When I was – I was diverted to Blackpool, that’s where the RAF base was, the learning place where you learn about engines and that. We was all kit – this particular day we was all kitted out with – to go to Burma. We had snake boots on and camouflage uniform and all that. There was about three thousand all along the promenade and the sergeant come along counting, only got to within, what? About thirty before me, he said, ‘Right, you lot we don’t want you. Hand your kit back’. So we went back and handed our kit back and then about ten days later I’m peeling potatoes for the landlady in the billet and a runner comes up from HQ and says, ‘You’re wanted immediately’. So I go down there and he says, ‘Pack your kit, there’ll be a small service van to take you to Liverpool docks. You’re posted overseas’. I thought, ‘God, blimey’, so I’ve done that and some WAAF took me all the way to Liverpool docks and I’d get – she drives alongside the quay and I go aboard and within a quarter of an hour the ship sailed. It was the Oduna (??), an Argentinean Cattle Boat before the war and, of course, I can still see me-self standing at the back of the ship watching England fade away in the distance [laughs].