

Written by Norman Sampson

As a four year old boy living in Morning Lane, Hackney, in 1939 when World war 2 started, the only people who could have the slightest idea of what it was like are the people who were there, the witnesses.

I actually saw my school Morning Side School blown to smithereens, thank god it was on a Sunday morning or I would not be writing this letter.

The fear we felt every time the sirens sounded (Air raid warning) wondering if we would live to hear the All clear sound.

At night while laying awake on my damp bunk bed in the air raid shelter listening in horror to the German planes whining in the skies above us and bombs exploding all around us, with the constant noise of the Ack Ack guns firing at the enemy planes from there station in Victoria park.

(These were the guns that I believe were responsible for the Bethnal Green station disaster)
I also witnessed Burgers paint factory in Morning Lane being hit with incendiary bombs causing the biggest fire I have ever seen, the skies over Hackney that night were red, a friend of mine who lived on the same estate as I did, but closer to the fire told me that the heat was so intense that it melted the window panes in the flat where he lived with his parents.

There was no getting to grips with the blitz, you just shut your eyes and prayed.