**Source A is a memoir by Bill Reeds**

I was 13 when I was evacuated from Chiswick. I went with my school to a small town called Little Gadderson, between Hemel Hempstead and Berkhampstead. We walked, a long line of us, from school to the railway station, carrying our luggage and gas masks. The train took us to Hemel Hempstead, where were all loaded into a coach and driven to a more rural area. Then the bus stopped and we all piled out. There was a crowd of people waiting, and they would select the children they liked the look of. Then the bus, with us aboard again, would go another hundred yards or so and repeat the exercise. When it was my turn to be selected, I was very fortunate. Jackie Gilbert, a boy I knew quite well, and I were picked by the James people, who owned the local butcher's shop. Along with the husband and wife, there were three daughters, all very friendly, and we were treated exceptionally well, probably a lot better than I had been treated at home. I had a very good time, doing things that were different from anything I had ever done before. Living in the country was wonderful. The food was quite good – including rabbit pie. It didn't seem as though we were on rations at all.

**Source B is a letter written by Ellen Howard, an evacuee from Birkenhead aged 13**

Life in the country impresses me as being very peaceful. One can sit in a field under a shady tree in complete quietness except for the singing of the birds and the rustle of the swaying boughs overhead. In the country there is not the smoky atmosphere of the city and it is much pleasanter to walk in fields with cows mooing and grazing on each side, than to walk along a grey dirty looking street, with litter thrown about the ground, and smoky houses for surroundings. It is lovely to wake up in the morning to feel the cool fresh air on one's face. In the autumn it is such fun to gather in the harvests and it is interesting to see the trees changing into their autumn dresses. There are not many heavy motor vehicles and speeding motor cars in the country and one can walk freely along the country roads without any cars hooting behind.

**Source C is a memoir by Michael Henderson.**

My life was turned upside down by evacuation, not in 1939 but in 1940. My horizons were narrow, just those of a patriotic young boy at a boarding school in Surrey. Then suddenly a voyage on an ocean liner over the Atlantic in a convoy with other ships, guarded by a battleship and five destroyers and being received by an unknown American family. We were some of the 3,000 British children who enjoyed the amazing generosity freely given by American families. But American schools were welcoming. Every morning, American children salute the flag and recite the pledge of allegiance; for us, they thoughtfully placed a Union Jack that we could face. We were soon caught up in American rituals such as Halloween and Thanksgiving and quickly accepted hamburgers and hot dogs. After three years, my father came on a mission to Washington and phoned up. My comment as I put down the phone was: "Gee, he talks just like in the movies." We returned home on an escort aircraft carrier, and on arrival walked past our mother without recognising her.

**Source D is a memoir by Pam Hobbs**

I was 10 when the order came through for us to evacuate. My older sister Iris had brought a letter home from school saying that all local schools were closed, and urging parents to evacuate their children. We had packed our belongings – a change of clothes, a toothbrush and not much else – in a sandbag. In case we got lost, we had a label around our neck. We were put on a train to Derbyshire, heading for Charbury. When we arrived, we were taken to the village school, and given hot chocolate and biscuits. I was a nervous child to start with, but the selection process was humiliating, and that stuck with me in later life. We were asked to stand up and turn around for the locals, who had lined up against a wall to inspect us. I looked a mess. I had fallen down a hill during a stop-off in the train journey and had bandages on my legs.

I was away for two years, and stayed with three other families before returning home in July 1942. I was scared stiff. After the first wail of the siren, I was off down the Anderson shelter. Because I'd been away for the Blitz, I hadn't adapted to life in the war.