

5-485000

SETTLING IN.... AMERICAN TROOPS IN NORTHERN IRELAND.

Two men with but one single thought - (the overthrow of Nazi-ism) Major General Russel Hartle, Commander of American Forces in Northern Ireland (on the right) and Lt. General H.E. Franklin, Commanding the British forces.

The Doughboys are here to do a job of work - and as they march on to the Parade Ground for inspection by their C.O. they are watched by admiring groups of nurses of the colleen variety. (It looks as though they've had one patient already!) It's too bad that the weather has not been kinder to these grand fellows from across the Atlantic. In their Homeland there's a choice of all four seasons at any time of the year, but in Northern Ireland it's just one kind only...Winter.

The troops are still continuing the "hardening" process. Most things are softened by water, but not these chaps. A good trudge through Irish mud of the very best quality will help keep them as hard as nails...I don't know how American doughboys express their views on this kind of route march, but Tommy Atkins would murmur something about being "f-fed up and f-far from home" or words to that effect!

Assaults with bayonets. Useful practice, with each man hoping that soon he'll have a chance of doing this with real Gerries as his objective.

Of course, they've brought their gas masks with them (I wonder if every member of this audience has) They are given six seconds in which to take the mask from its bag and have it in position of protection against a gas attack! Six seconds! That's not so long, but it would be long enough if gas were about! O.K. Soldier, yours is jake.

Another spot of marching, with respirators on this time... These fellows are going to give a good account of themselves when they get to grips with the Huns of Hitler. They'd eat 'em alive if their digestions would stand the strain.

We're glad to see you boys.

And now, lets all tidy ourselves, face up to what's coming, and with confidence in our hearts, set out to conquer.