



THE GERMANS ARE COMING! 1940

On September 3rd 1939 Britain and France were at war against Germany.

German forces were making their way steadily through Europe. By 1940 France had fallen and Hitler was set to conquer England. The Channel Islands would be his stepping stones. It was only a matter of time.....

GAS MASKS

I remember going to the Church School in St Sampson's just before the occupation with my mother to get a gas mask. We were all agog as children, everyone had one, everyone wanted one! We took them home and put it on but it was awkward. We drilled holes in the case and hung it round our necks with box cord. We had to wear it to school every day. They banged around a bit, which was difficult for a small child to carry to school, and the novelty soon wore off. We got fed up with this, and forgot it and then we got into trouble. Then the girls came in with a hand stitched cover on the box, and they became individualized, graffiti'd in a special way. We had Gas mask drill at school. They stank of rubber but we had to keep it on, the teacher said, "If Adolf comes and drops gas bombs we will all be dead!" Well Adolf did not need to come, because I was dying with this thing on!

We used to stick our fingers up the side to let fresh air in, and they misted up, so after about 5 minutes half of us were nearly dead and the other half were crying and you couldn't see anything, so it wasn't going to solve our war, that wasn't!

We were told, "You will take shelter in an air raid underneath the stairs." Well, that didn't help because we lived in a bungalow!

"You will hear loud bangs, but we will get over it and sing songs." Well, to this day I hate songs relating to that part of the war, particularly one – '*Under the spreading chestnut tree*' – now, some of you will know about this, its hilarious, how can you wave your arms about under the stairs? As a child I just did not understand this.

MALCOLM WOODLAND





THE GERMANS ARE COMING

I was only eight, eight-and-a-half when the war began, so my memories started really with the evacuation, because I can remember the war, and people talking of the war, and we were all frightened that my father would have to go away to join the war, and to join up. Then the evacuation ... when the Germans arrived into France, there was the fright that they would come over to Guernsey and Jersey, which, eventually, as you know, they did, but at that time it was very worrying for the parents because we children didn't really realise what was happening.

MOLLY BIHET

My parents I remember, were very concerned about the war and they were watching the events in France with alarm, that I can remember quite well. They were very concerned but they thought it would take a long time before anything serious, we didn't think anything could happen to us. When it happened I think, it happened so quickly it was a shock.

RAYMOND TOSTEVIN





SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

We were sent home for early holidays with a letter regarding the evacuation. We were informed that children would be evacuated. I believe this was on about the 19th June. My mum had had a letter about what we had to take, so a small case was packed, and we had to go to school in the morning. We were going to go on a boat to England, and we would be billeted, which I didn't know anything about, with people, and my parents would join us later. So we went off to school that day and well, it wasn't a normal day's lessons because we were all there in coats and things, and carrying sandwiches for the journey! Unfortunately, we were supposed to leave about 10 o'clock in the morning I think, but nothing happened, so come around midday we were getting a bit restive and we wanted our lunch, so we started to eat our lunch. We were told that we should not eat it all as we might need some for the journey. Any rate about 3 o'clock all the lunches had been eaten! I think they tried gas mask drill, we had assemblies in the playground, and about 4 o'clock we were told the boats weren't in fact coming until much later and we were to go home. So I went home, went to bed, and the next morning when I woke up, it was sunshine, a lovely day, "right, we're off back to school again, where's this boat?"

"Well," Mum said, "sorry, you're not going."

"What!"

I was furious, I'd got my case packed, I'd got labels, tomato packing labels, I was all labelled ready to go with my friends! And she said, "No, they phoned at 4 o'clock in the morning and I went to look for you and you were sound asleep and I didn't have the heart to disturb you."

Well, I was a bit furious about that, she said I didn't talk to her for the whole morning.

The adults would gather in groups to talk about who was leaving and who was staying, and they would say, so and so is leaving, they're yellow. And I remember seeing Mr. so and so a few days later, and I looked at him and he wasn't yellow, he was a perfectly normal colour.

MALCOLM WOODLAND



SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

My school evacuated en bloc, as did some other schools. Parents had the choice of sending their children with the school or keeping them in the island, if they intended to remain themselves. I was 8 ½ and it was on a summer day when our form teacher announced that the holidays were to start early this year – in fact this week. Before she could explain the reason a cheer went up I remember, especially from the boys – but the teacher then explained as best she could that it was a very serious and worrying time for everyone and we must try to be as helpful and obedient as we could. I remember the silence that fell on the class and we filed out in a whispering line – and did not return – for 5 years. Well, some of us returned after 5 years, others whose parents had evacuated and made a new life in England remained there.

My mother asked me if I would like to go with the school to England while the ‘trouble’ lasted, but I said I wanted to stay with my parents. I was an only child in a very sheltered home and just could not imagine leaving it for any reason. My mother was English and naturally would rather have gone to England to ‘do her bit’ for the war effort, apart from the fear of being ‘trapped’ on the island by the advancing German Army, but my father was a Guernseyman and very reluctant to leave behind all he had worked for over the years, the house he was buying, etc. His mother was over 80 and she had no wish to leave the island, although she was in fact English by birth but had lived here all her married life.

KAYE LE CHEMINANT



SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

My grandfather had been born in the house that we were living in, and he definitely wasn't going to move out for any Germans. He was going to stay put. Now, he was elderly and he'd just lost his wife my Gran, so at the time my mother felt she had to look after him. My uncle was living with us as well, and he was a cripple; he'd been injured in the First World War and he had a bullet still in his spine, and he had difficulty walking.

My mother wanted us children to go, and my father said, "Well, you take the girls; go down the harbour", as we lived so close to the harbour, "You take the girls down, go across on the boat to the mainland." But, you know, that was a terrible worry for my mother and for fathers, and everybody in Guernsey, because we had never been anywhere before the war; I don't even remember going to Herm or Sark or Jersey. I mean, we just stayed at home, and we didn't have the holidays that everybody has now. So it was a worry, and we went down to the harbour three times, my sister and I; my sister was crying to go on the big boats that were down there waiting for the children, but I was crying to stay with my father, because I wanted to stay at home. So you can imagine what it was like, but three times we went down with our little cases, and three times we came back, because my mother wasn't allowed to travel with us, with the schools. She could have gone independently with the school but I was at a different school to my sister, so we would have had to go on different boats.

MOLLY BIHET



SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

At the beginning of the Occupation I had only just started school. I used to walk up to the Hautes Capelles School, and a certain day came along when I went with my mother, kitted out with a suitcase, a gas mask, a label on my jacket saying who I was... We were given an apple ... by about 11 o'clock there was no sign of us going so we were told that we could go back home, come back again at 1 o'clock, when the same thing happened ... We hung around for some time but there was no news of transport, whether it was the boat, or getting us to the boat I don't know, at the White Rock, so more apples and back home again. We came back at say 4 o'clock, I don't know exactly the time. By this time of course you can imagine my parents were getting a bit fraught. At 4 o'clock again there was no go, so this time my mother decided to take me down to my grandmother ... deep discussions there, and it was decided that I wasn't going to be taken back to the school any more, I would stay and that would be it.

BRIAN LE CONTE

I was still at school when the evacuation came, and my sister was also at school. She was evacuated with the school, plus my aunt and her three children. My aunt also took two other girls with her, and it was quite a sad day to see them go. I was also wanting to go, but my Mum had my grandmother and so we said we'd go the next day. But it was unfortunate that there were no boats, so that was it for all of us. My uncle was also left without his wife, and of course she'd gone with the three children, so we all set house together because of my grandmother, and that was really a sad time for us all.

WIN LE CHEMINANT



SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

My father was on the Lifeboat when we were due to be evacuated. My mother was going as a helper with my school, my oldest brother had gone straight into the RAF and the next brother had gone away with the Intermediate School. I was going with the school with my mother who had gone as a helper and the reason we didn't actually get away in the end was because they told my mother that they didn't need any more helpers. In the interim she had had a letter from my brother who had gone with the Intermediate School saying "Don't send Jean on her own, it's like a cattle market, they just pick you out, we'll have that one and that one".

Well I don't think that happened everywhere but that was his experience. You know, they were put in a big hall and people went round and said, "We'll have that one and that one". He said to my mother, "Come with her" but in the end we didn't go.

My father had gone down to Jersey. We had watched them from our attic windows, watched the Lifeboat going, and it was attacked. I think that was the time when there was one wounded and I think the coxswain was killed, a Mr. Hobbs I think his name was, Hobbs or Zabiela, but of course that was rather frightening for my mother. I didn't really know what was going on, but she had told me afterwards, "Your father was on the boat."

Anyway he luckily wasn't hurt but he was down in Jersey. The boats were going with the evacuees so he rang up from Jersey to my cousin who worked at the telephone exchange and asked if we had gone. She said – "No, they are waiting for you to get back". But by the time he got back the last boat had gone so that's how we came to be here. That was why we hadn't actually gone.

JEAN BUDDEN





SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

The States people came round, twice a day to speak to people, but they had differing opinions, some said, “Stay,” and some said “Send the wives and children for safety’s sake.” It was entirely optional; it was your choice. They didn’t send anybody away against their wishes.

Gordon Hotton and his sister were at St Saviours School. They were going to be evacuated but the family changed their mind, so everyone stayed. He remembers sitting for a long time at St Saviours School in his blue gabardine ‘mac’ with his gasmask round his neck. They lived at Les Croutes, by Le Gron, at the time.

Len Le Ray’s earliest memory was of standing at home, ‘Cliffdale’ which was near Torteval church, with his gas mask round his neck, waiting to go down to the school. He had said goodbye to his father, who was not going, but he never made it to the boat. It didn’t turn up on time, so at the end of the day his father decided they would all stay.

GORDON HOTTON & LEN LE RAY

I remember right at the beginning of the war, when I was 6, then, I was due to be evacuated. One of my elder brothers did evacuate, the next one up from me, and I went to school really excited that day, to be evacuated, and I always remember my mother putting a little packet of sultanas, and different little things, I can remember that very well. And of course the boat didn’t go that day. Went back home and was looking forward to going the next day but then my mother had a change of heart and wouldn’t let me go. Well, you can imagine the tears. But after all that, I was quite pleased in the end, because I think I would have missed my mother within a few hours, I’m sure.

HIRZEL DOREY



SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

I remember them saying that twice they went down to the boat with me and my sister who was three, and twice they went back home again, because my mother said that whatever she had to face, she would rather face together than go and leave my father behind. So she was left to face it together. They would have walked out of a fairly new house in Amherst, and it would have meant leaving all their furniture and belongings behind, and I think that she felt that it was better to stay than to go. As it turned out, I think she was right. I think a lot of families were broken up, after all if the child is five when they leave and ten when they come back the father doesn't know much about that period in their life and it did make for an awful lot of heartache when the families were brought back together again.

MYRTLE TABEL

My parents had elected to stay, my father was a tomato grower and it was of course the middle of a crop, and my parents were, my father was 40, so perhaps the decision wasn't as difficult as with some. My brother was five and I was three, so effectively we hadn't really started school and we didn't have the same sort of pull as others. And within our locality, which is near the Island Scout Headquarters where now it's packed with houses but then there were very few, people in that locality actually stayed.

ALAN BISSON



SHOULD WE EVACUATE?

One thing, of course, that was brought home to me, soon after the Germans arrived was the fact that I'd lost many of my school friends, because it seemed to me, ninety-five percent at least of the children of school age were evacuated. I was at the Boys' Intermediate School at the time, and all my friends were evacuated. In the Forest parish, where I lived, there were only two boys of the same age. So I only had one friend the same age as me, whom I hadn't met before, but we got to be very good friends. We had to be really because there was no one else for me to play with! And no, we didn't bother with girls in those days!

So that's the thing, that's the first thing that I really felt. Losing your friends, and you didn't know for how long; as it turned out it was for five years. And the thing is, that after five years when they finally came back they seemed to be different people. We'd lost that interest in each other that we'd had before, so we had to make new friends all over again.

FRED GALLIENNE





THE BOMBING OF THE HARBOUR 28th June 1940

After the evacuation, life carried on much as normal, playing with friends, going swimming, packing tomatoes, until my parents said someone was going to give a speech in town and I'd have to go.

We took the bus to town, got off at Pier Steps, walked up them to the Smith St./ High St junction by Lloyds Bank. The place was packed, it was solid with people, and the speech was going to be from – I think it was Mr Sherwill. He gave a speech about whether one should evacuate or not. Anyway, being parked amongst these people I couldn't see anything at all, only legs, not being very tall, so my Dad stood me up on the windowsills of Lloyds Bank.

Any rate this rather went on for a bit, from 6 to about 6.30 and being as we were some of the last to arrive, we were near the beginning of the rush to get out of the town to go down to the bus. We went down the steps and along the harbour front looking for the Baubigny bus, which was there. We were waiting to get on with lots of our neighbours, people were talking - and suddenly we heard this throbbing of aircraft! I looked up, and coming up from the south were specks of silver in the sky and they got closer and closer. Dad said, "Look, there they are!" and I could see them! We could see by then that they were fairly large aircraft, as far as I was concerned anyway, and they were in a formation. We were just getting on the bus, and I said to Dad, (Mum had got on the bus), "Why are they putting ladders down from the aircraft?" He looked up and said "Oh my Gawd!", and he called to my Mum, "Quick, get off the bus, we've got to go!"

The ladders weren't ladders, they were the vertical descent of the bombs shining in the sun! This was an air raid!

Anyway, Dad said that he had spotted that the building which is the Ladies and Gents toilets by the bus station had been sandbagged. So he said, "Right, we've got to get over there and shelter in there!"

"Quick, run!" Well we were running fairly fast until we got up by the Albert Memorial - then the first bomb landed! I think we took off then and we got there rather quicker, and so did a lot of other people. We pushed our way in as it was packed, and several

clutches of bombs came quite close, and there were some very loud bangs. I'd gone off air raids by then. The raid went on for about half an hour. Some people said, "It's all right, the Isle of Sark is in the harbour and she's got a Lewis Machine gun." I thought that was going to see them off, but it didn't.

Eventually the 'All Clear' sounded and we went out. Well one of the bombs we heard must have been very close because just across where the Albany is now, just across from the toilets, 20 yards it is, it had blown the tobacco factory there to bits and it was all on fire, so that must have been the close one. And of course everything else was smoking, and fire, and we went to look for the bus, but there wasn't a bus in sight, everyone had gone. I don't know what had happened, I suppose the drivers had gone as far away as they could.

So how were going to get back as we lived at L'Islet, quite a long way? Dad said we would have to walk.

"Can't you get a taxi?" "Huh, a taxi?"

We couldn't have afforded it anyway. Everyone was milling around wondering how they were going to get home. However, suddenly along the quay came a lorry which used to deliver the tomatoes and it was our neighbour, our contractor, Mr Sid Vaudin. He had been delivering tomatoes on the White Rock and when he'd finished, he'd gone off, and got as far as St George's Hall when he heard this fearful racket. He stopped, and saw planes coming up around, and realized there was something on, so he parked his lorry and waited until it was over. Then he turned round and came back because he knew that a lot of his clients for tomatoes in our road, and around L'Islet, had sent tomatoes and were going into town for the speech. So he turned round and came back with his lorry and picked up as many as he could. But he couldn't go very far because he was running out of petrol. Petrol was rationed in those days. We got into the lorry, went as far as St Georges Hall and stopped there and got some benches from the hall and put them in the lorry and were able to sit down, and he took us home that evening.

MALCOLM WOODLAND

Mr Vaudin was extremely fortunate. A number of tomato lorries were destroyed on the White Rock; the Germans had mistaken them for ammunition lorries.



THE BOMBING OF THE HARBOUR

Mother and I had gone to meet my father from the produce export firm where he was a clerk, this was alongside the harbour so we were in the middle of the raid. We sheltered with others in a small lobby under a staircase in the warehouse. When we came out to walk home through ankle deep broken glass and masonry, mother was very distressed to see a pall of smoke where the mailboat had been in harbour and on which were many pupils of my school, the last batch to be evacuated. We were afraid the boat had been hit. As it happened, the captain had moved out under his own smoke screen and after the raid was over, the mailboat was far beyond Alderney, the northernmost island, heading for England and she reached port safely.

KAYE LE CHEMINANT

It had been decided by my father that the safest place was underneath the stairs, in the stair cupboard, so the stair cupboard being rather small, and the shape of the stair cupboard, you can guess where I was, right down in the bottom corner, with my mother and my father sort of jammed into this cupboard and my father holding the door while we could hear the drone of planes and the bombs. And of course my great worry at five years old was the fact that I wanted my gas mask on, because I'd been given this and as far as I knew this was the saviour. And I wore my gas mask and sweated through this, and I was so concerned because my parents didn't put their gas masks on. And I suppose as a child you worry that something's going to happen to them and I'm going to be left on my own. I didn't understand the ramifications of not wearing a gas mask. Anyway, eventually the air raid ended, and I came out sweating and absolutely distraught, but pleased that it was all over.

BRIAN LE CONTE



THE BOMBING OF THE HARBOUR

I suppose my first memory is actually when the Germans raided the harbour before they occupied us. I remember walking up Mill Street with my mother and my aunt and my cousin. We got to the bottom of Burnt Lane Steps and realized something was going on. I had been running ahead with my cousin who was 18 years older than me. We were playing about. Anyway, she dragged me into a doorway and covered my face, but then we walked back and there was a little shop in Mill Street near the bottom of Burnt Lane steps which sold soda pop and you could go in and have a drink. We both went in there and hid behind the counter but looking back on it I realize there were rows of glasses up above our heads so if anything had happened it wasn't the very safest of places to be!

We didn't really know what was happening. I wasn't frightened, it was not knowing, we didn't know what was happening. We realized afterwards, of course, and there were quite a few people badly injured and killed at that time. I think the Germans thought the tomato crops were armament dumps or something like that.

My father was down there at the time but luckily he was alright. He was actually on the Docks, not, you know ...where the lorries were unloading. That's my first memory, but that didn't particularly frighten me, I was just curious, really, what was it all about.

JEAN BUDDEN

I can remember quite vividly the planes in the distance over town because remember I was in the Forest, and I could hear the 'rat-a-tat-tat!' of the machine guns and you could actually see planes flying over Town diving. That's all I remember of the actual bombing of the harbour.

RAYMOND TOSTEVIN



THE BOMBING OF THE HARBOUR

My first recollection of the war was the air raid in May 1940 when I was 3 years old, and I remember the planes swooping down and flying very low over, coming in probably from the west and flying very low as they headed for St Peter Port, and we all ran out in the fields where we had tall marsh grass, we ran and hid in that, and that memory has never left me.

ALAN BISSON

I remember being at home at Cliffdale in Torteval, when the harbour air raid took place. Len's father was driving a lorry for Lihou and Baker, tomato exporters, and he came back with the story.

GORDON HOTTON

We couldn't do anything, we weren't defended, we'd been left. Any British troops that had been here were taken out of the island before the Germans thought they were going to come across here. They softened up the island by bombing the harbour, I think up towards 30 people were killed and they were also strafing pedestrians who were caught out in the raid.

It was all on that one day, because a friend of mine, her husband was a fisherman and she had been down to the Bathing Pools looking for his boat to come in. She always did this, so she knew to go back home and get the tea going, and she was caught outside the Guernsey Brewery, by a very open road. She managed to run into the plantation and she hid under a bush but they were strafing all the way along there, so she had to run for her life. In fact, I didn't realize at the time something my brother showed me a little while back, is that at the bottom of the Upper Walk of the Castle there are still bullet holes from where they strafed. Now they had no need to do that because they were bombing the harbour ...

.....and there is also another story that it was low tide and there were a couple of youngsters, males, swimming on Havelet beach and again they had to run for their lives and they just lay down under the big sea wall. Yes, we weren't declared an open town, and that's probably why it happened.

RUTH WALSH



THE GERMANS ARRIVE – ‘THEY’RE HERE!’ 30th June 1940

I was eight years old when the Germans arrived, and I can remember the day they arrived as if it were yesterday. We lived near the airport and the German aircraft were circling the airport for a while, and my mother said,

“We can’t stay here; we’re too close to the airport, so we’ll go down and hide under some trees.”

So we went down this lane and hid under some trees because we didn’t know if the Germans were going to bomb the airport. Two days earlier they’d bombed the harbour where several people were killed. So in the end, it was a question of safety I suppose; my mother felt it was too dangerous to stay near the airport.

Anyway, we stayed out there for a while, when all of a sudden we saw the planes land on the airport. Within half an hour, I’d say, we looked up the lane and at the top of Farras Hill, there was a German officer up there, talking to one of our neighbours!

So our mother said, “Well, not much point staying under these trees now, we might just as well go and see what he wants. They’re obviously not going to bomb now that they’ve landed.”

So, up the lane we went, and we saw this German officer who had his revolver in his hand. There were several soldiers around, also with their rifles at the ready, and he was asking our neighbour if he knew where the telecommunications centre was between here and the UK. Someone says, “Oh, it’s a few miles down the road.”

So, without “by your leave”, or “do you mind?” this officer sent one of his soldiers into our yard, which was alongside, and picked up our brand new Hillman Minx that had hardly been run in, and the last we saw of this car for five years was these Germans driving down the hill!

So that was that. As I say, that’s as if it was yesterday. To make matters worse, not long after, there was a knock on our door, and German soldiers were there, with rifles in hand again saying “We want your house now. You have two days to leave. Collect all your furniture, and away you go.” So that was that. So, my early introduction to the German occupation wasn’t a very happy one, to say the least.

FRED GALLIENNE



THE GERMANS ARRIVE

The first I remember of the German troops was when I was cutting a hedge with my father along the Bas Courtils Road. It must have been June, a German bomber came over at a very low level but I don't think it actually landed it was just a viewer, I remember this big black bomber with a mark on the front and a swastika on the back and it was very frightening. My father was taken ill with shock and he was in hospital for 6 weeks.

My uncle came to get his mother away from the airport area, and I'm sure we went that evening to Cliffdale, to Len's place, as our grandmother was still there. When we went there it was supposed to be only for a couple of days but we never returned. The Germans took over our house.

GORDON HOTTON

My second memory is of the Germans landing and marching down the High Street and making all their clatter with their boots. Standing and watching what's going on, children's curiosity, really. But life seemed to go on very much the same as far as I was concerned. I think, you know, we carried on. My mother and father had to carry on cleaning the Bank, which I used to help with. Life went on, we went to town, we did our shopping, the Germans were walking round but it didn't make any difference, they didn't bother me in particular.

JEAN BUDDEN



THE GERMANS ARRIVE

A neighbour came rushing round, I think on the Sunday, to say 'they've landed!', that was the phrase, 'They've landed!'. The Germans arrived by air, with those 3-engined Junkers 52s. As a child I thought they can't be much good, they're made of corrugated iron like we used to make the fowl house with! They came over in droves, quite close to our house, very low. You could see the dorsal gunner quite happily, the rivets and everything. I was worried they might drop bombs, but Dad said "No, they are only troop carriers, they won't do any harm."

MALCOLM WOODLAND

As time went by, we settled down, but I do remember very, very plainly the Sunday afternoon when the Germans arrived with their big planes, because we lived out at St Peter's. We were on the flight path to the airport, and they were really flying very low over our house, which was a very sad experience. We had to pack our bags, we were so frightened of them, and we made our way to the cliffs, thinking we'd be a lot safer over there. But we realized that it was to be for a long while, so we just came back home and wondered how things were going to happen.

The Germans landed on the Sunday and the afternoon of that Sunday my cousin Clifford was driving his car down towards L'Erée. The Germans stopped him and asked where he was going, and he said he was going round the island with his girlfriend. They said, 'You get out of the car and I will take the car'. So Clifford said 'No, we will not', and there was quite a little bit of trouble, you know, for a little while. Clifford managed to hold on to the car, but after they had gone, I mean, he was quite, you know, very frightened indeed.

WIN LE CHEMINANT



THE GERMANS ARRIVE

After getting home, we knew then that the Germans were coming, and there was no more boats. So we had to stay. And my mother, she was so frightened when the Germans were coming, and she knew they would be coming, and when they arrived she wouldn't go out for a long time. She was about five or six weeks before she went out. Because, you know, before the war, we never knew, we never read the same, I suppose, and we never realised that these Germans, which ... I can remember my mother calling them 'squares', and my father, because at the time of the war, they weren't a nation to be liked. We thought there was going to be a lot of bloodshed. But, of course, when they did come, she stayed in, but then eventually went out, and there they were: very tall, very big and broad to us children, because ... we were a bit frightened, because they all had guns, and they had bayonets, and they were strolling our streets. And around our roads they always seemed to be busy, I suppose because they were taking over a lot of the houses and the hotels nearby. So there was a lot of concern at the time, what was going to happen.

MOLLY BIHET

I remember when they actually arrived to occupy the island, I was with my Mum and Dad in the fields tending the cattle at the Corbiere, behind the Manoir. I said to Mum 'I can hear planes'. She said 'No you can't. Don't frighten us.' I can remember her saying 'Don't frighten us'. And by the time we arrived home they had landed on the airport. And all I can remember is that they put a guard at the crossroads at Plaisance, that's just above what used to be White Gables Hotel which is now the Mallard. And they had a guard there who stopped and searched everybody that went past. And there's only a plane load that arrived the first time, and the next day the Junkers started arriving in. And that was how they arrived. It arrived in the evening, one plane.

RAYMOND TOSTEVIN

