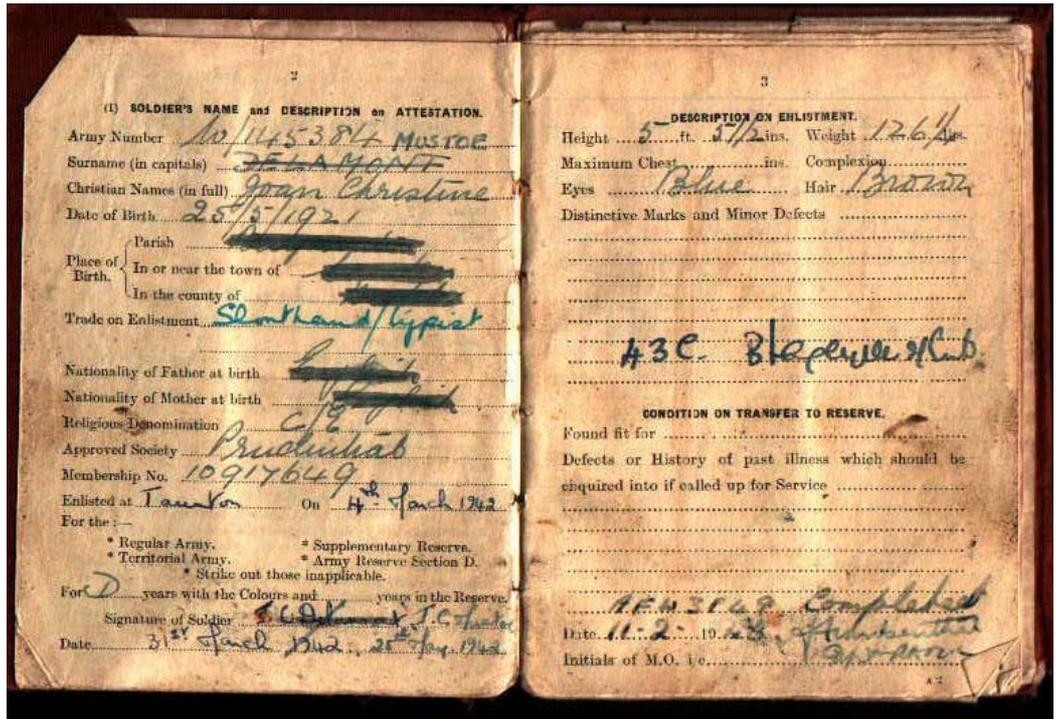


<b>Surname:</b> Aldridge	<b>First Name(s):</b> Joan Christine	<b>Army Number:</b> W/145384	
<b>Maiden name (if applicable):</b> Delamont	<b>Name used during service:</b> Delamont (Also named Mustoe from 25/5/1942)	<b>Rank:</b> Cpl	
<b>Main base:</b> HQ Transport Training Centre R.E. Longmoor, Hants	<b>Training base:</b> Honiton, Devon	<b>Enrolled at:</b> February 1942 - Taunton	
<b>Platoon/Section:</b>	<b>Company/Battery:</b> Army Transport Training Centre	<b>Group/Regiment:</b> Royal Engineers	<b>Command:</b>
<b>Year(s) of service:</b> 06/02/1942 to 11/02/1946	<b>Reason for discharge:</b> End of WW II – 16/04/1946	<b>Trade:</b> Shorthand Typist	
<b>Uniform Issued:</b> S.D. Cap Stockings Shoes Shirts Tie etc	<b>Photo:</b> 		
Joan at Longmoor, 1944			

**Description of daily tasks:**

- At Bodmin I was employed in the Orderly Room, doing various clerical jobs, such as the adjutant's letters, typing out Company Orders and many other Office routine Army Orders.
- Halifax duties were mainly checking and admitting men from all over the country. One man I particularly remember, was dressed in very tatty trousers and jacket, with shirt open to the waist, bare chest and a cap on his mop of hair. I asked him his name etc and if married, and number in family – "Oh yes, I'm married and – uh- five children ... I think!!" "Names please" I asked. "Can't remember them missie" he replied ... and so the war went on.
- Secretarial duties HQ Transport Training Centre, R.E. Longmoor – Col Simpson

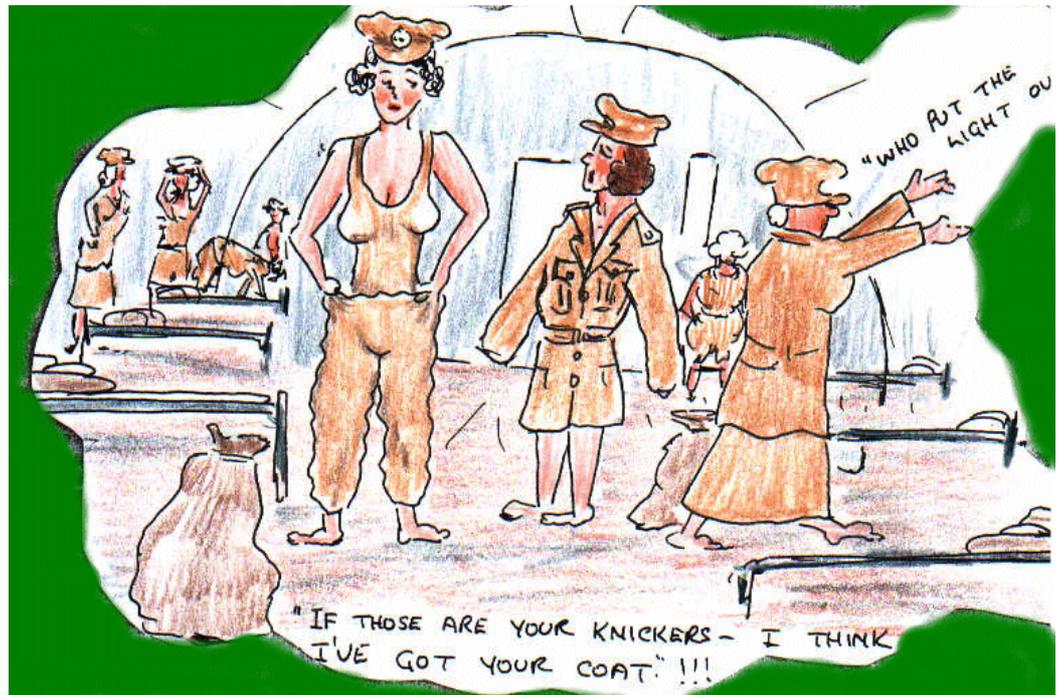
**Pay book:**



**Memorable moments:**

- The day my mother came into the office where I worked, the Sun Insurance Company in Taunton, to announce my call-up papers had come.
- Arriving at Honiton station where about 150 other girls from all over the country were waiting for transport by army lorry to the Honiton camp. After being shown where we were going to sleep we were marched to the mess-hall where we had our first army meal of bacon and mash covered in a thick gravy, followed by tea and coffee which came to each table in a bucket. We scooped this out in our newly issued enamel mugs – a bit of a shock after the cup and saucer we were used to at home. Back in our billet we picked our bunks, or rather wooden folding beds with three palliasses (biscuit type mattresses) with 2 blankets, two sheets, a pillow and a pillow case. We made up our beds and sat around feeling quite lost – some girls sat on their own crying, and others started chatting – we all soon made friends.
- This first weekend was Easter and we had our basic injections – TT (tetanus) and TB (tuberculosis) on Good Friday, by the Sunday some of the girls were feeling really grotty.
- Basic training at Honiton was for three weeks where we learnt drill, marching and parade training and cooking too. We looked an odd assortment for a while because the army issue uniforms did not always fit or were not available in the right size. Some girls had to wait for another delivery for something that would fit

and some uniform had to be altered. Our squads were not, therefore, always in khaki. Army shoes did nothing for my little toes, but we got through it.



- Being posted to Bodmin in Cornwall and taking the train with our travelling rations (black currant jam sandwiches). We were billeted at Bodmin Priory. Whilst we were there I heard my brother speak on the radio from Egypt in a Forces programme linking the troops with their families back home. I hadn't seen him or even heard from him for years as he had been in the N. Africa Campaigns and was not allowed to write home.
- On my first leave in May 1942 I went home and got married to Fred on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday. Fred was in the RAF and went to South Africa to train as Aircrew and became a bomb-aimer. He returned to this country 10 months later and did five operational flights on bombing raids, but his plane was shot down in a raid over Achen, in Germany, and he was posted as 'missing – presumed killed' on 27 May 1944.
- In September 1943 the whole of my unit embarked en-masse in a troop train and was posted to Kebroyed Mill, Sowerby Bridge, Nr Halifax, W Yorks. 120 of us were put in one huge building. We had enough room for our bed, blankets and soldier's box (the wooden box we were issued with to store all our clothes as belongings, which sat underneath the bottom of your bed) and just about enough room to turn around. Ablutions were sparse and baths limited, so Angela Corbett and I used to visit the local YMCA regularly for a one shilling bath.
- Christmas in Halifax – a table was placed in the middle of 300 men for us 4 ATS and it was decorated with balloons and coloured paper. I wanted to cry – my thoughts were with my husband in South Africa and my Mum and Dad in Somerset.
- Arrival of American troops for a short period. What a surprise to see U.S. troops Beat the Retreat on our Barrack Square at HQ Longmoor, the Brigadier looked devastated!
- Meeting my husband Ron who came from the OCTU and worked in my department – we shared similar interests and spent many off duty hours at dances in Petersfield Town Hall. We were married on 22 June 1946 in Wellington, Somerset.

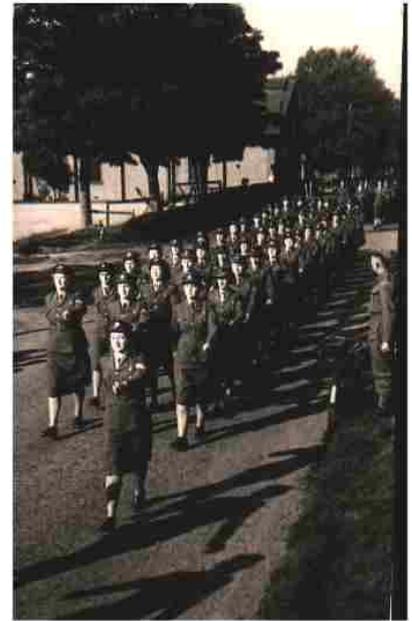
Photos:



Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot.

H.Q. STAFF, TRANSPORTATION TRAINING CENTRE, R.E., June 1945

*Back Row*—Syr. H. F. Wilford. L/Cpl. M. M. Ferris. L/Cpl. D. M. Franka. L/Cpl. J. T. Thompson. Cpl. M. A. Hayward. Cpl. H. Burt. L/Cpl. B. C. J. Davis. R/Cpl. J. G. Mustoe. Pte. V. E. Watts. L/Cpl. F. H. Manning.  
*Middle Row*—Mr. A. G. Chascher. Mr. H. H. Jordan. Cpl. R. M. Jarrett. Sgt. P. A. Owen. Q.M.S. K. Godfrey. Sgt. R. E. Smith. R.A.M. E. I. Wisdon. Sgt. W. B. White. Sgt. I. Tolson. Cpl. T. Litter. Mr. C. I. Crook.  
*Front Row*—Lt. I. V. Barrett. Capt. R. A. E. Bodebone. Maj. W. J. Hoad. Maj. R. C. Flowerdew. Lt.-Col. J. Emsdell. Lt.-Col. K. A. Oswald, D.S.O. Brts. H. A. Joly de Lotbiniere, M.C. R.S.M. G. Bland. Maj. C. C. Birrell.  
 L/Cpl. W. H. Clarke. Mr. W. H. Hill. Capt. C. M. Green. Capt. D. G. Clark.



Christmas 1943