

EVACUATION EXPERIENCE DAY

When we arrived at the school, we were rushed into the hall where we had to stand as smart as possible so we could be billeted—so our prospective foster parents would want us.



Some chose the children who looked strongest to work in the fields; others checked us carefully for nits and lice; a few children were rejected for not being clean enough.



A few children weren't happy with the strange grown-ups who'd picked them—and less so when they found out they'd have to share a bed with another child.



Boys and girls sat on their own sides in rows. Sometimes our learning was interrupted by an air raid alarm and we had to calmly, quickly and quietly clamber under the desks and wait for the all clear.



Mr Trew read us some stories that boys and girls would have enjoyed in the forties... they were awful!

We had a great day, but we were all happy to go home to our real families. We realised that although some evacuees enjoyed their time, for others it would have been a very sad and scary time.





We practised writing with ink dip pens—some of us were neater than usual... some of us were not. Georgia even suffered the cane because she was so messy!



We wrote a poem by Lewis Carroll. Solved arithmetic questions, learnt the kings and Queens of England since the 1450s before heading out for PE. It turns out 1940s PE was very tough. We found it hard to complete the full session.



After a nature walk - where we looked for coniferous and deciduous trees—as well as learning about gall wasps—we put our efforts into making do and mending by stitching book marks.

