

Army was good to us and we had to stay there for six weeks. While we were there two other girls stayed, there names were Pam and Janet, we all got on so well. But at night I used to cry myself to sleep, as I so badly wanted to go home to my Mum, even if it was Mill Street. We had two bedrooms (if you could call them that) they were so small) Mum Dad and Christine in one, Chris slept in a draw. Bert and me in one bed in the other, plus Brian and Arthur in our bedroom in another bed. There wasn't room for any furniture, not that we could have afforded any. There were no blankets, only army coats on our beds, or we would have froze. (Thank God for the army) We had an old fireplace and chimney in our bedroom, we had to block up

BORN 23<sup>rd</sup> DECEMBER 1940  
 I started my life at 19, Mill Street, Dorchester. Mum's name was Holland so we took her name (Thank God) Dad's name was Turner. Most people in those days where we lived didn't have alot, but I would say we were one of the poorest. One of the reasons was Dad's drinking. Although he worked he didn't give Mum much money. I was born with an abscess so poor Mum had to take me to the hospital every day to have it drained of. I couldn't walk until I was two. We were a family of five, two boys, three girls, me being the middle one. Mum had a twin of girls at the age of 42 yrs. One of them died, but thank God Christine lived, but was very tiny. Mum was quite ill at the time so we had to go to Army clerk who looked after children.

go picking wild flowers, bunching them up and selling them for 1p or 2p if we were lucky. My Fankle was great (you never saw a guy like ours) Bert and I used to stand outside the main Post Office in South Street, and people would feel sorry for us, or it could have been the poor old guy, and give us money. We did really well. We had a wonderful step brother called Dick who was in the Navy as a chef. He would bring home food and goodies, oh how we loved him he made Mum and our lives so happy. Mum and him had this special bond, they thought the world of each other, she was a real Mum to him. He would give her money to help out, Dick and Mum would make coffee apples for the whole street, The children would line up to have one.

with Newspaper to keep the wind out. Mum worked so hard at Judge Taffies washing up. She would go to work wearing old pinsoled (that was the right word for them) with cardboard in the bottom to try and keep the rain out. There was a kind lady called Miss Kimber she helped Mum out with different items. One day she gave me a pair of shoes with square toes, how I got my feet into them I will never know. Oh how they hurt my feet, but it was there or nothing, so no way was I going to complain. My toy was taken a cat for a ride in an old pram pretending it was a doll, she loved it. Also picking up empty cigg. packets, cutting them up, and having them for my playing cards. Five Stones and Rapsotched as another game. Bert and I used to.

we had a bath once a week (a tin bath by the fire) Mum had to keep keeping it up with water. I pity the last child as we had to take it in turn. The toilet was down the bottom of the garden, you would have to run if you needed to go quick. Toilet paper was old newspapers cut up into squares, and tied onto some string. Mum had a stone coper for hot washing which she had to light with bits of wood and newspaper. A cooker with the bottom out, and an outside tap which sometimes froze up. Oh we had it all) Mum never ever complained, she just got on with it. We had a neighbour at the back of us, we used to call Fats Charles, dont know why, cant recall him being fat, anyway we would try to clean his house for him. Arthur would

also what ever copers he had he would share with all of us. What a brother, everyone loved him. We had some great neighbours Mrs Poynter being one, she only had one son and a good husband. If she made a meat pie she would give mum half of it, and many other goodies. Mr Symes would let us have a chicken and meat at Christmas. Batt used to fill an old sock, with an orange, apple and a few nuts, and put them at the bottom of our bed, bless her, I cant ever remember having a present (maybe a book). My birthday being two days before Christmas, came and went, without a card, present or cake. I didn't feel sad, as I wouldn't know any different. You would never dream of complaining as it wasn't mums fault, she did her best bless her. We all loved her with all our heart

and shoes from the trolley man. Mum would pay him each week. The boys had something new as well, I dont know why it was only at Easter. One day I didn't feel very well. My brother Dick was home at the time. When Mum came home from work, he said I think we ought to get the Dr. They found out I had T.B. so had to go to the Isolation hospital at Chickwell. I remember I had an old rag doll with me, but sadly her and my clothes had to be burnt. They put me in a room on my own. Mum couldnt come to see me I cried because no one explained why I was there. I thought I had done something wrong. Being so young, I only wanted my Mum and family. There was a blind man next to me as I started singing to him. I can remember the song being my Bonnie lies over the ocean

collect some wood and we would light a fire for him. It would be great to see it around the fire warming ourselves on a cold day. Another time we all would enjoy swimming in the river near Strays Bridge, it didnt matter about the fish or cars being there as well. The fun we had jumping in and out just hoping you didnt land on a rock, ones getting crab apples near by. If you eat to many they would give you tummy ache. Another happy time was Christmas & New Years on a Thursday night, we could have a small sandwich and a drink, plus play a few games. Each Sunday we went to Mill Street Mission, Mrs Clark our teacher was very good to us. One of the highlights was once a year going on a Sunday school outing to Weymouth. The night before I would be sick because I was so excited. Every Easter the girls would have a New dress

Mum had to manage on a very small amount each day. We used to have school dinners, as that would be our main meal during the week. Breakfast was bread and warm milk with a little sugar.

Tea was bread and jam, and a slice of cake. For supper half an ox with bread. If mum had any money left she would buy a few sweets. Betty's job was to count them out, we had about five each.

Very often I used to save mine.

But Chris's wife was five years younger, and always end up having one or two of them. We loved her so much, being so

young. She was very special, our precious little sister. When

Bett was busy on a Saturday cleaning, and cooking our dinner sausages, pots and beans. My job would be to take Chris out

I was in the hospital for quite a long time. When I came home I wanted my hair cut, so Dick's wife was home on leave, said he would cut it for me. He had a few drinks before Mum said are you sure our Carol I so badly wanted it cut I said yes. He cut it that short. I cried and had to wear a hat to school.

My brother Arthur's wife was just 15 months younger than me, went to catch some fish. On his way home by Gray's Bridge he got knocked down by a car. He was taken to hospital, when the nurse went to take off his shirt, she screamed as a fish fell out.

They wrote about it in the paper, as it was such a good story. My brother saved all the fees and presents while in hospital (wrote wouldn't coming from Mill Street)

I can never recall having a conversation with Dad in my life. He ruled Mum and all of us. Having his own chair by the fire, being waited on as soon as he came home from work, a proper meal for him. Then each night up the path, buying drinks for everyone, they all thought he was great. Then he would come home and start arguing with poor Mum, for no reason. Sometimes hitting her. We could hear her crying, we would be so scared. His temper ruled us all. Mum could never say anything she was so timid, she tried so hard to keep the peace for all of our sakes. Bless her she truly was a wonderful Mum. No one could have done anymore, or went without like she did. You truly were Mum one in a million.

in her pram, pretending she was my doll. I can always remember Mum singing to us she had a great voice. Also she used to tell us about her childhood. I loved to listen to her. My aunts and Uncles used to come and see us. We had some good times with all of them. We also had some good people who lived around us. They were the ones who didn't judge us for being poor. But for the grace of God it could have been anyone. The only thing I can say is I look back over my life I wouldn't have changed who I was. Mum and my brothers and sisters made it all worth the while, good times and bad. I could never forget who I was and where I came from.

So always gave her extra. Then  
 Batt would have to go to Boarns  
 stores on her way home, and ask a  
 kind man there if he had a ham  
 bone, with some ham left on it.  
 He always felt sorry for her and  
 gave her one. I remember Batt was  
 very good at mending all our clothes  
 and darning our socks. I think there  
 was more darns than socks.

Sometimes Batt was aloud to go to  
 the cinema on a Saturday evening.

One night she was late going so  
 had to run up the river way.

Her hand hit a railing and her  
 money fell out into the river. She  
 had to go home as there was no more  
 money. Her only pleasure gone.

If ever I was sad Batt would  
 always comfort me and make me  
 feel secure. Truly like our Mum  
 who gave so much love, Batt  
 also was one in a million.

I couldn't write this story without  
 a special mention of what my sister  
 Batt had to do. She truly was my  
 rock, being two years older than me,  
 it all fell on her shoulders. She  
 never had a childhood. While Mum  
 was at work on a Saturday, Batt  
 would clean the house. Do the cooking  
 and all the shopping. She was only a  
 child herself, but had to grow up  
 fast at 8 yrs old. On a Saturday after-  
 noon Mum would give her a list of  
 what we needed. Poterkin biscuits at  
 Woolworths, she would ask the lady  
 if she had any chocolate ones. Pack  
 fruit and veg from the stalls. Then go  
 up to the Miracles Hotel and wait  
 for a girl she knew, and ask for any  
 stale cakes. They were never stale,  
 we all enjoyed them so much. Then  
 go to the fish shop next door  
 and ask for some scatchings and  
 a few chips. My Auntie worked there

One Christmas Batts friend from Mill St. Flats had a kind uncle, who gave us a pair of gloves and a pkt of sweets, little things like that made our lives so much better. I owe so much to my sister Batts she all did. I will always remember how good she was, and how she helped Mum in every way. We had many a laugh and made up for how poor we were. Thankyou Batts with all my heart for being there and seeing to all of us. What would we have done without you, and our dear mum

The best was when Mum used to send Batts to a Tumble Sale. She would give her a list as long as your arm. You would think Batts was going shopping for the day. Shirts trousers vest socks a pants for the boys, Dresses vest knickers, jumpers and shoes if you were lucky for the girls. Then to top it all, wait and see if they had any old rags, so we could take them to the rag and bone man, to get a few coppers. Olive Arthur and myself would go to Saturday morning cinema if we made enough money, Not very often. Batts would also take us to a cafe, where you could get a bowl of soup and a tall cheap, we loved those times. Like Mum she never ever complained, she was truly our Angel, and made our lives so much better, we all loved her for all her hard work. God Bless You Batts.