

## Extracts from Mary's evacuation letters (BBC)

### 14 YEAR OLD MARY'S EVACUATION LETTERS-PART1

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I am quite well and I hope you are. We had a very nice journey here and for the first night slept in the school. Then on Wednesday we came here. The lady is quite kind to us and the house is clean. We have a room between us and sleep together in the same bed. It is a double bed and we are quite warm. There is no bathroom here, so I don't know what we'll do for a bath. The lavatory is outside and first of all there was only newspaper there. We don't have much water to wash in, and there's only gaslight. We spoke to Miss Watts as the place is small and poky and she is going to move us soon, but we will have to stay here for a day or two. We only have our own towels as the lady has not supplied us with others. We are near two of my friends, and they want to be moved also. Miss Watts doesn't like these houses so I expect we shall move soon. Xxxxxxx

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...ready to take us in than anybody else in the neighbour-hood. You should hear her saying that she is very kind, and praising her silly old family as if there was no family like it! I am writing this in the evening and I am putting in unnecessary things so as I shan't have to sit doing nothing all evening. She had two boy evacuees at the beginning of the war and says they were a good-for-nothing pair. I so want my comic, Mummy, to read, so don't forget to send it. I want shoe polish, a suede-brush, my hair brush and to come back to you. I try to be brave and not cry, but every time I think of you my eyes go all misty and I can't see for a minute. I do want my comic, mummy, to read, so don't forget to send it. I want shoe polish, a suede-brush, my hair brush and to come back to you. I try to be brave and not cry, but every time I think of you my eyes go all misty and I can't see for a minute. I do want to come home as I am ever so unhappy without you. I have

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not written to Grandma yet, as I have not got the envelopes. Please look out for a change of address.

Mummy and Daddy, please take pity on me and bring us home. Give our love. Give our love to Auntie and Patty, Mrs Morrallie, Ivy and Joan. Please send the photos directly they're done. If we do move and letters come here I expect we shall get them sent on to us. I am looking forward to receiving a letter from you both. It is seven now so I expect I shall ask to go to bed at half past at the latest. We go to bed early to be together and away from these two. With all my love and fondest kisses,xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx Mary xxxxxxxxxxxxx

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Stamps are very dear you know, Mummy, and so please send some. I expect I shall want extra money for library-books. We are five miles from Newark and it is 3d single and 5pence return. Please send a photo of each of the following, Phil, Mummy, Daddy, Ivy, Joan, Pattie and our house. And Timmy. Give my love to all. Your most loving daughter, Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx Mary.xxxxxxx

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While we were out it started to rain, and so we had to come home, or at any rate, back to our billets. There is only one street in Cromwell which is the Great North Road. In Cromwell there are about twenty houses altogether including the Rectory. Mrs Waite is extremely nice and about forty, I think. Her husband is jolly and does most of the farming. Mr Wright, Mrs Waite's father is rather lame, but it is surprising what he can do. Mrs Waite's cousin's daughter is living here and her name is Joan. There are only two girls of nineteen or thereabouts in this "large town" and the other one is also, Joan. The other Joan lives next door where Maureen is billeted. We have a lovely little room to ourselves and we sleep in the same bed. We have quite a lot of water to wash in and a nice view of the cow-sheds. You would love it here, except that there are ever such a lot of cows, which Mummy does not like. We have a pump in the yard, as water is not laid on and we pumped some water for the calves to drink.

## Letters from the Lighthouse – Emma Carroll

The older kids seemed to think this a right lark, especially the boys, most of whom had probably never been near a live cow before. Within moments, they were falling over themselves to volunteer.

'Don't take all the best ones, Poll,' another woman complained, which started them off bickering over who'd get the strongest boys.

It wasn't exactly fun, hovering like a spare part while everyone else got picked. There was no sign of anyone who might be Queenie, either. I grew anxious again, wondering how much longer we'd have to wait. Cliff leaned his head sleepily on my shoulder.

'D'you think she's forgotten us?' he yawned.

'Course not, you daftie.' I tried to stay cheerful for both our sakes. 'She's probably just adding the finishing touches to our supper.'

'What d'you reckon she's made us?'

I thought for a moment. 'Steak pie probably, with bread and butter pudding for afters.'

'And custard?'