

Surname: Davis	First Name(s): Olive Ellen Elizabeth	Army Number: W/	
Maiden name (if applicable): Busby	Name used during service: Davis / Busby	Rank: Cpl	
Main base:	Training base: Tallavera Camp, Northampton Watton-on-Stone	Enrolled at: Volunteered at High Wycombe, Bucks	
Platoon/Section:	Company/Battery:	Group/Regiment: Military Police Provost Corps	Command: Eastern Command
Year(s) of service: 1942 – to 13/01/1946	Reason for discharge: The war ended and I got married	Trade: Provost Military Police Woman	
Uniform Issued: Entire uniform with badge, spit and polish equipment, gas mask, and later MP arm band, whistle, guards hat with removable red cover.	Photo: 		
Description of daily tasks:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Uniform, personal, domestic maintenance. • 24 hour 'stand by' for emergencies, answering telephone. • Street and various city patrols on foot, railway stations. • Apprehending ATS members who were A.W.O.L. escorting them back to unit. • Apprehending members for uniform violations – submitting violation reports in writing to Eastern Command Headquarters. 		

Pay book:	AB64 and service number lost in transit in 1946.
Memorable moments:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • I was not yet 20 years old when I left my home in High Wycombe Bucks and was trained at Tallavera Camp in Northampton, before training at a vulnerable “Point” in a little village in Watton-on-Stone at Frogmoor Hall, to get my first stripe as a ‘red cap’. • My first night at recruit camp, groping in the dark en route to the latrines I fell in a 6ft deep trench, scared but not hurt. However, after the fall I came down with vaccine fever, just at the time I was to be posted to Bicester. I was hospitalized and remained at Tallavera Camp until another posting was available. Meanwhile, my duties were in the Guard House as a Sentry on the main entry gate. Eventually I was sent to Brentwood in Essex, a training camp for hundreds of male recruits. I along with a few other A.T.S. members had to report to the very large mess hall where we were assigned to wash very large metal pots and pans used for preparing breakfast for all the recruits. We had no hot water, the weather was very fierce and it was not daylight yet we ourselves did not get breakfast until our job was completed. It was quite miserable. • I remember fainting while waiting in line to get inoculated and vaccinated. • Finally, I was called for the early training segment for the Provost corpse which was quite a relief, however I received a telegram from my Father telling me I had been granted compassionate leave for 3 months due to my Mother being very ill. When my leave came to an end I was sent to Goojarat Barracks, once again on the Provost waiting lists. My assignment in the ante room of the Officer’s Mess. One of my responsibilities was to serve milk and sugar for tea or coffee to the Officers still at the dinner table enjoying a cigarette. As I approached one young officer with my tray and addressing him as ‘Sir’ I realized it was my own brother Sidney Busby who is now a very well known musician, conductor, recording artist and musical director at Eton College, where his son (my nephew) was in school. • I finally reached “Watton-on-Stone” for my Military Police training at Frogmore Hall and while so many other experiences surfaced during that time I got my Red Cap. I was posted to Colchester, then on to Slough where I remained until 1946, being so close to Windsor and my home in High Wycombe seemed to compensate for all the ups and downs. • Many times while on patrol in Slough my partner and I were assigned to salute Queen Mary in her Daimler as she approached the four way stop at Windsor and London Road on her way to London. • We had secret assignments to Railway Stations to assist female P.O.W.s en route to internment in Canada. • I loved the experience and think about it every day, a very special time in my life.

Photos:



Graduation photo – new recruits at Tallavera Camp

Olive Busby



X on the upper left points to the window of my room where I was billeted with a family while training for Provost Corps



This beautiful estate of Frogmore Hall was our training quarters for those of us who would eventually become Military Police women.