

## **Geraint Hughes – Getting Home.**

Well when the war started I was just under five years of age and living then in North London, my father being the curate of St Mary's Hornsey, my mother, my sister and I. And the day war broke out, my mother decided that she, I and my sister would get out of London as quickly as we could and go back to Cardiganshire where her home was.

So my father took us down to Paddington Station, we got on a train and the place was full of people trying to get out of London, absolute panic everywhere. And I think it took us nearly two days to get from Paddington to Cardiganshire and the problem was that trains were going the other way, troop trains rushing down to the south coast because everyone thought the invasion would happen immediately just as France was being attacked, then we would be next. And my memory really is of sitting in cold stations in the darkness because the total darkness of course, blackout, not knowing when the train would come, if a train would come, would we ever get home. My sister who was nearly two crying all the time as sisters do and eventually we got home, that was my first sort of terrifying memory.

Digital story created by Andrew Brimer, Llandrindod Wells Division.