

## SUPPLIES FOR OUR ARMIES.

To a Royal Ordnance Depot go Ratha Gazette cameramen to bring you these exclusive pictures. Our visit starts in a store house where tank and car engines costing up to a thousand pounds each cover the floor. Power units ranging from the smallest horse-power to the big output of the Liberty tank engine as previously used in aircraft.

Elsewhere, in neatly arranged bins, are replacement parts of every conceivable kind. In this enormous spare-parts department, girls watch over the issuing of everything from a cylinder block to a split pin.

Conveyor belts carry the stores to wherever they may be needed.

Deep underground, in miles of storage galleries and tunnels, hundreds of boxes of small-arms ammunition are piled in safe keeping. And they check and double check in this super Quartermaster's store.

This group of searchlights represents quite a tidy sum of money. Each one costs twelve hundred and fifty pounds.

A stack of Pontoons. The beauty about this kind is that when you get more than twenty-one you don't bust.

And this is not the lounge of a big hotel - but Army motor cycles and side cars at £150 a piece.

From this gigantic clearing-house come some of the tanks for shipment to wherever the fighting is thickest. A brave company of Valentines waiting to take on board their British or Russian crews.

New gun-barrels, ready to replace those which have become worn in active service, silently await their call-up.

In the section where completed guns are stored, ordnance of all kinds makes an impressive sight. The British Army is equipped with the finest guns in the world, among which is the 25 pounder gun-howitzer, a dual purpose field-piece nicknamed the "Gunhow". The more of these the merrier.

Going underground again, we see an ammunition train coming in with a load of shells. A gang of men set to work on the trucks, and soon a cargo of 4.5s is reeling along conveyor belts to the catacombs where thousands of tons of high explosives are put to bed.

Guns have expensive appetites, and a meal like this represents many violent attacks of indigestion for the Axis.

As a matter of interest to the Brains Trust, here are shells each weighing umpteem hundred-weights compared with a point two-two bullet weighing less than an ounce. The little bloke comes out at seventeen and ninepence a thousand, and the Howitzer shell knocks the war budget back by £200.

SUPPLIES FOR OUR ARMIES.

To a Royal Ordnance factory, where they are made in thousands of thousands. Our visit starts in a store-house where tanks and car engines costing up to a thousand pounds each cover the floor. Liberty tank engines are in the middle of the hall, and one of the shells in the wall is the 'Liberty' tank engine.

Elsewhere, in neatly arranged bins, are replacement parts of every conceivable kind. In this enormous spare-parts department, girls watch over the issuing of everything from a cylinder block to a split pin.

Conveyor belts carry the stores to wherever they may be needed.

Deep underground, in miles of storage galleries and tunnels, hundreds of boxes of small-arms ammunition are piled in safe keeping. And they check and double check in this super 'Quartermaster's' store.

This group of searchlights represents quite a tidy sum of money. Each one costs twelve hundred and fifty pounds.

A stack of Potions. The beauty about this kind is that when you get more than twenty one you don't bust.

And this is not the lounge of a big hotel - but Army motor cycles and side cars at £150 a piece.

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Going underground again, we see an ammunition train coming in with a load of shells. A gang of men set to work on the trucks, and soon a cargo of shells is rolling along conveyor belts to the catwalks where thousands of tons of high explosives are put to bed.

Guns have expensive appetites, and a meal like this represents many violent attacks of indigestion for the Axis.

As a matter of interest to the Brain Trust, here are shells each weighing fifteen hundred-weights compared with a point two bullet weighing less than an ounce. The little block comes out at seventeen and ninepence a thousand, and the heavier shell knocks the war budget back by £200.