The wardens had to do all sorts of duties, it wasn’t just the case of going seeing the black out and everything else. I mean before the Blitz actually started we used to have what we called nuisance raids. They used to send over just two or three bombers over night roaming around to get the sirens going and get everybody on edge. To disturb the people from the point of view of going to work. They were psychological if you like. And they were alright, they didn’t worry us to a great degree until they got caught in the search lights and then they used to drop their bombs to get their height and get away. And we had an instance like that and the – a couple bombs fell across the area and one fell in Wellington Gardens and it was a big house and I was first on the scene and went around there. I could hear this chap calling out I finally located him and he had been coming up from the basement and the house was semi-destroyed and it was falling and he was trapped – trapped on the stairway practically up to his chest with bricks. Falling bricks, the building falling down around him. I managed to chock it up a bit with some timber laying around. And I stayed with him for a number of hours and tried to get as much away as I could. I managed to free him down to about his thighs but I couldn’t get down any further, you know, and then a doctor – about after 3 hours a doctor came and I had to come out of the hole, you know, while the doctor went in. When he came out he said it won’t be long and I went back and stayed with him until he died, which at 17 odd was a little bit of shake to say the least.