

The Conflict of Good over Evil: World War II

September 3, 1939: Britain and France declared war on Germany.

To a young boy in England, this serious statement didn't mean a great deal, but when the bombs started to fall, I realized what was happening. The school that I was attending in Weston-Super-Mare was bombed. We huddled in the basement. Land mines, dropped by airplanes, damaged the school, but no one was hurt. The headmaster sent us home so this bombing was forgotten for the time being.

However, my home in Bristol, England, was not spared the air raids, which sometimes lasted for days. It's very hard to explain an air raid: the warning siren, the bombs exploding, and the anti-aircraft guns. I still dream of those raids so long ago. There was the very primitive air raid shelter built below street level, just benches to sit on, and no heat or windows. All this was fine if it didn't receive a direct hit! If air raids happened on dry days or nights, everything was okay, but when it rained, the shelters filled up with water. People soon decided that staying in their homes, under the stairs, was a better idea.

I was allowed to help my uncle in what we called "roof spotting" or the searching for enemy planes and fires from the bombing. I felt I was doing my bit for the war. The government started the evacuation of children to the countryside and even to Canada. I did not go. I was much too important as a roof spotter!

The war was going very badly. France was overrun and we had to retreat across the Channel at Dunkirk. My uncle, with his 42-foot launch, had a part ferrying troops off the beaches of France. I was so proud of my uncle and told all the kids what he had done.

Then the Germans started sending Doodle Bugs, or flying bombs. These bombs frightened the wits out of everyone. I should explain that these bombs had a motor on the back of them and they flew until the motor stopped and then they glided to earth and exploded. If you didn't want to get killed, you had to run in the opposite direction when you heard the motor stop. Good luck!

My older sister drove an ambulance in the London Blitz. This was quite a feat since most of the roads were blocked with rubble and buildings on fire. My younger sister became a Volunteer Aid Nurse.

In this war the children of Britain who lost their parents and homes were soldiers on the front.

As the country got ready for the German invasion, every household prepared pitchforks, guns, knives, and even golf clubs! Winston Churchill told us, "We will fight them on the beaches, and on the landing grounds, and in the hills. We shall never surrender!" The Germans were lucky that they never invaded as some of the British women looked as if they could have given some of the German soldiers a beating.

Even the churches weren't allowed to ring the church bells for Sunday services. You see, the bells were to be rung only when the invasion started.

The English people had faith that good would prevail over evil. I am sure God had a lot to do with it, and with the help of the Americans, we brought this conflict to an end.

-- Alan Winson