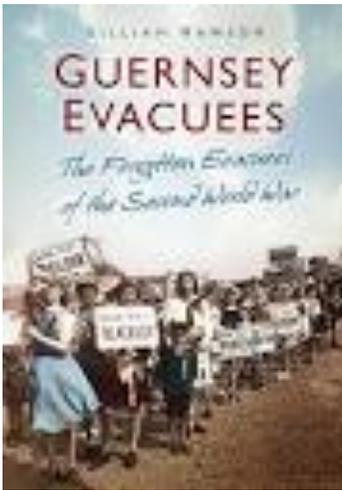


EVACUEE

By Lucy Symons



My Grandpa Patrick Symons, now 84 years old and living in St. Martins, was evacuated during WW2 from Guernsey. I interviewed him to find out what it was really like.

What was it like to be evacuated from Guernsey during World War 2?

When were you evacuated?

I was evacuated just before the German invasion on a boat that took us to the Mainland.

Who did you go with and how old were you?

I was 4 years old and went with my Mother and my twin brother George. My two older brothers were evacuated with their school. We did not see them for 6 months. My mother traced them through the Occupation Service to find them.

What did you take with you?

I only took a very small suitcase filled with clothes; we weren't allowed to take any more.

Where did you go?

When we first arrived we travelled by train to Norfolk, 6 months later we moved to Newlyn in Cornwall.

Who did you live with?

For the first 6 months we lived with Uncle Joe and Auntie Patty. Uncle Joe was a Vicar and was very strict. We were not allowed to do anything and my mother was very unhappy. She wrote to Auntie Ruth Berry who lived in Newlyn in Cornwall. Auntie Ruth came to our rescue and found us a place to live near her. We were reunited with my brothers there. Auntie Ruth died recently aged 109 years old. That's truly amazing!

Did you go to school?

Yes, I went to school in Newlyn and was happy there, I made lots of new friends.

How long were you away?

I was away for 5 years and when I came back to Guernsey I didn't know my father. He stayed in Guernsey throughout the war. He owned a butchers shop in St Martins just opposite what is now Adventure Cycles. Each day the Germans would come in for the meat. He hid the best bits to give to family and friends so that the Germans couldn't have it.

When did you come back to Guernsey?

In 1945 shortly after the War had ended. When we came back I remember seeing German Prisoners of War taking barbed wire down around St Martins School. There was mess and debris everywhere. I went back to St Martins School at nearly 10 years old and didn't know anyone!

“I remember coming back to Guernsey and seeing German Prisoners of War taking barbed wire down around St Martin's School”

