

Janet McCracken



Here's what what I remember of the war. I asked my older brother what he remembered but he couldn't recall anything.

There had been an air raid warning when I could only have been about two years of age. I was aware of a sense of urgency as my dad quickly carried me downstairs in the tenement we were living in, followed by my mum who was carrying my baby sister. My brother would have been four and our neighbours across the landing came out of their house at the same time and took my brother's hand.

We went into our back green - it was pitch black outside. We hurried across the back green to the air raid shelter. My dad opened the door and the light from the shelter shone out in contrast to the pitch black. People were sitting on benches the length of the shelter. One of the women put her arms out and said, "I'll take the bairn" and sat me on her knee, so my dad could help my mum and brother. I thought it was exciting.

I also remember watching my mum baking. I was looking in a wax box with red and white stripes which it turned out contained dried egg powder which the USA donated to the UK. My mum said, "You won't like that, darling". She was right because my husband said it made disgusting scrambled eggs.

MINORITIES

We need to show more sympathy for these people.
They travel miles in the heat.
They risk their lives crossing a border.
They don't get paid enough wages.
They do jobs that others won't do or are afraid to do.
They live in crowded conditions amongst a people who speak a different language.
They rarely see their families, and they face adversity all day – every day.
Who are we talking about?
We're talking about our Troops.
They deserve better!

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