

With best
wishes from
King's High
School

On VE day





A silk painting by Fleur - Year 9



King's High School





'Bluebirds' by Rachel in Year 11

The gunfire sings its dreadful song,
Rattling on through the night,
Away from home, all seems wrong,
But it's my job to put it right,
To see that there'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover.

A shout in my ear rouses me from the dream,
A call to rise, a call to fight,
A call to end the dreadful schemes,
To defend those beautiful cliffs, so white,
One day there'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover.

The rattle of the guns stops for a moment,
Allows me to remember my home,
To forget the terrible moaning,
Allows my mind, the rolling fields to roam,
To see the bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover.
I may never again cross the channel,

Never again see my mother,
This may be my last battle,
Fighting to protect my brothers,
But one day there'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover.
There are bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover

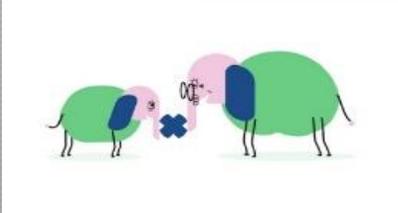


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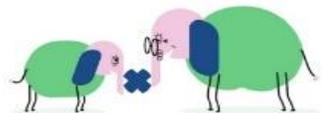


Our VE Day bunting for you





And some of the bunting made by Years 7 and 8 is here.....





Images of VE day



Memoirs of VE day by a 12 year old evacuee

The war is won. It's VE day.
A wild excitement fills the air.
Grown ups busy, children play
among the tables, standing there
in roads bedecked with myriad flags
and bunting hung across the street.
Women dressed in their best 'rags'
pile tables high with things to eat.
Men pull rafters from a bomb site,
building a gigantic fire.
Hitler, sitting very upright,
waiting for his funeral pyre.
Ernie plays the old 'joanna',
favourite tunes that won the war.
Any song for just a tanner;
money goes to help the poor.
Beer and whisky flow like water,
hoarded for this special day.

Young men hang round Charlie's daughter,
pretty as the flowers in May.
Darkness falls, they light the fire.
Flaming fingers reach the top.
Adolph, sitting in a tyre,
Burns until his head goes 'Pop'.
Dance and singing follow after.
Okey cokey, Conga too.
Food and drink and lots of laughter.
Oh, it was a perfect do.
So our super day has ended,
heads are aching, feet are sore.
Still, at least they'll soon be mended;
different from those hurt in war.
Let us hope we never have to
celebrate a VE day.
Be as one, just Europeans.

We have been baking using recipes from the wartime - this is Eowyn (Year 10) making Maguerite Patten's carrot scones

12 tbsp self raising flour and 1 teaspoon baking powder - sifted together
2 tbsp softened butter (or margarine)
4 tbsp sugar
8 tbsp grated carrot
A few drops of vanilla flavouring (essence)

Pre-heat oven to gas mark 6 / 200° C. Grease a baking tray.

Leave the butter out so that it become nice & soft to work with. This make it easier to mix in the sugar. Beat these until they are light & creamed.

Add in the grated carrot, a bit at a time. It will not look like the prettiest thing in the world - but stick with it.

Add in the vanilla.

Slowly add the sifted flour. The more you beat, the more moisture the carrots will release to bind the mixture together. You will be left with a sticky carrot flecked dough.

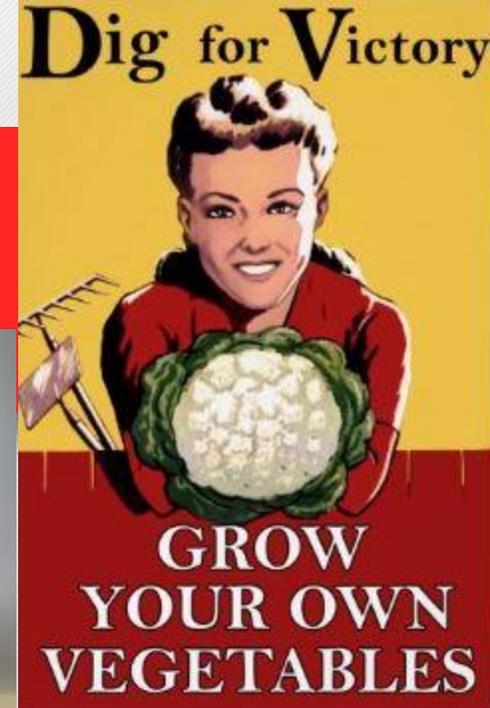
Pinch and roll the desired amount between your hands. You should get 12 scones from this recipe.

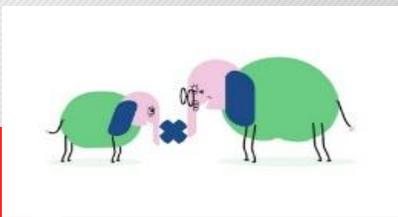
Place on baking tray and sprinkle with a little sugar (optional)

Cook in the centre of the oven for about 20 mins.

Once firm on top & at the sides, they are done. Remove from oven & cool.

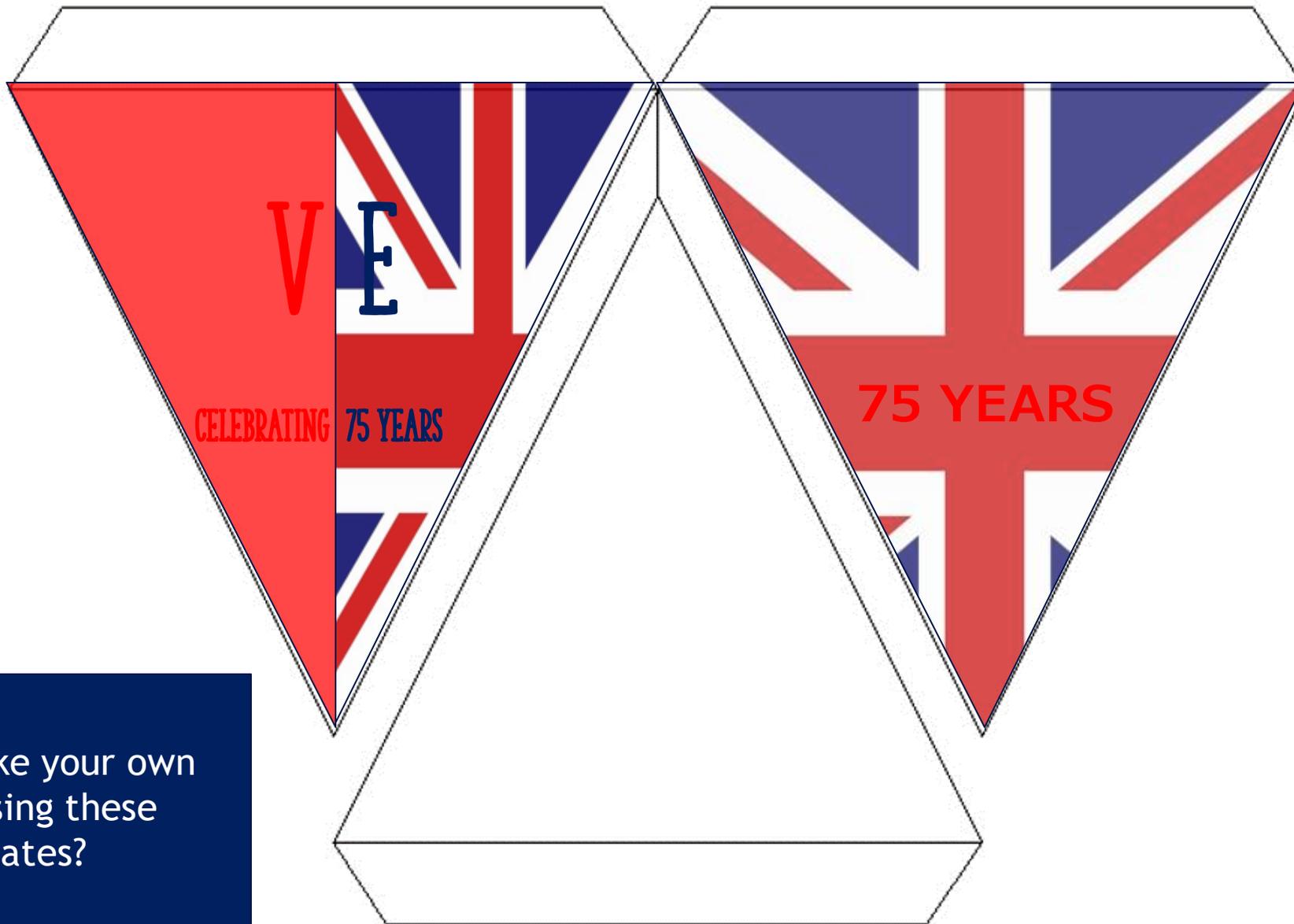
Enjoy. Perfect with a nice cup of tea.



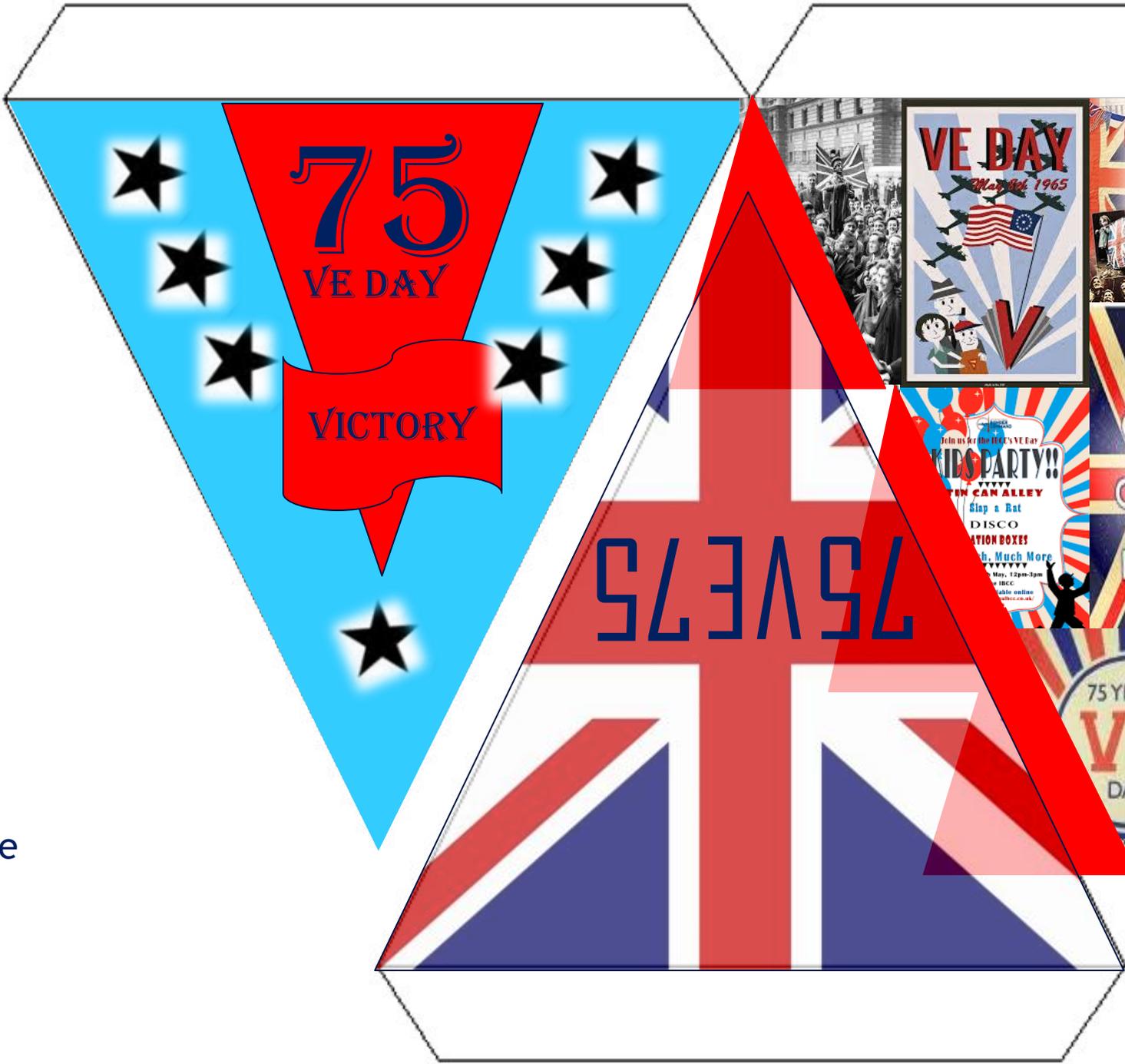


And more bunting by Years 7 and 8





Why not make your own
bunting using these
templates?



Hannah
Constance



We will remember them



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A story of VE Day by Izzie in Year 10



She bent down and picked it up. There was something small and fluttering inside it. Sally pulled out the cork to see what it was

The day had started with Sally on the ferry, doing the journey with her Mum and Dad, from home to the cottage that they had stayed in every year on the island before the war had started. The war had now finished and the celebrations in the village had been emotional and overwhelming for everyone and Sally felt unsettled and uncertain about life as it would now be. She and her Mum had to get used to her Dad being at home again after being at sea for so long but this holiday was a chance for them to get to know each other once again.

The trip had been smooth and the sea calm with clear, blue skies and sunrays glinting off the surface of the waves. The evening, when it came, was beautiful with a red sky starting to show through. They had arrived in the late afternoon. The cottage looked rather like a beach hut and Sally had a bedroom in the eaves of the house and a view of the sea, which she peeked at between the slopes of sand dunes.

Sally was looking out of the window that morning when she saw a light glinting from the edge of the shore. She ran down the stairs and raced to the sea. As she got there, she saw that a glass bottle had been washed up in front of her and she bent down and picked it up.

There was something small and fluttering inside it. Sally pulled out the cork to see what it was and tumbling out came a shy, bemused dragonfly. Sally picked it up and looking at it from her fingers she heard the little dragonfly whisper, "Follow me!" It fluttered daintily in front of her, leading Sally across the beach towards the rock pools and cliffs at the far edge of the shore. As they approached this far corner of the beach, Sally saw that the dragonfly was beckoning to her to talk and Sally sat on a rock.

The dragonfly started to speak.

"Sally. Can you hear me?"

"Yes" Sally replied.

"Please. Listen to me and come closer. I need your help."

"Yes. Of course. I will help you in whatever way I can."

"There's a boy in that cove who is catching all the dragonflies on the beach because he thinks that the light dance that he makes, when he puts them into the green bottles and lets the sun glint off them, is pretty and fun to watch. I don't think that he understands that dragonfly wings are gossamer thin and when he catches them he damages their wings and they can't fly. I need you to try and persuade him to let them all go and watch them simply dance in the sunlight, where he will see lights dance off them better."

Sally clambered over the rocks and went up to the young boy and explained, as calmly as she could, what was happening with the game he was playing. He understood that he was hurting them in a way he had not meant and pulled all the corks out of the bottles and as he and Sally saw them fly away, with the sunlight shining through their wings, they danced and laughed until the sun went down.

'Butterflies' by Izzie in Year 10



My poem is about the butterflies that were discovered on the walls of the Nazi internment camps where Jewish children had drawn them. When the allied army freed the camps and the victims inside them, they discovered that inside the children's rooms where they found shoes, toys, clothes discarded over the floor, that there were butterflies scratched into the walls by fingernails or pebbles. Whilst they are not entirely sure why they were here it is thought that the reason was that the children had drawn butterflies to show that they wanted to give flight to their dreams, wishes and hopes.

I believe that we should never forget what happened to these people and the Holocaust and that the stories that generations now have passed on from one to another should be respected and retold to all of us. We should never forget the horror that they went through BUT we should also never forget the bravery of these people and respect that they would want us to take every opportunity we are given and make the most of it.

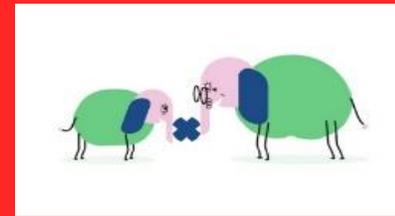
I have written my poem in memory of them all and called it simply..... Butterflies'





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'Butterflies'



They took their clothes and their stories

Their health and their love

Their childhood was taken, their parents were killed

Their families and friends were a breed they mistook

They assumed they would crumble

And fall underfoot.

With no chance for a vote,

With no chance of their own dreams

Not to marry or to learn

And have a profession denied

They were wealthy and educated,

Charming and sweet.

But their bodies are ailing

The children knew they were going to die.

Their hopes on a wing

Their wishes on the breeze.

Leaving a message of hope

Of their dreams and desires,

Their souls drifted off

Their bodies will not make it,

They wanted to give wings to their souls.

The pictures of butterflies

Engraved on the walls

Of the camps containing them

Those sorrows and sores

Those wings of hope carried them high over the tortures of life.

A symbol of endurance and the will to survive.

The Nazis were chilling

And a threat to mankind

More opposite people

You could never better find.

Nature gave them the best

That they could wish to be

Now is for us to ensure

That in continuing times,

To have hope, to have remembrance,

To be courteous and kind

To be tolerant and strong.

Keep their memories alive.

In all that we do and all that we have

From the hell that they had

And the freedom we enjoy.

Live our lives respectfully.

And of all be.....

Alive.

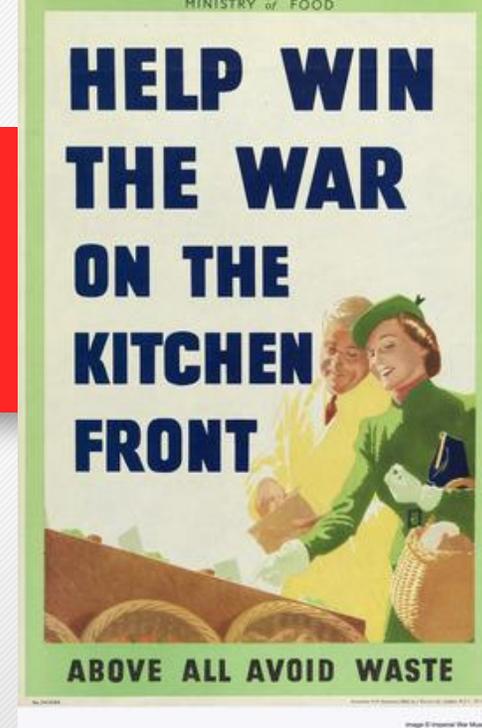




Lemonade - made by Alisha

- 1½ lb sugar.
- 4 lemons.
- 1 oz citric acid

Pour a quart of boiling water over the sugar and citric acid. Squeeze in the juice of lemon and also put in the rind. On cooling pour off the liquid, bottle it and use a tablespoon full to a glass of water.

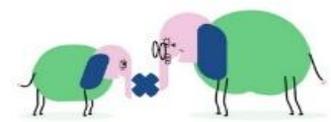


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Greetings on VE day from Warwick School and King's High School Combined Cadet Force

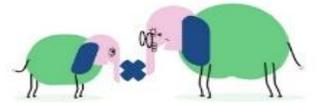




In History we have been looking at how VE day was celebrated in Warwickshire



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A diary entry from Miss Nora Slater - 'A memorable May week'

'With the news that hostilities had ceased on May 7th, school closed. Churches held special services of thanks on the 8th. All Saints' Church, Leamington was crowded with all lights on. A bonfire was lit outside the church with material collected all week. Nurse Prendigast, who was not on duty that night, accompanied me into Warwick to see St Mary's tower, floodlit. We returned home at midnight through a world of light as windows in every house were lit up. Next night at 10.30 there was a show of big flashes and bangs on the park which attracted the crowds.

School re-opened on Thursday 10th but it was obvious that everyone was tired!'



A series of street parties

Miss Slater continues:

'Then began a series of street parties at the weekends. From East to West preparation culminated in flags and streamers across the streets, tables were laid with food down the centre of the road and dancing continued until late.

It was on Saturday 19th that Avon Street held one of the largest parties in the town, incorporating the narrow near-by streets of Pickard Street and Meadow Row. I lay in bed listening until midnight to the music of the band the sounds of an obviously very jolly party.'



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Celebrating in Lillington



And in Norfolk Street, Leamington Spa



And in Scholars Lane, Stratford upon Avon



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A poppy
blooming
in one of
our
gardens



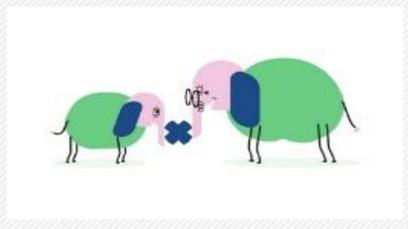
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VE DAY
75TH ANNIVERSARY
A SHARED MOMENT OF CELEBRATION
8-10 MAY 2020

A VE Day
Collage by
Emily in
Year 7

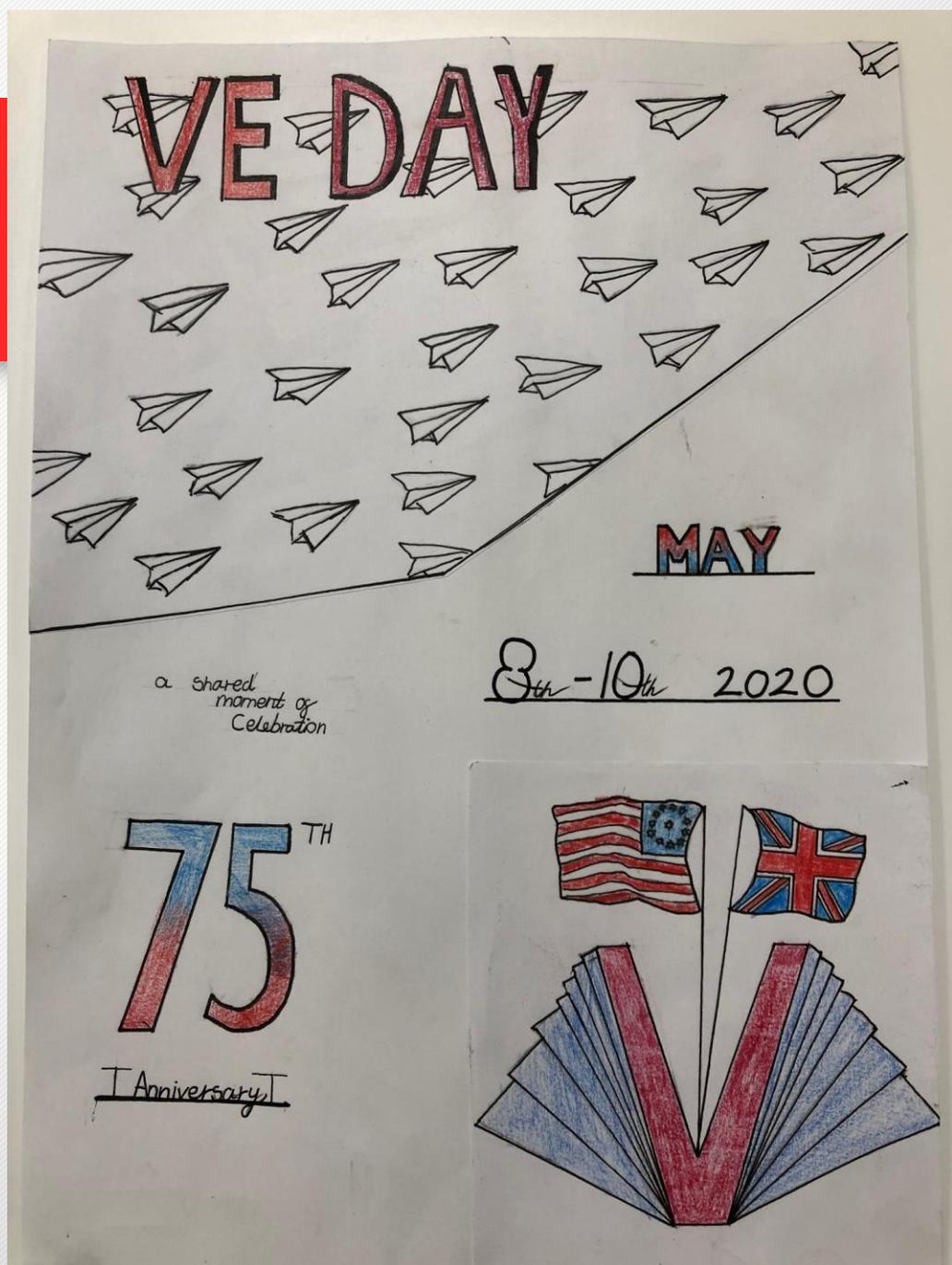


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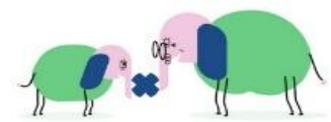




A poster by Scarlet in Year 8



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From Alice in Year 10

The bouquet picked for you includes a photo of my great grandfather who served in the RAF, on his wedding day.



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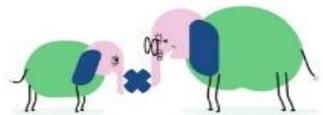




The second photo shows calligraphy I did, using the title of Captain Tom Moore's number one single.



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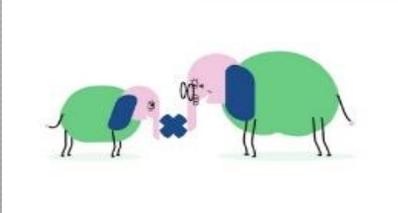




Lucy in Year 8 made VE day bunting - here is a picture of it at her house.



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"At eleven o'clock this morning came to an end the cruelest and most terrible War that has ever scourged mankind. I hope we may say that thus, this fateful morning, came to an end all wars." » David Lloyd George



"I believe it is peace in our time." » Neville Chamberlain

Neha

"History knows no greater display of courage than that shown by the people of the Soviet Union." » Henry Stimson.



VE Day!!!

"Vladimir" Lenin was sent into Russia by the Germans in the same way one might send a phial containing a culture of typhoid or cholera to be poured into the water supply of a great city, and it worked with amazing accuracy." » Winston Churchill

"The raising of that flag on Suribachi means a Marine Corps for the next 500 years." » James Forrestal

"With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end." » General Sir Douglas Haig



75

VE DAY

75TH ANNIVERSARY

A SHARED MOMENT OF CELEBRATION

8-10 MAY 2020

VE
DAY



8th
MAY
1945

Kate's tribute to her
grand-father

Flying Officer Gruffydd Hughes DFC 1922 – 2009

My grandfather is pictured third from the right in front of a Lancaster bomber. He was a wireless operator in 7th Squadron (Pathfinder) during WWII and was 22 years old when this photograph was taken. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.



Some more art



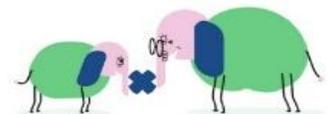
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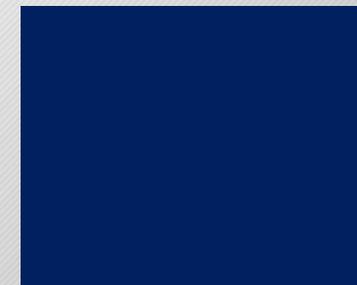
A VE day poppy
by Anna Year 9

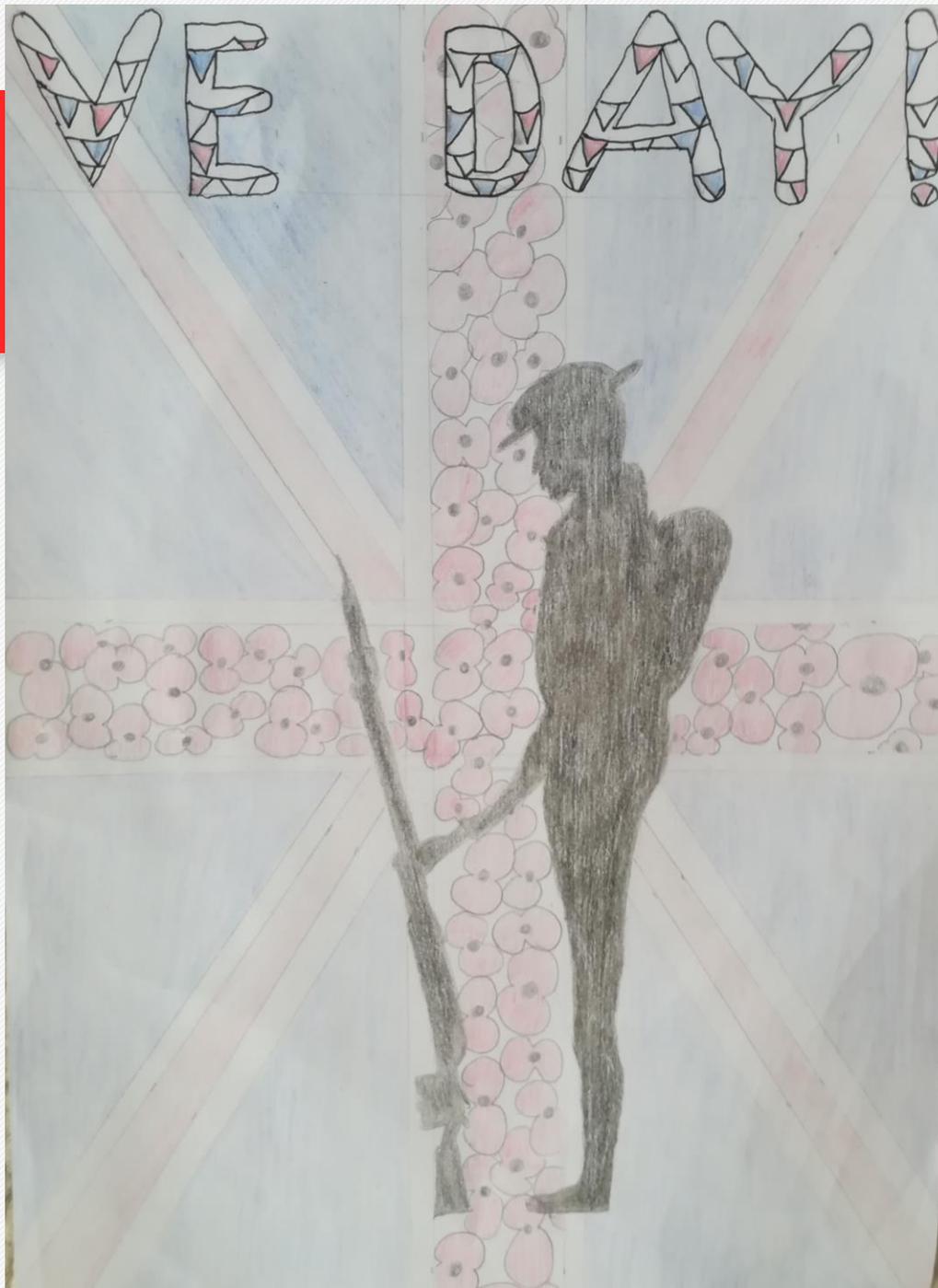


A peace lily from
Anushka Year 9



By Maya in Year 10





By Polly
Year 8

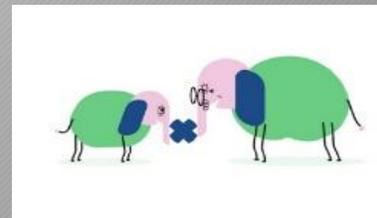


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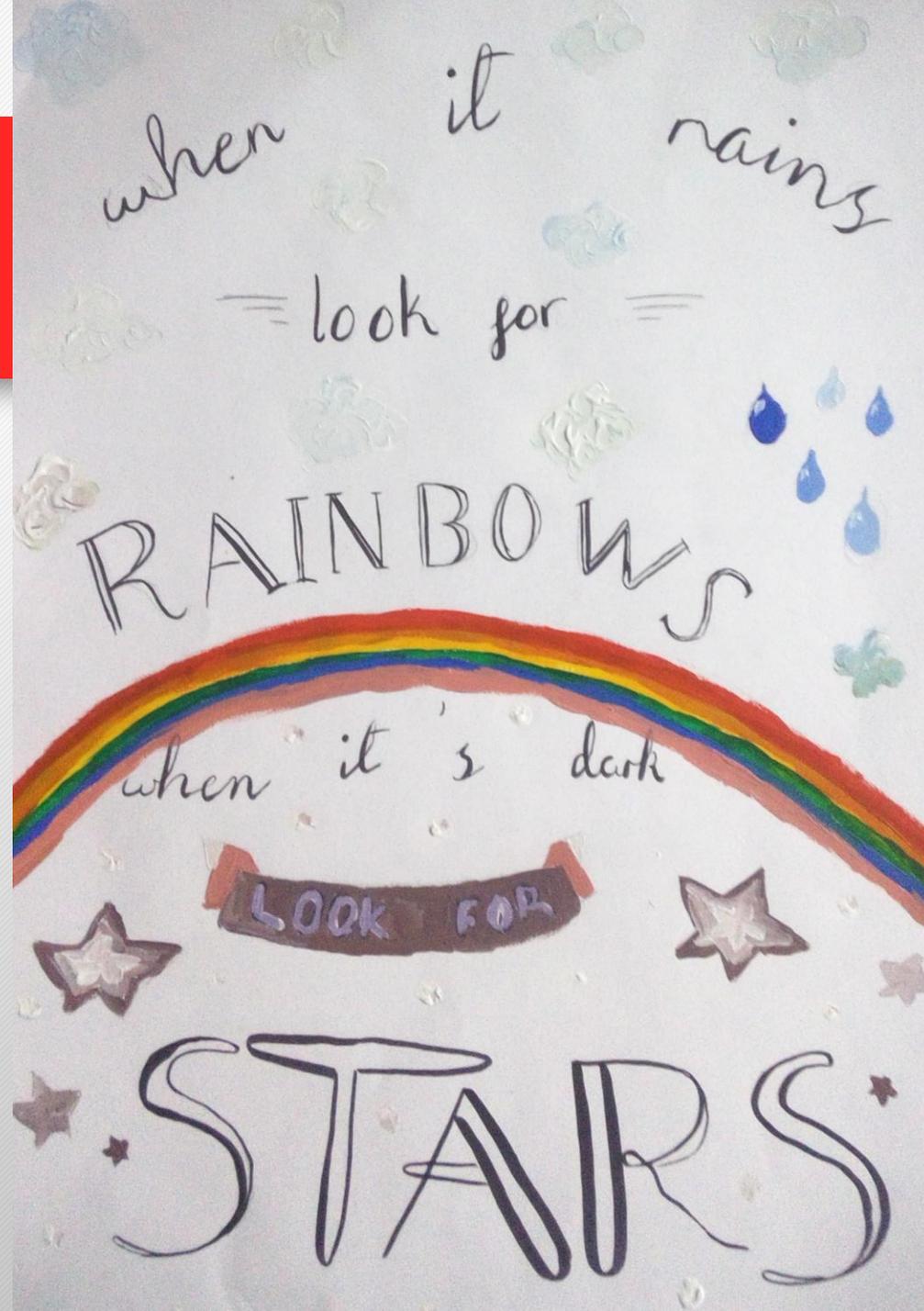


We have been baking afternoon teas for VE day at home





An inspirational message



Polly in Year 8 shares a poem on her love of music

My name is Polly and I am 13 years old. I am a musician (a trumpet player) and I play with many bands and ensembles, including the National Youth Brass Band of Great Britain. As I am not able to play with these at the moment, I have been thinking about how important music is to many of us and how it helps us to escape and forget about everything around us. This led me to write this poem. I hope this inspires you to listen to a piece of music that you love but maybe have not heard for a while.

The Music That Inspires Us

A journey of sound whispering of happiness,
Each listener's own winding road,
A meandering path to home, to the peace found within.

An avenue down a private way,
A voyage through one's emotions.
The never ending trail through life,
Guided by the secrets of somebody else's mind.

An image created through the joys of melody,
The world of somewhere else.
A community of listeners each walking a different street,
The passage to a new way of life.

The pathway to escape.

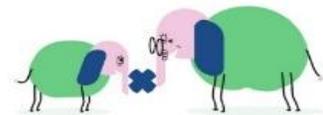


More Art work

Maddie in Year 7

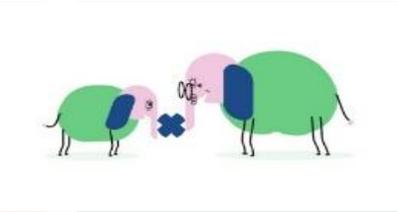


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Paintings by Carys in Year 7



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Painting by Chiara in Year 10



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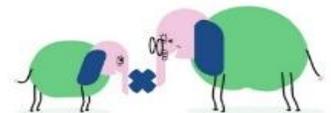
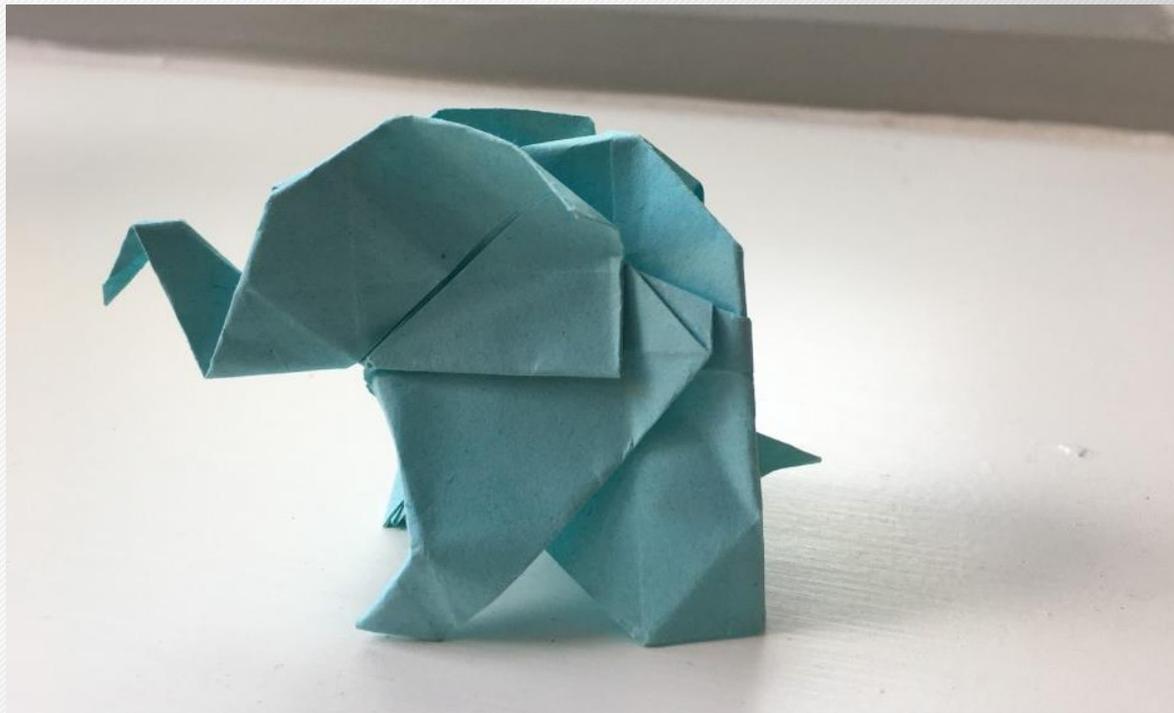
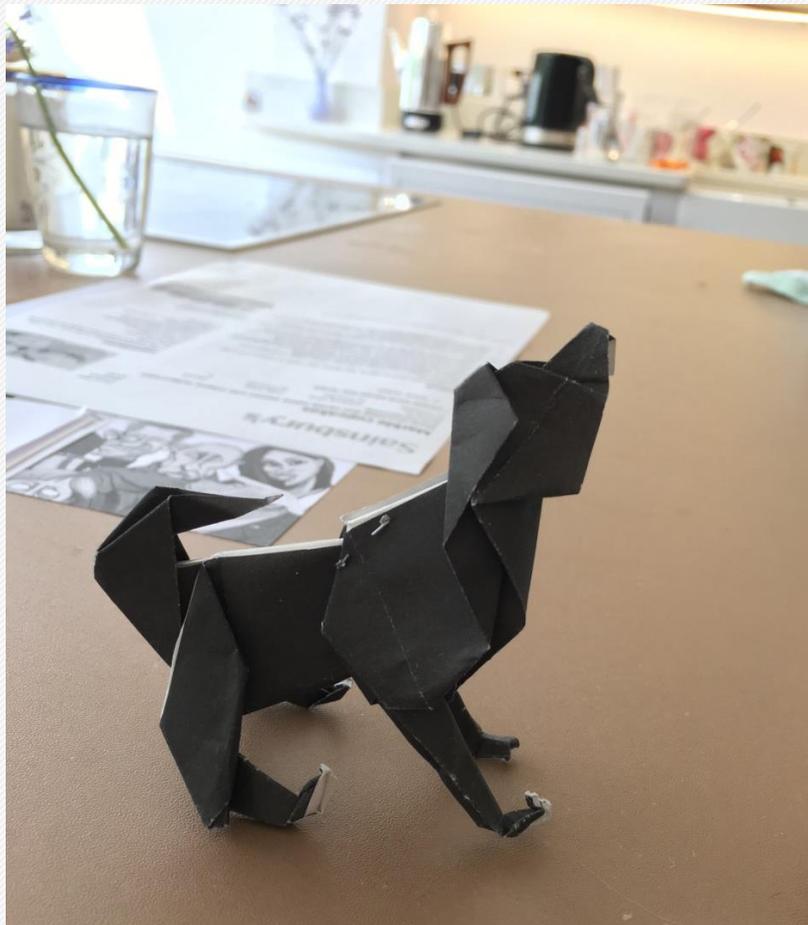




Origami for you by Georgia in Year 11

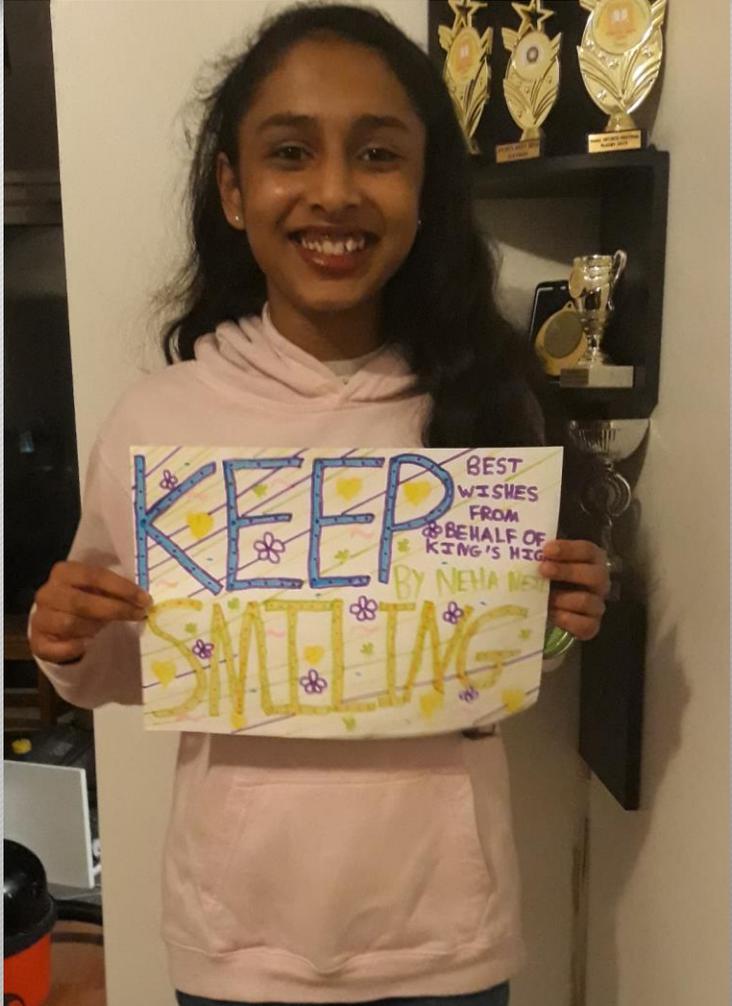
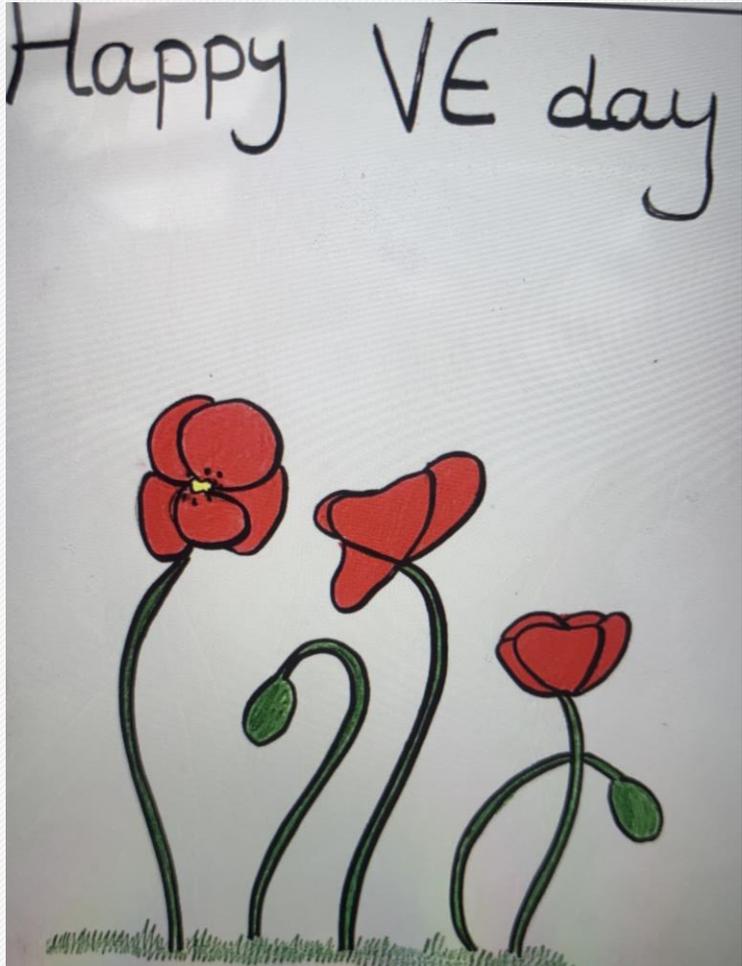
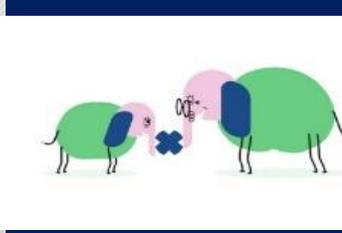


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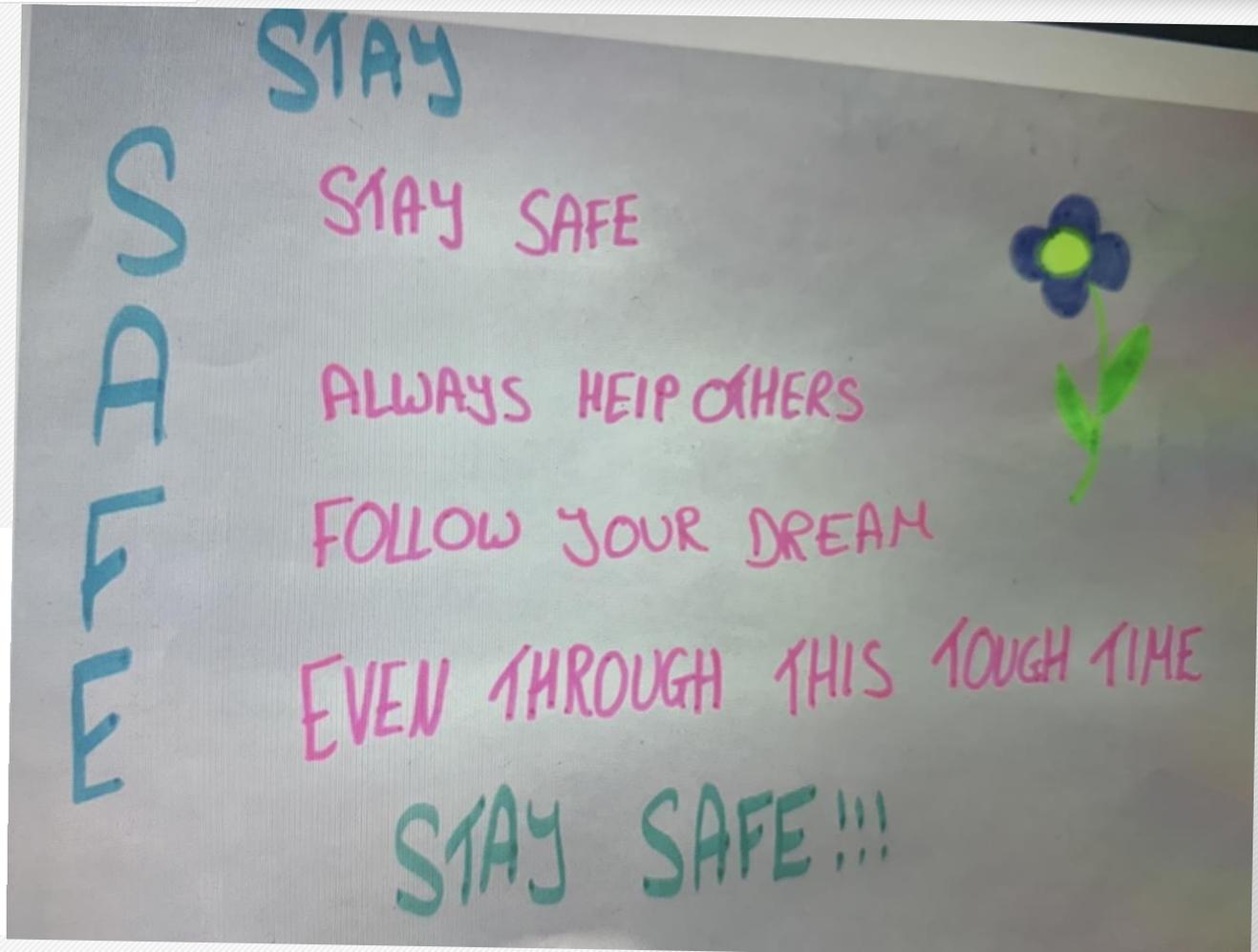


With very best wishes from all at King's





And more

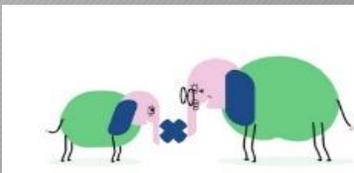


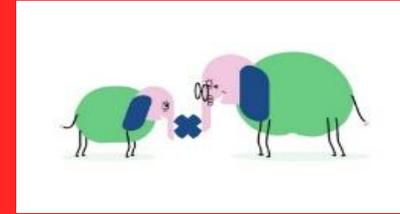


We are in Year 11 and we held a uniform day (as we not been in uniform whilst at home) in aid of Captain Tom's charity for NHS



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With our love and best wishes for a lovely VE day on Friday 8 May from all of us at King's

