

Aileen Mary Mountford (nee Mouritz)

During 1942-43, I was a boarder at the convent in Bunbury. We were never bombed, but the air raid siren was sounded occasionally for practice.

All the convent students were shepherded into a large corridor in the lower floor of the two-storey building. There we recited aloud an "Act of Perfect Contrition" in case we were killed. Some of us thought we'd be more likely to die because of the upper storey falling on us, than from Japanese bombs.

We each wore around our neck a cord or chain bearing a "dog tag" on which was engraved our names and blood group. We called them our "dead meat medals".

My maternal grandmother (Susie Moriarty) donated so much metal to the war effort (for making bullets and bombs) that she was left with one small frying pan, a large pot and one small saucepan.