I came back home, as I say, after nine months so literally only eight weeks before the Battle of Britain commenced and – or two or three months before the Blitz and not really good timing [laughs]. When I came back home I found that both my brothers had been called up, my sister was now working in a munitions factory, my mother had joined the WVS, had a nice green uniform with a bonnet, dad was an air raid warden and he'd become caretaker of the school which I attended. I was not particularly happy about that having dad in constant attendance. Interestingly the cellar beneath the shop had been converted into a public air raid shelter. I know it had very substantial extra support, a secondary roof, all bolted on, pavement access and communicating doors been knocked through into adjoining cellars to provide alternative means of escape and ultimately there were fifteen bunks installed.