; but I will not in any circumstances resign my right to judge and act according to that which I know is right.

I believe my objection to be a conscientious one, since ostracism, imprisonment or any penalty will not alter my determination to do that which is right. I have held and expressed these views for the past seven years."

The decision of the Tribunal was that I should remain in my occupation at Waterlows or take up work in connection with the land. I was promptly sacked by Waterlows.

Ronald's Story

A Conscientious Objector

It was at Glastonbury at 11 am on 3rd September 1939. I was in church at St. Benedict's. We had finished our bell ringing calling the good people of Glastonbury to the morning service. We looked at the rear door and in about three minutes, the Verger appeared, looked across to us and nodded. Now we knew. The Prime Minister had announced that as the German Army had not turned back from Poland by the deadline, Great Britain was at war with Germany. It was very hard to concentrate on the service.

I believe we were all thinking of other things. There was a lot of sadness. How long would it last? How many millions of lives would be lost before it all ended? How many countries would be affected? The lights were going out all over Europe.

Prebendary Townsend, the Vicar, gave me a book soon afterwards, "The Christian as a Soldier" or "The Soldier as a Christian" — I cannot remember. However, I read it carefully and prayerfully, but could not agree with it. To me, it was just not right. How could a Christian go out killing people? That was murder. I could not do that. I believed in Peace, not war. One of the church members told me how he was a Conscientious Objector in the First World War and how some C.O's were shot, not officially of course, but you know how there are "accidents" in war.

The Vicar was preaching Peace the week before the war started and then preaching War two weeks later. How could that be? Had GOD suddenly changed HIS mind? What was right and what was wrong? Under the Military Act, men were being called up for service by age groups every few weeks. My age group was the seventh. I was age twenty four. I decided I must register as a Conscientious Objector.

Glastonbury was a small town and reports of the case of a C.O. were printed in the local paper. I was refused chocolate in the local sweet shops although I had the necessary coupons and 2 and a half pence. Families were split up on the issue, for the war and against the war. It was extra hard for me because my father was Major Frank Smith M.B.E., who fought in the South African War 1899-1902, and the First World War 1914-1918. He wrote me a letter saying he could get me an easy, safe job in the Pay Corps at Exeter with him. I resented this attitude. If I were going to war, I would not want some sort of fiddle into a safe job. Of course, I wrote back thanking him, but declining and I explained what I was doing.

I had to appear before Judge Wetherhead and his six helpers at a Tribunal in Bristol. I did not know that I had to have references from anyone, so they adjourned my case and I had to go a second time with my references. They recorded me as a C.O. and directed me into Agriculture, Land drainage work or Forestry, so I had to find work in those areas.

Second World War



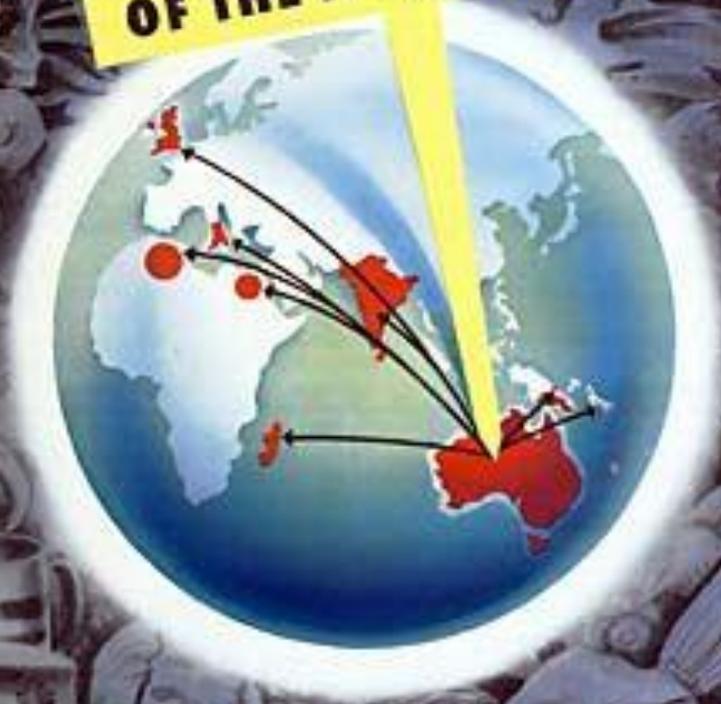
Change over to a
VICTORY JOB

APPLY TO YOUR NEAREST NATIONAL SERVICE OFFICE

WWS 144

V70 C₉

Australia
IS A FOOD ARSENAL
OF THE ALLIED WORLD



We Must Share
OUR FOOD



This man is your FRIEND



Australian

He fights for FREEDOM



This man is your FRIEND



Canadian

He fights for FREEDOM



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This man is your FRIEND



Ethiopian

He fights for FREEDOM



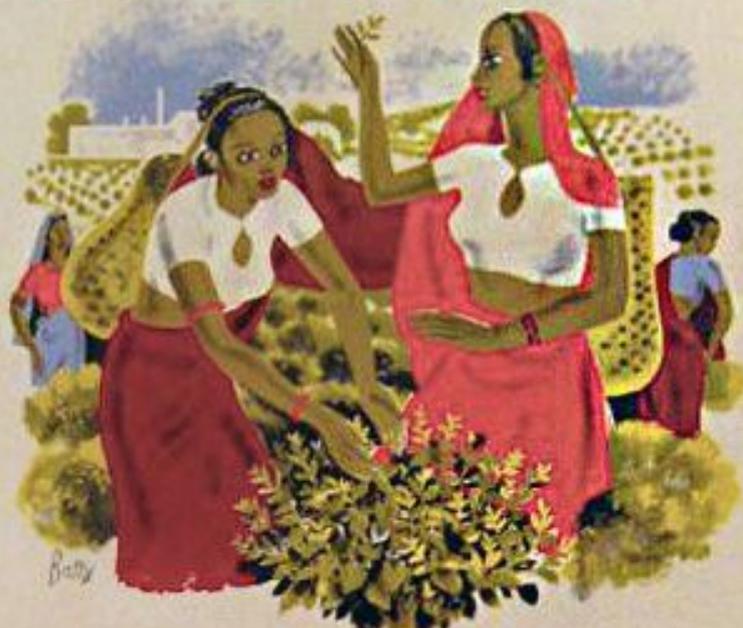
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THE EMPIRE'S  STRENGTH



DO YOU KNOW THAT
INDIA

supplies all the jute for making
sacks and sandbags: that more
than half Britain's needs of
livestock foods come from India
as well as tea, rice, hides, skins,
cotton and manganese.

THESE ARE THE SINEWS OF WAR

The British Colonial Empire



Ceylon Garrison Artillery

OUR ALLIES THE COLONIES



ADEN

AFGHAN

BAHAMA

BARBADOS

BELIZE CITY

BURUNDI

BERMUDA

BRITISH GUIANA

BRITISH HONDURAS

BRITISH MIDDLE EAST

BRITISH VIRGIN IS.

CAMBODIA

CANADA

CAYMAN

CEYLON

CHINA

CUBA

CYPRUS

DOMINICA

ENGLAND

FRANCE

GERMANY

GIBRALTAR

GRENADA

HONG KONG

INDIA

IRAQ

JAPAN

MAURITIUS

NETHERLANDS

NEW ZEALAND

NIGERIA

NOVA SCOTIA

NORTH AFRICA

NORTH AMERICA

NEWCASTLE

PALESTINE

ST. HELENA

ALGERIA

SPAIN

SIERRA LEONE

SARAWAK

SEYCHELLES

SOUTH AFRICA

SOMALI

SWITZERLAND

TANGANYIKA

TONGA

TRINIDAD

UGANDA

YEMEN

The British Colonial Empire



Royal West African Frontier Force

OUR ALLIES THE COLONIES



ADEN

ANTIGUA

BHUTAN

BURMA

CAMBODIA

CAYMAN ISLANDS

CEYLON

CHINA

CYPRUS

EGYPT

FIJI

FRANCE

GUYANA

HONG KONG

INDIA

JAPAN

KOREA

MACAU

MYANMAR

NETHERLANDS

NEW ZEALAND

PHILIPPINES

RUSSIA

SINGAPORE

SIERRA LEONE

SRI LANKA

SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTH AMERICA

SOUTH PACIFIC

SPAIN

ST. HELENA

ST. KITTS

ST. LUCIA

ST. VINCENT

SWITZERLAND

TAIWAN

TANZANIA

TURKEY

UNITED STATES

URUGUAY

VENEZUELA

WEST INDIES

YUGOSLAVIA

ZAMBIA

ZIMBABWE

THE EMPIRE'S  STRENGTH

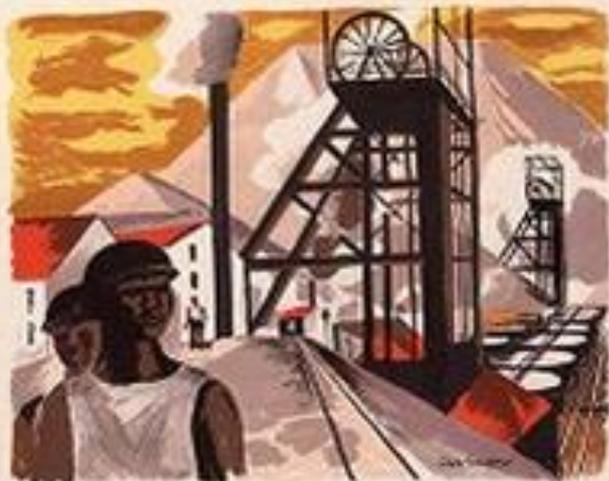


DO YOU KNOW THAT
NEW ZEALAND

produces six times as much
butter to-day as during the
last war and twice as much
cheese: that wool, meat and
fruit are also exported in
very large quantities.

THESE ARE THE SINEWS OF WAR

THE EMPIRE'S  STRENGTH



DO YOU KNOW THAT
SOUTH AFRICA

is not only by far the largest producer of gold, but also a great agricultural country, exporting wool, fruit, sugar, and dairy products: that chrome and manganese for armaments are also valuable exports.

THESE ARE THE SINEWS OF WAR

TARINGA WHAKARONGO /



E TE IWI

"Awhinatia
Mai Matou"

**HE KARANGA
NA TE
HOKOWHITU-A-TU**

**HE KAI – HE KAKAHU – HE PU
HE MATAPU – ME ETAHI ATU
TAONGA WHAWHAI**

Koia nei nga mea e hiahiaia ana ma nga hoiia e ora ai ratou, e kore ai hoki e mate i te
kore taonga whawhai, e riro mai ai te wikaoria i a ratou mo tatou katoa.

Ma te moni anake e taea ai etei mea. Ka kore he taonga whawhai ka mate tatou.

**TIROHIA TE PANUI MO TE WHAKAHAERE NATIONAL
SAVINGS.—ME HAERE ATU KI TE POUTAPETA A ME
HOATU I AU MONI TOHU.**

Koia nei he haka katoa i te wika, he wakaia ana.

TRANSLATION IN ENGLISH: Stop! We appeal to you. The Maori Battalion calls to you to help. Food, clothing, guns—ammunition
—and other war supplies. These are needed by our soldiers— that they may prevail and not perish through lack. That the victory may
be theirs and ours. Money alone can provide the weapons—without weapons no shell power. Hear the notice about National Savings.
Go to the Post Office and lend your money. (Even a shilling week by week will help.)

Maori poster, New Zealand

THE EMPIRE'S  STRENGTH

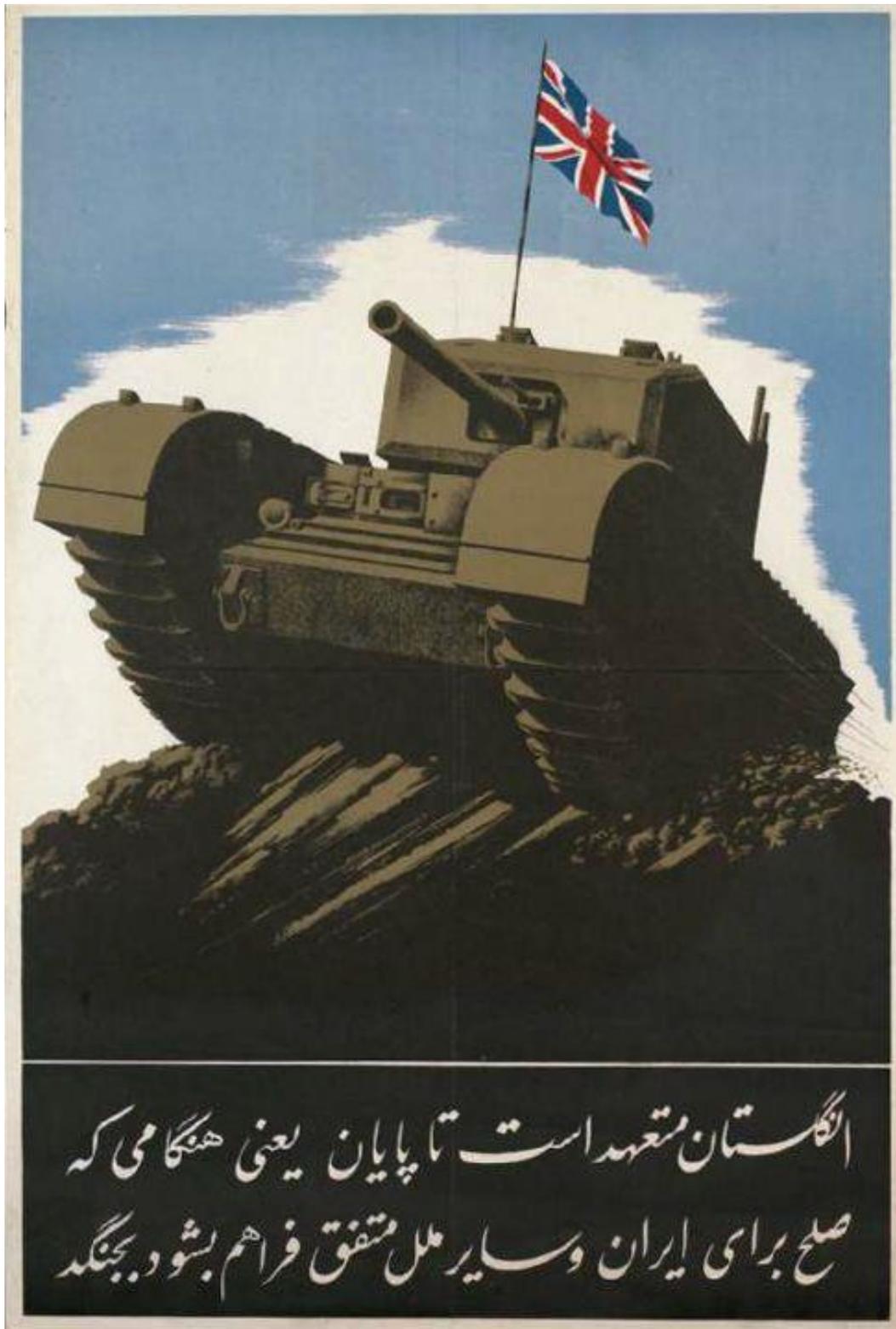


HERRICK

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE
COLONIES

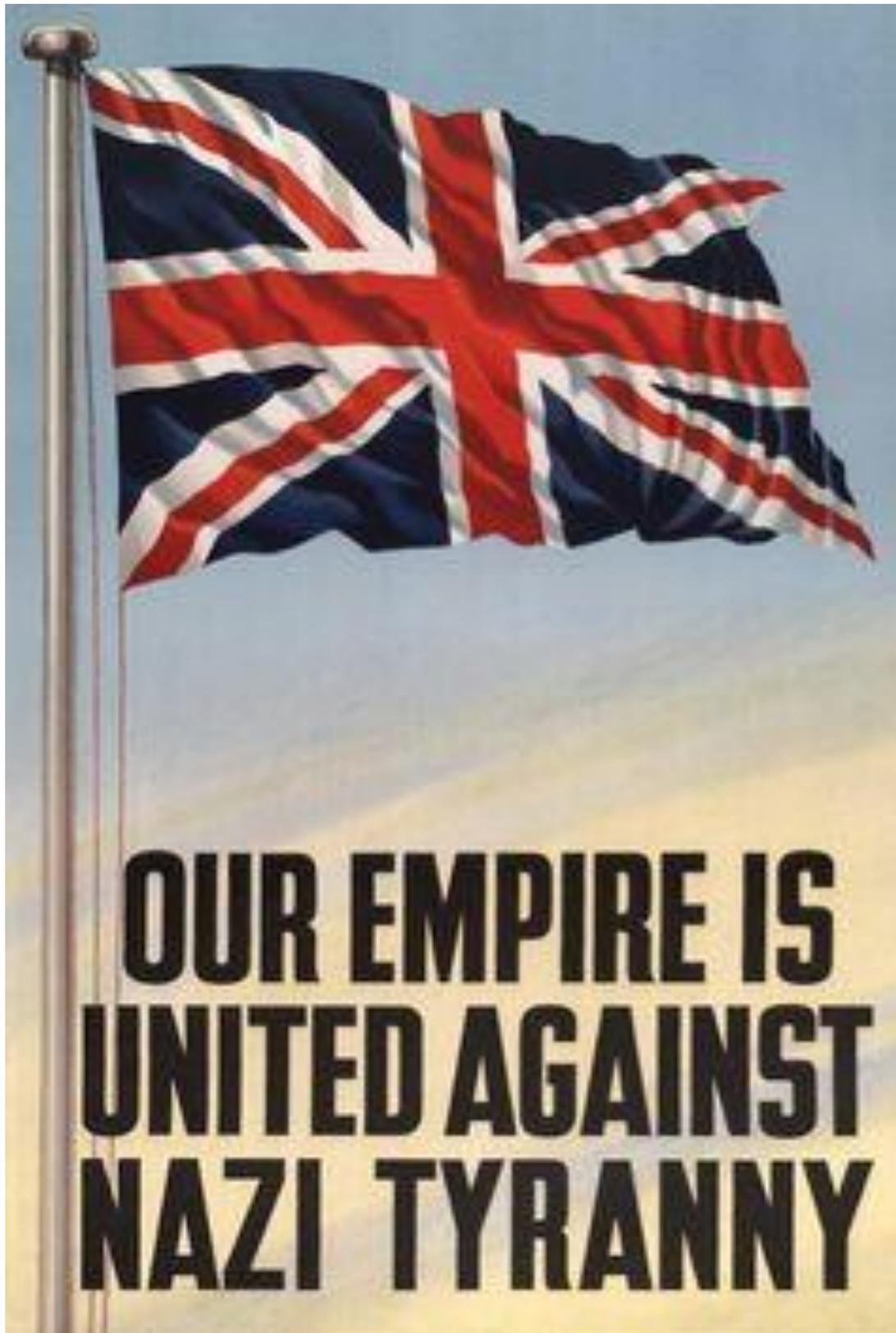
produce over half the world's
rubber and a third of the tin:
that they are rich in sugar, tea,
coffee, cocoa and fruits: that
Colonial copper, gold and oil
are increasingly important.

THESE ARE THE SINEWS OF WAR



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Britain Shall Fight on Until Peace is Restored to Iran and All the Other Allied Nations



**OUR EMPIRE IS
UNITED AGAINST
NAZI TYRANNY**



Chief Officer Margaret L Cooper with Second Officer Kalyani Sen

During World War 2, the Royal Navy needed people to do "shore jobs" – work on land that would support work at sea. These incredibly important jobs included office work, communications, organization, maintenance and preparing equipment.

In India, ruled by Britain, the Women's Royal Indian Naval Service was established, for the first time giving women a role in the navy, although they did not serve on board its ships.

The first Indian service woman who visited the UK was second officer Kalyani Sen. Sen went there to make a comparative study of training and administration in the Women's Royal Naval Service.

"In India there is still a big prejudice against girls and women working with men...but the women are so keen to get into the Services that they are breaking it down," she said.



Another woman who joined the WRINs was Chief Petty Officer Moina Imam. The daughter of Seyed Hafeez Imam, a well-known government official, was at a boarding school during the war. Being headstrong, independent and stubborn she decided to join the WRINs without telling anyone in her family. Her father only found out she wasn't in school when she appeared on a poster for all of India at that time!

Rajindar Singh Dhatt's Story



"I asked my father that I wanted to go to college. He told me 'I don't have plenty of money to spend on you like that. You can join the army.' After that I cleared the last class in high school, and my cousin and friend also, of the same age nearly 16, 17 or 18, all three of us joined the army."

After joining as a sepoy (private) in February 1941 Rajindar was appointed to the Royal Indian Army Service Corps and was selected to become an army physical training instructor. He excelled as an instructor and was promoted to Havildar Major (Sergeant Major) in 1943 before he was drafted to the Far East campaign to fight in Kohima in north east India.

"In 1944 I was sent to the B Reinforcement Centre and there a draft came that they wanted some supply people to reach Kohima, so we went to Kohima in 1944."





Rajindar and his unit were sent to support the Allied Forces and help break through the Japanese defences in north east India.

"The Japanese were all around Kohima and Imphal and they had circled our two divisions, one Indian division and one British division. There was one British Lieutenant, he came to us and he said, 'you are in a theatre of war'. We were laughing, a theatre...we were thinking that it was a film or something. It was then after that that he said, 'we will defeat them.' He gave us a lecture like that.



"I stood up and said that we Sikhs we're not afraid of fighting. It doesn't matter, we came here to fight and we will do that. First they had to liberate those two divisions who were

circled. The Japanese aeroplanes they were gunning, circling and throwing those bombs out like that and going back."

After the liberation of Kohima and Imphal, Rajindar spent the rest of the war fighting in Burma.

"We were very happy when on 15 August when the Japanese surrendered. And we said thank god, we have won the war."

After the war Rajindar returned home to pre-partition India and worked as a physical training instructor at a school and on his family's land. But he wanted more for himself and his family.

"They announced in 1962 that people who fought in the Second World War they can apply for a voucher to go to Britain. I applied for that voucher and they gave it to me."

Rajindar came to Britain in 1963 and settled with his family in Hounslow.

He was one of the founder members of the Undivided Indian Ex-Servicemens Association, which brings together Second World War service personnel from pre-partition India living in the UK.

"There were nearly 150 people were together when we started that association... after that it went up to 300 people. Every year there was one reunion drinking, dancing and bhangra. We made it just like Punjabi. So, we were very happy. Life went on very happy like that."



Joseph's Story



Joseph in school, front row middle.

"I joined the Army on 31 July 1943, and I went through my mechanical training. After my training I was posted to Third Advanced Based Workshops, Takoradi, the western region of Ghana.

"In November 1943 we were drafted to go to the war. They said they needed the best soldiers from the unit, so 10 of us were drafted. About a week later all 10 of us were taken to Takoradi Harbour. We saw a very huge ship, HMS Circassia, with 2,500 troops on board.

We were going to India attached to the 3rd Gurkhas Regiment, 3rd Infantry Battalion."



When Joseph and his comrades reached India, they were sent for training at Khulna in Bangladesh.

“All the troops were trained in India. You’ll be trained how to fight, no fears, so that when you go to the war you don’t fear. We trained for six months...after our training we went to Chittagong.

“When our troops arrived, we had two divisions, 81st Division, comprised of 5th, 6th and 7th battalions and 82nd Division - I was in 82nd. The 81st were trained earlier so they had to start fighting the Japanese to push them. They went in for six months and then we joined them at Buthidaung in Burma.”

The fighting in the war against the Japanese forces was far more ferocious and brutal than in the war against German and Italian forces in Europe.

“It was terrible, because the Japanese they were the most ferocious human fighters that I have ever seen.”



“Sometimes we were short of food for about three to four days - no food. We rely on our biscuits and corned beef alone until a parachute would drop the food and ammunition for us. Then we continued the fighting, but something happened.”

During the intense fighting Joseph realised he had an injury to his left eye. “Unfortunately, I realised that my eye, it was protruding - I didn’t know what happened. I was flown by plane, two wounded people and myself to India, to Pune city.”

Joseph was sent to a hospital 10 miles out of Pune city where soldiers were being treated for their injuries.



"My specialist Lieutenant Crockett, the eye specialist, he told me I was boarded category C...my sickness was contaminated blood. Somebody was wounded and maybe I touched the person and the blood...and touched my face maybe.

Because of his illness Joseph stayed in hospital in India until the end of the war in August 1945.

"After the victory parade General Slim addressed all the troops, I was at the hospital by then, so my colleagues told me. He congratulated our troops and that they had done marvellously well they have defended the British Empire.

"And I feel proud today that I also defended the British Empire. We fought ferociously, we fought very well against the Japanese we conquered them. And I'm happy that I took part in it. I Joseph Hammond, I also took part and I feel very proud I contributed a lot during the war."

After the war Joseph returned home to Ghana alongside his fellow surviving soldiers. "We were the first people to arrive in the country in December 1945 and we were the first people to bring the green battle dress into Ghana. So, all the army colleagues you see today wearing green battle we brought it first."

Joseph was one of over 600,000 soldiers from across Africa who served alongside British forces during the war.

After being demobilised in January 1946 Joseph had various jobs in the hospitality, construction, and the fishing industries before he retired in 2006.

He married his wife Bernice and had five children, but she sadly passed away 20 years ago. He then remarried and had two more children.

Today Joseph still lives in Ghana and after being inspired by Sir Captain Tom's incredible fundraising achievements here in the UK, he decided to embark on his own challenge

walking 23km over seven days to raise £500,000 for front line workers supporting the Covid-19 relief effort and vulnerable veterans across Africa.



Joshua's Story



Joshua was 19 when he joined the Army in Gold Coast (now Ghana) and went on to serve in the Far East campaign in pre-partition India and Burma.



After joining the Royal West African Frontier Force in 1942 he was posted to an ordinance depot for training.

From there he joined the 5th Battalion and travelled to Chiringa in 1943 via Durban and Cape Town in South Africa, and Bombay, India.

"As a soldier I was determined to fight the enemy," says Joshua.

As part of the Fourteenth Army, Joseph served alongside men from across the Commonwealth including Indians, Australian pilots, Gurkhas and British soldiers.

In Chiringa they were engaged with Japanese forces in fierce jungle warfare.



"It was a dense forest with small rivers and trees all over," Joshua explains.

"We patrolled the forest all the time, day or night, in groups."

As well as enemy forces, soldiers like Joshua encountered the threat of tropical diseases like malaria in the Far East.

"We had an injection before leaving West Africa," says Joshua.

When they weren't involved in active combat many units passed the time by competing against each other in different sports, something Joshua has fond memories of. "I competed in the high jump and won a trophy for the Gold Coast."

After the Japanese surrender Joseph began the long journey home

He sailed from Cochin in India, through the Suez canal and finally arrived home on 31 March 1946.

"As we marched from the harbour to the barracks the city of Takoradi lined the streets," recalls Joseph.

"They were shouting 'brave men, brave men, welcome back home!'"