

Home Front memories

Air raids

I remember the milkman came to the door (he had a horse and cart), when a plane came overhead, machine-gunning everyone. The milkman dived under the cart and I was pushed under the stairs. When it had all finished, he was still lying under the cart and the horse was just standing there - it hadn't moved, with all that noise and everything. *Trevor Ball*



After raids everyone did their best to help each other and clear up their houses – more windows broken which had to be boarded up and more sweeping up of broken glass. Every house had a heap of glass and rubble outside. I remember being forbidden to put my hands down the sides of chairs by the cushions as the broken glass got everywhere. *Ann Hatherill*

Left: Ann in 1944, on her friend Michael's tricycle.

When walking to and from school, children were told to bang on the door of the nearest house when the sirens went and to stay indoors until the All Clear was sounded. Most of us used to run like blazes to get home before the sirens stopped. If we didn't quite make it there was a very kind Scottish lady, Mrs Pearce, just up the road from home who would feed us on tea and homemade cake while we waited. *Norman Wild*

V1 flying bombs



Russell Coffin sitting on top of a V1 flying bomb, which came from a large storage depot in Hitzacker, near Danneberg, Germany, January 1946. The trolley was used for transport not for launching the missile.

My first encounter with this fearsome weapon was not in England but in France, over the City of Caen in Normandy. Early in August 1944 during the afternoon we all heard the most frightful throbbing noise approaching and there soon hove into view a V1. These missiles certainly made me tremble at times and I was not usually easily frightened. *Russell Coffin*