

Tony's Digital Story, Clydach.

Right on September 11th 1942, it was the day before my 16th birthday and on my 16th birthday I was permitted, as an Air Raid Warden or Air Raid Messenger to go out with messages after 6.00pm. So with my first message tucked firmly in my pocket I went out to deliver a message to a man who lives only 600 yards from the air raid post.

That's all I remember until I came conscious again in the hospital a day or so later, because I had come down the hill on my bike, it was all pitch black and there were no lights on, and a bomb had fallen in the centre of the road; I know exactly where it is and often go there to have a look at it. I hit a stone of the house right in the middle of the cycles front wheel and I went straight over the top down in to the crater.

They started to worry about me... I was unconscious obviously and they started to worry about me later and about four or five Air Raid Wardens came out to follow my course from the chappie who I delivered the letter to. They found me in the bottom of this crater, took me straight to hospital and I didn't come to for about two days.

Then after about a fortnight they sent me down to Langland to recuperate so I was in hospital all together about six weeks and I've still got the scars to this day.

Digital story created by Ceres Tucker and Bethan Hewitt, Clydach Division.