My Great Nana Vera ( but I call her Nana ) she was born in 1935 and this story takes place when she was only 7 years old in 1942. She was one of 10 children ( 6 brothers and 3 sisters ) my Nana had two parents her mum who is my Great Great Grandma Mary and my Great Great Grandad Fred .

The story starts up in the clifftops at Flambrough in the house High cliff farm , which is a lovely rural village on the East Yorkshire Coast between Bridlington and Scarbrough and since there was so many children there they all had a little chore and one of the ones she had to do was go and collect milk from there garden shed because their where so many children and farm workers. The milk was stored in the dairy ,so she just brought it in from the house and would have collected how much her Mum needed at the time .The family had to keep the milk on cold slabs in their pantry in order to keep it cool and that is because they did not have fridges in 1942. This was a busy time of year on the farm so my Nana set foot from the family farm kitchen , in her hands sat two rather large jugs which her mum had handed her to go and collect the milk in the dairy and her mum knew she would return with two jugs full of milk. She did her normal duties and went to collect the milk from the barn but today was particularly different to every other time she would collect the milk. While she was walking through the barn she noticed some unfamiliar movement from behind some bales of straw which stood in the barn. Surprisingly my Nana was not frightened , which is pretty unusual for a child who was only the age of 7. Then the two figures revealed them self and they were both male. Although the two men could not speak a word English they mimed to her that they were incredibly hungry and very thirsty. She knew this because they were pointing to their tummies and mouths and looked like they had not eaten in a while. My Nana was carrying 2 large jugs of milk to take to her mum but she could not resist giving one to the starving men .Next she walked into the kitchen her Mum asked her why there was only 1 jug she sent her with 2 but my Nana explained to her confused mother that she had given it to the 2 men who she came face to face with in the barn .Her Mum was gobsmacked she was so surprised. Her mum immediately went to find her husband Fred who she found coming back from the farmyard along with another farm worker . My Nana ‘s mum told my Nana’s dad what her daughter had just told her . Her Husband was just as shocked as she was, so the set of into the barn with my Nana following close behind. When they finally reached the barn , they found them sat on some straw bales drinking the milk . The men were very tried and looked very frightened but still were as friendly as can be .As soon as my Nana’s dad got a look of the men he realized as quick as a flash the were prisoners of war , and must have escaped from the local prisoner of war camp .So he had got in touch with the local camp and after a few minutes passed several army officers showed up to collect them and took them back to the camp.

We don’t have any tales of what happened to the men as she was only 7 when this story happened as she had extremely protective parents but something I do know is when she was telling me this story that all she had in mind was too help the men and that is all my Nana ever wants to do .