

Transcript of Dick Hughes Audio Clip

The air raids started to, for us, in September and on the 26th of September we had our first exploding H.E. bomb dropped on – dropped on the village, prior to that we'd had one stray bomb which fell but did not explode. To begin with we stayed in our house, in the reinforced room my father had done, but since my father was never present my mother became very anxious about this and decided she'd preferred to go into the public shelter which I've described above. I can remember to this day the feeling of it. It was very hot and humid and full of tension and even as a child we could feel this. I was allowed to go to the entrance when the searchlights were shining up above. I remember them criss-crossing in the sky but then when aeroplanes started to be heard I was ushered back in the shelter and the doors were firmly shut. There was one occasion when we had a lot of thermite bombs dropped and what – they were called by us a bread basket. It was a large container which was dropped out of the aeroplanes and then burst open half way down as it were and this little bombs, no more than 18 inches long, about 400 ml, dropped on the ground and it was necessary to put them out as quickly as possible otherwise they caused fire, which was the object of the exercise. Now during one of these occasions in the middle of the night I wanted a pee and I knew that my mother had brought our pot which had been stuck under the bunk I was sleeping in and I fumbled around to try to find it and was asked what I wanted and when I told the lady in question she said, 'Oh, well. Look you're going to have to hang on for a little bit because we're using the pot to put the fires out. What had happened was they needed every container they could to scrape up earth to throw on these burning thermite bombs which were dotted around the whole area.