

## Transcript of Raymond Weeks Video Clip

Anyway, we went to Waterloo and we all piled on the train. Again, Londoners from everywhere and we hadn't got a clue where we were going. We only knew that we were going away from London and we ended up in Ilfracombe in North Devon, yeah, and we got down there, probably, round about eight – nine at night. I think in those days — in those days, of course, you had little railway stations all over the place, you know, in cuttings and god knows where. We ended up in Ilfracombe and we were in the Hall and we got down, my sister was with me as I say. 'Do not leave your brother', my mum — right, ok. We were down there and [makes snoring sound], I mean, we were tired, absolutely dead tired. We were laying there and we could see all these people disappearing around the room and getting down to being not many of us left.

Interviewer: Oh, when the children were being picked, you mean?

Raymond: Yeah, it was a meat market [laughs].

Interviewer: I see.

Raymond: 'That one', and 'that one' and you go sort of. I was with my sister, anyway, and we got down, in all seriousness, we got down to the, probably, last half dozen couples and that was the problem, you see, Johnny didn't want to leave his sister and his sister didn't want to leave Johnny, and all that sort of kind. I know, I was in that position, obviously, and the people that were left, which wasn't us because we were extremely lucky as it happened. A young lady came in — she was a very fussy little lady, she was. She was probably mid-forties or something like that and only about that tall and she walked round, passed us and — 'What about these two?' [unclear] 'Come along', you know, so we went but what was left was sent off to one of the homes which I'm sure you've heard bad things about. Mr and Mrs Patterson, now if I can just interject a little bit, Mrs Patterson at that very moment had a son who was seventeen, Robert, and he was at sea in the Merchant Navy and his boat had torpedoed and she didn't know where her son was, whether he was dead, alive or whatever. As it happens, he was dead. But so she was having all that while this was going on. Her husband, a broad Scot, I mean, broad, you probably, couldn't get further north. I don't know exactly where he came from. He was a coach driver and his job was driving troops about — moving them about in block through the countryside and he might be away for six weeks at a time, then home for two or three weeks but anyway we went home late at night and we didn't have a clue where we were. And didn't even know it was called Ilfracombe. We were somewhere away from mum and dad and we went to stay there. Can I say this, at this moment, because I have never got much of a chance to say it elsewhere. We must have been the luckiest kids around because they were absolutely marvellous and they were really, really lovely people – absolutely.