

Hello, I am Alexander Anderson. Today, I'm 90 years old. If I write on this blog, it is to give my testimony, what I experienced during WW2. I need to leave a trail, my trail. That's why today I'm going to share this story with you, to not forgetting, to you not to forget

When I was a child, I lived in Birmingham, It is a big city in north-east of London. I have been evacuated on Saturday, September 2nd 1939, I was 9 years old and I was an only child. My mother worked in a weapon factory and my father was at the front. My mom came home late from work. I saw her very little. Then, the government ordered to the mother and to the children to evacuated the big cities. It was at this moment that I was separated to my mother, that has broken my little heart. I went at the St Catherine Catholic school to be evacuated by the Commonwealth soldiers. We were hundreds of children, sit on the floor. Next, we walk to the Birmingham New street station to take a train. I was hungry and I couldn't walked. My nose starts running, I was breathless. At a moment, I had a heartache to leave my mother, my friends and my father. Would I have abandoned them ? To this day, I don't know. When I embarked in the train all I did was cry. The train journey was very long. We get off of the train at Sheffield for the "selection" in the Anns Grove school by the Host families. We were washed, fed and changed with the few clothes we had taken. It was Mr. and Mrs. Cooper who took me in. They lived in Walesby, a little village in the east of Sheffield.

Abigail and Richard Cooper (my foster parents) were a kind couple. Abigail took care of the child and Richard was a priest. They had one child, her name was Hope because her parents had needed a sunbeam. She was a cute girl, she was 2 months years old. They resided in a field which they had changed into a small house. He had a vegetable garden, two cows and a horse. It was the first time I ever ride a horse, it was really good. Sometimes we would go fishing at the old mill lake. They were doing fine on their own and went shopping not often . When I arrived at then home, they took care of me and cooked a turkey in the oven, it's been a while since I had eaten so well. When my foster parents were busy, I took care of Hope. All sunday, I went in the mass to the St Mary's church to pray for my parents and I hoped they were alright. I went to Market Rasen Church of England Primary School . Market Rasen was located next to Walesby. I had a hard time making friends, but I managed to make one, His name was David Lewis. He knew how to appreciate me compared to some who "treated" me as a lower class person, all because I had been taken in. At night when I came home, because of those people breaking me, I would cry in my room. It's been a hard time.

Today, I live in London. Sometimes, I see Hope, she is 80 years old and she lives in Sheffield. Unfortunately, Abigail and Richard are dead 15 years ago but I saw then every week-ends. My father is dead at the front, he is fought for the homeland. Today, I go to relate my story to the secondary school pupils to not forgetting, and for so that they have a story to tell their children and to avoid repeating the mistakes made in the past. When you read this, I might be dead, but sharing this tale , my story, its our story.

Good bye

Alexander Anderson, the 2nd September 2020