

# My granddad was a baker (his scones were the best)

From Sarah Atherton

My granddad was a baker (his scones were the best).

You can see him here standing on the left in a photo taken near his home in East Lancashire before World War 2 started.



We don't know exactly what my grandparents were doing on VE day back in 1945, but we do know a little of what the war was like for them through the photographs, letters, cards, coins and other treasures that we have kept in an old tin.

During the war, my granddad went to many places with the army. What always fascinated me as a child were the photographs of him in Italy – you can see from the surroundings in the background that he was in a very different place than where he started in East Lancashire.



As an adult I wonder what it was like for him, a man who had not travelled before, to go to places so unlike where he had grown up and lived all of his life. From his letters to my grandmother, we know that he found Egypt, where he travelled to after Italy for the battle of El Alamein, to be both very hot and very dusty.

My grandparents sent letters to each other throughout the war - they were 'courting' at the time (boyfriend and girlfriend) but not yet married. My grandmother wrote about her job in the local cotton mill, gossip from their friends and about a day trip to Blackpool.

Soon after the war ended in 1945, they were married.



My granddad carried on being a baker after the war, working in various places including in the local hospital.

My grandparents lived a few streets away from where I lived when I was born and my infant school was opposite their house - you can see a picture of us together here (I'm the one in the yellow jumper).



Later on, my granddad came to live with us and I will always remember him teaching us to bake scones 'properly' (the secret is to not handle the dough too much and use a sharp cutter).

My granddad was a baker (his scones were the best).



# VE day Celebrations

75years