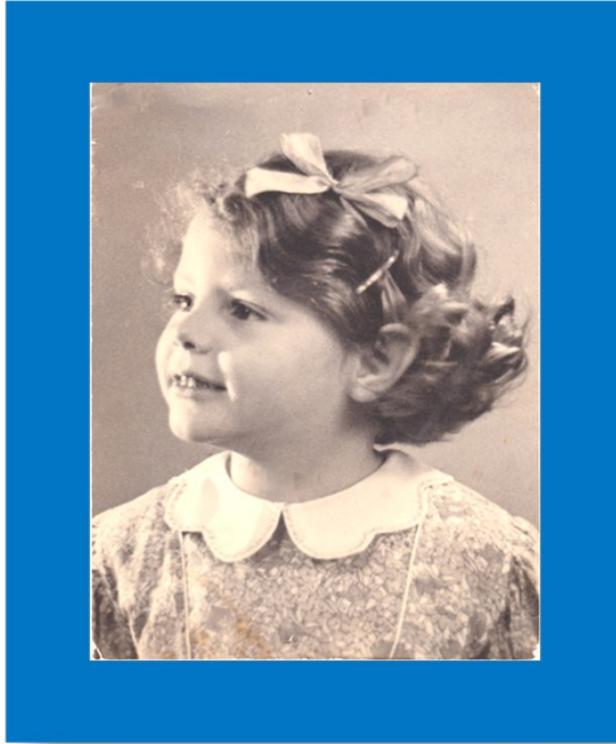


My life as I



remember it

Iris Margaret Bone

**Evacuation to Harpenden, 1939 to
1945**

Foreword

From the very first moment I saw Iris I knew it was intended that I would spend the rest of my life with her. She had that special something that I had not discovered in my previous girlfriends.

Every one has known her as "the girl that was evacuated to Harpenden and they wanted to adopt her".

Although we have been together for over fifty years, it was not until I was preparing these memories for printing that I realised just what effect those years spent with Mr (man) and Mrs Lewis had had.

Now I wonder just what Iris would have achieved had she had the privileged lifestyle living in Harpenden.

Our children have always been immaculately dressed and second best is never good enough. This has been difficult to live with at times but we have survived.

These memories have brought a new sense to me as I now have a huge regret that I have been unable to give her that which she lost with the passing of Man and Mrs Lewis.

John Page 2014

Part one
life as war-time evacuee
at the age of three.

This is dedicated to the memory of Mr and Mrs Lewis who were a great influence on my life, to Jane Milner (Hopkinson) a life long friend and whose mother was kind enough to welcome me into her home, and to Margaret Bell (Powell) another life long friend who played a large part in my Harpenden School days.

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Preface

My name is Iris Margaret Page and at the outset of world war two in September 1939, like many other young people living in London I was evacuated to the country.

My father was a hard working man who earned his living with his hands and this was to prove so different to the lifestyle I would experience whilst evacuated. There can be no doubt that the time spent in Harpenden had a great influence in my later years.

My early years were unlike most of my peers and so I have set to writing down some of my memories. Two of my life long friends were Jane Milner and Margaret Bell of whom you will hear more as you read.

These are memories and the reader must forgive me if all are not in strict chronological order.

As I write this in 2014, Margaret lives in Sussex and Jane in Cornwall. Both have been life long friends who I love dearly. John and I have visited them both on several occasions.. These have been great times when we have been able to catch up, but living a long distance apart has made it more difficult.

My stay at Woodredon has many happy memories I cannot write a story of my life but can give you a lot of the memories that will remain with me for as long as I live.

I was born on Monday 6th of July 1936 to Violet and Alfred Bone at 16 Frederick Crescent, Enfield, Middlesex. I had a sister Gladys aged 2, sister Lily aged 4, and brother Alfie aged 6. I was evacuated when war broke out in September 1939 at the age 3 years 2 months.

A neighbour Mrs Norton took her son Bobby of similar age and me on the bus that was taking evacuees from Brimsdown school. With us on the bus was brother Alfie, sisters Lily, Gladys and Mrs Norton's daughter Yvonne.

My younger sister Sylvia was 1yr 8months and stayed at home with my mother (who was 7 months pregnant with Dorothy) and my father.

I have faint memories of the evacuation, we were in a village hall and Mrs Lewis from the W.V.S. was using her car to take people to different homes and when it came to us it was hard to find someone to take in two 3 year olds and a mother. In the finish Mrs Lewis's neighbour Mrs Milner agreed to take us and we were taken to Blythwood, West Common in a big Austin 16. I could not see out of the window but remember the bumpy ride on the unmade road leading to the house.

Living in the house was Mrs Milner ,son David (about 5) and Jane (nearly 3) plus children's Nanny, Nanny Bickerstaff. Mr Milner (who was ophthalmic surgeon to Queen Mary) was in the R.A.F.



Blythwood



Nanny, David and Jane

Mrs Norton and Bobby returned home after a short while. I often wonder what my mothers feelings were when Mrs Norton returned home leaving me with people my mother had never met. Though the Milner's had a telephone my mother did not have one and so could not discuss the situation



I do not have many memories at that age but I can recall Nanny would take us all for a walk across the common with a big upright seated pram similar to the one that the Queen had for Prince Charles.

On my first Christmas I remember opening a big box in the lounge with a grey metal dolls pram given to me by the maid and Nanny which was very kind of them.

Jane and I would talk to Mrs Lewis through the wire fence if she was gardening near us as they were very big gardens. Apparently we used to ask where the man was (Mr Lewis) and he was affectionately called that for the rest of his life. When I returned home I wrote and called him Mr Lewis he was so upset and so it stayed The Man.



This is the Identity tag that I had to wear throughout my evacuation

Occasionally as a treat Jane and I would go into Mrs Lewis's in the morning and we would be sat on the draining boards either side of the sink with a soft cloth to sit on, each with a biscuit and a small glass of milk.

After I had been there for some time Mrs Milner had family coming to stay (an aunt with young twins) so I moved next door to live with Mrs Lewis and the Man at Woodredon. I am unsure as to when this happened but I must have been quite young as Mrs Lewis made me a dark pink coat, bonnet and leggings. I recall sitting on the big carved chair in the hall with highly polished dragons as its arms, crying because I could not do up the buttons on my leggings. In later years Mrs Lewis said I would say Mrs Lewith please do not leave me Hehind (meaning behind).

When I moved next door, Nanny gave me a picture that hung on my bedroom wall until I went home to Enfield.



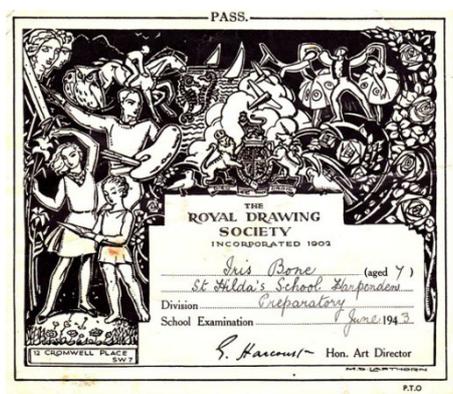


Woodredon

Mrs Lewis and the Man took great care of me for the rest of my Evacuation days of six years sending me to St Hilda's private School in the village. The uniform was a navy gym slip with a mid-blue blouse and a beret in the winter and a Panama be worn with the summer dress.

I do not have many memories of St Hilda's other than sitting in an area with our gas masks. For a short time I had a Mickey Mouse type and this was changed when you were five. The school had a percussion band and I played the triangle.

One summer the school was holding a play on the playing field. I had my pixie outfit with pointed toe boots obviously all made by Mrs Lewis. I was carrying a little wicker basket with three tennis balls covered in paper to look like Pomegranates. I must have been the Pomegranate Pixie. After lots of practicing dancing around it was called off maybe because of a threatened raid.



My St Hilda's art certificate for drawing a mop with the school beret on it



St Hilda's school in modern times

Jane went to St Hilda's for a short time and then to school in St Albans. She then went to a Boarding School when she was eight. When we first commenced school we must have been taken to school when we were very young but can not remember for sure. I recall many girls in Harpenden mostly from St Hilda's, Hannah Briese, Anne Jarvis, Belinda Brock believe had something to do with fireworks, Meryl and Carole Campion. Bridget Bent, Janet Barnes, Lorna Flory, Jean Washington Gray (who sadly died at a very young age), Jane and Anthea (sisters who had the most wonderful dolls house), Anne Jarvis, Camilla Cartwright and Anna Rushbrooke.

Mrs Lewis had a small sheltie dog named Tinker that they had found on the common. He was given that name because they thought he had been abandoned by Tinkers. There was also Roger a young sandy coloured Labrador who I used to get very cross with because he would just lift my bear and doll out of my dolls pram.

I had dolls given to me by someone whose daughter had out-grown them. One was a lovely fabric doll named Pamela, with hair and so firm she was able to stand. The second was a soft bodied doll named Susie with a German head and it closed its eyes. Then there were two little jointed dolls dressed in knitted clothes in green and white (boy and girl twins) that were a present one Christmas.

Sadly when I went home all my toys got broken or disappeared, I was in bed unwell and my younger siblings had a home made trolley and put all my dolls on it and went to the park. When they came back it was minus the little boy twin it upset me deeply but no one had stopped them going out with them all.

A couple of my favourite toys were a box with flat mosaic bricks with which you could make many patterns and a board with holes in so you put coloured pegs in to make pictures. I was not spoilt but looked after what I had as I was brought up that way.

One Christmas the Man gave me a little fabric sailor doll, when I woke up on Christmas morning there was the doll beside me (he was a very kind man). I loved my dolls and talked to them a lot, I also was always looking for Fairies as I was sure there were such things.

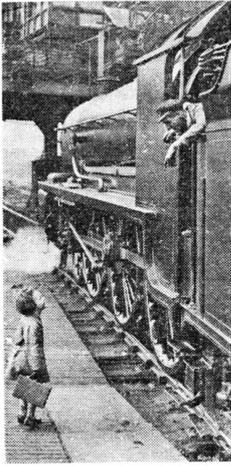
I remember a birthday party when I first started School (it must have been my fifth). Several little girls had been invited and there was a treasure hunt and games. One race was where you had two big tins with string threaded through them and you had to lift it up by the string and put your feet on them. The challenge was then, moving one foot at a time to see who could get the furthest.

On occasions when I went to a party, as a treat I was allowed to wear a small Coral necklace of Mrs Lewis's, (probably too small for an adult so may have been hers as a child). I would have loved to have had that passed on to me because I loved wearing it.



Mrs Milner, David, Jane, baby Sarah and Me (on the right) with Mr Harris.

Mr Harris the gardener, was an lovely elderly man. I recall that he made Jane's teddy bear a pair of trousers out of an old pair of his trousers



Thanks for the trip!

The first holiday was by train to Cardigan Bay. There was a pause in the journey at some point and we met up at the station with The Man's brother (Uncle Bert) and his wife Aunt Lucy. They gave me a stuffed dog with a tartan beret on his head, I do not think I saw them more than twice during my time there.

At the end of the train journey we went to meet the train driver and The Man tipped him, thanking him for a safe journey .

Some years later there was a photo of a little girl talking to a train driver and I still am convinced it was me as I had my little case and the hat looked like mine. After many years I wrote to the Daily Mail newspaper but they did not know where it was, it had been misplaced. I should of done something about it at the time but I have strong memories of that the article was about the times when people thanked the engine driver in uniform.

I first met Margaret Bell at St Hilda's and I have been a life long friend with her and with Jane Milner.

Margaret and I spent many days together despite the long walk (we had to make on our own) Pushing our doll's prams between West Common and Bloomfield Road where she lived.

Mrs Lewis refurbished a bigger dolls pram for me and I loved it. Margaret's was better because it had a foot end that dropped.

On one of our days together at Margaret's house, we were playing in the garden and there were a couple of peaches growing on a cordon, they looked so tempting. Me, not being able to resist them, talked poor Margaret into eating one, just thinking it was there to be eaten.

Her Father was very cross with her as it was being grown for a special reason, probably to be shown. I am sorry I got her into trouble as he was a strict father.

Margaret seems to think that we were encouraged to be friends as she was not from a wealthy family so that I mixed with ordinary families.

After leaving school, Margaret returned St Hilda's to help Miss Tangy (the same teacher we had both spent with in the infants) until she was ready to start her nurses training.



Margaret Bell and her family



Man in his banking days
one.

The Man was a Bank Manager in the foreign branch of Westminster Bank in Threadneedle street. He was very smart in his pin stripe suit ,stiff collar, bowler hat and brief case. In the winter he wore a long coat and carried his umbrella .

Looking back he was working in a very dangerous area due to London being a target for German Bombers. Occasionally he took bread and cheese for at tramp he knew was around. He would always walk to the station daily (unless it was raining) but was picked up by Mrs Lewis in the evenings. I know he spoke about a man he travelled with who was Head of the Port of London but have forgotten his name, also the author Malcolm Saville who wrote children's books I was given a signed copy of

My sister Lily recalls coming with our elder brother Alfie to visit. They would have been aged about eleven and thirteen and cycled from Enfield; a distance of about fourteen miles.

She says "Alfie and I came to see you once, we cycled all the way. I can remember sitting at a table and we were fed a meal followed by a really juicy pear, I think we made a mess and Mr Lewis was not too pleased. I remember the pears hanging on the trees in little cloth bags.

My Sister Sylvia recalls "The time I went with Dad, I feel sure it was on a bus. We walked a fair way alongside grass verges which I ran up and down as we went along. I don't recall any special welcome.

Mrs Lewis was a talented homemaker with her knitting, cooking, and preserving. She loved embroidery and all my garments would be enhanced with rosebuds or have the edges embroidered, even the collars of my summer nighties. All her under-wear was hand stitched, made from parachute silk dyed a peach colour.

A set of table mats to put on top of the cork mats had been appliquéd with different fruits and cut work but mostly grapes. A fire screen with the tree of life which won a competition. The tray cloths and the tea trolley mats with matching serviettes were made in linen with flowers embroidered - I never saw her sitting idle.

They both loved gardening and worked every possible evening and weekends on it. Strangely The Man wore white cricket clothes to garden in. I never knew him to play cricket so I assume they must have been quite old clothes but very white and never appeared to have mud on them.

They had the most beautiful garden which was opened to raise money for the Red Cross and I remember taking the money at the gate To this day I could draw a plan of their garden and not forget one corner of it (I just wonder what it is like now). The lawn was like a bowling green so much so, that when the friends from Surrey came the croquet hoops were all set up. The sun was always shining and fun was had by all.

The herbaceous border was beautiful. Mrs Lewis had a trug and would gather Lupins, Delphiniums and many other flowers. Around the house would be flower arrangements in cut glass vases with fine wire bunched inside. When visitors came a small vase of flowers was placed by the bed.

The apple and pear trees were in several varieties, in a line and a pergola the length of the flower border was entwined with several varieties of coloured roses. They did have a gardener who I think did the hard work. When it was his day to work I know he was given two slices of bread and cheese with a cup of tea. Strangely I have seen the china that was given to him in odd antique places but it was the kitchen china with Flowers on but not Bone China.

Margaret Bell always remembered the pond and willow tree and had to have one in the garden of her home where she has lived all of her married life.



Man and Mrs Lewis after retirement

Joyce Attwood was a young girl I used to see on the bus coming home from school. I think she went to Manland School and always smiled at me. When she left school at 14 she came to live in as the maid. She had a morning uniform and in the afternoons it was a pretty little apron and cap with different shoes. We had lots of fun and plenty of giggling between us and were reprimanded for it..Thinking about it she was only a little girl and lived in the cottages further down the common.

Just before I commenced writing this story I read a book about Harpenden recently and it mentioned the Attwood family in the cottages where Joyce lived.

I remember Mrs Lewis had her butter and Joyce had margarine because she did not like butter possibly or never used to have it at home.

Before Joyce came to Woodredon it was my task to lay the table.

It was a big heavy table with bunches of grapes carved all round and I spent many nights sleeping under it on a camp bed during the air raids although cannot remember hearing the siren. The table had a matching sideboard in which there were drawers with lined partitions where the cutlery was kept.

The cutlery such as fish knives and forks that were used occasionally were kept in their own, special lined boxes. On Sundays there was a carving knife, big pronged fork and knife sharpener on silver rests.

If it was grapefruit for breakfast there were special spoons that had sharper tips to help loosen the flesh of the Grapefruit. Special tiny teaspoons were used for the afternoon tea. . We had big white linen serviettes with our own serviettes rings .

Afternoon tea was at four o'clock with the tea trolley laid with delicate flowered bone china. The tea would be served from a hammered pewter teapot which came with a matching hot water and milk jug, sugar bowl and tongs . There were hammered pewter, serviette rings each with a different coloured square so that we would know which was ours. One day I was very naughty. As Joyce was pushing the trolley very carefully down the Garden I jerked it and made a mess of it. I cannot remember the outcome and just hope Joyce did not take the blame for it.

The bread and butter would be cut very thinly and in triangles, laying on a plate with a hand made doiley. The home-made jam would be in a dish that had a lid and spoon. There was home-made fruit cake (always a round one). The trolley cloths and serviettes were hand made (but smaller than the dinner ones). Sometimes, as a treat, I had my own very small Hovis loaf, about the same size as a modern day bread roll.



The china was the Orange tree design and when I see a piece of this china in antique places it brings back so many memories. This was the crockery used for breakfast and dinner.

On one occasion I got the blame for chocolates missing out of the sideboard cupboard. Mr Lewis questioned Joyce and she denied it and that was accepted I got into trouble, Mr Lewis said if it was not Joyce it was me. But it was not me as had my own tin, and after that the key was hidden in a big pile of colourful Geographical Magazines with pictures and maps that could be put on the wall.

In the later years they extended their garden across the end of the Corti's and Milner's gardens in an adjoining field, bought or rented as an area for the vegetables and chickens. I remember letting the chickens out as it was my job. Skipping down the garden one morning I found that Man had put up a rope swing on the back porch area for me. All professionally made - he was very kind and patient man and you had to try and do your best at what ever you were doing.

Many evenings were spent with all three of us playing Rummy, we would have one chocolate from the cupboard. When I was older, I had my own sweet tin sitting in the lounge on the little table next to the Dr Barnado collection box house. I never took one without asking as they always had to last a month. Man would return from London with a parcel of sweets wrapped in brown paper and tied up in string. There were lovely chocolates and several sorts of sweets and I was allowed to choose what I wanted in my tin but only a few as that was probably the ration I was allocated, I had to learn properly. The Brown paper and string would be carefully stored for use another time.

Mrs Lewis was so patient and suggested I made a little duck that was blanket stitched all round the edge. It was then stuffed and entered into a competition in the village. Another exhibit was a plate garden that was such fun to do. Made with a mirror on the base and on it sat my lead mother swan with her five tiny babies about half an inch long. They normally lived on the wood stand of the mirror on my chest of drawers. I won a place for my material Duck.

We spent many hours making kites (that never stayed up) with canes and paper and bows on the long tail. Mrs Lewis never tired of holding it up for me to run. I made little chairs with conkers and pins and wool woven for the back of the chairs to put in my house made from an old box. After Christmas I made sandals out of the thin wooden date box lid and bottom, I was never bored.

The Man had a little wooden cabinet with lots of drawers and compartments which he used

to store materials used to make flies for his fishing. When I was older, as a special treat, I would be allowed to make a fly with a bent dressmaking pin. It was put into the tiny clamp and I could use any colour feathers I wanted, then bind it with glittered thread. I had to be careful and put every thing neatly back where it came from. I think I made three at different times, a great treasured memory.

At the end of the garden were conifer trees (all different). the garden had been extended. I could walk all round them. I would find the one with the longest needles and plait them, tie them with ribbon and remember talking to them as if they were my children. It is strange

now but I always had a lot of imagination and had to amuse myself. looking for Fairies was a great dream, I had all the seasons in the Fairy books.

Grandma Lewis gave me a little wicker handled Japanese tea pot that may have been valuable

I remember sitting by the pond with my flour bag fishing net, trying to catch a frog. When I caught it, I put it in the teapot and as I lowered it into the pond to fill it with water it jumped. It startled me so much that the pot smashed on the side of the pond.

One morning I was asked to fetch something from the garage that had a line of earthenware pots containing pickled eggs and runner beans packed in salt. There was a Fairy cycle leaning against the wall. I was so excited and spent many hours learning to ride. luckily it was a big garden, so once I mastered pedalling, it was just as hard learning how to stop with out falling, I had no one to help me, but persevered. I know that I took the cycle home even though I had outgrown it. My younger brother David said he remembers that our Dad gave it away to cousin Tony the same age as him.

The Man and Mrs Lewis both loved fishing. We went on my second holiday, this time to Totnes when I was about six and they fished in the river. We had travelled by train and a taxi took us from the hotel to the river with a packed picnic for the day. When we returned to the hotel, we discovered Teddy was still sitting by the river. The taxi went back to fetch him. I say him but he was always wore a smocked dress with matching knickers and pink bows tied around his ears. I was outside the hotel on my own one day and wandered up the road. A dalmatian dog came running after me and I was screaming, I think the dog was young and wanted to play, but I was yelling as I ran back into the Hotel shouting that a measles dog was after me.

Daily we walked the dogs across the common which adjoined the golf course. It was a long way and we always avoided walking on the golf course tees.

Sometimes we met a very tall lady walking on her own. Her hair was cut like a mans and she was Russian.

Being close to the golf course I was given a child's golf club for a present and often took that on the walk with us. - it was exciting to find a golf ball.

Very, very occasionally if we were lucky, we saw the Walls ice cream man coming along the main road on his three wheeler bike with a big box on the front. Mrs Lewis bought two tubs which I had to run with back to the house and put on the cold tiled cloakroom floor (along side the ginger beer that was sometimes there as there were no fridges then), to eat when we got back from the walk. The house was always left unlocked when we walked across as there was no considered risk of crime.

Occasionally while Man and Mrs Lewis worked in the garden on a Saturday, I was allowed, as a special treat, to cycle to the village to get an ice cream for the three of us. They were round and about the same size as a night light, I then had to pedal home as fast as I could before they melted.

My small bedroom overlooked the front gate which, along with the hedge has since been removed. It had a very deep window sill and there just a chest and dressing table. I had a hanging wooden parrot with a weighted tail (that I loved). Mrs Lewis's sister Auntie Marjorie had it made for me and it hung in the middle of the window.

Auntie Marjorie lived at Sisservernes Farm in Codicote and sometimes she bought plums with her. They were Victoria plums and I was told that I wanted to know why we sent the Queen plums. I can vividly recall riding my fairy cycle with Mrs Lewis to collect a few plums from Auntie Marjorie's. These were put in the box at the back of Mrs Lewis's cycle. A distance of around seven and a half miles each way

We had lovely times climbing the trees on the common in front of the houses with David, Jane, and occasionally Margaret. Freyja Corti sometimes joined us if she was not too busy looking for the key to the cupboard where her mother kept the chocolate.

Jane and I would often sit one end each in a lovely big string hammock in her garden reading our Enid Blyton books or Sunny Stories.

Then it was cricket with David but after getting hit on the knee I had a fear of hard balls for all my school life.

David went off to Boarding School when he was quite young and remember going with them in the car to collect him at the end of one term.

Mr Currant who lived a few doors away and had a lovely gable over his front gate, invited Mrs Lewis and I to look round his hat factory in Luton to see the hats (Panama hats I think) and how they were made, it was very interesting, Judge WinParry was a neighbour who lived on the corner of the road.

On one occasion I was asked to put a wrongly delivered newspaper through next doors letter box and I thought only of the red letter post box further up the road. There were a lot of German prisoners of war sitting near it and talking to me in German. I later realised they were telling me not to put it in there.

Mrs Lewis and I went to London for a day by Green Line Coach and she looked very smart with her heeled shoes with a button strap across (very unusual for her to wear those). There was a lady on the coach with a fox fur on her shoulder and as I lisped I was told I said in a very loud voice "Mrs Lewith why has that lady got a caterpillar round her neck?"

When the harvesting was finished we gleaned the fields for the dropped corn heads that were laying on the common for the chickens. We picked wild rose hips to make Rose Hip Syrup which was healthy for young children, and we could earn a few pennies for doing it.

I went to the Brownies near the Station and the Methodist Sunday School in the village.

Anscombes a large department store was interesting with the money and change shooting around on wires. I could not understand that you did not go into the Bank and anyone could get money I remember Woolworths in the village and where the local Blacksmiths was.

Mr Sherratt was my hairdresser. On one occasion we went to the Harpenden Cinema to see Bambi, a special treat with Mrs Lewis and The Man. That was the only time that we went to the cinema and seats were reserved in advance.

If we went to St Albans we would climb the tower in the town. There was a wicker shop where Mrs Lewis bought me a wicker cradle for a Christmas present,

One day when I was not living with them, Mrs Milner took Jane and I to St Albans where there was a nice toy shop near the tower and we were allowed to buy a toy each, obviously within reason and then allowed to climb the tower.

I think it was Redbourn that we occasionally went to in the car. There was a stream where I went fishing with a jam jar and home made net consisting of a bamboo cane and cotton flour bag with wire through it. The dogs always came and they enjoyed frolicking in the stream.

There were only two real war time incidents that I can remember. A German plane crashed in a garden in West Common Way and we went to view it, and a Barrage balloon that I believe caught fire on the common.

Summers when you are young - you just remember every day as being sunny. Toes were cut out of sandals when they were outgrown I remember mine were green and they may of been Clarkes as they had the Daisy pattern on them. Margaret came for the day and we were playing in the garden and heard several ladies talking and some music playing. We laid on our tummies and looking between the conifers saw Mrs Corti and other ladies dancing around. it was some later that we knew it was Music and Movement.

To school I had to cut through a pathway to the bus stop at the top of West Common way. I travelled on my own at a young age, and there were several girls that got on the bus, I was the only one going to St Hilda's. I do not know which school the others went to, but feel sure they were private, possibly St George's, I derived much pleasure from my Enid Blyton book or Sunny Stories. The one thing I could not understand was sandwiches and read it as Sand Witches and have never forgotten that.



Christmas was a wonderful time and I was very lucky to have such a great experience, Uncle Bertie and Auntie Rosie were older than Mrs Lewis and they had a daughter Auntie Mavis who was not that young. They were the only friends I think they had. They lived in Banstead, and they would come for a few Christmas's and short holidays in the summer. Sometimes we would go to their home. On Christmas mornings I had a pillowcase with a few presents and then we exchanged presents round the breakfast table. On one

occasion I was given a hand embroidered nightdress case made by Auntie Rosie. She also knitted me white socks pink heels and toes.

Auntie Mavis and I usually went for a walk while the two older ladies prepared the Christmas meal and the men relaxed.

Cards were played in the evening. Later there was supper that consisted of ham carved off the bone ,cheese and biscuits, a fancy plate laden with crystallised fruits, grapes with special scissors to cut the stems, and many other delights.

This is a family photo taken in 1940 when I was not there, I would have been four years old.



In 1943 I went home for a couple of days but do not remember any details. This time another photo was taken where I am included, that was 2 years before I returned home to live. I remember crying when we went to a cousins party probably because I felt out of my comfort zone.



I am at back on left side

I returned home in 1945 and found it difficult to adapt to the family life in Enfield.

I know the man and Mrs Lewis loved me very much and they wanted to adopt me. I learnt in later years that they went to discuss it with my parents who would not give me up. one of my older sisters told me in later years that I should of been left there as she was old enough to see how hard it was for me on my return , My Home Coming will be the second part of my story for my Grand children, it was very sad as when I was older Mrs Lewis told me they could not have a family of their own



A late picture of Man and Mrs Lewis

This is the end of the first part of my story "Evacuation", the second part I will name "The Homecoming" . It was a very hard and different style of life, a bit like Upstairs and Downstairs.

Mrs Lewis sadly died in 1957 and The Man in 1984 I was very lucky to have lived with such a wonderful couple it was so sad they did not have their own family , I was never spoilt and nothing was wasted I was brought up to "look after your possessions and appreciate what you have". I was in touch right up to The Mans death and my biggest regret in life is I never thanked them personally for all they did for me, you do not appreciate these things until you are a lot older and brought your own children up.

