

One poor a week is quite enough, Flossie

## ONE WEEK LATER

Sunday 10th September 1939

Dear Diary, We been at war for one week and it don't seem much different, except we got a bucket of earth by the cottage door in case an incendiary bomb sets light to the thatch. It's like the bucket of earth in the outside toilet used to cover our own bombs!

Also, we has to practise running for the wine cellar in the big house, in case of an air attack. You should hear Uncle C and Bathgate wheeze and moan!

Uncle C hates leaving out the toilet!

Attack! Attack!

I WOULDN'T MIND IF I HAD A CORKSCREW HANDY!

## THE VACS

Well, Jerry ain't dropped no bombs yet!



Sooner they go back to London the better!

Mrs Jones detests the country and wants to go back to London! She don't like our food, 'cos it isn't out of tins and she don't like the quiet. She and Mrs Rose walk up the lane to listen for the sound of motors! As petrol is rationed now all they're likely to hear is the odd cow or sheep.

They don't ever help Cook - she gets spitting mad! Maggie and Molly just sit about scuffing the ground, while Simon is that quiet, he's like a flipping ghost. I wish he'd say something, even if it's in German, 'cos we know he's not our enemy. Cook has to wash their sheets every day, 'cos one of them wets the bed. So does Tommy, but that's 'cos Uncle C and me aren't that good at fixing nappies!

LATER THE SAME DAY -



Granary Mouse - I won't get a squeak out of him!



Blanket Feed bin

## A STRANGE MYSTERY!

After church a WI woman brought the vacs some blankets, in case of a sudden cold snap. Later, when I went to visit Granary Mouse, I found a blanket hidden behind a feed bin! I ain't said nothin', but I'm keeping a lookout.

As we're so short handed, I showed Tommy how to feed the chickens and ducks today, but he just followed the ducks into the pond with a muddy SPLASH! It's a start, but Uncle C says he thinks he'd best apply for a couple of them land girls to help on the estate!

Some girls is leaving school early to join the land girls. I ain't!



Monday 11th September

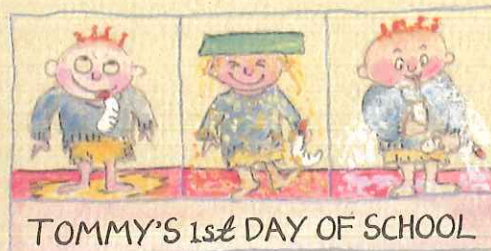
## BACK TO SCHOOL!!

I took the vacs and Tommy too, 'cos there's nobody to look after him at home. Mr Hardyke, our head, has joined the RAF so now we've got Miss Duncan. She's ever so nice, and she says Tommy can stay as long as he's good. Trouble is, the little tyke don't do "good".

Today, he weed on the floor, tipped up his sand tray and blew bubbles in his milk bottle.

I blushed silly, but Miss Duncan just said, "Let him settle."

I have to watch him the whole flipping time, but I did have a quick skip with my mates.



TOMMY'S 1st DAY OF SCHOOL

This is our new skipping rhyme:  
Heil Hitler, yah, yah, yah!  
What a funny little man you are.  
With your black moustache and your  
Hair all blah! Heil Hitler, yah, yah, yah!



I cut this picture of Hitler out of Cook's paper. He's "blah" all right!



After lunch I helped Maggie write a letter to me, because she's not that good at her letters. I made her write one for my diary as well!

School was so full of vacs today, half of us had to sit on the floor!



Poor Molly and Tommy fell asleep going home - school's good for sleeping! Simon helped me push them in the cart.

Tues 12th Sept

### THE MATHS GENIUS

Miss Duncan's new plan: the local kiddies will have morning school and the vacs afternoon school, so it's not such a squash. Only she's left Simon to tag along with me. I reckon it's because he's so clever. When we did our sums he even got the long division right! (He let me copy!) Miss D says he uses decimal points, but she showed him how to do it our way.



In the afternoon we went for a nature ramble with Colonel Stride. He's too old to fight so he's going to look after the group not in school. He says we will learn to march, salute and grow our own food in case of shortages!

To der mammy, me and Moly mised yo and aunty cook threw us ribbons away. she says she ll buy us pinc ones frm the gipsys. we aint hd fish and chps and we as to go to skl. Love Magy and Moly. PLS come soon. we got shoes.



This is the hardest sum we did today!

$$\begin{array}{r} 352 \\ 39 \overline{) 13,756} \\ \underline{117} \phantom{00} \\ 2056 \\ \underline{195} \phantom{00} \\ 106 \\ \underline{78} \\ 28 \end{array}$$



WINGS FOR VICTORY!



Feathered wings FOR VICTORY!

I wonder if Dad could see the same plane at the same time as me?



The colonel carried Tommy for me.

The colonel took us up Barrow Hill to salute the warships in Portland and Weymouth harbours. There are great silver barrage balloons tethered out at sea to stop the German planes coming down low and bombing us. The colonel says not to be scared if we see a German plane flying over because they'll not bomb us, just cities like London, Coventry and Bristol. There are loads of our planes flying about from Warmwell aerodrome, near Dorchester, where they're training new fighter pilots. Sometimes they fly so low you can wave to the crew!

Don't worry - I'll save you!



Weds 13th September 1939

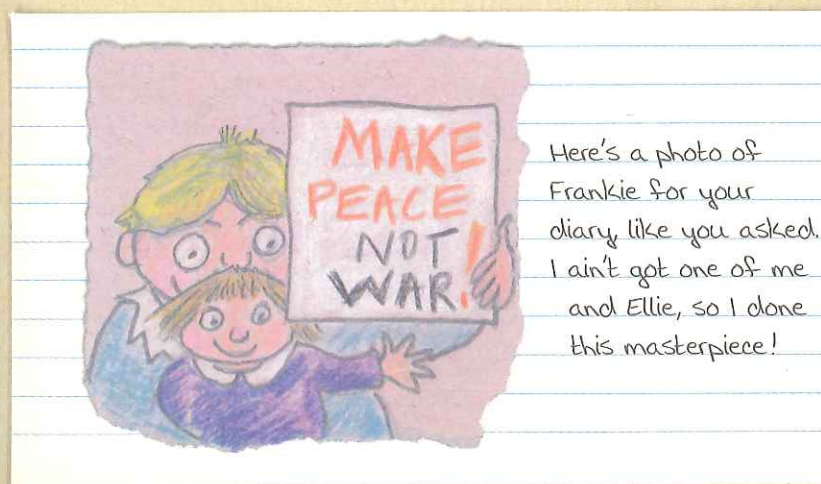
A letter from Auntie Ethel and Frankie. He don't half make me laugh!



Frankie, aged 6



Who'd have cousins!



Here's a photo of Frankie for your diary like you asked. I ain't got one of me and Ellie, so I done this masterpiece!





What ho, put the kettle on, Floss!



Pink Salad



Baked Pot



Blackberry Pie

## Saturday 16th Sept 1939 Oh happiness!

Dad borrowed a bike and came over for tea!! He said I was magic in the kitchen, just like his Hen (that's my mum). He had to go back straight after, and I was worried on account of the blackout 'cos it's a fair ride to Dorchester. Only Dad said he'd be fine - the bike mudguards were painted white and he had a torch covered in paper to fix to the handlebars.

Anyway, Diary, I cried when he left and there's the truth of it. Cook fetched me over to the big house to listen to the late news - it wasn't cheering!

The only magic in these parts is fairy magic!



And mouse magic!



I'm going to leave a note in the orchard for the fairies, asking 'em to keep my dad safe.

HERE IS FLOSSIE ALBRIGHT WITH THE LATE NEWS EXTRA  
The British Army has secretly shipped men and arms across the Channel to France! Viscount Gort is their Commander-in-Chief.

I HOPE DAD DOESN'T HAVE TO GO TO FRANCE!

## Monday 18th Sept

I ain't slept much on account of worrying about Dad going to France. And now Cook's read me some really bad news from her paper:

Yesterday, H. M. Aircraft Carrier Courageous was struck by a torpedo from a German submarine. 518 of the crew died. The commander, Captain Mackeig-Jones, remained on the bridge and went down with his ship.



Captain Mackeig-Jones

← This is the captain - I cut his picture out of the paper. He looks so kind - I feel for his family. Flippin' war!



Dad's gone 'cos there are Germans here. W I WON'T T and I'm ch and gettin



I hates the Jerry. Maybe Dad should fight 'em, but I still don't like him for it.

24th September 1939

What ho, Floss!

I know this will be a bit of a shock, but I'm in France with the British Expeditionary Forces. It was all very hush-hush, so I couldn't say good-bye.

We are close to the Belgian border, but as they are staying neutral they won't let us cross it. It's already really cold here and the wind whistles through the barn where we're living. In the morning we have to break through the ice, before we can wash or make tea ... a bit like home! If you find any spare socks, or warm hats, will you ask Uncle Ron to post them to me? He'll know how.

Don't worry about me, pet, we are just practising in case the Jerry (that's what we call the Germans) do attack us, but it's all quiet now and we even get the odd day off. We go to a village near here where the Frenchies are really friendly.

Look after yourself and little Tommy. I know it's a lot on your own, but you're a good girl and you'll manage. Tell Uncle C that all the things he taught me are doing me proud now. Many's the night I set a trap and we have fresh meat by the morning, or I find roots and berries that are fit for eating.

You're in good hands with him, my Floss; he's wiser than he looks.

My love to you and Tommy,

Dad

PS One of the village children did this picture of my mates and me. You can stick it in your diary if you like. xxx

## Sunday 15th October 1939

FLIPPING VICAR SHOULD STICK TO SERMONS!

I've been that down on account of Dad, I ain't felt like writing. I'm only writing today because of what the vicar told us:

Yesterday, the British battleship H.M.S. Royal Oak was torpedoed. 833 seamen lost their lives.

## Tues 31st Oct 1939 I'VE BEEN STUPID!

Dear Diary, I been in the dumps and neglecting you, but Miss Duncan made me cry today and I feels better for it. She said how brave my Dad was going off to war, and how lucky I am to know where he is, unlike Simon, who still ain't heard a word from his family. He don't even know if they're still in Germany.

I'M SORRY!





I wonder if Dad will recognize Mum's old sweater? Them's pretty colours.

Special patterns have been issued for the forces.

Wednesday 1st November 1939

Cook's teaching me to knit. We unravelled an old sweater of Mum's and I'm knitting socks and a balaclava for Dad!

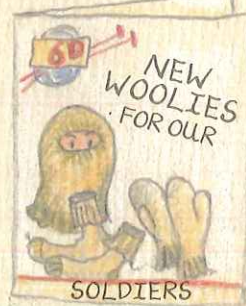
Friday 3rd November

Still knitting - even under my desk at school! I've got Uncle C and Tommy at it too!

I told Tommy his was a bit small for Dad, but perfect for my diary... he was ever so proud!

Saturday 11th Nov LAND GIRLS AHOY!

There's another flap on! Two land girls is arriving by train this afternoon to fill in for our workers who joined up. Bathgate has already gone to fetch them. Cook is fit to burst.



Mum's knitting!



Cook has the "oh my's"!

Oh my, oh my, where's them to sleep? Oh my, oh my, I ope her upstairs ain't expecting me to feed land girls as well as vacs. Oh my, it's kitchen girls we need, not land girls. Oh my, oh my!

Sunday 12th Nov THEY'VE ARRIVED!

Ooh, there've been some doings up at the big house! Cook put Lilly and Nessy - that's the land girls - to sleep upstairs next to Miss Joan; then Mrs Mole came home and had a fit - "Workers in the bedroom!" They've got to sleep over the stables and it'll be flipping freezing. The vacs say Cook has very red eyes.

Red with anger or red with tears? That's the question.

Frost patterns →

Thursday 16th November  
THE BIG FREEZE!

If this war don't end soon those land girls will freeze to death for certain - or Cook'll murder 'em! She gives them breakfast with the vacs, then they gets a paste sandwich and a flask of Bovril for their lunch and that's it; they ain't allowed in again until the evening meal! I don't blame her, she has no help and has to feed all them extras! What's more, Uncle C and Bathgate said they think women should keep off their land and out of their stables.

Fri 17th November '39

It was so cold in bed last night that me and Tommy was shivering - poor Dad, I bet he's shivering too. There's no more wool and I needs to make him and Tommy warm scarves.

Saturday 18th November

Lilly and Nessy seem to be winning Bathgate and Uncle C around. They work ever so hard and tonight they're taking the old codgers to the King's Arms. They'll have them purring in no time!

Later Dear Diary, I'm in the granary and it's freezing, but I wanted some peace from Tommy and to look for my mouse. He don't seem to be here. Maybe he's hibernating. The blanket is still here. I think it's Simon's. I saw Molly spit at him yesterday and call him a "Nazi". Well he may be German, but he's no Nazi. I'm going to watch out for him.

WAR EXTRA!

Two land girls have been found frozen in their beds. Police will not be able to identify the bodies until the ice surrounding them has melted. A Mrs Mouldy has been held on suspicion of deliberate cruelty. A local witness is understood to have said "Oh my, oh my, oh my!"

