

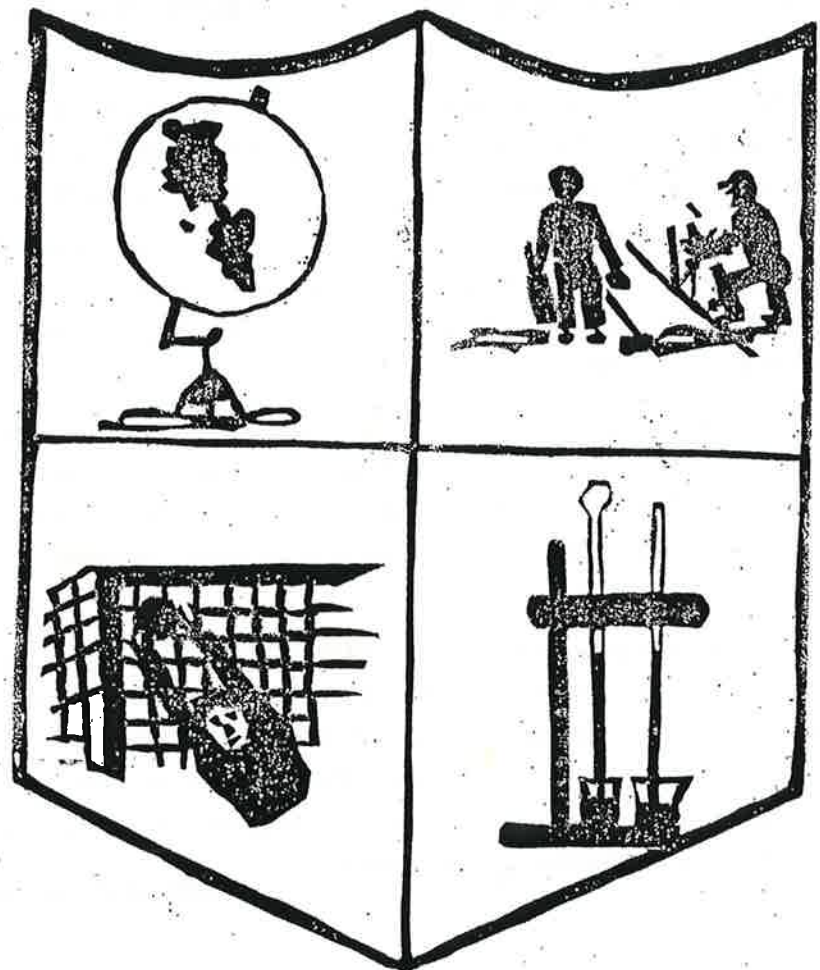
JUNE 1944

SCOOP

(Being the Annual Magazine of Long Maston C. of E. School)

NO 8 SPRING TERM 1942 Price 3d

(Headmaster, Gordon A. Savage)



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THE HEADMASTER'S PAGE

The past year has been a very momentous one for us all especially for us as a school. To lose our school and much of its equipment on a winter's evening was a hard blow, but to lose our Infants' Teacher, Mrs. Whelan as a result of the bombing was to turn what would have passed as a misfortune, in a tragedy that brought the horrors of the war to our doorsteps.

Mrs. Whelan like the rest of us had her faults and failings, but there is one aspect of her work that I should like to place on record, for unflinching enthusiasm and keenness on her work I have yet to meet her equal.

As a school we have now been badly disorganised for twelve months and we do not yet seem to have come to the end of our troubles. Working in three separate buildings is a severe handicap but coupled with this has been the constant staff changes, still not settled.

In spite of all this, we have three scholarships to report for this year.

Rex Tomlinson to Berkhamsted Grammar School.

John Syrratt (Middlesex) who was evacuated to us in 1939.

Moira Anderson to Berkhamsted Girls' School.

Congratulations to all three.

I would urge parents not to refuse school Dental Treatment for their children. A nominal fee of 6d. covers any one treatment which may cost the private patient from 2/6 to 7/6 or even more if a doctor's attendance is necessary. Once a parent refuses Dental Treatment for that child, it is never again, during its school life offered dental treatment, and should a parent take a child to the dentist the full dental fees will be payable.

(continued on back cover)

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Joint Editors -- Gwyneth Perry. Andrew Anderson.

EDITORS' CHAT

We must begin by saying, that we are very pleased to be able to continue the school magazine.

It is a very long while, since we have had one, and Mr Savage tells us we may be able to have about one a year, because as you understand, paper is not too easy to get, and we must cut down in wartime. We are very sorry to hear this, and as most of us older ones may not be at school when the next magazine is printed, we hope you will appreciate it, and we also hope that you will find it to your satisfaction.

There were a few things to find fault with in the last magazine, but it being the first one we did by ourselves, we hope you will pass the mistakes over, as we have been doing our best to overcome them in this issue. Also as Mr Savage told us he was not going to have anything to do with it, we have been rather at a loss to know whether you will like what we have done, although since then he has given us a great deal of advice.

A large number of our evacuee friends have gone home, so they have not been able to contribute anything as they did so readily in the last issue.

As you know, when we lost our school, we were not able to have any lessons for 2-3 months. When we did begin we were all split up, and still are, but the arrangements are much more satisfactory than hitherto. All this has put us backward, because we lost a great deal of printing materials etc. and everything that is needed to print a magazine.

One good thing is that this has given us all a broader view of

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thing and owing to mixing with the evacuees (and at the time of the catastrophe, sorting out books, papers, and a whole lot of school things saved from the wreckage) we have learned to appreciate our school much more than we ever have before. and those of us who leave soon, and have been all through this, will always remember Long Marston school and the jolly times we have had.

To those who are leaving at the end of this term, or those who are going back to London to live, we wish them the best of luck, and hope they will always remember the school they were taught in, and the place, to which they were taken, to be out of danger.

Yours Sincerely

The Editors

Three Jolly Fish

Three jolly fish danced on the golden sands,
And they whistled a delicate air,
And they danced to the tunes of elastic bands,
That tied up their bonnie brown hair.

Submitted by R. Watt.

The Elephant

The elephant is a graceful bird,
It flits from bough to bough,
It builds its nest in a rhubarb tree,
And whistles like a cow.

Eggs

I'd never beat a rotten egg,
I never hope to beat one,
But I can tell you anyway,
I'd rather beat than eat one.

Submitted by D. Winfield

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THE END OF LONG MARSTON SCHOOL.

The following accounts have been given by children who were on the spot immediately after (Ed.)

About half past five on January the 30th, I was walking down the village to take a message. When I was near Mrs Evans' house, Philip Shurvell said that there was a Jerry coming over, I heard the plane too but I didn't take any notice because I thought it was one of ours.

It was a quiet day, and the clouds were very low so I could not see the aeroplane. I was looking up when all of a sudden I heard a whistle and a deafening crash. I lay in the nearest ditch, because it seemed like the bomb had dropped behind Mrs Rumble's house. There was smoke and bits of shrapnel, it looked just like a train letting out a lot of smoke. I lay in the ditch a little while in case anything else should happen. When all was quiet again I did not finish my message but went home. My mother was waiting at the front door, I told her what I had seen and she said that she thought it was an aeroplane coming down.

Soon after, the fire squad were down the village, Mr Chandler our next door neighbour told us that it was the school that had been hit and it was demolished, when I heard this it made me feel very upset. I think that our old school had been bombed. I felt like I wanted to see what had happened, but my mother went down with a lot more people.

There were the fire squad, the A.R.P. and lots more people working as hard as they could to get the people out which were lying helpless under the wreckage. The people were, Mrs Whelan our Infant

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school teacher, and a man and lady who were living with her. The bomb had hit the water main and it had caused water to run out all over the road ankle deep. The people were out nearly all night digging away to get the people out, and some Airfield men came in lorries to help.

While this was happening Mrs Funge came up to our house because her house had been rendered unsafe.

The man and lady were taken to hospital but when they got Mrs Whelan out she was dead, so they took her to a mortuary. She was buried at Puttenham church on the following Wednesday.

The next morning there was deep water across the road and we put stepping stones across to the other side. The front of "The Boot" had been knocked down. Mr Dean's shop was coming down and all the row had been shaken about.

On Sunday there were many cars lined up to see the damage.

By Winnie Thompson Age 13.

I WAS THERE

By Tony Stevens Age 9

On Thursday afternoon I was coming down the road, when I heard a whistling noise. George Jarratt was with me, and we kept on walking. Suddenly we heard a great bang, I looked up and saw a cloud of black smoke; bricks and pieces of wood were flying everywhere.

Some telegraph wires fell down, and the ground shook so hard that I fell over.

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Water was coming out of the ground and men were running down the road. I went with them and saw a lot of clay across the road. Somebody said the school had been hit. The men got on to the debris and started digging for people.

I thought my mother would be worried so I went home.

ACCOUNT By Donald Winfield Age 11

On Thursday January 30th at 5-30 my father heard an aeroplane. My sister had just come home from Tring. My father looked out of the back door and said, "That's a Jerry". As soon as he said that we heard an explosion, and I ran to the door. A stone came whizzing over the Parish Hall, and hit a tile on our roof, the tile hit Judy my dog, and the stone hit the shed. Red hot stones were flying about in the meadow.

After that my father went down to the gate and said "It has hit the school". He ran up the path to get his jacket, then he went down the road, while I ran to shut Mr Wilkins chickens up.

When I had shut the chickens up, I went to see what damage was done. All the men were running up and down, and were helping to get the people out.

The AFS, ARP, and the rescue squad were there. I went home and my sister said, "Will you go and get some water?" When I came back my brother was home but he had to go on home guard.

My sister and I then went to see the damage and I found a big piece of bomb.

The water was all across the road. About half-past six I went home to help put the blackout up. Then I had tea, and read some comics.

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My father came back at eight-o'clock and said, "We have got the man and lady out." We had no light or water, and we had to keep one bowl of water to wash in, because we only had one bucket of water.

My brother came home about twelve-o clock and said, "Mrs Whelan is dead" I went to bed at a quarter past twelve. I could not sleep, for thinking about the old school. At a quarter past eight next morning I got up to get some water. When I got down the road, I saw that the front of "The Boot" was all knocked out.

The firemen were still squirting water over it in case it caught on fire. Then the policemen told me to go home as it was smoking.

I Was 12 yds From The Spot.

by B. Bignell age 12 yrs

On January the 30th about half-past five, I was standing outside Dean's shop with Sheila Bott, Peggy Chapin, Joan and Jean Frost talking. We heard an aeroplane but we did not take much notice.

Then Peggy said, "This is the sort of day that the Germans dive-bomb" because the clouds were low and it was a dark day.

We had our backs towards the school. Suddenly we heard a loud whistle and then a crash. Things were flying all over the place, we did not have time to lie down so we ran along the fence into Mrs Dean's house, while my friends ran into Mrs Foskett's. When I looked out of the window, and saw it was the school I realised I was only 12yds away. Mrs Dean's house was in a terrible state, the windows were broken, bricks came down the chimney and all the ceiling was coming down upstairs. Sauce was spilt all over the shop floor, and broken bottles and glass were everywhere.

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By this time, the people had gathered around the crater like flies. The Local Fire Brigade, Tring Fire Brigade, and the A R P were there.

When I went out into the road it was flooded, because the water mains had burst, and all the electric lights went out.

The Local Fire Brigade was out all night working by torch light, digging out the people. They got them out at last and rushed them off to Hospital.

In the morning I went down the road to have another look at "The Boot," it was half down, and was reported demolished. Some of Dean's roof was down too. All Dean's row had to be evacuated because the buildings were unsafe.

EXTRACTS FROM COMPOSITION ON "HOW WE CARRIED ON"

After the school was bombed we had a long holiday. I helped to salvage some things with the other boys. We saved the good bricks, and took them to a boy who was piling them up. There was a lot of wood there which we got out. This went on for a good while. After that I went to school at Puttenham Parish Hall, Soon after, I went to Long Marston Parish Hall, and I have been there since.

by A. Plumeridge age 10

At first there was no school, because we had nowhere to go. Some boys helped to look for things such as books pens pencils etc. We went to school at the Baptist Chapel for a time.

At Easter we (seniors) were told to go to Long Marston

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Parish Hall, the Juniors had to go to Puttenham and the Infants to the Baptist Chapel. We are still at the Parish Hall, and the infants at the Baptist Chapel. We are now crowded together in one school, with the juniors.

by Evelyn Forrester age 13

After the bomb had dropped on 30 th. Jan. we did not go to school because there was nowhere to go.

Some boys helped to salvage things from the wreckage. The job I had was to pile up the bricks that were't broken. Then plans were made for us to go to school. We went to school only half a day at first. Mrs Whelan, our infant teacher was killed.

Soon after, some children had to go to Puttenham. Mrs Hersant and Mrs Joanes have now gone away, and Mrs Savage teaches the Infants with the younger juniors and Mr. Savage teaches the Seniors and the others juniors.

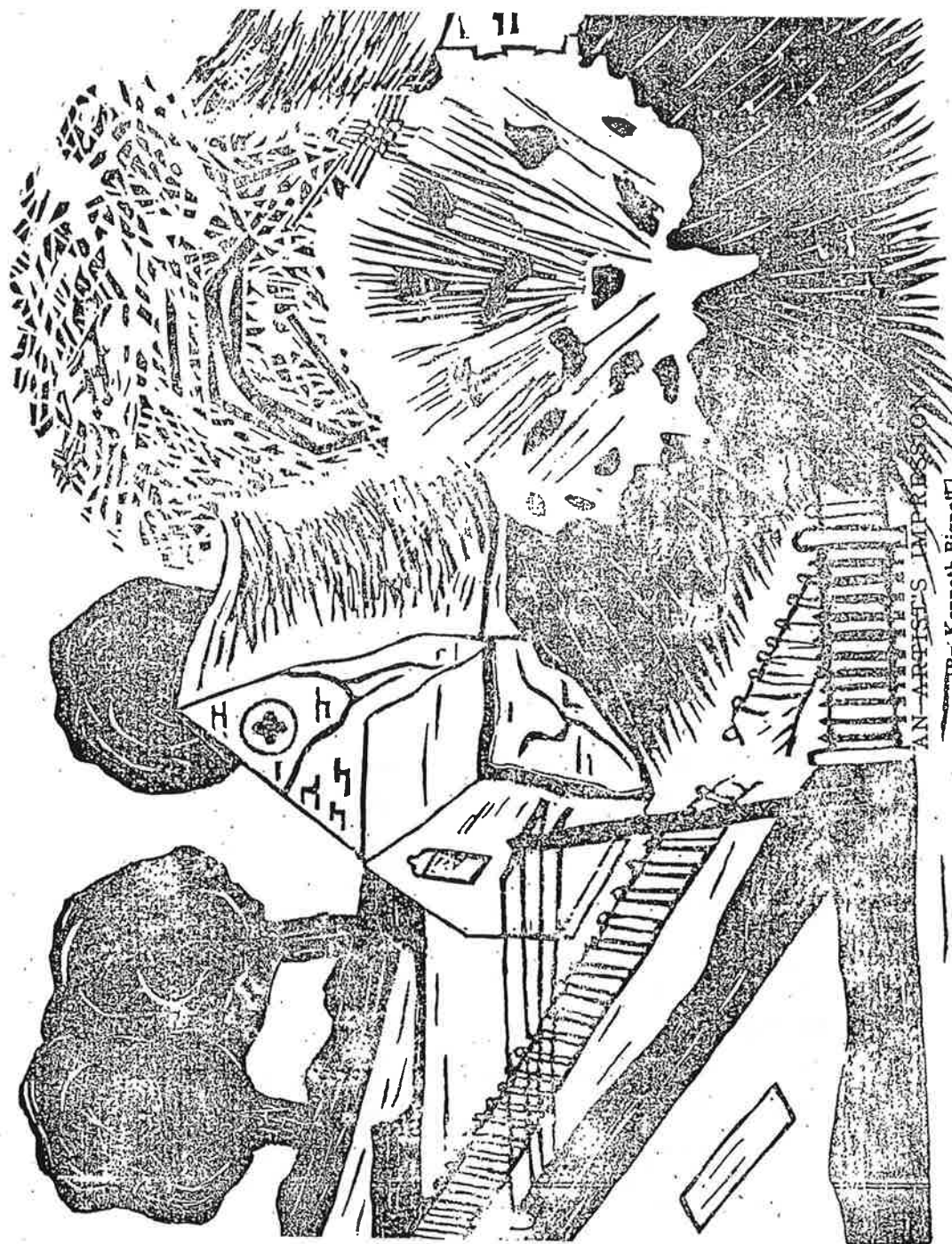
by Ronald Watt age 13

After the school was bombed I helped to get some things out. The boys carried books and papers down to the Parish Hall, and some girls sorted them out. We had a long holiday. Then we had to go to school at the Baptist Chapel. We went to Baptist Chapel for a long while. then some children had to go to Puttenham Parish Hall.

by Zena Jeffs age 13

Teacher. "Tom what is a goldfish.?"

Tom. "A sunburnt tiddler."



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ORIGINAL POEMS

AUTUMN

Autumn is here.
 Jack Frost is near.
 There's ice on the pane.
 And frozen rain.
 Frost will arrive.
 Making some slides.
 Turning things white.
 All in a night.
 The grass is crisp.
 The sky is cold.
 The wind is rough.
 The sheep in fold.
 But warmth will come.
 And sunshine bring.
 The birds and flowers.
 That make the spring.
 by Ethel Bennett age 12

AUTUMN

The autumn leaves are falling.
 And turning golden brown.
 The autumn winds do come and blow.
 And whirl the leaves around.
 The Autumn skies are heavy.
 The ground looks dull and bare.
 The rivers now are freezing fast.
 Jack Frost is in the air.
 The cows are in the cow shed.
 And eating winter hay.
 The sheep have had their little lambs.
 And they are gone away.
 The winter soon will finish.
 Spring will then be here.
 With weather bright and sunny.
 And skies all blue and clear
 by William Hargreaves age 12

WINTER

Winter is coming,
 The nights are getting dark,
 The children are running,
 Home from the park.

Winter is coming,
 And snow is falling fast,
 From trees in the forest,
 The leaves are downward cast.
 by Zena Jeffs age 13

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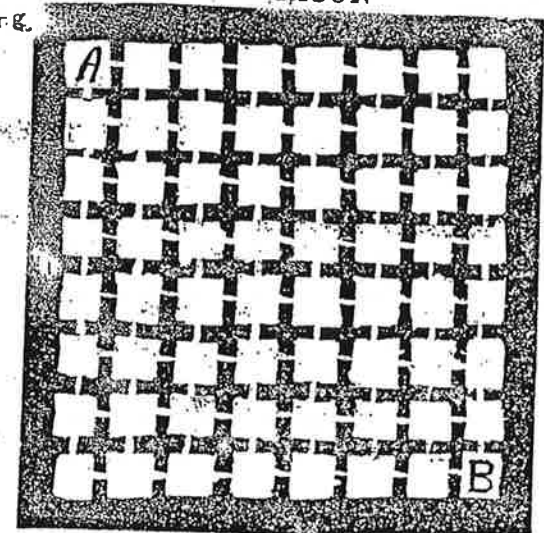
PUZZLE CORNER

1. Which travels the fastest heat or cold?
2. What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?
3. Why can't you drown a man with a wooden leg?
4. What animal is most like a cat?
5. Why may milestones be regarded as the most unsociable things in the world.
6. Why is coffee like the earth.
7. Why are the feathers of a hen smooth.
8. A row of white horses on a ^{red} white hill Clamping Clamping they never stand still.
9. Say a word of three syllables which contains twenty six letters in itself.
10. Why does a duck waddle across the road.
11. What is the hardest key to turn

Prisoner A will be set free if he can get to B by entering every cell once.

PRISON

A man had £100 to buy
 100 head of animals.
 Sheep £1 per head.
 Cows £5 per head.
 Lambs 1/- per head.
 How many of each did he have?



Puzzle and lino cut
 submitted by Frank Newens

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ANSWERS

1. Heat because you can catch cold.
Absence of body.
3. Because a wooden leg will not drown anything.
4. A Kitten.
Because you never see two of them together.
6. Because they are both ground.
7. Because she always has a comb with her.
8. Your teeth.
9. Alphabet,
10. To get to the other side.
11. A donkey.

JOKES

What He Thought

Teacher; "Can any boy name one thing of importance which did not exist a hundred years ago?"

Bobby; "Me"

One For Johnny

Mother; "Johnny you have been a naughty boy, you can just go off to bed without any supper"

Johnny; "Well mother what about the medicine I have got to take after meals."

Submitted by G. Perry

Teacher; "What excuse have you this morning Tommy?"

Tommy; "I have been waiting outside, trying to think of one"

Submitted by R. Watt

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THE HEADMASTER'S PAGE (cont.)

I am pleased to say that the great majority of parents very wisely had their children immunised against diphtheria. During peace-time it is duty that well informed parents accept for their children, but under war conditions it is little short of a national obligation on the part of the citizen in furtherance of the war effort. An outbreak of diphtheria would do more damage than the "Blitz."

Many of the boys who were associated with the first issue of this Magazine are now joining the Forces. I wish them the best of luck and hope that if a copy of this paper reaches them, it will recall happy memories.

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ORIGINAL POEMS

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This is a thirty-eight page book of Original Poems compiled by scholars of Long Marston C. of E. School. The poems have appeared at various times in the School Magazine "SCOOP"
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