



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!

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!

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.



Dad's gone 'cos there are Germans I WON'T be and I'm che 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!

