

Interview

notes

Adult – Sgt Stevenson,
101 REME BT, recently
returned from the front.

What part did you, in particular, play in this devastating war?

Well I was many things as the war progressed. At the start, when everything was just kicking off, I was a mechanic; but when I saw what Germany was doing to my home, it made my blood boil and that feeling persuaded me to join up and fight.

What regiment did you join?

I, being a mechanic, joined the REME, but I can tell you now I didn't really want to at first, I wanted to be in the thick of the action, dealing blow after blow to the German war efforts.

Nevertheless, I joined up, and I enjoyed it a lot and I think it suited me. Fixing was always my passion as soon as I touched a wrench.

What have you got planned now?

I didn't think I would survive the war, as with every second, bullets whizzed over my head screaming at the velocity in which they were thrown at. But I think I might.... well first of all I am going to check on my family and friends, I haven't seen them in three years you know, I hope, and I pray to my god every day, that they're alright and well, I beg no stray bomb got them, so I can see them once again.

What things did you fix, being a mechanic?

Before the war, I was fixing the occasional things: cars and the odd quad or motor bike. But when I joined the army, they taught me and my mates how to fix: tanks, jeeps, guns and even some plane models.

Child – school boy
spencer, ST Maxwell's
school, world war two
evacuee

How did the war impact upon you?

In many ways actually, living in London meant we got hit the hardest and, sadly my sister, two years ago on a misty Monday morning, was blown up in one of the many bombing raids on our proud city. After my sister died mother sent me off to the country side, she said I would be safer there, but safety came with a cost: it meant I missed my family more and more with each passing day. Also, my father, who was sent off to fight, has not yet come back; mother says not to worry, and he'll come back eventually. But I'm beginning to lose trust in what mother has told me.

What was it like living in the country side?

It was certainly different. I had lived in a very small flat before moving into a spacey country-side manor. The sky was also a really strange colour: blue, in the city, clouds of dust and smoke dominated the sky, turning it a shade of dull grey. There was a weird piece of vegetation too, everywhere I looked, trees would be sprouting and thriving in the green fields and lush forests alike. Another oddity was the size of the schools. In the city they are all huge, easily able to contain hundreds of pupils, in the country however; they were completely meniscal. Only able to house at least fifty pupils at a time, but they were completely full from all the children trying to escape from the blitz. Nevertheless, all the children were as kind as my city friends, maybe in some cases.... friendly.

as well as the huge parties that flocked the streets, the anger and sadness that shadowed me, like bees to their hive, floated away instantly and I can, once smile. I can, once again, see my family. I can, once again, sleep peacefully without the distant thundering rumble of the mid-night bombs. Finally, I can, once again be free from hunger and hate.

How do you feel now the war is over?

A mixed jumbled up feeling of both happiness and relief. When the announcement came that the war had been ended