

Resource

Read through the poem below written about VE Day by Jack Woods. Can you imagine how it felt hearing such positive news about the end of the war nearing?



Memories of a 12-year-old evacuee By Jack Woods

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.



Source: BBC News

