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### **Mrs Betty L Reynolds**

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I will never forget when war broke out. Our family still had lots of relatives in England and with Hitler on the rampage through Europe, we were very worried.

I worked on my father's farm with my sister milking over 40 cows, morning and night. Two afternoons a week I rode to school at North Dandalup on my bike, to teach girls to sew, for which I got 6 pounds and was paid once a fortnight.

When Australia and New Zealand joined in the fight, we on the farm wanted to join up, but we were man-powered on the farm as milk butter and cheese were badly needed. It was a mixed farm with cows, sheep, pigs and horses, so plenty of work.

We did our extra bit for the war effort by raising money for food parcels for the soldiers. These parcels contained fruit cake, socks, sweets and tinned food, anything useful. We helped the CWA for which my mother was Secretary, to pack these parcels.

There was an urgent advertisement in our paper for gramophones, so we sent ours with records to a submarine. They couldn't use wireless or battery at times in case they were heard by the enemy. We had a lovely thank you letter from the Commander.

We also sent parcels to relations in England, who were on very short rations, these included fruit cakes, dried fruit, lump sugar plus frozen legs of lamb. We, here in Australia were on ration coupons for petrol, tea, butter, sugar, meat, clothes and linen.

Headlights on cars etc were covered, so only a glimmer went on the road and couldn't be seen by a plane from above.

My sister and I both married in 1943 to dairy farmers. I didn't see my boyfriend that often because of petrol shortage, and he lived at Coolup. Both men including my father were in the Home Guard. I still have my husband's discharge paper written in 1945. We dreaded reading the killed or missing in our daily papers, especially when a name of someone we knew from school or a relative came up.

When I went to live with my husband at Coolup, we sent our cream to Browns Factory instead of Watsonia in Spearwood.

With both my sister and I leaving our father's farm, he had to sell his dairy herd and go into beef cattle.