

## Transcript of Audio Clip with William Epps

I was playing a bit of knock-out cricket in the road with some friends in Lake Road Crest and we'd drawn chalked [unclear] stumps on someone's end wall and were playing in the road. And a doodlebug cut out right over the – the village and we looked up and instead of gliding it was coming straight down. There was an alleyway led between St. Terrance Cottage so the five or six of us ran into the alleyway and as we were getting to the alleyway. All I have – know the world went black. I saw something glowing coming towards me and then I knew nothing and then the next thing I knew there were air raid people pulling bricks and rubble off me. I was still buried from the shoulders downwards. Right next to me one of my friends, Bobby, his head was sticking out covered in blood and gradually they got me out asked me if I could stand. I stood so they said, 'Are you ok lad?', so I said I was fine. It was this awful dusty smell that you got in the Blitz which I hadn't encountered since living in Brockley, until then. They said, 'There's a First Aid post down the road go there'. So I set off down the road, the row of Terrace Cottages virtually gone. It was just piles of rubble and – and bits of timber sticking up in the air and I saw some more air raid people carrying friend's grandfather across the rubble.

I'm – halfway down the road I met my mother running towards me and her legs were all covered in blood. We went to the First Aid post and I was checked over and apart from cuts and bruises and a lump behind my ear and a burn on the back of one hand, I was ok. They put some stuff on the burn and cleaned up the cuts and grazes and what have you. My mother was also treated for the lacerations in her legs. She'd been in the bungalow and we had a Morrison shelter, it's like an iron table inside the house and she'd been bundling the younger children, by then I had a brother and a new baby sister. They were – she was bundling them into the Morrison and she'd sort of been caught with her leg sticking out and the glass from the window had blasted across the room, with such force some of it actually stuck in the dressing table mirror. She – this is what caused the cuts on her legs.

Anyway, that finished living there because the bungalow no longer had a roof and we spent a few days staying with my grandmother in Eltham. My father's unit were moved to Manston and so my father rented a house for us to come and live in Broadstairs, so I came to Broadstairs. The initial impression wasn't terrible favourable, all the beaches were barbed wired off. There were tank obstacles on the roads leading to the beaches. The beaches had wire obstacles and mines and there were done in placements along Clifftops, particularly out towards North Foreland. Many of these were now empty cos the heavy guns had gone. There were still anti-aircraft guns. But compared with Keston, with its Commons and woodland and what have you, it seemed like without the beaches there was nothing but town.