

<b>Surname:</b> Kelly	<b>First Name(s):</b> Queenie	<b>Army Number:</b> W/	
<b>Maiden name (if applicable):</b> Ireland	<b>Name used during service:</b> Ireland	<b>Rank:</b> Private	
<b>Main base:</b> Derby Keynsham	<b>Training base:</b> Gainsborough	<b>Enrolled at:</b> Bristol (Volunteered)	
<b>Platoon/Section:</b>	<b>Company/Battery:</b>	<b>Group/Regiment:</b> R.E.M.E.	<b>Command:</b>
<b>Year(s) of service:</b>	<b>Reason for discharge:</b> Married; we were the first to be discharged after the war	<b>Trade:</b> Clerk	
<b>Uniform Issued:</b>	<b>Photo:</b> 		
<b>Description of daily tasks:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• I believe we did P.T., mannings, fatigues.</li> <li>• Later on, we had to walk a few miles every morning to the workshops, where the men repaired trucks etc and we girls did the paperwork, sending off invoices, receiving requests for mechanical parts etc.</li> </ul>		

<b>Pay book:</b>	Not available.
<b>Memorable moments:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• I was first of all sent to Gainsborough for 6 weeks training coming from a position of being the 'only child' in my family as my brother was 21 years older than me. What struck me was that the girls from big families were the most homesick, one girl so much that she had to be sent home. Although everything was strange, the company of so many girls was refreshing, three of us quickly became friends and I remember us three on our way to the canteen all singing "We are the Ovaltinies", and a Corporal coming up to us and saying in a Joyce Grenfell voice "Girls, girls, control yourselves you are in the army now!"</li> <li>• After my 6 weeks, Derby was my next stop and I was peeved to have to work in a munitions factory where lots of the A.T.S. were working night shift. We were paid less than others who were earning a good salary, but we had a little band playing about midnight and we would dance.</li> <li>• Up to a few years ago I still wrote and received lovely letters form a family who befriended me and took me home to supper after Church. Well, the munitions bit did come in handy as later I was transferred to Burnett, Keynsham, I was in the R.E.M.E. I should mention "Gosh" I thought, " what fun I'll be able to go home some weekends", as you can imagine my parents were delighted. I was told when I arrived and checked in (it was quite late and dark) "Oh go to the barracks on the right" he said with a grin. So off I toddled to open the door to see all these men in bed! "Come in, come in" they said. I fled and realised it was the barracks on the left.</li> <li>• We were billeted in Nissen huts, but at one time we had a chance to apply to be billeted out in private homes, just for sleeping. I applied and was accepted with a lady with a young daughter whose husband was in the army. We got along swell together, naturally we had to be in at a certain hour, which I found no problem, and we had to be up early to go on parade, so it was a short walk to the barracks. She wasn't supposed to give anything to drink or eat, but every evening she would put milk in a little saucepan for me to warm up, with a little snack. However, the project didn't work out, with many girls coming in late and the project fell through, but I remained friends with her for years after. When we marched past her house she was always at the window waving with her little daughter.</li> <li>• We had to walk about 15 minutes to the workshop, we sang all the way and being young, the words didn't always faze me but when I got home and sang some of them, my Dad said, "That's not very ladylike!" I used to get close to the hedgerows and arrive with a bunch of wild flowers which I would put on my desk I shared with two other girls. No-one seemed to mind me arriving marching so correctly with a bunch of flowers. The pot I put them in every morning was emptied out while Bill who worked with us went off and drank his morning tea in it, then filled it with fresh water and plonked the flowers in.</li> <li>• My job was on the telephone and filling out forms for orders from other services all over; the workshop was down below us. What a different world - we were treated respectfully by the men. I remember one chappie below who really whacked his thumb with a hammer. We looked down and saw the blood, he saw us and said "Oh (pause) bother!"</li> <li>• There was a little stray tabby cat, very thin who used to hang around the cookhouse. I eventually took him home and you guessed it, we called him REME. He was with us a long time.</li> <li>• I was in the old maternity hospital on the Downs for a while. I had fallen out of my bunk and hurt my back. Three of us were in one room me A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. and a W.R.E.N. We had a great time. One afternoon I was told I could go home</li> </ul>

	<p>for a few hours before being discharged so I asked if my friend the W.A.A.F. girl could come home with me (the W.R.E.N. was a bit aloof) so we decided to have some fun and change uniforms. There we were one a little stout W.A.A.F. and her a thin A.T.S. how we got away with it I'll never know. I remember us saluting every officer we passed just in case. Some looked a bit puzzled. I can imagine "Gosh that poor A.T.S. looks like she's lost a lot of weight – as for that W.A.A.F she's busting out all over."</p>
<b>Photos:</b>	None available.