

Surname: Lock	First Name(s): F. Rosina	Army Number: W/289265	
Maiden name (if applicable): Goddard	Name used during service: Goddard	Rank: L/Cpl	
Main base: Regents Park Bks	Training base: Northants – Initial training Guildford - Trade	Enrolled at: Volunteered Jan 1943 Essex Enrolled August 1943	
Platoon/Section:	Company/Battery: 20 Coy	Group/Regiment: R.A.S.C.	Command:
Year(s) of service: 13/8/1943 to 4/1/1947	Reason for discharge: Demob	Trade: Cook	
Uniform Issued: 2 prs shoes Hat Tunic 2 skirts Stockings Shirts Ties Greatcoat Cutlery Mug Button stick Button / shoe brushes Overalls	Photo: 		
Description of daily tasks:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Prepared daily meals, including washing up. • Made bread. Prepared Vegetables. • No P.T. 		
Pay book:	Not available		

Memorable moments:

- I lived in Essex at the start of the war, at seventeen I volunteered for the ATS called up Friday 13th August '43. Reported to Talavera Camp, Northants,
- Three weeks initial training, supplied with kit, all vaccinations, drill and aptitude tests to decide which job most suitable to abilities. I decided that standing at a gunsite or driving were not for me, I stated a preference for the cookhouse (to mild surprise I might add - who would really want to take on that job willingly) reported to Guildford for six weeks intensive training expected to know it all in that time; cooked by the hay box method, which knowledge I never needed after, various other methods all noted down in the daily record book, then posted to RMC.
- Sandhurst Officer Cadet Mess, assisted the civilian chefs, peeled bath after bath vegetables potatoes, carrots and a great variety of green vegetables I vowed never to look another artichoke in the eye once I left there, must say I learned the art of food presentation there. During my time there I applied for various courses mainly to upgrade and to escape the eternal veg. One camp was on the Salisbury Plain late August '44 everyone confined to barracks, a few weeks on, the men went to the battle of Arnhem it was an awesome sight to see all the planes and gliders going over.
- One afternoon I had a free period and thought I would go into the village happened to say I wished I had a bicycle, a corporal overheard and offered hers, I started off and it was such a lovely day I found myself at Weymouth, on my return the owner of the cycle was pacing up and down outside the camp, I was not flavour of the month then. There were postings to Bovington, Pirbright and Windsor during my time at Camberley, picture someone five feet tall trying to keep step with six foot plus Guardsmen on Church Parade marching through Windsor to St. Georges Chapel.
- On then to Wimbledon '45 billeted in houses there, one day going on duty with a mess orderly we passed a civilian with an officer, I commented on how ill the man looked and wondered what he had been doing. We went to our particular tasks, she to prepare the tables I to start the meal, she came to the kitchen and said the man was in the mess asking if he could possibly have a salad made up and would I please make a mayonnaise sauce as he did not like 'shop' bought. So I collected the ingredients ready but could not locate the vinegar, the orderly searched and said 'here it is', so it was sorted, back she came and reported that he had thoroughly enjoyed it and could he have the recipe 'so energising'. I thought, a sauce is a sauce, 'oh tell him it's my own recipe and prefer to keep it to myself.' Some time later the cook from the morning duty came in, wandered around looking for something I asked what was it, she had been to the MO earlier and had been given a tonic in a vinegar bottle. Oh dear.
- Happy day, we heard the war was over, we had to vacate the houses and were placed in temporary accommodation, a few weeks in Knightsbridge – millionaire's row. There were gates at the entrance and an elderly gentleman in a top hat as gatekeeper who raised his hat each time we passed through the gates, it was surprising how often we needed to go out.
- Then on to Sloan Square, Chelsea. Finally to Regents Park Barracks, R.A.S.C. The drivers had to meet the first and last trains at the Main Line Stations to collect the families of serving men abroad and pass them on their way.
- The men not having alarm clocks were often late, so I was approached by one of them, would I give them a wake up call by throwing pebbles at the windows on my early mornings as I went past. They had to have a hot meal before they went and on returning late, so it meant the kitchen staff did twenty four hours on and twenty four hours off duty.
- I do think they appreciated my efforts on their behalf, the day I left, I found a card thanking me at least I think that was the sentiment behind the words. With me it was a case of, One awake, All awake.

- Of course I must not forget to mention the kit inspections, we had to lay everything out in order, to make sure we had not lost anything. This could be quite a regular occurrence.

Photos:



Kay Moffat Kay Struthers Doreen Galvin (Bristol)
Joan Messant Rosina Goddard Patricia Greensitt