

Weds 10th January 1940

RATION BOOKS AND THE SHIVERS.

More snow, so no school, but I did collect our ration books. They're full of coupons and when they run out ... you starve! The Government says to cook more porridge ... flipping nuts! My lot only eat porridge with a ton of sugar and dabs of butter!

Pocket is with Simon day and night now, 'cos the granary's too cold. Imagine if Uncle C knew! I reckon Simon will smuggle Gracie in as well soon!

I got a cough and tonight I got the shivers, so I'm up in bed writing by candlelight.

We've run out of paraffin for the lamps on account of the freeze. Tommy's got a cough too, poor mite.

Sunday 28th January

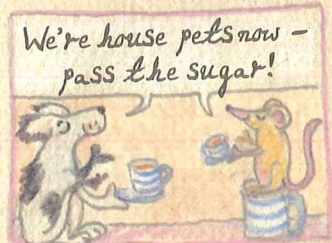
18 DAYS LATER

It's weird ... I woke up this morning in Uncle C's cot! Simon and Tommy were hanging over steaming bowls of balsam and Uncle C was making bread - Mum always said his bread had more garden muck than flour in it!

Soon as I tried to sit up I started coughing, but everyone cheered! It seems we've all had the whooping cough, but I was look really bad. The doctor couldn't get through the snow, so Uncle C's been nursing me, bless him.

Cook told him our room was a disgrace, so he moved me and Tommy downstairs. He's alone under the leaking roof now, but come spring the land girls will mend the thatch. Then the boys will move up there and I'll have the downstairs to myself! I'll be like a flipping princess!

No peas under my mattress, please!



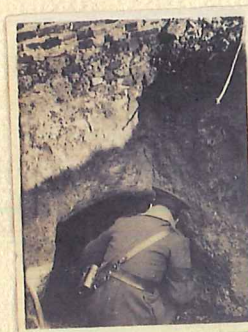
Sunday 11th February A IS FOR ARCHIE!

The snow has thawed, but all that whooping leaves you fair whacked so I can't go back to school! Tommy's stuck at home with me, so we're making alphabet cards. I think he's too young for his letters, but he's trying. I'm stuck on 'X'!

Simon says he'll teach Tommy his numbers, 'cos he loves them! He's back at school ... with Pocket! Gracie has taken to following him there of a morning and then fetching him home. Uncle C says Simon should be a vet - he has such a way with animals.

Secret: Simon told me that when I was really ill, Uncle C put Gracie up on my bed, so's she'd wake him if I got really bad - he's a one!

Monday 12th



Dad down a bunker!

I ♥ MY DAD

We got this letter from him today! He wasn't told I'd been poorly, on account of not worrying him!

Thursday 21st March

MY BIRTHDAY



The Easter holidays have started, which means I've missed a whole term of school! But I didn't whoop once this morning, so we had tea in the orchard. Uncle C made his garden-bread and Uncle Ron brought over homemade jam and clotted cream. Who needs their butter ration!

A is for Archie, our military pa.



B is for barrage balloons, floating afar.



C is for the colonel who gave you a ride.



D is for danger, so you better hide.

E is for the evacuees, our very good friends.



F is for the farmers, on whose food we depend.



G is for gas masks, and they ain't no fun.



This is Enrietta's ration book! wonder if the fairies have them.



I DON'T LIKE IT!

I found this under my pillow! Flossie, Here's a magic wishing atom. and was wishing you'll be well soon. Your fairy friends x

feather worm must more muck

Uncle C's bread



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Simon says he'll tea. He's back at school... him there of a mo says Simon should.

Secret: Simon told Gracie up on my bed, so

Still in France!

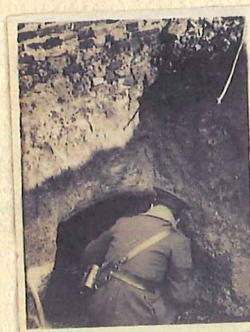
Hello Dear Hearts,

Now that the snow has thawed there's ever so much mud and I miss you rotten. Time passes slowly here. Apart from the odd skirmish with a spying Hun - that's another name for the Germans! - all is quiet. I know every card game ever invented! The socks and balaclavas you sent are perfect; I shared them out and everyone is that much warmer. Did Uncle C really knit one?! Flossie, love, I wonders what you find to write about in your war diary, but there'll be enough once the weather turns.

Meanwhile, here's a picture to stick in - it's me with my head down a bunker left from the last war.

Take care of yourselves and remember to ask your Uncle Ron what you best do if the Germans start flying your way. Hugs, Dad xx

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This is my little's ration book! wonder if the fairies have them.

I DON'T LIKE IT!

Found this under my pillow! Flossie, here's a magic wishing acorn. and we're wishing you'll be well soon. Your fairy friends x

feather - worm muck more muck Uncle C's bread



H is for Hitler and horrid and Hun!

I is for Ireland, who won't help the fighting.

J is for Miss Joan, the cause of this writing.

K is for King George, who always does right.

L is for land girls, pretty and bright.

M is for military so willing and brave.

N is for the Navy, riding each wave.

I hope it don't make me look and behave like Auntie Beth!

Auntie Beth has cut down one of her old dresses for me; it's ever so pretty. Cook made me a cake, the vacs saved me their weekly sweets and Simon gave me a picture with a Jewish blessing. Tommy gave me a promise to "be gooder"!



A blessing for Good Tidings  
Blessed art thou,  
O Lord our God,  
King of the universe,  
who art good and dispensest good.



Humph ... I know his promises. This morning I found all his crusts in the kitchen drawer!

Miss Joan brought me a NEW paint box for decorating my diary. She's off to join the Women's Royal Naval Service on Monday!

She's had a meeting with a First Officer and will probably be posted near here, but new recruits has to go to Plymouth first.

She says the Germans will soon be on the move again. She's going to send me all her war news for my diary. Ain't that grand! No birthday card from Dad, but I expect he's ever so busy.

Saturday 23rd March

YES! This beautiful card came from Dad today. It's the tops!



<sup>neglected</sup>  
Dear diary, I really feel better today and I ain't going to neglect you no more. I'll do some more knitting, in case the war lasts another winter. I'll get strong enough to go back to school, and I'll teach Tommy his letters and to be kind to animals. He held Ginger upside down over the pond this morning ... he said he was helping her fish! Me: You promised you'd be good.



A lady thatcher is mending the cobble roof. It was too much for the land girls to fix.

Sunday 24th March 1940

EASTER DAY!!

I wore my new dress and we had decorated eggs for breakfast. Then we all walked to church in the warm sun, even Uncle C.

I put daffodils in the boys' caps and primroses in my hair - we looked grand. The vicar gave us each a chocolate, but I gave mine to Mum - and the primroses. We had lunch at the pub as a special treat. I longed to hear the general's car coming around the corner carrying my dad, but I never did.

Uncle C walking to Church



Well, I suppose I got to thank somebody for making you better!

We heard loads of lambs though. Tommy pretended each bleat was a bomb and kept diving under the table - we ignored him!

Even though it was Easter day there were loads of planes in the sky.

O is for the owl that made Simon sad.

P is for the postie, who brings letters from Dad.

Q is for queen, and I'd crown dear Cook!

R is for regiment, and it's to the Dorsets we look.

S is for sailors, who send messages by Morse.

T is for Tommy, an angel, of course!

U is for an Uncle that is loving and fun.



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Flossie,  
Happy Birthday  
MY LOVELY!

A girl in the village called Marie embroidered this card. She is about your age, but not as pretty!

Wacko,  
Dad xxx

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