

Surname: Evans	First Name(s): Barbara	Army Number: W/266679	
Maiden name (if applicable): n/a	Name used during service: Evans	Rank: Private	
Main base: Pay Office, Marylebone, London	Training base: None (Direct entry to base)	Enrolled at: Volunteered – March 1943 Enrolled – April 1943, London	
Platoon/Section:	Company/Battery:	Group/Regiment: Royal Army Pay Corps	Command:
Year(s) of service: April 1943 to 15/10/1946	Reason for discharge: Demolisation	Trade: Class I Clerk	
Uniform Issued: S/D Skirt Tunic Battledress Top Tie Shoes Stockings Shoulder bag Cap RAPC badge on shoulder strap	Photo: Photo of the A.T.S. member in uniform		
Description of daily tasks:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Travel from home in Ealing to BHS House, Marylebone Road. From about January 1945 at Station Hotel, Marylebone. From June 1945 at Hurstbourne Manor, Whitchurch, Hants. • Pay allowances for O/Rs and dependants, King's Royal Rifle Corps and Rifle Brigade. • From about January 1945 filing clerk, Enemy P.O.W. cash records. • In London we did a little drill and PT and had pay parades but all that was abandoned when we went to Whitchurch as we were too busy as people were demobbed. 		

<p>Pay book:</p>	<p>(Send me a picture of the double page in your paybook – AB64 -where personal details are given. These are the pages that start with the Army Number. Alternatively relevant pages from the Release Book, if available.)</p>
<p>Memorable moments:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • My father had heard from a colleague of this A.T.S. unit working in London but living at home. He thought it would suit me as I was a shy girl and dreading being called up, so I volunteered for it, had an interview in London, medical and a trade test for Clerk Class III even before I was enrolled! Later I took tests for Class II and Class I Clerk and got pay increases though I never did Class I work as that was reserved for regular Royal Army Pay Corps men! • We worked in sections of about a dozen, mostly girls, supervised by a male officer. The men were either unfit for combatant duties or conscientious objectors who were willing to do this sort of work but not to bear arms. They were in the Non Combatant Corps. One I remember was an older man who had been a schoolmaster at a public school. We felt awkward calling him by his Christian or surname and got told off for calling him “Mr”, as of course he wasn’t a lieutenant. So we called him by his nickname as the other men did. His name was Paynter, so he got called Peter. • We girls came into the office as usual on Saturday mornings but the men did military training or first aid for the N.C.C. men. As soon as I got home each evening or Saturday lunchtime, I changed into civvies. A.T.S. most of the week, civilian evenings and weekends. I belonged still to our local YHA group and went to the meeting each Thursday evening and often on rambles on Sundays or even to a hostel for the weekend, and I went to theatres and cinemas with my parents or with friends. It was a funny sort of split life. • We had A.T.S. officers of course, but they were for Welfare only or as we said interfering! When we were in London, we did a little drill under them and weekly PT in a church hall and had a day learning to march, form threes and salute but that was all. None of us attended a Basic Training Unit. As we lived at home, we received a ration allowance and monthly ration cards which were normally given out at pay parades in the office. But then we had a new A.T.S. Junior Commander called Mrs Best who declared her name was Best and she intended to have the best A.T.S. company in London. So she put on extra drills, which we did in Regents Park at the end of the working day and to crown it all decided to issue the next monthly ration cards in the Park! To the amusement of a number of onlookers. Fortunately she was soon moved and later we had A.T.S. officers working as supervisors in the office and they were kept too busy to bother with drills. • Each clerk had 1-3 “binders” of individual pay records which we compiled from Ptl orders and paysheets. When a paybook was finished or a man was killed, the paybook was sent to us to check against his record. Sometimes the book would have bullet holes through it and bloodstains. • In about January 1945, I was moved to Enemy P.O.W. Section. Enemy officers received pay and the section dealt with this but I was in the part recording cash

taken from P.O.W.s. When a man was captured, any cash on him was taken, a receipt was made out in triplicate, he was given one copy and the others sent to us with the cash in bulk. Our job was to make up a packet for each man, put the cash in, attach a receipt and make out an index card. There was always more cash than recorded and we were allowed to take any surplus coins but not notes. This was Occupation money from all over Europe including roubles and kopeks as well as marks. I had quite a collection but I didn't bother to keep it once I was demobbed. A pity really. The cash was kept until the man was repatriated which happened quickly after VE Day for the non Germans or Italians. Because I had learnt German at school, I checked the names on the index cards and wrote out duplicates if I thought they had been spelt wrong, and I had to take out the cards for the repatriated men so their cash could be found in the safes.

- I was in London during the V1 and V2 raids. There was a basement which could be used as a shelter but of course there was no time to get there. Instead we had blankets under the trestle tables where we worked and when a V1 cut out, down we would go, emerging after the bang and getting on with our work. One of our men who had gone to France after D Day came to see us when on leave and found himself the only one standing, everyone else under the tables. "How often does this happen?" he asked. "Six or seven time a day. They're trying to hit Marylebone Station", we said. But I must admit I found the V1s very frightening when outdoors as they seemed to chase you and as I walked home from the station in the evening I would wonder if this would be the day I would get home and it wouldn't be there. At least with a V2, we said, if you heard it you were OK, you wouldn't hear the one that killed you!
- We were not the only Pay Office in London. The office dealing with the R.A.S.C. was in the offices of the Bank of England in the City. The Bank staff had been evacuated to Hurstbourne Manor at Whitchurch in Hampshire and after VE Day, they wanted to come back to London. The offices at Whitchurch were offered to R.A.S.C. Pay Office but weren't big enough to accommodate them so we were moved to Whitchurch and they took over Marylebone. We had some West Indian girls working with us – volunteers from the West Indies. They were pleasant, educated girls whom we got on well with but we were very annoyed to hear that they were staying on in London whereas we, whose homes were there, were being sent away. We were told they had specifically volunteered to serve in London, but now I wonder whether it was thought wrong to mix them with us as we would be living together. Anyway, in June 1945 we went off to Whitchurch.
- Some of the girls were accommodated in the Manor House as were the A.T.S. officers but most including me were in a prefab block of rooms which had been single bedrooms for the Bank staff but were shared by two of us. They were so small that we had to take turns to barrack (fold) our blankets while the other one went out into the corridor. The prefab offices, dining hall and men's quarters were about a quarter a mile away across the park. The food was awful, we were eating up the remains of the tinned food supplied for the D Day invasion. As often as we could afford it, we walked down to the village to one of the cafes for supper. There was a cinema there, twice weekly programme, and I think I saw more films during my 18 months at Whitchurch than either before or since. We also had a weekly film show in camp.
- As in London, we had weekends off from Saturday midday, and I usually went home, but sometimes a friend and I went to one of the nearby Youth Hostels for the weekend, often to Winchester but also to Southampton and once to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. We spent all Sunday on the beach and I got badly sunburnt (no suncream then) and it was agony putting on uniform with collar and tie again for the journey back to camp.
- Because I was taking a promotion exam once I got back to my civilian job with the

	<p>London County Council, I was allowed to go on a four week course in August 1946 at a services college at Swindon for people soon to be demobbed. My course included lectures on English literature, Current Affairs and Government and Politics, and as part of the last we had a mock parliament in which I was Home Secretary and we visited the actual Houses of Parliament (which had been partly destroyed by bombs) and Church House where the House of Commons were temporarily housed. It was not very long after the Labour victory in July 1945 and we sang the Red Flag in our mock parliamentary session! It all made a nice change from from my index cards!</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• My demobilisation number covered a six week period and I wasn't released until the last day, October 15th 1946 after three and a half years in the A.T.S. I was sent to A.T.S. Guildford for Release, was issued with clothing coupons and allowed to keep some items of my kit, which was useful as clothes rationing was still on. Men got actual clothes, women money and coupons. I remember one of the shops in Winchester had a window display of what demobbed Services girls could get with the coupons.• My three and a half years in the A.T.S. was an experience I am glad I had, though not always at the time!
Photos:	<p>(Include here any pictures that you can, but especially pictures of the company/platoon/regiment)</p>