

Surname: Powell	First Name(s): Phyllis Kate	Army Number: W/252012	
Maiden name (if applicable): Newman	Name used during service: Newman / Powell	Rank: Corporal	
Main base: Lyngford House Taunton	Training base: Queens Camp, Guildford, Surrey	Enrolled at: Croydon (Volunteered)	
Platoon/Section:	Company/Battery: No 1 Coy	Group/Regiment: Signals	Command: 3 Command
Year(s) of service: 14/8/43 to 8/12/45	Reason for discharge: Marriage 15 September 1945	Trade: Teleprinter Operator T1 Operator Keyboard/Line T1	
Uniform Issued:	Photo: 		
Description of daily tasks:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • My main service life was at Lyngford House in Taunton, which today is used as a Conference Centre, from where we would walk/march to nearby Pyrland Hall to work in the Signal Office situated in the stable block. • Shift work every day including weekends and bank holidays. 3 teams worked 8-2 2-8 and all night. • I did some relief shifts at the West Country Sub-stations of Bristol, Creditor Truro and Plymouth and although we were lucky in Taunton not to get any bombing, I certainly saw the damage done to the other cities. 		

<p>Pay book:</p>	<p>Army book 64. Now rather tattered.</p> <p>Contains details of trade tests taken. Several 'jabs' or Tab – for Cholera – Plague etc! Medical category AW1</p>
<p>Memorable moments:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Leaving home was quite an adventure at the tender age of 18, but I always felt very comfortable with the discipline of Army Life. My father had been a regular soldier and I was born in Army Barracks at Maresfield Sussex, so it was my obvious choice to join the ATS. • The inoculations in both arms at the same time on the first day at Guildford – then resting on my bed. Sleeping in a hut with some very young, tearful, very apprehensive and naïve girls. Modesty and privacy were then forgotten and we threw ourselves into the job of cleaning the ablutions, shining our shoes (even on the underside) and drill on the Square. • I was very proud to be able to wear my father's Signals insignia as my Regimental badge over my pocket. • Travelling the long distance to Strathpeffer Signals School and living in a large hotel, the Ben Wyvis. • Meeting girls from all over England, and sharing the good and the bad times • We were quite a small company of girls, and being on shift work all the time we didn't have our own NAAFI or many other facilities that some of the larger Sections had, but the Taunton townspeople were very good to us and I well remember their generosity when we ventured into town for a cup of tea and an occasional egg and chips. They always seemed to find something special for us in those difficult ration times. • First meetings with the American soldiers • Our exercise was mainly confined to when we were collected and taken to the nearby American camp for a dance and the chance of discovering peanut butter, donuts and coca cola. We had plenty of energy to jitterbug all evening to their lively swing music. We didn't get Glen Miller, but the local GI's made the music very exciting. • When all the Teleprinter Operators had to re-train as Operators Keyboard and Line, it meant being posted to Southern Command HQ in Salisbury, from where we were taken to a nearby Signal School to learn the intricacies of electronics and morse code. I enjoyed the new challenge and was fortunate to do rather well, and was asked to stay on to instruct the next intake. This certainly boosted my confidence, and I was even more surprised to be posted to be part of a Demonstration Group of Signal Personnel both men and girls to tour the Cadet Companies to encourage them to join the Royal Signals when their turn came to be called up. There were three ATS – me, a Wireless Operator and a Driver ATS for the small Bedford Van. • It is my one regret that when I was old enough (21) to go abroad I decided to leave the ATS and get married to try and set up a home with the English Soldier I had met on the Cadet Tour. It would have been a fitting end to my ATS Career to have served in Germany.



L/Cpl Phyllis Newman (now Powell)
Pte Alice Hunt in shirtsleeves and 3 other friends

Photos:



Queens Camp, Guildford Recruiting Centre