
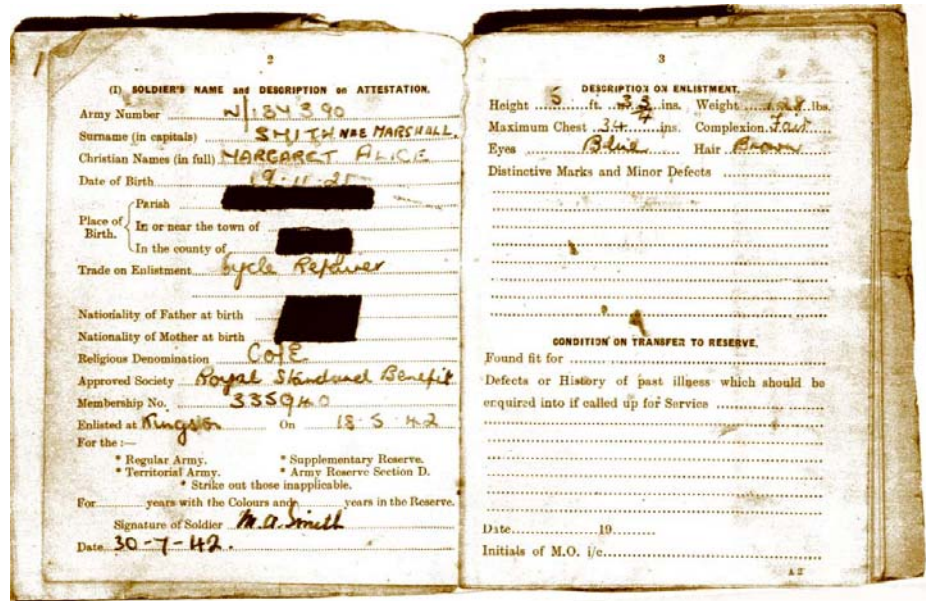


<b>Surname:</b> Marshall	<b>First Name(s):</b> Margaret	<b>Army Number:</b> W/187390	
<b>Maiden name (if applicable):</b> Smith	<b>Name used during service:</b> Smith / Marshall	<b>Rank:</b> Private	
<b>Main base:</b> Bude Cobham Datchet Ramsgate Whitby Newcastle Whitley Bay Blyth Weybourne	<b>Training base:</b> Northampton Oswestry	<b>Enrolled at:</b> Kingston, Surrey	
<b>Platoon/Section:</b>	<b>Company/Battery:</b> 591 H.A.A. (M) Battery	<b>Group/Regiment:</b> Royal Artillery	<b>Command:</b> A.A. Command
<b>Year(s) of service:</b> 18/5/1942 to 16/7/1945	<b>Reason for discharge:</b> Demob	<b>Trade:</b> Operator Fire Control (Radar Operator)	
<b>Uniform Issued:</b> Tunic/Skirt Stockings Shoes Battledress Socks Gaiters Boots PT Kit Underwear Cap gloves Mittens overalls	<b>Photo:</b> 		
<b>Description of daily tasks:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>We did a lot of maintenance on our radar such as cleaning and greasing the jack screws used to level the radar cabin turntable. We also had to crawl underneath with a grease gun and grease about 32 nipples on the turntable. Another job was to climb the ladder on the transmitter and receiver to clean, grease and se the</li> </ul>		

dipoles (aerials) to the right frequency. Another job was to clean the air filter on the Lister Generator and make sure it was topped up with diesel.

- The O.F.C.'s were split into three groups and each group did manning in turn. We used to train a lot by doing dummy runs in conjunction with the Command Post. The radar no 1 would be in touch with the gun site by talking, wearing ahead and breast set.
- PT was done mostly at the training centre, although on site we played netball quite a bit.
- I also remember spud bashing, cleaning the ablutions, marching and drill.

**Pay book:**



**Memorable moments:**

- I joined the A.T.S. in 1942 and was sent to Northampton for my basic training. From there I went to Oswestry to train as an OFC which in short means Operator Fire Control, in other words I was a Radar Operator.
- When we had completed our training we went to Bude in Cornwall to join up with the rest of the Battery which consisted of gunners, predictor operators and height finders and, of course, radar operators. We were attached to 591 Heavy Anti Aircraft Battery. From Bude we went to Cobham in Surrey and from there to Datchet near Windsor.
- While we were at Cobham, I used to get an occasional 24 hour pass. My home was in Wimbledon and at 6 am a market gardener's lorry used to go by the camp to go to Covent Garden, so I used to get a lift as far as Wimbledon Common and then get a bus home and arrive in time for breakfast.
- In 1943 we were sent to Folkestone on a course to train on a new American radar set that had a dish on top called a Paraboloid, which went round on top of the cabin. The old ones we had, had to traverse through 360 degrees using handles and a chain, like a bicycle chain. The new set was much quicker and more accurate.
- From Datchet we were moved to Ramsgate where we saw quite a bit of action with the flying bombs coming over and we were right next door to Dover which was nick-named Hell Fire Corner.
- While we were at Ramsgate our generator which made power for our radar screens was struck by lightning, so we were off the air and Manston Aerodrome took over the search.
- We had another incident at Ramsgate. The team that was on duty slept in a

Nissen hut near the radar. We had bunk beds. This particular night there was a gale force wind, the hut was under a tree and the tree blew down. We had the blackouts up so we put on the light and there was a big dent in the roof, it was about an inch from my nose on the top bunk and my face was as black as the blackouts.

- After Ramsgate we were sent to Whitby in Yorkshire and then to Newcastle. Whitley Bay and to Blyth, Northumberland, from there our Battery split up and I was sent to Weybourne in Norfolk on the maintenance staff, still on radar but now for training purposes. It was a training camp for gunners. We used to have a radio controlled aircraft called the Queen Bee pulling a while sleeve at which the gunners fired at over the sea.
- Things generally died down and those of us who had got married during the war were sent on a cookery course. I was supposed to make a sponge but mistook salt for baking powder. Needless to say it turned out as flat as a pancake.
- From Weybourne I was demobbed in 1945.

### Air Raid

It's a clear dark night, the alarm is sounding,  
We rush to our cabin with hearts a-pounding,  
We switch on our radar and start our search  
For the enemy planes above the Earth.  
We lock on our target and stay on its track  
Feeding information to the guns at our back.  
The gunners are there, the guns are all primed  
They are ready to fire, the instruments timed.  
The guns go off with a mighty roar,  
We carry on searching but there are no more.  
The raid is over. The command phone rings,  
Stand down is the Order, we pick up our things,  
Then away to our beds for the rest of the night  
For a well earned sleep – Goodnight, sleep tight.

Margaret Marshall

Photos:



Private Marshall 1<sup>st</sup> row, 1<sup>st</sup> one on the left.

Note the transmitter is in the background left side. The receiver was behind the group somewhere.

MESSAGE TO ALL RANKS A.T.S. ON RELEASE

Your task with the Army is completed. In the name of the Auxiliary Territorial Service I thank you. You have served your King and Country in such a way as to uphold the highest traditions of British womanhood.

I have, therefore, no hesitation in reminding you that this war is not yet won and, to secure a Lasting Peace, we must one and all continue not only to make sacrifices but a definite contribution, according to our circumstances, to our Country.

You have already proved that you know the true meaning of Service, "An act performed for the benefit of a cause and not necessarily to the benefit of an individual."

Let us then pledge ourselves to be true to those who have given their lives, that their sacrifice may not be in vain.

Good luck and God speed.

*L. P. Whately*

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If you yourself are in need of any assistance or guidance, please write to :—

The Secretary,  
A.T.S. Benevolent Fund, Advisory Committee,  
81, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1,

who will put you in touch with your nearest ex-A.T.S. Benevolent Fund representative.

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