

My Grannie's VE day story

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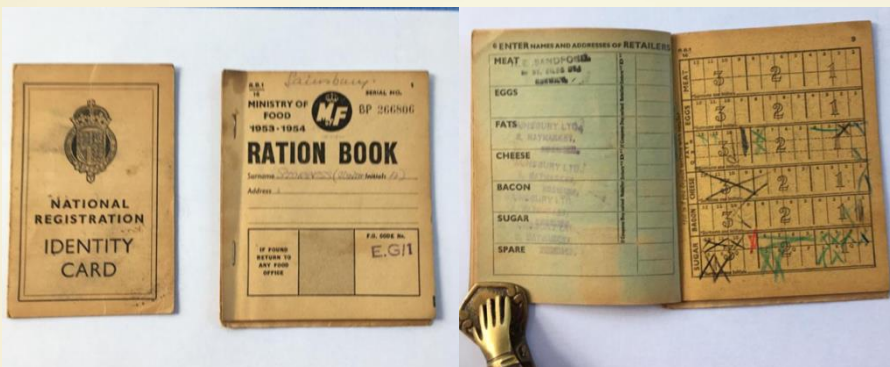
My Great-Grandpa and Grannie



My grannie was 9 years old on VE Day (so she would have been in Year 4!). I called her up last week to ask her what she remembered about VE Day and she told me this:

“Throughout the War we lived in a three-storey town house in Norwich. Norwich was heavily bombed during the war, especially in 1940 and 1942. At night, everywhere was pitch black, no streetlights, no traffic, no people about. Every curtain had to be lined with special blackout material and tightly drawn so that not a chink of light could be seen by enemy bombers flying over. No one went out at night in case there was

an air-raid. If the sirens sounded, we went down into our cellar until the all-clear siren sounded. We had beds down in the cellar and during the Norwich Blitz we slept there every night. This was normal life for me, I'd never known anything else.



Grannie's ration book
and Identity Card



VE day Celebrations

75years

So, you can imagine my excitement on VE Day. I walked down to the city centre with my father after dark, it was way after my bedtime! Everywhere was ablaze with light! It was dazzling. There were crowds of people milling about, singing and dancing and climbing up lampposts! But the thing that captivated me most was the Cathedral. It was floodlit by the searchlights that usually raked the sky at night looking for enemy aircraft. The light cast a shadow of the spire onto the clouds. It was a magical sight that I can still see in my mind's eye!"

Isn't that amazing? 75 years later she can still picture what she saw on VE Day!