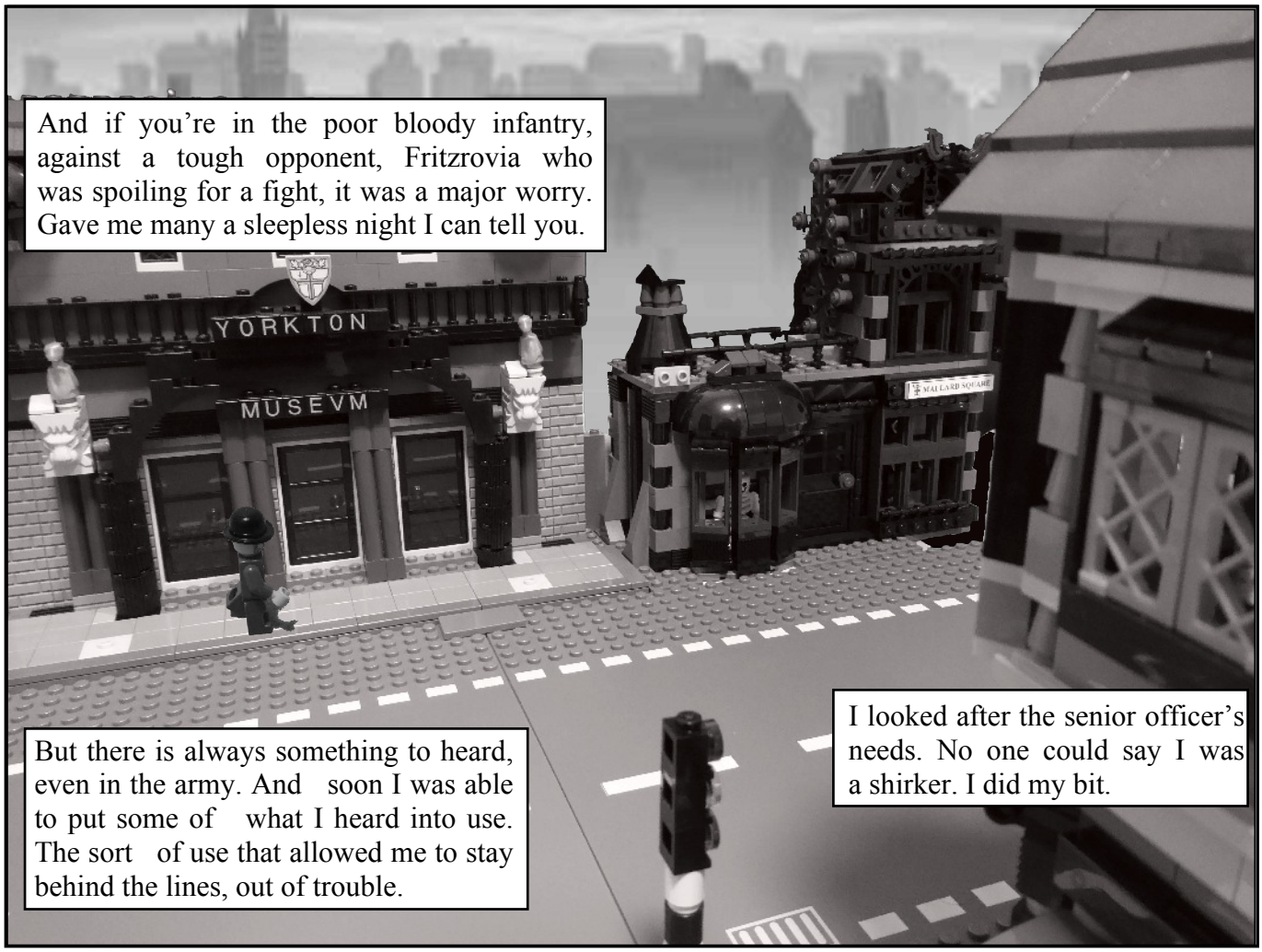
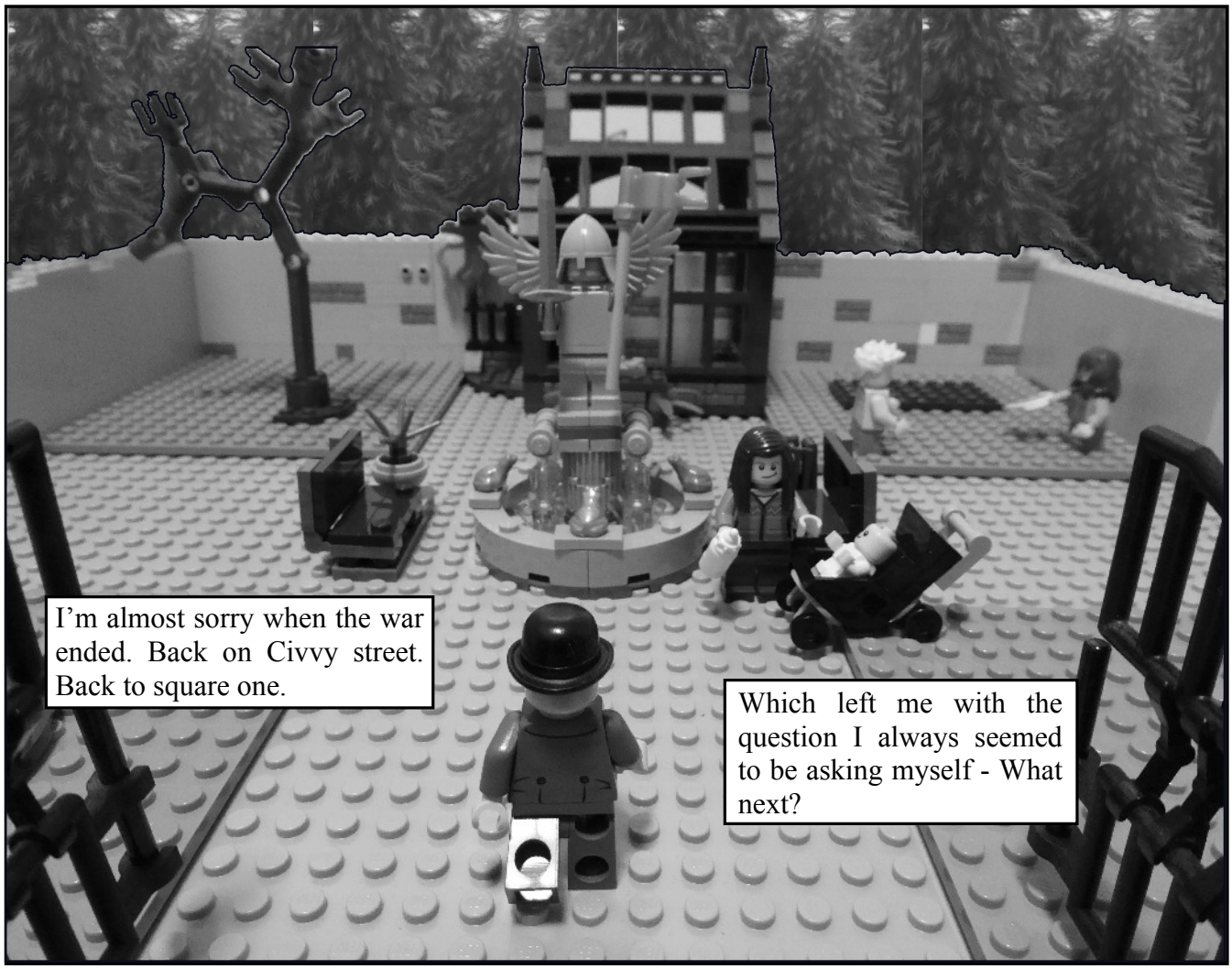

And if you're in the poor bloody infantry, against a tough opponent, Fritzrovia who was spoiling for a fight, it was a major worry. Gave me many a sleepless night I can tell you.
YORKTON
MUSEVM
MALLARD SQUARE
But there is always something to heard, even in the army. And soon I was able to put some of what I heard into use. The sort of use that allowed me to stay behind the lines, out of trouble.
I looked after the senior officer's needs. No one could say I was a shirker. I did my bit.


I'm almost sorry when the war ended. Back on Civvy street. Back to square one.
Which left me with the question I always seemed to be asking myself - What next?