

Friday 1st September 1939 - Morning

Golly, what a day it has been. I felt a bit like an explorer at the beginning of an epic adventure. It is all part of the evacuation - that means sending children away from big cities for our safety. I can understand why they are doing it but I am still a trifle confused. Mother said that it might only be for a little while (perhaps a few weeks) but I don't think she was quite telling the truth. If it were only needed for a short time, then I don't think they would have gone to all this bother.

It was strange to be part of the hustle and bustle at Waterloo station but I imagine today's events will be quite historic. Once I was in my compartment, I tried to strike up a chit-chat with some of the other children but they had near-on nothing to say. In the end, I have just looked out of the windows at the most curious creatures I've ever seen. There were hundreds of the most bizarre things that looked like white clouds with four black legs. The girl next to me has told me they were sheep. As I write, I'm still on the train and I must admit I'm beginning to feel jolly nervous about where I will end up.

Friday 1st September 1939 - Evening

There were quite a few of us who alighted at Poole, a busy little town by the sea. Once we were off the train, we were marched to a rather pretty church hall where we were instructed to form an orderly queue. A rather stern-looking lady was sat behind a table at the far end of the hall and she told us that she was the billeting officer. We all would have appreciated a smile but I suppose she was ever so busy. When we approached the officer, she would appraise us and send us to one of the families waiting at the sides of the hall. She made a rather rude comment about my hair and said that I looked like a 'townie' before directing me to an older-looking couple near the door called Mr and Mrs Cobb.

We walked to the Cobbs' delightful house near the quay where I was delighted to meet their Labrador, Blue. They have been wonderful hosts so far and I have found plenty of room for my books. We have spent this afternoon digging a vegetable patch in the garden although I can't say I'm very excited about eating the marrows and cabbages we planted. Mr Cobb has told me I can explore the town properly tomorrow which I'm looking forward to. Hopefully, I will make some new friends. Even though Mr and Mrs Cobb could not have been more kind and welcoming, I do miss my mum and our home in London.