We had a better class of anti-fascist in east London when I was a nipper....

<u>31st July 1962</u>. I being only 8 years old was whisked away in the back of my uncles' car and never saw a single man in a funny shirt, much less doing a funny walk.

I have mentioned more than once that my <u>illegal and unsafe</u> <u>bush meat</u>. Most recent is concern about