

Surname: Storie	First Name(s): Morag	Army Number: W/87936	
Maiden name (if applicable): Hutton	Name used during service: Micky McLean Hutton	Rank: W.O.II	
Main base: Defence of London Middx B.H.Q. Swakeleys House	Training base: Oswestry – Predictors/Height Finders Kimmel Park, Rhyl – Searchlights equipped with radar	Enrolled at: Brechin, Angus, Scotland	
Platoon/Section: Harefield T.H.Q.	Company/Battery: 495 S/L Battery	Group/Regiment: 93 rd Searchlight Regiment	Command: 2 nd AckAck Group
Year(s) of service: 16/10/1941 to 16/10/1945	Reason for discharge: End of W.W.II October 1945	Trade: Dgt Commander (D.C.)	
Uniform Issued: S.D. Shirts Ties and shoes Stockings Underwear Shoulder bag Respirator Grip Reg Cap Battledress Boots and Webbing Leather Jerkin Fur coat Gloves, etc	Photo:  <p style="text-align: center;">Sgt Major McLean Hutton</p>		
Description of daily tasks:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 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. 		

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 Wimbledon 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