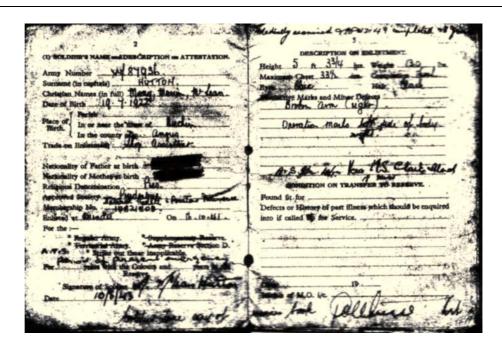
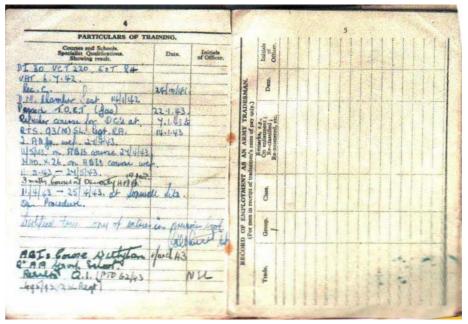
Surname:	First Name(s):			Army Number:	
Storie	Morag			W/87936	
Maiden name (if	Name used during service:			Rank:	
applicable):					
Llutton	Micky McLean Hutton			W.O.II	
Hutton Main base:	Training base:			Enrolled	
Walli Dase.	Training base.			at:	
Defence of	Oswestry – Predictors/Height Finders				
London	Kimnel Park, Rhyl – Searchlights			Brechin, Angus, Scotland	
Middx B.H.Q.	equipped with radar				
Swakeleys					
House Platoon/Section:		Company/Battery:	Group/Re	l Paiment:	Command:
i idioon/occion:	Company/Battery:		Group/regiment.		Communa.
Harefield T.H.Q.			93 <sup>rd</sup> Seard Regiment		2 <sup>nd</sup> AckAck Group
Year(s) of	Rea	ason for discharge:	rtegimeni	Trade:	
service:					
		End of W.W.II October 1945		Dgt Commander (D.C.)	
16/10/1941 to					
16/10/1945 Uniform Issued:	Dh	oto:			
S.D. Shirts Ties and shoes Stockings Underwear Shoulder bag Respirator Grip Reg Cap Battledress Boots and Webbing Leather Jerkin Fur coat Gloves, etc	Sgt Major McLean Hutton				
Description of	<b> </b>	0 11:11:0 1 1 10		The duties of the	n Dotachmant Commander

## Description of daily tasks:

- Searchlight Detachment Commander. The duties of the Detachment Commander
  were many and varied, eg a roster had to be set up each day detailing duties. We
  had maintenance to do every day on the huge searchlight, plus No 9 maintained
  the massive Lister generator. Then we had Manning Drill. We trained during
  daylight with the help of either a Lysander or a Tiger moth Aircraft Nos 6, 7 and 8
  would use the radar to 'lock on'. The other operatives would be busy carrying out
  their duties.
- On really bad days we would be inside going over Aircraft recognition and morse code.

## Pay book:





## Memorable moments:

- I enlisted at Brechin, Angus, Scotland 16 October 1941 and was posted to Newbattle Abbey, Glencourse Barracks, Midlothian. We were issued with our uniform, sat tests etc. I passed for Kinetheodolite, the only one. Because of this my posting hadn't come through and I was left cooling my heels along with a future P.T. instructor (A.T.S.) whilst the rest of the intake were sent on their way. However, 'they' found me something to do – report to the Officers' Mess where I was given the princely task of peeling spuds. I carried out my first day's duties, but informed the Sgt in charge of the Mess that I would not be back next day!! She was none too pleased!
- Next day I reported to Camp Office and informed the A.T.S. Officer that I had
  joined up to do something worthwhile not to peel spuds. I was given a job in the
  Camp Office!! However, I still had a long way to go learning that given an order
  you obey it!
- When my posting came through it was to an AckAck Camp in North Wales,

- Oswestry. Mary Churchill had just finished the course. We were training on height finders and predictors and were to work alongside the guns.
- Our course was almost finished when 20 of us were called to the Company Office (we were now Bombardiers with two stripes) and informed that 10 of us would go to Rhyll and 10 to Taunton. We were the nucleus of the new Regt. 150 cm Searchlights equipped with radar. As it was top secret we were told not to discuss it
- We entrained for Rhyll (the other 10 Taunton) Parkhall Camp a huge rambling Camp. This was essentially a male camp. We were given our sleeping quarters but the powers-that-be had forgotten to tell the soldiers returning from leave that A.T.S. were now in their beds!! Yes! We had a few laughs, woken up by the clumping of heavy boots entering what had been their domain!
- I passed out as Sgt D.C. (Detachment Commander|) given my Detachment. These girls came in later, don't forget we had a Regt to make up.
- My site was Streatham Sports Pavilion. Our huge S/L slap in the middle of houses. Don't know how the residents managed to get any sleep. Night-time being the time we were out in action.
- I shall never forget our first 'Take Post'. We were now on our own a handful of girls and I do mean girls, 18 years old (that being my age the rest around that). Illuminating our first German plane was mind blowing; we didn't have time to feel scared. Then the guns opened up on our target and that was that, bits of debris flying everywhere.
- Our other Detachments were scattered around the Capital, Morden, Clapham, Mitcham and Wimbleton where our T.H.Q. was.
- We were sorry to leave our comfy site, but it was decided to move the whole Regt comprising 495 Battery, 301 and 342 further away from the Capital stopping the German planes en route, before they hit London, but now we liaised with Fighter Command. Our fighters would shoot down German planes once we illuminated them. We never found our life boring! The German fighters would dive down and straffe our very powerful beam.
- My site was now situated beside (of all places B.H.Q.) Swakeleys, Ickenham, Middx. This meant we were always under the watchful eye of our O.C. Major Soloman.
- I was then promoted to Troop Sgt at our T.H.Q. Harefield Middx. Wasn't long there when the Major asked if I would come into B.H.Q. and be the Sgt Major. The female Sgt Major was retiring, the male Sgt Major was being posted and I was to take over from both (aged 21!!)
- A.T.S. Sgt Majors at this time were admin trained, but I was operational. It made sense, and I accepted, but before I left T.H.Q. a buzz-bomb dropped near the Camp, flattened a farmhouse close by killing the farmer and his wife. They had been so good to us, allowing us the use of their phone. The blast had sucked all the walls out of our Camp. Luckily no-one was hurt. Gen Sir Fred Pile came to visit with us and to survey the damage. I found him easy to talk to.
- My job entailed going round all our sites (495 Battery) and instructing. Whilst at
  Greenford we had our first initiation into coping with a buzz-bomb. We hadn't a
  clue what to do with this terrifying object. Our expensive equipment was useless.
  The guns were useless. These flying bombs flew so low, guns couldn't cope. We
  knew we were in great danger but it missed us and crashed on a supply depot full
  of armaments and many, many A.T.S. In the meantime we still had to cope with
  the bombers coming over.
- I was in London when the first rocket dropped on the city. We all thought that a gasometer had blown up! These were massive bombs and again nothing could stop them.
- Yes, we were out in all weathers. Our winter gear comprised a teddy bear fur coat

with a muff at the front where we could tuck our hands in. Nos 6, 7 and 8 worked the sensitive equipment and they had sheepskin mitts. No 6 had a very important job. She worked the radar equipment. It was truly amazing we could tell whether a plane was friend or foe!

- We as a Regiment were the first in the field to work with radar equipped Searchlights and the only all women Searchlight Regiment in the world! We 'took action' in all weathers at all hours. Sometimes when we had had an exhausting night in action, we would be called out once more, but this time not enemy action. We had 3 mins to get up, get the huge generator going to supply power. No need of radar this time. Our orders were to illuminate our Searchlight beam towards a given aerodrome. This enabled very badly shot up B26s American Flying Fortress to get safely back. They used our beam as a flight path! I have often wondered if they realised just who worked this massive beam! Can you imagine our state of dress when given 3 mins to get out and get the homing beam up. Pyjamas with always our steel helmet on top of curlers!!
- We wore battledress with pride. Had to know so many things, about so many things, but we did it! As Gen Sir F Pile wrote 'we fought our lights like men and died like men'.

## Photos:



Sgt Major McLean Hutton at Rhyll (front row, second right)



male escort, Lily Peach, male escort, Blackie Stanley
Shakie Shakespeare, male escort, Ann Chapman, Jony Moore, male escort, Mgt
Laird, Micky Sneddon and her dog
Gertie Maddox, Mac Neave, Micky McLean Hutton
Vera Coffey and Kitten Connolly