

Judith Ann Rothwell
nee Diamond
British Evacuee
Child (Private)
1941



Editot's Note: See 50th Anniversary and Special Visits webpage for more information about Judith and researchers may consult her detailed oral history interview.



My parents were married in Oshawa in 1936. The decided to go to England a year ago or so later. My father was an English, my mother was Canadian.

My brother was born in 1936, I, in 1940.

After the bombing of Manchester. My father decided to transfer to the Canadian Army and my mother was to take us home to Oshawa. My brother remembered being dragged down the street by my mother as she pushed me in the buggy with incendiary bombs falling all around. It was some months before we received notification on 3rd Aug. 1941 (my

brother's birthday) that we would sail from Greenrock in Scotland on the 7th Aug (my 1st birthday)

We traveled from Manchester to Glasgow by train + sailed in large convoy on a ship carrying RAF airmen to train in Canada.

My mother was pregnant and suffered greatly from sickness. She was always grateful to the young airmen who took my brother and I and looked after us for her.

Her great fear was if we were attacked, which one of us she would have to save. My brother at 3 years old would know what was happening but could possibly help himself. I, being only one would have no chance but would drow.

She felt great relief when



the planes - liberators I think she called them - came over from Canada because they could detect submarines. Rumors were rife that Winston Churchill was in the convoy and he did meet Roosevelt at sea of the coast on 14th of Aug 1941.



We arrived in Halifax and were helped immediately by Canadian Red Cross. They gave us food and clothes and put us on a train for Toronto, where we were met by our grandparents. We lived with them for the next 6 years.

My sister was born the following year but died almost immediately. My mother went out to work and my grandparents looked after us.

A cousin who visited us laughed when a plane flew over and my brother - as he had done many times in England - dragged me under the table in case the bombs hit us.

My grandfather's response was "if you'd been through what these two had, you'd be under there with them."

Pictures sent home to father



Reunion in Canada



The return trip home to England



