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OH 1/39

Full transcript of an interview with

GARNET JAMES LORD

on 20 June 1986

by Beth M. Robertson

Recording available on cassette

NOTES TO THE TRANSCRIPT

This transcript was created by the J. D. Somerville Oral History Collection of the State Library. It conforms to the Somerville Collection's policies for transcription which are explained below.

Readers of this oral history transcript should bear in mind that it is a record of the spoken word and reflects the informal, conversational style that is inherent in such historical sources. The State Library is not responsible for the factual accuracy of the interview, nor for the views expressed therein. As with any historical source, these are for the reader to judge.

It is the Somerville Collection's policy to produce a transcript that is, so far as possible, a verbatim transcript that preserves the interviewee's manner of speaking and the conversational style of the interview. Certain conventions of transcription have been applied (ie. the omission of meaningless noises, false starts and a percentage of the interviewee's crutch words). Where the interviewee has had the opportunity to read the transcript, their suggested alterations have been incorporated in the text (see below). On the whole, the document can be regarded as a raw transcript.

Abbreviations: The interviewee's alterations may be identified by their initials in insertions in the transcript.

Punctuation: Square bracket [ ] indicate material in the transcript that does not occur on the original tape recording. This is usually words, phrases or sentences which the interviewee has inserted to clarify or correct meaning. These are not necessarily differentiated from insertions the interviewer or by Somerville Collection staff which are either minor (a linking word for clarification) or clearly editorial. Relatively insignificant word substitutions or additions by the interviewee as well as minor deletions of words or phrases are often not indicated in the interest of readability. Extensive additional material supplied by the interviewee is usually placed in footnotes at the bottom of the relevant page rather than in square brackets within the text.

A series of dots, ... indicates an untranscribable word or phrase.

Sentences that were left unfinished in the normal manner of conversation are shown ending in three dashes, - - -.

Spelling: Wherever possible the spelling of proper names and unusual terms has been verified. A parenthesised question mark (?) indicates a word that it has not been possible to verify to date.

Typeface: The interviewer's questions are shown in **bold print**.

Discrepancies between transcript and tape: This proofread transcript represents the authoritative version of this oral history interview. Researchers using the original tape recording of this interview are cautioned to check this transcript for corrections, additions or deletions which have been made by the interviewer or the interviewee but which will not occur on the tape. See the Punctuation section above.) Minor discrepancies of grammar and sentence structure made in the interest of readability can be ignored but significant changes such as deletion of information or correction of fact should be, respectively, duplicated or acknowledged when the tape recorded version of this interview is used for broadcast or any other form of audio publication.

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Collateral Material in File 8618 includes:
Photographs P8618A-E and photocopies of pages from Mr Lord's photograph albums showing the excellent range of his collection; twenty typewritten pages of additional notes written by Mr Lord after the interview and his handwritten notes written preparatory to the interview; ~~and a photocopy of the~~ Education Gazette, ~~1920, concerning Probationary Students.~~

Cover Illustration Scenes from the Lord's Delamere farm; Garnet's young brother Ken feeding the calves and Garnet, aged about sixteen, grooming the ponies. P8618B,C.

PREFACE

Garnet Lord was born in 1905 in Delamere where his father managed the local store for his mother-in-law before turning to mixed farming and butchering after the Great War. Garnet was an only child until his brother was born in 1915 and often helped his father, such as driving sheep to the Normanville market. Before he turned six Garnet began at the Delamere school opposite his home. A love of books and admiration for a teacher led Garnet to talk about becoming a teacher, an ambition that his parents supported. He went to Adelaide High School in 1920 and on to the Adelaide Teachers' College in 1924. His first appointment was to the one teacher school at Pygery, Eyre Peninsula, and the Education Department fostered young love by appointing his girlfriend, Ella Parsons, to Wudinna East, just down the railway line. (The couple had asked to be placed near one another.) The following year, 1927, they were both appointed to suburban schools and married. Mr Lord was at Rose Park for fifteen years before serving at various suburban, mainly demonstration, schools as well as on many departmental and teachers' committees. The couple had two children.

Mr Lord was 80 years of age at the time of the interview.

Mr Lord has a true teacher's memory for detail and speaks with authority about the community in which he grew up and provides interesting insights into his early teaching career (which warrant further expansion). The recording levels are very good, overcoming constant background noise of Brighton Road traffic and the occasional squeaking of chairs.

The interview session resulted in three hours of tape recorded information.

'S.A. Speaks: An Oral History of Life in South Australia before 1930' was a Jubilee 150 project conducted under the auspices of the History Trust of South Australia for two years and two months ending December 1986. The Interviewees are broadly representative of the population of South Australia as it was in the first three decades of the twentieth century. Selection of Interviewees was guided by a Sex and Occupation Sample calculated from the 1921 Census and Interviewees were suggested, in the main, by people who responded to 'S.A. Speaks' publicity. Each interview was preceded by an unrecorded preliminary interview during which details about the Interviewee's family history and life story were sought to help develop a framework for the interview.

NOTES TO THE TRANSCRIPT

Readers of this oral history transcript should bear in mind that it is a record of the spoken word. It was the policy of the Transcriptionist, Chris Gradolf, and the Interviewer, as editor, to produce a transcript that is, so far as possible, a verbatim transcript that preserves the Interviewee's manner of speaking and the informal, conversational style of the interview. Certain conventions of transcription have been applied (i.e. the omission of meaningless noises, redundant false starts and a percentage of the Interviewee's crutch words). Also, each Interviewee was given the opportunity to read the transcript of their interview after it had been proofread by the Interviewer. The Interviewee's suggested alterations have been incorporated in the text (see below). On the whole, however, the document can be regarded as a raw transcript.

Researchers using the original tape recording of this interview are cautioned to check this transcript for corrections, additions or deletions which have been made by the Interviewer or the Interviewee but which will not occur on the tapes. Minor discrepancies of grammar and sentence structure made in the interest of readability can be ignored but significant changes such as deletions of information or correction of fact should be, respectively, duplicated or acknowledged when the tape recorded version of this interview is used for broadcast or publication on cassettes.

Abbreviations

The Interviewee, Garnet Lord, is referred to by the initials GL in all editorial insertions in the transcript.

Punctuation

Square brackets [ ] indicate material in the transcript that does not occur on the original tape recording.

The Interviewee's initials after a word, phrase or sentence in square brackets, i.e. [word or phrase GL] indicates that the Interviewee made this particular insertion or correction. All uninitialled parentheses were made by the Interviewer.

An series of dots, ... indicates an untranscribable word or phrase.

Sentences that were left unfinished in the normal manner of conversation are shown ending in three dashes, - - -.

Spelling

Wherever possible the spelling of proper names and unusual terms has been verified. Where uncertainty remains the word has been marked with a cross in the right hand margin of the Interview Log and Data Sheet which can be consulted in the Interview File.

Typeface

The Interviewer's questions are shown in bold print.

'S.A. Speaks: An Oral History of Life in South Australia Before 1930'
Beth Robertson interviewing Mr Garnet Lord [redacted] on 20 June 1986

TAPE 1 SIDE A

Could you start by telling me your full name?

Garnet James Lord.

Where did the Garnet come from?

From a very close friend of my father, a man whom he admired as an engineer cum farmer, local identity, and so I suppose he thought if I turned out as good as Garnet Kelly, then he had nothing to worry about.

Were you known as Garnet during your life?

Yes. On very rare occasions the name has been abbreviated to Garn by some of my very close friends and colleagues, but otherwise it's held its ground.

What was the date of your birth?

Tenth of November nineteen hundred and five.

Where were you born?

At Delamere.

Is that where you grew up?

Yes, I grew up - - -. I was in Delamere until I ran out of primary school grades. I spent an extra year there because the teacher, a lady of considerable experience, suggested that this lad was far too young to leave home, so I stayed on an extra year at the primary school - eight grades in those days. Then I had the option of Victor Harbor High School or Adelaide High School. One of my mother's sisters - one of the sisters of my mother - lived in the city and I was able to board with her so that it was like a home from home. Public transport between Adelaide and Delamere was simpler than Victor Harbor to Delamere. There was a daily mail service and the mail contractor was required, under the conditions of the contract, to provide transport for passengers, parcels, newspapers and the like. The other alternative, which was much quicker, was sea transport from Second Valley - SS Karatta provided a much faster means of communication than horses on the road.

We'll be talking about your school days a little later on. I'd like to ask you a bit about your parents. Could you tell me your father's name?

My father was Samuel James Lord, born at Second Valley.

Can you tell me a bit about his working life from his youth and when you were growing up?

Well in his youth - he was one of six children, and he had the misfortune to lose his father when he was eleven years of age. His father, my grandfather, came from England with his wife and several children, settled on the property of a brother between Delamere and Second Valley, then he had the opportunity to acquire land at Second Valley, and moved on to it. My grandfather was a wheelwright, carpenter, farmer, and the local undertaker, and he had the mail contract between Cape Jervis and Normanville.

At Normanville it linked with Graves, Hill & Co. who ran coaches from Normanville daily to Adelaide and return. The mail contract then catered for the mails to Kangaroo Island. [My grandfather's] contract was Normanville to Cape Jervis, and at eleven my father had to take his turn carrying the mail, which was a horse back mail with provision that on twenty four hours' notice vehicular transport would be provided to carry the passengers. But Delamere to Cape Jervis was only three days a week and horse back unless provision was made for passengers. Delamere to Normanville was vehicular transport for passengers. He had to spend the day at Cape Jervis while Mr Christie took the mails to Kangaroo Island in a ketch and back again. Then they would return to Second Valley, Normanville.

Do you know how much schooling your father had?

Yes, he went to school at Second Valley until they received the - - -. No. There was a certificate - I've forgotten the name of it - but there was a certificate they received at the end of the primary school term. Later it became the Qualifying Certificate, but there was a different name in the days when he went to school. [Sixth Class Certificate].

The Qualifying Certificate was one which was held under very strict supervision. In the country schools it was necessary - in the very small schools - for the children to attend a larger school on that Qualifying Certificate day, and only the Grade 8 children attended. The rest had the day off. In small country schools, where it wasn't practical to go to another school, the Chairman of the School Committee or his representative was required to supervise during the day to make sure that everything was fair and above board, and even to read the dictation, which measured two things, spelling and writing. The writing was recorded - estimated, credited, evaluated - on the dictation. That was abandoned because of a farmer, in a very small place, who's

pronunciation confused children, so after that the teacher of the school was permitted to read the dictation under the supervision of the Chairman of the School Committee.

What sort of work did your father do after leaving school?

Well, he did shearing, road work, and then moved in to manage the Delamere General Store, which he did until the end of World War One when a man whom [he'd known] as a very small child at Cape Jervis while he was waiting for the return of the mail, came back [from the war] with a wrist injury and was unable to return to farm work. So two friends renewed their acquaintance, although there was some years' difference in their ages, and he went into the shop. My father, who had acquired the adjoining land, branched out into farming in a small way, and butchering.

Was it Mr Christie who took over the shop?

That's right. Mr Christie as a boy - a child - had grown up, and he rented the shop from my family until he retired, and a nephew of his took it over after World War Two. [Mr Christie's rent was four shillings per week. GL]

So how was your father's main income derived when you were, say, school age?

Well first of all from the store. Sidelines, of course, from farming and then from the butchering business.

What sort of farming did he undertake?

Hay and wheat with wool - it was a mixed farm - also catered with pigs, sheep, sale of lambs and wool, and wattlebarking. The land he bought was dense scrub with the native wattle very thick throughout the whole of the piece. So he had men stripping the wattles - stripping during the barking season - and then the sale of the bark.

There was an old cottage on our property, which my grandmother built for the daughter with whom I much later boarded [and this] became available to men. It had four rooms and four men in it constantly. There was a German in one room and a Frenchman in one room, a returned major from the Boer War in one room [and his lance above the door GL] and an Englishman in the fourth, so it was a mixture. They stripped wattles during the season and then the money acquired from the sale of the wattle bark kept them on to do the clearing, which was done by sheer hard manual labour.

Over what period of time were these men living in the cottage?

They were there when war broke out in 1914, because I well remember discussions on how long the war would last. People were forecasting three months, even up to six months, and the German man said - Fred Buckholz his name was, an excellent workman - he said, 'These people don't know the German folk. Germany won't give in. She will send her women and children into the battlefield if need be, and this war will last five years'. Now he was very close to right.

But the Frenchman died only this year. A great variation in the qualities of the two men. The German never in a hurry, tackling a big gum tree to be removed - every stroke, slow and deliberate, was made with purpose. He would stop, take his plug of tobacco, carve a few pieces off the end, fill his pipe, strike a match, but all the time deep in thought as to where the next blow would come. At the end of a week he would have a considerable amount of result to his week's effort. The Frenchman, excitable, always in a hurry, running over his work, covering up what had already been done to make way for the next part, and a long way behind so far as achievement was concerned. A great difference between the two attitudes and personalities of the two men.

Was your father himself a fairly efficient and successful businessman?

Yes. His biggest problem was saying 'No' to people who needed supplies and were unable to pay for them. So I would think bad debts were his main problem. The general store provided all grocery items, drapery, clothing, tools, hardware of all descriptions, and to many of the people their income was mainly once a year and so the books had to carry them.

I remember when Mac Christie was taking over. He said, 'Jim, I don't know how you let them get in like this. I'll have a five pound limit, and if a man can't pay five pounds he can't pay ten. At the end of five pounds I'll say, "No more credit".' He'd been in the business perhaps two years and I remember my father going through the books with him and saying, 'Mac, how did you let them get in like this?' The same situation had applied.

One man, I remember, owed sixty pounds for bread. Now bread in those days was about fourpence a loaf, so sixty pounds, you can realise, was a lot of bread. That was bought in by the store. The baker came from Yankalilla once a week, then with further supplies sent up with a carrier on Monday - flour bags packed with bread. It was transferred to the shop counter for distribution. So that it all went through the store account. That was the problem.

What did your father's butchering business consist of?

Well he started killing one sheep a week to supply three other people. By arrangement he would kill one sheep on Saturday, the three men would call on Sunday morning and they would take a quarter each - a hindquarter this week, forequarter the next week. But the demand grew and I remember my father saying, 'Well, I haven't a sheep with five quarters, so if you can arrange with two or three others to make up, I'll kill two sheep'. Well very quickly he was killing two sheep, or very soon afterwards two sheep, and then it got to three.

Then the sawmill opened at Second Valley and the mine reopened at Talisker, so that needed meat on a much fuller scale. We used to kill under a tree, in the hot weather unable to start until cool southerlies off the Back-stairs Passage would come in from four o'clock onwards. It was my job to hold the lantern while we finished off in the evening.

But he bought at auction in the city, a butcher's cart. That came down on the Karatta to Second Valley and my job, as a boy, was to take a horse and bring [the cart] home, and first thing I saw was Kersbrook painted on the back. We took it to Barton's who were the carriage builders in Yankalilla and motor mechanics and so on. They repainted it and it became the shop. So that when meat was killed - - -. We had in the meantime built a slaughterhouse, under trees, or among trees, and a meat bag large enough to cover a whole bullock. We had meat bags for sheep, pigs.

But Father believed that putting a bag over the beast restricted the flow of air and spoilt the setting of the meat. So we had large safes made to take - each safe would take eight sheep and a couple of pigs, and the bullock would be hung during the night and early hours of the morning, so that the draught from the trees would go through. It was necessary to cut it down from three o'clock in the morning to have it all cleared away before the flies were busy.

Did your father ever get you to help him physically with the slaughtering?

No, I didn't actually take part in the slaughtering. I used to drive the butcher's cart which called at every farm house. It was out six days a week - Monday, Wednesday, Friday towards Cape Jervis, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday to Second Valley. In cutting the meat down he had big wooden dovetailed troughs so that the meat, for corning, would go into the troughs and the rest into the cart, and the tailboard of the cart became your chopping block. Customers were served from the cart.

He carried a Thunderer whistle so that if folk were off the road they'd hear the whistle and come out. Bullaparinga, Second Valley, at the sawmill area where there were a number of houses close together, they'd hear the

whistle and they'd bring their plates and pick up the meat which was weighed on a spring balance and charged accordingly. I remember eventually memorising the price of any weight of meat. I used to be tricked on the old seven and a half pounds at sevenpence ha'penny a pound, which I think I still remember was four and eightpence ha'penny.

How old were you when you first started going on the butcher's cart?

About fourteen.

Where did your father get his livestock from?

Most of it locally. Occasionally he'd find it necessary to visit the abattoirs and buy on the open market, in which case it would be sent by train to Willunga and then on the hoof from Willunga. Before we started butchering, it was my job as a much younger boy, to take sheep to Normanville. There was a monthly market at Normanville and all the farmers round took their stock to the Normanville saleyards. It was Bagot, Shakes & Lewis [Ltd], afterwards taken over by Goldsbrough, Mort [& Co] and now of course Elders GM. Their market was held on the first Friday of the month. Then Bennet & Fishers moved in and they put a sale on the third Friday of the month and gradually the number of sales grew.

I used to leave home with a mob of sheep at about a quarter to six, and my job was to get them to Normanville to be yarded by noon. Once I had achieved that I felt really grown up because I could go over to the Normanville Hotel with all the other - with the men, I was the only boy - and we'd have our three course meal, which I think was four and sixpence in those days.

But my fear was only that a sheep would get down into a culvert or get through a broken fence and become mixed up with sheep on the run, and I wasn't strong enough to pull it out again or to lift it out of a culvert, or to carry it if it knocked up. I would count my sheep constantly along the roads. I knew every mile post, I carried a watch, and I allowed myself a half an hour per mile. If I did this mile in twenty five minutes, I saw that I took thirty five over the next mile so that I didn't ever suffer the humiliation of having a sheep knock up.

How big would the mob be?

Oh, it would vary. I would say average of about fifty.

Would you be travelling on horseback?

No, I would walk. With sheep it was much easier to walk than to have a horse. If they were not sold - and I was always very anxious to see them sold - but if they didn't reach the reserved price, then it was my ambition to get them out of the yard and on the road to home. And it was an established custom that anyone travelling sheep, wanting to use yards in somebody else's property, would put them in overnight. Well then I would take a horse back the next morning to get them and take them home. If I was taking cattle down, then, of course, I'd go on horseback and return. But when I would go on foot my father would leave home about eleven o'clock, and he would drive to the sale with the buggy and pair, and then of course I would go home in the buggy, so it wasn't a matter of walking both ways.

Did you have a dog with you?

Yes, always had a dog. A dog was very handy.

From about what age would you have been taking sheep to Normanville?

I expect I would have started at nine or ten. There was no real danger. We didn't have the traffic on the roads that there is today, and of course people on the road - very few motor vehicles then - and folk with horses, well, they'd just simply stop until you'd passed.

END OF TAPE 1 SIDE A: TAPE 1 SIDE B

Did working with the sheep mean that you missed school periodically?

Well it would mean Friday mornings once a month - well, it'd be Friday all day. Yes, I'd miss a Friday once a month, but that didn't really create any problem.

From what people have told me, it was fairly common for country children to miss school periodically to be helping with the farm work.

Well, in my mother's day, of course, they had to pay a fee per week, and if they missed Monday to help with the washing, Tuesday to help with the ironing, then sometimes the parents felt that, well it wasn't worthwhile paying for the other three days.

Did your mother tell you this?

Yes. I don't know that it happened to her because she was one of a fairly big family and the work was spread among them. But it's commonly talked about.

What was your mother's name?

She was Mabel Maud Solomon and she was born - - -. I was going to say in the house where I was born, but there were two houses. They had a house and then built a more modern one alongside of it, so she was really born in the house next door to the one where she lived the remainder of her life.

Her people owned the store, is that right?

They had the store. My grandfather, George Solomon - and I'm not quite certain of the facts, but they had a store, George and Catherine Solomon, at Talisker. Talisker closed down through water in the mine, and they went to Moonta because of the mines there. But within a matter of a very few years they were back at Stockyard and George Solomon, according to our official records, is registered there as a butcher in Stockyard. Now, Stockyard was originally the same piece of land as Delamere. It was Stockyard, later became Glenburn, and because of confusion for postal authorities and others between Glenburn and Glenburnie in the South East, the name was changed to Delamere.

As a lad I remember the crockery in the St James' Church hall, all made in England - fascinating colours, white with red and gold bands - cups, saucers, plates, vegetable dishes, gravy boats and so on, and it all had the St James' Glenburn fired on it.

The Solomon family was a large one, but they lost a number only in the child age. Several of them are buried in the Bullaparinga public cemetery and some of them in the cemetery at Moonta. Those who grew up, grew up in Delamere.

Did the Solomon girls of your mother's generation help in the store?

I would think one in particular - Elizabeth Agnes, who married another Jim Lord, a cousin of my father's. She would have assisted in the store. My grandfather, as well as being a butcher - which I know very little about actually, although I remember the fences. The rails of the old stockyards were still there, and when tennis was first started in Delamere the old stockyard fences were still used. The rails - post and rail fences - and the umpires sat on the top rail of some of the panels. But they moved away.

My grandmother built a cottage for one daughter. She married a local man, Watson - Hughie Watson - and they later built a property on the Cape Jervis road, then moved from there and took over a store at Reynella. So the trading seemed to be in the blood I think. Then, the family - their six children, two girls and four boys - needed work, so they moved to Unley.

From there the whole family were able to get work. Then they built a home. Hughie Watson who, as a contractor himself, built the house at Dulwich, then moved to Mile End because he was riding a bicycle across the Victoria Park racecourse to Hindmarsh where Reynells had a distillary. His eldest son was the manager of it, and he became the, I suppose you'd say handy man about the place because he could do anything from building a house to making a violin. As his years mounted they decided it was too risky to start work at Mile End at half past seven, riding across the racecourse and then riding home again in the night, so they sold that place and moved to Mile End, and it was then I joined the family.

My aunt, Catherine Watson used to talk to me about her days at Delamere. Her family, at primary school, walked every day three miles to the Delamere school and then three miles home again. But she even recounted the days of their store at Talisker mine. When the mine was flourishing it contained - the ore contained - silver, lead and arsenic. Instead of building a high chimney they built a channel up the side of the hill and covered it over with slates. I've seen the tunnel. It would've been eighteen inches wide and deep, and covered over. Then, a very low chimney on top of the hill. It was always referred to as Sugar Loaf Hill, and as a lad travelling past, there was nothing growing on it.

In the days I'm talking about now, there was a hotel, store, houses, and hawkers used to come into the district. My grandmother saw a hawker turn his two ponies on to the grass at the foot of the hill. The grass was at that stage flourishing but poisonous, and my Aunt Kate and her sister were sent across to tell the hawker to take his ponies off - the grass was poisonous. He presumably thought that they wanted the grass for their cows and ignored their warning, but in the morning there were two dead ponies. Hawkers were common in the area.

After their short spell of just several years, probably only three, at Moonta, they went back to Stockyard and my grandfather then used to have a van to Adelaide, leaving Monday morning, taking with him rabbit skins, sheep skins, butter, eggs - collected from the local farmers who had excess, would take it into the shop and he would buy it - and bring back from Adelaide groceries, drapery, hardware, whatever was required. So that there was a regular contact with the city, but it meant he was away from home, well, quite a lot.

Of your grandparents, which did you know when you were growing up?

I knew both my grandmothers. I didn't - - -. Well, as I've said, my father's father died when he was a boy, and I don't remember my grandfather Solomon.

How often would you see your grandmother living at Second Valley?

My father used to see her every Wednesday and have dinner with her. Because when he would take the grocery/draper van, which went to all the farm houses supplying groceries and drapery - it went Fridays towards Cape Jervis, Wednesdays towards Second Valley - and he would pause to have his midday meal with my grandmother and the single daughter who stayed at home to look after her. But as a family, we would - that's my mother, father and I - go on Sundays, I suppose once a month. It was fairly regularly we visited. And then, after I came to Adelaide to school, I never missed seeing her during my holidays. That was a regular horseback ride - four miles to Second Valley - to spend a day with her before [my return to the city GL]. She had reached the stage of being confined to her bed though. I remember her sitting at the head of the table and carving the joint, with the vegetables being in the dishes and the gravy boat passed down the table.

But in the latter years she was restricted in her movements, and it was a regular sound to hear her say, 'Rose,' and Rose would come in - that was my aunt. Something would be said, and the next thing, when I'd go to shake hands with her, there would be a pound note in my hand to show, I think, her appreciation of my visit. But that had nothing to do with the reason for my visit. Nevertheless, as a boy at school, a pound was a lot of money and was very much appreciated.

What about your mother's mother? How close did she live to you?

Well, I suppose I should say we lived in her house. But she died when I was about six. My mother had - all of the other sisters had married and moved away. One had gone to Dubbo, one to Broken Hill, one had married a man in Second Valley by the name of Leverington. They moved from there to Reynella and from Reynella to Brighton, and Joe Leverington had no daughters but several sons, and they became road contractors. Building roads, and during the war, aerodromes. His youngest grandson became the Chairman of Directors of Quarry Industries eventually. But Joe Leverington retained the control of the purse and wrote all the cheques so the boys all did very well. I remember, on one occasion young Joe saying, 'We decided that each of us would give Dad a fountain pen for Christmas so that he could continue to sign the cheques'.

So was your mother the one left to look after her mother?

She looked after my grandmother and we had, in the house, a woman whom I learned to love too. I think she came to our place from school. Her name was Bryant - Violet Bryant. She had nine brothers and she was the only girl, and she lived with us as far back as I can remember, and she would help with everything - the washing, the cooking, the store when necessary. A very loyal friend and she did much of the - well, shared the work, with my mother. After my grandmother's death my mother needed a rest, so she went to her sister in Dubbo for three months, and Violet kept house for Dad and I.

My grandmother had a wagonette and I remember her going out in the wagonette, but eventually it became too difficult for her to get up into it, so they bought a phaeton, and she could get into the phaeton with comparative ease. But after her death the house and the piece of land went to my mother, various articles of furniture to other members of the family, and the wagonette was to go to Bennetts who were then up on the River Darling. So my father and I travelled in the wagonette which we drove to Adelaide with one horse, and we left it in Adelaide for Will Bennett to pick up and drive, with two horses, to Wilcannia on the River Darling.

We then went by ship, the Karoola, to Sydney, and by train to Dubbo. Gilgandra was the place where my aunt and uncle were living. There were several other Delamere families in that same area. Folk who had found that the smallholdings would not support the large families, so they moved out of the town [really only a village GL] and there was land being made available in the Dubbo area, also in Western Australia, and later on Eyre Peninsula. It was a matter of application and the blocks were given to those who appeared to have the qualifications to be able to develop them. The Government were reticent about giving land to - or allotting land - where there was any possibility that it would be just held and not developed.

I wanted to talk with you about your household when you were growing up. You've been mentioning the girl who helped your mother. From what we were saying last week, you were the only child for about nine years.

That's right. My brother was born on the eighteenth of January, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

Do you remember the occasion?

Yes.

Did you know what was going on?

I wasn't as wise as some of the other lads in the area were, but I do remember, because - - -. Children in that district were born in the home. There was a Mrs Cussion, a midwife. Well, she was a midwife and general nurse, not by training but by acquiring experience. The same as you had animal doctors in the district, not by qualification other than practical training. If we had a sick horse or a sick cow, we used to send for Roy Mitchell whose father had a horse and cattle drench.

If there was any other sickness, not only my people but all the folk in the town would send for Mrs Cussion, and she would drop everything and her husband would come home at night and find a note on the table that she'd gone to such-and-such a place. She may or may not have time to leave a meal for him and if she hadn't had time, somebody else may or he would have to get a meal.

My father had no licence - I don't know whether any licence was necessary at the time - but he always bought brandy by the case, and he bought it from Reynells at Reynella, and the bottles would come in those straw envelopes. People about knew that Lords always had a bottle of brandy, and that seemed to be the first move - the first attempted cure for whatever the problem. Someone would come on horseback and say, 'Can you lend us a bottle of brandy?' and the bottle of brandy was always produced - I doubt if it was ever paid for. I don't think any price was ever asked for, but it was always, 'Will you lend us a bottle of brandy?' but I think it meant, 'Will you give us a bottle?'

But the doctor was at Yankalilla, and at the time my brother was born it was Dr Verco - a brilliant doctor, an outstanding doctor. But that was fourteen miles away. Now, I don't remember the time, but I remember hearing that if the doctor was required, someone would have to go on horseback to alert him.

There was a telephone from the lighthouse at Cape Jervis. The lighthouse keepers at Cape Jervis reported by telephone every ship which went through Backstairs Passage either way. It was the first contact with Adelaide for ships coming in - it was the last contact with Adelaide for ships going out, that is, going to the east. If they were going to the west they went through Investigator Strait. There were two keepers there. The earliest I remember were Mr Day and Mr Pain. They were each on twelve hour shifts because they went around the clock. They were isolated at Cape Jervis and they worked in harmony and worked together, and they had the signals for shipping - the

lights with the morse code at night, and the flags in the day time. There was a gun there, I remember seeing. I don't think it was ever used but it was there in case a ship didn't answer the signal, and they communicated with every ship and reported progress to Adelaide.

Because of the difficulty of getting messages through, they were able to break in on that line at Delamere, and there was a phone put in the home of Mac Christie's father. Mrs Christie would attend to the phone, which was in the house - in a private house, not a phone box, in a private home. Mac Christie used to - that's Mac's father - he was the handyman. He had a little workshop with a front window through which he looked, and he repaired clocks, soled boots and did anything that was required in the handyman stage, workshop stage.

So you went to the telephone if you needed the doctor. You had to get to Christie's place and ring the doctor at Yankalilla. Now, he covered an area that went out to Myponga on the main South Road, and through to Inman Valley on the Victor Harbor Road. He had a man, Alf Cook. He was the doctor's driver. He had a hooded buggy, a stable and ponies in it, and it was Alf's job to see that the horses and the buggy were available when the doctor was required. There was a connection - phone connection - so that if someone rang the doctor during the night, it rang in Alf's home as well as the doctor's home, and Alf would take the message. I suppose you'd call it a party-line phone. Alf would then get out of bed, harness the ponies, pick up the doctor and take him to wherever he was required.

If he was at Inman Valley when a call came, that was a long haul for those ponies to go straight through to Cape Jervis, so he would call in and change horses at Yankalilla and then take the doctor on. And then, with the hooded buggy, if it was a stormy, wild night, he would remain in the coach with the horses turned around, the back of the hood to the weather, and some degree of protection for the ponies.

Did he attend your mother?

Yes, he came up, and it was a wild night too. But everyone realised that doctors and doctors' drivers need some refreshment, so there would always be a tray of hot tea or coffee and cake and sandwiches, or whatever, taken out to the man sitting out in the cold in the buggy. And after the doctor had completed his job, he was given refreshment.

But the night that Ken was born, my mother's sister and her husband were living with us. Thomas Lord, who would be one of my grandfather's brothers,

one of the brothers of my grandfather - that always tricks me, get it round like that - had gone on a trip to England to see the area from where he had come. He was the youngest of the five brothers. Jim Lord, his son, and my mother's sister Elizabeth Agnes, commonly known as Lydia, had let their farm at Gilgandra for twelve months, and they had come over to manage the father's property.

END OF TAPE 1 SIDE B: TAPE 2 SIDE A

I was saying, they were living at our place. Well, we had to get a nurse from Adelaide to live in the house, which meant that there was a measure of overcrowding, or would have been, and Uncle Thomas lived in his old house - but he had built two new rooms and a passage out in the front of it. Now the old house - he'd lost his wife - and in the old house he had a housekeeper and her husband. He himself lived in the front part. The husband and wife looking after him had split up for some reason and gone, so that the back part of the house was empty and he used the front rooms only. But Jim and Lyd decided that, oh, they wouldn't live over there - they wouldn't need to go until it was necessary. But it suddenly was necessary and I remember taking a spring cart (and I said the general store sold everything, including spring mattresses) and a spring mattress was loaded into the spring cart, four kerosene cases to put it on, and bedding and so on and it was moved over so they moved out and moved into those two rooms.

There was always a big stack of cases out in front because all groceries packed in bottles came out in wooden cases, packed in sawdust. Cases were too good to burn but they weren't worth the freight to return them, so they were stacked up in large quantities. We used the sawdust to pack eggs in. The eggs collected from the farmers - surplus eggs - and butter, dairy butter, were packed into cases and sent per the carrier's van to Adelaide once a week.

Your family, with just you and your brother, was very small for those days. Had your mother lost any children?

No.

How did you feel about getting a brother after all that time?

I don't remember having any particular feelings one way or the other. The age, I think, was such that - - -. I had been given a number of jobs and had developed some measure of more than usual responsibility, being an only child, and also the fact that there were no older brothers or sisters to do the

things. I was able, I suppose, to prove that I could cope so I went on coping. And this young brother, well, yes, I used to take him for walks in the pram. But he wasn't at my play age really, and Violet Bryant gave a lot of the attention he required. I was nine. Well in five years, or by the time he was five, I had gone to Adelaide.

Was your mother's health not good? Was she not robust?

No, her health wasn't good, which meant of course that she had assistance in the house most of the time. Even when Violet wasn't there - after Violet married - we still had a woman living in the house, a woman who in my opinion, in looking back, made a very fatal mistake. She lost her husband as a comparatively young man.

There are a lot of young men in the Delamere cemetery - quite a number of young men there - and Eli Norman I'm talking about now. I remember well going to his sale. It was a common thing to have an auction sale at the break up of a property, and still in the old home down there where my brother is part time, is a ladder which Eli Norman made - a wooden ladder. Now that's lasted all those years. But Mrs Norman had one child, Jack, who joined the Army. She reared a girl who would have been a cousin of mine - Vera Norman - a cousin of mine because, although her name was Norman, her mother was my mother's sister - an older sister. She died when Vera was just a baby so Mrs Norman reared her as her own child.

A number of the men down there used to do seasonal work to help with the income. Bill Norman, Jim Cussion, Carl Simpson, Norman Simpson were just some I recall - oh, the Bryant boys, yes, and some of the Jones. And they would go away on sheep stations shearing. They'd be away from about July until - - -. Well usually they would try and get home for Christmas. In fact some of them would leave about March to go to those early shearing sheds in the far North, and then they'd gradually work south to Mount Gambier and try and get home for Christmas. They'd be home three months and then go away again.

Mrs Norman, going back to that part, sold everything. Sold the furniture, the home, everything, which meant that she had nowhere to go, no home of her own. And she would volunteer - - -. Well, of course she had the money from that sale, but that amount of money, banked, was only bringing in very small annual or weekly income. But she took on dressmaking and she would organise herself into a home and she would go into that home and do dress-making for her keep. Well then, when she got in, of course she had nowhere

else to go so she stayed, and she stayed with my mother for a long, long period. Well then she went over to my aunt at Dubbo and she stayed over there. I suppose she had a tie with them by virtue of having brought up their niece. Vera went with her and married a man called Paddy Alan, over in Dubbo. When my Uncle Jim was bringing in the machinery preparatory to coming over to see us again on holiday [he met with an accident GL]. He had something on the knee and he was operated on in the hospital in Wakefield Street - it was a private hospital, and it was known as Miss Somebody-or-other's hospital - and the doctors afterwards said dirty instruments had caused the problem which left him with a stiff leg. You could follow him along the beach and we'd have a fishing net and go fishing, and you could track him along the beach because there was no give in those toes, and when he'd swing - I've forgotten which foot it was - you'd always see where the bit of sand had been flicked back. Well, when one of the young horses in the machine took fright and caused a temporary bolt, my uncle was thrown off the step at the back of the machine and the doctors over there on the telephone hook-up said, 'Well, just stay in bed and rest'. But he felt so well in bed that there was no need to stay in bed so he got up, but it proved to have been a clot and when he moved it moved the clot.

So that brought Mrs Norman as well as my aunt back to Delamere and she moved in with various families and she spent, I would think, to a measure, an unhappy life in not having a place she could call her own. She lived with Mac Christie's wife at Cape Jervis for the closing years of her life, and then when they found she was a bit too much to look after, she went into St Laurence's Home at Grange and finished up there.

My father's sister-in-law - - -. My father had one brother, John Lord. His wife followed something of the same pattern, and she was down with Nell Christie with whom I went to school, until she finally went to St Laurence's too.

I wanted to ask you about your school days, starting right from the beginning. Where was the school in relation to where you grew up?

About two hundred yards away. The Delamere School was right on the main road. The home and store were just off the main road, but on the other side of the road. Being an only child, I suppose unintentionally I attracted attention from children in other families and boys older than I, and I was encouraged to go over to the school and play, but I wasn't wanted inside the school ground. I was a trespasser, although I don't think that word was used. It was the common practice in the autumn for men, under contract, to clean the water tables of the roads.

The roads in that Rapid Bay District Council were highly commended by the State Road Authorities - the Director of Roads. That's not the right word. The man responsible for the roads of South Australia - Highways Commissioner you probably would call him today. And he used to send members of District Councils from other parts of the State to look at the roads in the Rapid Bay District. Now they must've been good or he wouldn't have set them up as an example to other places.

But the Council always cleaned out the drains by shovel - hand work. Men would tender to do certain stretches. The Rapid Bay Council ran from Cape Jervis to the gorge - that's just south of Normanville - and different ones would have from here to there, three miles or four miles or whatever they thought they could handle. Then when the first rains would come, there'd be sand come down and gather in these drains and I used to play in that sand. Then these big fellows would come over the fence and play with me out on the roadside and eventually Miss Espie suggested that I might start school.

What was the name of the teacher?

Miss Espie. The first teacher I remember was Mr Hocking. He had a daughter Gwen and a son - oh, I know that too - and I remember them quite well. Well then they went to Kingston SE and Mr Bentley came. Mr Bentley used to borrow our buggy and horses if he wanted to go anywhere. Well then, Miss Espie came, and there were some big boys there - folk, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen - and they were a little bit heavy going, so Mr Davidson came. I started school with Miss Espie, then Mr Davidson came - Arthur Leonard Davidson - a young man. Very efficient, a top grade teacher, very keen on gardening, a set of tools for his handwork, craftwork, woodwork - and he helped the lads with that sort of thing.

Do you mean that the children would be taught gardening at school?

Oh yes. That's one of the first things he did, to get a part of the school ground fenced off and every child in the school had a plot. It would be, oh, six to eight feet square? - yes I think so - and all laid out and paths and that sort of thing. And then there was a big piece on the side. Now, every child was responsible for its garden - they could grow in it what they liked. The important thing was to make it look attractive and look after it, and you took plants from home, or bulbs from home.

The old Floral and Decoration Society used to sell seeds and bulbs through the schools - a penny a packet, and a penny a bulb - and you'd get these sheets and fill out what you wanted. The profit from that went into providing

pictures for schools. Pictures for schools as first, second, third prizes for writing and general school handiwork. I don't know whether you ever remember seeing any of those pictures in schools, but they were beautiful big pictures. What's happened to them now goodness knows.

On the property that my mother had - which was left to her and my father bought the scrub next door - there was dense scrub all around that area - - -. I remember one day Harry Collins and his father lit a piece of scrub on the western side of the school and the smoke poured in so we were all sent home - you couldn't work in the smoke. Then at night time it'd be like a town. Everyone'd say, 'Oh, look at that there,' because all the logs'd light up at night and they'd be out rounding them up during the day and burning them at night. The same thing happened with the piece of land joining us which my father bought at auction when the White family left the district. We had the men there and they would clear a section during the winter, and then in the next autumn they would burn that section. It'd dry out through the summer, burn it in the autumn, then plough it up and fence and plant it.

How many acres did your father own?

Oh he had there about - it was, oh, a little over a hundred. But he rented other properties.

[When the early settlers at Cape Jervis left the district to acquire larger holdings, their existing land was purchased by local identities. The blocks varied in area according to the terrain and natural features and in some instances a farmer could be fortunate enough to be granted two adjoining sections. In this instance, Isaac Norman added these two to his already held land at Delamere. This then was sufficient for each of his family, at his death, to inherit a personal piece of land. (I remember calling on this man when I travelled in the van with my father.) The two sections at Cape Jervis were left to Fred and Adam respectively. Adam was planning to leave for World War I and Fred went north shearing every year, so neither of them could make any use of it; hence the request to my father to rent. He was prepared to take both, the key, being sure of including the one with the creek to the sea and small beach.

While on service Adam met a Scottish lass and arranged for her to come out on a bride ship. She lived with us as a competent dressmaker until they were able to "set up" a home. GL]

But back to this garden. There were three houses on this property of my mother's which was only about thirty seven acres. There were two houses on

the piece that my father bought but they were empty. These other three were occupied when I was a boy. Jones's lived in this cottage and Mrs Chirgwin lived in that one, and then a Mrs Bryant down in that one. Mrs Chirgwin died and her place was empty, and my father felt that it would be a liability I suppose. There were two underground tanks there by it - one by the cottage that's still standing, two over by our old home, because that was a matter of adding to the water supply and was used for gardening and there was in some cases a rope with a bucket, in others a pump. We had pumps on ours, and then you pumped water out into troughs for the stock. You had it for the gardens. We had, as well as that, six iron tanks, two of them twelve hundred and fifty gallons, some of them eight hundred and the others a thousand.

But, back to the school garden, this house where Mrs Chirgwin had been had a thatched roof, and that was a liability and my father wanted to plough that ground anyway. So he put a fire-stick - and I remember, I was with him - put the fire-stick in the thatch, and that burned that. Well that left the walls standing. Now the school was built on a slope, so Arthur Leonard Davidson said, 'What about that stone in that house? Could we use it?' 'Yes, of course - glad to get rid of it, get the walls down'.

So for manual work the boys - and some of them were big lads too - would go over and they would carry or roll [stones back]. Then, there used to be hurdles for yarding sheep, and they were on wheels. There'd be an axle about that long [three feet] and cast wheels about that high [eight inches] and you'd have two axles and one hurdle across - that'd be four wheels and the two axles. You'd run four of those, or four or five together, and could yard your sheep for the night. So some of them had these and they would cut a fork from a tree and put three bolt holes through, then some boards on the top. They sweated and worked, and of course if Mr Davidson said, 'Oh you can't move that one - that's too big,' that was a definite challenge that we will get that one. So they took them across and built terraces. The garden during his time was really a showplace.

How long was he there?

Not long enough. The war broke out - World War One broke out - and some of his mates - I remember Harry Collins riding into the schoolyard one day to say goodbye to Mr Davidson, and he was in the Light Horse uniform and on his horse. So many of the folks from that area went away with the Light Horse. Well, Mr Davidson got itchy feet. Mrs Taylor - - -.

He, by the way, came down there with a grey horse in a hooded buggy. In those days a teacher could not legally earn any money. You could work during the holidays but you couldn't receive any money for it, and he had been from the university fruit picking on the river. The man who employed him apparently did so because he knew him, and he gave him a hooded buggy and a grey horse in appreciation of his labour. He brought that to Delamere, but then that was a little bit slow. He'd borrow our buggy and pair, but after a very short time he bought a motorbike, a Rudge motorbike, and sidecar, and he married. His wife, of course, used to - as was the common practice - the wife of the male teacher went into the school and taught the girls sewing, needlework and that sort of thing. [She taught one half day a week and I expect she received ten pounds per annum. GL]

The war was on. Mrs Taylor was a widow. She had a grown up family, a son who'd been a farm hand and developed diabetes and became an invalid - she had one single daughter who kept house for them. She was at Mount Bryan East and she needed a house big enough to take the two adult children and any other members of the family who might come home for holidays. So they switched. Mr Davidson went to Mount Bryan East and she came to Delamere. But within a matter of weeks he enlisted, went overseas. He had an uncle in the trenches, in France, and I think it was either the first or second day that he was in the trenches he found out that his uncle was up there so he went up the line to see him, and on the way back his head went above the trench just enough to be picked off by a sniper.

But I remember - I would have been, what, Grade 3 then I think. No there were Third Classes - we didn't have grades, they were classes. I would've been Third Class, and I cried when he left. I thought the world of him. He was a - - -. Fascinated me in some way. Strict. He was very, very strict and some people seemed to think that because the school had got out of hand he was sent there to pull it into shape, and he certainly did pull it into shape.

END OF TAPE 2 SIDE A: TAPE 2 SIDE B

You mentioned that you thought that the school had been a bit out of hand before he came to the district.

That was an impression I had, but I've got no authority to say that. I wasn't old enough to know. I was aware, of course, that these big fellows who were out playing with me shouldn't have been there and I was aware that Miss Espie didn't really know how to deal with these big fellows, but as for the standard of work and the general condition of the school, the District Inspector would have assessed that.

You were mentioning how the teacher and the boys developed the garden in the school. Was there a problem with vandalism or was there pride in the area?

No, there was no - - -. Vandalism wasn't very common in those days and the boys were encouraged because - - -. Now, when I'm talking about the boys, I'm talking about the big boys - I was only a little fellow. But the big fellows, they grew over on this big section at the side, cabbages and potatoes and onions and carrots and cauliflowers and all that sort of thing. Mr Davidson used to - - -. They were keeping records of the manures they were putting on to them and how much they were putting. He was developing it in a scientific instructional manner. Then he would offer to buy from them if they wanted to sell them. If they wanted to take their cabbage home, or their cauliflower home, or their potatoes home, all right, but if they already had more than they could handle at home and they didn't need this and to take it home would've been only taking coals to Newcastle - - -. Because, one of the early conditions under which that land was allocated was that you live off the land - that's another story. So he would offer to buy from them and they'd bring out the scales and weigh the potatoes and the onions and so on, and they would be well paid, and I would think too that he got good value for his money. I would say it worked both ways.

Was the garden maintained after he left?

No it wasn't. Mrs Taylor - and I'm not critical of her - she encouraged the children to keep it going and she would go out into the garden and comment on it and that sort of thing, but she didn't have the same practical ability to get in with the pick or a shovel or whatever and show them, as Mr Davidson had done. And her son, who would have had the ability prior to developing his problem, was such that it gradually went down. Well then, Mrs Taylor was followed by Dick Judd.

What period did she stay?

Oh, Mrs Taylor was there for years. Oh well, I don't know - that's a pretty loose comment. Well, let's see, she came in 19- - -. Yes, I can work that out. She would have come about 1915 or '16 - either '15 or 16' - and she was followed by Dick Judd who went there in January 1926.

So that was well after you'd left.

Oh yes, I left during Mrs Taylor's term.

I'd like to talk about that period and your primary school days. What sort of subjects do you remember enjoying as a young boy at school?

I think the only one that really worried me was freehand drawing. I wasn't any good at drawing. Some of those in my class could draw maidenhair fern that looked like maidenhair fern, and they could draw those aspidistra leaves and they were beautiful, but I couldn't cope with that. We used to have drawing - freehand drawing - in the old Qualifying Certificate exam and I think that my major problem was drawing. And singing - I couldn't sing. Mrs Taylor - two things she did that didn't help me. One, she kept me there an extra year when I was away from school more than I was there, helping to build the slaughter house and doing other work. I drove the trolley with the seats on it into the yard for the others to decorate for the Peace celebrations and so on.

We had about twenty four in the school, and you see the Inspector used to come every year and we thought he was examining us for promotion. Well he did approve the promotions because the records were kept and all that sort of thing, but once I became a teacher I realised that he was examining the children as a measuring stick for the teacher.

I had an accident at the school. This Mac Christie I've told you about used to do all the odd jobs, including sharpening axes, and when he sharpened an axe it was razor-sharp. The big boys used to have to cut the wood for the school fire.

Well, I've mentioned wattle bark and wattle wood. I didn't talk about Charlie Collins whose son married and so he and his wife left the farm and went to live at Black Forest. But Charlie used to go back every year about September, depending on the season, and he and Walter, the son, would do the wattle stripping. Walter wouldn't handle a horse - wouldn't touch a horse under any conditions. So Charlie used to get my father to take his horses and work them during the winter so that when he needed them - or, through the spring really, when they're fairly frisky after a winter spell - then he would cart the wattle bark. Walter would help him load it, but he would cart it to the mill at Second Valley. Then there was a demand for wattle wood because it was one of the best woods for stoves - sheoak would've been the best, and then wattle would've been next after it. But you had these long sticks and you'd cut them into lengths to go in the stove.

Well we had wattles in the school to help the logs - the gum logs. Gum logs need to have something to stimulate the fire wood - - -. So when we'd be finished our arithmetic or whatever the assignment was - different grades doing different things - we'd go out and cut the wood. And it'd been wet. And when you cut a long wattle stick, you put your foot on it when it's on the

chopping block, to chop across it to cut it into lengths, and if you don't have your foot there it'll slide. Well, one of the boys, intending to be helpful, jumped on the other end and caused the thing to slip, with the result that it wasn't there and the axe went through, and it cut my toes from - - -. It just knicked the sole that side, went right through there to the other side, and I've still got the mark across there [on right foot]. I could see that sinew that went down to the big toe, and it was like a cord fishing line, and it was cut half way through.

Well, the doctor from Yankalilla used to come to Delamere one day a week and he would go to this Mrs Cussion's place and she would make her front room available to anybody who wanted to see the doctor and they would go to her place. Even if you needed a tooth extracted, the doctor did that too. Later on he used to come up to our place. But for some reason Mrs Cussion was - - -. I don't know why she wasn't there. And at Second Valley there was George Roper's property at the old mill, and Mrs Roper used to have him come in there.

And this happened to be the day that he would come to Second Valley, so Violet Bryant and my mother put me - - -. My father was busy and the women could handle it, so I was put in the buggy and taken down to the doctor - Dr Verco. He said, 'Well, yes, I'll have to stitch it'. He said, 'Now, I don't know whether that sinew's cut or not. Now if the sinew's cut, it's got to be joined, otherwise it'll be a stiff toe'. And I remember being too scared to say it was cut half way through, because I thought that if I said it's cut half way through he'll say, 'Oh well - - -'. Because you could see it then, when it was fresh. Now because of so much blood and stuff, you couldn't. And I thought, 'Crickey, that's hurting enough. If he's going to fish around there to join those two up, I won't say anything about it'. Since I've known that if I'd told him that it was only halfway through, that would've put his mind at rest as well as mine. There were five stitches put in it, I think, and each one - you know, he'd push the needle through one side and the other and twist it. It wasn't any mild experience for a kid but I don't think I cried about it. I don't remember that I did.

Well, just before my grandmother died, we bought her an invalid chair, mainly for wheeling her out to the buggy and that sort of thing instead of her walking. But you could also lay it back and make a bed of it if you wanted to. The Inspector was coming to the school and I was home, not allowed to go with the leg - I couldn't walk on it. So, I remember Mrs Taylor asking if I could go over in the wheelchair and be there during the Inspector's visit. When

I've thought about that since, I thought, well, she couldn't have been afraid that I would let her down, otherwise she would have been glad for me not to be there. I think, rather, she felt that, well, my marks might help the average a bit.

But, what I did start to say, there were four of us out of that twenty four - Charlie Cant was one, I was one, Edna Christie was one, forgotten the fourth one. It might've been Hurtle Hamlyn, I'm not sure, but I know there were four. And in singing lessons we were told not to sing because we were out of tune and it spoilt the rest of the tone of the school. Now, in my experience as the years went on, I think that had we been allowed to join in, we could have developed an ear and a tone with the other children. That's been my experience since. But at that stage it was a relief to us because the others'd be growled at - we used to think, 'Nothing to do with us'. (laughs) We were exempt from the complaints that were being made.

But that ruined my life really, because I don't sing, except when I'm in the house on my own or in the bathroom. I went through Teachers' College and I was in the choir, and I made the movements of the mouth and expressions of the face, I hope, but there was no sound. And when I came later on to teaching singing, it was one of the things that I always tried to avoid when nothing would have pleased me more with a class than to have said, 'Oh, well, enough of that. Let's have a song' - because I'm fond of singing. I like to hear singing, I like music, and to me a class that could burst into song at any time of the day, irrespective of whether it was on the timetable or not - but a song would've livened everything up and helped to build the spirit of the - - -. But, through having had that knocked back there, it's a penalty that I've carried all the way through.

When you were still at primary school, did you have in your mind that you'd want to be a teacher?

When Davidson - Arthur Leonard Davidson - was the teacher there, I used to go over to the school and feed his fowls. He had fowls there, and I used to water his garden and feed the fowls. And then there was a lovely stone wall on the end and a smooth piece of limestone that'd been put there and rolled - a lovely smooth surface - and I used to take my tennis raquet and ball and play tennis up against that stone wall. Well, having the key to the school - not to the house - where the fowl feed was, I used to go in and have a look around, and I'd open his cupboard and look at his books. Books had a fascination for me.

Did you have any in the home?

Oh yes. Yes, we had books. My father had - - -. As a matter of fact, when Mr Hocking left Delamere - I mentioned him earlier - and went to Kingston, South East, transport then was difficult. You didn't have the vans as you've got today. You had to pack your stuff on to a trolley and cart it with horses. And my father bought Mr Hocking's library, which was a first class library. Mr Hocking, during his term there, started the Literary and Debating Society which used to meet in the Bullaparinga - or Rapid Bay Council Chamber, which was at Bullaparinga. Then there was an Institute established there and a Library, and Mr Davidson after each holiday would give me a book as a reward for looking after his fowls and garden. I remember him putting in one, 'Garnet Lord, poulterer,' and, oh, various things. But these books had a fascination for me.

Previously, because my grandfather had been a carpenter, as a little tacker I wanted to be a carpenter and I was going to make wooden cups and saucers. But then, when I got into the school, I wanted to be a teacher. Purely and simply for the books. Nothing to do with teaching, or nothing to do with children. It was, 'Well, a school teacher's got books, so I'll be a school teacher,' and having said that a few times my father said, 'All right, Garnet wants to be a teacher, we'll see that he is a teacher'. Then of course when Ken came along, that meant two boys, and the farm wasn't big enough for two, although my father acquired other land otherwise - land that had - - -. Well, he'd bought his own mother's property at her sale. She had two lots - where she lived, a homestead, and another two hundred and something acres, which was sold by auction to be divided among the children. He bought that, and then Thomas Lord's property went to my other uncle, Jim Lord, and my father bought that. So he was accumulating land, although when he died he was Clerk of the District Council, so he had a mixed up kind of life.

But I was talking about Mr Hocking and the Literary Society. I wanted to be a teacher purely and simply because of the books. But each of those teachers left something behind them. Mr Hocking left the Literary and Debating Society - he left the Institute.

Mr Davidson was a keen tennis player. He thought, 'Why don't we play tennis? Should have tennis courts'. So he spoke to my father - he was keen, although he'd never played tennis. There was no opportunity. They used to play cricket. Folk used to come over from Kangaroo Island in a ketch, and there was an asphalt cricket pitch in Simpson's property not far from us. And

the folk in Rapid Bay districts and in the Penneshaw, Kangaroo Island district, knew each other quite well. They'd have these regular visits to and 'fro for cricket matches, but there was no tennis. So, 'Well, where could we put some courts?' The land then - that part of the land - belonged to my mother, so she readily agreed it was OK to put the tennis court there. So it was a dirt court, alongside the old stockyard fence.

Then they decided, 'Well, we can do better than that. We'll go for asphalt,' so that means another piece of land. And they put the court running the wrong way because you had the sun setting in your eyes during the late afternoon, so the next one had to go round that way. So they called on local people to quarry stone and cart it in and tip, and the school boys, under Mr Davidson's instruction, went across with stone hammers and cracked the stone. Then Egbert Bennett, who lost his life in that same war, carted up from the fishery where the old crusher had been - - -. They used to take the ore from Talisker Mine, down the side of the hill, and crush it down at the beach at the fishery, and that was beautiful gravel. So with a wagon and twelve horses, I suppose, it was brought up and spread over the top of the other stone.

And Dad and Uncle Thomas, who was Clerk of District Council, was brought in to supervise the pouring of it, but nobody had any experience with tar. They brought drums of tar down with the carrier's van and they'd used, I think, about ten 44 gallon drums of it, and it was just - oh, just going down like water, before they realised that, 'Well, this not the way you put it on'. Of course we've learned since that you don't pour on the pure tar. You mix it with the sand first, but they didn't realise that and it just went down, down, down. But we eventually got three courts there.

With horses, we used to leave in the morning. I was too young to play tennis, but I used to go. We'd leave, oh, before eight o'clock of a morning, to go to Inman Valley. There'd be several buggy loads - men and women - and spread a table cloth over Glacier Rock in Inman Valley, have a picnic lunch, then play a tennis match, and then go back to the Rock - no, we'd have our tea at the tennis courts - and then drive home in the moonlight. It was always arranged that the matches would be the Saturday on or before full moon so that you had moonlight to travel home.

Yankalilla Masonic Lodge did the same thing. They used to have their meetings the Saturday on or before full moon. Prior to that they used to go all the way to Goolwa for a Lodge meeting, so distance didn't mean much to people then.

You were explaining before how you came up to Adelaide rather than go to Victor Harbor because of the transport difficulties. Was that the only reason of going to Adelaide High?

Well, there were two reasons in it. It was further to Adelaide, but there was a daily mail to Adelaide, whereas to Victor Harbor it used to go over one day and back the next. Hutchinson had the mail contract and he would go Victor Harbor to Normanville Monday, back Tuesday, over Wednesday, back Thursday, over Friday, back Saturday to have Sunday at home. But with the other mail, we used to leave about a quarter to seven in the morning, pick up Graves, Hill & Co's coach at Normanville, go through to Willunga, change coaches at Willunga - and Harry Shelton drove Normanville to Willunga. Willunga to Adelaide was Ben Culley, with a bigger coach. One each way, every day. When the Willunga train - or the line to Willunga was opened - then, mail and passengers went to Willunga by train. The train would come to Willunga and the coach would set out from there and head towards Yankalilla. We would stop at the Sellick's Hill Hotel and have morning tea - cup of tea and a hot scone - get on the coach, go down to the first bend, and then look away in the distance to see the other one coming towards us. Well, then the two coaches would pull up side by side and the drivers would change, but the other people would stay put.

The train would wait at Willunga while that coach was coming up to meet the one from Yankalilla and then going back. The mail contractor from Delamere to Normanville would stay at Normanville while the coach went to Sellick's Hill and back, and he would get back to Delamere, then, about quarter to seven at night. The Post Office then was down in Mrs Willis' house. She was a widow, kept some cows, but the mail was a side-line for her. But she would open the door to receive the mail bag - folk who'd been waiting there for their mail and the newspaper which came with it - and she would serve.

My father had the agency for the Advertiser and the Register and the two weekly ones, the Chronicle and the Observer. And there was another one too. There was the daily Herald - the Herald was the Labor paper.

So, if you were there, she'd give the mail out, but if you weren't there, well - - -

END OF TAPE 2 SIDE B: TAPE 3 SIDE A

When she was sorting there would be ours, of course, Cook's just over the back from us, Bennett's, Hardy's, Simpson's, two families of Morris, and the

school, Mr Davidson. I'd bring all that back, and then they could come after tea or some time during the night, come to our place and get their mail, whereas the Post Office wouldn't be open again until next morning.

You were mentioning that there was another reason, apart from the travel involved, that you came to Adelaide.

Yes, well, see, I could board with my aunt, whereas to go to Victor Harbor it would have been a complete stranger.

Were you involved in the discussions about which high school you'd go to?

In those days it would've been Adelaide or Victor Harbor. There weren't very many high schools in [Metropolitan GL] Adelaide other than Adelaide [High]. I don't think Unley had opened at that stage. Norwood opened while I was at Adelaide, and Unley did too - Woodville much since then, and Brighton, of course, not very long ago. So really speaking, they were the only two possibilities and Adelaide did cater for country - I was going to say country lads - well, country children. But there were a lot of country lads.

On the first day there they used to divide - - -. There were three first year classes. All those who went to Gillies Street, Flinders Street, Sturt Street, Currie Street - which was in fact the city square - they formed that group over there. And then there was those who went to metropolitan schools and they formed a group there. And then, well, the country children were all those who were left, and it worked out about equal numbers. So there were three first year classes. So it was city square - and I suppose they had something in common, the city square people, the metropolitan schools, [and the country GL].

Was there any element that the country children would have to make up the schooling they'd had in the country, that it might not be equal to the city schooling?

I think the only disadvantage, if I could use that word, would have been that - - -. Teachers' College students, at the end of the year, would go out into city and metropolitan schools for teaching experience, and the Grade 8 - later on, later years, the Grade 7 course - would have been finished, and they would have done their exams for the year. Rather than have them idle or doing revision work which gets boring when it doesn't serve any useful purpose, the student [teachers] would be asked to give them lessons in Latin, French and that would have meant that those children who'd had that - even only a few lessons, or - - -. It used to be about a six week period I think, at the end of the - from after the University exams - between then and the break-up of

the schools. So they would have had that amount of instruction in French, Latin [and Algebra GL] which, if you had an unwary high school teacher who found that these people - 'Oh, well, oh, that's fine, you're going along fine' - and they'd make the pace a little bit too fast for those who were experiencing the instruction for the first time. That, I think, would have been the only difficulty.

But I think the country kids had, by virtue of the responsibility put on to them at home - - -. Well, broken fence, well, you do something about if. If there's a sheep down for some reason or other, so you attend to it. Taking animals to water or changing paddocks. Lots of things that you'd sort of do, well, normal routine, would have given the country child a little more initiative, I would think - ability to cope with the unexpected.

How did you adapt to city life?

I had several older cousins in the home and I think I followed their lead, so that, no, I - - -. It did take me the first week or two to find my way around the city, but I had to pick up landmarks. Well, from Adelaide High School, you came up Grote Street and there was the GPO town clock. Those days you could see it for miles. These days modern buildings cut it off, the same with the Town Hall. It would have only been a while to - a matter of days, I suppose, to get my bearings, and then you'd gradually branch out a little more.

But the first night I was in the town, I suppose, a cousin, Ray Hamlyn, who grew up in Second Valley and lived with my grandmother, because he was one of a big family - - -. Before Ray came to Adelaide he lived with Grandmother Lord and Auntie Rose and used to help with the milking and cut the wood for the stove and do the things that a good strong lad could do, which would have been too much for my Aunt Rose. Well, when he went to Adelaide to high school, to Adelaide High, his next brother in line took over his responsibility.

And he walked me round the town, through the Parkland and down the streets, and he pointed out - 'That's a hotel', and 'That's a hotel,' and 'That's a hotel'. (laughs) Talk about the city of churches, it seemed to me as though the place had more hotels than I could count.

But I was never a drinker. The only time I would want a drink would be if I had a cold, and I sometimes used to walk to Mile End from the city. I don't really know why. Oh, I suppose I thought, 'Well, I can be so far along the road when the tram comes and I'll walk on through the park'. Distance didn't seem much to me those days, I was used to walking from Delamere to Normanville

with a mob of sheep. Well, it was nothing to walk from Adelaide to Mile End. If I had a heavy cold I'd feel as though I wanted a glass of beer. And going down North Terrace I'd think, 'Mm. I'll call in at the Black Swan,' which is now the Centralia I think, and behind that Cosgrove had all his little carts and donkeys, and mules, with which he used to clear the letter pillars and that sort of thing. I'd think, 'I'll go in when I get there. I'll go into that hotel and I'll have a glass of beer'. But when I'd get there, I'd think, 'Oh, I'll go on to the Newmarket,' which was on the corner, opposite, where the old stockyard sales used to be. 'I'll go in when I get to the Newmarket,' and when I'd get to the Newmarket, 'Oh, I'll go across the parklands'. And I didn't ever go in and have a glass of beer. [On reflection, I don't suppose I would have been served anyway. GL]

Was this when you were still a schoolboy?

Oh yes, I was at Adelaide High. But that was the only time I would feel that I wanted a glass of beer, and if I was getting a cold, being a tea drinker, that's the first thing I'd want to cut out. I didn't want to drink tea.

While you were at Adelaide High School, was there any additional work that you did because the teacher knew you were going to go on to the Teacher Training College?

Well, we became Probationary students after we'd been there two years. You made an application to become a Probationary student and if that was accepted you were signed on for three years, I think, and you were under a bond. If you didn't - - -. We got an allowance. We got ten pounds a year I think.

[As I questioned Mr Lord further about being a Probationary student, he realised that despite his former status as one and his many years as Treasurer of the Teachers' Institute, he'd never investigated the intricacies of the system. He volunteered to research the system between the interview and receiving his copy of the transcript for checking, and at that time he provided the following notes:

The third year at Adelaide High School we became Probationary Students, under a regulation introduced into the Department in September 1920. This regulation enabled the administration to look ahead and ensure that they had sufficient teachers in training to meet foreseeable requirements. Admission to school then was six years and compulsory at seven years. Later, of course, parents sought to have children admitted at five and then at four, until restrictions had to be imposed due to lack of accommodation, but under normal circumstances the Registrar of Births could advise each year the number approaching school age for admission.

Requirements for Probationary status were:

a) Not less than 15 nor more than 18 years of age on 1st January;
b) Furnish satisfactory evidence of good character;
c) Satisfactory report from medical officer of the Department;
d) Produce evidence of necessary aptitude and general suitability for the work of a teacher

Candidates for admission were to be tested by Intermediate Certificate examination or Junior Public examination of the University of Adelaide. Examinations were to be competitive and results calculated by points; 6 for credit and 4 for ordinary pass in each of eight subjects, English and Arithmetic compulsory. The number of Probationary Students was to be determined annually by the Director.

Allowance to Probationary Students was forty pounds per annum for boys and thirty pounds per annum for girls, together with a boarding allowance of twenty pounds per annum where it could be shown to the satisfaction of the Director that the Probationary Student was obliged to live away from home to attend the High School. In lieu of board, an allowance up to five pounds per annum was available to Probationary Students living more than ten miles from the High School. A return fare home twice a year was available in cases of students whose homes were more than 100 miles from the High School by the nearest practicable route. Necessary text books were also provided on loan.

Probationary Students were under bond to serve for two years. At the conclusion of the Leaving Certificate or Senior Public examination they were required to enter the Teachers' College or serve for two years as junior teachers. Subjects were determined by the Director.

At Teachers' College the minimum age was seventeen years, and the rates were forty pounds for men and thirty pounds for women. Boarding and travelling allowance were as for Probationary Students and sixty pounds for men and fifty pounds for women in second year. Secondary school teachers in third year received allowances of seventy pounds and sixty pounds respectively for men and women. Text books were again provided on loan and University fees financed by the Department. A bond to teach for three years was also required.

My father paid my board of one pound per week including washing and ironing while I was at school and college. At the school we were paid in cash fortnightly and were required to sign the pay sheet and duty stamp on each

occasion. At the Teachers' College payment was by cheque and cashed during lunch hour at the Commonwealth Bank.

These payments were my living expenses, supplemented by ten shilling notes included frequently in letters from my mother. We wrote to each other regularly twice per week and this continued even after I married. While in the city I kept a note book and each evening wrote my detailed expenses for the day, e.g. lunch at Adelaide High from James Baker's in Grote Street, pasty with sauce threepence ha'penny (pasties without sauce were threepence), buttered London bun, penny ha'penny (buns without butter one penny), Total fivepence. On occasions, for a change, a group of us would buy lunch on the northern side of Grote Street and take it to Victoria Square to eat. A beef and mustard sandwich was fourpence and a custard tart threepence, total sevenpence. When at Teachers' College we used to visit Balfours in Rundle Street where I usually had a beef mustard sandwich and custard tart. Board with Mrs Foster at Pygery was one pound five per week but this included a cut lunch.

At Adelaide High School those who were born in 1904 and 1905 joined the Senior Cadets, were issued with military uniforms and participated in regular parades on the South Parklands. From there we graduated into the Citizen Forces and became involved in night parades and weekend camps as well as fortnightly periods once a year. For these we were paid an allowance, from memory I think I collected something over five pounds at the end of the camp which would have included the evening and weekend attendances. We also spent full days at the rifle range. I was in the 0405 Company but new platoons were formed each year to cater for the younger lads.

When I came to the city in 1920, country boys all wore boots - some city lads wore sandshoes and others, leather shoes. My belief was that apart from tennis, boys wore boots - shoes were for girls. However, the window of Barlow's shoe shop in Rundle Street attracted my attention - men's shoes, ten shillings and sixpence per pair or two pairs for one pound. My prejudice was broken. I bought two pairs, one each of black and tan. My budget allowed for bargain buying of essential goods especially, not frequently recurring items. GL]

My wife was under bond, and she taught for twelve months after we were married in order to complete her bond, otherwise her father - or he would have passed the responsibility over to me - to repay that money.

And that was allowed by the Department - a married woman teaching for that purpose?

Oh yes, but as soon as she completed her bond, then they thanked her for her services and said that any time in the future, if they were in need of teachers, they would be pleased to re-employ her. But, you see, we were married in - at the end of 1927 - and we were coming into the Depression years. That was the point where married women were being - their services were being discontinued. Unless, of course, they were widows or they were - like Mrs Taylor, for example. If there was some justifiable cause, then they would keep them on. Married women - well, I suppose the bond constituted a justifiable reason for keeping that particular teacher on.

You were mentioning earlier that as a boy, the reason that you wanted to become a teacher was because teachers had books. When you went to the Adelaide Teachers' Training College, did your idea of what teaching would involve change? Were your expectations fulfilled?

Oh yes. I think when I left Adelaide High School to go to the Teachers' College, there were various courses open, and you could nominate the course that you would like to take. It didn't mean that you would get it, but you could nominate a course and depending on the number of applicants in relation to the number of vacancies, so you may or may not be granted. Going back to my woodwork, I suppose, carpentering days, making wooden cups and saucers, I put down G course, which was to teach woodwork, and become a woodwork teacher. Well, the woodwork teacher specialised and that's all they taught - models and drawings, and plans.

At the Teachers' College, because woodwork was taught in primary schools then, and also home science taught in primary schools then, all the teachers for the primary courses - I don't know about the high schools, as the high school courses [provided specialist teachers for most subjects, including GL] woodwork [and other crafts GL]. So I did do a woodwork course and my wife did a home science course, and we used to go out to the woodwork centres half a day a week. Oh, and we had to teach agriculture too, and go out to the Abattoirs [Primary School] where Peter Corry had special instruction in agriculture and gardening and all that sort of thing. The home science people went to Woodville I think, for instruction there.

Well, I didn't get into the woodwork course G because they had sufficient, but then something happened that they needed some extra teachers, so I was invited then to abandon the course that I was doing for primary teaching and go to woodwork teaching. But two factors caused me to change my mind. One

was that I had a feeling that it could become very monotonous, teaching the same thing. A woodwork teacher would have ten groups a week, all half days. He'd have the morning classes for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and afternoon classes for the same periods, so he would have ten classes a week, twenty children in a class, which would be two hundred, but he'd teach the same thing - exactly the same thing - for the whole week, ten times. And then the following week would be a new issue ten times.

I thought, 'I don't know that I could stand that. I think it would be monotonous'. So I was having second thoughts about it. I thought, 'No, if I go to the primary, I've got a change of subjects, I've got a change of grades, a much wider variety. I can get outside for nature study and gardening and so on'. And then I had met Ella Parsons at high school. We were nearly the same age - we are for four days a year. Her birthday's the sixth of November and mine's the tenth. She was born in 1906 and I in 1905. We developed a friendship in the high school and going on to Teachers' College, we were in the same group and doing the same lectures, apart from the woodwork and so on. And it would have broken up, possibly, a friendship that I didn't want to lose. So that turned the decision in favour of primary school course rather than specialising in woodwork.

In country schools - one teacher schools, and there were many of them then - if you taught woodwork, that was ten pounds a year extra you got for teaching that. If you taught agriculture, that was ten pounds, providing you were qualified to teach it - you had to have passed the exams in woodwork, home science and agriculture. So there was a possibility of picking up an extra twenty pounds a year, and twenty pounds a year was money in those days. But neither of us taught either because, well, we were each only in our schools on Eyre Peninsula the one year.

There was no equipment there with which to teach home science or woodwork, and as far as agriculture was concerned, I was at Pygery and she was at Goodville, which became Wudinna East, and Wudinna was a centre and there was a whole ring of schools around it. They would provide a school where you could get an average attendance of ten children - it was six at one stage, and then it grew up to ten. And you had children coming in - - -. Now I had two boys who used to drive in every day with a buggy and pair. I had three children who came in a sulky. Ella had three who used to come bareback on one pony. For that the teacher kept records of attendance and the parents were paid fourpence a day towards chaff feed and the School Committee would put up a shelter for the horses and a chaff house and there'd be chaff

there. It used to be my - - -. It was no onus to me to unharness the ponies for them and that sort of thing. That was something I enjoyed doing anyway.

Was it more than just happy coincidence that your wife-to-be were so close together on Eyre Peninsula?

When you filled in your forms at the end of the year - this is in Teachers' College when our appointments were to take place - you were allowed to put down the area you would prefer for appointment. Now, we all knew that the young teachers go out bush and the two likely places were Murray Mallee or Eyre Peninsula. Out of our group there was one girl only who didn't go to the country and she was the daughter of a widow who lived at Blackwood and was a journalist. She received an appointment to Blackwood School. Now, I've got no grudge, no complaint, no ill-feelings or anything about that at all. I think that was very good of the Department to do that, and I have a great admiration for the Department. I hesitated there, because I'm talking in the past not the present. I don't know anything about the present - I'm out of touch with it.

But I worked on a number of committees - curriculum committees - after I came into Adelaide, and I got to know superintendents and chief inspectors and inspectors, because they had brought me in and I used to often leave my school at two o'clock in the afternoon and go into the Education Office. My class would be left to be supervised by the ones either side. At one time I had a feeling that - - -. I used to be fearful of the Department, but I'll tell you about that directly. I'll answer your other question.

When we filled in our forms asking for our appointment, by private arrangement we had agreed that we would put the same thing on our form. I wrote, 'Anywhere, but preferably as near as practicable to Miss Parsons,' and she put the same thing in reverse. Our lecturer - Phoebe Watson it was - she was going through these forms and thumbing them through. I don't know which one she came to first, but we were both watching and so were some of our mates who knew what we had done. When she found the one she held it and thumbed through to find the other one - I suppose mine would have been first, they'd have been in alphabetical order - and she found the same request down there. She looked up and sort of looked around the room. When the appointments came out we had to go to Education Office at Flinders Street to see our appointments. There was a star put by Pygery and Goodville, and a bracket around, and n-e-a-r - near - put on it.

We had some assistance from the lecturer in recommending to T.W. Cole, who was the Chief Inspector, who made the appointments, and saw that - - -

END OF TAPE 3 SIDE A: TAPE 3 SIDE B

- - -. But, no, we were very lucky. But the whole boat, to Eyre Peninsula - - -. There were two boats running then, the Paringa and the Wandana and they used to sail at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, get into Port Lincoln - you'd have tea on board - and get into Port Lincoln on Sunday morning, and be tipped off so they didn't have to give you breakfast. Then there was a helter skelter down the jetty to the Boston, I think it was, Hotel, and you'd have breakfast. And then from there, helter skelter to the train, and all day on the train, to go up the line.

The Inspector for the district was Mr Hosking, and he always used to be on the jetty when that boat would come in, because he'd know that almost all of those on board would be young teachers, many of them going out for the very first time.

Then the train used to go to Cummins, and then it would divide and half would go to Kimba and the other half on to Ceduna. It was a peculiar coincidence. I sat, or shared a desk, at Adelaide High, with Adrian Twartz, and he and I became great pals. We both wanted to learn dancing - ballroom dancing. I went to Mr and Mrs [Adams]. Didn't think I'd ever forget their name. They had a two storey place on North Terrace and it was on my way home going to Mile End. And I went in there and had private lessons in dancing - I was shy - and he did likewise, but neither of us told the other.

Well, when we got sufficiently far advanced we were invited to buy a pair of dancing shoes and white gloves and so on, and attend their classes out in the Blind Institute, at North Adelaide. I was first surprised to find some of the teachers - women teachers - from Adelaide High, were there, and lo and behold, one night who should turn up but Snow Twartz. So from then on he and I went dancing, oh, not infrequently. We took each other, and we'd go to different places. Then we'd take each other back into town and then we'd miss the last - we'd get a tram into town, but we'd miss the last one home - so we'd each walk. He'd go out to North Adelaide and I'd go straight down the centre of Hindley Street and across the Parklands to Mile End.

Well, he had been at Pygery the year before I was there, and going up on the train he was able to tell me quite a lot about it and what to expect and where I would be boarding and so on.

Where did you board?

I boarded at a farmhouse. In the country, the School Committee has to guarantee to find accommodation for the teacher. The Department will provide a teacher if there's an average attendance of over ten. Well, you need out there fourteen or fifteen to get an average daily attendance of ten, but nobody wants the teacher. But they feel a sense of responsibility and eventually it becomes your turn. 'Snow' had boarded with a Smith family who had a car and used to let him drive it. I think they had a few fairly wild drives, too, because he was telling me about coming home one night and somebody standing behind him holding a bottle and saying, 'You deviate off the road and I'll crack you over the head with this business'.

But when I got there it was Foster's turn to have me. They had a car too, Chrysler, when the Chryslers were new - big high radiator. Ella boarded at a place [seven miles from the station GL] and had to go out with the mail fellow, George Mitchell who drove the mail, which was a buggy, the same as we'd had Delamere way, with two horses, and he'd meet the train and pick up the mail and go out to the Post Office - in fact he kept the Post Office - then drop her off where she was to board, at Bannister's, who lived in a rain shed, but it was their turn to take the teacher.

Well Foster's - Mr Foster met me. It was the twenty fourth of January and a hot night and would've been sundown by the time - - -. Oh, it was about sundown when Ella got off the train at Wudinna and I went on to Pygery the next stop.

This was about 1926?

Yes, 1926. He got the mail and so on that'd come up on the train, drove out to the home, two miles, and I was shown into my room. Now, we passed a house built out of 'super bags. They had had a farm at Yeelanna and Yeelanna had been too wet and they didn't make do on it, so they loaded all their possessions on to a one-horse dray - well, three horses, but a one-horse dray with a couple of leaders - and took it up to this new block of land in Pygery. They built a house out of pine posts and rails and 'super bags stitched together and whitewashed. Well they'd improved and gone from that up to an unlined galvanised iron house, which was hot as could be. I had a candle in a candle stick in my room and I'd leave in the morning and it'd be straight up like that, and when I came home at night it'd be horizontal instead of perpendicular.

I was shown to my room and as soon as I went into the room, being a country lad, I could smell milk and cream. I thought, 'Oh, this is a dairy. Oh

well, anyway, I'll stay here for tonight. I'll have a look round tomorrow and see what's offering'.

Inside there was - the table was set one end for the new teacher, and there was bread and butter and tomatoes. The butter was home made and in hot weather it wasn't ideal butter. And on the table just down a little bit was a plover that the kids had caught. It had been injured and the down was sort of coming away from the leg, and the leg was weeping. Now, that didn't help my appetite. And sitting along on the side over here was Mrs Foster and Ruby - a girl who'd left school the year before - and Helen, and a boy, Jack. I think his name was Jack. No, I don't think it was. A boy anyway, and Dorothy, the youngest one.

Of course they were - except for Ruby, the same name as her mother - Helen and the lad, and Dorothy, were going to have to face up to this fellow on Tuesday morning. Well, I've always been fussy about food, and seeing this jolly plover there didn't improve my lot at all. But anyway, they were trumps - they were fine people. Charming people. I used to walk two miles to school, sometimes with the children. Usually I would go ahead of them because I'd have work to do at school - stuff to put on the blackboard, that sort of thing - and they would always go home ahead of me because I would stay there and do correction work and blackboard other material and make charts, that sort of thing.

I would leave to get home about the time the men would be coming in from harvesting. And living in the house with the bag walls was a man who's name I don't remember, but he was cutting timber there - timber snicking they called it. Jack Foster had a scrubroller and with eight horses in single file they would roll the timber and let it dry during the summer, and then burn in the autumn ready for cleaning up and ploughing next winter. But anything that looked too big for the horses to knock over with the roller, would be snicked around the butt, and that was this man's job. He had won Tattersalls - Tattersalls used to be five thousand pounds, run by George Adams in Hobart - and he went through that. He said if ever he won again he would certainly not make the same mistake.

But he did win again. He bought the licence - or whatever you get - for the tearooms in the Railway at Terowie, for his wife and daughter. Now, as I understand it, they belong to the Railways but they lease them out and you buy the lease under tender or whatever it is for a certain specified term. So he did have some security for the wife and daughter, and the rest of it he'd blown and he'd gone over there.

Well, he would go on with his snicking until he'd know I'd come through the scrub and pick up with him, then I'd walk on, and he'd have to get to work, make a fire and peel his potatoes and onions and put his chops on or whatever, to cook his meal. I'd go on up the track. The gateway to the fence was just a single wire that they'd stretch across, so it was a bit of a trap if you weren't aware of it. Well, I'd go through the wire, up. The teams would be in and they'd be unharnessing so I would help them unharness, and then go in, have a wash, put my feet under the table and have a cooked meal.

Thinking back on your first experience of teaching, had you gone to the country with some idea of what a teacher should be?

Oh, I only knew the teachers who'd been at Delamere, so far as country teachers were concerned. I had a belief that a country teacher has got to become a part of the community and make a contribution to whatever's going on in the district. And I think that you've got to get to know the parents of your children as well as your children.

Were you able to do that?

I think so. I would have gone back to Pygery willingly for another year. I had only the one year there, but there was a problem. My father's health had broken down. There were only two trains a week, there were only two boats a week, and I left there in the August holidays. I got a telegram from Mac Christie to say that my father's health - - -. I've just forgotten how he put it, but it was such that he thought I should be home. Now, we were breaking up on the Thursday and I would have been leaving there on Saturday's train, and I didn't know whether he realised that or not, so I sent him back a wire to say, 'Planning to leave Saturday' or 'Do you realise' or whatever. I got back reply straight away, 'Consider your earliest arrival best'. That must have been the Tuesday. There was a train Wednesday so I told the children I would not be at school the rest of the week - catching the train - and I wired the Education Department. Said - I've forgotten now, but something to the effect, 'Due to my father's health am closing school today'.

So I came over. But, you see, even then, leaving there Wednesday morning, getting into town on the old Paringa - a good boat, but I wanted to get out and row. We got in Thursday, too late to catch the bus that goes to Yankalilla, to leave the Post Office at three o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as I got off I grabbed a taxi to see if he could get me up to the Post Office by three. He ususally stayed to fill the car, but under the circumstances he set off and when we got there the bus had gone. So I didn't get home till Friday.

At the end of the year I wrote and said that due to my father's health, I would appreciate a move closer to Adelaide and that if they were unable to find me a one-teacher school I would be willing to accept appointment as an assistant. Well, I packed up everything over there for Mr Foster to put on the train if I got a move, but the day that we were to leave we were supposed to have got a cheque to pay us up to the end of the year, and it didn't come.

But out at Pinbong was Eddie Vickery and he came into me after school and he said, 'Did you get your cheque?'. I said, 'No'. He said, 'I didn't get mine either'. So there we were, no cheques, and on our mighty salary - we were getting about a hundred and seventy eight pounds a year then. So we sent a telegram - a reply paid telegram - to the office to say that we had not received our cheques. A reply came back, 'Cheques posted'. So we said, 'Oh well, we'd better go into the office and see what we can find out about it'. So we arranged to meet. We got in to Adelaide on the Sunday morning. I brought back a horse - I'd bought a horse while I was over there. It was one of the Barns' Mount Wudinna breeds. They were known as horse breeders, and I took a fancy to it and bought it and brought it over on the boat. I rode it from Port Adelaide to Seacliff and then Seacliff to Delamere. I brought the horse over, still not knowing whether I'd be going back.

So Eddie and I met outside the Education Office on the Monday morning and I think we might have almost held hands because we were both scared of the administration. We went up, saw the Accountant. When we got in there, the first chap I ran into was a fellow called Bob Ward and Bob was there to protest against his appointment to Pygery. So that was an indication that I wasn't going back. We went and got our cheques sorted out - they would cancel them and in three months they'd issue us another one, after it was quite clear that these hadn't been cashed and so on. Well, that didn't help two fellows who were short of money anyhow.

So then I thought, 'Well, I'll go and see Mr Cole who would make the appointments, and tell him I've heard of this man being appointed to Pygery. What's happening to me?' So he said, 'Oh yes'. And I had been fortunate, I told you, with the Inspector who was very good and he'd given me a top report and I'd got the maximum mark for the year. He said, 'Oh, you're being promoted. Your name has gone over to Mr Charlton. Well, I don't know what he'll do with it, but you'll get an appointment in due course'. So in the meantime Ella got her appointment to Ascot Park.

I rode my horse to Delamere on the following Thursday. Then a couple of weeks later I got the appointment to Rose Park.

You were telling me, you were there for fifteen years.

Yes, I think I told you, Mr Leak, who was the head - oh, an outstanding teacher/administrator, and he was very keen on the scholarships. They used to have those scholarships - - -. There were ten for the metropolitan area and ten for the country, based on the old Qualifying Certificate examination. They got eight, eight of the ten metropolitan. Well, for one school to get eight out of ten, I think it shows that the school was the top school. Not because I was there - I had nothing to do with that. But they were hand picked teachers who were there and I simply went in. They had to have one young man there to do the sports and coach the football and the cricket and that sort of thing. At the end of the second year he said, 'Well, Mr Lord, you've been here two years. That's most unusual'.

I stayed on. It was time I moved though. You can stay in a place too long. I went from there over to Parkside, from there to St Leonards, and I got that just by accident. I wasn't over keen on Parkside and I was Treasurer of the Sports Assocation. I'd been over to Port Lincoln with the District football and basketball teams - boys and girls - and I'd come back and there'd been a sports day. I was writing out the receipts and thought, 'I'd better get these posted,' because those days some Heads would move, during holidays, and it was September holidays coming up - they might want to balance their books. So, when I wrote St Leonards' receipt, I thought, 'Oh, St Leonards, yes, that'd suit me'. I was living here then. So I picked up a pencil and wrote on the bottom of it, 'Any vacancies on the staff?' Of course there were no telephones on schools then, and next day I got a telegram, 'Yes, apply for St Leonards'. So I did that, and eventually got in there.

But I think, there again, because I was known to the Departmental officers, and I had been - - -. I was going to Delamere to my mother on the Saturday. We broke up Thursday. Friday I had a Teachers' Salaries meeting and I rang home to find out whether Mother had sent in her usual letter to say, 'Bring such-and-such,' or 'Do so-and-so,' before you come. Ella said, 'No, but St Leonards school rang and wants you to go in and see if you can get an appointment to St Leonards'. So I said to the Secretary, 'Do I want this or not?' He said, 'That's for you to say'. 'This time of the year it's a bad time to change - beginning of the year, but,' I said, 'I suppose if I wait till the next year it'll already be filled'.

So with that, he picked up the phone and dialled the Education Office. Mr Leach answered - he was the Superintendent - then he handed the phone to me. I said, 'I understand St Leonards need another teacher'. I could hear him laugh in the phone, as he said, 'Yes Garnet, a lot of schools do'. I said, 'Oh well, I've put in an application for it, and, all I want is, if and when an appointment is being considered, that my name's not on the bottom of the pile'. 'Oh,' he said, 'that's fair enough'.

Is that where you finished up?

No, I was down there, and then they wanted me at Prospect as a Demonstrator, for the Demonstration schools. And I said, 'Oh no, I couldn't take that on. I can't teach singing'. They said, 'Got that covered. That's all right. We've got a school choir. You won't have to worry about singing'. I said, 'Oh, I can't teach something' - something else I said I couldn't teach - 'Got that covered'. So, 'You put in an application for Prospect as a Demonstrator'. Well, those appointments were all subject to appeal and that sort of thing, and I didn't really want it. Bill O'Connell was the bloke who wanted me to go there. He rang up and said, 'Is that application of yours in?' I said, 'No'. He said, 'I want it in tomorrow. Post it today'. I said, 'Well, look, I've got a meeting in the Education Office tomorrow. I thought I would take it in when I go in'. He said, 'That's no good. I want it in. At ten o'clock tomorrow morning I'll be in there and I want to know it's in there'.

So, all right, I posted it. Eventually I didn't get an appointment. I got a letter to say, 'We can't make your appointment until after appeals have been dealt with, or until it is certain there'll be no appeals, but proceed to Prospect for the opening of the school year. You'll be advised in due course'. So I went out there. My first cheque for the year went to St Leonards. The Education Gazette came out with all the appointments and staffing and I wasn't anywhere.

Anyway, I was there, and then I was from there persuaded to go to Cowandilla. From there to Glen Osmond - all Demonstration schools - and then Clapham, and then I went to - - -. I had a coronary then, so I dropped out of some of the activities. Stayed on some of the Curriculum Boards. Went to Pooraka and then the doctor thought I was doing too much travelling, so the last year I came down as Deputy at Seacliff, just to be near at home.

We've almost come to the end of another tape and I think that's neatly rounded it off. Thank you very much indeed. I've thoroughly enjoyed it.

Well I've just talked on.

That's exactly what I'd hoped you'd do.