

into the room. Fortunately we were behind the very strong counter, which was swept diagonally across the floor to the opposite corner, where it protected us from the onslaught of water in the triangle formed between it and the two walls. The only way out by now was up through the skylight and I could just manage to reach a pair of steps. I got father and the picnic basket up through the skylight but when his weight left the steps they were washed away into the darkness. The electricity supply was down and it was almost pitch black. I struggled to break open another skylight and felt something under



*They put a curfew on the whole of Lynmouth to stop pilfering and looting. The following morning Roy Pugsley and I started cleaning up under the watchful eyes of a detective, standing behind us there in the doorway.*

my foot on the wall which I managed to stand on as I got through. I think it must have been the wall-mounted telephone.

We then managed to get over the roof and into the room above the Post Office, which was a flat. We lit a candle and placed it on the stairs so that we could see whether the water was going up or down. To our dismay we saw that it was still coming up steadily and we soon had