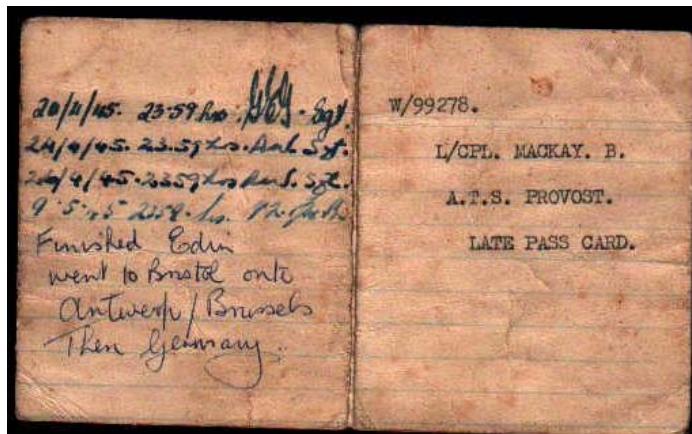
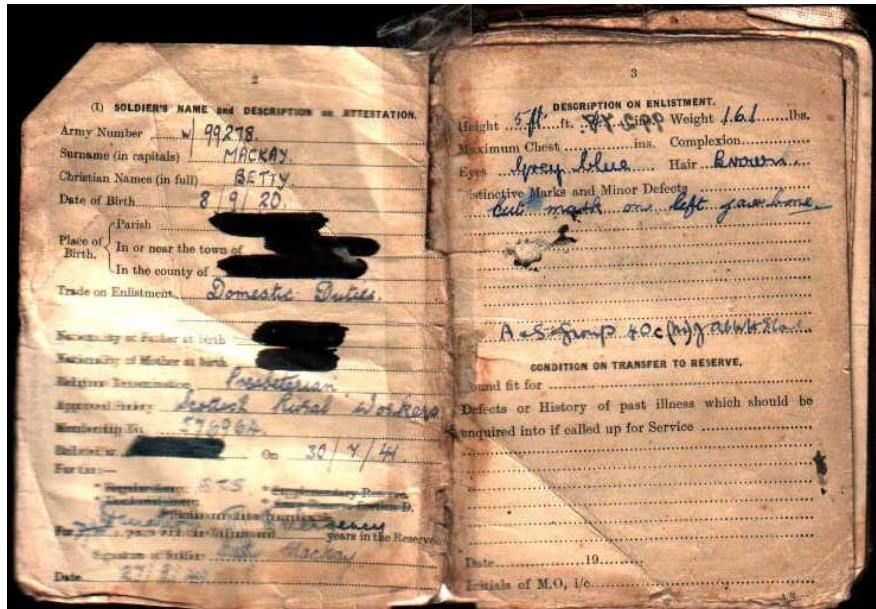


<b>Surname:</b> Campbell	<b>First Name(s):</b> Betty	<b>Army Number:</b> W/99278	
<b>Maiden name (if applicable):</b> Hardie	<b>Name used during service:</b> Mackay	<b>Rank:</b> L/Cpl	
<b>Main base:</b>  Oswestry Catterick Edinburgh Belgium Germany	<b>Training base:</b>  Inverness Camberley	<b>Enrolled at:</b>  Inverness, Cameron Barracks	
<b>Platoon/Section:</b>	<b>Company/Battery:</b>	<b>Group/Regiment:</b> Military Police	<b>Command:</b> Scottish Command
<b>Year(s) of service:</b>  27/9/1941 to 23/1/1946	<b>Reason for discharge:</b>  Time up as only duration of emergency		<b>Trade:</b>  Military Police Woman in A.T.S.
<b>Uniform Issued:</b>  Red hat Arm band  Great coat 3 shirts 3 stockings 3 bras 3 pants 3 vests Shoes Tie Shoulder bag	<b>Photo:</b>  <p>7 March 1942, Oswestry</p>		
<b>Description of daily tasks:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• At Catterick I was an office orderly and made out passes for leave, food, and railway travel all in alphabetical order, for the men to collect on Friday afternoons.</li> <li>• As an MP in Edinburgh we seldom had anything to report, but we did work on shifts, 7.00 am to 3.00 pm and afternoon shifts from 3.00 pm to 10.00 pm. Any offences the girls did were dealt with by their own unit. We only took their names and numbers if they were behaving in a disorderly fashion or smoking. Going AWOL (absent without leave) was our main reason for detaining them.</li> <li>• Checking passes, at the station and main streets in Belgium.</li> <li>• Later on, looking after Prisoners of War, mainly S.S., in the No 1 Civilian Internment Camp. B.A.O.R. We were good to the prisoners. Food was brought in daily and had to be searched. There was fingerprinting to be done, a daily roll call</li> </ul>		

every morning in the yard. The women were put in rows of five to allow for easier counting. Notes were taken on the sick and infirm, but the Lager Furine helped us with that, as she could speak English. We were doing our best to learn German. We had soldiers on guard round the cat-walk with guns at the ready, so we felt safe. When new prisoners came in, we had to search them, pass them onto the doctor who then took over. Their own cooks saw to all their food etc.

**Pay book:**



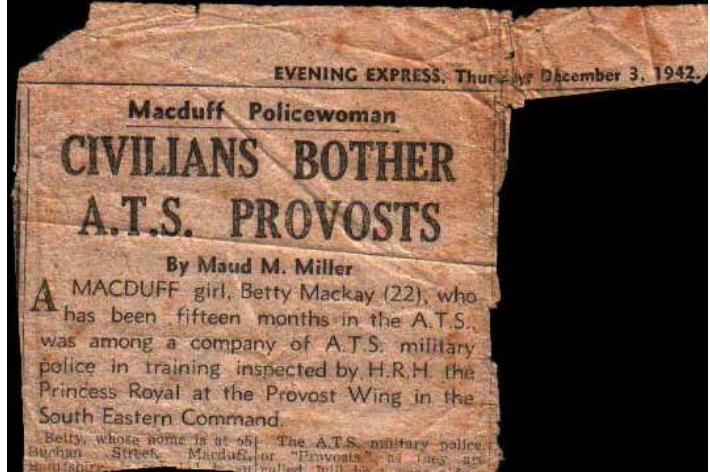
Late Leave Pass from Germany

**Memorable moments:**

- I was sent into service at the age of 14 and this was the only life I knew until war was declared. Within a week or two, both my brothers were away and my sister was made a Petty Officer in the W.R.N.S. and I, too, felt I should be doing something for my country.
- Somewhere along the line I had been told I would have to have a medical and be stripped of all my clothing and it put me off the idea of joining up for a while. Then in 1941 I decided that this was it. I passed my medical in Aberdeen, got engaged the same day, and before my calling up papers arrived, I had got married to a merchant seaman from my hometown.
- September came along with my papers telling me to report to Inverness Cameron Barracks. I dutifully went along to commence my 3 weeks training on the Barrack Square. This was all a big adventure. Being kitted out in uniforms. Nothing ever

seemed to fit and as much as I hated the long legged khaki knickers, they were a must! My feet were sore with blisters as my shoes were so hard. I tried slipping in for breakfast one morning with my sandshoes on, but was caught and sent back to the billet to put on my shoes. By the time I returned to the dining room, breakfast was over and I wasn't only hungry, I was angry. Now I was getting to know why some of them wore stripes!

- Following our initial training we were sent on to Ack Ack in Oswestry. By this time many friends had been made. Winston Churchill's daughter was there also, but I had unfortunately got an eye infection and was sent back to the sick bay in Inverness to assess what I could do, but the others were sent to Bude Campsite.
- Catterick was my next destination as an office orderly. This was a great place to be! Plenty of off duty dancing, pictures and ENSA shows; NAAFI's were plentiful. It was a Tank Corp with a clenched fist and I was the only girl in the Office. One day a notice appeared asking for volunteers of anyone over the height of 5ft 5ins to apply as Military Police. Several girls put their names down as volunteers including me and two of us were duly sent to Camberley Barracks. I think we were some of the first girls to become 'redcaps'. I joined the MPs course and passed November 1942.
- We were sent on trial to several places including Leeds, Nottingham, and Leicester. We seemed to move on a lot and I decided to ask for a Scottish Command posting and I was sent to Edinburgh. This was nearer to home for me as I came from Macduff in Banffshire. Now I was settled into a routine. Edinburgh had two busy stations, the Waverly and the Caley. We knew ourselves that we were never really well liked, but in ourselves we were a happy enough bunch!
- D Day came – I had asked at some point if I could have a posting abroad, but married women were not allowed to go. However, now the war was considered to be over, the ban was lifted. I left from Bristol with my friend Margaret Earle, although we did not know where we were being sent. The ATS seemed to be everywhere, the Middle East, France, Belgium and Germany. We didn't have a choice, but were soon on a boat for Belgium. We landed in a beautiful big house in a street called Rue de Minemes.
- During our stay in Brussels, we patrolled both Brugge and Antwerp and Lorraine. Our police duties in Belgium were as before with street patrols and station duties. We would meet up with our visiting Sgt at the Montgomery Club for any reports, time as arranged. We were able to buy sweets with our coupons and life was enjoyable – we had a lovely summer. Then out of the blue we were told that the prison of war camps were being filled daily with S.S. men and 3 women being brought in for interrogation and they were opening up a No.1 Civilian Internment Camp at Nueimunster. We were flown up there that weekend.
- The Internment Camp was all new to us and the work was very different from the street patrols. We were billeted in a house right opposite the camp – we were not allowed out on our own at all and had to have a male escort who was armed with a heavy gun. We only had female prisoners to look after, around 256 of them in total. Irma Greace was one of them. Reading their report sheets we then began to realise how cruel some of those women were, being implicated in many deaths in hospitals, researching etc. It made us realise how lucky the war ended as it did.
- There was very little trouble in No1 Civilian Internment Camp, although I felt sorry for those women who came into the prison during the summer months with little clothing as they were still wearing it in December and January when it was very cold. Jewellery was removed on admission, labelled and sent to the main pass office where it would remain until their release. We worked hours on shifts. We didn't have an officer in charge, only a Sgt, two Corporals and 8 Lt/Cpl. If we were under any pressure, we could ring up for the Sgt to come to our office. The office was part of where the prisoners were. That did not happen very often, but

	<p>on Christmas Day I was on duty when a baby was about to make an appearance. The mother was brought through to the doctor's room to a clean bed where she delivered a baby boy. Both mother and child were taken by ambulance to a hospital escorted by the guards. It caused excitement at the time, but I never did find out what happened to them after that. That was Christmas 1945.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• By this time a lot of the ATS had been demobbed, all AckAck girls were being released and many of them who wanted to stay on retrained as MPs. More and more girls were required now for the many prison camps that were filling up. They were also required to transfer the prisoners who were being interrogated in Nuremberg.</li> <li>• January 1946 came and I was ready for my demob. I was anxious to return home to see my dear brother who had been held in a Prison of War camp since Dunkirk 4 years before. I was sorry to leave the camp and all the girls I had shared my service days with. The prisoners were coming and going daily and very recently, I met a stranger who had followed in my footsteps in the No.1 Camp. She had slept in the same bed as I had, and was able to tell me what followed on after my departure, as she went to Nuremberg with the prisoners on trial. We met by accident at an AGM of the veterans association in Glasgow about 4 years ago.</li> </ul>
<b>Photos:</b>	 <p>Inspection day on passing out, November 1942</p>  <p>EVENING EXPRESS, Thursday December 3, 1942.</p> <p><b>Macduff Policewoman</b></p> <p><b>CIVILIANS BOTHER</b></p> <p><b>A.T.S. PROVOSTS</b></p> <p>By Maud M. Miller</p> <p>A MACDUFF girl, Betty Mackay (22), who has been fifteen months in the A.T.S., was among a company of A.T.S. military police in training inspected by H.R.H. the Princess Royal at the Provost Wing in the South Eastern Command.</p> <p>Betty, whose name is at 56 Buchan Street, Macduff, or "Provosts" as they are called, will be in charge of</p>



Passing out for Military Police



Germany January 1946