

Ruth, Ruth, speak to me, just tell me what this is about.?’

‘I met a nice lad, I’ve been seeing him in Marley on my day off. Is there owt wrong with that?’

‘But your Dad says he’s German.’

‘Yes he is, but he’s a nice lad and I like being with him.’

‘A German, our Ruth?’

‘Yes, a German. What’s so awful about that. He’s polite. He’s not tried any funny business whatever the old gossips in the village might think. We like being together. So you tell me what I’ve done wrong?’

‘Oh, Ruth, sometimes you behave like a child. Don’t you realise war with Germany could start any minute. They’re our enemies, love, you can’t go courting a German, have some sense.’

I was certain Dad meant every word he’d said about not being allowed back in the house so I thought I might as well say what was in my mind while he was out of the way.