



It was very bright already, and the whole group of people were walking in a long line. In a few minutes we arrived at an open place, near which was a theater. All of us were told to go inside and take a seat. It was a fairly large hall. Inside I found one of my schoolmates from Antwerp. I was so glad. We went outside to play. There was a railroad nearby so we walked on it. Every once in a while we returned to the theater to let our parents know where we kept ourselves. The hall was filled with people, many of whom had to stand. On the platform was an old man whom most of the people had known. I think he gave us the news of the war, and also comforted some of the people. After the speech was over, many of us ate something. We remained there for about 6 hours. There were many children with their parents. The weather was very beautiful.

12:00 was nearing, so all of the people began to get ready to leave. In a half hour everyone was ready to leave the theater. Again we marched in a long column. I remember we reached a large iron gate. It was the station. We were not allowed to enter until the train would arrive. Soon we heard our train approaching. In a few minutes we were inside a compartment. I still remember when a lady had come into our compartment. She was very excited. She said she was separated from her husband while she got on the train. She was calling him, although not knowing where he was. The train was ready to leave, so you can imagine how she felt. As the train was leaving she jumped off. (If her husband was on the train she would be separated, so she did not remain on the train in case he wasn't on it.)

I always sit near a window so I can see the outside. The train was moving very rapidly. I was very happy to see a truck full of British soldiers. They waved at us, and we did the same. During most of the time our "train" was happy. I mean that the people usually sang etc. Whenever our train stopped, some of the people went outside. Time passed by quickly. It was about 3 PM. There was very little to do on the train. We just waited for time to pass.

Today was our 2nd day since we left Antwerp. At about 4:00 PM we were in the midst of many rails, which meant that we were nearing a large town. Of course I was right. The train was slowing down. People were wondering what the name of the city which we were nearing was. I was looking for a sign. In five minutes our train was ready to stop, when I seemed to hear airplane motors. My father was ready to take down valises, but he wanted to make sure that we heard planes. All of a sudden our train stopped immediately, causing a terrific push. Some of the baggage fell off the racks on top of us. By now everyone could hear the planes above us. At this moment everybody rushed out of their compartments.





People were screaming from excitement. Everyone left his baggage behind. People left the train as fast as possible. Now it was as plain as anything that German planes were bombing the station.

As we got off the train my father was holding my hand, and I was holding my sister's hand, but there was such excitement that our father, sister, and I could not see our mother among the crowds. My father did not think it right to stop and look for our mother, because the bombing had begun. Now we ran toward the main entrance of the station. My father holding my sister's and my hand tightly, pulled us across the street from the station.

As we reached the other side of the street, we saw a small park which had many trenches, dug up by soldiers. For a moment, we hid at the corner of the "station" street, but soon we dashed across another street toward this little park. My father pulled us into one of the trenches, which were about 5 feet deep. We just sat in them, crouching, and looking up at the sky. You cannot imagine the atmosphere. We heard people crying, and the bombs falling nearby. In a few minutes everything was quiet.

We climbed out of the trench, to go back to the station to find our mother, whom we had lost during the excitement. My sister and I were crying bitterly, saying that we want to find our mother. We reached the other end of the little park, where we saw British, French, and Belgian soldiers lying on the ground ready with their rifles and machine guns. There was smoke coming out of one of the nearby buildings. We were ready to cross the street across of which was the station, when we heard airplanes nearing again. I saw puffs of smoke in the sky, made by exploding shells from anti-aircraft guns.

We knew we could not return to the station, so we ran across a side street until we reached the nearest house. We went inside, where the owner was very glad to have us. He brought us some water. In one of the rooms I saw his son playing on the floor. My father thanked the man very much, and told him that we had to return to the station to find our mother whom we were separated from. We left the house when we saw everything was quiet again. We didn't want to cross the street where it was very wide, so we crossed it where it was narrow. We were hurrying into the station. Inside we saw many people lying on the ground. Some came out from under trains where they were hiding. All three of us were looking for our mother. Many people were returning to their trains, if it was not bombed.