



This is an accurate account of VE Day through the eyes of children at the time. It's a primary source and any words in red were added to ensure it makes as much sense as possible.

I had a couple of uncles who were killed in the war so there were sad memories because they never came back – I never saw them again. Uncle Tommy was married to Auntie Doris. When he came back on leave, he demonstrated how they fixed bayonets onto the rifle and he charge and put it through the door (the family smiled when they reminded each other of this story). The family missed him because he wasn't there. There were celebrations about the war ending tinged (a small amount of something) with a certain sadness.

I remember my mother made some bunting as she was a dressmaker and was good with a sewing machine. They were red, blue and white. Rectangles of paper sewn onto a string. She did lots of them. I think she collected material and held on to it and kept it for all sorts of reasons. We found loads when she died.

There was dancing going on in the street but I didn't understand it as I was a little lad. Some sort of music was playing but it wasn't in our street. I didn't understand fully why they were doing it (age 9). It was a radio playing on the street from one of the houses. The street was two rows of houses facing each other and people were dancing in the middle of it. I don't remember a party or food as such.

Questions to think about:

- How is the tone different for my Grandad than Grandma?
- Which aspects of the day surprise you? Why?
- Does this mean there was no food at this party?

Grandad's account