Surname:	First Name(s):		Army Number:	
Stimpson	Jennie Muriel		W/295799	
Maiden name (if	Name used during service:		Rank:	
applicable):	Stimpson / Waymouth		Corporal	
Waymouth				
Main base:	Training base:		Enrolled at:	
CAD Kineton Warwicks	Guildford, Surrey 25/02/1944 2 platoon, No 7 Centre		Newbury, Berks	
"Quebec" Hut				
Platoon/Section:	Company/Battery:	Group/Re	egiment:	Command:
ATS Company	Quartermaster	Attached	to R.A.O.C.	In Egypt, 533 Company ATS – worked for D.A.D.M.E. (R.E.M.E.)
Year(s) of service:	Reason for discharge:		Trade:	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
service:	Demobilised on Reaching demob		Clerk/Shorthand Typist Class I	
2.5 at CAD	number at Aldershot 22/04/1947			
1 At Moascar, Egypt	P.A. and Chief Clerk in Egypt			
Uniform Issued:	Photo:			
Guildford, nothing fitted me apart from shoes and cap	New recruit Jennie Stimpson (nee Waymouth) – Guildford Feb 1944			
Description of daily tasks:	<ul> <li>Shorthand/Typing/Filing/Helping at clothing exchange for male troops and hut checks accompanying Capt Q.M.</li> </ul>			

Pay book:	Some years after leaving the ATS I visited Marlborough Farm Camp. When I was there we only had a bar across the entrance, but when I visited I was met by a wall of steel and a small trap door through which I entered, to find pill boxes with machine guns "pointed and ready". I had to show my pay book to enter and I think they kept it.
Memorable moments:	<ul> <li>Arriving at deserted Fenny Compton Station out in the wilds of Warwickshire, not yet 18 years old – scary. Naïve.</li> <li>Girls making me up (first time ever) and Captain Quartermaster telling me to wash the muck off my face – "I looked like a something on top of a chocolate box". He then showed me how to put make-up on.</li> <li>Hut full of girls half of whom were Scottish and I could not understand what they said. Freezing cold in winter and boiling in summer. A good crowd and we all got along well.</li> <li>Padre took us to Stratford to see Shakespeare's plays – a real treat.</li> <li>Had to kiss the Quartermaster if I wanted to leave early to hitch-hike away at weekends!</li> <li>I remember stencilling ammunition boxes ready for D Day.</li> <li>Acting in the concert party.</li> <li>Being sick on scrumpy cider.</li> <li>Wonderful comrades that I kept in touch with – many from my hut.</li> <li>In Egypt, I remember the rats running up and down inside of the Nissan Hut and rushing out of the ironing room when a scorpion came in.</li> <li>Dashing into the hut during swarming locusts.</li> <li>Hating the sight of files all over children's faces, eyes and sores</li> <li>Caught dysentery living on desert at 5 BOD. Holes in the ground for toilets, Ugh!</li> <li>Being on the end of the water supply, 5 of us trying to shower before going on our dates.</li> <li>At Kasranil Barracks in Cairo unable to go out during Ramadan.</li> <li>Enjoyed playing hockey and dancing in moonlight at French Club.</li> <li>Sailing on the Nile and swimming.</li> <li>Dirty camel handlers at the pyramids – the looked super from my office window in Semiramis Hotel.</li> </ul>
Photos:	No 7 Training Camp No 2 Platoon - Guildford Feb 1944



