

Also during the War years we had slit trenches dug in the school-ground. At Secondary School – when I was at Perth Modern School, as well as at Mount Hawthorn. We also had protective hoods made for us. Now I always remember those hoods as being rain hoods. Well our mothers called them rain hoods and my mother lined my sister's and my hoods with silk, which must have been hard to come by in those days. I think mine was orange and my sister's was green or blue but it was beautifully soft against our skins. These sugar bags were made like little hoods with provision for a string to be put in a stitched casement around the neck so that you could tie it under your chin and keep it on. But in later years it seems that these were really to protect you from falling debris, in case of an air-raid.

We also had to wear round our necks what looked like half a sphere of black rubber, about the size of a golf ball, on a string round our necks and in the event of bombs falling, we had to clench this between our teeth. This equalized the pressure between mouth and ear through the Eustacean tube and this was to prevent your ear drums being ruptured by the blast from a bomb. We also had to wear an identity disc around our necks and I still have mine. It had your name and address on it and your blood group on the reverse so that if you were injured in an attack and you were unconscious, people could immediately help you and notify relatives.

We also had air-raid practices. Instead of a siren, the school bell would sound and all the children had been instructed that they had to run home immediately and see if they could get home within five minutes. If they could - well and good. If they couldn't get home within the five minutes, they had to stay at school where the teachers would care for them. Well, one day we had a practice and I ran down *Matlock* Street hill, crossed over Scarborough Beach Road and at a laneway, a man stopped me. An American sailor and said he'd give me a bag of sweets if I'd go up the lane with him. Now, we'd been taught by our parents: A, never to talk to strangers and B, you do not be rude to adults. So here I was shifting from foot to foot, pondering both these pieces of conflicting advice, wondering what I should do and saying, 'well, I've got to go home'. When all of a sudden a girlfriend of mine came running down the hill, saw us and said, 'Enid, what are you doing? You're supposed to be home. Quick, run home.' So I said, 'got to go' and off I ran. And of course I didn't get home within the five minutes. My mother demanded to know where I'd been and I told her. She was alarmed and she took me by the hand and made me take her back to where this man had accosted me but of course, he wasn't there. He'd gone.