

## LAWRIE HAROLD

Info provided by Harold to Trevor Lawrie 9th April 1979.

Thomas John Lawrie was born at Kilmarnock, Pinery in 1872. At the age of 31 he went to Tumby Bay in 1903 taking up 2000 acres of virgin land at Norabunde (black fellows camping ground) 6 m from Tumby - for £70 goodwill. Uncle Robert gave him the money to buy it. He dug a cave in the side of a creek - used iron for the roof of his two rooms to live in while he constructed a two-roomed hut. Tom went back to Pinery, married Alice Emily Ebbs and took his bride back to Eyre Peninsular in 1904. Alice was scared of the blacks who looked through her windows, but they were quite harmless and only looking for bread and backy. Koppio Mick (and Black Fanny) was the head of the tribe. There were no fences and the horses had to be tied up. The kangaroos roamed in at will and Tom had to get up at night to shoo them off the crop. (A couple by the name of Smith were on the property owned at the time by the Puckeridges. Charlie Lawrie is now on this property - 1993.) They lived there for about 4 years then moved back to Pinery after selling the property for £2000.

Don & Harold were born somewhere near Yallanda Flat in 1905. The family crossed the gulf to Wallaroo in 1907 in the old "Kuratta" and then travelled by road with their wagons and livestock to Pinery. The twins were about 2 years old when they came back to Glen Cairn (sandhills) about 3 miles from Pinery and were there for about 12 months. Merv was born at Glen Cairn in 1907. Father, Tom, bought Kilmarnock (named after a town in Scotland where Old John was married) in 1908 from Uncle Jep for £5 an acre who then went to Lamaroo, then to Lewiston and then to Henley Beach where they ran cows. They rented the property and milked 140 cows.

Grandfather and grandmother lived less than half a mile from Kilmarnock, at a place called Ladds, they were the people who owned it once. My grandparents lived in an old house with a pine door and hessian ceilings. I can just remember it there, I was very young. I don't remember anymore about living in the country until after the time spent at St. Peters. I can always remember the old chap sitting in his rocking chair (John). They lived at 4 Wheaton Rd, St Peters. John was a man who suffered from asthma and suffered from poor health all his life. I remember him when he was old with his beard and pipe. He was never without his pipe. He used to write a lot of poetry. My father used to write some poetry too. I remember a poem that he wrote about a picnic they had at Param called "Lawrie- Findlayson-McLachlan & Co."

There was a time when as a young fellow we (Don & Harold) went to St Peters to see grandfather (John). We were a little bit scared of him, he seemed to be so stern sitting there in his chair. Our parents took us in and said, "These are your grandsons", and I can always remember him saying, "Aaaw. I wouldn't have known you from a crow!" My grandmother, she would ask you a question but you'd never get a chance to answer it because she'd always ask another question right away. She'd go on and gabble like one thing. You'd never have to say anything. She'd ask questions about people but never wait for an answer before she'd go on to something else. She was a Goode - Sussanah.

The property Kilmarnock was named after the town in Scotland where old John came from. Old John was at the old property at Alma. There were three other Lawrie families at Alma, Alexander Lawrie, Nicol Lawrie and Taylor Lawrie. These families went to live at Tumby Bay.

I don't know who took over the old property at Alma? Young John lived across the road from Kilmarnock when I was young. They had lived at Sandy Bank another three miles from Pinery.

Robert Dunlop Lawrie had Bleak Farm at Long Plains. I can remember Robert & Carrie Lawrie, she was Carolyn Hoskin. My dad used to talk about R.D. Lawrie, he was a big strong man, but his own brother had asthma and was fairly delicate. Yet John outlived Robert although he was the weakest. Robert had such a strong thumb, you didn't look for a hammer when Robert was about as long as he had his thumb. Robert used to do a bit of local preaching at Long Plains. Alan Parker has got the property now, his mother was Edna Lawrie. The old church building with the gravestones next to it are still there at Alma.

Janet Harkness married Herbert McKenzie. The house at Kilmarnock had been added to. In the first place they only built two rooms and then they added another two rooms on the back; had a valley roof, you know with a V in the middle. I think Jep must have added on but I'm not sure. A man by the name of Woods had it originally before Uncle Jep. They used to use the old barn for services, the old stone shed at Pinery.

As children growing up in a large family, we were expected to help with the daily chores. After meals each day there were the dishes to be washed. There were cows to milk, eggs to gather, chooks to be fed, wood to chop and gathered ready for the kitchen fire. Of course in those days everything was cooked on or in the wood stove. At times someone would dodge their task and leave it for the others, the culprit often found sitting on the throne. Father always had his belt to keep discipline among the family, the threat being enough to quickly settle matters. On Saturday morning out would come the knives, forks and spoons to be nicely cleaned. The slop bucket had to be emptied first thing each day. Saturday night was bath night which we had to have before we went to bed.

In 1910 Don and I went to school at Pinery. Our brother Merv was only 4 but he went along with us. Our teacher, Mrs Bleechmore gave us a slate and crayon and told us to do some drawings. We all drew the same thing. It was some chooks without any heads. Later we had a change of teacher, a Miss Cookesley, and she boarded with us. Started off in the Methodist church, they had always had school there but when we started Dad made a move and gave an acre of ground from the Kilmarnock property on which a school could be built. He discussed this with other parents and then applied to the Government for a school. They wouldn't agree but if the parents would like to build a school they would need 12 parents & friends to put in 10 pounds each. And so a school was built in 1912 and opened the same year.

We felt the cold in winter and the heat in summer as the structure was made of wood and iron. Scholars came from near and far, on bicycles, carts and shank's pony. There was plenty of noise and squeals and a lot of baloney.

These were dry years that culminated in the severe 1914 drought. The year War broke out I was 9 years old but I remember the struggle of those local farmers who were very co-operative and helped each other out. My father was struggling for stock feed and a German neighbour brought him a load of hay. In some cases straw on shed and stable roofs although black with age and full of dust, was chopped and molasses was used with it. Anything to keep the stock alive. Some farmers sent their spare horses away for agistment. Loxton had been blessed with heavy rain and there was surplus up there. 1916 was a wet year and a bumper harvest. The farmers said we can't be caught again. They cut plenty of hay and large haystacks were built. 1917-tragedy struck. We had one of the biggest mouse plagues in living memory. The haystack and the wheat shed were moving masses. They got into our houses, our upholstery, our beds. You could feel them crawling around the mattress at night. They would eat the candles at the bedside. They found the honey. They would also run up your trouser legs. They disappeared as quickly as they came.

Our teacher in war time was Miss Anne Darby, she commenced in 1913 and became the head teacher. She was accepted and loved by all and stayed at the school for 10 or 11 years. Miss Darby was concerned for all her scholars that they should make a success of their schooling and thus their way in the world. She loved music and singing was a school exercise especially as she tutored us into making us into a choir. Pinery usually won the prize when competing at school picnics. She liked to encourage us to take part in war efforts. We all knitted khaki socks, sang at concerts and soldier farewells, and later at welcome homes when they returned. Mrs Darby had 11 years at Pinery School.

We played the usual games such as drop the hanky, hide and seek, and kiss in the ring. One girl, I guess a bit shy, darted behind the school to get her kiss from the boy. We also played knuckle bones and allies. We played marbles for keeps. Some were good at it and ended up with a pocketful, the losers usually ended up in tears. Then there was the boy who couldn't have had much feeling as he liked to catch a fly, drown it in the ink well and then zap it to the ceiling. There was always a chance of a mess from the rear with an unexpected nasty blob plastered behind the ear. Some of the kids had nicknames such as Gooper, Goog, Pecker, Cog, Din (my brother) and Pot.

Merv was not quite two years younger. I started school when I was 5. Mum sent Merv along when he was four. I finished school there and then had 12 months school at Norwood; went back the last 3 months, until we were 14, at the private school at Pinery, just as monitors.

We boarded with Auntie Eunice while in Adelaide, at St Peters at the end of Wheaton Road. Grandma was living at No.4 and Auntie Eunice was up in No.... Her husband was away at the war and we two boys (Don & Harold) boarded with her. Merv went to Pinery school only. Norwood High was established before the First World War. It was in 1918 when we went there. It was at the end of the war. Only spent 1 year there. It was still 3 months to our 14th birthday. While staying with Auntie Eunice we went to Norwood church. There was the KSP, Sunday was Endeavour, then church and Sunday School and then church again at night. We seemed to do the whole lot. We used to go on picnics with the KSP Club. We used to like following the football team there. We always followed Norwood because we went to Norwood High School and Merv probably got the interest from us. We went to school with Alec Lill and some of those other fellows. We'd come home with Norwood colours one red eye and one blue eye and Merv went along with us I suppose. In those school years we were pretty keen on horse riding and rabbiting, trapping and shooting. I remember going out with dad in the horse and sulky and just shoot out of the sulky to get a few rabbits for lunch, the morrow's lunch or something. No trouble to go and get a rabbit.

The oval was at the back of the stable, between the school and the stable. (1992 - recently shifted the oval and while working up the ground discovered a well where the pitch had been. It had been covered over with logs but was quite deep.) The tennis courts were also on our ground. The only part Dad gave was the acre for the school the rest belonged to us. Dad liked cricket, he played until he was 60. He was an under arm bowler. School days were much like most other children. I remember getting my arm broken once. There were a couple of old sack trucks, a seat across the back of a dray - I remember going tearing through the scrub and tipping backwards with my arm under the seat. Didn't break it properly and it had to be broken to set it. On the farm we had the frosty mornings when the pines were white with frost and the ground crunched beneath one's feet, and ears and nose became numb. But this usually meant that before us would be a bright and sunny day when work was quite enjoyable. There was a paddock near our home with an open quarry where we dug and loaded rubble and stone. It was always a popular place where the young lambs could dance and skip around like children at play. There was the old disused well that became a burial place for dead sheep, cows or horses. I'll never forget the magpies in spring savagely swooping at our heads in their fierce determination to protect their young. Or the crows with their raucous cry almost of mockery. What enjoyment it was to stroll on a Sunday afternoon through the pines and linger at ruins of a settler's home recalling life in those earlier times. I

will never forget old Beaver, the chunky saddle horse. We understood each other. How we both enjoyed those times, rounding up the stock, or seeking after strays that had wandered from the paddock.

Grandfather was keen on fishing. He'd go down in the winter time, take the boys Tom, Will and Jepp, my father and his brothers down to Port Lorne net fishing. They'd hang their trousers on the fence or a tree and when they'd come out in the morning there were the trousers stiff with frost. They'd try to put these stiff trousers on to go fishing.

Dad used to talk about Old John. Some of his laws were pretty strict, I think. Once he had a young fellow come to him when he was a minister at Alma, who wanted to talk to him about a problem he had. John said, "Yes, well what is it?" "Well", he said, "someone was saying things about me that I don't like!" All the advice he got from John was, "Well, if its lees it dus nae matter, if its the truth it mae be bad!" Janet was known for her hospitality. She was a wonderful woman. My dad says she had a very gracious way about her and was known to have people there at night and she'd go up to the bedroom and bring their hats down when she thought it was time to go. She'd do it so graciously that they weren't offended.

My father and mother were married by T.J.Gore in the Kilmarnock home. I have an idea that he married my grandfather and grandmother too - young John and Susan, at Finmiss.

Dad had two sisters living in Balaclava. They had a guest house and took in boarders. Auntie Bessie and Auntie Eunice. I remember being taken around there that day. I had been taken to Balaclava because that was the nearest doctor. Took a while to get him at times as there were no phones and no cars. The way we got around mainly was with sulky and horse and buggy and pair. We had drays and wagons and trolleys. Dad bought us a pair of Shetland ponies and a buggy. We used to drive them about. I was about 11 or 12 then and we used to drive to Owen to Sunday School before we started at the Methodists. Phoebe Blackett, Cyril Blackett's sister was my S.S. teacher. When we were old enough we would drive the horses into Owen.

What about travel? We did go into Balaclava, but Owen was our main shopping centre. We only went in when it was necessary, but we always went in for church or Sunday School. We wouldn't go in every week. The butcher called twice a week and the baker and the greengrocer. So it was not necessary to go every week. Barnard of Long Plains had a round and you'd give him the order one week and he'd bring it back the next. There was no need to go into town much. We did kill our own meat but the butcher and the baker was one, he had the bread and all. It was a special trip to go into Balaclava. There was the Balaclava show.

We were very keen on cricket. We never played any football till I was nearly 21 I suppose. But after school as lads we were always keen on cricket and we'd ride horseback right over the countryside to arrange a cricket match - the young fellows around the district would play. Even through the winter, the cold weather we'd still play cricket. Cricket was in our blood. My grandfather John, he was very keen on cricket. He'd be in bed with asthma on Saturday morning, but if there was a cricket match in the afternoon he'd be up and out to cricket.

After finishing school Don and I worked on the Kilmarnock farm. We took over the team of Clydsdales. We worked extra big horses then, I know we had one or two horses that were a bit big. One of us would push the other up on his back to tie the collar on because we couldn't reach. We were about 14 or 15 then. It was something to be driving a 10 horse team. Being two of us we could share the work. When we started taking over the farm Dad took on a bit of dealing. He'd go and buy horses, cattle, any old thing and just amuse himself. When he retired he had an old tank shed at Gordon's jammed full of stuff. He'd go to all the furniture sales and buy the junk. He'd have all the ladies around there after the sale. When on the farm Dad would buy cattle and then send us boys on horseback to get them. I remember Merv going out to get a couple of steers from Barabba about 9 miles away. It took him all day to get them. He never got them home, he knocked them up. One was lying down in the scrub. He had chased them across paddocks and through fences on the horse, Beaver. He was half-draft this horse Beaver and he used to enjoy it. If you came to a fence all you'd have to do was to jump off, put your foot on the barb wire, he'd jump over it and away you'd go. Merv got the steers nearly home to Pinery in the scrub there. One lay down; he was knocked out.

It was a busy life on the farm. Each season brought its many requirements. When the season broke in May it was into the ploughing and seeding. We started early in the morning because there were the general chores to attend to first. By lantern light we milked the cows, seperated the milk, fed the calves and pigs then hurried through our breakfast to get to the paddock as soon as we could. First we had to harness up the horses, then attach them to the implement and then set them on the right course. The sun was usually just poking up over the horizon as we ploughed our first furrow. For a year or two Dad would take the seed drill. We never had a combine then, it was a separate drill and cultivator, so we'd have the cultivator going ahead of us and he'd do the seed drill, but once we had the combine we had to take over. We had ten horses in the team. It was always a relief to have the seeding finished and it gave us a real sense of satisfaction. But our work wasn't finished. There were fences to mend, hay to chaff and the buggy to grease. There were sheep to be attended to, and lambs to cull for sale. We drove them to the siding and sent them off by rail. Then it was time to turn in the clover with the mouldboard plough. It was really a slow process as the shear was narrow. The land would lay idle until seed-time the next year. While all this winter ploughing was making good progress, the crops were advancing and drawing towards harvest. We then took the binder out of the shed and prepared it for hay making. The harvester would also be thoroughly checked and greased ready to reap the grain. The binder would cut the

oaten hay, tie it into sheaves and drop them in rows. We had to go along and stand the sheaves into stooks. It took ten to twelve days for the sheaves to dry out, then they would be loaded onto the wagon, taken to the hay-yard where great haystacks would be built. As the time neared to reap the crops we were always a little on edge in case it rained and spoiled the grain. The harvester goes in and cuts the grain, thrashes it and stows it in the grain box. When that is full we stop and bag the grain leaving them together in long rows, three or four across. Usually we sewed the bags (at the top to hold the grain in), but sometimes others who made their living by it would sew them.

Pranks in the olden days? Before my time they did things such as put the horse one side of the fence and then attach the gig through the fence. They'd also put the front wheels on the back and the back wheels on the front and she'd tip up the wrong way. My grandfather on the Ebbs side, my mother's father, he was a choir leader, at the church at Pinery. He had the store and post office at Pinery. Dad was telling me about one night the young fellows were outside his place and got down to the air vents and started puffing smoke in through the air vents where it came up through the floor. Grandfather Ebbs went out and chased one fellow down the road; it was night-time, and this young fellow ducked behind a bush and grandfather kept going and missed him. He could run too, he was a good runner.

Of course our mother was in Balaklava hospital 9 months straight, and we had quite a few visits then. She was 9 months on her back before she died. She had a few years of cancer, breast cancer. She just lingered on for 9 months in the finish. We bought a car that year, a Ford, in 1923. That was the same year that my mother died with cancer. She was only 47.

1923 was a good year on the farm. It was our first year on a harvesting machine - a Sun Header.

Our father remarried in 1926 to Ruby Messner (nee Mauger). She was a city lady and had 3 sons. So the family then consisted of 11 in father's side of the family, 10 in mother's, and 13 in family of second marriage. Wherever we go there are relatives or near relatives.

There were two weddings in our family in 1929. My twin brother and eldest sister. Don got married in that year and went up to the property that Dad had bought about a mile and a half further up the road. He worked there and I stayed with Dad. It was the beginning of the Depression. This pegged us down. Dad wasn't in a position to make a move off the farm so I couldn't make a move either. And although I was courting it was 1937 before we could marry, 8 years after my twin brother. Don sold out about 1939 and bought a chicken farm at Moonta. He had a horse and cart and would do the streets on marketing days, sell his produce on the streets.

Merv went to College in 1932 or 33. The depression came and we couldn't move. I couldn't get married, I had to wait seven years. Dad couldn't move as he didn't have any money to do anything. But by the mid '30's he bought a tractor. I don't remember anything much about the tractor. It couldn't have lasted because I always worked a team of horses.

During the depression we went on growing crops but we had pretty lean years and the price was low - 1/8d a bushell one year. We had to buy the bags to put it in. We didn't get much out of it in those years. The banker rang up my Dad and told him he was overdrawn at the bank and was a bit worried about it. We had do without things, but scrambled through. When I got married I had only £200 in the bank, but in 1937 we had the prospects of a good harvest and the price of wheat went up to 4 shillings a bushell. (In the early 30's it was 1s & 8p a bushell.) I then took over the farm and a mortgage on the farm of £2000. I think my father took out a mortgage when things got tough during the depression, but I'm not sure of that. We still had to struggle for a few years. One year we only had one load of wheat. In the forties we were able to discharge our mortgage and the farm was freehold.

In 1939 was the record heat wave reaching 117%.

In early 1940's I was recommended by the council to become a Justice of the Peace. I was sworn in at Balaklava.

My first tractor was a Ferguson which I bought in 1947 for about £800. This made life much easier. Our farm was 640 acres and I was renting 300 acres so we had nearly 1000 acres under my control.

In 1949 we decided to take life a bit easier; I was 45. My wife Veta was a wonderful farmer's wife but it wasn't easy for her. We didn't have any family to carry on so we sold the farm and moved down to the city. I've been down here 29 years. I came to Prospect. My wife's sister and her husband bought the farm, Kilmarnock from me - my brother-in-law Archie Williams. The farm now belongs to Tiller. The farm is still called Kilmarnock.

Dad and Gordon came to Adelaide - in October 1937. They lived at Evindale till Gordon bought a business at Broadview. (Gordon worked at General Store & PO Pinery). Alan Fax worked for Gordon and ended up as his partner. Gordon was very frugal - he didn't give anything away.

Dad went to sales during retirement and also went up to the farm in his horse and cart to help me with the harvest. Took 7 hours and would travel past Two Wells.

Dad died a fortnight before he turned 79.

In Adelaide I took a job in the furniture business. I had 15 months work with Malcolm Reids before going over to Hoopers Furnishers where brother Don was working. I had 11 years with this firm; off-siding, then driving trucks and packing furniture. The last 11 years of my working life I was employed as head packer by Haynes Hunken. I enjoyed my working life back on the farm and in the city. I retired from work at the age of 70.

In 1972 my wife Veta died of cancer and I was on my own for the next 5 years.

During this time I took an overseas trip for 4 months visiting the British Isles, the Continent, the Holy Land and the Canadian Rockies. This was a tour I never regretted.

After returning from overseas I struck up a friendship with Iris Frances, a deaconess of the Hampstead Church. This led to marriage, the ceremony being conducted by Graham Lawrie on 24th September 1977. The next January we spent a belated honeymoon in New Zealand. In 1980 we were two of the Australians who went to Honolulu to there enjoy the World Convention of Churches of Christ. Following the convention we spent some time visiting the Hawaiian Islands.

Soon after this Iris showed signs of having Alzheimers' disease which gradually got worse. In May 1985 we moved into Roselin Court Hostel at Joslin. After some years Iris was moved into the nursing home. It was in 1993 that Iris passed away. (Harold would go and feed Iris every midday and evening meal before he went to the Hostel dining room for his own meal.) Joslin is a wonderful Home and I always praised God for leading us there.

I always enjoyed my church life. As young children we attended the Methodist Sunday School at Pinery. When we were old enough to manage the ponies and buggy we started travelling the 6 miles to the Owen Church of Christ.

In November 1924 my brothers Don and Merv and I made our decisions and were baptised by John Turner who was our minister at the time. We were fortunate to have Elders like John Harkness & William Marshman who encouraged us in the faith and later got us taking part in the church services. I also preached the Word and did quite a lot of local preaching. The churches I preached at and no longer exist were - Alma, Mallala, Long Plains, Avon, Moonta & Port Pirie. I also helped the Methodist Churches and spoke at Owen, Grace Plains, Pinery and Windsor.

In 1949 I was elected as President of the Northern District Conference of Churches of Christ. I was able to visit all the Conference churches except Whyalla.

When we came to the city we first lived at Prospect and attended the Prospect Church of Christ. I became a member of the Board and later was made an Elder. After 7 years we moved to Broadview and linked up with Hampstead Gardens Church of Christ. I had a preaching role in some of our city churches - Prospect, Enfield, Hampstead, Hindmarsh, etc. Also nearby country churches Gawler, Williamstown and Kersbrook.

I also enjoyed my social life. I was vice-president of the local Hall Committee at Pinery. Secretary & Treasurer of the Cricket Club; a Justice of the Peace for 40 years. Often the speaker at the welcome home given to our returned soldiers after World War 2. Also singing at country concerts and at weddings.

I enjoyed my sporting life. We were a cricketing family and I greatly enjoyed this sport. Nine times I was involved in the Country Carnival playing on the turf on various Adelaide ovals.

I also played football with the Grace Plains team and was in the premiership team when we won in 1926.

HAROLD LAWRIE - Ashes to Pinery farm - 18/7/98 (Conducted by Trevor Lawrie)

We remind ourselves that these ashes are not Harold Lawrie, only his mortal remains.  
Some of these ashes are in the wall in Centennial Park next to those of his first wife Veta Ford.

(Psa 8 NIV) A psalm of David.

O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory above the heavens. {2} From the lips of children and infants you have ordained praise because of your enemies, to silence the foe and the avenger. {3} When I consider your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars, which you have set in place, {4} what is man that you are mindful of him, the son of man that you care for him? {5} You made him a little lower than the heavenly beings and crowned him with glory and honor. {6} You made him ruler over the works of your hands; you put everything under his feet: {7} all flocks and herds, and the beasts of the field, {8} the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, all that swim the paths of the seas. {9} O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth!

Here on this farm, Harold lived and worked.  
He harnessed the horses, ploughed the fields, sowed the seed and reaped the grain.  
Upon this land he walked, his footprints impressed in this soil.  
The seasons came and went. Through the toil of his hands he strove to make this land produce its fruits.  
And thus there is an imprint of his life upon this land.

But it wasn't only through his efforts of daily toil that he and his wife were provided with daily sustenance - and he would be the first to admit that it was God who held his destiny in his hands - it was God who was the giver of all good things!

As the writer of Ecclesiastes says, "From dust we came and to dust we return."

We cast Harold Lawrie's ashes on the ground  
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes dust to dust.  
(Ashes are cast around the cricket pitch)

And thus we are reminded of our own mortality.

Contemplative Prayer

Aware of the presence of God.  
Thank God for his sustaining love and care.  
Thank God for the life of Harold.

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