

Transcript of Audio Clip with Ethel Leverett

It was a Saturday afternoon, it was a lovely afternoon, sunny. I'd been out shopping with my mother and we were coming back and we were walking, walking home 'cos you walked along there and there was this drone of aero planes it was the most terrifying noise. It just went on and on and on, and you could see them coming over, cos we weren't all that far from the docks, in Peckham. And people were all looking up and, 'Oh what is it, you know, what could it be? What can it be?' I think Mum, we run along and somebody had got their front door open, she said 'Come in, come in – come in, they're enemy planes!' and we stayed in it was like in the passage way of the house. Then when it quieted down a bit we managed to get home and my poor dad was frantic 'cos he wondered where we were and 'cos he knew we'd only just gone to the shops. Then this dread, it was all night long as well, the bombing, you know, the sky was just lit up it was just fiery red, you know. We had no shelter and we were on the first floor of the block of flats and I remember us sitting in the kitchen 'cos that was the place with the smallest window – and just listening to the explosions and the noise, you know, the frightening noise.