



Grant View.
Cerne Abbas
Sept. 7th.

Dearest.

This is the first moment I have had time to put pen to paper and even so it is 10.15. I can't begin to tell you about the discomforts and trials of my present life. I really feel that I ought not to grumble but at the same time civilisation has its compensations.

To go back to the beginning, tho' I haven't time to tell you everything because so many people have already written to me that I shall take days before I catch up.

We left school last Saturday,

what centuries ago it seems,
at 1.00, and in coo. plus
banners and a couple of
cars, 2 maids and matron
walked to Acton station,
viewed by the sympathetic
eyes of the residents - Stella
Watteau as P.T. organizer for
Acton was at the station
and told me of some of her
horrors - our chief concern
was consider or non consider
train? However, we travelled
in absolute comfort in the
former and arrived in
Dorchester at about 6.10.
From the station we
walked in rain to a nearby
Elem. school where we were
given a bun and cup of tea -
absolute nectar believe me!!

For the first time we all felt
the complete refugee - people
were so very kind and
sympathetic that we began
to feel a little doozy. The
kids were getting very tired
and the rain was coming
down in torrents!! We were
next ushered into buses
and en route presented with
a carrier bag containing
48 hour rations, bully beef,
timed milk, nestle milk,
biscuits & chocolate.

Sept 8th: Another day gone and I
haven't had time to put pen to
paper - now it is 10.30 and I
really feel only fit for bed.
Well anyway, where was I?
After receipt of rations we got
into buses and came on to
bevere! Oh my dear, such
weariness, we waited and
waited and at last 60 of

us plus 5 staff were billeted
to on "Giant View" - my dear,
the dormitories seen by the
light of 1 candle were a
positive haven of rest and
we were too weary to look
into things. I began very well
by putting my hand through a
window in an effort to get
more air into a dormitory -
(I mean the window was stuck!)
It wasn't very badly cut, only
the little finger on my left
hand, but I had to go down
to the Doctor - anyhow it is
practically alright now.

Sept 9th Yet another day and I am
nowhere near the end of this!
Sunday morning following
more extensive investigations
the place proved ghastly.
It used to be a workhouse,
is now a youth hostel and
has a Reform school attached
with an Ex Polzeemian plus

many large relatives (known
locally as the Colalony or
Rabbit Warren because of their
numerous children") as caretakers.
The sanitary arrangements
are appalling - we have 1
tap, the only water supply
for the entire house and
a sink to which all "slops"
have to go - my poor
infants, however, have to
carry all their pails and
jugs down one flight of
very dark stairs. I have
a dormitory for my 11,
something of a picnic when
they are all in, especially
when they are just at the
age when they can't keep
a thing tidy for 5 minutes.
My babe aged 7 is the
joy of my heart, I am
becoming most maternal
believe me! We are with

the boat's morning noon .
and night , the day begins
at 7.30 AM when I trot into
the dorm in pyjams and
dressing gown ! We have
prayers at 8.30 followed by
breakfast - back to the days
of eating porridge and
tea . — up to the dormitories
afterwards to clean up .

The caretakers are the
most slothful set of people
you ever met , they barely
do a thing for us , other than
prepare the meals . We do
all our own housework and
have arranged that one
dearly " should do the
preparing and cleaning
of meals , including washing
up in turn for the whole
of one day . It's hellish there's
no other word for it , in

fact our vocabulary
consists almost entirely
of " hellish " , my God "
and I regret to say , at
times even " bloody " . The
only compensation is that
the 5 of us get on
together exceedingly well -
Whelna is not with me - she
is in Charnminster a near
by village living in the lap
of luxury having been
billeted with a rather
" county family " the eldest
daughter being a member
of the West Lac team .
She and the rest of the
lower school have about
4 kids each to care for
and here are we with
60 in the house ! In fact
we are the martyrs of
the evacuees - I suppose
we should be grateful

for living in such a
lovely village - because Abbas
is really beautiful, lovely
hills around it, and the
most attractive cottages. It
is full of interest and
historical treasures. In fact
we feel so utterly remote from
the rest of the world as to
give us a certain feeling of
unreality. Just to see these
glorious down with cattle
quietly grazing and to be
able to exchange friendly
greetings with the villagers
all adds to the strangeness
of everything. The people
in the village cannot do
enough for us - we have
offers of baths from all and
Sunday and every door is
an open door. All the staff
and children billeted in
the village are very happy

and comfortable. It is the
primitiveness of our dwelling
that gets us down - one
indoor lavatory "plus flush" -
one ghastly palestine
contraption and 2 outdoor
conveniences - we eat off
american cloth covered tables
haven't seen a saucer since
we arrived and regularly share
plates and cutlery. Hot water
is minis, though we have
agitated to such an extent
that we now get a very
limited amount each evening
when by arrangement the kids
in Ddeebry have a warm
wash down. We have
had this's tonight which
meant that from 6 to 7.30 I
stripped and tubbed them
(using 2 zinc wash tubs
for the process.) I have to
supervise their washing

each night which has to be as we say from A to Z in cold water! The "babes" I put to bed at 7. She has her supper and I sleep in ^{my} bed in order to get a few hours undisturbed whilst the others are getting ready - about 9.30 each night I carry her, asleep, she never wakes, into her own bed in the dormitory. Forgive me tonight, it's nearly midnight good night, sleep tight!

Sunday. A.M. Williams is taking a hymn practice with the infants preparatory to this afternoon's service to which Asowenith and I are taking them!!

Sunday afternoon. So much for this morning's effort! Spent the rest of the time interviewing parents and washing children's socks - what a life! I have now helped to clear away the bunches things, hung my children's newly washed clothes on the line to air in the

Sun, given them each a ¹ bar of chocolate and sent them up to the dormitory till church time. We leave here next Saturday for billets in Dorchester as we are to be attached to the Girls' County School and for that it is necessary to move us into the town - the children ^{don't} want to go, but the thought of living in these barracks in the event of bad weather and in winter, just terrifies us from the point of view of their health. I am afraid they may be homesick when we move as they are so contented at present and stalled with living in dormitories but we couldn't stick it much longer we are all rather weary. Tomorrow, Asowenith and I are being faced to go into Dorchester to look for our own billets, we can do that

providing we let the billeting officer know where we have arranged to go. The others from here have already been in fact we fear we may not have much choice. We hear most awful stories of billeting the mothers seem to be behaving very badly - going about with soldiers and drinking etc. The result is, naturally so, nobody wants to have grown up. The scene was people are very sad about us going because they too had expected Elem. children & I must say the kids are behaving very well and look exceedingly nice as they only wear uniform. As soon as I know any new address I'll let you have it.

This is all about myself and even now I could tell you much more but I don't ramble on any more or I shall

never answer my numerous correspondents - I have only sent p.c.s to Phil. and I must write him a decent letter. We are all in a mess aren't we? Our H.M. is terribly anxious about the future of the school, and bones must be quite shattered - we had a private interview with the H.M. all about our commitments etc and keeping our ports open should we do voluntary work without doubt some of us will have to go, and I should say one of me 3 P.T.'es in particular - goodness knows what we are going to do.

You poor darling what an ending to your holiday - I think it must have been all too terrible I can't think how you did it - and I thought you said you were sure you would lose your head in an emergency - what about it now? Am sorry to be so egotistical

but there was so much to tell
you. Thanks just now for
your 2 letters you don't know
how I look forward to the
post. I shall want some
things soon meaning clothes
etc, but I think I'll wait till
I get to Dorchester. I must
fly and I'll post this in the
village. Give my love to all
your family & thanks for
hanging all my things —

Yours of love
Yours
Jeanie