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Opening extract from **Taff in the WAAF**

Written by
**Mick Manning and Brita
Granstrom**

Published by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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Text and illustrations © Mick Manning and Brita Granström 2010

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Set in Trixie

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



This book is for Taff and her mates:
Beryl, Nan and Kath of the WAAF;
Betty in the WRNS and Doreen of the AFS.

Thanks to:
Bletchley Park Museum's Victoria Worpole,
Director of Education, and Stephen Ovens,
Archivist. Also Wendy Weddell, who kindly
allowed us access to the memorabilia of her
mum, WAAF Section Officer Paddy Fraser.

R.A.F. STATION,
WILMSLOW.

28th JUNE,
1944.

W. A. A. F.
BIRTHDAY TEA.

COLD TONGUE.
SALAD.
ROLLS AND BUTTER.

FRUIT SALAD.

CREAM.

TRIFLE.



Taff in the WAAF

MICK MANNING & BRITA GRANSTRÖM

*During World War Two my mum was a wireless
operator in the top secret 'Y' service. Here's
her story - a
story she kept
quiet for years.*



MICK

F
FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOW ...
THIS COUNTRY IS AT WAR
WITH GERMANY.

WHO IS HITLER?

IS HITLER A
BAD MAN?

EEEEGH JACK!
WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN TO US?

MY SISTERS AND I COULDN'T SWIM,
BUT WE'D PRETEND BY HOPPING ON ONE LEG!
WHAT A LAUGH!



MUM'S RABBIT PIE WAS SO TASTY I FORGOT
TO FEEL SORRY FOR THE BUNNY - BUT I
STILL REMEMBER THE SONG:

RUN RABBIT - RUN RABBIT! RUN! RUN! RUN!



COLWYN BAY

POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR COMMUNICATION

PC

2.30 ADME

COLWYN BAY

I grew up in a seaside town in Wales
where every day felt like a holiday.
But my world changed for ever when
Adolf Hitler invaded Poland in 1939.
There was no TV back then and by 1940
the radio had become our window on to
a world at war. We listened in horror
as Europe fell to the German army,
and worried Britain would be next.

WAR SAVINGS are War Weapons

WAR

Young men were called up to fight - they had no choice. Lorries full of new recruits sped through our town. At night our dog barked at trains thundering past our house. Loaded with war supplies, they fumed smoke and sparks like angry Welsh dragons!



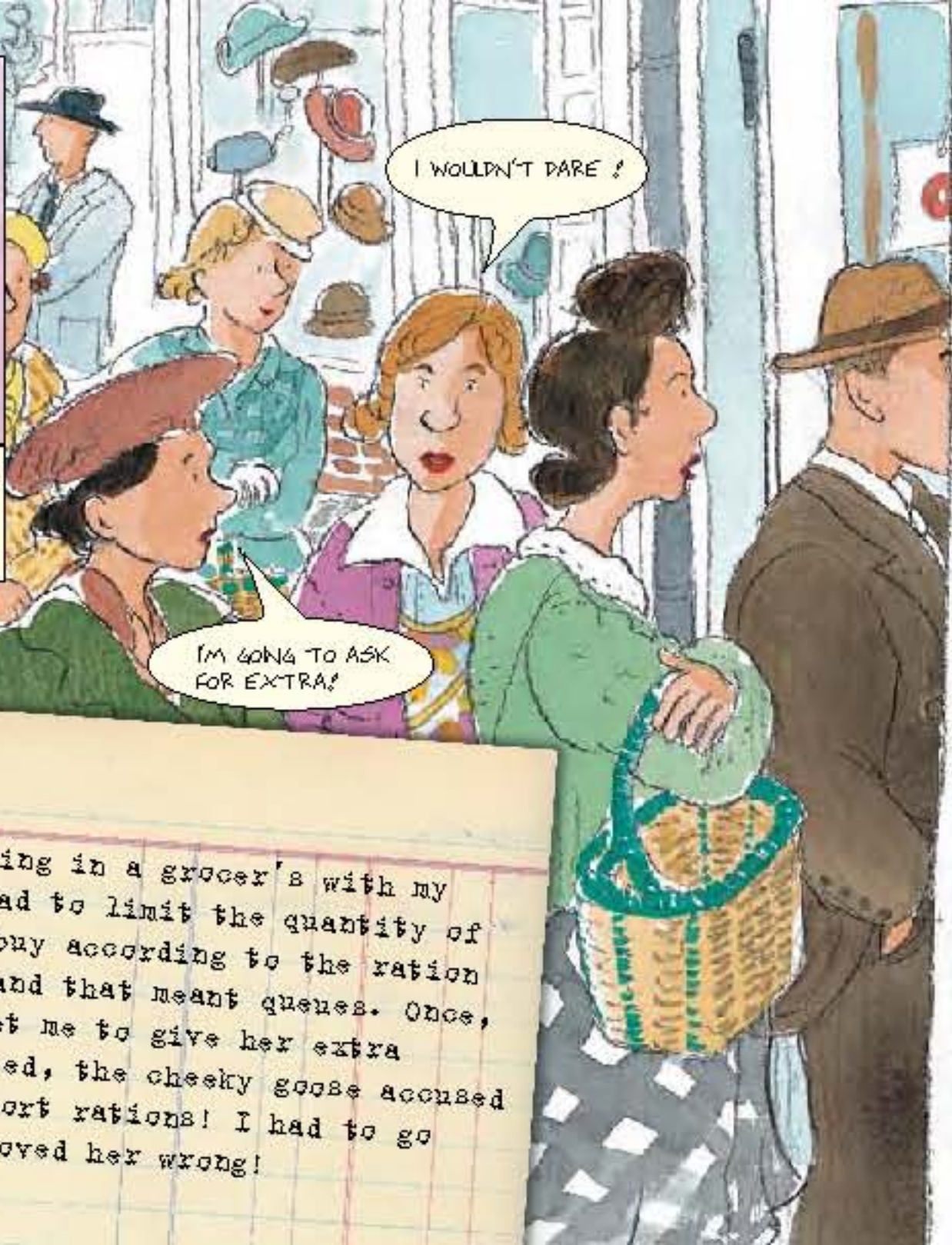
MANY CONVOY SHIPS CARRYING FOOD SUPPLIES FROM THE USA WERE TORPEDOED AND SUNK BY THE NAZI U-BOATS.



RUMOURS WENT ROUND. ONE NIGHT I SAW A MAN LURKING IN THE SHADOWS... MUM RAN OUT WITH A POKER BUT HE WAS JUST A LODGER STAYING NEXT DOOR!



EARLY IN THE WAR, BECAUSE OF THE FEAR OF POISON GAS, EVERYONE CARRIED A GAS MASK - JUST IN CASE.



I WOULDN'T DARE!

I'M GOING TO ASK FOR EXTRA!

71

RATIONING

By 1940 I was working in a grocer's with my friend Beryl. We had to limit the quantity of food people could buy according to the ration coupons they had, and that meant queues. Once, a woman tried to get me to give her extra bacon. When I refused, the cheeky goose accused me of giving her short rations! I had to go to court - but I proved her wrong!



I HOPE THERE'S SOME BUTTER LEFT!

THE TINNED MILK'S FROM THE USA.

I HATE TINNED MILK!



OUR HOUSE GOT BOMBED OUT.

LIVERPOOL GOT HEAVILY BOMBED AND MANY EVACUEES WERE SENT TO OUR TOWN.



BRITISH CITIES, SHIPYARDS AND FACTORIES WERE HEAVILY BOMBED BY THE LUFTWAFFE IN 1940 - IT BECAME KNOWN AS 'THE BLITZ'.



DORÉEN, ONE OF MY FRIENDS, WAS A VOLUNTEER IN THE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE - A VERY DANGEROUS JOB.



BLOOMIN' LUFTWAFFE!

THE SHIPYARD'S GETTING A PASTING...



AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

THE BLITZ

HANDBOOK No. 2
Amended Reprint
June, 1940

One weekend, visiting my cousins in Tyneside, I heard an eerie wailing noise. Air raid sirens! Searchlights lit up the sky. Enemy bombers droned overhead! We ran to the Anderson shelter in the garden. It smelled of tomcats; but as the bombs began exploding across the shipyards and the earth shook with every blast, it felt like the safest place in the world.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS SOMETIMES OPERATED ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ...





THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE WAS THE WOMEN'S BRANCH OF THE RAF.



THE RAF ARE WINNING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN...



MINISTRY OF FOOD

I arrived home in Wales to find Beryl had joined the WAAF! It didn't feel the same in the shop without her, so when the Ministry of Food was evacuated to our little town I got a job there. Writing down the amounts of powdered milk delivered by the Atlantic convoys was pretty boring. I was helping the war effort, but somehow I felt I should do more.



MINISTRY OF FOOD

WAR COOKERY LEAFLET 11

Number



BERYL TOLD ME SHE WAS AN ARMOURER, LOADING BOMBS ON AN RAF AIRFIELD.