



LEST WE FORGET

HOW DOES WAR CHANGE LIVES?

A collection of World War II memoirs, poetry
and artwork by the children of Plover School

XP0037

FOREWORD

In September 2022, Year 3 and Year 4 began their Learning Expedition focusing on World War II. The guiding question was: **‘Lest we forget: How does war change lives?’**

Learning targets

History

I can describe different accounts of a historical event.

I can suggest causes and consequences of some of the main events in history.

I can use dates and terms to describe events.

English

I can describe the characteristic features of the past, including ideas, beliefs, attitudes and experiences of women and children.

Art

I can create a sketch book to record my observations and use them to review and revisit ideas.

I can demonstrate a mastery understanding of art and design techniques, including drawing, painting and sculpture with a range of materials (for example, pencil, charcoal, paint, clay).

I can discuss and compare the work of great artists, architects and designers in history.

Our learning

We looked at history in depth to enable us to build a strong knowledge of WW2. We focussed our study on the impact of war on the homefront, particularly evacuation, rationing, The Blitz, and the changing roles of men, women and children.

To drive our English in Case Study 1, we used the text ‘The Lion and the Unicorn’ by Shirley Hughes which linked closely to our learning on evacuees. We focused on letter writing in English which was heavily driven by our learning within the expedition. Other supporting texts included ‘Bombs and Blackberries’, ‘Please Write Soon’ and ‘My Secret War Diary.’

For Case Study 2 we used a range of non-fiction texts to support our biography writing. We looked at the biographies of WW2 heroes, especially those covering the roles of women. We then used our learning to write biographies about our visitors and experts too, which made up part of our final product.

Model texts were supplemented with the book ‘Heroes of World War 2’ and ‘Skyward: The Story of Female Pilots in WWII’.

For our final Case Study 3, art was the driving subject. We investigated the life of Henry Moore, a Yorkshire artist who was commissioned to capture the scenes of ordinary people during the second world war. He created powerful images of men, women and children sheltering in the underground stations during the Blitz, showing a striking use of light and dark and perspective. Using his works as inspiration, we used charcoal and chalks on black paper to recreate images of our biographical subjects. Alongside this, we focused on poetry to summarise our whole learning throughout the expedition. Again, this work made up part of our final product.

Hooks, learning visits and environments

The children were hooked into their learning through building background knowledge, immersion days and experience days. The building of background knowledge ensured equity for all at the start of the expedition.

The week began with an 'escape room' style day, where the children had to solve a variety of puzzles. They were also hooked into the learning with the use of the playscript 'Bombs and Blackberries'. Immersive activities included creating spitfire planes, making evacuee memorabilia and Blitz artwork.

Family Learning also took place during Hook Week which focused on immersing the classroom environment through creating war medals and lollystick planes. Experience days included ration measuring and tasting and a visit to Wilderspin National School, for evacuation experiences and homefront workshops. War radio clips and air raid sirens were also played at various points throughout the week.

Assessment

Our significant assessment pieces for this expedition were letter writing, biography writing and poetry. We produced multiple drafts which were edited and improved throughout the cycle. We also produced artwork in the style of the significant artist, Henry Moore, to showcase our sketching skills which have been built up during the case study. Again, these were drafted and critiqued multiple times before producing the final outcome.

Final product

The expedition culminated when we created this book to celebrate the stories of local community members who lived during World War II. The book was made up of biographies, poems and artwork. We launched the book with a VE day type celebration inviting parents, members of the local community and associates of XP Trust.



Scan this QR code to visit our expedition website and view all our learning.

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JOHN HARPER VC



Before the war

John had a nice, happy life before the war. He was born in Doncaster on the 6th August 1916. He grew up with his brothers Stanley and Peter and he had one really kind sister called Joan. Soon he married a local girl called Lilly and worked on the cold, wet, peat moors with his brothers.

During the war

During the war, life changed for many people but John Harper's changed dramatically. In the war, John and his brother joined the British Army and served in the infantry in the York and Lancaster Regiment. He was sent to France and had to fight against the strong, well-equipped Germans. After a while, he was promoted to the role of Corporal because of his bravery and leadership. John Harper's brother was unfortunately sent home to work on the cold, wet, peat moors as he was needed there.

On 29th September 1944, John bravely led his section into Merksplas in Belgium as the Germans shot explosives and bullets at them. Merksplas was a small town that had been captured by the Germans many years before.

John and his section entered the town under heavy gunfire. They had to cross a dyke, and without fear, John ensured that all of his section made it safely across and were successful in freeing the town. John stayed back and sadly, he was killed, sacrificing his life for the town and his section.

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After the war

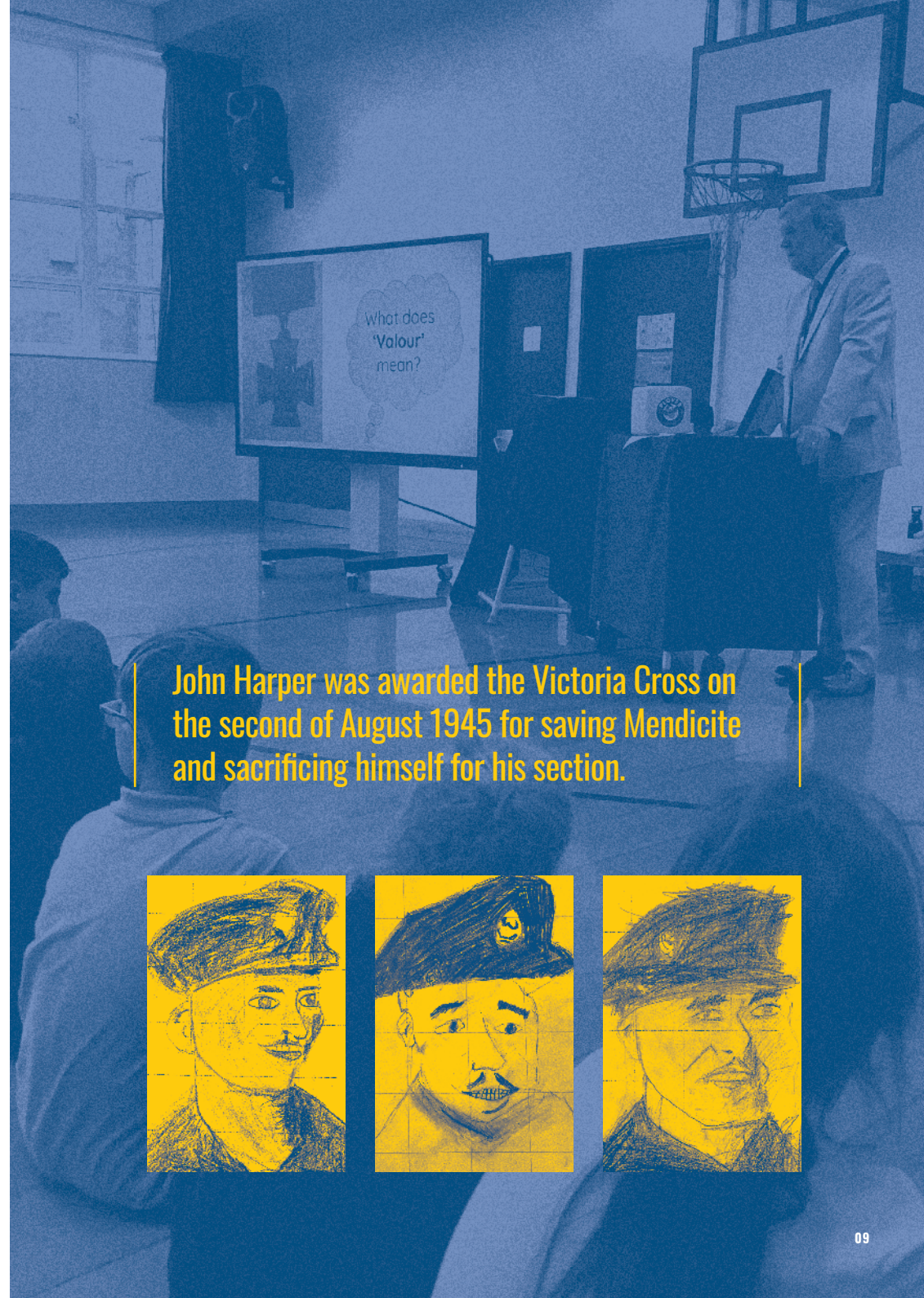
Sadly, John wasn't alive after the war, however, a beautiful white, stone memorial was made for him in the town of Merksplas. Every year, the villagers place flowers on the memorial to remember him and the sacrifice he made.

Many years later, a popular comic was written about him saving the town and sacrificing himself. They nicknamed him the 'Stubborn Tyke' and it retold the story of his bravery.

Special achievements

John Harper was awarded the Victoria Cross on the second of August 1945 for saving Mendicite and sacrificing himself for his section. This was a great honour, as so few Victoria Crosses are awarded. His Victoria Cross is now in The York & Lancaster Regiment Museum in Rotherham, South Yorkshire, England.

Authors: Shayan, Lola and Yad



John Harper was awarded the Victoria Cross on the second of August 1945 for saving Mendicite and sacrificing himself for his section.



RAYMOND CLARKE



Raymond Clarke was a young boy during the war living in Epsom in the South of England. His dad was in the army. He now lives in Doncaster with his family.

Soon he married a local girl called Lilly and worked on the cold, wet peat moors with his brothers.

Raymond was born on the 9th December 1937. He lived in Epsom with his mother, father and little brother, Peter. His brother was three years younger than him and was born during World War 2.

During the day, Raymond's dad worked as a builder and at night he had different jobs because they needed to earn more money. This meant that he didn't get to see much of his dad when he was young. His mum stayed home and looked after the house and family. The family was really close and Raymond lived only a few doors down from his Grandma on the same street.

When war broke out in 1939, Raymond's life changed completely. Raymond's dad joined the army and was sent to Dover. His job was to carry the bullets to the giant guns, that were on the cliffs, to stop the enemy boats and aircraft coming across from the English Channel and entering Britain. One day, he was running so fast, up and down, that he tripped up and cracked his head open on a rock!

For young Raymond, wartime was hard because food was rationed so he didn't get to eat nice food like sweets, ice-cream and chocolate. He could only eat the vegetables that they grew at home and there wasn't very much meat.

Raymond's life changed dramatically in 1943 or 1944 (he can't quite remember the date, as he was only young) because he was evacuated with his brother and lots of other children from Epsom Station to Devon or Cornwall. He had to go to Epsom Station with his gas mask, a small suitcase and a few bits and pieces. His mum took him to the train station and he had to wear a cardboard label, tied around his neck with his name on, in case he got lost. He remembers crying at the station because he didn't understand why he was leaving and he had to take responsibility for his little brother, but he did have jam sandwiches to eat, so it wasn't all bad.

When he arrived at his new town, he had to wait until he was chosen by a family to go and stay with them.

Raymond's life changed dramatically in 1943 or 1944 (he can't quite remember the date, as he was only young) because he was evacuated with his brother and lots of other children from Epsom station to Devon or Cornwall.

The family were really kind and lovely and the food was much better than what he had to eat at home. Because they were living in the countryside, they were able to catch rabbits and collect mushrooms for tea.

At his new school, he was only allowed to stay for half a day because the school classroom had to be shared with the village children, and there wasn't enough space for all of the children at the same time.

Whilst Raymond was living in the countryside, his mum became so worried and she missed her children so much, that they returned back home - so they didn't stay for long as evacuees.

When he got home, Raymond remembers the air raid siren going off and having to rush to safety in their underground Anderson shelter in their back garden. He particularly remembers the Doodlebug flying bombs because they would make a loud noise and then go silent. That meant that bomb was ready to explode - so he would run as fast as he could for cover. Often, the RAF would blow up the Doodlebugs in the air and their remains would land on the Epsom Downs. Raymond and his friends enjoyed collecting souvenirs from the exploded Doodlebugs.

When the war ended, Raymond's life changed again. He remembers the street party that was held for all the children. The grown ups pulled out tables and benches into the road and they filled them with delicious food - he had no idea where they got all the tasty food from, but it was amazing. The grown-ups organised games and races for the children and they had great fun.

Authors: Paul, Ryley, Eden, Brooke, Elijah, Poppy

Evacuees from Epsom & Ewell being escorted by Inspector JH Tucker from Wadebridge station, Cornwall, June 1944.

PAT GRAINGER



Before the war

Before the war, Pat lived in the centre of Doncaster in a small terraced house with her four brothers and her mum and dad.

Sadly, one of her younger brothers, John, died when he was three years old. Being the oldest meant that Pat had to do cleaning and looking after her younger siblings.

Pat's dad worked as a lorry driver and her mum was a housewife.

During the war

During the war, Pat's life changed dramatically because rationing was introduced. As a result of this, she had to use a ration book of coupons to buy all her food and clothes. This meant that she couldn't have lots of new, fancy clothes and it also meant that she couldn't have her favourite food of cooked ham very often because they didn't have enough coupons.

School changed for Pat too because the children had to practise what to do if there was an air raid. They had to practise putting on their gas masks and walk sensibly and silently to the school air raid shelter. The children would also have a little nap in the afternoon because they were often very tired.

When the air raid siren went off at night, Pat and her family had to go to the air raid shelter which was in the cellars of the Corn Exchange in the Doncaster market. They were given a bucket to use if they needed the toilet. Before the war, the Corn Exchange used to have music concerts, and Pat loved looking at the grand piano and dreaming of the beautiful music as she walked down into the cold, damp cellar.

If there was an air raid in Doncaster during the night, Pat was happy because school would be closed in the morning.

One of Pat's friends was evacuated to Australia during the war and Pat was very jealous because she really wanted to go. Instead, she had to stay at home and look after her brothers.

After the war

Eventually, the war ended and things got better for Pat. Rationing still happened until 1954 so it was a long time until Pat could eat her favourite food of cooked ham, sweets and ice-cream.

Pat had many jobs during her life, she was very happily married and had two children.

Pat's love of gardening started when she was little and she still loves it now. She likes nothing more than pottering in her garden.

When she became an adult, she achieved her dream of visiting Australia and actually visited several times.

Authors: Scarlett, Eifa and Lexi

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HARRY HOLGATE



In 1933, Harry Holgate returned to England after six years in India. He had been with the Hussars in the Khyber Pass. He returned to Hunslet, near Leeds. Then he realised he would be able to get a job more easily in Doncaster. There were lots of mines there so he moved to Intake on the outskirts of the town.

Harry met a lady called Mary at the Lonsdale Hotel dance. He didn't know it but she would change his life. They got married on Christmas day, 1935.

Harry and Mary's first daughter, Carroll, was born in December 1936 and then in May 1938, a second daughter, Pat, was born. Life was good for the Holgate family.

Soon, Harry joined the Territorials at Danum Road Barracks. He was a musketry instructor and really enjoyed it. Then war broke out in 1939. Harry was made lance sergeant in the Queen's own Yorkshire Dragoons. Everyone was from Doncaster but not many knew about horses. Lots of training was needed.

Harry and the Queen's own Yorkshire Dragoons left Doncaster train station on 1st January, 1940. They were going to Dieppe and then Marseilles. Then they got on a ship which took them to Haifa in Israel. The journey was really bad. So bad that lots of horses died of seasickness.

It took the horses that survived a while to recover from the horrible journey. Eventually, they had to travel to Syria. In July, his battalion defeated some of the Vichy-French Druze cavalry. They were just about to make their next attack when the enemy surrendered.

When they returned to Palestine, Harry's regiment were told they wouldn't be working with their horses any more and they were taken away. Losing his horse, Flash, tore Harry's heart out. Harry's team were going to become part of the top secret 'A-Force' now.

Next, Harry became part of Delta Force - the last line of defence in Egypt. They were given lorries, gun carriers and six pounder guns to learn how to use. They only had seven weeks to train before they were sent into battle.

On October 23, 1942, Delta Force were driving through the desert when a bright explosion lit up the sky. Harry was deafened by the sound of the guns all around him.

Harry's new job meant he had to build wooden tanks and trains. He also had to camouflage the real military vehicles. They were trying to disguise where their attacks were coming from and make sure the enemy didn't know how weak the English army really was.



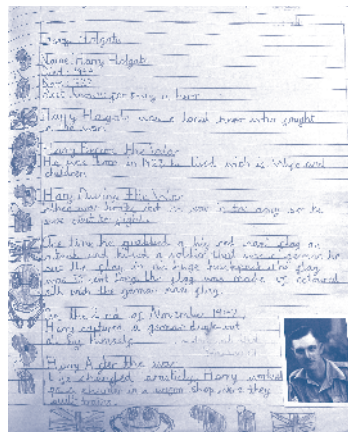
There were thousands of guns firing but all Delta Force' could do was keep going. Keep fighting. They headed in the direction they thought the enemy was in. This carried on for days as Harry helped in the battle of Alamein.

The 2nd November was a big day for Harry. Amazingly, he captured a German dug-out alone.

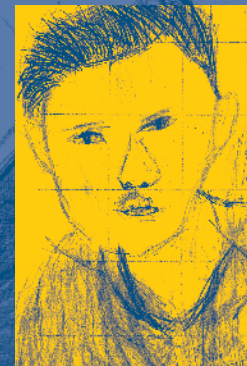
He was very lucky though because the enemy had just run out of ammunition! He took their Swastika flag to remember the moment. His family still have it to this day.

Harry moved back to Doncaster when he came out of the army. This time he took his family to live in Hyde Park. He went back to the coal plant and worked there for the next 27 years.

Sadly, he died on December 18th, 1994 at Tickhill Road Hospital. His funeral service was packed. Just as he deserved.



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Authors: All the pupils of Class 3H

CARROLL HOLGATE



Many children's lives were impacted during World War Two, including Carroll Holgate's. This is a biography about her interesting life and her first hand experience of the war as a young child.

Before the war

Carroll was born in 1936 in Intake, Doncaster. She had a two younger siblings, a sister called Pat and a brother called Roger.

Before the horrible war began, she had a happy childhood and enjoyed playing with her cute, little dolls with her younger sister. All three children went to their local primary school called 'Sidney Road' school - now known as Intake Primary school.

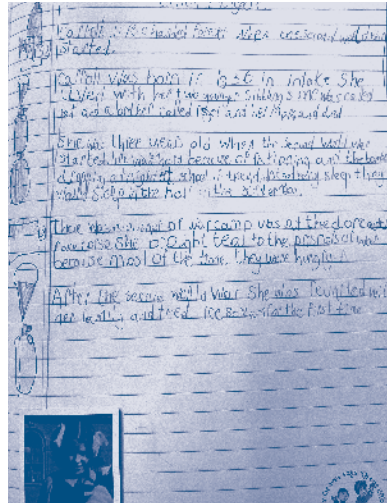
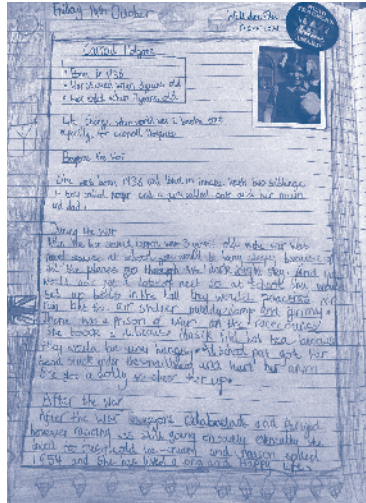
During the war

When the Second World War began, Carroll was only three years old. Because she was so young, it was hard for her to understand what was happening. Her dad, Harry, enlisted in Queen's own Yorkshire Dragoons when the war started. During the war, he went to Syria as a horse soldier which later evolved into the role of a tank driver.

Sadly, Carroll didn't see her dad for nearly four years because he went to fight the nasty Nazis. Carroll missed her dad terribly and was scared that he would be injured or die.



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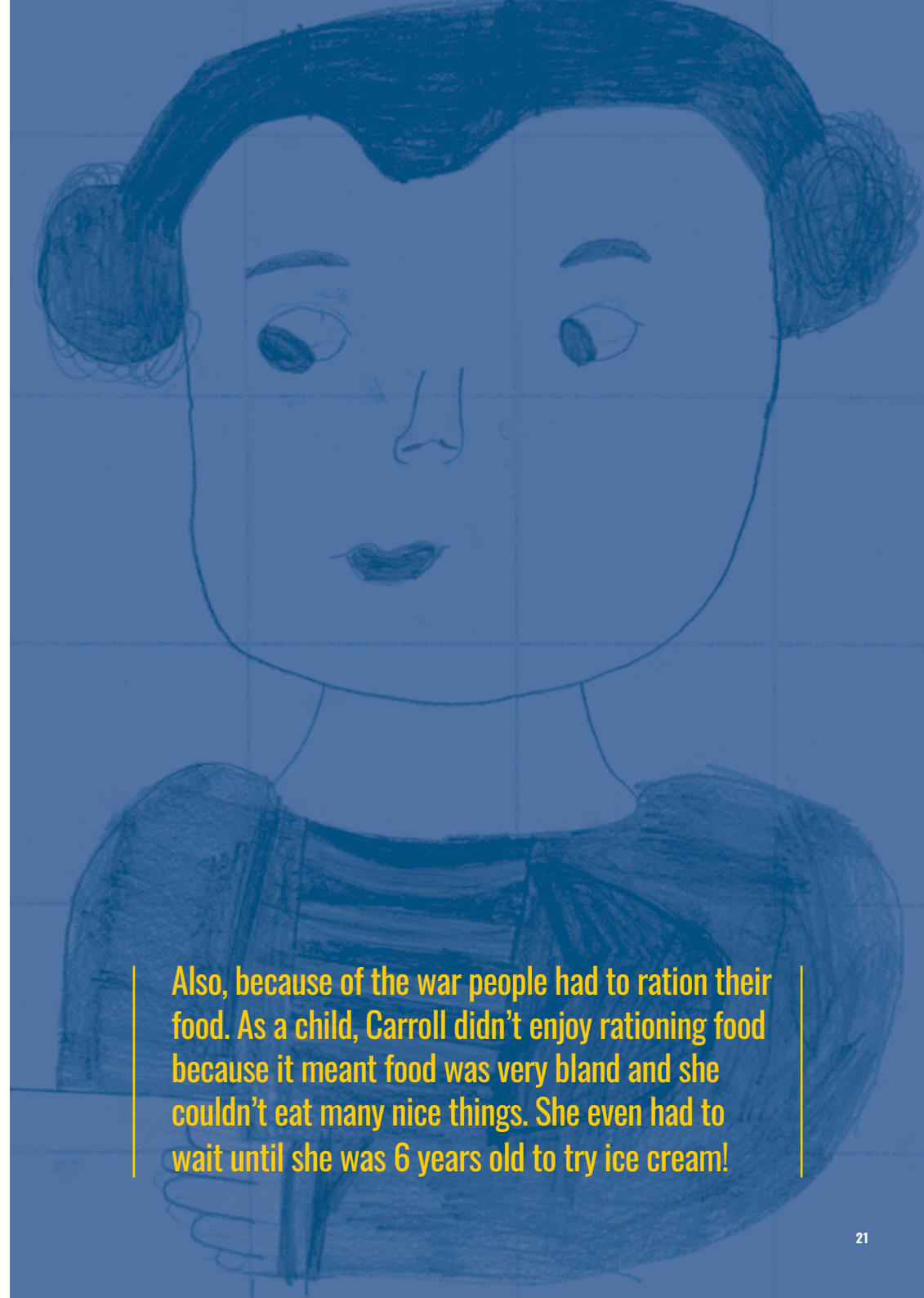
Due to the war, school life also changed significantly. Carroll remembers the air raid shelters at her school and having to practice safely going into them in preparation for an air raid attack. To keep themselves entertained, they would often sing songs while waiting for it to end and return to class. Luckily, Carroll's school and house were never bombed by the Nazis, however, she would often hear the noisy Luftwaffe planes overhead during the night. At school, they would set up a camp bed in an afternoon so that everyone could have a sleep because they were so tired from the night before.

Also, because of the war people had to ration their food. As a child, Carroll didn't enjoy rationing food because it meant food was very bland and she couldn't eat many nice things. She even had to wait until she was 6 years old to try ice cream! Throughout the war, Carroll also recalls how she would take flasks of hot tea to the Italian Prisoners of War that were being held on the Doncaster Racecourse.

Life after the war

When the war finally ended, Carroll was 9 years old and she could finally be reunited to her father. She was very happy to see him again and to make up for lost time when her brave father was away.

Authors: Conor, Lena, Benita, Taylor, Aseel, Bobby



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FRED ADAMSON



Before the war

Fred Adamson was born in 1919 in Kimberworth, Rotherham.

His family moved to Conisbrough, Doncaster, in 1926 because his father had got a job at a local coal mine. Sadly, he died in 1931 in an accident at Cadeby Colliery.

As a child, Fred wanted to work down the mines - just like his father and brothers. He did well in this job and eventually, he worked for British Coal for over 46 years! He has always been good at Maths and English and this helped him when he worked in wages for British Coal.

Fred's mining work had to stop suddenly because of the outbreak of war. He has often said, "Never in my wildest dreams did I expect to be in the army, no more than the girl guides!"

During the war

When he was 20, he signed up to the army and was posted to 1/4th Battalion, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. After his training in York, Fred was quickly promoted in rank.

From 1940 - 1942, Fred was sent to Iceland. He had to help make sure the Germans did not take over the Arctic Ocean or stop the shipping of supplies in this area. He had to learn new skills, like skiing and how to survive the cold weather, as well as how to survive the war.

Later in the war, Fred fought in Normandy, helping to defeat the Germans. He was involved in the battles at Caen, at the Seine crossing, at the capture of Le Havre, in Arnhem and Utrecht.



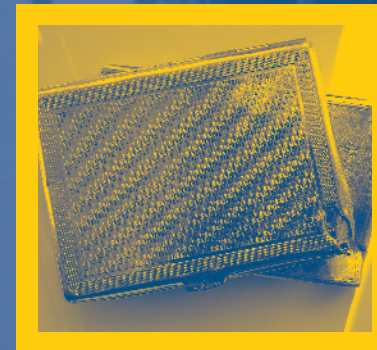
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FRED ADAMSON

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During the war, Fred faced death several times. The scariest near miss he had was when he was wounded at Poppel. He had a metal cigarette case in his top pocket. It saved his life without him even knowing! When he took the case out of his pocket, he noticed the damage and realised that he'd taken a hit to the chest, right on the edge of the case. How scary!

Authors: All the pupils of Class 3H



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QUEEN ELIZABETH II



Queen Elizabeth was most famous for being the longest reigning monarch in English history. Did you know, she was a child living through World War Two?

Before the war

Elizabeth was born in 1926, in London. She lived with her sister (Margaret), mother (Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon) and father (George VI). Fortunately, she lived a very privileged, pampered lifestyle as she was born into royalty. The queen loved taking horse riding lessons in her country home in Windsor because she had a love for animals.

During the war

During the war, she was a helpful, young mechanic who did not mind getting her hands dirty. She also had speeches to deliver to the country on the BBC as she wanted to uplift her people. Sadly, she had to suddenly evacuate with her sister to Windsor Castle (30 miles away from home) because of the dangerous and deadly mass bombings in London city.

After the war

On May 18th 1945, the war ended in England. In London, thousands of people celebrated when Queen Elizabeth married Prince Philip two years later in 1947. They remained happily married until his peaceful but upsetting death. Unfortunately, the Queen died on 8th September 2022 at Balmoral Castle in Scotland. Her legacy will live on for generations to come.

Authors: All the pupils of Class 4F



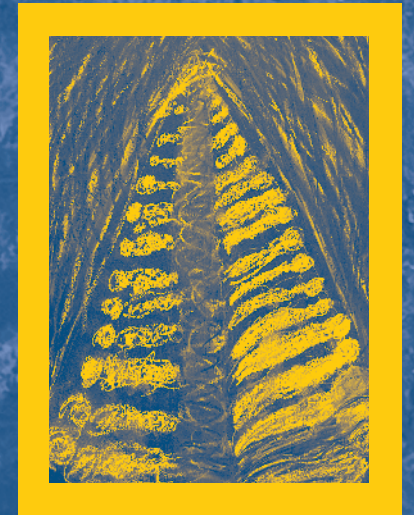
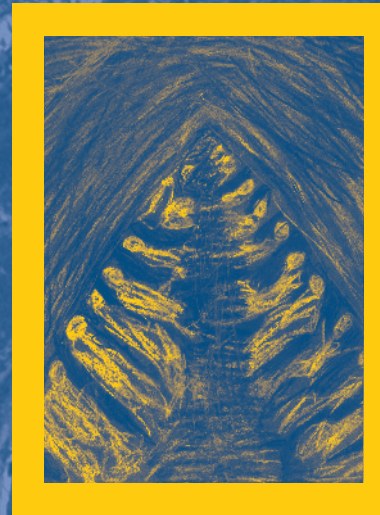
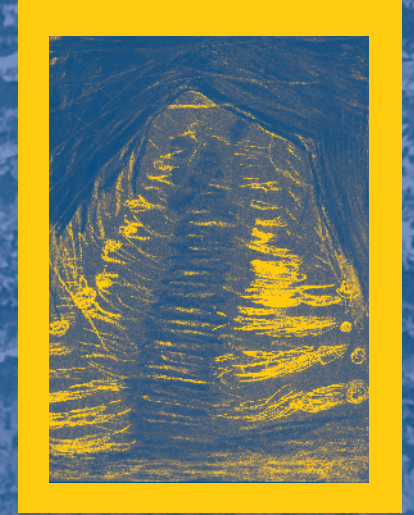
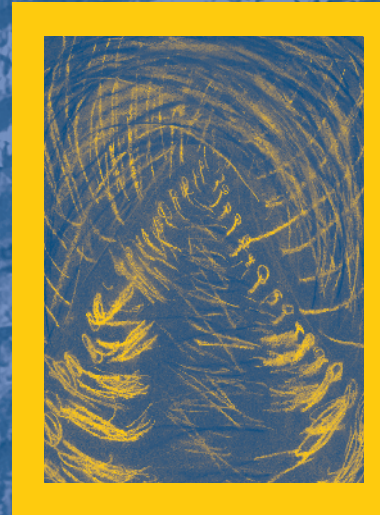
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WILDERSPIN NATIONAL SCHOOL



HENRY MOORE ART STUDIES



POETRY

THE BLITZ

“Run!” shouted the scared people,
I stumbled onto my feet.
And ran as fast as a cheetah - straight
to the shelter,
I gazed into the killing machine that
was war.
I saw bombs dropping like cats and dogs.

I crouched under my bed praying a
bomb wouldn't drop on me,
I put my glasses on and then I saw
something.
It was my mother!
She ran up to me and yelled,
“We need to take you to the
evacuation centre.”

I was shocked, I didn't want to go.
Even though there were enormous
explosions going off,
I still didn't want to leave my mum.
My heart was beating out of my chest.

But then I noticed 1,000's of children
getting on the train,
And I was one of them.
My mum was a gem to me, but I had
no choice.

I slowly walked on the train; flooded in my
own tears,
So I said my final goodbyes and then the
train departed.

Poet: Barrington 4F

Brutal, bombs fill the air with shock,
Scared, damaged Liverpool, all the way from
the dock.
“Lights off!” Shouted the cruel, warden from
far away,
As the British Army hunted for their prey.
The petrified people hide in their shelters
unharméd,
But all the people have sweaty palms.
Flames from fire make us cry,
When you get burnt you have to
say goodbye.
Petrifying planes like a roller coaster all
over the sky,
All the soldiers save us but they do die.
The screechy, loud sirens everyone can hear,
Your children go away and your peers.

Poet: Johnny 4F

One day, in London, when I was settling
into bed,
There were loud, unavoidable bombs
that I couldn't get out of my head.

That night, mum told me I would have
to go,
Where and how long for, I did not know.

The next morning, I stood with my
suitcase in hand,
To travel to the safe, calm countryside
that was planned.

With me, I had a name tag to tell me
my name,
And some conkers and string in case
of a game.

Sadly, mum put me onto the long,
crowded train and waved goodbye,
Tears started flowing like a river as
I started to cry.

Poet: Isla 3B

In 1939, at night bombs were striking
into the city,
Big buildings getting destroyed, it
wasn't pretty,

Powerful planes flying high in the sky,
Houses collapsing, blazing fires spread
and I cried,

Sirens wailing like a baby and hurting
people's ears,
I was terrified - bombs could hit my house
any second being here.

We arrived at the massive train station
as it was a must,
My mum said, “Goodbye” and my
happiness blew away like dust.

Poet: Miksang 3B

POETRY

THE BLITZ

In 1939, I heard massive explosions
in the night,
The air wardens said, "Turn off the light!"
The buzzy planes were dropping big bombs
from the sky,
It could hit my house in any second,
I was petrified.
Lots of big houses collapsing to the ground,
It was making an awful sound.
The next morning, I was trying to hold
in my tears,
I was at the big, massive train station
hiding my fears.

Poet: Matijas 3B

The bombs were exploding,
My eyes and ears were hurting,
Because of the sirens,
And the lights exploding.
The children were screaming,
And the children were crying.
All around, people were dying.

Poet: Lyra 3H

I watch at night,
Without any light.
I watch the fighting,
Which is as quick as lightning.

I watch the bullets flying in the cold,
dark air,
But I am not scared, so I don't really care.
I say to my teddy, "I smell smoke!"
As even more of the buildings broke.

I watched the furious destruction destroy
the city,
Wow that was big - it was a pity!
Suddenly, a huge explosion happened
in front of my eyes,
Soon, a lot of people said their goodbyes.

I watched at the window, all of the fight,
I saw everything - all in my sight.
I saw everything on that horrible night,
I sat down, sad as I turned on my light.

Poet: Shayen 4G

Going into the air raid shelter feeling such
a fright,
Our heads held up high as a giraffe's with
all of our might.
Not seeing anything in the dark, damp night,
Will we ever see the light?

Finally, we were safe,
But in a really dark, damp place.
In the shelter, we were packed,
It felt just like we were trapped.

The dark eventually turned to light,
The pilots had fought with all their might.
Then we saw the horrible rubble,
It was just the start of all our troubles.

Poet: Eden 4G

In 1939, I heard massive explosions
in the night,
The air wardens said, "Turn off the light!"
The buzzy planes were dropping big bombs
from the sky,
It could hit my house in any second,
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in my tears,
I was at the big, massive train station
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Poet: Matijas 3B



Scan this QR code to visit our expedition
website and view all our poetry.

POETRY

THE BLITZ

Suddenly, one gloomy dark night the mighty war started,
“Everyone turn off your lights!” shouted the air raid warden.
Blitz dropping big black bombs,
ending lives,
Screaming sirens terrorise families.

The hard, solid rubble flying everywhere,
Worried warriors fighting to the death to defend our country!
Worried families run to the air raid shelter as fast as cheetahs
The air raid shelters are cold, cramped and damp.

The smell of thick smoke and fire in the air,
I worry for my dad.
My ears fill with loud sounds of planes and bombs,
The petrifying planes zoom across the sky.

Poet: Tommy 4F

People were terrified of the Blitz,
During World War Two.
Bright flames in sight,
The war was ruthless.
Like sitting on a knife.
As scary as a bomb.
Buildings destroyed from too many bombs.
Smell of smoke from the flames.
Children live in London city.
Men off to fight in Germany.
Night is frightening for all of us.
We have more dead, all day long.
The children are now evacuees.
Foods are rationed,
No more left.
We need to share.
Here comes the Women’s Land Army to help.
Because the men are gone.
Foster mothers help evacuees.
How much life has changed.

Poet: Methmi 3H

The destructive, big bombs,
House’s destroyed by flying missiles dropping from the air.
Everything destroyed; everything collapsed!
Blackness in the sky,
Lots of loud sounds around Doncaster town.
Inside the air raid shelter at the bottom of my garden,
The Blitz is scary; the Blitz is terrifying.
Zzz how will I sleep through this?

Poet: Jasmine 4F

The bombs keep dropping like rain,
“Has anyone been to the shelters yet?” asked the people.
Everyone is sad, scared and worried.
Babies all crying and,
Little children asking when they’ll be out of the cold, dark air raid shelter.
“It is very scary” some children said.
Terrified children ask, “When’s the big bad Blitz going to be over?”
Zzz in the end everyone tries to get some sleep.

Poet: Shayen 4G

Tall buildings collapsing.
Houses being destroyed.
Explosions of belongings everywhere.
Buildings, crumbling.
London was dangerous.
Isolation for everyone.
The whole country is in danger.
Zooming Luftwaffe to hide from.

Poet: Dania 3H

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All kids are upset
All our mothers are crying
Terror is everywhere

Destruction is this
Tunnels full of people
Sirens are screeching

Germans are bombing
The gas masks ready to use
Explosions are here

Poet: Kiara 4F

H
A
I
K
U

POETRY THE WAR

The day the devastating war began

Dangerous bombs were striking down onto the nearly gone city,
Enormous explosions all around me.
I was hiding under the table, while the planes were gliding through the air,
Buildings collapsing like they were just never there.

Devastating, destruction along the city and piles of rubble on the floor,
These are the things I saw outside when I opened the front door.

The next morning, I had to leave and packed up my things,

I took a battered teddy and for the good look it brings.

I put on my tag so they knew my name,
Then, I took pieces of checkers in case of a game.

My mum gave me some treats as a snack,
Then I said, "I hope that I come back."

As we arrived at the train station,
my mum said, "Goodbye,"

I showed my emotions as I started to cry.

Tears started rapidly dropping like rain,
I could no longer hide the pain.
I said, "When will I come back?"
while looking up at the sky.
Mum got teary eyed, kissed my head and said, "Bye".

Poet: Elijah 3B

Evacuation

We were going to the train station,
When we got there, evacuation.
We got to the station and Mum said, "Don't cry."
I couldn't help it as I said, "Goodbye."
I got on the train,
Met a boy,
Played a game.
I knew life wouldn't be the same.

Poet: Roman 3H

Evacuation

The tunnels were full of people and babies.
Where am I going tonight?
I'm terrified.
Show me the light.
Lots of children looking to be safe.
Waiting to go to a brand new place.

Where am I going tonight?
The train is big and it's a fright.

A lot of mums say goodbye.
They hug the kids,
And try not to cry.

On the train,
I was playing a game.
I fell to sleep later,
I looked out the window to see lots of sheep.

Poet: Tommy 4G

Life in the horrible war

In 1939, echoing, loud bombs gliding through the air,
But the horrible Germans did not care.

Luftwaffe planes searching for people with the lights on,
But the people may have gone.

Crying children looking high in the sky,
Wondering if they're going to die.

At the train station, there were screaming children not wanting to go,
Where they were going, they did not know.

Running to parents to give one last kiss and goodbye,
Tears dripping down their face as they start to cry.

Poet: Peyton 3B

POETRY THE WAR

The tragedy of WW2

War is a cutting edge,
Cutting lives out of people,
Like sharp scissors on paper.
When it came to World War Two,
Life was not pleasant...

It was when I arrived home from school,
things changed.
Mum had packed some stuff in a suitcase.
“What are you doing, Mum?” I asked.
“And, where is Dad?”
“Calm down, little old lad,” she said.
I went to bed,
But in my bed,
I realised,
Tomorrow,
It would all change.

At the station,
Mum’s smile was like forgiveness,
As kind as a hug.
“Don’t cry,” Mum said.
“Goodbye,” Mum said.

Poet: Caleb 3H

The day the horrible war began

Powerful planes were high in the sky,
I thought that I might die.
Bombs striking on defenceless houses
making enormous explosions,
I felt so many horribly sad emotions.
Late at night, Mum said I had to be
evacuated to the countryside,
Tears were flowing down my face like
a river from my eyes.

Next morning, I had my label and
suitcase at the train station,
But it was for no fun vacation,
Tears started trickling down as
I said my goodbyes,
Mum put me onto the train and
said not to cry.

Poet: Brooke 3B

Underground Life

Underground we heard,
Kids and parents and carers were killed.
I was feeling sad,
Feeling angry.
There was only darkness everywhere,
Underground.
It was smelly down there,
We didn’t wash ourselves.
A tear fell from my eye,
It was sad, much sadness.
I heard bombs,
They sounded like thunder from the
sky and clouds.
I made a little pond from all my tears.
Kids screaming outside so loudly,
I could not sleep.

Poet: Lena 3H

The Horrifying War

Daddy left to go to the army,
Then all of a sudden a bomb exploded.
Luckily, my cute teddies and my
mummy survived.

Dog fights in the air,
So me and my teddies waved goodbye,
And gave Mummy a goodbye hug.
Tears flowing like a river.

Then me and my teddies were in
the countryside.
Meanwhile, Daddy was fighting.

Now Daddy is dead!

Poet: William 3H



Scan this QR code to visit our expedition website and view all our poetry.

POETRY THE WAR

The horrible war

There were huge, dark planes flying above.
 Dropping big, massive bombs.
 Falling.
 Hitting the ground loudly,
 Exploding houses.
 I went to the air raid shelter,
 The safest place I'd found.
 The bombs were still dropping.
 It didn't make sense.
 It suddenly stopped.
 Everywhere was destroyed.

Poet: Darcy 3H

Everyone is scared,
 Children are panicking.
 Bombs dropping from planes.

People underground,
 They are sleeping on the floor.
 People are hopeless.

Poet: Barrington 4F

An adventure for an Evacuee

I don't know where I am going - not a clue.
 I know this is a disaster; what to do?
 My mum said, "Don't cry!"
 I sadly waved, "Goodbye."

Early this morning I had to go to the station,
 I got an unexpected evacuation.
 Finally, I got on the train,
 All I can see is blue, clear rain.

Sadly, I'm all disappointed and alone,
 I miss my wonderful, sweet, warm home.
 But at least I am comfortably safe,
 Living in my brand new countryside place.

Poet: Lola 4G

World War II

Children ready for evacuation,
 People sleeping at the station.
 People saying their goodbyes,
 People saying, "Don't cry."

Poet: Karlie-R 3H

Worried faces fill the atmosphere,
 Oversized big, black bombs destroying
 our country.
 Roaring planes zooming across the
 dark, night sky,
 Loud squealing sirens.
 Dangerous Germans.

Worried children having to leave
 their mums,
 Are we getting bombed?
 Roaring screams fill the air.

Terror is in the air,
 With England on our side, we can get
 through this!
 Only one bomb was dropped on Doncaster.

Poet: Tommy 4F

Grandpa runs,
 Up and down the white cliffs of Dover.
 Non-stop running.

Run! Run! Run to save the country.
 Unstoppable.
 Never-ending job.
 No rest.
 Every day of the war,
 Run! Run! Run!

Poet: Paul 4G

Wailing, scary bombs were dropping down.
 Over the sky, ashes were scattered.
 Rocky ground and burned down houses.
 Loud sirens were everywhere, it was very noisy.
 Dangerous, flaming fire was covering buildings.

Worried children were evacuated to the
 countryside.
 All children carried a gas mask to be safe.
 Red blood was everywhere on the ground.

Terrified people were crying out for their lives.
 Worried people were dead from the loud, strong
 mass bombing.
 Over the hill Germans were coming.

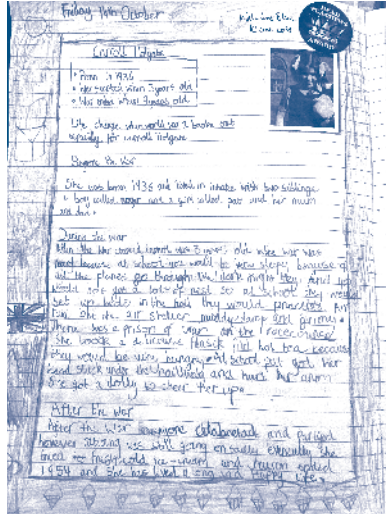
Poet: Ara 4F

The kids are evacuated.
 Hospitals help injured soldiers.
 Everyone is scared.

What can we do?
 Are we going to survive?
 Rubble on the streets.

Poet: Paul 4G

OUR LEARNING JOURNEY



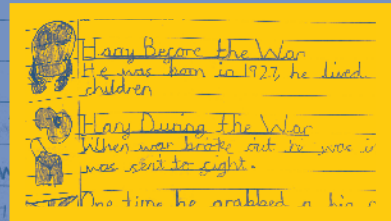
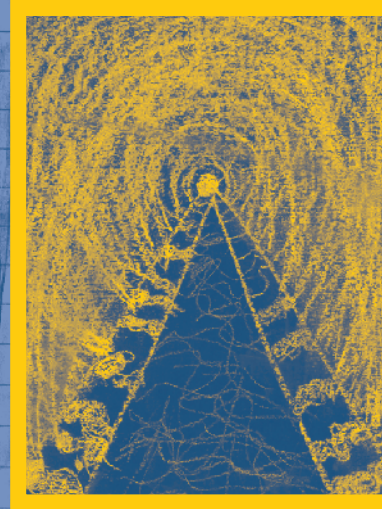
Friday 14th October

Well done Eden
10 new coins



Carroll Holgate

- Born in 1936
- War started when 3 years old
- War ended when 9 years old



YEAR 3 & 4 CHILDREN

3B

Aseel
Baran
Alina
Ethan
Roscoe-Blake
Bobby
Taylor B
Peyton B
Lena C
Jan
Conor
Elijah
Isla
Tomi
Omer
Gabriel
Skyla
Rahand
Rafia
Violet
Benita
Isabelle
Matijas
Seb
Vivan
Luke
Miksang
Olivia W
Brooke W
Bahman

3H

Dania
Theo
Karlie-Rose
Mitchell
Ellis
Olivia D
Ryley
Kai E
Max
Terrace
Lola-Jay
Christopher
Harry
Kodish
Kason
Nelly
Poppy
Ellie
William
Caleb
Lena O
Alexandru
Mia
Hania
Lyra
Methmi
Lucas
Roman
Victoria
Darcy

4F

Darwin
Homam
Brooke A
Cameron
Laci-Mae
Johnny
Kai C
Talliah
Jasmine
Peyton G
Julita
Kiara
Joseph
Ptryk
Ara
Letti
Sumit
Barrington
Jerzie
Tommy W

4G

Yad
Shayen
Ella
Paul
Rio
Scarlett
Tommy C
Morris
Syler-Rose
Jayden
Tim
Rydhian
Kaya
Lennon
Szymon
Lexi
Tommy-Lee
Lola S
Eifa
Eden

THANK YOU

All of the learning that Years 3 and 4 have carried out during this expedition has helped them to produce a huge amount of beautiful work that everyone is proud of. None of it would have been possible however, without the amazing people who helped us to answer our guiding question: Lest we forget: How does war change lives?

War changes lives in many ways - too many to list completely. War tears families apart. During World War Two, men went off to fight - many boys snuck along too - determined to help their country defeat the foe. Women took on roles that they never thought they would ever have to carry out like code breaking and spying on the enemy, never mind the factory work and manual labour of farming. Children were sent away from their homes for their own protection; many never saw their parents again. It is hard to imagine the horrors of war. It is even harder to understand that this is happening again, right now, as we sit here and read these words. We can only hope that peace arrives soon; thank those who fought for us then; and pray for those who are fighting now.

Heartfelt thanks go out to all of our expert visitors who helped us to build the background knowledge we needed to produce this collection of World War II memoirs, poetry and artwork.

All of the wonderful staff at Wilderspin School who hooked our children into their learning and even opened up for us when they would usually be closed. We will definitely recommend this educational facility to others and use it again.

Gordon Harper - you spoke to us so passionately about John Harper VC and his ongoing legacy: 'The Stubborn Tyke'.

Raymond Clarke - the stories of your experiences helped us to write with more thought and consideration about what you and your comrades had to endure.

Pat Grainger - we were able to write emotive poetry about the Blitz and taking refuge in air raid shelters after hearing what you went through as a child.

Roger Holgate - you helped us to understand how one person's actions and bravery can change the course of the lives of many.

Carroll Holgate - after hearing your story of being torn apart from your father when he went off to war, we were able to write more emotively.

Philip Knight - your story of Fred Adamson's chance survival made us all realise how lucky any one is to return from the horrors that war brings.

Finally, thank you to Rick and our magic elves in the XP Comms Crew, who took all of our beautiful work and pieced together this incredible collection of World War II memoirs, poetry and artwork. The 'proper jigsaw puzzle,' is now complete.

LEST WE FORGET

HOW DOES WAR CHANGE LIVES?

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