

# Do you remember the Second World War?

If you have Second World War documents, photographs or memories that we could preserve for future generations we would be delighted to hear from you. We ensure all the material donated to us is properly cared for in our archive.

We are interested in all aspects of the Second World War, and hold testimony from all nations, Allied and Axis, service and civilian as well as childhood recollections. Our team of volunteer interviewers are trained to record these experiences.

## FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

The Second World War Experience Centre,  
2 Feast Field (off Town Street),  
Horsforth, Leeds, West Yorkshire  
LS18 4TJ. Telephone: 0113 258 4993.

Or email: [enquiries@war-experience.org](mailto:enquiries@war-experience.org)

## Could you make a financial gift?

The Centre is entirely dependent on donations to continue its work.

## Think what your donation could do:

- **£30** enables the Centre to tape-record the memories of someone who lived through the Second World War.
- **£100** enables us to buy recording equipment for interviewing people about their wartime experiences.
- **£500** enables us to put three examples of wartime experience onto our website where they are accessible to the general public.
- **£1,000** enables us to buy six months' worth of archival envelopes, boxes, acid-free tissue paper and photographic storage sleeves to preserve material donated to our archive.
- **£3,000** enables us to produce 300 educational packs for primary schools.

# Celia's story



“ I have written this because I feel it should be told, I owe it to my grandparents, my uncle, and my brother who all died. I owe it to my father, who died some years after the war, broken in health and spirit. I owe it to my mother, who nursed him continuously and tirelessly for the remainder of his life and who still has nightmares, waking at night, weeping and afraid. I owe it to the countless numbers who died in the camps, or afterwards, as a direct result of the way they were treated. I owe it to myself, for the childhood and innocence stolen from me. I owe it to future generations who deserve to know exactly what happened. Most of all I owe it to those wonderful men who risked and even sacrificed their lives to save mine.

My very first clear memory is of being rushed into the shelter which was packed with people: my parents, my little brother, myself, all the servants and their families, and of course, two large Airedales. Of frighteningly loud bangs. Of the shelter collapsing. Of being pushed out into the fresh air, my brother thrust into my arms, and being told to hold him tightly while those who were still buried (including my father) were rescued. I sat, clutching my brother, both of us screaming in terror, and watching our house blaze. It had been bombed. That memory is etched on my brain. The date, according to my father's notes, was 12.4.42.... ”



## Preserving and sharing wartime memories

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