

MEMORIES 1.

It's funny how a chance remark triggers a memory of something long forgotten and has a knock on effect of other, sometimes unrelated, remembrances.

A chance conversation with Barbara about earliest memories and Margaret reading her piece at the first group meeting mentioning South Wales produced the following recollections.

I was born in 1942, halfway through the war. For a while I was evacuated with my mother, her sister and my two cousins to stay with my gran's sister in the mining town of Pontypridd (Tom Jones country). How we all fitted in the house I have no idea but recall clearly a living room with a black lead stove and using a zinc bath in front of it. This was probably put to good use after my cousin Anne managed to plough into a pile of soot with her good clothes on just as we were going out. We were three months apart in age and would have been eighteen months to two years old at the time.

I remember asking to my mother, not long before she died, if we went to the seaside in Wales as I could remember paddling and there were dark rocks to sit on with the sea washing around them. She couldn't believe that I remembered it but apparently we did go to Aberystwyth.

I don't think my mum was very happy there, being a Welsh mining town women did not have the same freedom as the men. Mum would have been about thirty-five and her sister a couple of years younger but my great-uncle would not allow them to go to a church hall dance as they had no male chaperone to accompany them i.e husbands, who were in the forces. He said he was not going to be shown up. A pity as they had had a rough time in London and a little light relief would not have come amiss. Anyway, mum decided she would prefer the bombing to bigotry.

Frances Akehurst
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