



L3



L3 – Starter (Draft Books – but still keep it neat!)

Choose 2 or 3 words from the vocabulary you have already highlighted and use them to write a sentence using them in the style of a diary extract like the pages from Edie Benson's diary. Edit and improve your sentence – what are you looking for? Share.



L3 – Continue to Text Mark and Information Gather

Let's read some more pages from Edie Benson's diary together (P14-16 and P49-51).

When we have read these pages we will work together to start to build a vocabulary list, make some notes on what has occurred and any key / techie vocabulary that we can find.

Use a large sheet of paper to jot down your ideas or create a mind map.

Challenge: add in one interesting detail about what happened in the extract e.g. *growing rhubarb on top of the shelter!*

Challenge: find any good examples of chatty language e.g. 'Cor blimey!'

PS I mustn't leave out Chamberlain, our fox terrier! I know it's a funny name, but Dad says it's because he's always hopeful, just like the old Prime Minister. That was Mr Neville Chamberlain who thought he could make peace with the Germans. He was the one who came before Mr Churchill. Our Chamberlain's usually disappointed too! I suppose if we ever had a bulldog, he'd be called Churchill. You can tell from looking at his face Mr Churchill won't take any nonsense from Jerry.

Thursday, 25th July

You know that lovely back garden I was telling you about? Well, it doesn't look half as neat and tidy as it did a day or two ago.

Frank came home on leave yesterday afternoon. He's got a motorbike down at Biggin Hill, and he managed to wangle some petrol, even though it's not really allowed because of the rationing. He looks just *so* wonderful and romantic in his uniform, though Dad didn't let him keep it on two minutes. No sooner was Frank through the

front door than the two of them were in the garden digging the hole for our new air-raid shelter. Now we'll be safe no matter what Hitler tells his bombers to do!

Mind you, Dad was a bit fed-up when he found out he'd have to buy our safety. He had to shell out seven quid for the shelter, and apparently all because he earns *too much*. First I've heard! Most people in the street have got theirs free. It's called an *Anderson* shelter after the man who thought it up, and the first thing you have to do is dig this hole.

You should have seen the size of it. I said it looked as if they were tunnelling to Australia, and Frank said it felt as if they were. The hole's three feet deep, and of course it's got to be long and wide enough for us all to sit inside. Dad and Frank bolted together the corrugated iron sheets to make the roof and sides, and finally they piled all the earth back on to the top, deep enough that you could grow rhubarb. Dad says that's what we're going to do. Fancy spending the night under a clump of rhubarb! Anyone would think we were a family of rabbits – still, at least we'll be safe rabbits! When they'd finished, Tom and I lit a candle, and crept inside. It felt really cold and spooky, but I suppose when we're all in there together it won't be so bad.

I'm a woodenhead. I told you my name the other

day, but afterwards I realized you don't know anything else about me. Well, I'm tall for my age (about five-foot-three), and I'm skinny, and in summer I get awful freckles all round my face. Mum says I'd be clever if I put my mind to it, but I don't know about that. I look a lot like Shirl, but I don't think I'll ever be as pretty. (Mind you, she spends long enough doing her face!) I like going to the pictures, I like books, and I'm good at netball. I'm as good as Tom at football too, but you'd better not tell him. Oh, and I *hate* rice pudding, which is a pity because Mum makes one every Sunday dinnertime. All that sloppy milk with bits in. Ugh!

Saturday, 27th July

Mum's been like a cat on hot bricks since Frank's visit. I caught her moping in the kitchen after he'd roared off down the road towards Bromley. She said Frank had told her bad things.

Apparently there's German aircraft in the skies over

Kent every day now, trying to take pictures, and Frank says it's only a matter of time before they try to shoot up the airfields. After that he thinks they really will start bombing London.

Building the Anderson has made it all seem so much more real. Dad's taking it more seriously too. He checked all our gas masks last night and made Tom and me practise putting them on, in case Hitler puts poison gas in the bombs. When you look in the mirror, it's like there's a monster or a creature from outer space looking back at you.

Then after dark we tried out the shelter. Dad's made it as comfortable as possible with a bit of old carpet laid across the planks, but it's cold and clammy even on a nice warm and dry July evening. Whatever's it going to be like when it rains and it's the middle of winter? As soon as we got in there, Tom decided he wanted to go to the toilet. Mum tutted and said he should have thought of that earlier. That's all very well, but what if we're in the shelter for hours, and the bombs are falling? What do we do then? Run inside the house and go as quickly as possible, I suppose. Dad won't have time to read the newspaper like he usually does!

throw punches at the other two. The policeman's helmet went on the skew over his eyes, and people started sniggering.

Rosa Jacobsen, who used to go to my school, was trailing down the pavement watching what was going on.

"Watch'er Rosa," I said. "What's that all about?"

"They think he's a fifth columnist or something," Rosa answered.

That was a new one on me. "And what's that when it's at home?"

"Like a German spy who's been living here and doing sabotage. Blowing things up and that!"

"So how come they're so sure?" I asked Rosa.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I dunno," she said, disappointed now no one was hitting anyone else. "Spoke with an accent, I expect."

That rang bells. The *third* thing I'd read in the *Kentish Mercury* was about a priest called Schwabacher (or something like that). Till last week he'd been working up at a church in Blackheath for years, but now he's been sent off to an internment camp, like a prison, just because his dad was German.

Surely a priest wouldn't be a spy, would he? The world's getting more confusing every day.

I expect you're wondering about the bananas. It's funny, but no one in our house would touch a banana before the war. Now a rumour goes around that Harrold's had a few boxes of them come in, and we all queue like mad to get our share. Strike while the iron's hot, Mum says, but war or no war, they still taste yucky to me!

I asked Shirl about her night out with Alec, but she won't tell.

Friday, 30th August

Last night was very still and clear. As Dad went out for the evening shift, he looked up and said grimly, "If they're ever going to come, it'll be on a night like this."

And sure enough, the first air-raid warning came at a few minutes past nine. Mum was out at the ARP post, and Shirl, Tom and I were huddled together in the shelter with Chamberlain. Because it was clear, it was chilly too, and we needed the blankets and coats we'd taken down the garden with us.

Shirl's teeth were chattering already. "Cor blimey!" she said. "What's it going to be like in the middle of winter? I've got no feeling in my toes at all."

I could see Tom about to open his mouth to say something clever when we heard the first explosion, and then two more following close on the first one. The sound was heavy and sharp at the same time. Chamberlain's ears were pricked. He gave a long growl, and started towards the door of the Anderson. I held him back.

"Gawd, what was that?" gasped Shirl.

Tom's face was white in the candlelight, his eyes big and scared.

"It's started," I found myself saying.

We'd heard the bombs drop before we picked up the rumbling sound of the aircraft, but they weren't overhead and I selfishly said thank you to God because they weren't coming any nearer. Then we heard our gun batteries open up, rattling bullets towards the bombers.

"How close are they?" asked Tom shakily.

"Miles away," said Shirl, recovering herself and trying to sound confident. But as soon as she spoke, as if to put her in her place, there were two more explosions, this time much nearer. Chamberlain barked

loudly. Now we could hear the bells of the fire engines too, and more frantic gunfire.

Then the drone of the aircraft faded, and we held our breath wondering if the planes were going to come back and what would happen if they did. But though the gun batteries kept chattering away, in a quarter of an hour or so the single long wail of the all-clear sounded, and we went inside to make ourselves a cup of tea and get warm.

"I hope Mum and Dad are all right," I croaked.

Shirl drummed her fingers on the kitchen table and looked at me. "Yeah. I hope so too," she said.

Saturday, 31st August

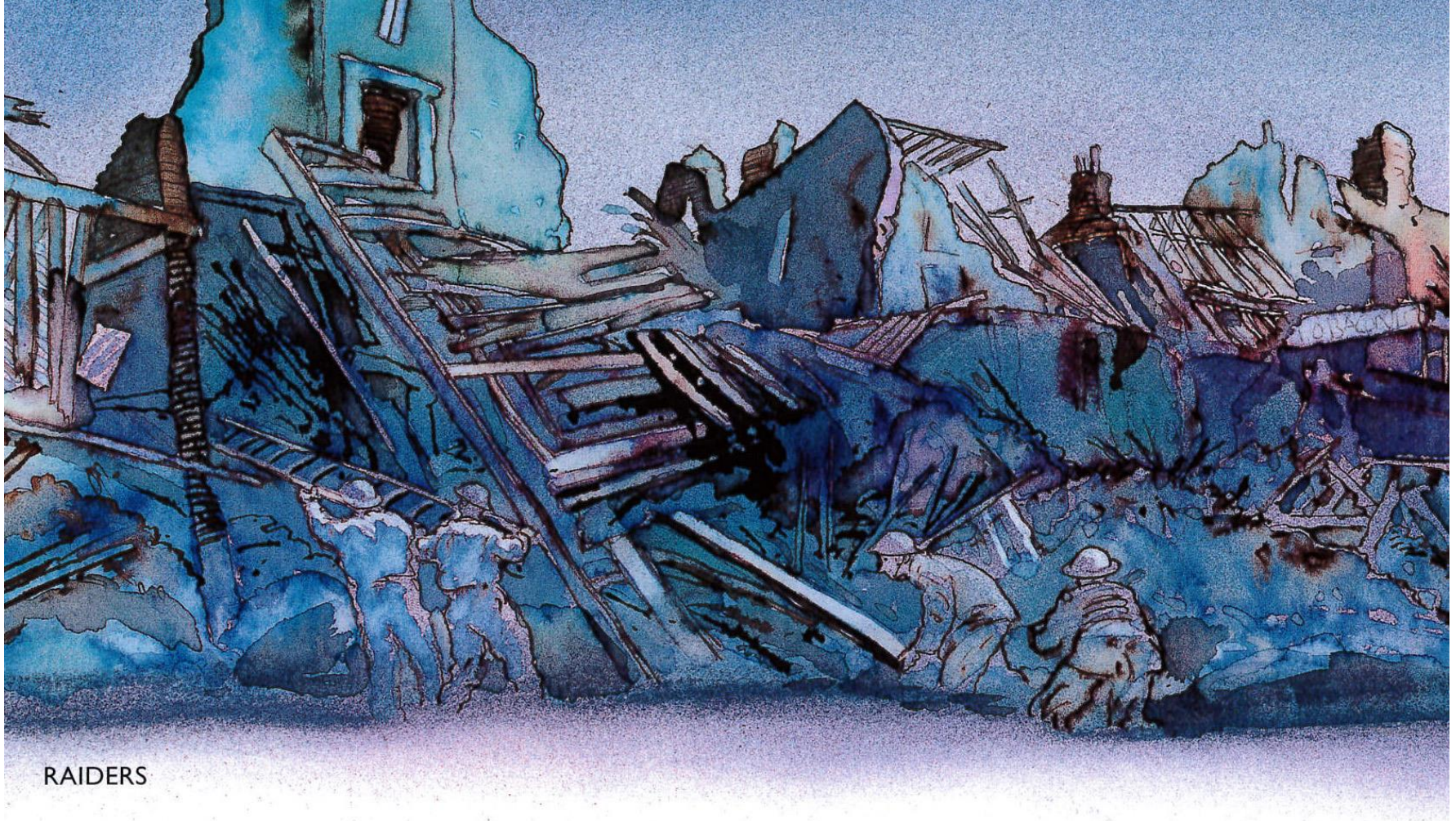
Dad told us at tea-time that the bombs had landed by a housing estate over near Downham. That really is miles away! The Lewisham Station had been called down there, but there was nothing to do. No one hurt, he said, and just a few big holes in the playing fields. Hitler'll have to do better than that, he laughed. But I



Task: Text marking War Boy p52/55 and p30

Use SC pack to highlight text and highlight good vocabulary and great descriptive language. Add the words to your vocabulary sheet / mind map.

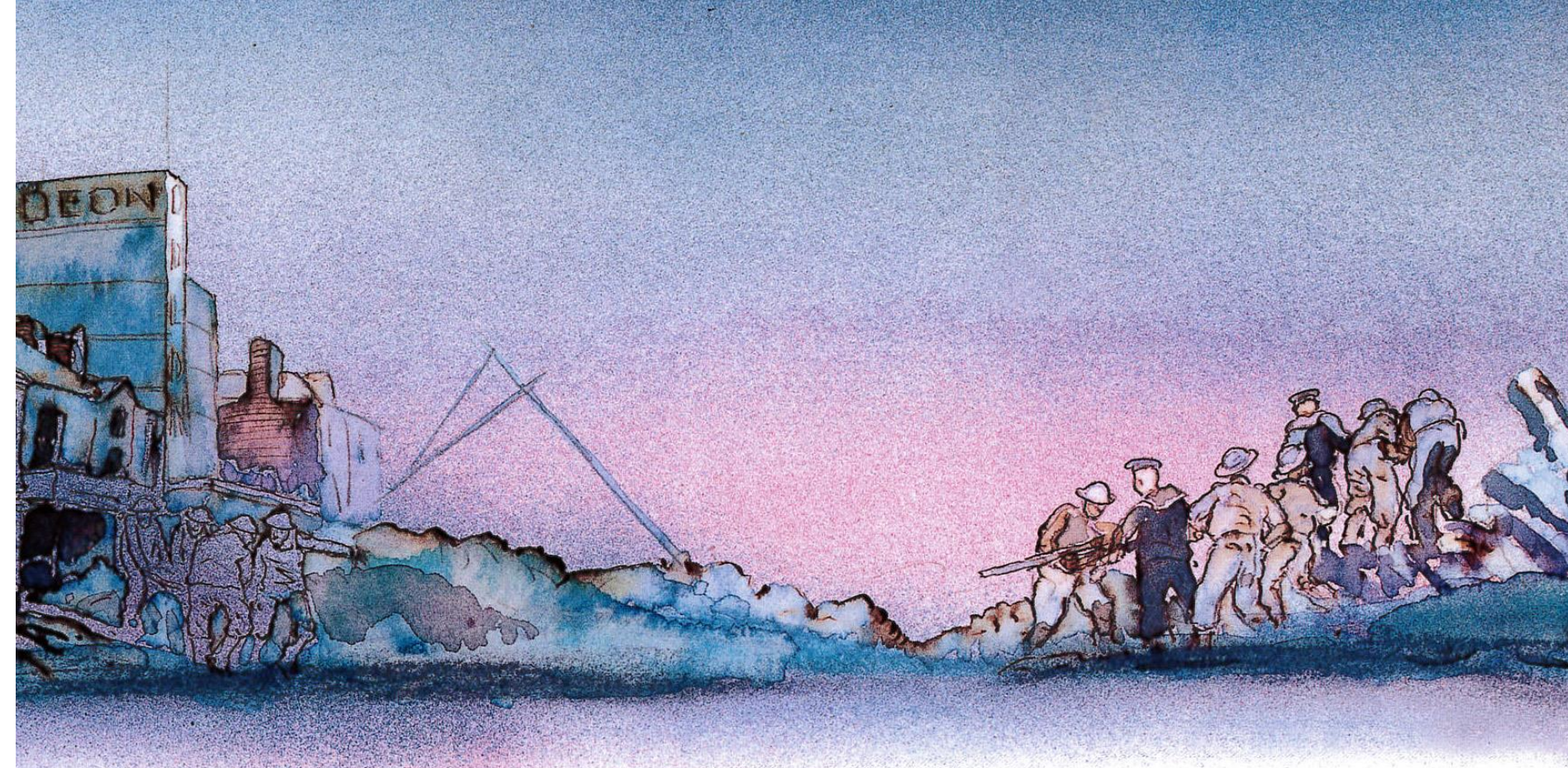
Challenge: Also working on p72/73.



RAIDERS

Because of the nearness of the town to enemy airfields, usually there was no warning of attack – just a roaring engine from low cloud, a couple of loud ‘crumps’ and a hail of machine-gun fire. It was all over in seconds. Then, as the dust began to settle and the raider was escaping back over the North Sea, the warning wail of the siren would begin. This could be repeated

several times in a day, or there might be a lull for a week or more. Rainy, misty mornings were the times of greatest fear. Lowestoft’s worst raid was on a day of snow, just before dusk. One lone raider loomed out of cloud above the main street and dropped four bombs on to shops and a crowded restaurant.



Seventy people were killed and more than a hundred injured. The individual dive-bomber made it seem much more personal – one enemy plane looking for someone to kill.

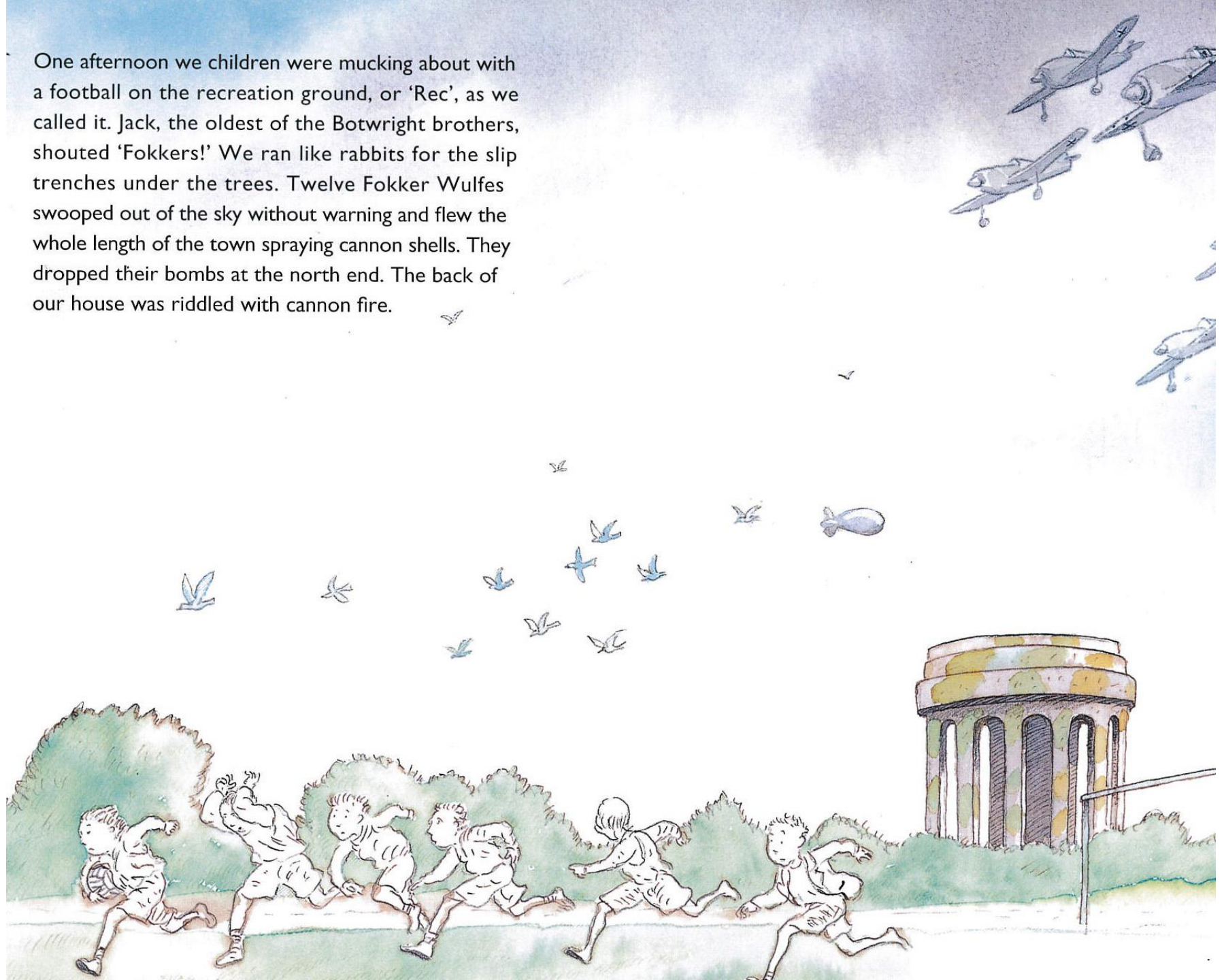
Opposite the Green was the Fire Station. Exhausted fire crews, sitting on gleaming red engines, watched the war games on the Green.

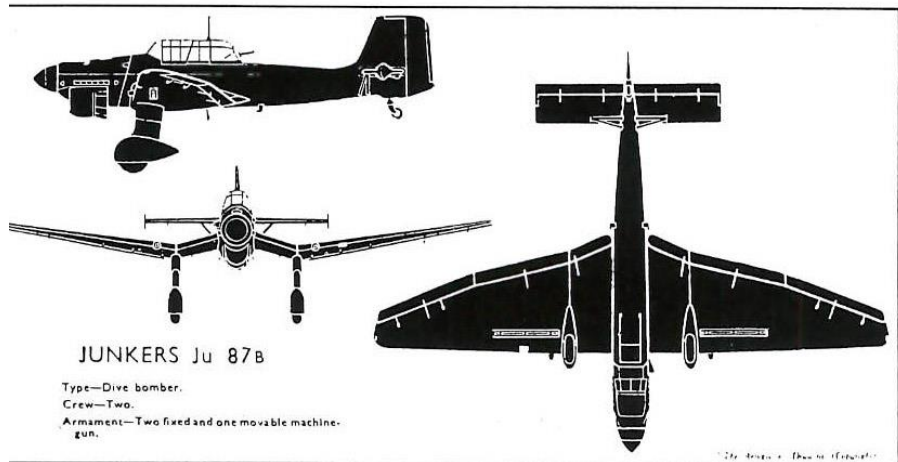
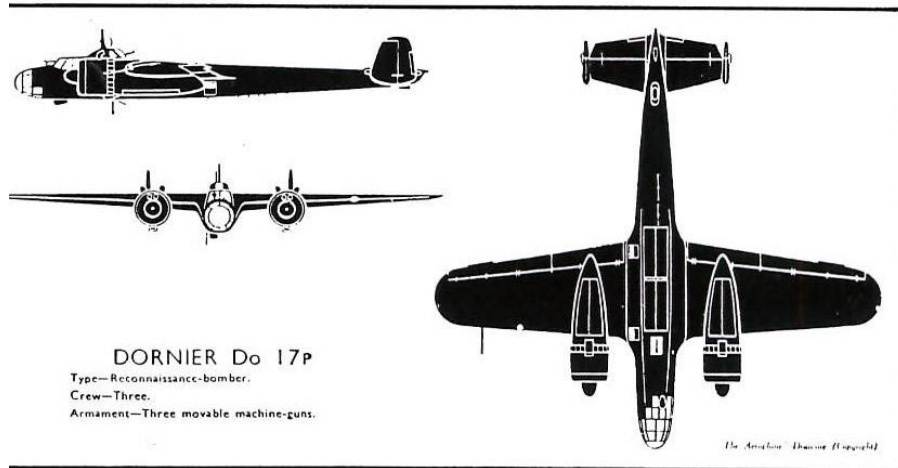
Some London firemen were sent to Lowestoft

for a rest from the Blitz. They found the frequent, unpredictable hit-and-run raids of the east coast even more exhausting.

The fire alarm was sounded at 11.02 a.m. on the first day of the war, Sunday 3 September 1939; the last on Monday, 30 April 1945. The 'alert' was sounded 2,047 times, with 112 warnings in August 1940 alone.

One afternoon we children were mucking about with a football on the recreation ground, or 'Rec', as we called it. Jack, the oldest of the Botwright brothers, shouted 'Fokkers!' We ran like rabbits for the slip trenches under the trees. Twelve Fokker Wulfes swooped out of the sky without warning and flew the whole length of the town spraying cannon shells. They dropped their bombs at the north end. The back of our house was riddled with cannon fire.





As well as knowing all the badges of the army, we children knew all the shapes and sounds of aircraft. Especially enemy aircraft. Although the fields and woods teemed with butterflies and birds, our skies and minds were full of planes.

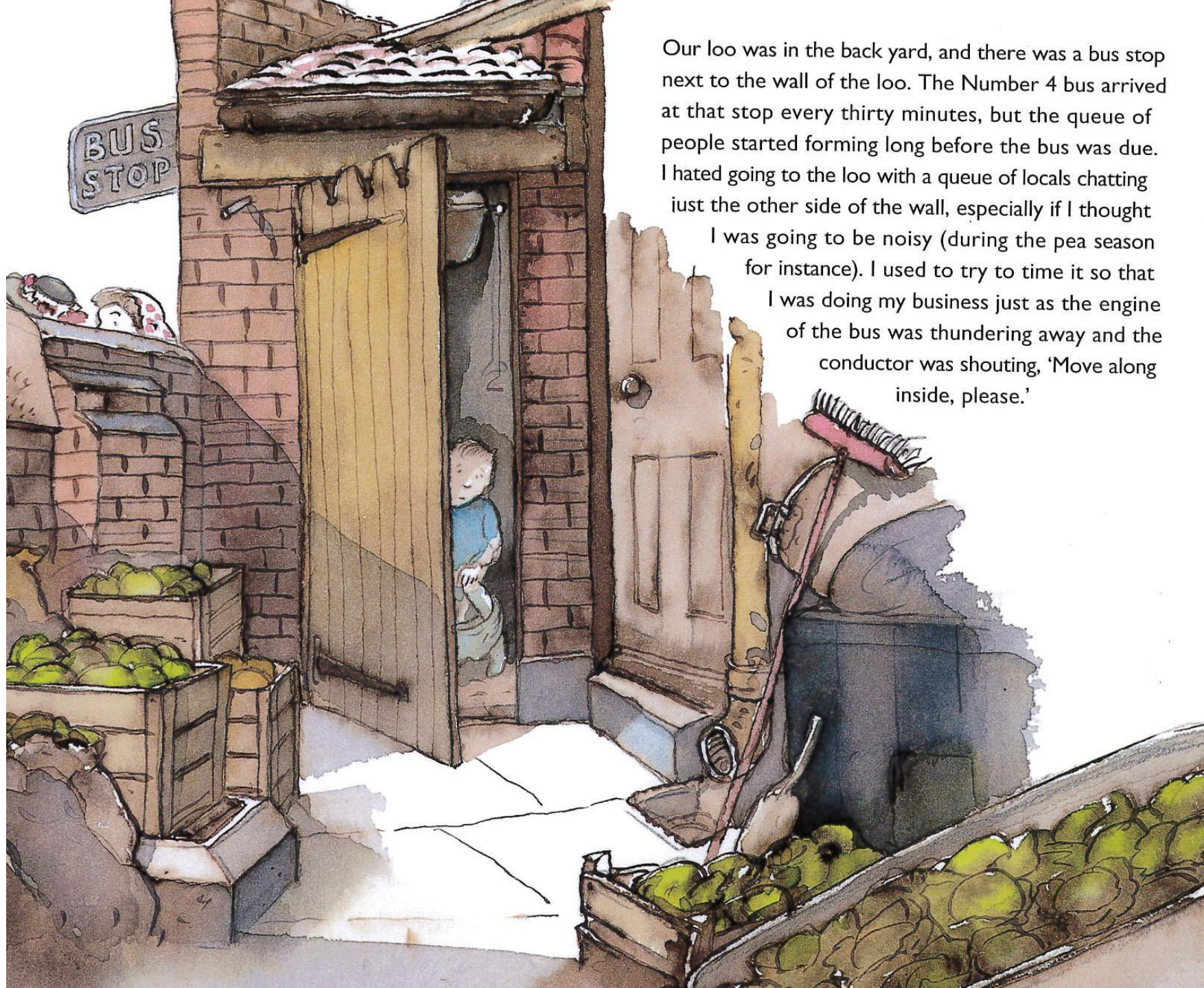
At night Dorniers, Heinkels and Junkers, in packs of hundreds, droned over our heads for the industrial heart of the Midlands. But they did not all pass over. Sometimes one or two planes, perhaps with sick engines, dumped their load on the first town they reached.

The Borough Surveyor said in 1944 that 125 per cent of houses in the area had been either damaged or destroyed. This meant that some were damaged twice and some three times.

There were narrow escapes. Brother Pud arrived home early from school one day to say it had been bombed. A lone enemy aircraft had swooped down, almost hitting the school, climbed and circled and dropped three high explosive bombs. It was a sunny lunchtime, and Pud and his friends were playing by a corrugated iron fence in the playground. Although blown down by the bomb, the fence deflected enough of the blast to save the children. The school was wrecked. No one was seriously injured at the school, but people were killed elsewhere in the village.

Two hundred bombs dropped in the fields nearby, and a partridge died of shock. A high explosive bomb fell on a garden plot and blew away a chicken house. A nearby chicken house was left with only one wall standing, but the birds were found sitting on their usual perches.

Friends struggled from their shelter to find their home a pile of bricks, but managed to rescue their canary, still singing in its battered cage.



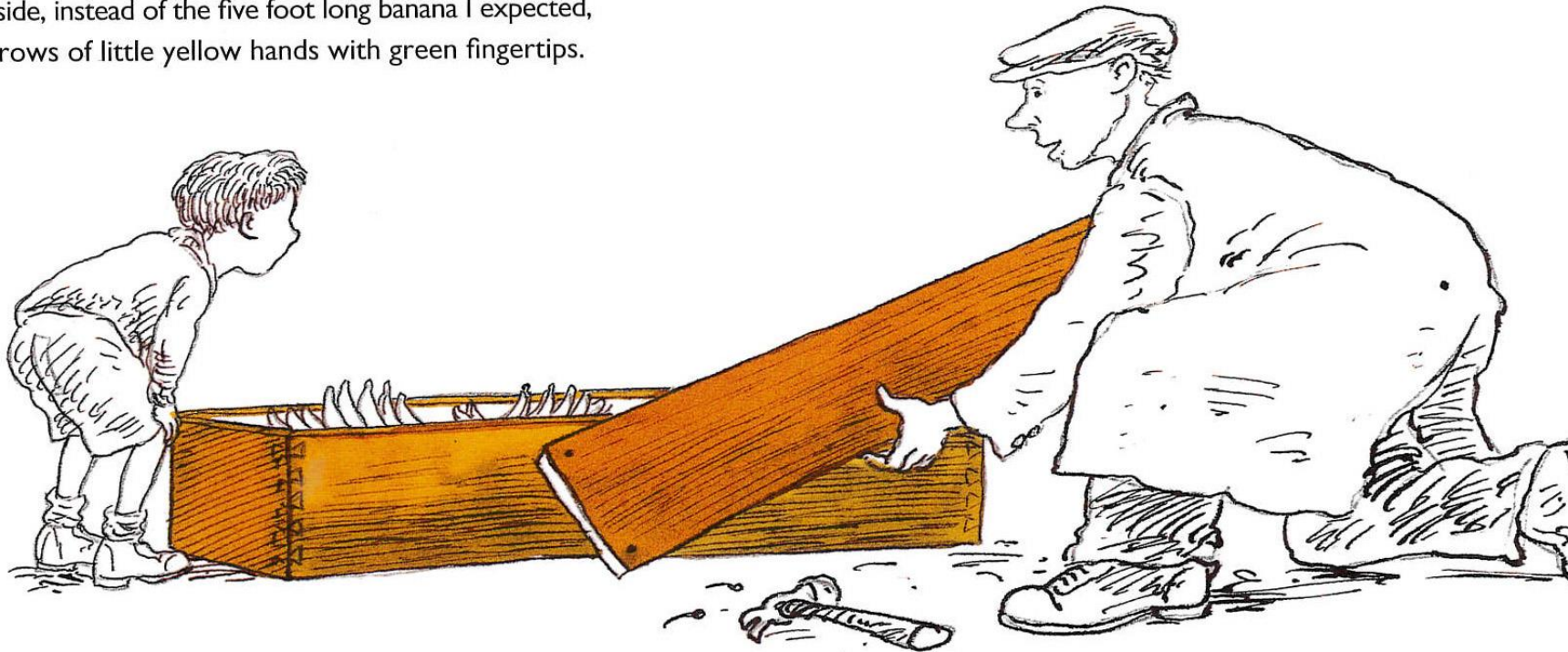
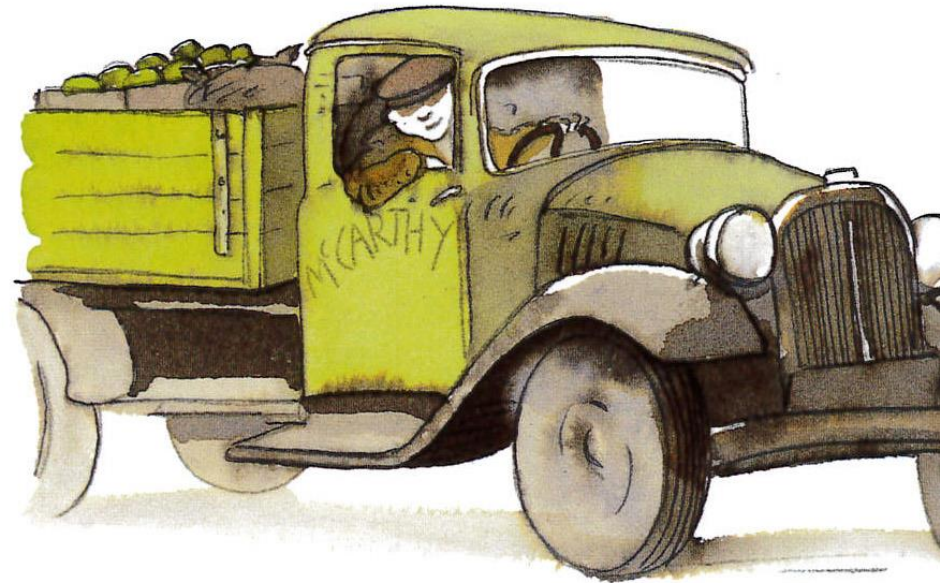
Our loo was in the back yard, and there was a bus stop next to the wall of the loo. The Number 4 bus arrived at that stop every thirty minutes, but the queue of people started forming long before the bus was due. I hated going to the loo with a queue of locals chatting just the other side of the wall, especially if I thought

I was going to be noisy (during the pea season for instance). I used to try to time it so that I was doing my business just as the engine of the bus was thundering away and the conductor was shouting, 'Move along inside, please.'

LIFE'S EARLY DISAPPOINTMENTS

My favourite delivery man was Charlie McCarthy with his fruit and veg truck. Toward the end of the war, as more convoys of ships got through, the fruit in Charlie's truck became more exotic. An occasional barrel of grapes packed in cork chippings was like a lucky dip. I liked to dig my fingers down through the cork and pull out big bunches of grapes smelling of overseas.

Then, at last, came the great day when the first long banana box was slid from the truck on to Charlie's shoulders, and into the shop. A space was hurriedly cleared on the floor. The lid, which must have been about five feet long, was prised off with a claw hammer. But inside, instead of the five foot long banana I expected, were rows of little yellow hands with green fingertips.





It was an anti-climax equalled only by my first visit to the pictures. When the threat of air raids was thought to be over, Pop, the sailor, took me to the Odeon. We went to see John Wayne in Stage Coach. Sitting in the dark was thrilling. At the far end of the darkness was Mexico, all orange and yellow, a flight of white steps with deep blue shadows leading to an arch with red roof tiles. There was green cactus and a volcano in the background.

I waited for John Wayne to gallop down the steps. A man played a few rousing tunes on the organ, then the blazing colours of Mexico disappeared slowly up into the darkness to reveal a little flickering black-and-white screen behind. All the movement and noise and Indians couldn't make up for the lost promise of Mexico. The best bit of the film was the strange curly black hair that twirled and vibrated in the corner of every scene. Sometimes it suddenly uncurled and lashed across the screen like a serpent.