

43-85

ALAMEIN TODAY.

This story is a subject in still life. It has no people. Alamein is little more than a railway station. Its people the 8th Army, have moved on leaving names to remember them by. The desert roads which reach to the horizon are silent and deserted. Twelve months ago, this same place crashed into history. Spread over acres of Alamein sand are neat lines of enemy armour ranged in tidy rows. There's a temptation to walk quietly when you enter Alamein today. The desert knows how to cover up many of the ugly marks of war. But signposts have a way of carrying ones thoughts below the shifting sand.

There are people in Alamein - famous people... they called them the "Desert Rats" and they passed on that imperishable pseudonym to those who travelled on. Here in this cemetery the graves of unknown British and enemy soldiers are side by side.

Simple words express the memory of Alamein. "Here lies a man".