



Flying Column.

By Hotspur

In June 1940 I became a member of a "Flying Column". This consisted of around 30 soldiers "Standing To" one hour either side of dusk and again an hour either side of dawn, with a "charabanc" alongside. This vehicle was the "flying part" of the set-up. We "stood to" on our own parade ground, ready to embus and drive off to meet the invading Germans. Most of us had a Lee Enfield rifle and 5 rounds of ammo. This was how England was defended in those days.

After about 3 weeks of this routine and no sign of the enemy, we were moved to the nearest coast, to a small town called Frinton. All the inhabitants had been evacuated so it was like a ghost town.

We were billeted in the local Primary School, which was about 300 yards from the beach, and no doubt our presence at the Front deterred Hitler from his evil intent. Everything in the school was very small to suit the small pupils - small chairs, small tables, and of course small toilets. Imagine the thoughts of an 18 year old Virgin Soldier who having safely negotiated the difficulty of settling on the small seat saw in large letters on the door facing him.

IF YOU NEED A MISTRESS

RING THE BELL.

No wonder Hitler did not invade!