
Ethel Jackson

Air Raid.

I worked in a dress factory in Pier St. We made women's uniforms for the Army. One day an Air Raid Siren went off, my Boss was on the bottom of 5 steps (into the factory) when a man came along and asked the Boss, did he know where a shelter was. The Boss said come in here, it will be quite safe.

The man started to walk up the steps when he saw "13" on the door (our street number). He turned and said "I'm not staying here with that number" and he took off down the street. Lucky for us it was only a practice run. We always felt safe there.

A little story of a tram trip.

I caught the tram in Perth for my trip home to Vic Park. As usual the tram was packed when a lady complained about a young Aussie sailor taking up a full seat. She wanted the ticket collector to make the sailor move over so she could sit down.

The collector said "Sorry lady, that Sailor has paid for both seats, so I can't ask him to remove his crayfish."

The Sailor had HMAS Sydney on his cap and was on the last day of his leave. The HMAS Sydney sailed for the last time, it went down up north.

I will never forget that Sailor and his crayfish.