

## **Rosemary Hughes – The Sand Bucket**

I can remember our air raid shelter in the back garden. My grandfather had dug it out, he spent a lot of time doing it, he dug it very deep and he put a very thick layer of clods on the top and grass on the top of that and it was very dry and reasonably warm. Our neighbours next door they had a little bit of flooding in theirs so they used to come into our shelter as well; there was a lady and her husband and a little boy. We had bunks in the shelter, they were made from a wooden frame with metal strips criss-crossed and these, even though my mother had covered them with cushions and quilts to make them more comfortable, you could feel the metal through... cutting into your back. Otherwise it was quite comfortable and in the day time when there wasn't a raid I often used it as a play house, but obviously it wasn't quite so pleasant in the night when there was a raid on and we could be there for hours in the night.

One night we had an incendiary bomb drop in our back garden. I had been playing in the day with my grandfather's sand bucket, he was an ARP Warden and he liked to have everything at hand ready for use and when this incendiary fell he couldn't find his sand bucket because we hadn't put it back where it belonged. And it was the only time I can remember my grandfather giving me a row, because he was a little out of face with the other ARP Wardens, because he couldn't find his sand bucket. That sticks in my mind quite clearly.

Digital story created by Andrew Brimer, Llandrindod Wells Division.