

## “We’ll Meet Again”

By Alan Miles ([email](#)) – July 2013

I thought that it would be of some interest to write about a little of The Blitz as some readers wanted to know about the ‘War Years of Walthamstow’.

This little story about my Mum Dolly, and her sister (my auntie Ellen) when they were caught in an air raid in 1940.

Apparently, my mum and my aunt were using a laundry which I was told was in the High Street when the raid broke out. Having collected their washing, they walked towards the bus stop at Blackhorse Road. As they neared the stop the trolleybus they wanted, pulled away and headed towards Forest Road. At that point the sirens began to wail, and as they waited for the next bus and after the sirens went quiet, there came the incessant drone of the Luftwaffe. Ahead of it flew the pathfinders dropping their flares that lit up the road. My Mum called these ‘chandeliers’, as they came down in bunches and hung on the wires used by the trolley-buses, giving light to the oncoming bombers. All around the ‘Ack Ack Guns’ opened fire on the German bombers. Also the Barrage Balloons were sent up in an attempt to get the planes tangled up in their wires. The bombers started to release tons and tons of explosives around the Standard area, Stoneydown Park and up to the corner of The Standard is the area left that was bombed.

Amusingly, my mum and her sister Ellen took shelter in a nearby doorway as shrapnel was flying all around, and they desperately hoped that a bomb would not strike them. People ran hither and either trying to get to shelters. The bus that they had earlier missed was hit by incendiary bombs. People quickly jumped off the Trolley Bus almost in panic and ran looking for shelter.

After the aircraft had gone, the sirens wailed out the all-clear. The road ahead of them was bombed beyond recognition with much fire and smoke. The emergency services had arrived and my mum and aunty were instructed by the services not to walk through the bombed area, to bypass it and to go straight home to Rodney Place which for those who do not know is in Higham Hill. They finally got home at 1am to a VERY angry mother, i.e. my grandmother.

When I think of this story, told to me when I was a little boy, I do not know whether my aunt and mum were foolish or brave, I like to think they were quite brave. For in those dreadful times many people began to take air raids in their stride, as we would take a shower of rain for granted.