

Mrs Nettley King remembers her time at WLPS as a student between 1942-46

My twin brother (Reg King) and I started school at Maylands and we caught every infectious disease there was to have, then when we shifted to West Leederville we got Chicken Pox. In those days if your brother or sisters had an infectious disease you all had to stay at home. A lot of school was missed in that way. TB was rife in those days.

In the summer we would be put on a bus and taken to swimming classes at Crawley Baths.

The swings were down in each corner of the playground and the sand was so black that you did not wear white socks. Children could come to school in bare feet, but they would rather that you wore leather sandals. The play ground was slippery gravel and to practice some sport for sports day we would practice in a little park near the church, opposite the school.

Woolwich St in those days was a very friendly place to live. Everyone knew everyone, we all had gardens and chooks and there was a lot of bartering done for goods.

We buried our rubbish until the Council decided it bought unhealthy worms, so a rubbish man used to come and throw our bin on his shoulder and throw it in his cart. The horse would just move onto the next house. The toilet was emptied the same way. It was always way down the back yard far away and in those days it was known as the lavatory or the dunny. Toilet paper had not been invented at that stage, so you used newspaper.

The milkman would come when it was dark. You could not help hearing him clanking up the hill. He would put the milk in a bucket with a large handled scoop, then go to the verandah, tip out the money for the milk from the billy, fill the billy and hopefully put the lid on properly. If not, the neighbourhood cat would have a feast. The baker used to come each day to get the bread and hand it to you with no wrapping. But, he would give all the kids up the street a bun each.

The ice-cream man would struggle up the hill on his 3 wheeler bike with a large ice-box in front to sell his halfpenny, threepenny ice-creams. As well, with all this luxury, we had a fruit man, veggy man, library and fish man come around in their horse and carts.

During the war we all had to build an air raid shelter underground. Most people had a 1/4 acre block so there was plenty of room. We had Air Raid wardens in tin hats and gas masks to check on us when the siren went off for practice. We had to put thick curtains on the window at night and if there was any light shining through, you would get a knock on the door by a warden and a big fine.

After school, when homework was done, all the kids would play in the street. The Mums used to call them in about 5-6pm and they would be out again to play until it started getting dark, in the summer time. A lot of us had trolleys made out of packing boxes and ballbearing wheel. They used to roar down the hill so fast but getting back up the hill again was a bit of a drag.

The number 13 tram used to struggle up the hill, often catching fire in its little motor. All the neighbours would be ready with a hose. We had lovely Lilac trees up the street, but they were removed because the seeds got into the tram tracks and the tram would derail. The terminas was outside the school.

(This was received by letter in 2011 from Mrs Nettley King.)