

But it wasn't without its dangers. Some people objected to the 'service' I provided. Things started to get dodgy.

The sort of time-to-leave-Yorkton, type of dodgy. Then...

Then I was **saved** by the Great War. I was swallowed up by the great big army machine. I was in the army well before conscription started.

There was all that **tiresome** square bashing, marching in lines. But I didn't mind. It was better than being back in Yorkton.