



# *My Great Uncle Martin*

My Great Uncle Martin was born in March 1940 and World War 2 had already started in September 1939. He remembers as a little boy having an Anderson Shelter in the garden (like the one shown above) and being in there during a bombing raid in South Croydon (South London). He remembers the cold damp earth inside the shelter and the corrugated iron walls. The neighbours all checked on each other to make sure everyone was ok.

The family then had a Morrison shelter in their dining room. He remembers their dog went in there too and the family all had to sleep with their feet sticking out.

He remembers the sound of the Doolebugs. These were pilotless rockets launched towards London and they flew until they ran out of fuel. Then they fell from the sky. He said after the engine noise stopped you would count to ten; if you made it to ten you have lived.

He also remembers collecting and swapping shrapnel with his school friends. When the war was over he remembers the victory celebrations in East Croydon.