

**Wilfred White****Accommodation**

They were small individual huts which the platoons in them about four to a hut. In alphabetical order I remember. I had the Williams, but anyway we were in alphabetical order. I had a lower bunk with no sort of cabinets or drawers to keep in your inevitable necessities. Your kitbag, of course, and a bit short on the blankets. You got short shrift if you asked for another blanket. It was very, very Spartan and there you were. And we realised very quickly that it had to be so because we'd come from civvies, and, you know, privileges not many had. We'd been cushioned for two or three years and we really had to get woken up a bit. And the words "I'll do it in a few minutes, sergeant major" or whatever didn't exist.