

Crookhill Primary School.

1950's - Changing Childhoods & Changing Lives Project.



**Building
Self-Belief**



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The following anthology was created by the children of Crookhill Primary School throughout the 2021 summer term. It was delivered by Building Self-Belief CIO and kindly funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund. The children developed their creative writing, poetry, art, cookery, photographic, communication and historical research skills in bringing this anthology together.

They researched the experiences of people who lived in their home town of Crookhill and surrounding area during the 1950s, when their communities were in danger of disappearing. In 1951, many areas were identified by Durham County Council as 'Category D' or places that were 'no longer worthy of investment' and were to be allowed to decline. Despite this, Crookhill and its 'Crookhiller' spirit lives on to this day!

The children researched the story of this period by interviewing local residents and members of the 'Bryten Ryton Local Environment Group', who were children at the time. They studied original school records, and wider primary and secondary sources, to understand the experiences of children at the time and to form their own judgements.

The project also included a visit to Beamish Museum to help them to piece together life in a coal mining community, like Crookhill, in the 1950's.

The children researched in to the ways that society was changing in the UK and beyond. To assist their research they interviewed Clara, who came to the UK from the Caribbean Island of Dominica, as a 10-year-old. The children broadened their understanding of the 'Windrush Generation' and how it contributed to a 1950s Britain that was still recovering from the effects of World War II.

The students collated their findings in to this anthology of work in recognition of the 'Category D' villages that survived as well as those which disappeared forever.

We hope you enjoy their work.

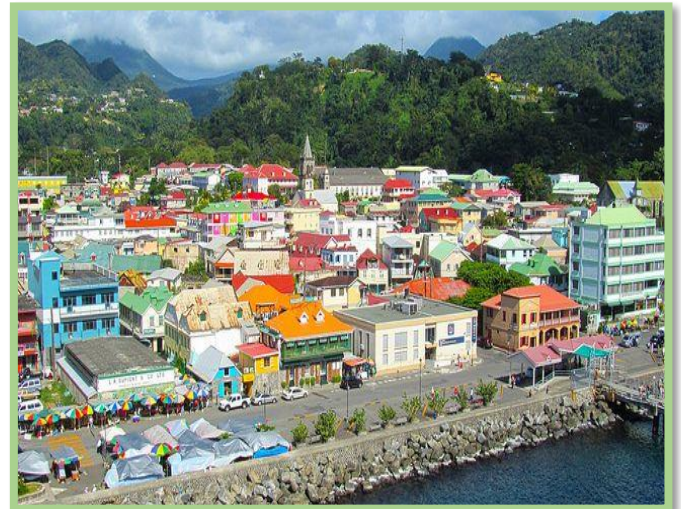
Historical Biographies

The children carefully researched aspects of childhood in the Crookhill area during the 1950s. This prepared them to interview Peter and Aidan as local residents and members of the 'Bryten Ryton Local Environment Group'.

They quizzed Peter and Aidan about their childhood memories from the time and the ways in which the local area, and life more broadly has changed since then.

The children also interviewed Clara, who came to the UK by boat from the Caribbean Island of Dominica as a 10 year old, to begin a new life with her family.

This is what they discovered...



Peter's Story

Peter was born on January 10th, 1950, in Ryton and had a very happy childhood. He went to a mixed primary school, where children walked home from school at the age of 6 or 7, very different from today. Peter said that the 'boys had to wear shorts until they were 12.'

At secondary school, girls were taught domestic classes like cooking and boys were taught woodwork and metalwork. The desks in the classroom were always in rows, facing the front. Peter liked to eat the school dinners and enjoyed them. He also remembers playing 'Hopscotch', 'Jacks', skipping and soldiers with his friends.



They got homework every night and, in the winter, they had to do it in front of the fire, because there was no central heating. Peter's family used an 'Esso Blue' paraffin heater to warm his house. For extra warmth at night, he would put his parents coats on his bed. If they did not do their homework the boys would get the cane, but the girls would go to detention and write lines.

They did lots of different activities outside of school, he remembers going to pick Strawberries and Rosehip, to make Rosehip Syrup. He also went 'Coal Picking' to get extra coal for the fire for free. Peter went to Cubs and then to the Scouts, which still exist today. In the summer holidays, no one went abroad, instead they would camp by the seaside. He liked to play cricket in the summer and football in the Autumn and Winter. Peter remembers that Newcastle United was a very successful team at the time and Jackie Milburn was their star player.



Peter enjoyed 'Listen with Mother' on the radio and his favourite show was 'Lenny the Lion'. In 1957,

he got his first T.V and he liked to watch the adventures of 'Dan Dare'. Peter also wanted a Davy Crockett hat which all young boys wanted at the time. Peter read comics such as 'The Beano' and 'Dandy'. He also liked stories about space and astronauts. He remembers when a boy, on his street got a space helmet and all the children were very excited to see it.

People shopped locally every day for fresh food because supermarkets did not exist. People did not have fridges or freezers to keep their food cold. There were big 'Ranges' in peoples' houses to cook on, and the fire would heat the house too. He had a tin bath, where you shared the same water from oldest to youngest as it took so long to get hot water.

Today, Peter is happily retired and enjoys helping out in the local community as part of the Brighten Ryton Local Environment Group whenever he can.

Aidan Lawson



Aidan was born in Ryton, 1945. He went to St. Agnese's Primary School. At school, he loathed the lunches while his mother's dinners were brilliant; if he could change one thing from the 1950's, it would be the school dinners, especially the lumpy custard!

His dad tried to force him to do his homework, but he was very defiant and didn't usually do it properly. If you 'stepped out of line' at school, you could get the strap - which would have really hurt.

Aidan's favourite sport was cricket, and he has stayed involved with local cricket throughout his life. If he had cricket training this was the only time his father would let him off doing his homework! He also played conkers, tag and football with local children in the street. Sadly, he remembers that children sometimes became ill with TB and Polio.

When he was around 13, he stole the local cricket nets with his friends and took them fishing. It cost 6p to hire a boat on the Tyne at the time. He didn't catch anything, and he got caught by someone! He also got in trouble as he lost the cricket nets in the river.

Aidan's Family did not have a lot of money and they did not have a TV, but his neighbour did, and he would always go round and enjoy watching TV there. At home, he listened to radio shows like 'Listen with Mother' and 'The Archers'.

His family had strong connections to the River Tyne, where his uncle worked at the Swan Hunter shipyard. Sometimes he would go to the docks to watch ships being launched down the slipway. He also enjoyed working on his uncle's farm, where his first job was to milk the cows at 3.30 in the morning! It was hard work, but he really enjoyed it.

Aidan remembers watching cowboy movies like 'The Lone Ranger' at the cinema. He could hardly see the screen though as there was so much cigarette smoke all around him because everyone smoked in those days. He also remembers being told stories about the war. In one story he had been shocked to hear that his dad's friend had survived being hit with 6 bullets!

In the local town the co-op and the coalmen would do their deliveries by horse and cart. Loads of people, including Aidan would also attend church and spent a lot of time there. He remembers the church as being much more important in people's lives back in the 1950s.

Aidan traveled the world as an engineer and worked for Rolls-Royce visiting places like Australia and Africa. However, he always returned to Ryton as it was a lovely place to live. Aidan is still involved with the local community and is active in Brighten Ryton Local Environment Group which does things to improve the local area.

Clara's Story

Clara was born in May 1951 in Roseau, the capital of Dominica. Dominica is a tropical Caribbean Island. Clara told us that in Dominica there are 365 rivers, one for each day of the year! As a child, Clara was living with her grandma since her parents had moved to



England for work and for a better life. This was because Dominica was a poor country and did not have many jobs. Her father was a Cooper, who made barrels, and her mother was a domestic worker. Many people came to England from the Caribbean to live and work in the 1950's and 1960's. The people who made this journey were called the 'Windrush Generation'.

Clara was only 10 when she left Dominica, but she remembers the

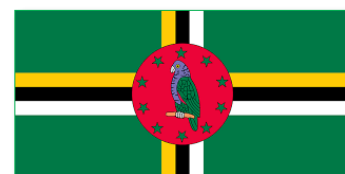
animals like the goats, chickens and parrots and she loved to go swimming in the local rivers. She used to eat goat curry, plantain and dasheen. In Dominica, they spoke a language called Patois, which is a mixture of different languages. She also remembers the hurricanes!

Clara came to England on a big ship which took two weeks to get to arrive. She travelled with her younger brother and a family friend, because she was with her brother, she didn't feel scared. She did remember that she got seasick when she looked out of the port holes! The journey was so long that the ship stopped at a couple of Spanish islands for supplies. When Clara arrived, she realized the weather was a lot colder in England than Dominica. Clara still prefers the weather in Dominica to the weather in England today. It was a great relief for Clara meet her parents again after four years.



She first arrived in London but moved straight to Bradford because London was very expensive. Clara attended Buttershaw Comprehensive School in Bradford, which she enjoyed. With her new school friends, she liked to play hopscotch and marbles, however she missed picking tropical fruits! She was able to follow her childhood passion for sewing in her work where she has made all sorts of things. She particularly liked making dolls, wedding dresses and hats. Clara went on to raise a family in Bradford and she still lives there today. Clara said that she felt welcomed to England and did not face any racism. Clara is very proud of Dominica and has returned many times. She also loves the flag because it has a parrot on it!

If Clara could have brought one thing with her from Dominica it would have been the beautiful rivers!



Our School

Crookhill School in the 1950s was very different to today. Instead of leaving at 11 to go to secondary school today, you used to stay at Crookhill until you were 15.

The children used to do their reading in the hall instead in the classrooms. Each reading group was led by another child who was probably one of the best readers themselves. They also used to study plants or botany. This was because many families had local allotments, so the children needed to understand how plants grew. This was also very important because food was rationed until 1954.

In the playground children would play Hopscotch, football and with spinning tops, toy trains, dolls, puppets, skipping ropes and toy aeroplanes.

Instead of a normal football today, they had leather balls that were stitched up with laces. If you got hit by it, you would get lace marks and if it rained the ball would fill up with water and be very hard to kick. They used jumpers for goalposts just like we do today, or they used chalk to mark out a goal on a wall. Crookhill had very good football teams in the 1950s and we say pictures of the players and the trophies that they won.

During lessons, children studied the 'three R's', which were writing, reading and arithmetic. They used ink pens, like the ink pens that we used in the school at Beamish Museum. We thought writing like this was fun but also hard to do because it was messy, and the ink could get everywhere. If you were naughty, you would get the cane or a strap. The thinner the cane the more painful it was.

For school dinners they had lots of boiled vegetables, but the meat was quite fatty. Lots of the food was quite stodgy, like lumpy custard so it filled the children up. In the 1950s it was considered wrong to waste food, so the children were expected not to waste anything.

From the pictures that we saw, children at Crookhill used to wear normal clothes instead of uniform that we wear now.

If we could take one thing forward from today, we would want to study about the plants. We would NOT want the cane or the strap!



Beamish Visit

The children visit Beamish Living History Museum and used their historical research skills to discover what childhood was like in the 1950s. They practised their ink pen writing and played with the toys that children of the time would have played with.

They also developed their understanding what life was like in a pit village, like Crookhill, similar to Crookhill.

After a hard morning of study that found the time to go on the Fairground rides that children in the 1950s would have enjoyed!



1950s Food

The children learnt that many goods, including food, had been rationed in Britain since World War II. Rationing lasted for 14 years from 1940 - 1954. Families were given ration books so shops could check what people had bought.

Some things that were rationed in the 1950s were: canned and dried fruit, treacle, syrup, jellies, mincemeat, children's sweets, butter, chocolate and sugar, petrol and even soap! Due to this, people had to be very careful not to waste food and were creative with their cookery.

The children had fun cooking Oaty Biscuits from a 1950s recipe and they were very tasty!



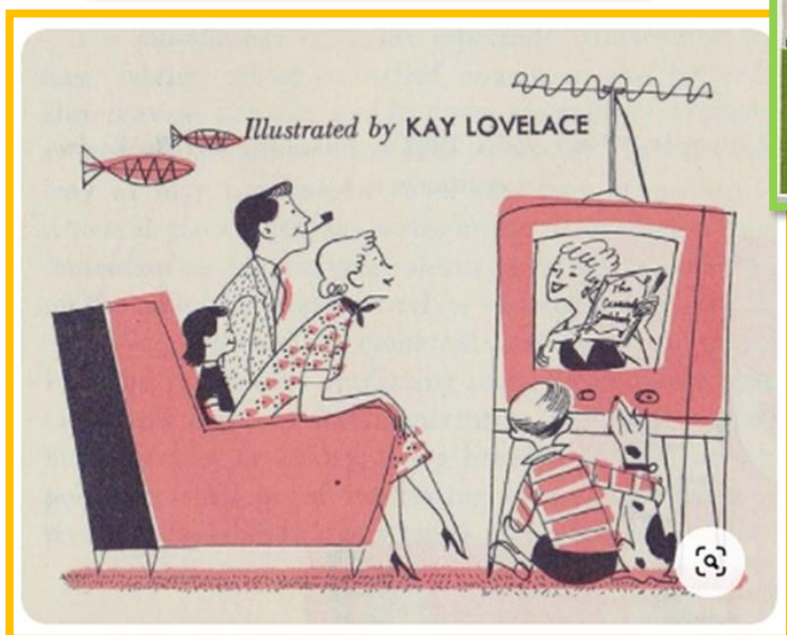
1950s Art

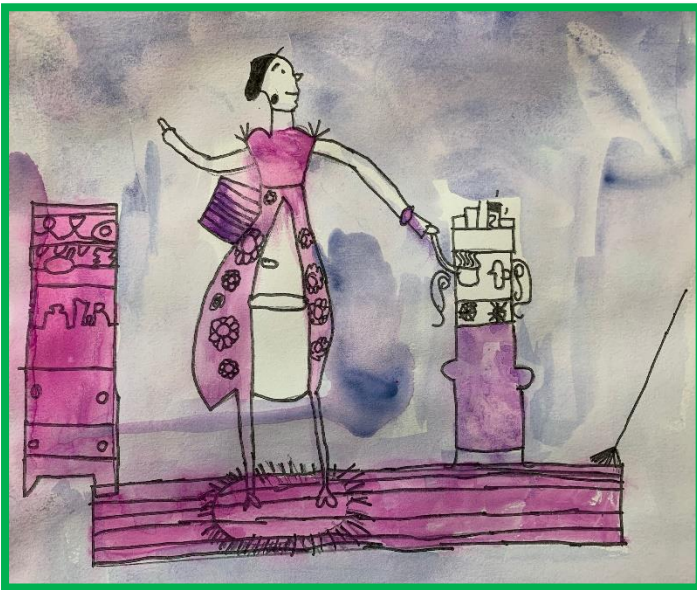
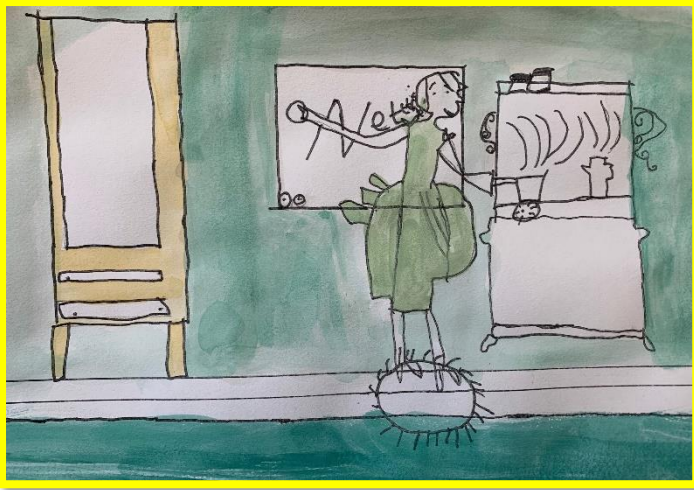
The children looked at typical 1950s advertising and illustrations.

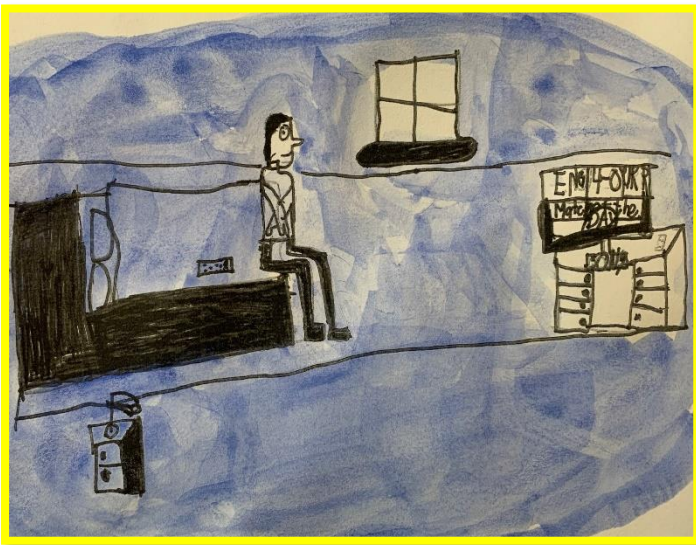
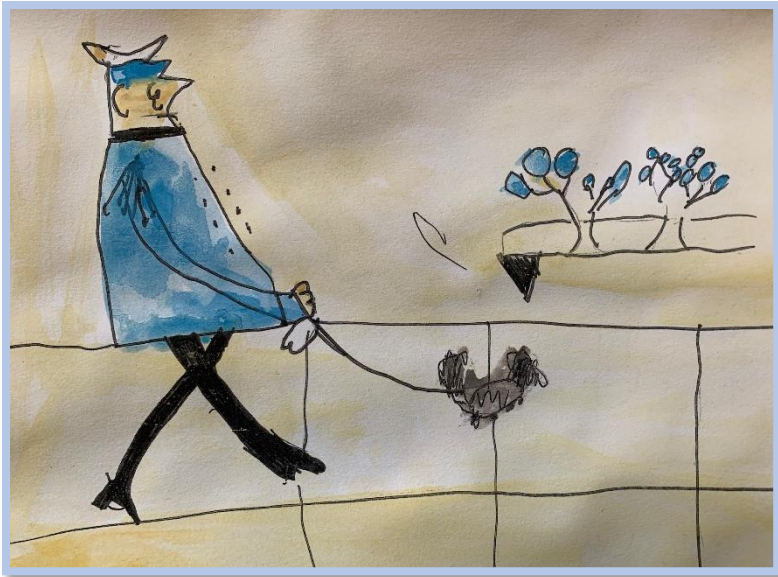
We thought about the activities they portrayed and the style of the artwork itself. Some pupils recreated the imagery, while others used the same style but updated them to include modern technology and culture.

We used watercolour and ink pen to create these monochromatic artworks.

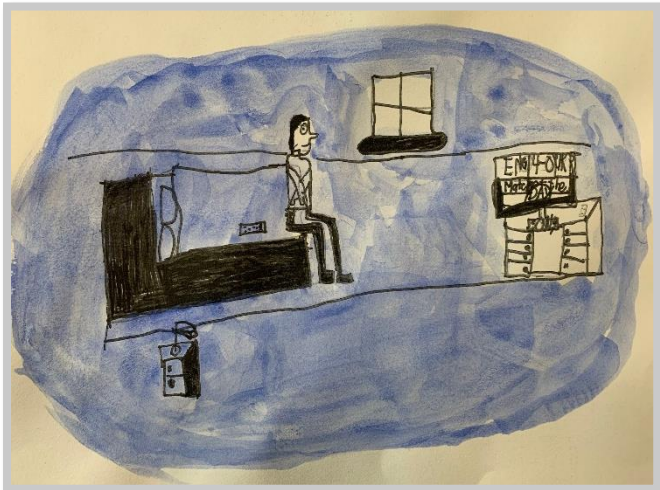
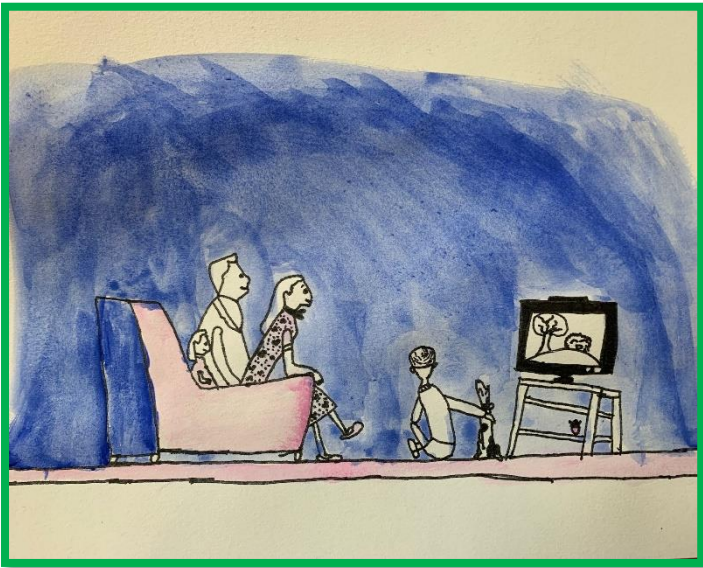
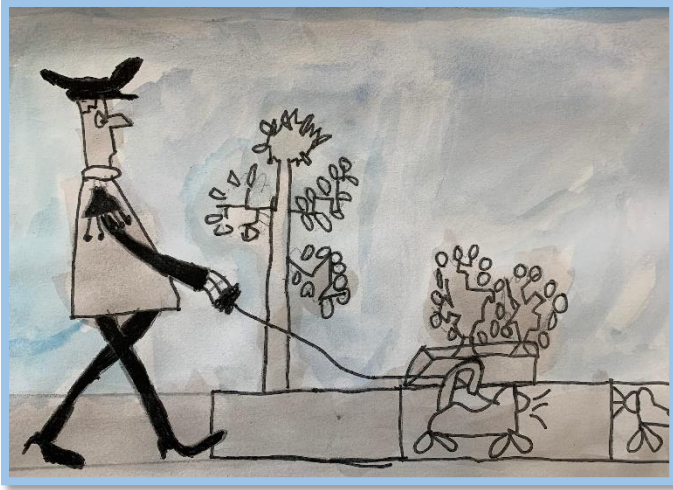
We hope you like them..











Poetry & Childhood

The children researched the lives of children in the Crookhill area during the 1950s'.

Without computer games, Xboxes and mobile phones, they realised that children at the time, had to be imaginative in their play.

Playground games such as Hopscotch, Jacks, Stick and Hoop, and skipping were very popular at the time.

'Roy of the Rovers' was a great imaginary football hero, and children were also inspired by the great Newcastle United team of the 1950s. Many played football whenever they got the chance, often using their jumpers for goalposts.

Things like war stories, space travel and adventure were also very popular themes that reflected the rapidly changing world in which the children lived at the time.

We hope that you enjoy their work!



The Loudest Cheers

Jumpers for a goal post,
Sounds good to most.
Standing next to the ball,
Aiming for the goal.

Gonna shine and gleam,
It'll be my dream.
Bout to strike it,
He's never gonna save it.

The leather ball has just met,
The back of the net.
The crowd's cheers,
lasted for years.

I wish I could go back to those days,
But the way back is a huge maze.
The best thing I have is my memories
In my mind I still get the loudest cheers.

By Jamie

Adventures with Skipping and Space

Skipping is such a treat,
It's just a piece of cake,
Even in the street,
You can feel like you're in space!

Jumping on the moon is fun,
Especially with your awesome space suit on.
But come dinner time, it's down to earth
Back from the moon to home turf.

Hovering in space,
Away from the streets,
I disappeared without a trace,
Do you know that in space there's sweets?

Adventures with skipping and space
In my mind I could go any old place.

By Keira T



Imagination

As a child I have been playing
football for such a long time
I feel like I am a FA Cup champion
I imagine that I can rainbow flick every
single player in the world
I am thinking everyone thinks I am the
best player in the world,
I out skill them at every turn.
In my mind - I am Jackie Milburn.

By William B

Football

As a child, I have been playing football
for so long that I feel like I am a F.A
champion!

I imagine that I can skill all the players
and score top ins.

I pass to everyone and rainbow flick
every single player.
I feel like I am my favourite player and
the best player in the whole wide world.

I'll think I meg all the people and even
the goalkeeper.

By Charlie C

Fireworks

Fireworks go bang
Fireworks go woosh
The rockets sing loudly
Then fizzle down with a sploosh.

Love lots of colours spraying across the sky
But there is danger in fire you should
know
Don't let it stop you going to the store
Keep buying them, the pile with grow

Look up and see the amazement
If you touch the fire it will burn your skin
If you look at the fire it will burn your eyes
If you smell the fire it will burn your brains

Fireworks go bang!!!

By Maisie

Skipping Around

What would it be like to touch the moon?
Get your ropes and jump to the tune.
There was screaming, shouting and
laughing too.

We used to love singing this song it went
like this:

"Cupcake, cupcake cherry on top how
many boyfriends have you got?"
There was screaming, shouting and
laughing too.

We would all play hop doodle do.
I wish I was fit enough to skip.
I would do anything to be screaming,
shouting and laughing too.

Imagination!

We were skipping and having lots of fun,
While all the boys were playing with a fake gun.

Shouting and screaming as we jump,
Then falling down with the loudest thump.

The boys would laugh as we fell down,
Saying we looked like big nosed clowns.

When the boys fell it was karma,
We would make a fuss and make up some drama.

By Ruby

Racing Car Winner

I am so close to the finishing line,
My heart beating as fast as a drum,
The anticipation inside of me flowing like a waterfall,
The crowd roaring my name,

One more lap, I can do this,
I pressed my foot on the pedal more harshly this time,
My throat as dry as an elephant in India,
Suddenly I lost my wheel,
I skid across the track,
It was my sister,

All the cars flew past me,
I'm gutted, how could I lose my key?
'Tea is ready!' my mum shouted,
It was fun while it lasted.

By Sophie H



Forever Teddies

I play with my teddy bears
I cannot bear to be without
I grab their arms and swing them,
then spin them all around.
You know I will always be with them,
There will never be any doubt
My cuddly bears forever,
We will always be together,
Together, until the end of time.

By Cassidy

We Won!

Whoosh the ball came flying through
the air
It landed in the back of the net.
Baaaaannng! he scored and he felt like
he won the world cup.
Shouting no! we lost
YYYeeeeeeasss! We won.

By Alfie

Imagination

As a child, I loved space
As you could see by the happiness on my face.

I flew on my rocket up to the moon
Even though my ship was a wooden spoon.

I was jumping and having fun
I also spun and spun and spun.

I saw the beautiful shining stars
They looked like golden Mars bars.

My childhood was amazing,
But it was time to say goodbye.
Every so often I dream, I imagine myself on
the moon.
And the memory is supreme.

By Elise



A Child's Imagination

As a child, I hopped on squares.
I was so good I never had nightmares.
Each square was a new place
Countryside, desert, even the moon in space.
On square number 5, I was in a village dancing
On square number 6, I was in the jungle prancing

My childhood was free
It was just my imaginary world and me
My childhood was fun
But it is time, my childhood is done.

By Maddie

My Future Life

When I was little, on a calm breezy summer day
I used to play hoopla hoops
I would swoop and sway and swing my hoop.
As I spun, I always felt happy and playful.
As I swayed, I would imagine driving a car
through the nice breeze, with the rooftop off.
As I swung, I would think of the life I would like
to have.

By Caitlin

Reaching for the Stars

Reaching for the stars is my dream
Hoping to jump so high
Round, round and around, up and down
Getting ready to touch the sky.

Reaching for the stars is my dream
Feeling like I can fly
While the rope goes click click
The other children spy

Reaching for the stars is my dream
Jump, jump, jump avoiding the rope
The other kids shout as I play
Their cheering fills me with hope!

By Keeley

1950s Poem

I am a footballer
I have scored lots of goals for my team
But this one has to go in
Yes, not all of them had been successful
BANG!
The ball went in all those days
Of staying out with friends
On and on until the day ends
One by one we lined up all excited to lift
the cup
But as we lifted it in the air something
fell
I tried to dodge but I fell on the ground
with a massive thud
I hit my head on the post
I woke with a breath only to realise
I was back at school with teachers
I hoped that one day the game would
become a reality

By Faith

Poem

The skipping rope whipped as it went round,
I jumped really high,
We had a really fun time,
We had lots of people watching,
A lot of people would say I was active.

My imagination was free,
We pretended we were people having a race,
I am adventurous,
My imagination was priceless.

I felt like I was flying,
I was as high as a bird,
We couldn't fly but it felt like it,
I was so excited because I won,
I loved skipping it was the best time ever.

We got very 'hacky',
It was fun,
But our mums didn't like it,
But we loved getting 'hacky'.

When the sun shone it shone as bright as a
million lightbulbs,
We heard girls and boys screaming,
The rope whipping around,
And parents shouting their kids to come in.

By Gracie



Mike the Astronaut

I was the King of the world.
I came out of the spaceship feeling proud,
While I left my parents behind, I left reality.
The smile went on my face grew and grew.
I was shaking with excitement.

I look around the bright stars
Looking at satellites
The Moon beneath was really rocky.

As I looked and looked
I went and realize
That it was time to say goodbye

I gathered many materials
And other strange rocks
To get scientists running about

I lift off the rocket
Smoke and noises come by
Closed the door and took a glance.
I was still King of the World.

By Chuck

The Spaceman

10 the steam blasted from the engines of
the rocket,
9 the motors roared to life,
8 the draw bridge was lifted,
7 the ignition was started,
6 the safety checks were cleared,
5 I had to lie down on the bed,
4 the space food was stocked,
3 the fire was starting,
2 the launch key was turned,
1 the launch button was pushed,
0 and we have lift of.

Pff, CRCRCRCRCR! And I was in space,
I was just gazing at the stars,
Who knew where to go after the Moon,
But then I had an idea, how about Mars?

On the Moon I landed,
I put on my space-suit,
Who knew what I would find,
Hopefully some loot.

By Dylan



Blast off!

5, 4, 3, 2, 1 BLAST OFF!
I had escaped normality,
In my rocket alone
Able to do what I want

My imagination was wild,
My imagination was free,
The adventure had just begun,
Aliens were my friend as kind as kind could be.

The moon was like cheese, so delicious
Planets dancing around me,
The sun was bright as a thousand light bulbs.

Tiny signs of humanity down back at earth,
I wish I could go back to my Imagination
But I grew up...

By Hannah

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The bullets flew through the air
I imagined I was a cowboy fighting the bad
guys,
I reload the gun,
Bang! Bang! Bang!
The smell of the smoking cap gun fills my
nostrils
Swirling in the air after the
Shooting of the gun.

In my cowboy hat ,
I ruled the Wild West
I finished off the bad guy,
Bang Bang!
Jumped on my horse.
Rode off into the sunset...

By Jess W

1950'S Poem

I had a vivid imagination, especially,
My adventures in the wild west,
The smell of the smoking gun,
Travelling through the desert on my
horse,

Galloping through the most dangerous of
towns,
Riding up to my unworthy opponent,
There is a standoff, I face my enemy,
I pull out my gun,
BANG BANG,

His body drops to the floor,
The smell of smoke fills the air,
I mount my horse and ride off to the next
town,
To my next adventure in the West.

By Isaac

The Battle at Butter Barn

Riding down the street
On my horse to the barn
Found my rival there he wanted a
shootout.
We went to the street and that's what
we did
Left my horse in the barn
Got my gun
And shot under my arm.

The whole town came to watch
As the two guys went off
The horses got scared
As the loud BANG went off
Both bullets missed
But I got the final shot.

By Joshua

Fun With Fireworks

When I was young we used to crowd
round the firework stand,
We stared and stared for as long as we
could!,
Bonfires,
Guy Fawkes,
Everyone so excited.

Children staring at fireworks,
The fireworks were as big as trumpets
and filled with air, ready to blast off.
Kids waiting and waiting with their
parents,
Smoke filling the air from the huge
bonfire,
We had so much fun with the fireworks,

By Jane M

Playing

I flew down the pitch and scored
The crowd roared
I fell down on my knees
And drank in all the glory
My team mate hit his head off the laces
on the leather ball, his name was Rory.

I could see people crying with joy
A little girl in the crowd was playing with
her toy
Another little girl had a spinning top then
it dropped
CRASH! It dropped as loud as a car
engine

By Leonie

Back of the Net

The ball flew through the air like a rocket.
I header the leather ball
It was so hard, it felt like I had concussion,
I kept playing.
Seeing the crowd go wild, hearing everyone
scream.
I felt honoured to be there.
The ball dropped "bang".
Back of the net...
The crowd roared.
A glorious victory.

By Lacey

Reaching for the Stars and Moon

5 I am ready to set off
2 My new house is waiting for me
3 I am so excited I could burst
2 Almost ready
1 Up to the Moon I go

LIFTOFF

5 I am going so fast
4 I am shaking
3 Am I going to make it?
2 I am nearly there
1 I'm going to touch the moon
BANG!

5 The door opened
4 I am floating
3 I am going to sink into the Moon
2 I am hungry
1 Time for tea now

By Ella B

Imagination

There was screaming and shouting and fun
While the rest of the girls were watching the fun
I imagined being on the Moon
There was a boy playing screaming and fun, the game began we sang
“Cupcakes, cupcake cherry on the top,
how many boyfriend’s have you got?”

By Lily H

Skipping

We were singing and jumping
I watched people play when it was not my turn
Playing with the rope it got knotted
I remember it like yesterday
I miss having fun
And I miss playing with my Mum
Playing in the school yard with my friends
Playing, skipping and singing

By Courtney R

Skipping is the Best

Singing skipping whacking having fun
Playing jumping together laughing together
Friends, clapping and encouraging
Skipping is the best it is forever fun
Even at night we hate to stop, the street and the light of the lampposts are our stage and our lighting
Skipping is the best – we never want to stop,
We love skipping forever.

By Courtney

Tears and Cheers

As she hopped with joy
She knew she was the best contestant
She would destroy
As the crowd cheered she felt that she was a champion
She picked up her speed she flew up in the air and everyone agreed they shouted and cheered.
Her face lit up as she knew that she is one of the best.
No one had seen anything that amazing in their lifetime
She thought one day she will be a professional so she kept trying.

Our Very Own Wembley

We were in the street
Which was acting as Wembley Stadium
Jumpers for goal posts down on the ground
Everyone was ready.

We were waiting for the whistle to go
So we could kick off and score a goal
The stadium was full and the tension grew
Just then I heard toot-toot! and we were off

It was Newcastle United v's Manchester City
The match of the century.
The game started to have chances
We needed to score a goal

It was my time to shoot
So I let the ball leave my boot
It flew up into the sky
And came back down into the top corner.

Goaaaaaal!
I went to the corner
And slid on my knees
Into a crowd that looked very pleased.

By Jay

Samuel the Astronaut

I used to be an astronaut,
And ruled the whole universe.
Sailing up to space,
And landing on the moon.

With no gravity,
I bounce upon the planets.
Feeling free,
With no humanity.

Blast off in my rocket,
And my space suit.
Flying across the galaxy,
Passing by planets.

As loud as a bomb,
The rocket went up.
So much fire,
So much smoke.

By Jess



Wanting to be the Best

As I sort out teams, my body shook
with excitement and anger at the
same time.

I want to have the best team,
Be in the best team.

I want to win
Kicking the ball I nearly got a goal
But I missed with people around.
I could not concentrate properly.

But then, my foot slips
And the other side score in the goal.

By Libby

Countdown

10, I am so happy that I am finally going into space.
9, I can feel the excitement rushing through my
bones.

8, I will finally be the person who rules the world.

7, I hold onto the bars ready to blast off into space.

6, My body shakes with happiness.... 5 more
seconds

5, I can hear the engine roaring

4, Getting ready for me to blast off.

3, I can smell the petrol of the hot engine of the
rocket.

2, The heat of the rocket engine is as hot as the
Sun.

1...

BLAST OFF!!

Mam shouts me down for tea... I will have to go to
the moon another day..

By Luke



Maggie the Mother

I am the best mother in the world.
Pushing my baby in the pram.
Getting experience for the future
My blankets surround them, keep them warm.

Everyday, pretending to be adults
On hot summer days
Wearing our short dresses
Walking around the field. Practicing.

Hearing people talking to each other
Seeing bright green grass
Joy on all our faces
While we follow our path

By Poppy S

Milburn – My Hero

The ref blew the whistle,
The players jolted to the ball,
The shot by Milburn save by Yashin
Bolted to the side corner.

We placed the ball at the corner,
Milburn caught my eye, I knew where I
wanted the ball to go
I looked up, I took aim and I kicked the ball
as hard and as fast and as beautifully as I
could
It flew through the air like a bullet

Milburn jumped and his head connected to
the ball

Goaaaallllll

The best assist ever will be in my dreams
forever.

By Jay

The Fastest Cowboy in the West

I am the fastest cowboy in the west
My cowboy adventures are the very best.
I see my enemy, I love to fight
When he sees me, he soon takes flight!
I chase him down with my revolver in hand
He turns around clutching his holster hard
I aim for him about to shoot him dead
“Sebastiaaaaaannnn”, my mum calls me in
for jam and bread.
Off I go, say farewell to my friend,
our cowboy adventures have come to an
end.

By Sebastian

Football

As a child, I have been playing football for
so long that I feel like I am a F.A champion!

I imagine that I can skill all the players and
score top ins.

I pass to everyone and rainbow flick every
single player.

I feel like I am my favourite player and the
best player in the whole wide world.

I'll think I meg all the people and even the
goalkeeper.

By Charlie

Cowboys v's Spacemen

On a bright and sunny morning, I was out with my friends playing shoot outs and cowboys v's spacemen. We walked dramatically through a dark mossy ally until we reached an imaginary desert with spacemen in it.

It was imaginary but we didn't care, we didn't have computer games or a television or anything like that. So anyway, we pulled the plastic guns out of their holsters and used them as spacemen ray-guns. My squad was killed - Bang! Pew! Bang!

The space men went down and the cowboys won.

Then we rode off into the spectacular dazzling sunset.

Now I am 71, sitting on this mountain and think of my old friends I write.

By William

Spaceman

The moon is waiting for me
But all I can think of is having my tea.
I am supposed to be a spaceman flying to
the moon.

I am supposed to be excited to be excited
And pretending to be in a cartoon.
The moon is a special place waiting for
arrival.
But I have heard it is sausages for tea and
Eating my sausages relies on my survival.

Jacob Wallace

Cowboy Town

Back in 1953,
Every day of the week
I played outside as cowboys.
I wait and played with friends until the
moon rose

If I could go back in time I would tell you
everything I did in school.
As a cowboy in the streets
As I waited outside
Every day of the week
I'll tell you more as I got older
I'm 71 now – but I'm still strong.

By Sophie T

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