

Written by Norman Thrower

The day was July 24th 1944 and I had just come home from school and I was out playing with my friend Frank Davies it was about 17-30pm. We heard a sound in the sky and looked up and it was a Doodlebug, all of a sudden the engine cut out and it started falling we watched for a second and then dived for a Shelter. Then there was a Big explosion and when we came out there was Dust and debris. We ran back Home but was stopped from going towards our House which was in ruins. And then I was told my Dear Mother had been Killed but my Sister was alive but had a cut on her head. I was taken to my Grandmothers in Ipswich with my Aunt and Cousins .From there we went to Wickham Market and stopped in a house called the Grange. Then my Aunt and cousins went home and my Sister and I were put in a house with someone we had never seen before which very frightening. My Sister was only 20 months and I was 9 years old. I think we stopped there about 6 months and then went back to my village in Kent called Keston. My sister went to live with my Aunt and I lived with my Father in a requisitioned house. It was not easy without Mother, and Father was at work in the Docks. I must admit I scrounged a lot and People were good to me. My Father remarried in 1947 and my Sister came back to live with us. Even now I still have the odd Tear when I think back to those days and I still carry a Photo of Mother in my wallet.