



Rob Weston

“I can’t quite describe my emotions. They were welcomed into the house, they were very, very scared. They were, shall we say, they were obviously rather deprived children, I don’t think they had much in the way of clothing or possessions that they brought with them. I know that Mother gave them a bedroom with a double bed to share, and I should think Patricia was probably a little bit older than me. I reckon she was probably about twelve and Patrick would be about seven. No I don’t recall any particular emotion one way or another. I think my sister Dorothy and I were ready to welcome them and we showed them our toys and we played with them and Patrick pinched his finger in a movie projector that we had (LAUGHS) which caused a terrible, terrible upset, but we managed to get his finger out of it again. I know that, the only word I ever remembered them saying was, when my Dad came home from work, Patricia went to him and said: “Will there be a war mister?” and my Dad said “Yes, I think so”.