

The Wartime Diary of Eliza Beale

Second World War Evacuee



Dear diary,

Today has been simply awful.



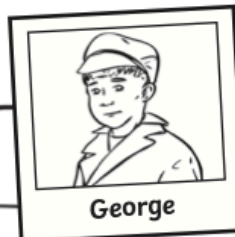
Thursday 31st August 1939

This afternoon, Mum told me that the government is becoming increasingly concerned about the threat of war and that they have served an evacuation notice. London is no longer considered safe so we need to move to the countryside. Can you believe it, diary? I can't.

At first, I thought that we would all be going together and I even got excited about the idea of a family holiday (I started imagining days on the beach). However, one look at Mum's tear-filled eyes made me realise how wrong I was. We don't own two suitcases so George and I have a pillowcase each that we've filled with clothes and a few biscuits for the train. He doesn't understand what's happening and is getting excited about the 'adventure' that Mum told him we were going on: I wish that I were George.

As I lie here trying to sleep, my mind is spinning. I tried my best to get more information from Mum (like how long we are going away for or where we are going) but my multitude of questions were met with a sad silence. All I know is that we must get up early tomorrow morning to go to Waterloo Station.

Eliza



George



my mum

Dear diary,

Friday 1st September 1939 – morning



I'm writing to you from the train station. It feels as though my world has been turned upside down. Last week, I was worrying about needlework classes and now I'm here with an uncomfortable tag dangling around my neck as if I'm a piece of luggage. The tag even says my full name on it: 'Elizabeth Beale'. I tried explaining to the woman who labelled me that everyone calls me Eliza but she just looked at me with pity and briskly shouted for the next child. I've decided to hide it underneath my gas mask box; that way, people will have to ask me for my name instead of reading it from a label.

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There are hundreds of us here. All of the teachers from school are with us but our parents weren't allowed any farther than the station barrier. It was heart-breaking saying goodbye.

We've been told that our school will be getting on the next train but we don't know how long that will be. I'm so hungry. I'm regretting giving George my biscuits but he looked so sad at the time that it felt like the right thing to do. At least he's stopped telling me that he doesn't want to go on an adventure any more.

Eliza



Dear diary,

Friday 1st September 1939 – evening



Was it only this morning when we last spoke?

The train journey was horrible. We were all packed in so tightly that I could scarcely breathe. Whenever I've been on a train before, I've felt queasy but this time was so much worse. At one point, I thought I was going to be sick into my pillowcase.

After what felt like hours, we arrived in a small town. All of the children were shepherded to the town hall and given a drink. Before long, adults started coming in and picking children. Luckily, George and I were picked together. The lady who took us with her is called Mrs Farthing and she lives in a grand house on the outskirts of the town. By the time we had walked there, it was very dark; I carried George most of the way because he was struggling to stay awake.

When we arrived, Mrs Farthing explained that she had two sons who were already in bed and that her husband (Mr Farthing) was out tending to the animals. It turns out that Mr and Mrs Farthing live on a farm! They've got cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, two horses and a donkey! She says that we can even go and help to take care of the animals tomorrow.

Currently, I'm curled up in bed trying to sleep. George is snoring softly in the bed next to me. We both wept a little when we realised that Mum couldn't tuck us in; it's terribly difficult being away from her but at least we have each other. I've promised him that I would look after him just as a big sister should.

Eliza

Reading Resource 2



Reading Resource 3

What clues do you think Eliza Beale, the author, is giving us at these points in the diary entry? Use your Detective Thinking to 'read between the lines'!

1. We don't own two suitcases.
2. I wish that I were George!
3. At least he's stopped telling me that he doesn't want to go on an adventure any more.
4. It turns out that Mr and Mrs Farthing live on a farm!

Art Resource 1

[LI: To create a comparative observational painting of leaves using watercolours.](#)

Success Criteria

You will **use pencils to sketch their initial outlines of their chosen leaf shapes.** You will be able to observe their subjects to **create an accurate representation in shape and proportion of the leaves** you have chosen to draw. You will then make use of a limited natural palette of watercolours and fine paintbrushes to add colour to your observational drawings. You will be able to mix colours to show elements of light and shadow in your subjects.



1. Go into the garden to collect 2 leaves (or pick them up on your daily exercise outing) - try to choose leaves which look quite different to each other.

2. Use a pencil to lightly draw the outline of the leaf shapes.

3. Use watercolours to paint the detail into the leaves. You will need very fine paintbrushes to get the detail needed.

4. Mix colours if you need to, to get the correct shades for your leaves.



Here are a couple of video links to help you with the painting.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KlzpDzgQvMI>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CGHb_W6HDxY