

MARY CLIFFORD

Cannon Street bombing

I remember the day the Germans bombed Cannon Street, it was a Sunday afternoon, my dad was at the Hippodrome and my sister was home on leave when we heard the sirens going off. We'd all just had our Sunday dinner. You could hear the planes going over, so our mam told us that we had to get ourselves to the shelter. Well our Margaret and me said that we didn't want to go and we just sat there, she was 17 and I was 18, but all of a sudden there was this almighty bang and the mirror above the mantle began to shake. We decided it was about time to go so hand in hand we ran to the shelter, I remember the planes were so close you could look into the pilot's eyes and all we could hear was the ratatattat of the German guns, but we got down the shelter alright. When we came out, you could see the rows of bullet marks that had hit the path. We were very lucky. My mam who was an Irish Romany Declared "Oh be Jesus, I bet he was a good Catholic lad and he didn't want to kill you atall!"

VE Day

I got off the bus at the town hall, because I could see all the search lights were on. There was all this music with everybody dancing, so me and Kathleen McPhillips, who was my best friend during the war, got off the bus and joined the crowd. Everybody was so happy and people were dancing with each other and kissing anyone, there were waltzes played and even a bit if a jive.