

Bournemouth, Summer 1956

My dear Sally,

Thanks for your post card, and I'm glad you had such a lovely time on your holiday. I am working myself absolutely to the bone. It really is dreadful during the peak of the season. We only get one day off a fortnight, two afternoon teas and one late night per week. I honestly can't remember whether I last wrote to you before or after I got my job at the Hawthornes - I feel it was after. However, I am still there, with a huge station of my own now, and apart from the ghastly rush of some meals - more especially lunch when we are all up the wall - it is quite entertaining?

Lots of love to you and all your family.

Jane, age 22