

Coming of Age.

Mean streets.  
Dull life.  
Unless an unhappy  
childhood can be  
called exciting.

Rheumatic fever.  
Enlarged heart.  
But big and  
healthy-looking  
how could that be?

Failed medical.  
Not a soldier.  
So how do you  
explain that  
to those who stare?

Try again.  
Thirteenth medical.  
Now they need soldiers  
more desperately.  
“You’re fit”!

Handsome soldier.  
Life is good.  
Even Army travel  
can widen  
horizons:

Sniper’s bullet.  
Slump in doorway.  
And here’s your mate  
who lights up  
a fag for you.

Mean street.  
Dulled eyes.  
“See Naples and die,”  
they say.  
He did.

Rita Foster.