My mother used to come up with some wonderful food on our allowance, on our rations and she used to manage it very well. I used to grumble, because I was a child I suppose, that there didn’t seem to be a lot of variety. But I think, in those days, the powers that be, the Ministry of Food or whatever it was in those days, got it right because everybody during the war years certainly appeared to have a balanced diet and I think those of us that came through the war - again, I keep saying - without any personal tragedy or anything like that, came out almost a little bit better. Because the food that we were allowed was certainly enough to live on and I think, certainly reflecting and looking back as we are now, we were a lot better for it. We used to eat loads of potatoes, we used to eat loads of bread and butter and bread and lard – all very plain food, plenty of it. Plenty of fruit – like I say, mother used to make her own dishes – she used to make suet puddings, steak and kidney puddings with thick, thick suet and gravy – all the things that aren’t good for you these days. Roly poly puddings, spotted dick, bread pudding she used to make with all the bread that, when it was a bit old – she used to soak it and make a lovely wedge pudding which we used to eat a lump of that when we came running in from school – always something to eat. But it was good, plain food and a lot of it was food that people would throw their hands up in horror. They’d say we ate excess amounts of that in those days but, it didn’t do us any harm. But I’ve got a theory about that – I did say earlier that we used to go everywhere on the bus and on our bikes – unfortunately, now, we’ve got no way of burning this food off. We could still eat roly poly pudding, and suet pudding and all this, that and the other, and loads of potatoes, if we were still running to catch the bus or on our bikes or walking to wherever we go.