Transcript of Dorothy Lee Audio Clip

I know that one day when I was working, it was a terrific bang and I was on the bloomin’ machine and it sort of went up and everybody rushed to go into the shelter that was opposite. But one of the chaps that – the ARP chap came running down to me to tell me that a bomb had dropped where dad was – the ARP people were. I always remember my dad couldn’t come out of the – cos earlier on we – they’d been in Fitzroy Square. Something happened there so the area, the whole post had to be moved and where they moved to was behind in Whitfield Street but the Police Station in Tottenham Court Road was there and if you came back from there, they would have been almost opposite. It was a – had been a cafe or was a cafe and we used to have the post underneath cos that’s how they’d done it. And something to do with a group of students at the back I think, I can’t remember what that was, something. But when the chap told me I flew up the road and in Whitfield Street as you got near to the – where about that was there was – this is what’s come back to me a lot of times, there was somebody up against the wall with a bit of newspaper on the back of their head. You don’t have time to look or think and a few people on the ground – I don’t know if they were dead or not. But because of that, you know, you’re just so – I was wanting my dad. I didn’t want anything else. Well, apparently from this place you could come around the back and come out into the road, they come up some steps cos of the areas. And I always remember and someone’s coming up cos I’m saying, ‘Where’s my dad? Where’s my dad?’ and this person’s come up and I was shaking him, ‘Where’s my dad?’ cos it’s all black and it was my dad [laughs]. It was such a relief, something you never forget, dad coming up out of there.