

LOCAL PEOPLE

Nora Lewis (née Young) remembers ...

Nora Young was 13 when the war broke out. She remembers being in church when it was announced, and the weeping that followed.

The Young Family pictured right. (Courtesy of Nora and Ashton Lewis)



In 1940, while living in Port Erin with her Grandma (at Burnside, Glen Vine Terrace), Nora reported that Commandant Cruickshank arrived with two policewomen from England to requisition rooms. Nora emphasised that they were allotted £1 - not the going rate of one guinea - for each internee. There was no discussion or protest allowed. Fortunately, they liked the three German Salvation Army women who came to live with them. Nora said they were delightful people: a Mrs Busse, with her daughter Catherine, and Gretchen Schroeder.

Fraternising with the enemy?

One day when out cycling, Nora stopped to say hello to 'Mrs Buzzer' as she called her. Mrs Busse was now in the married camp. They shook hands as was their normal greeting. Shortly afterwards Nora was called in to account for this suspicious behaviour by the police. "What had she been handing to the German woman?" they demanded.

Air Raid Practice

Nora and her friend signed up to learn first aid skills in the event of air raids, so they could rescue survivors. When they eventually arrived at their practice venue to 'save' their victim, he had gone. All they found was a terse note, "Bled to death - have gone home!"

No more dog-ends for Gordon



Nora was very proud of her brother, Gordon, pictured left. He had been a Prisoner of War in Stalag VIII in Lower Silesia, East Germany. When he returned home, he was plied with packs of cigarettes from a grateful public, adding to those he already had from the Red Cross. One day, walking down Broadway in Douglas, he began to light one cigarette after another, throwing them away half smoked. Eventually he was asked, "Why are you doing this? You haven't finished even one of those cigarettes!" He replied that he had dreamed of the day he would no longer have to

scrabble around for butt ends to re-roll into another cigarette. His War Diaries are in the Manx Museum.