



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.



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!



Them's pretty

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!"

