
Irene Demasson

During World War I, my father, in England, was manpowered making precision tools for Aeroplanes. His two older sisters joined the British Women's Army, one being a telephonist in the Front Lines. She received the O.B.E.

With World War II, my younger brother was an apprentice and manpowered, while both my sister and I joined the Australian Women's Army Service (A.W.A.S.). We were doing clerical duties, my sister was based at Headquarters, Perth, and myself at the District Finance Office (D.F.O.) in Subiaco.

In 1943 my R.A.N. fiancé was coming home on leave, so I worked an extra twelve Saturday afternoons, which enabled me to have six days off for my marriage and honeymoon.

My discharge came in 1944 as I was expecting the first of our seven children.

Many years later, one son joined the Regular Army, finally sent to Vietnam. After his discharge, he began training Army Cadets, and still does for the last 17 years.

I enjoy talking Army with him, and being interested in the Cadets though I am in my eighties.