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## Jean Spry

My name was Jean Baker and I was born on 24<sup>th</sup> December, 1925. I was the seventh child of a family of nine, and after working on farms in his early life, my father bought a small farm at Rocky Gully when I was ten. At that time there was no school in the area and aged 12 I went to work for an aunt, caring for her child whilst she taught at the local school. Following this, I went to work in Albany, firstly at the Freemasons Hotel and later at the Beachside Café. Soon after the war started and when I was 15, I joined the Land Army and the first place I was sent, was to Merredin, which seemed the coldest place on earth. It was a wheat and sheep farm and a lot of hard work. Following this I went to Katanning to work on a dairy farm, which meant that you had to get up at 4 am. And milk cows and get all the milk ready for collection by the milkman. Then the milk cans had to be cleaned and the separator cleaned out and the cow yards to be mucked out and we then did jobs like cutting chaff, and getting the wood in for the boss's wife and so it went on until lunch time. You then had two hours off and started all over again with the same routine. After this I went to Brunswick Junction where it was much nicer and the work much easier. We had milking machines, but you still had to clean up all the mess. I left there in February 1945, when I married a farmer's son, Darcy Spry, on 9<sup>th</sup> April, 1945, at St. Andrew's Church, Katanning. We have five children, twelve grandchildren and five great grandchildren.