

SEEKING SOCIAL GOOD: A LIFE WORTH LIVING

An Autobiography in 6 Volumes



JOHN LAWRENCE

Volume 1

**GETTING
EDUCATED**

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Volume 1 of an Autobiography

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SEEKING SOCIAL GOOD: A LIFE WORTH LIVING

An Autobiography in 6 Volumes

- Vol. 1 Getting Educated
- Vol. 2 A Career Under Way
- Vol. 3 Working in Australia
- Vol. 4 Living and Working Overseas
- Vol. 5 Working with International Organisations
- Vol. 6 Disengaging from Work and Later Life

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*Dedicated to all who seek and achieve social good,
and to Trish and the many others who
have made my own life worthwhile.*

Comments on the Autobiography

'A monumental achievement! Not only the effort put into pulling it all together now, but the meticulous record keeping throughout the years that it reflects, is just so impressive. This is an extraordinary record of a life, a life certainly worth living, and an invaluable resource for the social work profession and for a morally grounded social policy perspective.'

Bruce Lagay (former Prof. Fellow & former Head, Social Work Dept., Univ. of Melb.; former Assoc. Dean, Rutgers Univ., and Dean, Syracuse Univ., Schools of Social Work, USA)

'This personal and professional record is testament to the necessity of considering the interactions of someone's personal background, formative and institutional influences and exposure to educative and attitude shaping experiences, if a rounded picture is to be gained of what they stand for and why. The author's constant engagement with history and ethics, not as side issues but disciplines that are of great importance to social work, is evident from Seeking Social Good. It is my fervent hope that others will readily gain access to this work and learn from it, as I have.'

Tony Vinson (Em. Prof. of Social Work, former Head of School, UNSW; former Head, NSW Corrective Services; social scientist, prominent public intellectual)

'I thoroughly enjoyed reading this autobiography, which I think is a really significant work. The author had a wonderful opportunity to shape the direction of social work education in Australia, and internationally and seized the opportunity. So many different groups of people will be interested in this work – historians of the twentieth century, people interested in Australian academic life, anyone researching the history of the University of New South Wales, social work historians of course, whether interested in Australia, the USA or Europe, the many people interested in the Whitlam era and social scientists or historians interested in the development of the teaching of social policy.'

Jane Miller (social work historian; former Head, Social Work Dept., Royal Children's Hospital; AASW Life Member; President, Melb. Univ. Social Work Alumni)

Comments to the Author about his history of the SWRC/SPRC

'Your history of the SWRC/SPRC is, it goes without saying, well and thoroughly researched, clearly and expressively written, and passionately argued! I thought you handled one of the trickiest aspects – your own centrality in the story – with excellent taste and balance. There is, overall, a rich appreciation of the leadership and working researchers without losing sight of the larger argument you want to make.'

Sheila Shaver (former Deputy Director, SPRC; later - Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Res.), Univ. of Western Sydney; Conjoint Professor, SPRC)

'You tell the story well, and there is a great deal of scholarship and perception in the way you assemble and analyse the material. It is an excellent and worthwhile read.'

Adam Graycar (1st Director, SWRC; later - Head, Ausn. Institute of Criminology; Head; Cabinet Office, S.A. Govt.; Prof. of Public Policy & Director, Res. School of Social Sciences, ANU)

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Preface

My conception was the result of a mistake some eighty-five years ago. My mother thought that she could not become pregnant because she was breast-feeding my brother. I am grateful for the mistake and now want to give some account of the life I have been lucky enough to lead since my inadvertent beginning. It has been an interesting and worthwhile life and I have decided to share with others why this has been the case – not least because my extensive personal archives could enable me to give a well-documented account. The task is doubly challenging because of the technical difficulties of writing accurately about the past and the moral hazards of writing one's own biography. My particular sort of education and experience should have helped me to cope with each of these challenges.

A Social History

The story I tell is a social history. It is essentially about the people and social institutions that have given opportunity, shape and colour to my life. Its general interest lies in what life has had to offer a person born in a country town in South Australia in the depths of the Great Depression. Understanding people in their social context is the obvious key to good biography; humans are social beings, not isolated individuals.

Seeking Social Good

A central concern for ethics emerged as a key feature of my life, giving it both practical and theoretical underpinning. The practical and theoretical significance of ethics in human existence has been 'rediscovered' in recent times. As will become evident, a chosen career in social work and studying social policy both stimulated and reflected my own ethical awareness.

This first volume covers family background, and then schooling, and university and other experiences getting educated at home and abroad, before embarking on the many-sided career which is covered in the subsequent volumes.

Chapter 1

Family Background

MY PARENTS' BACKGROUNDS

Twentieth Century Australian Parents

My parents – and the Australian nation – were born at the beginning of the twentieth century. My father, Robert Gribbon Lawrence, was born in South Melbourne in 1902; my mother, Lucy Evelyn Butlin, a year later in the Gippsland rural town of Warragul, 103 kilometres east of Melbourne. The Australian British colonies had just federated – in 1901 – with a population of 3.7 million.¹ My parents spent their early years in South Melbourne and first met at its Dorcas Street Primary School.

Melbourne

From a tiny illegal settlement in 1835 on land belonging to the Kulin people, by 1851 with a population of 29,000, Melbourne had become the capital of a separate colony of Victoria. Huge impetus to growth then came from the gold rushes of diggers 1851 – 60. During this decade, Victoria accounted for one-third of world gold output, and Melbourne's population grew to 125,000. By 1881 it had reached 268,000 and during the 1880s, the decade of the land boom, it again doubled. Melbourne hosted the 1880 World Fair and was hailed as a 'world city', a remarkable achievement. A London *Daily Telegraph* journalist called it 'Marvellous Melbourne' in his articles in 1885, but the city was also derided as 'Marvellous Smelbourne' because of its slums, poverty and pollution. The collapse of the property market in 1891, marked the end of this period of self-confident expansion and dominance on the Australian scene.² Yet Melbourne still served as the interim federal capital when the colonies federated, and provided the site for the national parliament until 1927, and for most of the federal public service until much later.

1 Graeme Davison (1998), 'Population', in G.Davison, J. Hirst and J. Macintyre (eds), *The Oxford Companion to Australian History*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne, p. 516.

2 See entries on 'Gold Rushes', 'Melbourne' and '“Marvellous Melbourne”', in *The Oxford Companion to Australian History*.

THE BUTLIN FAMILY

Coming from Northamptonshire in England, my mother's maternal grandfather, John Swingler, settled on the land in the goldfields area of Gippsland in Victoria. He had 25 acres at 'Swingler's Flat' on the Upper Thomson River. On the river flats, he grew crops of oats, peas and potatoes, which he sold to the nearby mining community, and he also kept livestock. John Swingler married Sarah Jane Harrison and they had the first of their six children in 1860. At the age of 48, in 1883, Sarah Jane died suddenly, leaving the three youngest children, Mary, Olive and Sarah, still dependent on their father. Olive was my mother's mother. In 1886, her father married Sarah Knapping who was a widow with four dependent children. She had come originally from Lancashire. John Swingler, described as 'a very devout and religious man', died in 1899.³

Warragul

Olive Swingler married Samuel Butlin who had come to Melbourne from Kettering in Northamptonshire.⁴ His only other family member to come to Australia was his sister, my mother's Aunt Amy. Samuel Butlin first worked in Hawthorn where he met Olive Swingler. After their marriage, they decided to set up a bakery business in Warragul, Gippsland. They had seven children. My mother Lucy Evelyn was their fifth child, coming after Mary (called Polly), Les, Adela (called Addie), and Gracie who had just died from pneumonia. After my mother came Bill and Rowland.

The Butlin bakery business was opposite Warragul railway station. The big event of the day was when two trains, one going up to Sale and the other coming back from Bairnsdale and Sale, always crossed at the station and stopped for twenty minutes for refreshments. The Butlin children were allowed to go across and watch the trains come in. They joined afterwards in the meeting of people collecting their mail. On busy days, Olive helped at the bakery, with the children being looked after by hired help.

Music

My mother remembered her father as a very musical man. 'He was the one that loved the singing and the music'. He sang in church choirs in England, and they had a painting of the church where he used to sing as a choirboy. His singing voice was baritone after he suddenly lost his boy soprano. He told his children about the lovely church services. In Warragul, however, the family belonged to the Methodist church, attending a little chapel well remembered by Lucy. Her Aunt Amy, a High Church Anglican, strongly disapproved and said she would much rather the children be taken to a Roman Catholic church instead of a non-conformist one. But Lucy's mother had been brought up as a Methodist and her father was 'quite satisfied', according to Lucy.

3 This paragraph is based on Yolanda Reynolds, 'Back to Swingler's Flat', 1986. The author is a descendant of Elizabeth Ann Swingler, Olive's eldest sister, and John Reynolds.

4 The following account of the history of the Butlin family is drawn from the transcript of an interview of Lucy Lawrence by her son John Lawrence in 1982.

A feature of their home was a Steinway grand piano made in New York in 1896. Lucy had understood that a Count Von Horn who lived in Warragul had brought the piano to Australia and sold it to her father on his return to Germany as the international situation worsened. Her sister Addie, however, had read that it came from some woman and had to be transported over the Strzelecki mountains by bullock dray. Lucy had also been told by someone else that her father had had it sent out to Warragul. Whatever its origins in the family, Lucy said 'it was there for a long time before Dad went'. She remembered all the family singing around the piano, and used to sit under it when Polly, her eldest sister, was practising. Mr Dodds, who was her sister's piano teacher, recognised Lucy's voice had potential and gave her a book of children's songs to learn. Polly Butlin was the first head prefect when Warragul High School opened in 1911, built on land 'across the creek' that her father had owned.

South Melbourne

Their 'very happy' lifestyle in Warragul was shattered in 1912. Lucy was taken up to the hospital to see her father who had suffered from a heart attack. He was unconscious and died five days later. Lucy was only nine years old. Olive and her six children at first moved to another house in Warragul but then settled in South Melbourne. Olive could not manage the business on her own so she sold up. 'She really thought it was better for the education of the lot of us if we went down to the city', Lucy recalled. 'She saw us through. We all had secondary education'. But it was a struggle. First she ran a little mixed business in Park Street, South Melbourne, but 'she wasn't that type of woman'. The family then moved to a big Park house on Albert Road opposite South Melbourne Football Ground.⁵ For a while Olive Butlin let some rooms, but 'she didn't like some of the people that got in there and didn't think it was good for the children'. They moved into a smaller place, 168 Albert Road; by then the two eldest ones were earning. Also Olive did some nursing, looking after old people. Samuel had died without a will and his estate was put in the hands of the Equity Trustee Company. The Company helped Olive with yearly advanced cheques from the estate, but Lucy understood that the bulk of the estate could not be touched until the youngest child, Rowland, was twenty-one.

Schooling

Lucy had the benefit of good schooling at the Dorcas Street Primary School, and then at Melbourne High School, housed in the Old National Model School in Spring Street, where she completed her leaving certificate. Her primary school has been heritage-listed. The school was opened in 1881 in an award-winning building designed by architect Charles Webb, and has been described as illustrating 'Victoria's confidence and prosperity in the years following the goldrushes when working class children of the inner suburbs were provided with elaborately designed and spacious schools, similar to

⁵ It was a National Trust house at the time of the interview with Lucy Lawrence in 1982.

private schools built for the wealthy'.⁶ As mentioned, Lucy Butlin and Robert Lawrence, my father, went to school together at the Dorcas Street School, but then drifted apart as they went their separate ways.

The first state secondary school in Victoria, the Melbourne Continuation School, was a result of the vision of Frank Tate the first Victorian Director of Education. In opening the school in 1905, he declared 'Brains, not money, should be the passport to the higher realms of education'. The School changed its name to Melbourne High School in 1912. According to a brief history, the School 'produced girls and boys of quality, especially many teachers, and by 1919 it had the greatest number of students at Melbourne University (the only university then) from any school'. As well as a strong academic curriculum, students had the benefit of sport, music, excursions, social events and a school magazine. World War I was, however, 'an important hiatus for the school with many serving (over 500), and the school had a special association with Anzac Cove'.

Employment

Lucy Butlin entered Melbourne High School in about 1915, where she developed a lasting friendship with Nina Bell-Jones. Our 'Auntie Nina' became a teacher and eventually was senior English mistress at Presbyterian Ladies College in Melbourne. On completion of her leaving certificate, Lucy taught for a while at Dorcas Street Primary School, but junior teachers were expected to go to the country for at least three years' experience and this would have meant she could not follow on with her music. So she left teaching and did a ledger posting machine course. Her subsequent employment in the Melbourne Office of the National Trustees lasted for about five years until she was married in 1928. They were dealing with deceased estates; she operated the ledger posting machine and was typist for two men. She found the work very interesting.

Singing

Lucy had continued her interest in music from her Warragul days. Her mother had her taught music. She was a member of the Everton Witts children's choir, then joined a girls glee club run by Ruby Bergin (nee Dunstan), who had heard her singing in the church at Albert Park. While teaching at Dorcas Street, Lucy's interest in singing began to be fostered by two musical people, Graham Bergin and Mrs Cook. 'They encouraged me all along the way and taught me. No fees at all'. As her voice developed, she sang at various musical competitions – South Street, ANA, Oatley – and went across to Tasmania with the Choral Society. 'It was all that type of life in those days'. In the tough competition at South Street, she was placed third out of nineteen. Fellow competitors included Elsie Woolley and Arnold Matters, who went on to notable singing careers. My father used to tell a story that Dr A. E. Floyd said to him after hearing his fiancée sing in the Town Hall, 'You know, young man, on the Continent with a voice like that she would not be allowed to get married'.

6 'Primary School No. 1253', Victorian Heritage Database.

Lucy's oldest brother, Les, also had a good voice. Mrs Cook realised this when he came along with Lucy to her singing lessons. She opened up his tenor voice beautifully and he gained 'tremendous pleasure' from his singing. Growing up in the Butlin family, Addie and Bill were always together, as too were Les and Lucy. Les was 'a marvellous eldest son', in a way bearing the brunt of the family in the growing up of them all. An uncle with a coach-building business provided Les with an apprenticeship when he left school at sixteen, and when Uncle Jim retired Les went into a very good firm run by the Sage brothers, where he was to remain very happily for the rest of his working life. He waited until all of the others were married, then he married Truda Russell, a soloist at Collins Street Baptist Church in Melbourne. The family Steinway piano went to Les and Truda and stayed with them for the rest of their lives.

THE LAWRENCE FAMILY

What had been my father's background and life before he married Lucy Butlin in 1928?⁷

My father's immediate antecedents were mainly Protestant Irish, although I am unaware of the details of their migration to Australia. One relation was chief chaplain to the Irish Army. My paternal great grandparents were Robert Joseph Lawrence and Caroline Idderson. They produced seven children from 1848 to 1871, all born in Ireland. My grandfather, William Henry Lawrence, was born in 1863, their fourth child. He married Alice Mary Sutcliffe, who was born in 1861 in Australia, but other Sutcliffe children were born in County Longford in Ireland.⁸ Her mother's maiden name was Gibbon. Alice Sutcliffe was a teacher and was sent to Maldon, near Bendigo where the Victorian gold rush began in 1851. It was about 150 kms north-west of Melbourne. Maldon had been a small centre based on pastoral activities, until 20,000 diggers descended on the area after the discovery of the incredibly rich Nuggetty Reef in 1856. Alice Sutcliffe used to walk seven miles to the Baringhup Primary School and seven miles home again each day. She was boarding in the Maldon inn run by the Lawrences. They had an ostler who dealt with horses of the coaches coming to the inn, but his drinking habits caused some difficulties for the family. Alice stopped teaching when she married William Lawrence.

The children of this Lawrence family clearly scattered after living at Maldon. Carolyn married a Sinclair, Emma married Jim Hosking with a property at Nettimuck, Beatrice married Edward Duckett (there was a big Duckett firm), and Rose married a Dr Gilfillan. Both of William's brothers went into banks. Robert, married to Caroline Evans, was in the Commercial Bank (my father was named after him); Walter worked in a bank in Hamilton and married a

7 Regrettably I did not interview my father about his side of the family history before he died in 1975. The following account is largely drawn from the 1982 interview with my mother, who thankfully had taken some interest in passing on at least some historical information at that stage of her life. Neither of my parents had talked to us much about their past.

8 Lucy Lawrence said Alice was born in Australia, but other Sutcliffe children were born in County Longford in Ireland.

member of the well-known Rippon family. My grandfather William was a qualified engineer of some sort. Because of a slump he and his wife went down to Melbourne where he became 'a hay and corn merchant'. His business in City Road, South Melbourne, was said to be a familiar landmark.⁹ William and Alice Lawrence had three children. Their first child, Norman, died at three years of age in 1899, possibly from a cot death, just six weeks before William Idderson was born. My father was the youngest – Robert Gribbon born in 1902.

Church and Charitable Workers in South Melbourne

My grandmother, Alice Lawrence, was heavily involved in the South Melbourne Ladies' Benevolent Society, for which 'she worked very hard', but 'she never neglected her home', according to my mother. The Society provided relief to destitute families in the area, and was acknowledged as 'one of the best managed societies of its kind'.¹⁰ At the time, ladies' benevolent societies were the major source of outdoor relief.¹¹ Both of my father's parents were great workers for St Barnabas' Church of England, Montague. For more than forty years they were 'outstanding for their benefactions to (the church), and no charitable appeal was made to them in vain'. Alice worked for the mothers' union and other church ventures, and William was a church warden and honorary treasurer for the church for more than forty years. Alice was to die in 1937, and William in 1943. Stained glass windows in St Barnabas' Church commemorated Alice's life.¹² When the Church Vestry passed a resolution on the death of 'Mr W. H. Lawrence', it said 'Mr and Mrs Lawrence were at one in their Christian service, and laboured zealously for the Church in its Missionary work'. William was 'a man of earnest Christian character, and gave of his service and means unstintingly...' They had lived in their home in South Melbourne until Alice's death, and attended the same church. William continued going there every Sunday and attended monthly Vestry meetings even after going to live with Uncle Bill's widow Dorothy, and son Brian, at Mont Albert. In adulthood, my father still attended church but not very often, saying that as a child he had attended enough church services to last a lifetime!

Schooling, Employment – Post Office, Commonwealth Bank

As mentioned, my father, called Bert, went to Dorcas Street Primary School. Although his brother, Bill, had been sent to Caulfield Grammar School for his secondary schooling, my father was 'sent off to Hassett's Business College (in Chapel Street Prahran), because he was so fond of sport'. The course there qualified him for entry into the Commonwealth Public Service and he entered the Post Office in Sydney. He lived at Strathfield, and played Australian Rules football on Trumper Oval. But Sydney was a rugby city, and had no Australian

9 Letter to Mr Lawrence from K. E. Hamilton, St Luke's Vicarage, South Melbourne, 25 February, 1943.

10 Susan Priestley (1995), *South Melbourne: a history*, Melbourne University Press, Carlton, Victoria, pp. 223–25.

11 Shurlee Swain, 'Ladies Benevolent Societies', *The Encyclopedia of Melbourne*,

12 These were removed to St Barnabas' Church, Mont Albert, when the church at Montague was destroyed in recognition of the industrialisation of the area.

Rules football of any quality. He kept writing letters home wanting to return to Melbourne; football was the attraction. He had been a Howe Crescent church team player¹³ before going to Sydney. That club was disbanded as nearly all the players were away at the front. My father was only sixteen at the end of the First World War, so had not been able to join up. In 1919, after an examination, he joined the Commonwealth Bank and this was to be his employer for the rest of his working life.¹⁴ The Bank was in its early stages. The Andrew Fisher Labor Government had decided in 1911 to establish a government bank for the newly-formed nation. This emulated the government banks which had been created and guaranteed by colonial (later state) governments to promote land settlement and rural development, and to accept savings deposits. The new organisation was empowered to conduct both savings and general (trading) bank business, with the security of a Federal Government guarantee. At first the Bank's headquarters were in Melbourne, but they moved to Sydney in 1916 into newly-built premises.¹⁵ My father was in the Melbourne Branch of the Bank, living again in South Melbourne.

My Parents' Love Affair

Lucy Butlin was about nineteen when she met up again with Bert Lawrence after he had joined the Commonwealth Bank. It was through another young teacher where she was teaching at Dorcas Street Primary School. From then on Bert was consistent in his devotion to her. My mother kept five letters that he wrote to her in the period 1923/24,¹⁶ but there must have been many others before they were eventually married – after Lucy had reached twenty-five in 1928. My parents remained devoted and loyal to each other throughout their lives.

Football

Piecing together Bert's football career back in Melbourne is difficult at this stage. There are some surviving press cuttings, mostly undated and not sourced. Bert was very upset when apparently his mother tossed out many of his press clippings. 'She did not ever approve of the football business', according to my mother. My fathers' entry in the *Encyclopedia of AFL Footballers* (7th edition, 2007), p. 451, reads:

LAWRENCE, ROBERT G (SOUTH AND MELB.) – South Melbourne 1921 and 1925, 7 games, 8 goals. Melbourne 1926, 3 games, 0 goals (South No. 6, 1921; No. 21, 1925).

South Melbourne was one of the founding clubs of the Victorian Football League in 1897. It had won VFL premierships in 1909 and again in 1918, although full-scale VFL competition did not resume until 1919 with nine clubs. After narrowly failing to reach the finals in 1920, South Melbourne

13 The Howe Street Congregational Church in South Melbourne.

14 1919 until January 1967.

15 See Commonwealth Bank website – About us – History.

16 These are in the family records held by my sister Margaret Southwood. Out of respect for our parents' privacy, they remain unread by us.

appointed Roy Cazaly as captain-coach, after he had played a hundred games with St Kilda. He was a ruck-rover with a tremendous leap, which gave rise to the expression 'Up there Cazaly' a familiar Australian catch-cry, first called by Cazaly's fellow ruckman Fred Fleiter. Cazaly was named in the Victorian Team of the Century (20th) in 2001. Bert Lawrence played five games in the senior team in 1921. The first of these, a tie, had this report in the local paper:

For weeks past South Melbourne's scouts have been looking around for a forward. They secured Lawrence and are highly pleased with his first appearance against Carlton. ... South had to get a clearance from the NSW League for him. He has begun with four goals.

The Argus reported the tie between South Melbourne and Carlton,¹⁷ saying,

The result was the more gratifying to (South Melbourne) in that some of the new men whom they tried had a very important share in it, notably Lawrence, ... who kicked four goals for them. Lawrence appears to be a distinct gain for South, and (has) the makings of a champion.

He was amongst the best players, along with Cazaly and his renowned rover 'Napper' Tandy. In subsequent games, however, his promise as a forward was not fulfilled. A report of one of the games said:

Cazaly played a magnificent game for South ... Lawrence again went through without getting a goal, but did everything else really well. He got a good few of the hard bumps, and was a trier from start to finish.

Again Lawrence was listed in the best players.¹⁸ But not long after this early promise, Bert Lawrence found himself playing for Leopold, South Melbourne's second team, usually in the centre. Paddy Scanlon was excelling in the centre for the senior team, so Bert stayed with Leopold for some time, despite how well he was playing with them. He was named amongst the best players in each of the sixteen surviving newspaper clippings. Twice he was described as best on the ground; three times as the best of the Leopold players. The *News Pictorial* reported in July 1924 that selectors were keeping a close watch on the juniors and R. Lawrence was amongst three players that impressed them favourably. He 'played with the seniors in 1921, and did well up forward. He plays centre for Leopold. ... All three are very likely players'.

A newspaper report in 1925 had this enthusiastic endorsement:

Bert Lawrence showed his appreciation of getting another run with the seniors by playing a rattling good game. He made good use of his pace along the wings, one of his runs during South's wonderful rallies being as good as the writer has yet seen. Getting possession on the bounce, a clever dodging run and he was past the ruck. Down on the half forward line, he mowed down the opposition, and then a fine kick pierced the big sticks. It was a thrilling incident in a thrilling quarter.

¹⁷ Monday, 6th June, 1921, p. 4.

¹⁸ In 2009, Robert Allen who was writing a biography of Roy Cazaly, was keen to obtain details of people he had played with and coached. I sent him copies of the surviving newspaper clippings and a newspaper photo of Bert Lawrence doing a place kick.

He only had one more game for South Melbourne seniors in 1925. On June 13th, 1925, *The Record* asked, 'Why did they choose a slow, heavy side to battle against the fleet-footed Magpies (Collingwood)? ...Lawrence, who did so well against St Kilda, was available and should not have been overlooked'.

Although he had enjoyed his time with South Melbourne, Bert Lawrence now felt there was no place for him in the side, so he decided to go to Melbourne Football Club in 1926 when they made an approach to him. Bert Lawrence was the 440th person to play for that Club since the VFL started in 1897. Although he only played three times in the senior team, on the wing, and was not in the Grand Final which Melbourne won, he was a proud member of the Club in that historic year. He was in the 1926 team photo which had pride of place in the hall of the home of my upbringing. I can still remember him telling us the names of his fellow players in that photo – Bert Chadwick, Ivan Warne-Smith, and so on. In one game against Richmond when Bert Lawrence was included at the last minute, a newspaper report mentioned him first amongst five prominent players. My father was still only twenty-four, and would have expected some years of football ahead of him. He was then, however, transferred by the Commonwealth Bank to Mount Gambier, and spent the rest of his football days as captain-coach of South Mount Gambier.

MOUNT GAMBIER 1927-35

Mount Gambier was a town in the limestone coastal region of South East South Australia – 450 kilometres from Adelaide and 435 kilometres from Melbourne. It was an interesting location of volcanic craters, lakes, and caves. Each summer its Blue Lake mysteriously¹⁹ changes from grey to turquoise blue. After seeing this lake in 1839, Stephen Henty, a pioneer from Portland, returned with his brother and others to form a settlement near the lake. A cave in the heart of the settlement provided the first water supply, to be replaced later by pumping from the lake itself. By 1860 there were 2,000 settlers. Currently, it is home to 30,000 people.

On 8 January, 1927, 'the friends of Mr R. G. Lawrence gathered together in the banking chamber to bid farewell and wish him good luck on his transfer to Mount Gambier'. He was given a travelling rug and a cricket bat. The Bank Notes recorded this tribute:

From many aspects, Melbourne loses a good man in Bert Lawrence. Having been connected with one of the leading League teams in the city, he proved a very valuable asset in Bank football matches, in which he was always prominent.

Among the Bank's cricketers, he will be greatly missed, as he was regarded as one of their best 'bats'.

Table tennis enthusiasts almost invariably met their 'Waterloo' when they reached R. G. Lawrence's name in the finals. Not a small amount of the success

¹⁹ The most common theory is that the warm top layers of the lake create a chemical reaction with the cold bottom layers. This and other information on Mount Gambier can be found on the Mount Gambier tourist website.

of the table tennis club has been due to him, as the secretary of the Club.

Finally, and perhaps – the most important of all, as an officer of the Bank, he will be greatly missed from his old post on the general books ...²⁰

His new bat was soon put to good use. ‘He has batted consistently in every innings he has played since his arrival a few weeks ago’, said a report on a game on Vansittart Park between Glencoe and Standards. In the subsequent football season, Bert played for the South Mount Gambier Football team, after gaining a clearance from the Melbourne Football Club and the Victorian Football League. Local newspaper reports on games in 1927 included:

Lawrence, captain, directed the game from the centre where he played fast and nippy football. (against North)

Lawrence, best man on ground. Smart and clever and keeps in touch with his team. (against Naracoorte)

Lawrence a splendid game: a very clever captain; keeps at his men. (against Penola)

A South Melbourne Wedding

South Mount Gambier were the minor premiers and won the Premiership Trophy in 1927.²¹ Involvement in sport had quickly enabled Bert Lawrence to become part of the thriving local community, and he looked forward to sharing his new life with his fiancée. In March 1927, he became engaged to Lucy Butlin, but ‘you always waited twelve months in those days’, so it was not until a year later that Bert came back to South Melbourne to marry his bride and return to Mount Gambier with her. They were married at the Methodist Church, Cardigan Place, in Albert Park on 14 April, 1928. The Record declared it a ‘union of two families well, and favourably known in this district’. Best man was Harold Lyle, the bridesmaid was the bride’s ‘special friend’, Nina Bell-Jones, and there were two flower girls. According to the paper, ‘The bride was a picture of simplicity in a gown of ivory georgette and Chenille type of early Victorian period, hand-worked tulle veil, orange blossom, and shower bouquet. The bridesmaid was gowned in blue georgette over pink foundations, producing Hydrangea shading effect, which suited her to perfection’. At the reception at Wickcliffe House, St Kilda, musical items were provided by Mr Burgin and Mr Leslie Butlin. The newly-weds left by motor. ‘Both bride and groom are well known and popular in musical and sporting circles’.²²

Children

Before Lucy arrived in Mount Gambier, Bert had to sleep in a little room at the back of the Bank premises and get his meals at a boarding house. The Bank could not have anyone else sleeping on the premises, so my parents moved into a flat at Hedley Park – a converted ballroom with a kitchen. After the birth

²⁰ *Bank Notes*, January, 1927, p. 14.

²¹ He was elected a Life Member of the Club in April, 1932.

²² *The Record*, Saturday, April 14, 1928.

of two children, the family moved to a house in Reginald Street. Their first child was James Roland, born on 14 February, 1930. He was named after Jim Meehan, the newspaper editor in South Melbourne, and Jim Pick, a member of the local prominent Pick family (his father was James Pick of Broomfield, a long established pioneering property in the area). At the time, it was unusual for there to be much social interaction between protestants and catholics, yet these friends were both catholics. Jim Pick's wife, Kitty, was told by a priest after a miscarriage, that it was because she consorted with protestants, referring apparently to my parents!²³ I was born just fourteen months after my brother – on 24 April, 1931. It was an unexpected pregnancy since apparently my mother believed you could not conceive a child while breast-feeding! Although I was told that I was a mistake, I was never treated like one by my parents. My mother always talked appreciatively of the help given to her by two nursing sisters, the Lane sisters, who ran the local hospital.

I was called Robert John, but was always called by my second name, because otherwise I would have had initials identical to those of my brother. We still have the same initials, however, and this has sometimes caused confusion – when we were in the same school and much later when we happened to be living in the same suburb. When I am called Robert on the phone, I know immediately that the person does not know me despite the familiarity of address. We have been particularly careful to avoid any unnecessary hassles for our children when naming them – unambiguous spelling and being called by their first name.

The Depression

Mount Gambier was a prosperous country centre of rich pastoral land and extensive pine plantations. My parents were there during the years of the Great Depression. My father's salary was reduced, but he had the good fortune of a steady income, was never out of work, and they ate well. At the peak of the depression in mid-1932, almost one in three Australian workers was unemployed.²⁴ The Mount Gambier community was not large so there were not many places of work, and people on the productive land in the region did not have to rely completely on what was happening in the market economy. In Melbourne, Lucy's brother Les Butlin was at first badly affected. He said married men needed the work more. In the end, his firm insisted that he stay on and made him foreman, because his work was so good.

Motoring

Bert Lawrence owned a car during his time in Mount Gambier, the only time he did so in the course of his whole life. First he had a 2-seater Chev, and then came a 4-seater Pontiac. 'We'd motor to Melbourne and out to the country and you'd be asleep in the back'. The car enabled my parents to visit country friends like the Jim Picks living at Caroline on the way to the Victorian border, and the Hunts (Roger, Ben and Nancy) living at Kalangadoo. Not far from the

23 My mother told my brother this story.

24 Jenny Lee, 'Depressions', in *The Oxford Companion to Australian History*, p. 184.

Picks was the Glenelg River, arising in the Grampians in Western Victoria and ending in Nelson, also in Victoria. A small dogleg of the river flows through limestone cliffs in South Australia. Boating on the river and exploring the caves in the area were favourite recreations. Nelson was about 35 km from Mount Gambier. Mount Schanck, another volcanic crater, was about 20 km away from 'The Mount', Port MacDonnell a further 10 km south. Many cars feature in the photographic record of Mount Gambier, 1927–34.²⁵

A Transfer

When I was three years old, my father was transferred to the Adelaide Branch of the Commonwealth Bank. He sold his car and we went by bus to Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia. I was told we were going in the familiar 'footballers' bus' – apparently to make it easier to leave.

Farewells

At his last appearance with the Yahl Cricket Team, Mr R. G. Lawrence was farewelled by Mr J. Pick who spoke for the cricketers, and Mr J. Ellis who spoke for the football team. This was recorded in the local paper:

During the past eight years this popular cricketer has been one of the leading batsmen in Mt Gambier, besides playing with success in Whitty Trophy matches. Arriving early in 1927, Lawrence joined the Standard Cricket Club, and played with them until the team disbanded this season, scoring 1,398 runs in 96 innings (11 not outs), at the excellent average of 16.45. Besides his batting ability, Lawrence's slow bowling caused opposing batsmen concern. He secured 71 wickets at an average of 18.67. Early in 1931, Lawrence scored his only Mt Gambier century when he compiled 110 on Frew Park. The departing cricketer represented Mt Gambier in inter-town matches ... scoring nearly 300 runs at an average of about 20. This season Lawrence has been a member of the Yahl cricket team in a couple of games.

Two other farewells were held in the town's Jen's Hotel. One was a meeting of bankers, who bade 'a regretful farewell' to my father 'after eight years as teller of the Commonwealth Bank'. Mr E. H. Youngman, who presided, 'spoke in appreciation of Mr Lawrence's many good qualities, mentioning his efficiency as a bank official and unfailing courtesy to clients and fellow bankers alike'. People from the Commonwealth, National and Union Banks also spoke, and he was presented with a cigarette case. Just before the family left for Adelaide in January 1935, many townspeople, sporting and commercial friends of the guest, met – again in Jen's Hotel. This time my father was presented with a mulga smoker's stand. The chairman, Mr W. E. Pyne, later the town's lord mayor, spoke of the guest's popularity and 'his unfailing courtesy as a bank official'.

²⁵ Photographic Collection in the Public Library of Mount Gambier.

Twelve others were reported by name to have expressed their appreciation and good wishes.²⁶ A newspaper item stated:

During his residence here, Mr Lawrence has been prominently associated with football and cricket bodies, and his departure will be regretted in many quarters. He was captain and coach of South Gambier football team for several seasons. Mrs Lawrence will be sorely missed in musical circles. Her rich contralto has won her many admirers and she also came before the public during the time she was Conductress of the Mount Gambier Lyric Society.

My mother remembered the South Mount Gambier Football Club as 'a delightful group of people' – the Picks, the Hunts, the Peglers – 'all country people that came in and made our life happy there'.

Mount Gambier Connections

For many years, my parents kept in contact with friends they made during this period of their lives. As school children, my brother and I had memorable holidays with the Picks on their properties, Pick children stayed with us in Adelaide, Ben Hunt and Roger Pegler sought respite with us after fighting with the Ninth Division in the Middle East, before going on to New Guinea.

Kath Boundy's husband was in the Union Bank and was transferred to Mount Gambier at about the same time as my mother arrived there. 'It was the thing to do to call on the new people. And the two of us sort of teamed up together'. Her husband died in a motor accident. Ruth and Hedley Noblet lived next door to Kath Boundy in Mount Gambier. He was a state school teacher who was transferred to Kadina and then to Adelaide. The Boundy, Noblet and Lawrence children were all about the same age, and their mothers became good friends. We had use of the Noblet's pram and passed it on. For many years, as teenagers, we played tennis at Auntie Kath Boundy's in Unley Park.

In Mount Gambier, my mother provided singing lessons for Nan Burnard, a daughter of Dr R. G. Burnard; they became good friends. She moved to Adelaide when her husband Dr Alan Clarkson opened a practice there. Alan Clarkson removed the tonsils of both Jim and me, at a private hospital on Goodwood Road. Another Mount Gambier connection was Mary Price, whose brother was a notable scientist in the CSIRO, becoming its chairman in the 1970s. She and Kate McBain were single working women living in Unley Park. They remained good friends of the family over a very long period.

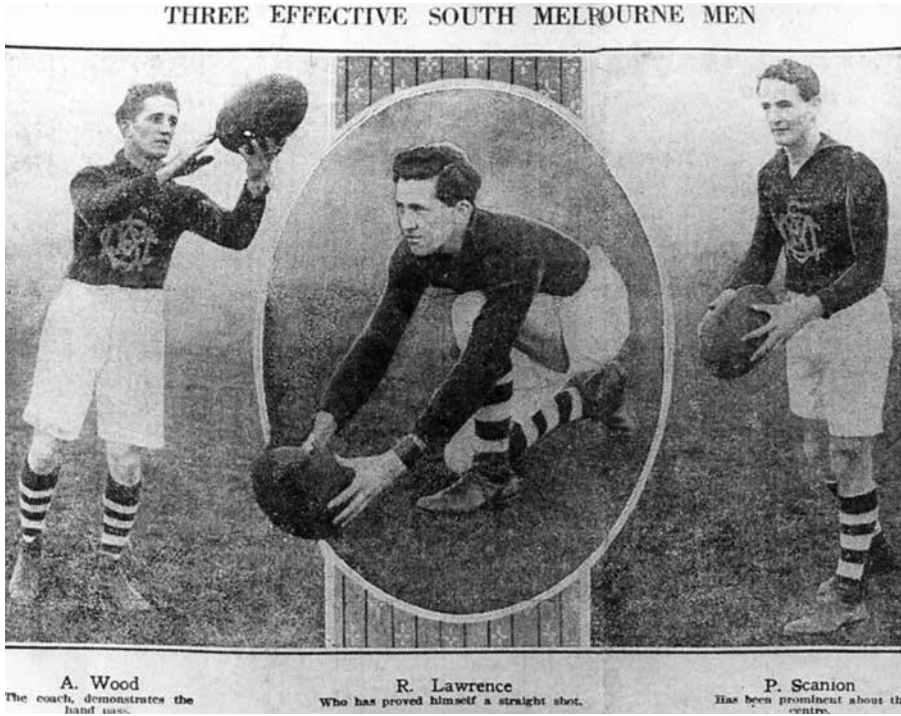
26 A.R. Hill and E.Pick on behalf of the cricket teams, M. Hirth and C. Staude for the South Gambier Football Club, C. G. Keates for the Commonwealth Bank, and R. Hunt, F. Pick, R. J. Kealy, W. J. Whitty, G. P. Freeman, R. D. K. Hood, and Inspector M. C. Shea.



*Butlin Family – Leslie, Samuel, Adela, William, Lucy, Rowland, Olive and Mary (Polly),
Warragul, Gippsland*



Lucy Evelyn Butlin, South Melbourne, c. 1917



Robert (Bert) Lawrence, South Melbourne – Place kick (newspaper clipping)



Melbourne Football Club, Premiers 1926, Victorian Football League – Bert Lawrence at bottom row of players on extreme left



*Right and below right:
Lucy and Bert Lawrence
with children John and
Jim, Mt Gambier*



*Below: Mr Bell-Jones, Bill
Lawrence, Brian Lawrence,
Grandpa Lawrence, Lucy
Lawrence, Jim Lawrence,
Nanna Butlin, Grandma
Lawrence, Nina Bell-Jones,
Dorothy Lawrence, John
Lawrence, Bert Lawrence
- on St Kilda Beach*

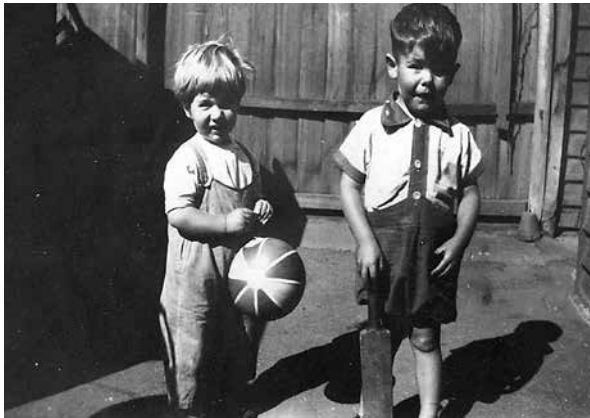




*Left and below: John Lawrence,
Mt Gambier*



*Above and right: John and Jim
Lawrence, Mt Gambier*



Chapter 2

School Years

Adelaide

The colony of South Australia was founded in 1836 on Wakefield's scheme of 'systematic colonisation'. It was to be free of convicts and with freedom of religion; 'a family-based society comprising equal numbers of young, British men and women'. Colonisation commissioners were expected to manage the survey and sale of land, using the proceeds to select and transport the labourers. Free labourers would work for the landowners, but by industry and thrift could buy their own land. The British class system was intended to be replicated. The scheme would relieve the overcrowding in industrialising Britain. Speculative property dealings involving the South Australian Company appointed by the commissioners would contribute to the eventual failure of the scheme, but social experimentation was evident in the subsequent early achievement of self-government in 1856, the secret ballot and the franchise for women in local government elections in 1861, and their right to vote and stand for parliament in 1894.

Adelaide owed a considerable debt to its Anglo-Malay founder Colonel William Light. He was recommended to be the first governor of South Australia. Instead he was appointed its first surveyor-general with power to select the site and design the capital. He chose, in his words 'an immense plain of level and advantageous ground' between the Mount Lofty Ranges and the eastern shore of St Vincent Gulf. Despite limited resources and developing objections from Governor Hindmarsh, Light pressed on with Australia's first planned city. His innovative design separated the main city grid with its five squares and adjacent North Adelaide from the surrounding suburbs by a belt of reserved parklands, still largely preserved. Sidney Webb described Adelaide at the end of the nineteenth century as 'wisely planned and full of amenity', resembling a small German provincial capital.¹ The spread of single-family dwellings with spacious backyards characterised the growth of Adelaide. The climate was Mediterranean – hot, dry summers; temperate springs and autumns; some rain in the winter, but not snow or ice. People were fortunate to be living in such a

1 See the articles on 'Adelaide', 'William Light', 'Wakefield system', and 'South Australia' in *The Oxford Companion to Australian History*.

climate, and Adelaide, while still relatively small and provincial in many ways, was also socially progressive in its attitudes to education and democracy. In 1935, this was the city that became home for the family, and it was to be my home city throughout my growing up years.

Glen Avenue, Unley Park

After a stay in lodgings looking for a house, we moved into one vacated by David Clarkson, at 20 Glen Avenue, Unley Park, about 5 km south of the city in Adelaide. A great benefit of the location of the house was that we could walk to Westbourne Park School on the corner of Marlborough Road and Goodwood Road. According to my mother, this school and Rose Park were 'the two recognised excellent schools'.

Glen Avenue was a dog-leg running between Victoria Avenue and the railway line. We lived just four houses from the line. Watching steam trains and Barwell Bulls, single-carriage local trains, became a regular childhood activity. The steam engines on the trains to Melbourne were large and powerful. One of our regular playing haunts was a plantation on the other side of the line. We had to cross the line to get to school and to church. As we grew older, Heywood Park was another place to play. Beneath it were large drainage pipes which we explored. The Hyde Park tram to the City ran through Heywood Park, starting from Whistler Avenue at Cross Road. The terminus was within a few minutes' walking distance from our house. At the top of the street was a large two-storey home owned by the Badmans. This was on Victoria Avenue, one of Adelaide's most attractive streets, lined by large plane trees and with many very substantial homes. The houses in our street were much more modest. Our house was a solid small bungalow, with an orange tiled roof. As we grew up, my brother and I shared a sleepout which only had access through my parents' bedroom. At the bottom of the backyard was a pine tree for climbing and building cubbies, and a couple of gum trees. The soil contained a lot of clay, which made digging an air-raid shelter during the war very difficult; it filled with water when we had rain.

Neighbours

The immediate neighbours formed a little community. On one side of the road next door to the railway line were Den Walters and his mother, the Sarres, the Collins, then us, the Harris family who were replaced by the Allnut sisters, the Burtons, and the Russells. On the other side were Amy Cox, the Roberts who were replaced by the Pilgrims, and the Hammonds. Claude and Grace Sarre had three children, Brian, Ian and Phillip, who attended Westbourne Park School. Claude was a jeweller with a shop at Gawler Place in the City. I have a memory of seeing the spectacular parade celebrating the State's Centenary in 1936, from a vantage point above his shop. His garage was often full of wares imported for sale in the shop. Our family always went to the Sarre shop for its jewellery needs. I purchased my fiancée's engagement ring there. By then, Brian Sarre had taken over the shop from his father. My first awareness of the horrific western front in the First World War came from books of photos of

guns, horses and trenches in the Sarre sitting room.² Len Darling, who played Test cricket for Australia, lived in the next street near the back of the Sarres.

A Sister, Methodist and Congregational Churches, Baptism

My sister Margaret was born in May 1937; my parents were delighted to have a daughter. I always got on well with Marg, but we were not particularly close as children perhaps because of the age gap. She and Jim were often at logger-heads. At first, the family attended the Clarence Park Methodist church and Sunday school on Goodwood Road. I remember once my father was very cross when he heard Jim and I had been under pressure by a visiting evangelist to take a pledge not to drink alcohol. Margaret and I were baptised at the same time in our home in Glen Avenue in July 1937 by Robert Stanley, the Methodist minister. My parents had 'not got around to it' before then for me. My mother, in particular, took her religion seriously but was not dogmatic about it. After the Methodist church, we attended the Vardon Memorial Congregational Church in Valmai Avenue, King's Park. Mr Bradbury and then Mr Les Cox were the ministers and my mother liked going there. Jim and I attended its Sunday school and benefited from its gymnastic classes run by an accomplished gymnast. While at Vardon Memorial Church in 1942, Mr Cox prepared me for a Congregational scripture exam and I was awarded an honours result. It focused on parables and I found myself greatly interested by the behavioural dilemmas they dealt with. It was perhaps the first indication that trying to think carefully and systematically about ethics was to become a major source of interest and concern in my adult life. In the same year, Mr Cox also helped Jim to prepare for the religious questions in a scholarship which was to shape both of our futures.

Westbourne Park Primary School 1936–43

I still have memories of my teachers at primary school – Miss Garret, Mrs Somerville, Miss Fisher, Mr Rice, Mr Miller, Mr Wiese, and Mr George. Miss Evelyn Capper was the head of the Infant School. She took a particular interest in both Jim and me, and maintained this interest in us for the rest of her long life until her death in a nursing home in Westbourne Park. Remarkably she gave us a set of Arthur Mee Encyclopedias, and a 22-volume set of the Windsor edition of the works of Shakespeare. My mother said to me in 1982, 'She was a tremendous influence on you both, I am sure'. Her warmth towards us is obvious in a note she wrote in December 1943:

2 Claude Sarre enlisted in 1915 in the Third Field Company Engineers. The Unit left for France in November 1916, and returned in March 1919. Claude Sarre was a Company Quartermaster Sergeant. (Information from the AIF Project on the web.)

Dear old John,

Will you please get yourself something you would like with the enclosed, and accept my congratulations on a very fine primary school record ...

Your Infant School mummy is very proud of you ...

Always your friend

G. Evelyn Capper

My mother used to visit Miss Capper when she moved into a nursing home in Westbourne Park, many years later.

Results Interrupted by an Illness

I was frankly surprised when I discovered this note in my mother's family archives, and also saw from the surviving sketchy records how well I had apparently done in my primary school work. I had always remembered Jim as the high performer. I received blue ribbons for being dux of the boys, or achieving the highest marks, in the first term of 1939 (Grade 3), and for all three terms in 1940 (Grade 4), and again in Grade 6, but my schooling received a major interruption in 1941 (Grade 5), when I was put to bed for many weeks because of bronchial pneumonia. This gave me the opportunity to read all of Mary Grant Bruce's 'Billabong' books. Their chief characters and the land on which they lived in Gippsland engaged me thoroughly. My imagination had always been stimulated by writing small essays at school on 'A day in the life of ...' My parents sent me to recuperate at Alf and Edith Smith's home in Glenelg. Alf was a manager for the National Bank. Their son, Geoff, had been a bomber pilot and had been declared missing in a raid over Cologne. It was a great privilege to sleep in Geoff's room. After we were attacked by magpies on the local golf course, Alf made me a bow and arrow in his workshop. They were kind, decent people. While I was away, my class studied South America, and for a long time I knew very little about that part of the world. I seemed to make a good recovery after this illness, but for a time my kicking in the schoolyard suffered from a curious hesitancy. Kicking a football end-to-end on the asphalt playground was our favourite lunchtime pastime. My kicking was never as good as the rest of my game. Was this episode the explanation?

Sporting Interests

My father maintained a keen interest in cricket as well as football. An early memory is listening on the radio to Alan McGilvray's commentary on an Ashes tour in England. You could hear the ball hitting the bat. (Many years later, we learned that this was merely simulated.) I almost saw Bradman batting on the Adelaide Oval before the War. Dad was listening to a broadcast, and said 'We must go and see this'. We were just climbing the steps into the Southern Grandstand at the Adelaide Oval when he was dismissed.

For many of our primary school years, my father, Jim and I regularly went to

the Unley Oval to watch Sturt play in the South Australian Football League.³ Our spot was always near the southern goals on the opposite side from the grandstand. A highlight was the year when Sturt won its fifth premiership in 1940, under its captain-coach 'Bo' Morton. Soon after, the Club and the competition were badly weakened by the War. Many members of the 1940 team still remain vivid in my memory even though I was only a nine-year-old at the time. One of the most remarkable members was Gil Langley, who lived in Colonel Light Gardens and was well known to Hurtle Arnold, who became our greengrocer when we moved to Sussex Terrace. In 1940, Langley was a young fast rover with a magnificent drop kick for goal on the run. In the South Australian interstate team in the immediate post-war period, there were always three, not two rovers – Langley, Bobby Quinn and Jack Oatey, such was the regard held for each of them. (I still remember after a game on the Unley Oval when Dad saw the young Oatey play for the first time, Dad running onto the ground and complimenting him on his game. It was very unusual behaviour but Dad had just seen rare talent.⁴) After football, Gill Langley, now much wider in build, became Australia's test wicket-keeper. He had superb anticipation and remarkably secure hands. Later in life, he went into the South Australian Parliament.

In 1942, Westbourne Park Primary School won the premiership and shield for football. Jim and I apparently caused a bit of a stir when we turned up in the Commonwealth Bank banking chamber with our boots around our necks, still in our brown and blue football jumpers to tell our father we had just won the premiership!

My Mother's Singing Career

When my mother arrived in 1935 from Mount Gambier, she was invited by Nan Burnard to join the Adelaide Bach Society run by Professor Harold Davies.⁵ My mother had been her singing teacher in Mount Gambier.⁶ The Society was soon handed over to John Horner, who formed the Lydian Singers, with four of each voice type. My mother was one of the four contraltos chosen. Two of the other contraltos, Gwen Collett and Elsie Woolley, were well-known names. One of the sopranos, Edna Dunn, became one of my mother's best friends. The group gave recitals, including a Palestrina mass at St Peter's Cathedral. My mother recollected, 'We did a lot of lovely work until the War came.' John Horner and others in the group went off to the War. Marjorie Horner continued with the group for a while, but it was eventually disbanded. My mother's singing then became focused on her appointment as contralto

3 The Club, founded in 1901, was nicknamed the 'Double Blues'. Its Oval was located adjacent to Oxford and Cambridge Terraces, so the two shades of blue of the two universities were chosen for its club colours. Official website of the Sturt Football Club – History.

4 Oatey was a very successful coach for Sturt 1962–1982.

5 Elder professor of music and director of the Elder Conservatorium, University of Adelaide, 1919–1947.

6 See p. 15.

soloist at the Stow Memorial Congregational Church in the City,⁷ until she decided to go to St Columba's with the family.

Piano Lessons

Early in our primary schooling, Jim and I were introduced to piano playing. I recall playing Handel's 'Largo' in a concert while still in the Infants School at Westbourne Park School! Jim eventually did not continue, although I do recall his playing of a Bach 2-part Invention, but I persisted. My teacher was Joan Kneebone, who lived not far from us when we shifted to Sussex Terrace. She was a gifted violinist, and helped generally with my music education, but she could not demonstrate herself what I should be doing. Later, I was to regret that she did not give me a good technical grounding and did not insist on making me count the rhythm as I played. When my sister Margaret learned to play the piano, she had the benefit of an excellent piano teacher, Mrs Hyde, who was Miriam Hyde's mother.⁸ Mrs Hyde lived in Lower Mitcham. She and my mother became good friends.

A Home of Our Own at Sussex Terrace, Westbourne Park

After eight years of our renting their house in Glen Avenue, 1935–42, the owners wanted to use it for their son, so my parents bought a house at 55, Sussex Terrace, Westbourne Park. (Later its suburb was changed to Hawthorn.) This was a clear improvement of housing for the family, and was to be my parents' home for the rest of their lives, and my home until I left at the end of 1953.

Our new home had a brush front fence and a front rockery with a holly tree in its middle; a square-shaped diosma bush welcomed visitors just before they stepped onto the red-painted L-shaped verandah. There were gravel front and side paths, and a gravel driveway down the side to a garage in the backyard. Down the driveway side of the property large rose bushes were planted; on the other side were shrubs, roses, hydrangeas and wisteria. Stretching over the garage was a large mulberry tree from next-door. At the back was a rainwater tank, a shade house, a trellis of muscatel and sultana grapes above an asphalt area which stretched down the back bisecting vegetable beds. There were three navel orange trees, and lemon, quince, apple and apricot trees. At the back fence were chicken coops, and over the back fence was a row of olive trees. The house was a solid structure of dark bricks with a corrugated iron roof and plain eaves.

7 John Horner was organist and choirmaster at Stow Church for 12 years. Born in Scotland in 1899, he served in the Royal Air Force in the First World War, qualified in music at the Royal Academy of Music, was a fellow of the Royal College of Organists in 1923, came to the Elder Conservatorium of Music in 1928, where he taught music theory, was part-time organist and choir master at two churches before Stow, served in the Royal Australian Air Force 1941–45, returned to music teaching at the Conservatorium in 1947, and was an acclaimed music critic for the *Advertiser* 1950–72. V. A. Edgeloe, 'Horner, John Adam (1899–1973)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 14, Melbourne University Press, 1996, pp. 496–497. Stow Church was founded in 1867, to commemorate Thomas Stow who had formed the first Congregational Church in South Australia in 1838. Brian L. Jones, 'Stow, Thomas Quinton (1801–1862)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 2, Melbourne University Press, 1967, pp. 491–492.

8 Miriam Hyde, born 1913, was an eminent Australian composer-pianist.

The front featured stone-facing and three and a half stone pillars, with a pergola running between the end of the verandah and the end of the house. Jim and I shared the room behind this trellis. The house design was very simple. The wide front hall of the house was embellished by a lattice of wooden panelling. It led to a T-shaped passageway which gave access to two bedrooms at the front and a bathroom the width of the passage, and a kitchen and a sitting room on each side of the house. At the back were a toilet, laundry (with a copper, tubs and wringer), and a sleepout occupied by my sister Margaret.

Our new street, Sussex Terrace, was mid-way between Goodwood Road and Unley Road, which were a mile apart. It was the bus route to the Hyde Park tram terminus. Later, in about 1955, when the trams were discontinued, the buses went directly into the City. In 1943, I could still walk comfortably to the Westbourne Park School. Someone else in the district was Jeffrey Smart. He was pointed out to me as an art student. Both my brother and I recollect that he painted a mural for his old Primary School, Westbourne Park, but Smart himself had no such memory when I mentioned it to him recently.⁹ Marcus Oliphant's father was another person I recall walking in the district.¹⁰ Within close walking distance of our new home was the Hawthorn Oval,¹¹ where I spent many hours playing – kicking and marking a football. I saw Test cricketers, Clarrie Grimmett and Ron Hamence playing cricket there. Grimmett had been one of Australia's best leg-spin bowlers.¹² Later I played cricket there for a university team, and remember being told by the opposition that I was a good fieldsman because I had stopped in the covers an incredibly hard-hit cover drive by Phil Ridings, the South Australian Sheffield Shield captain,¹³ and had held a diving one-handed catch at short leg. I always enjoyed fielding.

An Achieving Brother

When Jim was in his final year of primary school in 1942, his Grade 7 teacher, Alfie George, and the headmaster, Mr Hutley, persuaded my parents that he should sit for the open entrance examinations to both Prince Alfred College and St Peter's College. He won both and had to choose between them! He clearly was an outstanding student. I remember well Mr Hutley announcing the previous year that Jim had won the Anzac Day Memorial Essay. Mr Hutley was particularly keen on English and was delighted by the award.

My mother told the story of how Jim began reading the paper in Mount Gambier when he was only four years of age. 'We wouldn't believe it until we had tested him out'. No wonder Miss Capper took a special interest in him when he did go to school. Omnivorous fast reading habits and a special love for literature were to persist throughout his future life. Again it was in Mount Gambier that his interest in a career in medicine can be traced. My mother

9 At a dinner in his honour at the New South Wales Art Gallery.

10 Marcus Oliphant, a nuclear physicist, became Governor of South Australia, 1971–76.

11 Now call Price Memorial Oval.

12 Born in New Zealand in 1891, he played in 37 Tests for Australia 1924–36, taking a record 216 wickets at 24 runs. John A. Daly, 'Grimmett, Clarence Victor (Clarrie) (1891–1980), *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 9, Melbourne University Press, 1983, p. 125.

13 In fact it was the heels of my boots that did the stopping, not my hands.

had to call in Dr Bob Munroe, a locum acting for Dr Hawkins the local doctor, and he and Jim 'got on wonderfully well'. Jim was outside one day and there was a little robin redbreast that had been hurt and he brought this in to show Bob Munroe. After he was gone, he said to me. "You know, Mum, I'd like to be a doctor". From that time on, that was what he wanted to be. Later, my father said 'You will have to help yourself, Jim. It's a pretty expensive course'. One of the family jokes was that at that point I piped up, 'Never mind, Dad, I won't cost you anything. I'll go into the Bank like you'. As it turned out, this became the last thing I ever wanted to do, according to my mother, and Jim did help himself through continuing to win scholarships.

St Peter's College

Jim chose St Peter's College and was there for his secondary schooling, 1943–47. The open scholarship which he won was for three years, compared with two years at Prince Alfred College, and my father was 'inclined for the Anglican', but there was no parental pressure on him in favour of either choice. St Peter's College was an Anglican boys-only day and boarding school. It was established in 1847, and was Australia's fourth oldest independent school. One of my friends, John Tregenza, a professional historian, has written an excellent detailed history of the founding years of the School.¹⁴

The colony was just over ten years old when the school started in a small room behind Trinity Church in North Terrace. Within four years a building resembling an Oxford College had been built in a paddock not far from the centre of Adelaide. Although run by the Church of England, it was open to students of all denominations. Until Prince Alfred College opened in 1869, it was 'the only counterpart of an English public school'. The School's greatest financial benefaction came from an unexpected source. Benjamin Mendes Da Costa was in Adelaide for only seven and a half years from 1840, yet by the time he returned to England shortly after the School started, he had made his fortune initially from trading goods he brought from England and then investing in real estate including many blocks in the heart of the city, taking advantage of the low price for land during the 1842–44 depression. Remarkably, in 1864 da Costa bequeathed all of his real estate in South Australia to the School, although it was some time before the estate finally came to the School. He had no children of his own and was keen to benefit the South Australian community in recognition of his good fortune there. He had admired James Farrell, Dean of Adelaide, who had made his will in 1859 giving most of his estate to St Peter's. Da Costa's father was Jewish, but his mother was Anglican and he had been brought up as an Anglican. Tregenza writes: 'In those early days of the 1840's Da Costa and Farrell had been fellow pioneers, working to establish a church, a new society and a vigorous economy in what had only a short time before been a wilderness.'

14 John Tregenza (1996), *Collegiate School of St. Peter, Adelaide: The Founding Years 1847–1878*, Collegiate School of St Peter, St Peters, South Australia. The following paragraph draws on that account. Katharine Thornton (2010), *The Messages of its Walls and Fields*, Wakefield Press, Adelaide, is a recent general history of the school.

The School's superb location and ample grounds, its long-term financial security guaranteed especially by the Da Costa bequest, and its continuing sense of serving the whole community made it an attractive educational option for parents with school-going children – provided they could meet the fees or their children could win scholarships. On its current website the School celebrates the achievements of 'three Nobel Laureates, 41 Rhodes Scholars, eight State Premiers, an Astronaut and a current AFL Premiership Captain' and 'the thousands of former students who have made active and ethical contributions in their careers and in their roles as husbands and fathers'. The School 'espouses Christian values, values diversity and individuality and, with its open enrolment policy, welcomes students from a broad cross-section of society'.

My Final Primary Year

My final year report card shows that I studied seven subjects – dictation, writing, composition, grammar, mathematics, geography, and history. In a class of almost 50 students, my marks placed me top in two of the three terms, and top of history in third term scoring 120 out of 120! The only comment on the report by Alfie George, the 7th Grade teacher, was 'pleasing effort' at the bottom of the first term results. Alfie was, in fact, not a very inspiring teacher. Underlining the important bits in our history book was the approach in the subject in which I apparently excelled. Later in life, I always insisted that students should not be put off a subject by associating it with poor teaching. Thank goodness my own curiosity and fascination for historical enquiry was not prematurely killed by Alfie. It was ironic to hear from my mother many years later that he had my photo on his desk until he retired! Why will emerge later in this story.¹⁵

Alfie George certainly seemed to be concerned for the general welfare of his students. His dire warnings about 'beer, racehorses and cigarettes' were memorable, but it did not escape me that my father seemed to enjoy all three. Starting at least as early as 1925 in Melbourne, Dad regularly bet on racehorses, keeping a record of his betting and wins in a little black book. This became a lifelong interest and hobby. Fortunately for his family, his bets were always small. We always heard about his wins, but never about his losses. Although it was illegal, like many other Australians he regularly placed bets with an SP bookmaker on the phone from home. Many of his drinking friends at the Majestic Hotel, near the Commonwealth Bank in Adelaide, shared his interest in 'the nags'. Six o'clock closing always put a time-limit on these after-work drinking sessions, and Dad always fronted up to a hot evening meal with the family at home, even though he also ate a hot lunch at the Bank. Surprisingly, he was not obese. His years of cigarette-smoking did eventually lead to his death.

I remember in my final primary school year, Alf Hollis and I dominated most of the schoolyard football kicks because we were good marks; by tacit agreement we never competed against each other at the same end. Australian Rules is not a kind game for children who cannot mark or cope with the oval

¹⁵ See p. 151.

ball. After school, with friends we freely explored and played in the area, sometimes getting up to 'no good'. Activities included trying to lob pebbles down the chimneys of passing trains at the end of our street; exploring the pipes and drains under Heywood Park (I remember vividly temporarily getting stuck in one of the drains, and wondering if it was going to rain!); experimenting with 'cigarettes' of lavatory paper and pine needles in the plantation along the train line near our home, and so on. Jeff Ladd was a particular friend in primary school. My class had six 'John's in it, and at my current bowling club many people look up when 'John' is called. Names certainly come in and out of fashion.

A New Church – St Columba's

After the move to Sussex Terrace in 1943, briefly the family considered attending the Hawthorn Methodist Church in Sussex Terrace, but Jim recalls going to the Sunday school there and causing difficulties because of questions he was asking. The family then decided to go to St Columba's on Cross Road, where Jim and I became friendly with three groups of brothers – the Seedsmans, the Calders, and the Opies.

Shortly after beginning at St Peter's, Jim and Ian McCarthy were advanced a year into the top class of the next year, which meant Jim was now two years ahead of me at school. Ken Seedsman was in his new class and became a good friend. They discovered that their fathers had played for South Melbourne in the same period. Ken excelled academically and was a good footballer, a half-back like his father. The Seedsman and Lawrence families became good friends. Reg worked in a senior position in Elder Smith's, a stock and station agency, and had a substantial home in Unley Park. Next-door to the Seedsmans' was Rossie Hallett, another St Columba's friend. Canon Swan (Swanny) was the much loved priest at St Columba's. Although my mother's appointment as the contralto soloist at Stow Church had reinforced her respect for the Congregationalist Church, she decided it was better for her three children if she went to church with them at St Columba's.

Secondary Schooling

At the end of Grade 7, I received my Qualifying Certificate saying I was now qualified to enter upon a course of higher instruction. In January 1944, my parents were informed by the director of education that I had been awarded a qualifying exhibition, tenable for three years, at a government school or other approved super-primary school. It was worth ten pounds a year, and, if held at a government school, free tuition. You needed to have scored at least 450 marks in your QC to qualify.

My parents were keen that my brother and I should go to the same school, but in October 1943, were informed by Rev. Guy Pentreath, the headmaster of St Peter's College, that there was no place for me and a waiting list for 1944. However, the letter also said 'his place will definitely be reserved' for 1945.¹⁶ I sat for the open entrance scholarship to St Peter's, but was unsuccessful.

¹⁶ Guy Pentreath to R.G. Lawrence, 15th October, 1943,

Unley High School 1944

My first year of secondary schooling was at Unley High School, where many of my primary school class also attended. The school was on Unley Road, an easy bike-ride or a 15 – minute walk from our home in Sussex Terrace. It had a reasonable scholastic reputation, and its Latin results were outstanding due to Mr ('Pin-head') Giles, who also took us for cricket. He lived nearby and sometimes would entertain me with stories about cricketers and Test matches. Our sporting facilities were very restricted, however. The School did have use of Kingswood Oval which was just next door on Unley Road. It lacked a school assembly hall, and had to use the Vogue Theatre for its speech day and other school functions.

I was a member of Class 1A, whose class teacher was Mr E. R. Smith. I recall that we learned Latin from Mr Giles, who drummed into us the basics of the language (I scored 99% in my third term, but still only came second in the class!). I do not recall specifically what Mr Smith taught us. He had a science degree so I would guess that it would have been at least arithmetic, mathematics 1 and 11, and science. English and French were our other two subjects. I do recall Mr Smith preparing us to sing for a school occasion Schubert's 'To Music' and John Masefield's poem 'I must go down to the seas again'. He was a top-line hockey player and I wondered at his stick skills when he sometimes trained on the Kingswood Oval. At the end of the year, after I said to him that I had enjoyed being at the school, he asked me why then was I leaving, and reminded me of the Mortein fly-spray advertisement – 'If you're on a good thing, stick to it'.

School Reports

His reports for the first two terms called me 'Robert', but by the third term it was 'John!' In the first report, I was described as 'a cheerful, willing student, who has done a good term's work'. In a class of 42, each term I was placed near the top and described in the third report as having done very well. Mr Smith added, 'His work as class sports captain has been appreciated both by staff and classmates'. My conduct throughout the year was rated 'excellent'.

There is no mention in the School report of my woodwork classes. In these I learned the basics of carpentry, culminating in the making of a piano stool in Tasmanian oak for my parents for Christmas. I took this on my bike to a French polisher and then to our home, with the stool precariously strapped on my back and shoulders. While still at Glen Avenue, I went for bike rides, roaming the surrounding districts. After moving to Sussex Terrace, the rides included Brown Hill Creek above Mitcham in the Adelaide foothills on the way up to Belair. We had a game of sliding down the slopes above the Creek on bent sheets of galvanised iron. Fixing punctures and brake pads became an essential skill. Occasionally we went to the heavily-chlorinated Unley swimming school, where I learnt to float on my back, dogpaddle and vaguely swim overarm, but I never became an accomplished swimmer. The family sometimes had beach holidays – at Henley Beach, Port Noarlunga and Christies Beach – so we became very comfortable in the water, and generally the sea in St Vincent' Gulf was not rough.

A Time of War

At primary school, with the bombing of Darwin and a perceived threat of Japanese invasion, we were shown silhouettes of Japanese planes and there was some attempt at achieving 'blackouts' in the evenings. When Ben Hunt and Roger Pegler from the Ninth Division came to stay for a break between fighting in the Middle East and in New Guinea, and I stayed with the Smiths who had just lost their son in an air-raid over Germany, the War became more personal. We were acutely aware 'There is a war on', but it was still very remote from our sheltered lives. With the invasion of Sicily and Italy, and then of France from Normandy, the papers constantly showed coloured maps of the advance of the Allies. And the same happened with the war in the Pacific. The mushroom clouds of the atomic bombs which brought the War to an abrupt conclusion in 1945 made a lasting impression. We heard that a South Australian, Marcus Oliphant, had been involved in The Manhattan Project that had developed them. My father was too old to enlist in the fighting forces, but tried to do his bit for the war effort, by working incredibly hard in an understaffed Bank (his hair turned from grey to white rapidly during the War). At night, he sat knitting socks and scarves for the troops. My mother often said how fortunate it was for the family that by the chance of when we were born, my father, Jim and I missed having to go to war.

I grew physically in my thirteenth and fourteenth years, developing particularly strong legs, which have served me well ever since. My brother and I were different shapes. He had broad shoulders and a tapering torso. I was broader in the hips and was taller. At the Unley High School sports day, held on the Unley Oval in May 1944, I won both the junior 120 yards hurdles, and the junior high jump, and this earned me the junior cup. This was my first experience of athletic events. I remember borrowing running shoes with spikes from my brother Jim, who was developing into a good athlete at St Peter's. I jagged my left calf with these spikes landing in the primitive sand-pit in the high jump, leaving me with a lasting scar to remember the occasion. I was doing a simple scissors jump.

The UHS under thirteen football team in 1944, had a good year, winning all of its matches except against Rostrevor. The School Magazine recorded that 'Hole and Lawrence (captain and vice-captain) played very well at centre half-forward and in ruck respectively'.¹⁷ My father came to watch one of our matches on the Kingswood Oval. Afterwards, he was too emotional to speak. He was seeing me play for the first time, and must have seen that I had some ability. This 'emotional flooding' happened when something deeply moved him. My mother said it was the Irish in him. I had some appreciation of the significance of his reaction. Later, Dad watched us play a lot of football, and we often talked about football and other sport with him, but remarkably he did not ever try to tell us how to play either football or cricket. He was a supportive parent and enjoyed our sporting and other successes, but he never urged us to compete.

¹⁷ *Unley High School Magazine*, August 1944, Vol. XXIII, No. 2, p. 2.

Piano Playing

In October 1944, I gained a credit in my Pianoforte Grade III examination.¹⁸ It required technical work (scales, arpeggios, etc), pieces chosen from four lists, an ear test, sight-reading, general knowledge and extra list. My parents' piano was an old upright Thurmer, a far cry from the grand piano my mother had enjoyed as a child in Warragul. I never heard her complain about it, however, and she was pleased that I came to enjoy playing it for relaxation and pleasure. She was even more pleased when later, I could sometimes accompany her when she sang at a social occasion. As I grew up, I would spend hours browsing at the piano, enjoying the scores of Handel Oratorios and the Saint Matthew and Saint John Passions of Bach, some of the Beethoven Sonatas (especially the slow movements), and a remarkable transcript for the piano of Beethoven Symphonies, given to us by Auntie Nina. It would have been better for my music education if I had knuckled down and learned to play some of them properly. One piece I did learn to play accurately and with some confidence was Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata'. The inducement was to play it as a surprise for my father when he returned from relieving someone in the Bank in Port Lincoln. Dad was very moved when he heard me play it. He always listened to a radio program, 'Reflections in a Wine Glass', which used this as its signature music.

Sexual Enlightenment

Spinster Auntie Nina also gave us books by Rabelais and the Decameron, presumably to broaden our literary education, but some of the stimulus I received from them was not literary! I was a pubescent adolescent, with a developing interest in girls. Our parents never talked openly to us about sex. It was left to my mother to give me a small booklet about the 'facts of life'. I found it very difficult to conceive that our next-door neighbours, the Berrymans, engaged in any sort of sexual activity, yet they had two children! We were, of course, exposed to endless so-called dirty jokes in the meetings with friends after church, but my understanding of that important aspect of human existence remained limited until I could browse later in university libraries. I first learned about masturbation from a story given to me by Brian Bergin, a notable school poet in my class at Saints.

Social Observations

I did not make lasting friendships at Unley High School, perhaps because I was aware that I was destined to leave the school at the end of the year. Keith Vawser was the dux of the class. A few years later, I met up with Ian Macklin and Ian McLean, who were also both good students in my class at UHS, but we were never particular friends either at UHS or later. After watching a football game on the Hawthorn Oval, I made the silly observation to my mother that some of the Saints boys looked a bit 'soft' – rather pink and pudgy. She

¹⁸ It was run by the Australian Music Examinations Board. I needed another 6 marks to gain 'honours'.

quickly said, 'You know, John, they all have to have cold showers at Saints'. I felt suitably reprimanded. Some sort of social prejudice must have been running in me at the time.

There was no question that Jim was in his element at St Peter's, on the sporting fields and in the classroom. In 1944, he won the Caterer Memorial Scholarship, and at the Intermediate Public Examination gained an Intermediate Exhibition, and the Intermediate Tennyson Medal for topping the State in English, his favourite subject. In both 1944 and 1945, with his School's approval, he competed in 'Junior Forum', a quiz kid radio program for South Australia. Some of his main competitors were Gretel Ellis (she later married Don Dunstan), Mary Robinson (she later married John Cawte), Barbara Wells, John Roder, Dick Rischbeth, and Elizabeth Robin (Bishop Robin's daughter). His prize for winning the competition in 1945 was seven-year war savings certificates. In 1952, he purchased a motor bike with the proceeds, giving him easy access to the scattered teaching hospitals he then had to attend as part of his medical education.

Luck

At the end of 1944, my parents were very relieved when the acting headmaster at Saints, Colonel John Hill, agreed to honour the undertaking given by Guy Pentreath that I would have a place in 1945. In fact, the School had no vacancies and I was the only new boy in my class in second year.

Country Holidays

As already mentioned, our parents arranged for Jim and me to have a country holiday with the Picks on their property near Mount Gambier. While in primary school, we stayed at Broomfield, the well-established homestead of James Pick, and then I had another stay up the road at Jim and Kit Pick's in the Christmas holiday just before I went to St Peter's after the year at Unley High School. Vivid memories of Broomfield include sheep-dipping, living off slaughtered sheep, a bull, ferrets used to get rabbits out of their burrows, slaking thirst with cold tea, getting to know the Hutchessons who did a lot of the work around the property, eating meals in a large, curtained dining room, horses and the smell of hay and the stables. Jim Pick was about my father's age. His house at Caroline was much smaller than Broomfield. The local schoolteacher boarded with them. Ann Pick was about my age, the next Jim Pick, was younger and there were a couple of other children as well. Bluey, the horse I was given to ride, at first took great delight in dumping me on the ground before grazing quietly waiting for me to mount again. Ann was very accomplished on her horse Brownie. While I was with them, Ann contracted chicken pox.

One very hot day, I was with Uncle Jim Pick. He was a member of the local voluntary fire brigade and they were doing some burning off at the side of the road. Throughout the day, in the distance towards the Victorian border a bush fire was burning in uncleared land. By the end of the day, the fire was much worse and was seen to need attention, so we went at considerable pace trying to head it off at a large clearing known to the fire-fighters. There was

no time for Uncle Jim to take me home. I remember the hazardous driving getting to the clearing. By then it was dark except for the fire. Despite the huge wall of flame at the clearing, I found myself shivering, and was told to go to the cabin of the truck. When eventually we arrived home in the early hours of the morning, I discovered I was covered in chicken pox. It was a bad attack, but I had time to recover before I was due to start at my new school. The chicken pox scars stayed with me for a very long time. One good portent was a chance meeting with Barry Black on the Mitcham station at the end of my train journey from the South-East. Barry was a member of the class I was about to join and could not have been more friendly.

St Peter's College 1945–49

My mother recollected, 'Mr Pentreath did his best to persuade me to let you stay at Unley High, but I was not going to be put off. . . . I wouldn't have chosen any other school (for you). As far as I was concerned they were just wonderful'. In the event, St Peter's worked out very well not only for Jim, but for me as well, and my mother described the time we were there as 'some of the happiest years we ever spent, despite all they say about the elite of Adelaide'.

A Sole New Boy

On Mr Pentreath's return to England, Colonel John Hill was acting headmaster in 1944, but died early in 1945, leaving Mr R.E. Cameron to run the School as acting headmaster for the rest of that year. Without the letter from Mr Pentreath, saying a place had been definitely reserved for me for 1945,¹⁹ I would not have been able to join Jim at St Peter's. Mr Cameron reported at the end of the year, 'The School has again been filled to capacity, and we have been forced reluctantly to exclude a large number for lack of room'.²⁰ Although I was the only new boy in my form, SI2, the top form in the second year of the senior school, settling in did not prove too difficult. I already knew a certain amount about the school from Jim, I did well at games, and I was placed high in the class in my schoolwork. In addition I was befriended by Leigh Wilson, who was in the same form and also in Da Costa House.

I can remember one particularly unpleasant boy, asking me, 'Why is Wilson hanging around like a bad smell?' This boy turned out to be the key 'trouble-maker' in the class for the rest of my time at School and a major reason why my class had the reputation for being a 'difficult' class. He was in the same House and was responsible for terrible bullying of one of the younger members of the House. Typically, he dubbed my brother 'ligaments Lawrence' when injury interfered with his athletic career. I kept clear of him, and he never targeted me. I realised at the time how destructive he was, but did not have the courage or capacity to do anything about it. His targeting of some of the masters who had a problem with maintaining order in their class-room was ruthless. His treatment of the inexperienced Charles Price was cruel; it was

¹⁹ See p. 30.

²⁰ *Saint Peter's College Magazine*, No. 173, December 1945, p. 6.

little wonder that Charles Price did not stay in school-teaching. He finished up as professorial fellow in demography at the Australian National University (ANU) – well clear of delinquent adolescent misbehaviour.

Learning the Organ

Each school day commenced with a service in the school chapel. For my first year, 1945, the organist was still Georgie Gardiner. He had retired from the School's teaching staff in 1935 because of ill health, after teaching mathematics since 1909. He had first attended the School as a boy in 1893. School organist since 1907, he had completed his Mus.Bac. degree at Adelaide University in 1909. He had also been choir master and tennis coach²¹ at the School. This was the person who introduced me to playing the organ, which became a life-long interest, although with a long gap in my early middle age. I had told my mother how much I liked the organ, so when I went to St Peter's she wanted me to have the opportunity to learn organ playing. I did not tell her that my original interest had been aroused not by church organs but by the mighty Wurlitzer Organ which rose up out of the floor at the Regent Picture Theatre at interval time! I soon fell in love with the chapel organ at St Peter's, a Ronald Sharpe tracker-action instrument. Georgie Gardiner reported at the end of my first term, 'Shows exceptional promise. Is very keen and has great ability', and at the end of the year, 'Very good: has unusual ability'. I recall that I used to practice in my lunch-hour, and this continued for most of the period I attended the School. Not eating lunch with the other boys over such a long period must have had some effect on my relationship with some of them, but I was not aware of any. Later when I became a school prefect, I had to have lunch in Da Costa Hall with the other prefects and the headmaster, and my practice-time became more restricted. As I became more proficient at the organ, I regularly played for the chapel service on each Monday morning. I can recall the headmaster once complimenting me on how enthusiastically I had played the hymn 'Fight the good fight with all thy might', just before an intercollegiate football contest.

Results and Reports, 1945 – A Good Beginning

In 1945, the subjects I studied were scripture, taught by the school chaplain, Pat Maclaren; English and Latin (Martin 'Nero' Ketley); history (Charles Price), French (Richard 'Dickie' Holtham), arithmetic and mathematics 1 (L.A.G.Symons, 'Lags') mathematics 2 (E.R. 'Snitch' Stephens), chemistry and physics (H.R. 'Tusker' Piggott), and geography (R. Simpkins). At the end of the year, the form master, Mr Symons, wrote: 'He has done very well indeed. He is energetic and has good ability'; the House master, Mr Ellis, observed: 'A capable, well-behaved boy'; and the acting headmaster, Mr Cameron, described me as 'A very promising boy'. My results had placed me second in the class for the first two terms, and third after the final term. Clearly my earlier schooling had not short-changed me.

21 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 190, December 1953, p. 6.

Result and Reports, 1946

In my Intermediate year, 1946, I was placed sixth in Intermediate A, a class of 32 boys, in my third term. My teachers were Pat Maclaren (scripture), Mr Cameron (English), Mr Ketley (Latin), Mr Holtham (French), Mr Ben Ellis (arithmetic, mathematics 1 and 2), Mr Piggott (chemistry), and Mr Gilham (physics). Mr Cameron, the form master of Intermediate A, wrote in December: 'A good able boy. His work has been consistently sound throughout the year', and House master Mr Ellis's words were: 'An able boy; he should become one of the leading spirits of the school'. At the end of each of the first two terms, the new headmaster, Colin Gordon, used the words 'Very good all round', finishing the year with 'A very good boy indeed'. I was awarded the Caterer Memorial Scholarship in 1946. It was awarded for good all-round performance at the intermediate level. Jim had won it in 1944. I passed the Intermediate Certificate easily enough but did not get any credits.

John Winstanley had replaced Spruhan Kennedy as the School's music master in 1946. He was now the School organist and had become my organ teacher. His own organ teacher had been the renowned Dr A.E. Floyd at St Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne. His comments in 1946 were: 'He shows outstanding ability and musicianship – all he needs is practice. He should practice the piano also'. (Lent term) 'His work is entirely satisfactory – he displays good musical sense and outstanding capabilities as an organist. Capable secretary of Gramophone Society'. (Trinity term).

Results and Reports, 1947 – A Centenary Year

In 1947, the centenary year of the School's foundation, I was in VIB2, a class of 30 boys. I was studying scripture, again with Pat Maclaren, and for my Leaving Certificate, English (with Mr F. H. 'Tich' Schubert), history and economics (A. M. 'Jock' Bills), Latin (Mr Ketley), French (Mr Holtham), and mathematics 1 (Mr Stephens). Thirteen boys were only doing mathematics 1, and I remember Mr Stevens going around our first class asking each boy, why he was not also doing mathematics 2. When he got to me, he said, 'You're not going to be a clergyman, are you?' I reassured him that I did not have that in mind. Although my overall results were not as good as they had been in the previous two years, the form master Mr J. E. Smith remarked: 'He has made good progress throughout the year. Has proved himself a capable and diligent student. He should go far in his studies. His attitude has been most satisfactory in every way'.

At the year's end, The House master, now Mr G. K. Kirke, was clearly satisfied with my involvement with the House – 'Thoroughly keen and reliable in all House matters. He is doing a really good unobtrusive job as House Senior' (first term), 'An asset to his House in every way' (second term), and 'A first – class member of his House. I congratulate him on his House Prefectship' (third term). The Headmaster encouraged me to follow up the criticisms of my work in first term with the relevant masters, and in second term he merely remarked 'Developing well'. According to my brother, the head's third term comment was especially welcomed by my parents – 'He must get into his head that he is as good as his brother – which is very good indeed'.

Brother's School Career

1947 was Jim's second year in Leaving Honours and his last year at the School. He was a school prefect and engaged in various School activities including playing 'Algy' in Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He capped the year by coming seventh in the State, in the general honours list of the Leaving Honours Examination at the end of the year, and received an honours bursary to study medicine at Adelaide University. Fifteen of the thirty two candidates on the honours list were from St Peter's, indicating the academic strength of his particular class. The School was particularly delighted to achieve such a result in its centenary year. Jim's friend Ken Seedsman came fifth equal on the honours list, and Ian McCarthy topped the list.

Like some of the other more able boys, Jim was actively involved in voluntary societies available to the more senior boys. The president of these societies was usually a member of the teaching staff, the secretary a student. The general pattern was for boys to present papers for discussion. Sometimes former members of the School were also invited to give papers. Meetings were often held in the president's home and supper was served. Participation in such societies was seen as educationally highly desirable by Mr Gordon, and he paid tribute to the development of the scheme under his predecessor headmasters, The Rev Bickersteth (1920–33) and Rev Guy Pentreath (1934–43). Jim was secretary of the Junior Literary Society in 1945, and secretary of the Senior Literary Society and of the VIA Music Club in 1947.

Jim edited the School magazine in 1947, which included the challenge of writing three editorials appropriate for the centenary year. In the first, he argued that the School's worthy tradition 'based on the ideals of Christianity and the British sense of values' had to be kept alive, strengthened and built upon. It was a tradition of 'high moral strength allied with intellectual and physical achievements'. In the second editorial, he suggested the crossed keys of St Peter on the School badge signified that the School had been 'the key which opened to thousands the doors of life'. 'The greatness of a school may be judged by an examination of the path it opens to its sons, by the view of life it places before them'. The final editorial was on 'the inadequacy of mere knowledge'. 'Men and women must be taught to live successfully with others'. 'We can only reap the rich harvest of Science when we realize how to live', internationally and in our personal relationships.²²

Cadets was another School activity in which he took a particular interest. Always as a boy, unlike me, he was fascinated by toy soldiers and enjoyed playing with them. He was an enthusiastic member of the school cadets. He became a cadet lieutenant in his final year and won the Neville Swift Medal for the most improved cadet in that year.

In addition to these various activities, he enjoyed his sport, especially his football and athletics. He was in the football first XVIII in 1946–47, and in the School Athletics team in the same years (vice-captain in 1947). In 1945, he was the School's Under 16 Athletics Champion winning four events – the

²² *St Peter's College Magazine*, Nos. 147, 148, 149, May, August, December 1947.

100 yards, the 220 yards, the 100 yards hurdles, and the long jump, but injury interfered with his training in the following two years so he could not perform at his best at the senior level. He was described as 'a good all-round athlete' in the athletics critique in the September 1947 magazine.

I had never consciously tried to emulate Jim, or felt I was in competition with him, although inevitably his work habits must have rubbed off on me, because we were sharing the same room at home. My main source of irritation with him was that I always needed more sleep than he did, so I was often trying to sleep when he was doing other things. We were close enough in age to enjoy playing games together in the backyard at home, and earlier we had often wrestled together as young boys do. When we were at Saints, we went our separate ways, although occasionally we were in the same House teams and in 1947, we were both in the School's first XVIII.

Travelling to School

For three years Jim and I travelled together going to School, but came home at different times. The trip involved a bus and tram to the city, a short tram-ride to a stop on Payneham Road outside the Preparatory School, then a splendid walk up an avenue of plane trees to the senior school buildings. We always stood in the back alleyway of the Hyde Park tram against the side rails. John Kaufman, who was also in Da Costa House, often joined us at a stop on Hyde Park Road.²³ Waving to Walford girls as we passed a Mitcham tram was the only real item of interest in the whole trip. We were in school uniform and were expected to behave ourselves like young gentlemen at all times. We never sat down in the tram if others were standing. Sometimes we could sit down coming home after sport at School. I still have a memory of looking at a reflection of myself in the tram window opposite and thinking how ridiculous I looked in the skull cap I was forced to wear, and Jim once telling me I had a 'baby face' did not help. Generally, however, I was emotionally secure because of the consistent love and support of my parents.

Supportive, Contented Parents

My mother, in particular, was quite remarkable in the way she ensured that all three of her children were always appropriately fed and garbed. She was an excellent cook, and a skilled seamstress on her Singer sewing machine, a competent knitter, and a superb smocker. My father grew vegetables in his garden, enjoyed his hobby of betting on the nags, and began going to our football matches as we played for the School XVIII. One of his best friends in the Commonwealth Bank was Charlie Best, who came from Melbourne and supported the Essendon football team. He and Bestie were always ribbing each other about Essendon and Melbourne, their respective teams. Dad enjoyed writing doggerel. Here is an example which he wrote for his friend:

²³ Many years later, he became our dentist in Sydney.

In Memorium
Essendon Football Club

Here lie the hopes of a fellow named Best,
His team's chance today is sure to go west,
They have no idea how to play the game,
But merely go out all opponents to maim.

They have players whose hearts are as black as ink,
And with other teams their names do stink.
A bruiser like Casson couldn't get a game,
In a team who for fairness had earned any fame.

So here lies the body of the old red and blacks
Who'll be trounced all day from the forwards to backs,
Because they haven't a chance to finish higher,
Than the team with the player whose name is Dyer.

An Important Decision

My father seemed very contented with his life and had no obvious desire to change it. My mother has said:

He refused transfers because of you boys doing so well. He had to make the choice. The Bank didn't like it very much because usually if you didn't move you were forgotten, but fortunately Dad was interested in this security work, and he was happy in it ... They said he could have gone further had we moved around, but we didn't think it was worth it. ... We had something that money doesn't buy... Even to the end, Dad never regretted it. ... He did what he wanted, and he didn't want to move. We didn't influence him ... And as you know, nothing would move him if he made up his mind.

Amongst the surviving records is a Bank memorandum, dated 10/9/47, which describes the situation succinctly:

Mr Lawrence's reasons for wishing to remain in Adelaide are fully appreciated but we would point out that many other officers who are faced with problems connected with the secondary education of their children are prepared to accept transfers in the normal course and find some means of overcoming their educational difficulties. In view of Mr Lawrence's request, however, it was decided not to proceed with his appointment to the vacancy in the Security Department in Melbourne, but he must understand that by remaining in Adelaide he is passing by opportunities for promotion which would result in his gaining wider experience and ultimately fit him for further advancement in the Service.

In the event, my father stayed in the Adelaide Branch of the Commonwealth Bank until his retirement in 1966. He found great satisfaction training younger people in security work and some of them, like Jack Turnbull and Jack Brighton, went on to occupy senior positions in the Bank.

Centenary Celebrations

Jim and I were fortunate to be at the School when it celebrated in grand style its hundredth anniversary. The School magazine contained a full account of the celebrations.²⁴ On 15 July, 1947, a founders' day centenary thanksgiving service was held in St Peter's Cathedral. Dr A. E. Floyd came from Melbourne to play the organ.²⁵ A special choir of 180 boys and the rest of the School rehearsed their singing for the occasion, which included Stanford's *Te Deum*, and Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. School Captain Alan Dowding carried the School processional cross at the head of a procession of the headmaster, clergy and Bishop Robin. The school chaplain briefly explained the meaning of the service, the headmaster read the lesson 'Let us now praise famous men', and the Bishop delivered a sermon for the occasion, praising the ground plan for the future school in the original statutes:

In it shall be taught the Holy Scriptures, the principles of the Christian Religion, classics and mathematics, and any other subject which shall from time to time be deemed to constitute a sound and liberal education.

The School had grown 'because it was left free to grow', the Bishop asserted. On Saturday, 19 July, 1947, the School's Memorial Hall was filled by old boys and present members of the School, with others hearing the proceedings in a large marquee on the lawn outside. The lieutenant-governor, Sir Mellis Napier, inspected the guard of honour from the cadet corps, under Captain Schubert, before entering the Hall.

The Headmaster's Address

In his address at the centenary ceremony, the headmaster said that St Peter's had received 'a magnificent inheritance from its first hundred years'. He spoke of the legacies of the past that had 'a direct, and often dominant, influence on the work of the School today'. The 'most immutable influence' was its site deliberately chosen by the founders to be in or in the immediate vicinity of the city. He then referred to the physical legacies – 'the old School House, surely the loveliest school building in Australia, the whole panorama from the oval, and the big and little quads'; and the intangible things – 'the personal influences at work, shaping the thoughts of individual boys, and through them the behaviour of other boys, which can be traced directly to men like W. H. Irwin²⁶ and

²⁴ *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 178, September 1947, pp. 25–37.

²⁵ He was educated in English cathedral music, before his thirty years as organist and choirmaster at St Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne. The standard he achieved with his choir at St Paul's was said to equal that of the best English cathedrals. W. F. Chappell, 'Floyd, Alfred Ernest (1877–1974)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 8, Melbourne University Press, 1981, pp. 530–531. I learned to play some of Dr Floyd's compositions on the organ.

²⁶ Rev. W. H. Irwin MA first came to St Peter's in 1914. In 1917, he joined the First AIF artillery and was later a chaplain. For thirty years until his death in 1946, Bill Irwin assisted in the Chapel taking services and preaching, taught history and economics, was Form Master for VIB1, and was Housemaster for Hawkes House. He was also interested in sport and freemasonry. At his death, he was described as popular with staff and boys. 'He never failed to find a good word for everybody', said the tribute to him. *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 176, December 1946, p. 3.

John Hill, or, through their Old Boy fathers, to men like Henry Girdlestone'.²⁷

In the 'more technical sides of the educational sphere', he was thankful for T. A. Caterer's gift for picking good schoolmasters for the staff,²⁸ Archdeacon Bickersteth's founding of St Mark's and the School bursaries to St Mark's,²⁹ and Mr Pentreath's widening of the curriculum to include music, art, engineering and woodwork.³⁰ The headmaster then acknowledged the many other legacies of vision, courage and professional ability of preceding generations, which had supported the School. He quoted from the Ecclesiasticus lesson he had read in the Cathedral founders' day service.

There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been. But ... their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Mr Gordon then turned to looking at the future, which 'looked pretty gloomy for the world as a whole'.

The lessons of our past seem to me pretty clear – the need for vision, courage and professional ability in the conduct of the School, and for support from others who believe in the value of those things which the School is trying to foster. ... I believe that the job of the School is to help its boys to learn first to enjoy using their various abilities efficiently, and then to enjoy using them responsibly. ... This outlook is not alien to the traditions and spirit of this School. ... When one comes to a new School one gradually comes to feel its spirit, not so much from its present generation of boys who have been upset by purely temporary conditions, as this School and all others have been by war, but from the older members of staff and from its Old Boys. And the spirit I have felt here is something essentially independent, yet not lacking in understanding of the other fellow, something essentially virile, yet not lacking in gentleness...

Our generation is very coy about ideals, very suspicious of priggishness, and is still affected by the complete scepticism of the 1920s ... But more men are, I believe, turning towards a belief in a positive ethic which has its real foundation in the Christian religion ...

Other Addresses

The headmaster's address was followed by two other speeches. Brigadier Arthur Blackburn VC, CBE, the current president of the Old Scholars' Association, provided a brief history of the Association, which had begun in 1863. It now had about 2,700 members. Over 3,000 old scholars had responded to the call to duty when the Empire had been threatened in war by its enemies – in the Boer war and before, in World War 1, and World War 11. 337 had lost their lives and were to be commemorated in an extension to the school chapel.

²⁷ Girdlestone was headmaster 1894–1915,

²⁸ Caterer was acting headmaster 1916–19.

²⁹ Bickersteth was headmaster 1920–33.

³⁰ Pentreath was headmaster 1934–43.

(The foundation stone for the extension was laid by the Bishop, following the centenary ceremony.³¹)

The final address was delivered by The Honourable R. J. Rudall MLC, the South Australian minister for education. He had been the president of the Old Scholars' Association prior to Blackburn. He had the daunting task of talking about the history of the School, but acknowledged that he had had the benefit of reading the draft of the book which Dr Grenfell Price had written to celebrate the School's centenary.³² He drew attention to the advantage for the School of the 'Conscience Clause' in its constitution, which protected nonconformists from compulsory worship and religious instruction. Bishop Short, the first president of the school council had recognised that the colony had been founded 'on the broadest principles of religious and political freedom'. Mr Rudall gave a brief summary of the early days of the School, and then mentioned the debt owed to its governing body, the school secretaries, its headmasters and acting headmasters, and its benefactors, headed by Benjamin Da Costa. The ultimate judgement on the value of the School depended, however, upon 'the training given to the boys and inspiration that remains with them throughout the years to appreciate the true values of life as a whole'.

The festivities of the centenary celebrations also included various Old Boy sporting and other activities, the School play, and the Intercollegiate Football on the Adelaide Oval. The annual founder's service in the school chapel on July 23 concluded the celebrations. A notable old scholar, the Rev W. E. Ray, now headmaster of Pulteney Grammar School, delivered a stirring address of tribute and exhortation:

Four generations of men ... have dedicated their lives to service, through learning of service in these walls and on these grounds. The threads of service have spread through the whole world. Men and boys have dedicated themselves to the service of others, in every branch of the Church's life and in the State, through medicine, science, the law, engineering, social service and in countless other ways. Men have fought, in peace and in war, for their ideals and for the security of others...

... as we look forward to the next hundred years, our thoughts and hopes should turn towards country and its service. Country, not in the narrow national sense to which men are returning, but to the wider field actuated by the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

31 Not enough money was eventually raised for the extension. Instead the War Memorial Cloisters were completed in 1957 – a gift of the Council of Governors and of some 1,400 Old Scholars. The Cloisters commemorated the 204 former pupils who had died in World War 1, and 178 who had died in other wars. *St Peter's College Magazine*, No.194, December 1957, pp. 12–13.

32 Price had been asked by the School Council to write a 15,000 – word history of the School. *St. Peter's College Magazine*, No. 176, December 1946, p. 11; No. 178, September 1947, p. 37. Price was on the School's council (1933–72) and one of its most distinguished old scholars – a geographer, historian and educationist. Born in 1892, he was educated at Queen's College and St Peter's College in Adelaide, and at Magdalen College, Oxford. After being a master at St Peter's 1916–24, he was the founding Master of St Mark's College, University of Adelaide 1925–57. He was knighted in 1963 for his services to education. R. L. Heathcote, 'Price, Sir Archibald Grenfell (1892–1977)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 16, Melbourne University Press, 2002, pp. 31–33. Charles Price (see pp. 35–6) was his elder son.

He went on to read John Donne's celebrated 17th century quotation – 'No man is an island, entire of itself; everyman is a piece of the continent, a part of the Main. ... any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind'. We need to recapture that all-embracing view, Mr Ray asserted.

Epidemics

The centenary year did not finish with a flourish. An epidemic of mumps caused the early closing of the School on November 28th. The traditional, greatly enjoyed carol service and the Blue and White, the School dance, had to be cancelled. Speech day was postponed to early 1948, but then had to be cancelled because of another epidemic, this time of infantile paralysis (poliomyelitis). It was a disappointing ending for those like my brother who were leaving School in 1947, but I still had two more years ahead of me. Jim was headed for a career in medicine, but I still had no idea where I might be heading in the long-term.

Ends, Means and Purpose in Education

In the headmaster's report for 1947,³³ Colin Gordon spoke of the academic, athletic and 'out of school' activities as means towards the end of boys learning to be purposeful – 'to enjoy using their various abilities efficiently, and then to enjoy using them responsibly'.³⁴ 'Whether we are succeeding in doing this to any adequate degree will only be known in, say, thirty years when our boys are men who have shaped their lives'. Three deliberate steps had been taken to develop a sense of purposefulness in the School. There was greater stress on the role of the housemaster, who was in the best position to understand the individual boy, to treat his time at the School as a continuous process, and to be the right point of normal contact between parents and the School. Another step was the appointment of a master whose duties were primarily guidance in the selection of subjects and of a career. 'In appointing for this work a specialist in vocational guidance, the School has taken ... a significant pioneering step in the history of independent schools, and it is encouraging to see this work so widely appreciated and sought after by staff, boys and parents'. A third step was the effort to inform parents about the School's policies on matters such as curriculum, rules and routine, so parents could understand the viewpoint of the School and *vice versa*, to reduce the risk of conflict between home and school in the boy's mind.

I have no doubt that I was fortunate to be at a school guided by this kind of thinking and insight. My parents were very happy with their contacts with the School, and as will become clear, the vocational guidance appointment turned out to be the key influence in shaping the direction of my own educational and subsequent professional career.

33 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 180, May 1948, p. 4.

34 The words he had used in his Centenary Ceremony address.

Results and Reports, 1948

In 1948, I was studying five subjects at the Leaving Honours level – English literature ancient history (taught by Mr Cameron), history (Jock Bills), Latin (J. H. C. McIntosh), and French (Dickie Holtham). I also studied scripture under Lionel Blakeway the new chaplain, and continued with learning the organ from John Winstanley. At the end of the first term, Winstanley wrote, ‘He has natural gifts of musicianship which are steadily maturing’, but this was his last comment in my School reports. My form VIA was a class of 25 boys; its form master, Mr Ketley. I was placed seventh in first term, and eighth in the subsequent terms. Ketley’s comment at the end of the year was ‘Steady, genuine, trustworthy. I hope he will pass in all his subjects’. I did, gaining first credit in the State in ancient history.

I was appointed a house prefect and vice-captain of Da Costa House in 1948, with Bob Brummitt its captain. Housemaster Kirke’s comment at the end of the year was ‘To my entire satisfaction’. At the end of second term, the headmaster wrote, ‘He will have to take the plunge into school prefectship next term, and I, for one, have no doubt that he will make a conspicuous success of it’. During the next term, Colin Gordon informed me and my parents that he wanted me to be the captain of the School in 1949. At the end of the term, he wrote: ‘He will have a big job ahead of him next year but I have no fears’.

Captain of the School

I had never dreamed of being captain of the School. I had certainly held in high regard my immediate predecessors – Colin Robertson (1945), Tony Jose (1946), Alan Dowding (1947), and Bill Hayward (1948). My immediate predecessor was a charismatic, very conscientious leader – an outstanding captain of School House, one of the boarding houses, and was captain of both football and cricket and a good tennis player and athlete. Members of the Hayward family had attended St Peter’s for three generations, and it was a very well-known Adelaide family. Bill had been in the School since 1938. Alan Dowding was in Da Costa House, my own House, so I could appreciate his talents in that context as well as in the broader School activities. Originally educated at Rose Park Primary School, he entered the senior school in 1942. His talents in the classroom and on the sporting fields were exceptional. In his final year, he captained the School’s football, cricket and tennis teams. In 1946, he was second in the general honours list for the Leaving Honours, winning the Archibald Henry Peake Bursary, and also won a Da Costa University Scholarship.

In the tradition of English public schools, the prefects and particularly the head prefect, or captain of the school, were expected to provide role models for the other boys and to ensure that they kept the rules of the school. An editorial in the School magazine written by Tony Jose in 1946 highlighted a changed relationship between seniors and juniors. They were on much more friendly terms. He observed that the School was ‘striving to produce a unity based on friendship and understanding rather than a unity based on sheer hero-worship,

mingled with not a little fear'.³⁵

The captain of the school at St Peter's was directly accountable to the headmaster. His role entailed holding regular meetings with the prefects in the prefects' room in the Old School House building to discuss matters relating to School morale and standards of behaviour. For extreme cases of misbehaviour, the school captain was expected to cane the culprit, and to do it well. This was the one part of the job that I thoroughly disliked. I thought it was wrong for boys to be caning other boys, and anyway hitting others was no solution to behavioural problems. I had a related set of reactions to my involvement in the cadet corps, where I was not overly impressed by learning how to kill other people or by a lot of what I saw as mindless shouting at people. At the time I did not directly challenge these activities, but did what was expected as well as I could, although harbouring these rebellious thoughts.

At the end of each school day, all of the boys would muster in the Memorial Hall. On a Monday and a Friday, the headmaster would address them after the captain of the school had made sure they were quiet and ready to hear him. On the other days, the captain of the school would address the muster without the headmaster present. I had to deal with things like complaints about boys in Saints uniforms misbehaving at a milkbar in the city, and reports of boys drinking alcohol and smoking.³⁶ At the annual combined schools' service in St Peter's Cathedral, the captain of the school was expected to wear an elaborate vestment and bear the School processional cross, leading the procession into the Cathedral. At the beginning of each term, he read in the chapel, the parable of the sower. He would join with the headmaster, the other prefects, and the members of the boarding houses for lunch in the Da Costa Dining Hall.

The school captain was given a great deal of freedom to pursue his duties and to organise his time. In my case, I chose to miss most of my history classes. This gave me the flexibility I needed to organise what had to be done as school captain, and I could read independently for the subject when there was time available. Ironically, it was in this subject that I topped the State at the end of my final year! My history teacher, Don Selth, was delighted. He had completely supported my decision not to attend his classes and had not taken it personally.

One of my responsibilities was to lead a small group of boys to provide assistance on a Thursday night in the boy's club at the School's mission in Moore Street in the city. The director of the club was John Selth, an old boy.³⁷ The mission had been operating for forty years in 'one of the worst districts of the City'. The missionary combined responsibilities as parish priest of St Mary Magdalene and the social service work of the mission. According to the missionary in 1948, 'The biggest and most worthwhile piece of work is the running and maintenance of a Creche', but next in importance were the clubs of the

35 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 175, August 1946, p. 3.

36 The Headmaster had sent a letter to all parents early in 1946 setting out the School's policy on smoking and drinking, giving the reasons for the total veto on tobacco and alcohol. He had urged that parents should discuss his letter with their sons. Since coming to the School, he had become 'very conscious of the need for closer cooperation between the School and parents in the enforcement of School Rules'. The Committee of the Old Boys' Association strongly supported his views.

37 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 183, May 1949, p. 4.

mission.³⁸ The School's headmaster, who chaired the mission's committee of management, was keen to achieve more personal involvement by the School in the work of the mission.³⁹ Fitting this in with the rest of my responsibilities was a challenge, but I was conscious of the considerable difference in the social circumstances of us and those we were presuming to provide help to. In 1959, the School mission relocated to provide the first community centre for the newcomers in Elizabeth, a new town being built by the South Australian Housing Trust.⁴⁰

Results and Reports, 1949

In 1949, I repeated my Leaving Honours doing the same subjects – English literature and ancient history (taught by Mr Cameron), history (Don Selth), Latin (Mr McIntosh), and French (Mr Holtham). Gordon Hewitson taught me scripture in third term. I was again in 6A, but this time it was a class of only 12 boys. I was placed second, first and third in the respective terms, drawing the comment from my form master, Jock Bills, 'Very, very good indeed'. My results earned me the Carlile McDonnell English Prize, and the Christchurch Scholarship for Scripture and Ancient History. Also in 1949, I was awarded the Creswell Memorial, and T. J. S. O'Halloran Scholarships, and the Wilfrid Jose Bursary 1948–49. The O'Halloran Scholarship was worth 75 pounds for three years at the University.

The comments of my Housemaster, Mr Kirke, in the course of my final year could not have been more supportive:

He has the House right behind him and going well. His example in all departments is excellent. (First term)

As House Captain, he is doing a first class job. He has the House with him and he keeps in touch very well. This is no mean feat when one remembers what else he does – and does well. (Second term)

He has kept the House at a high standard while doing so much else. It has been a pleasure working with him. He leaves School with the best wishes of all in the House. (Third term)

I did, of course, set special store on the headmaster's comments along the way, although generally I was too preoccupied with getting on with the job, than worrying about what others thought. Colin Gordon wrote at the end of the first term:

The way he has made a first class job of being school captain and having a full programme in school and out is really most remarkable – and I don't mean 'for him', I mean 'for any boy'. I feel he is gaining immeasurably from his year – as the school is from his example.

38 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 181, September 1948, p. 3.

39 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 182, December 1948, p. 7.

40 *St Peter's College Magazine*, December 1949, p. 15.

He followed this, at the end of second term, with:

We do not make flattering remarks about boys in his position unless we feel that they have earned them. Everyone considers that he is doing an outstanding job in every capacity.

And at the end of the year:

For any boy, to be School Captain and to remain a natural boy is difficult. For him, with his special degree of moral honesty and spiritual integrity, the job has been even more complex than for others, and in that way more difficult. You have every reason to be extremely proud of the way he has come through the year.

I can recall having a discussion with the headmaster about the year. In this he apologised to me for being somewhat distracted at times during the year. He explained that he had had major problems with the School Council and in fact had twice written out his resignation. He did not, of course, go into details with me. All previous headmasters of the School were clergymen, and I had heard that he was at loggerheads with clergy members of the council. I shared with him some of the difficulties I had experienced during the year, which included inappropriate behaviour on the part of a small number of prefects.

Not the Best of Years

In his headmaster's report for 1949, unlike in previous and subsequent reports, Colin Gordon did not thank the prefects for their work, and said he had the impression that the School had fallen slightly below the level which it should reasonably have been expected to achieve, and below the level of the previous two years. Contributing factors were: the staff had been weakened by absence or indifferent health, he himself had had to spend too much time dealing with applications for future entry to the School, and the epidemic of poliomyelitis had imposed various restrictions, like the shutting of the baths, the cancellation of house rowing and swimming, leading to the non-award of the Tolley Cup for House games, the cancellation of the carol service, the prep. plays, and the Blue and White dance. He acknowledged, however, that whenever any obvious challenge had occurred, the School had 'risen to it as well as ever'. He mentioned the record of the cadet detachment, the dramatic society's performance of 'St Joan', the last fifteen minutes of the football match against Melbourne Grammar and certain finishes in the head of river regatta, and the work of a group of prefects at the School mission's boys' club.⁴¹

A Solicitous Letter

The Melbourne Grammar game was a dramatic finale for my football career at the School. After that game, I received a remarkable, solicitous personal air-letter from Bill Hayward who was on his way by ship to Jesus College in Cambridge. Bill had received a letter from his mother telling him 'how marvellously you all and you in particular played'. After congratulating me and all

41 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 184, December 1949, p. 4.

the boys on our very successful football season, he wrote:

When you are at school and more than ever in your job this year the School is your life; you give everything to it and you don't spare yourself one iota and although you do not realize it at the time you *do* overtax your strength.

He had had a massive, debilitating reaction after he left school. The doctors said there was nothing wrong organically but he was just knocked out – the last two years had taken 'a big bite into the stocks of nervous energy'. He advised me as much as possible to conserve my energies and 'don't do other people's work for them through the goodness of your heart. Otherwise you will not do yourself justice next year. ... You may find it different though and be able to take it in your stride'.⁴²

Sport at St Peter's

Participation in sport was compulsory at St Peter's, but this was not a problem in my case. I thoroughly enjoyed each of the sports I chose – football, cricket and athletics. Athletics was a clear choice over rowing. I swam recreationally in the School pool, but did not compete in swimming competitions, nor did I do much tennis at the School although at one stage Jock Bills had the idea that I might develop into a good player overhead because I was 'good overhead' in football. My tennis playing was at first largely at Auntie Kath Boundy's tennis court⁴³ with my father and Jim and the Seedsmans. Leigh Wilson had a court at his place on the Unley Road, and Leigh and I did enter unsuccessfully in the under 14 competition at the Memorial Drive. Later, one of my other School friends, Neville Reid sometimes invited a group of us to the court at his place in Toorak Gardens. I did not have a sound enough backhand to do very well in tennis, but at least my game was good enough for social tennis.

Athletics

My athletics career had a few successes and I was in the School's Intercollegiate Athletics team 1947–49. At the School's sports day in May 1945, I won the Under 14 100 yards hurdles, was second in the high jump and was third in the 100 yards. In the under 15 events in 1946, I came third in the 100 yards hurdles, but won the high jump clearing 5 feet 3 inches, which set a new School record. I had learned to do the western roll. At one stage the headmaster saw me practising on one of the back ovals, and gave me some advice to improve my take-off. He was a tall man, an ideal build for a high jumper. I knew that he had been a high jumper, but did not realise that he had competed at the 1928 Olympic and 1930 British Empire Games, and had jumped 6'3½".⁴⁴ I can recall studying in the School library in The Old Schoolroom a very helpful series of British booklets on how to run, jump, and hurdle, with illustrations using some of Britain's best athletes.

42 W. I. D. Hayward to R. J. Lawrence, 9th September, 1949.

43 See p. 15.

44 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 173, December 1945, p. 3.

In 1947, at the School's sports day, I was equal first in the Under 16 high jump, clearing 5 feet 2 inches and came third in the open high jump. Lionel Dawes jumped an Australian-best for his age in the Under 16 long jump, 21'7¾", and won three other events. Very unexpectedly I won the open 120 yards hurdles at the 1948 sports day, with a time of 16⅔ seconds which equalled the record, and also came third in the high jump, won by Bill Hayward who cleared 5'6". The hurdles record was reduced by a second in 1949, with me managing a third place. In the open high jump, I was placed second after Ian Bruce, who cleared 5'8". Ian was the brother of Olympian jumper Bill Bruce, who often officiated when I was jumping at sports days and Intercols. Barry Black won the School championship cup, winning four events. Leon Gregory, a Da Costa boy who was also a good footballer and cricketer, won the 220 yards and established new records in the 440 and 880 yards. He smashed the former record by two seconds with a time of 51.3. At the 1949 Intercollegiate athletics against P.A.C., 'Greg' again excelled winning the 220, 440 (record) and 880.⁴⁵ Lionel Dawes, the captain of athletics and vice-captain of the School, broke a 21-year old record jumping 23'1½" in the Intercol long jump. Ian Bruce won the Intercol high jump, Ray Michell (PAC) came second and I came third.

My athletics critique in the School magazine read:

A high jumper equally at home with a "Western Roll" or a "Straddle", he was a little unlucky not to win against P.A.C. Would add inches to his clearance if he used the inner arm to lift and did not swing himself into the bar with his right arm. A good hurdler except for a tendency to "jump" his hurdles.⁴⁶

Cricket

I played cricket in the School's under 14A and under 15A teams. Our coach in the latter was Mr Kirke but we did not do well, although I was mentioned, along with John Dixon, one of my Da Costa friends, as showing promise as an all-rounder.⁴⁷ I was mainly a batsman, but also bowled rather innocuous off-breaks. Mr Kirke was again our coach in the under 16A team, which had a successful season in the same grade as the School's second eleven. I captained the team. Also in 1947, Da Costa won the senior cricket giving it the right to share with Farrell House the Tolley Cup as the best sporting House.⁴⁸ In the following year, I captained the Da Costa House cricket team to win again the senior House cricket competition.⁴⁹ Three of us – Lawrence, Dixon, and Upton – were in the School's first XI, and Klemich was twelfth man. In the Intercol Cricket against Princes on the University Oval in 1948, Saints won by an innings and 60 runs. 'Lawrence began well and batted steadily for 22 when he was out l.b.w.' was the way my contribution to the Saints score was described.⁵⁰ (I was quietly very disappointed when I was given out, because

45 In 1956, he represented Australia in the Melbourne Olympic Games.

46 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 183, May 1949, p. 20.

47 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 176, December 1946, p. 22.

48 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 179, December 1947, pp. 8, 23.

49 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 182, December 1948, p. 21.

50 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 183, December 1948, p. 28.

I had knicked the ball onto my pads.) My cricket critique at the end of the year read:

Possesses the concentration necessary for a successful batsman and uses his feet well, but handicaps himself by an awkward stance. A good fieldsman and a rapidly improving bowler.⁵¹

During the final term in 1948, the first XI had 'the great experience and great fun' of playing two games with such players as Bradman and Dooland in the opposition'. Don Bradman was undoubtedly Australia's greatest cricketer, with a batting average of almost 100 in first-class matches. He was captain of the remarkable 1948 Australian Test Team, 'The Invincibles', who had just toured England. He sent his son John to St Peter's. Bruce Dooland was an excellent leg-spin bowler who played for South Australia in the Sheffield Shield Competition. My personal memory of the match with Bradman is of him bowling leg breaks, and leg-glancing with unbelievable control to clear a fine-leg fieldsman. In 1949, I rectified my 'awkward stance' in my batting and also worked on a tendency to allow my bottom hand to be too dominant in my driving. I had looked forward to a good year in the cricket, but generally the team was weaker than in the previous year, and in the final term I batted poorly for the first XI, which meant I was only the 12th man in the Intercol game in December. This time my cricket critique read:

A batsman who lost form entirely in the third term, depleting our already shaky batting strength. Good outfield.

Football

However much I enjoyed my athletics and cricket, I always had a special anticipation of the football season and was sorry when it was over. Well prepared by my earlier experience at Westbourne Park and Unley High Schools, I played successfully in the Under 14A team. In 1946, I captained the Under 15As and, according to the School magazine, the team 'carried all before it'.⁵² Because of my marking ability, I played full-forward and I still recall kicking 15 goals against Scotch College in a badly one-sided game. Jock Bills was our coach, and always seem to name me as the best player on the board where results were posted in the corridor in the Old School House building. I remember thinking this was a bit lazy, and thought the same when he did much the same when Graham Duncan captained the Under 15As in the subsequent year. Duncan was a rover, whose great talents I later came to appreciate directly.

Awarded the Van Senden trophy, for 'outstanding service and ability in Junior Football' in 1946, I went straight into the first XVIII in 1947 at the age of 16. It was Bob 'Trunk' Vollugi's sixth year as coach of the first XVIII, and he had never lost an Intercollegiate game against Princes.⁵³ He came from Melbourne, the home of Australian Rules Football, and his father 'Erk' Vollugi

51 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 183, December 1948, p. 30.

52 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 175, August 1946, p. 16.

53 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 175, August 1946, p. 13.

had been an exceptional player for Essendon. Mr Vollugi had been closely associated with ‘Bully’ Taylor coach of the Melbourne Grammar team. The 1947 team went through the season undefeated in the Student’s Association, and it won in games against St Mark’s College and the Old Boys. Our captain Alan Dowding won the Gosse Medal for the best player in the Association, and shared, with our excellent full-back Neal McDonald, the Fowler Cup awarded ‘for outstanding service and ability in the first XVIII’. The team played two matches against Melbourne schools, beating Scotch College (the Victorian schoolboy premiers), and losing to Melbourne Grammar (second in the premiership). The Intercol game in July was very one-sided – Saints 23 goals 23 behinds to Princes 6 goals 6 behind. The highlight of the year was the game against Scotch College on the Adelaide Oval in August. In an excellent, close game, we defeated them kicking 11 goals 16 behinds to 10 goals 13 behinds. I kicked the winning goal and three others. Ian Broadbent (‘Broadie’) was brilliant in the back pocket, and Jim and I were named amongst the best players, but everyone played well.⁵⁴ In early September, again on the Adelaide Oval, Melbourne Grammar were too good for us in unpleasant, heavy conditions, winning 13 goals 10 behinds to 6 goals 13 behinds.

In his football critique at the end of the season, Jim was described as playing very solidly at halfback ‘meeting the ball well and coming through strongly’. My critique commented: ‘Shows considerable promise, both as a forward and as a follower. Leads well and marks well, but is too slow on the ground and an uncertain kick, though improving in both’.⁵⁵ Playing at full-forward I was well served by the centre-half forward Keith Cocks, who kicked accurately to my leads and I always held my marks. I became so reliable in my chest marking that I cannot recall ever dropping one thereafter! What also helped was that I was consciously emulating the Norwood star player Neville Way, who wrapped his arms securely around the ball making it impossible for it to escape. At one stage, Dad and Bestie played a rather cruel trick on me, getting Neville Way to ring me out of the blue with encouragement about my football. Bestie knew Neville Way and I realised it must be a hoax, but did not at first know they were behind it.

In 1948, we again won all of our matches in the Students’ Association, additional matches against St Mark’s and the Old Scholars, and in the Intercol. The final score in the Intercol was Saints 9 goals 9 points to Princes 4 goals 7 points. I only scored 2 goals 1 point, but was listed third in the best players.⁵⁶ The season ended with a visit to Melbourne to play against Melbourne Grammar on the St Kilda Oval. The conditions were very windy. Grammar won in a well-contested game – 13 goals 7 points to 10 goals 7 points. I was first in the listed best players. I played mainly in the ruck, but was shifted to centre-half forward in the third quarter when we had the wind behind us. In these yearly visits to and fro between Saints and Grammar, the visitors were billeted with home team families. My host was the Peck family. Graham was a

54 *St Peter’s College Magazine*, No. 178, September 1947, pp. 17–21.

55 *St Peter’s College Magazine*, No. 178, September 1947, pp. 19–20.

56 *St Peter’s College Magazine*, No. 181, September 1948, pp. 21–2.

skilful half-forward flanker for Grammar. His family could not have been more welcoming. His father was a Melbourne taxi owner and driver. His sister was attractive and had a pleasant, friendly boyfriend. We all went one evening to watch the wrestling, my first experience of the 'sport'. On the day we arrived in Melbourne, the two teams were guests of the Victorian Football League at the Melbourne Cricket Ground to watch Melbourne play against Collingwood.⁵⁷ Described as 'full-forward and follower' in my critique in the Magazine at the season's end, my report was mixed:

A top-notch mark, but apt to neglect the other departments of the game. Led well at forward, but was too slow and uncertain on the ground to take advantage of this. In the ruck he knocked out strongly, though rather indiscriminately, and showed an excellent sense of position. His kicking shows definite improvement.⁵⁸

I had watched an Intervarsity game between Adelaide and Melbourne Universities, and was impressed by the drive given to Melbourne by the powerful hitting of Dennis Corder⁵⁹ in the ruck. I decided to adopt a similar tactic, and it proved very effective in my final year when I had an excellent rover in Graham Duncan who could anticipate and collect on the run my hit-outs. 1949 proved to be a very satisfying football year, both for the team and personally. I was appointed captain of the first XVIII and yet again it won all of its games. In the Intercol game, Princes were trounced in very heavy, slippery conditions on the Adelaide Oval, 16 goals 16 behinds to 1 goal 7 behinds. I was described as 'a powerful force in the ruck all day', but 'it was the evenness of the team throughout that was the most noticeable feature of their play'.

A Memorable Last Game

The climax to the season came in our game against Melbourne Grammar on the Adelaide Oval. It was my last football game for the School. Like us, Grammar were undefeated in their schoolboy competition. The conditions were good. At half time, Grammar were just one point ahead, but by three quarter time were ahead by 28. This was still about their lead with only 15 minutes to go in the final quarter, but then our team put in a wonderful finishing burst to draw level with our opponents. To do this against such a strong and experienced opposition was a tremendous effort and could only have been done by a good team. The headmaster was obviously delighted. At the dinner in Da Costa Hall after the match, in a bit of nonsense, he presented Murray Mitchell,⁶⁰ the Grammar captain, and myself with cheese-sticks paying tribute to our respective captaincies. In addition, he sent me a note and some sort of memento, saying: 'A tangible memento of a first class football season, and of being 'best player' in a most memorable Melbourne Grammar match'.⁶¹ He commented in his Report at the end of the year:

57 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 182, December 1948, pp. 26–7.

58 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 181, September 1948, p. 22.

59 The three Corder brothers became renowned players for Melbourne in the Victorian Football League.

60 Murray was billeted with us in our home at Westbourne Park during the Grammar visit.

61 C.E.S.G to John, 26.8.49. I do not recall what form that memento took.

It is gratifying to note that the Headmaster of Melbourne Grammar, renowned in Victoria for their football, and particularly for their finishing effort in a match, has now substituted for the term "Melbourne Grammar finish" the term "St Peter's finish". Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed.

My football critique at the end of the season was especially pleasing:

A worthy winner of the Fowler Cup for outstanding service and ability, he was untiring in his efforts in the ruck, where he proved unbeatable in the air and where his strong knocking consistently put his side into attack. Needs to practise kicking more soundly, but will go a long way in the game.⁶²

Years later, I visited Mr Vollugi long after he had retired, and wondered how well he might remember me as I had not lived in Adelaide for a long time. He described me as the best schoolboy ruckman he had coached. Praise from Sir Hubert was praise indeed!

An Exceptional Sports Master

Bob Vollugi was the School's sports master for many years, a State athletics coach, and a strong supporter of the old boys' sporting activities. I found him to be a thoughtful, knowledgeable, and observant coach, interested in both the theory and practice of each of the sports in which I was engaged – athletics, cricket and football. Although the critiques on individual players were unsigned in the School magazine, people knew that he was the author and they took notice of them. A great deal of the success of the School in each of these sports was due to him. He suffered from what would now be diagnosed as sleep apnoea, and sometimes would drop off mid-sentence when we were selecting teams in my final year. He still came to football practice in football togs, and remained physically active despite increasing bulk. I have never known why he was always called 'Trunk', but it may well have been because he had rather short legs and a very solid torso like the trunk of a tree. His sports education was not just confined to the strategies and techniques of the respective sports, but he was also concerned that we learned to behave reasonably on the playing fields. Players were told so in their critiques if their vigour was seen as excessive or unnecessary. I recall Trunk once quietly telling me in the Old School House corridor that he had seen me in a House game express some disgust when a free kick went against me. He suggested this was not appropriate behaviour, and I learnt the lesson quickly.

We were all delighted when Trunk married Sister Stolz, the much-loved matron of School House where he was the House-master. I personally had great respect and admiration for him as an exceptional main sports master for the School. My sporting activity had played a very significant part in my development as a person. I was only 5'8" tall as measured when I joined the cadets in 1945, but grew four inches in the next couple of years to reach six feet. In my later years at school, I had a body weight of a little over 11 stone. I was, then, reasonably well endowed physically for the games in which I was

62 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 184, December 1949, pp. 25–7.

involved, although a bit short for the rucking in football.

The training and games in the various sports kept me fit and greatly developed my physical capacity, including my hand-eye coordination. But the psychological and social benefits were perhaps even more important. Team games taught discipline and cooperation for the sake of the group, understanding of the role of rules, gaining respect for all the participants in the game and not just those on your side, enjoying the ebb and flow of a game without losing sight of the aim of doing one's best to win, engaging in a group activity which required self-control, making friendships with fellow players, and so on. In my final year, I developed a lasting friendship with David Prest, the captain of the School at Princes, who was also the captain of their football first XVIII.

The Role of Sport

I realised that being so often in a winning team was not necessarily a character-building experience. I was always conscious that however well one played, one could always do better, and there were always others who actually did achieve a higher standard, because they were more gifted. I was fortunate to be embedded in at least some very good teams, but had no illusions about the comparative worth of what we achieved. My interest in the games of football, cricket, tennis, and athletics, have stayed with me for the rest of my life. I still get great pleasure when I see people engaging well in these activities – locally, nationally and internationally, and strangely I think the pleasure is partly aesthetic. I continue to marvel at the individual and group achievement manifest in top-line sport, but worry about the distorting influence of commercial values in most major sports. Sometimes a 'win at all costs' mentality can ruin a game, and I am repulsed by commentators who revel in unnecessary violence, or unfair tactics. Commentators like Richie Bernaud in the cricket reflect their love and knowledgeable appreciation of the sport, and concern for fairness. Games are a great human invention, providing many metaphors for other more serious human activities, and an outlet for physical and mental expression which can be a source of great pleasure. My schooling in games certainly gave me much pleasure and greater understanding of how to inter-relate constructively with others. Australians have often been criticised for over-emphasising sport, but good educationists have realised it can have a significant place in human development, if it is kept in perspective and is guided by ethically justifiable values.

My Teachers

My teachers, form teachers and house masters during my time at St Peter's varied in age, teaching capacity and personality; I do not recall actively disliking any of them. I have just stated the high regard I had for the School's exceptional main Sports Master, Trunk Vollugi. Along with countless others, I had especial regard and admiration for Mr Cameron, the School's second master. He was my form master and taught me English at the Intermediate level, and English and ancient history in my two years at the Leaving Honours Level. In 1948, I gained top credit in the State in ancient history, and came second in 1949, being beaten by my good friend Leigh Wilson, who was headed for

a career in medicine like his father. It was a privilege to have had Cammy as a teacher, particularly in those final years, and his educational influence on me and many others extended well beyond the classroom.

'A Great Schoolmaster'

On Mr Cameron's death in 1959, the second master Mr F. H. Schubert wrote a superb obituary which captured the man and moved me greatly when I read it. Cammy himself would have approved of the quality of the writing. Mr Cameron was born near Melbourne in 1890, and came of Scottish stock. His father was a Presbyterian minister. After education at Geelong College, Ormond College at the University of Melbourne, and at the University of Adelaide, he joined the staff of St Peter's in 1912, went to the war in France as a lieutenant and won a military cross in September 1918 'for great gallantry and devotion to duty',⁶³ rejoined the School and devoted the rest of his life to school teaching. He had a very happy but child-less marriage. He was House-master of Short House from 1924 until 1958, and Mr Schubert observed the House 'had perhaps largely taken the place of family to him'.

Mr Cameron taught both history and English. In 1930, after the death of Carlile McDonnell, he became master-in-charge of English, and president of the senior literary society, where 'his greatest talents in teaching were given free rein'. Throughout his teaching days his subjects also included early general history and ancient history. 'He had a retentive memory... His judgements, which were at once firm and sure, were based not only on the formal and purely literary values of a work, but on its moral and spiritual soundness as well'. He was recognised as 'the doyen of English teachers'. Over the years, 21 of his students won the Tennyson Medal at the Leaving Honours or Intermediate level. One of these, my brother Jim, had held him in the highest regard.⁶⁴

Twice, for periods of almost a year, in 1945 and in 1952 when Mr Gordon was on leave visiting England, Mr Cameron was Acting Headmaster. He served as the School's Second Master and President of its Common Room from 1946. Mr Dunning, the Headmaster of Princes described Cammy as 'a great schoolmaster', and Mr Gordon said 'he was held in respect and affection to a degree given to few men. In his quiet and unassuming way he was a man of deep convictions and great kindness, an outstanding teacher, particularly in English, and a schoolmaster whose wisdom and devotion made him an ornament to his profession'.

Mr Schubert wrote at the end of the obituary:

His was a truly dedicated life. He was more than usually reticent about those things which meant most to him, but in a rare moment of disclosure, he once said: "The great thing is to find some cause or purpose which you believe is big enough to

63 The citation read: '... When his platoon met very strong opposition from a trench system, he established his Lewis gun to give covering fire, and with the remainder of his platoon bombed up the occupied portion of the trench, killing six and capturing sixty of the enemy. It was due to his quick dealing with the situation that his platoon captured the position with very few casualties.' See the entry for Robert Ewen Cameron on The AIF Project website.

64 See p. 34.

devote your life to and then to serve it with unswerving and wholehearted loyalty. Soon after joining the Staff of this School I became convinced that it represented such a cause and I have never wavered from that belief.”⁶⁵

When I read this, I recalled Mr Cameron quietly asking me at the end of 1949 if I was interested in a career in school teaching. I replied that I was looking forward to moving on from being immersed in a school environment. He responded, ‘Everyone must follow their own particular star’. No-one could have provided a better role model, if I had decided to become a school-teacher. I did eventually become a teacher, but not in a school.

F. H. Schubert and the Cadet Corps

Mr Schubert proved to be a very worthy second master at the School, when he was appointed in 1958 to succeed Mr Cameron. He taught me English in 1947. When I topped his class in second term, he commented: ‘He obviously can produce good work, but doesn’t always do so’. I also knew Mr Schubert as Captain Schubert, officer in charge of the School’s cadet corps. He was very efficient and conscientious, and took pride in developing and maintaining the unit at a high standard. Boys had to choose between the cadets, the scouts or the sea scouts. My official record of service in the cadets shows that I spent 50 hours in home training each year, eight camp days annually in each of my last three years, and a further nine days in courses in my final year. I learned to shoot both a .303 rifle and a Bren gun, my rifle shooting being rated first-class in 1949.⁶⁶ Camps were held at Woodside in the Adelaide Hills. By completion of the necessary examinations, I was promoted through the ranks finishing up as a cadet lieutenant second in charge of A Company in my final year. When I was leaving School, Mr Schubert said I had been a good cadet lieutenant, but knew me well enough also to say, ‘But you will never be a soldier’.

According to my ‘Record of Service’ booklet, although we were not required to be sworn in on joining the cadet corps, we were expected to ‘well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King’.

The object of the Cadet Corps is to give mental, moral and physical training to boys, and so form the character of each to enable him to make a good start in life, to develop in him the principles of patriotism and good citizenship, bringing out the qualities of self-confidence, self-respect and ability to face and accept responsibility, with power to control himself and others; thus a cadet is fitted, in the event of National Emergency, to take his place in the defence of his home and country.

The Australian Cadet Corps was expected to provide a nucleus from which future officers and NCOs of the defence forces could be drawn. In Britain in the 1939/45 War, 5% of all enlistments in the army had come from a cadet organisation, and these had supplied 50% of the commissioned officers during the war years.⁶⁷

⁶⁵ *St Peter’s College Magazine*, No. 196, December 1959, pp. 7–9.

⁶⁶ Grandpa Lawrence had belonged to a rifle club in Melbourne and had been an excellent shot.

⁶⁷ Australian Military Forces, Australian Cadet Corps, Record of Service, introduced September 1947.

In the immediate post-war years, many people wanted to put aside the thought of having to fight another war and were determined this time to 'win the peace'. Unlike during World War 1, there were few conscientious objectors in Britain or Australia, during World War 2. It was seen as 'a just war'. My own developing conscience was worried by the idea of having to resolve disputes with others by hurting, killing and destroying them. The high-sounding educational ideals of the cadet corps could have been articulated by an idealistic headmaster. The training we experienced had a fair amount of rather mindless or mind-numbing components, and I am unsure whether on balance it contributed much to my development as a person, except to make me wonder about it all. I was beginning to develop some awareness that the 'pro patria' part of the School's motto could be used to justify behaviour that was morally wrong. 'My country right or wrong' was a principle that had led to disastrous human consequences. To describe the King as one's 'Sovereign Lord' seemed over the top, and to confuse the second with the School's first principle of 'pro deo'. I was also beginning to have questions about the Christian version of a deity, although I continued to go to chapel and church without question and found taking communion strangely settling emotionally.

Scripture, School Chaplains

As mentioned, the School was mandated by its constitution to teach scripture.⁶⁸ From the evidence in the School reports, I did well in the subject, for example eliciting 'very good' twice from Pat Maclaren in 1945, 'intelligent and sincere' and 'intelligently interested' from Lionel Blakeway in 1948, and 'a fine effort: sound and sincere' and 'sincere and sound' from Lionel Blakeway and 'sincere and sound' from Gordon Hewitson in 1949, the year I won the Christchurch Scholarship for Scripture and Ancient History. I was not taught scripture in the class-room by Bill Irwin, but as I have indicated he had some influence on all of us, because of the sort of person he was. My immediate scripture teachers were also clerygymen whom I liked as people, irrespective of any doctrines they were imparting to us. Pat Maclaren's sudden death in March 1948 shocked the School community. He was educated at St Peter's and the university before joining the School staff to teach Latin, English and history in 1910. In 1916, he went to Melbourne to qualify in theology. After ordination, he had periods as chaplain at Melbourne Grammar and headmaster of two other schools. He was appointed chaplain at St Peter's in 1924, and was House master of the boarding house Wyatt and Allen for twenty years.⁶⁹ Over the years, he prepared hundreds of boys for confirmation, including my brother and me.⁷⁰ Lionel Blakeway was appointed assistant chaplain to Pat Maclaren, but in his first term had to suddenly succeed him as school chaplain – 'and this not long after having spent three and a half years in Japanese prison camps'. It proved to be too soon and ill-health forced him to resign the following year. The headmaster wrote at the time:

68 See p. 42.

69 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 180, May 1948, pp. 3–4.

70 We were confirmed by Bishop Robin in August 1945.

As the first lay Headmaster of St Peter's, I feel his going particularly keenly, because I have always felt confident ... that under Mr Blakeway's chaplaincy, the School would, at the least, not have fallen below the record of the past in the initial training of priests and laymen for the Church.⁷¹

Gordon Hewitson was 'clerk in Holy Orders', a former school captain under Pentreath; he had served as an officer in the navy during the war. His appointment assisted with the School's chaplaincy situation, which again became settled with the installation of the Rev. Brian MacDonald as chaplain of the school by Bishop Robin in February 1950. With his appointment, the school chaplain was relieved of half the normal teaching timetable and any other duties so that he could be free to be 'the spiritual leader and pastor of the whole school community'. He proved to be an excellent appointment in the eight years he was at the school.⁷² Although I was no longer at School, I did get to know him well enough to raise with him at one stage at a university function⁷³ – 'If Christ's claim to divinity were untrue, then he must have been a madman', and also 'What about all the people in the world who have lived their lives unaware of Christianity, what is their fate in an after-life? Surely a loving, just God would not create a world without long-term hope for most of its human members'. In 1956, I was to ask him to officiate at my wedding.

Obviously my mind was beginning to confront uncomfortable questions. I was beginning to recognise and appreciate the elements of Judaism and Christianity which emphasised universal justice, and the New Testament's stress on the place of love in our lives. I could not yet, however, clarify in my mind what part religious claims should morally have on the way I lived my own life. As I have indicated, I was being taught a religious faith that put God, as exemplified in Jesus, at the normative centre of human existence. However, I was beginning to have nagging doubts. The notion of an 'after-life' seemed rather a contradiction in terms. The thought that every child was born sinful and then had to be 'saved' by God submitting his son to terrible suffering, I found odd and unconvincing. I could not see that all human enlightenment about the normative issues of human existence would have been settled in the bible or any other basic scriptures. What sort of God was behind all this? I was slowly coming to the view that the basic categories of thinking about what one should do as a human being were the moral or ethical ones, not religious ones. Religious traditions, of course, have massively incorporated moral ideas – they have had to, to get traction with people living in society. Putting it in a nutshell, I realised that moral questions of right and wrong, and good and bad were inescapable for each human as a thinking being, and had to be settled by argument or reasoning, not by force or appeals to authority, religious or otherwise. I was aware that some other people emerging from adolescence into young adulthood must have experienced similar wondering, but generally I kept most of this to myself.

71 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 184, December 1949, p. 5.

72 He left to become Dean of St George's Cathedral in Perth. He had spent 14 years there as a parish priest or as chaplain in a West Australian battalion, after theological training. He was born in England and went to school there. *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 195, December 1958, pp. 7, 14–15.

73 In July 1952. See p. 137.

Deciding About Alcohol and Smoking

One reason that I decided not to drink alcohol in the long-term, was that I associated its taste only with the communion service and wanted to keep it that way. This was to keep communion special. Other reasons for not drinking alcohol, were that I did not seem to require it to enjoy myself at social occasions, I thought the emphasis on beer-drinking in sporting circles rather juvenile, I did not want to lose control of senses even if others did, I did not like the taste of most alcohol which I found rather bitter, and I thought alcohol and doing well in sport did not go together. As already mentioned, the drinking of alcohol was against school rules anyway, and my parents did not introduce us to the practice while we were still at school. Clear of school rules, moderate drinking of good wine became one of my brother's most enjoyable knowledgeable habits; he developed an excellent cellar which gave him great pleasure to share with his dinner guests. I became what is known as a tee-totaller for the rest of my life. The great advantage of this habit was that I never had to worry about drink-driving. The main problem was that people sometimes plied me with it, wanting me to try it, or they thought I must be a 'wowsler', who did not approve of other people drinking. As far as I was concerned, choosing to drink alcohol in moderation should be a personal matter. We always served reasonably good wine at our dinner parties.

When I was reaching adulthood, the drinking of wine and smoking were often portrayed as sophisticated behaviour. I decided not to take up smoking because when I tried it with lavatory paper and dry pine-needles not surprisingly I did not enjoy it, and more importantly I thought it did not go well with playing sport. It was not difficult to conform to the School's embargo on smoking. I was, of course, extremely fortunate not to get addicted to nicotine, and be faced later in life with trying to escape from the habit when so much more was known about its dire effects on health.

House Masters

I was fortunate in the quality of my two house masters at St Peter's. Ben Ellis had been headmaster of Kyre College (the school which later became Scotch College), before joining the St Peter's staff in 1919. In his original degree at the University of Adelaide, he had majored in English, but in his time at Saints it was said that 'he taught almost every form in every subject with equal success'. (He taught me arithmetic, maths1 and maths 2 at the Intermediate level.) He had been house master of Da Costa House since 1925, and delayed his retirement to 1946, due to the war. He later returned in 1948, to help the School in a part-time capacity. Both Jim and I respected and liked him in the classroom and in the House, and enjoyed his quiet sense of humour.⁷⁴

His successor in 1947, Mr G. K. Kirke ('Kirkie'), was equally well liked. He was born in 1904 of Scottish parents; his father was a minister, his mother a doctor. They had just migrated to Charters Towers, a gold-mining centre in North Queensland. In 1915, the family moved to Ipswich. Ken Kirke obtained

⁷⁴ *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 176, December 1946, p. 4.

a B.A. degree from the University of Queensland, had some teaching experience in Queensland, and taught at King's College in Adelaide 1929–39, with a year's break visiting schools in Britain and the U.S.A in 1937. In 1940, headmaster Pentreath invited him to join the staff at St Peter's. His teaching was then interrupted by war service in the Australian Navy where he achieved the rank of lieutenant. He returned to St Peter's in 1946 and was appointed master-in-charge of geography in 1947.⁷⁵ Because of my heavy involvement in Da Costa House as House captain, I came to know him well. He was a very helpful, even-tempered person, genuinely interested in his responsibilities as house master. He retired in 1962.

My French Teacher

When Mr Holtham, my French teacher, retired in 1951 after 32 years of teaching of French and German at St Peter's, he was described by the headmaster as a School identity with a whimsical personality.⁷⁶ He loved France and went to live there after his retirement. He would describe to us boys a wedding going on in the chapel just next door to his teaching room as 'another human tragedy'. As silly adolescents we once enjoyed telling him that a film on French South-West Africa was full of 'polly-binxes' not wearing clothes. Originally from England, he was a schoolmaster in Queensland when he enlisted in 1916 and embarked for France. He served as lieutenant in the 4th Machine Gun Battalion. My learning from five years of his classes gave me some understanding of French in written form, but he did not concentrate enough on developing our ability to speak the language. I sat besides Jim Morgan in the classes in my later years and we became friends. He was a good scholar.⁷⁷

A Good Education?

Given the amount of time I spent in a classroom and on the playing fields, all of my teachers and coaches are likely to have had at least some influence on my education – and I suspect mainly for the better, although the teaching technologies were not very sophisticated. In retrospect, it was not so much the teaching as the dated nature of the curriculum that limited my education. Much of the program I undertook was not strongly related to participating knowledgeably in my own society or in the rest of the world apart from Europe, yet this was recognised as the best school in South Australia and possibly one of the better ones in Australia. My five years of Latin certainly deepened my understanding of the English language, and I welcomed getting some understanding of the Greek and Roman periods of ancient history, both in their own right and because of their impact on later European history. The modern history was essentially European history and I do not recall learning any Australian history, and I do not recall any Australian literature in the English subjects I studied.

75 *Da Costa Magazine*, 1962, pp. 5–6.

76 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 188, December 1951, p. 4.

77 His father, an old scholar, was president of the State's Industrial Court and of the Board of Industry; in 1952 became a judge in the Commonwealth Court of Conciliation and Arbitration.

The curriculum was heavily Anglo-centric, and I suspect would not have been out of place in a traditional English public school. I did get some introduction to science subjects and maths, and these were obviously less culture-bound than the subjects I eventually chose.

An Impressive Headmaster

The two members of the School's staff who were to have a special influence on me in shaping the direction of my life, Colin Gordon and Trevor Jones, did not teach me in the classroom. Colin Gordon was born in 1907, son of a sugar-planter in British Guiana.⁷⁸ He was educated at Charterhouse in England, where he was particularly influenced by the headmaster Frank Fletcher and by a young teacher James Darling. At Christ Church, Oxford, he studied classics and was president of the University Athletics Club. He represented Britain in the high jump in the 1928 Olympic Games, and British Guiana at the 1930 British Empire Games. After briefly teaching at a school in Ontario in Canada, he was invited by James Darling to teach Latin and English at Geelong Church of England Grammar School. Appointed housemaster in 1935, Gordon became 'one of his key allies in transforming the school and a close friend'. He was 'a popular and versatile master', and wrote a Latin textbook. In 1940, he married and taught classics at The King's School, Parramatta, in Sydney. He was appointed lieutenant in the CMF, but was found to have chronic malaria. In 1942, he joined the Administrative and Special Duties Branch of the Royal Australian Air Force, rising to the rank of acting wing commander, chief rehabilitation officer at Air Force Headquarters in Melbourne.

Colin Gordon was installed as headmaster at St Peter's in February 1946. According to his biographer, 'the school of about seven hundred pupils was somewhat run down and in need of vigorous leadership. ... Gordon brought organizational talent, zest, penetrating insight and a forceful personality to the task. ... He progressively recruited a strong staff, whose professional development he fostered', and as I have already mentioned, he appointed Trevor Jones, a full-time psychologist responsible for educational and vocational guidance. 'Although demand for places grew intense, he withstood pressure to enlarge the school. Particularly at the outset, he had a tense relationship with the governors, who resisted change and expected deference to be shown towards members of Adelaide's establishment. ... Gordon had no time for the snobbery of a small provincial elite. He was sometimes brusque with parents and lectured them on speech days about upholding the moral standards which the school was endeavouring to instil. ... His integrity, and occasional brutal honesty, won loyalty from staff and senior boys. ... Ideas from the staff were welcomed – at first invariably challenged, and, if persuasive, adopted with enthusiasm.'

According to his biographer, he returned from visiting England in 1952, 'determined to give the arts and social issues a greater place in the school's life, and that the narrowing pressures of public examinations ... must be overcome'.

78 The following account of his life is based on Ian D. Brice, 'Gordon, Colin Ernest Sutherland (1907 – 1960)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 14, Melbourne University Press, 1996, pp. 297–298.

As a member of the Council of the University of Adelaide from 1950, he helped to promote a chair of education. He was chairman of the Headmasters' Conference of Australia 1957–9, and in 1959 a founder and fellow of the Australian College of Education. He died from cancer in 1960 at the age of 52. 'In many ways he had exemplified the classic headmaster of an English public school, but, unlike his predecessors, he was a colonial with a tinge of egalitarianism who whole-heartedly adopted Australia as his home... A Stoic who concealed his emotions and did his kindnesses by stealth, he was dedicated to his vocation and upright in character'. I was, indeed, fortunate to have had him as the headmaster while I was at St Peter's and privileged to have had so much to do with him in my senior years. I never found him a forbidding figure. To me he was unfailingly friendly and genuinely enthusiastic when we did our best in what we were trying to achieve, whoever we were in the school. I admired his character.

Shaping My Future – Timely Vocational Guidance

Squadron-leader Trevor Jones, Officer-in-Charge, RAAF Vocational Guidance Section, visited the School briefly in the third term of 1946, in preparation for becoming a full-time staff member in 1947. As already mentioned, the headmaster described his appointment as 'a significant pioneering step in the history of independent schools'.⁷⁹ His work had obviously impressed Colin Gordon when they worked together in the Air Force. He had trained in psychology at the University of Sydney. In October of my final year, I still had little idea of what I wanted to do vocationally, so I had a number of discussions with Trevor Jones. The result was a report which he sent to Colin Gordon, who in turn sent it on to my father with his own comments.⁸⁰ Mr Gordon said he agreed with the report – 'John must follow his bent towards dealing with human beings; the combination course which Mr Jones has worked out seems an extremely cunning and appropriate one; (and) ... both John's particular interest and the vocational future will become clearer while he is at the University'.⁸¹ Trevor Jones had written:

His educational achievements to date, his mental abilities, and his own natural inclinations point to a career in the field of 'human technology' – i.e. dealing with people in the capacity of an organizer or adviser, etc. The boy has implicitly recognized this by his own narrowing of the choice down to medicine, psychiatry, psychology or teaching. ... We have reviewed these alternatives ... My impression is that he could make a success of any of the careers he has nominated; medicine, however, seems the least suitable, because of the heavy science content in the training.

I have suggested for his consideration a plan of study which would give him the widest possible choice of careers in the field of 'human technology', excluding

79 See p. 44.

80 It seems very odd that it did not get sent to both of my parents, especially as Mr Jones had suggested my parents may like to have his comments on the stage our discussions had reached.

81 Letter, C. E. S. Gordon to R. G. Lawrence, 3rd November, 1949.

medicine and psychiatry. ... As a four-year plan, it would lead to an ordinary degree in Arts, plus a Diploma in Social Science; as a five-year plan, it would lead to an Honours degree in Arts, plus a Diploma in Social Science. In either case, the avenues of employment open to him would be as follows:

1. All those careers to which an Arts degree normally leads, viz: Teaching, Commonwealth Civil Service (Research or Administration), the Diplomatic Corps, the British Colonial Service, or administrative work in private industry (e.g. both Shell and Vacuum Oil Co.'s engage a few Arts graduates).
2. Social worker. There is a rapidly growing field of employment for male graduates with Social Science Diplomas – in Commonwealth and State programmes for rehabilitation work, health, housing, child welfare, rural development, recreation, industrial welfare; in social welfare organizations such as Red Cross; in the work of the Immigration Departments; and, in the international sphere, in the work of the United Nations. Pay is now on a level with that of other recognized professions.
3. Personnel and welfare work in private industry – again a rapidly growing field.
4. Psychological practice (provided that the proposed new psychology courses are available in time). Here again the field is expanding – educational psychology in educational systems; industrial psychology in private firms, organizations of private firms (e.g. Institute of Industrial Management), and in Commonwealth and State Vocational Guidance Services; clinical psychology in hospitals and social welfare organizations; or any of these in private practice.

In four or five years' time, the opportunities should be more clearly defined, and the boy's interests and aims crystalised in the light of his work at the University.⁸²

I have reprinted this report to demonstrate the quality of vocational guidance which I was fortunate enough to benefit from at a crucial stage in my life. As will be seen as the rest of my vocational story unfolds, Trevor Jones showed remarkable understanding of what might suitably lie ahead for me. Based on his knowledge of me and my emerging interests, he planned for me a combined program of an arts degree, majoring in history and political science, and a diploma which prepared people for the professional practice of social work. This kept open the various vocational options which he so knowledgeably charted. I remember my father commenting that if I became a social worker, at least I would not be out of a job during a future depression. Not surprisingly, job security had a high priority in the minds of his generation who had seen the great human distress caused by unemployment.

A University Bursary

I was not confident about doing well enough in the Leaving Honours Examination to get a government bursary to attend the University of Adelaide. When the results were published, Colin Gordon sent me a cryptic note – 'I

82 T. G. Jones, 'LAWRENCE, R. J. (6A Arts)', 1/11/49.

told you so.' As mentioned, I had topped the State in modern history and was second in ancient history, and must have done reasonably well in my other subjects English literature, French and Latin, for I was placed sixth in the general honours list and was awarded the Archibald Henry Peake Bursary.⁸³ Thanks to Trevor Jones, I could look forward to my university studies with a settled program of subjects and at least some informed ideas about where this might lead vocationally. Although my parents were not university-educated, they could not have been more supportive, and my brother Jim had already very successfully completed his first two years of medicine.

As Butterfield the British historian once said, 'The ifs of history are always still-born', but I have sometimes wondered what my life would have been like if I had not been helped in this way by Colin Gordon and Trevor Jones, and this would not have happened if I had not attended St Peter's in the first place, thanks to my parents and my brother. It is, of course, fruitless to spend too much time chasing causal chains, but even brief reflection does bring awareness of how socially inter-dependent a human life is.

Girl Friends

One aspect of my school years has not yet been described – my interest in the opposite sex. I found them physically attractive and enjoyed the company of successive girlfriends, Barbara Tanner from St Peter's Girls' School and Jule Gray from the Wilderness School, and of other girls we met at regular private and school dances. Into late adolescence, I became increasingly conscious that I needed to find a mate with whom to spend the rest of my life and to establish and rear a family. With many strong role models, including especially my own parents, it never occurred to me not to marry. A few classes at Miss Norah Stewart's School of Dancing in North Adelaide taught me the elements of dancing. When attending St Peter's, Jim and I attended a very full round of dances put on by reasonably affluent parents, either in the grounds of their homes or in places like St Helen's at Prospect which they could hire. In addition, were the School's Blue and White organised annually by the School prefects, and occasional dances held by various girls' schools – Woodlands, The Wilderness, St Peter's Girls' School, Walford – if we happened to score an invitation. A mementos box full of invitations and dance cards indicates the privileged social life we led.

One of the private dances in 1948 was the coming-out dance of Patricia Berry (my future wife) at Wingfield, a private home in Prospect. She was one of a group of Wilderness girls whom we got to know from attending dances – Ann Piper, Noel Ross, Anne Fullerton, Jule Gray, Ann Hornabrook, the McLachlan twins Janet and Susan, Mignon Holden, Joan Creswell, Helen Lines and Jean Walkley. Pauline Dick who lived nearby in Lower Mitcham and went to St Columba's Church, shared my love for music. She was a very good pianist and was headed for a musical career. One of her best friends was Margaret Adey,

83 This was awarded to the best result for a student who did not already have a government bursary from previous examinations.

a violinist who married John Winstanley my organ teacher. I still have a vivid memory of listening to Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto in the lounge room at Pauline's home. With the heightened receptivity of an adolescent, I found it incredibly moving, romantic music. Pauline invited me to a Walford School Dance, but we did not become more than just good friends.

Musical Education

A developing appreciation of music was an important part of my school years. In addition to learning to play the organ and continuing to play the piano but without the benefit and discipline of lessons, I was heavily involved in the various music activities at St Peter's College – singing in the annual carols service which included an orchestra of accomplished professional players, singing in special School occasions in St Peter's Cathedral, the 6th Form's Music Club, and music in the daily chapel services. One truly memorable occasion was a recital of oratorio and organ music in March 1946 by William Herbert and John Winstanley, the new music master. I found Herbert's tenor voice incredibly beautiful – quite spine-tingling. I think both Herbert and Winstanley had, at one stage, been choir boys with the legendary Dr A. E. Floyd at St Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne.⁸⁴ Through Dr Floyd's 'Music Lovers' Hour' on the radio each Sunday afternoon, I gained a love and appreciation of a wide range of classical music, and could identify all of the major symphonic works. *The Victor Book of Symphony*, which Jim had received as a school prize⁸⁵, helped in the process.

Our musical education was also assisted by the yearly ABC Concert Series, which we attended with our mother at the Adelaide Town Hall throughout our adolescence. The series regularly featured overseas conductors and soloists, so we had the privilege of hearing live performances. Bernard Heinze, described by his biographer as 'without doubt the dominant musical figure of twentieth-century Australia',⁸⁶ was an impressive Australian conductor who conducted a Beethoven Festival climaxing inevitably with the Ninth ('Choral') Symphony. Other regular live musical events we attended with our mother were Christmas-time performances of Handel's 'Messiah', and at Easter J. S. Bach's St Matthew's Passion. My mother took special pleasure from our enjoyment of music together with her. All of this early grounding in classical music was to stay with us for the rest of our lives. In my case, Bach's organ music had a rather special place for I could play some of it at a reasonable level of competence and I found much of his religiously-inspired work deeply satisfying musically.

84 See p. 41.

85 *The Victor Book of Symphony*, Charles O'Connell (ed), Simon & Shuster, 1941, received by J. R. Lawrence as the Intermediate Melrose Shakespeare Prize, 1944.

86 Therese Radic, 'Heinze, Sir Bernard Thomas (1894–1982)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 17, Melbourne University Press, pp. 509–511.

Holiday Experiences

Extending what I was learning at school during this early period of my life were a variety of holiday experiences. I have already described holidays with the Picks near Mount Gambier. A family holiday at Henley Beach in the late 1930s, resulted in my father being confined to bed for a week with what was called 'sunburn poisoning'. In 1939, Jim and I had a holiday on a property of the parents of Violet Thomas, who provided paid help to my mother. The property was at Hallett, near the Burra. It was an extreme heat-wave with a temperature of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit. At one stage, I stupidly left a gate open leading to a goat eating grain then drinking a lot of water. Its stomach bloated horrifically. Another vivid 1939 memory was us all listening on the radio to the Christmas message by King George VI. Britain was feeling isolated and under dire threat of invasion.

Port Noarlunga was the chosen location for family summer holidays in the early 1940s. We could get there easily by bus. Nanna Butlin joined us for one of these holidays not long before she died. Unfortunately, we were staying in a cottage a very long walk to the beach. My parents had been badly misled by an advertisement which had described it as a block away from the beach. I recall once being warned by an older good swimmer, Pat Thyer, not to swim so far out from the shore. 'Far better swimmers than you have got into trouble'.

In the summer holidays at the end of 1946, Jim and I went to Melbourne. I recall staying with 'Unc' and Auntie Mabel Butlin at their home in Albert Park, where my mother had once lived. In early January 1947, we attended the third cricket test match against England on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. It was the first English tour of Australia after the War. We saw an incredible batting partnership between Ray Lindwall, the superb Australian fast bowler, and Don Tallon, the Australian wicket-keeper; and it was against an attack that included Alec Bedser. Some critics at the time described it as 'the most brilliant partnership seen in any test'. They put on 154 for the eighth wicket in 82 minutes. Tallon was out for his highest test score of 92, and Lindwall scored 100. After the cricket, Jim and I stayed with Auntie Nina and her father at McCrae, a beach suburb below Arthur's Seat on the Mornington Peninsular south of Melbourne. I subsequently received a letter from Allan Skertchley:

It seems an age since we were all at McCrae, happy and carefree, and enjoying the simple, the best pleasures in life. I suppose that you too, are back at work. Here's to its success, and may the year be a fruitful one.

The letter also contained news of others whom we had got to know on the holiday. It was a warm, friendly letter.⁸⁷ Clearly we had all enjoyed being together. Allan asked me to write back with my own news, which I think I did, but there is no record and we did not maintain a continuing correspondence.

In the summer holidays at the end of 1947, Leigh Wilson invited me to stay with his family at their holiday place at Encounter Bay about 50 miles south of Adelaide. Little did I know that Encounter Bay would become the

⁸⁷ Letter, Allan Skertchley to John Lawrence, 22/2/47.

location for many subsequent holidays with another family when I was at the University. Encounter Bay was so-called by Matthew Flinders after his chance meeting in 1802 with a French maritime expedition of discovery led by Nicholas Baudin. The Bay itself stretched from near the Murray River Mouth, not discovered by either of the explorers, and the Bluff a rocky high headland about 3 miles south-west of the future small town of Victor Harbour. Victor Harbour was once mooted as a possible site for Adelaide. Opposite the town was Granite Island, joined by a causeway to the mainland in 1875. Towards the Bluff was the much smaller Wright Island, opposite the small district that was called Encounter Bay where houses were built along the foreshore. On the other side of the Bluff was Petrel Cove, a favourite spot for body surfing when the sand was 'in'. The other side of Victor Harbour was another much larger surfing beach, Chiton Rocks. This was on the way to Port Elliot, which was a much smaller settlement than Victor Harbour. Boating on the Hindmarsh River which ran through the outskirts of Victor Harbour was another available activity. In 1928, the road to Victor Harbour was asphalted. The town and surrounding areas became favourite holiday locations for many people in Adelaide.

Leigh, his older brother John, his older sister Rosemary, her friend Valerie Roach, and I had a great time – boating, fishing and surfing. Leigh's father, Dr Laurie Wilson, taught me how to get a great haul of fish trailing a line behind a moving boat. He did, however, inflict considerable pain on me when he bound too tight an ankle which I sprained jumping from the boat on a visit to Wright Island. I spent a very painful night, not willing to loosen the binding. He had said the family thought he was no good at treating sprained ankles, and he wanted to show them otherwise. Certainly the ankle was not allowed to swell much and healed quickly. Later, of course, I would have immediately used an ice-pack, but in those days if we had football knocks or pulled muscles, we would use heat. I went from my memorable holiday with the Wilsons by bus to join my own family at Christie's Beach, and Barbara Tanner joined us there by bus after spending time with her mother staying with a relative in Gladstone, a small settlement north of Adelaide. Christie's Beach was just north of Port Noarlunga, our former holiday stamping ground.

The final holiday I can recall in this period was another one further south from Port Noarlunga and Christie's Beach at Maslin Beach, where we stayed in a shack with one of my father's bank colleagues, Bruce Forsythe and his wife.⁸⁸ I still have a memory of the backs of our shirts being absolutely black with flies.

On the Threshold of Adulthood

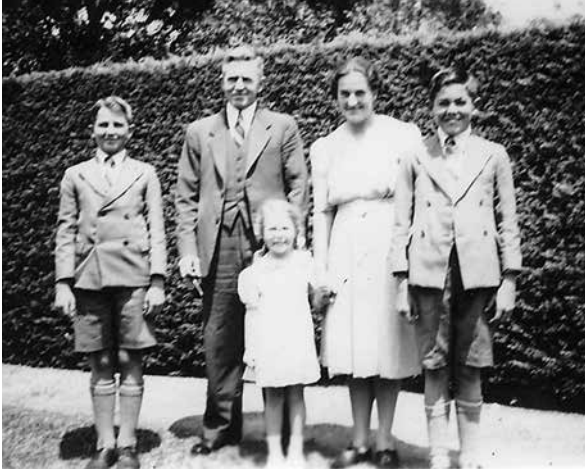
By the end of 1949, I was reasonably ready for the responsibilities of young adulthood. I was approaching 19 years of age, and was physically mature. The society in which I lived had provided me with a variety of opportunities to learn about my cultural heritage and to gain some understanding of my relative capacities and how I ought to live my life. For most of the population, the completion of school was the end of their formal education. Moving out from home,

⁸⁸ In 1975, the southern part of this beautiful beach was declared Australia's first legal nude beach.

getting a job, marrying, and establishing a family were their anticipated next steps. When university-level education began to emerge as a realistic possibility, I became aware that this would entail a further period before I could take on full adult responsibilities. I just had to hope and trust that it would be worth it.

The account given so far will have provided some understanding of the sort of person that was emerging. I was an affectionate, rather sensitive person, but was not indiscriminately demonstrative. I had a sense of humour, but was not a humorous raconteur. Neville Reid⁸⁹ and I enjoyed punning, but I was told it was 'the lowest form of wit'. Others had given me leadership responsibilities, but I was not conscious of being personally ambitious. If I was given a task to do, I always tried to do it as well as I could. I cannot recall ever failing an examination, but sometimes wondered what it would be like for those who experienced constant failure. I was temperamentally a far more cooperative than a competitive person, but would stick up for myself when I thought it was necessary and would not cooperate with others in doing things that I thought were foolish or hurtful. I was frank and honest with myself and valued this in other people. Revisiting my school years, I have been surprised at how well I did in the classroom. I had always thought that I was a late developer intellectually, and had not done particularly well in those earlier years. I was graced with an enquiring mind, encouraged in the later years of my schooling, and enjoyed finding out about how the world worked, particularly the social world. My curiosity, wondering about the 'why' of things, had not been killed by the schooling I had experienced, although I was aware of how little I knew, despite any success I might have had in examination results.

89 He was a school friend. I was invited to the tennis parties and dances at his home in Toorak Gardens. His family had a large timber and furniture business. They owned the horse Rainbird which won the Melbourne Cup in 1946, and Rain Lover, the winner in 1968 and 1969.



Lawrence family - Robert John, Robert Gribbon (now called Bob), Margaret Evelyn, Lucy Evelyn, and James Roland - 20 Glen Avenue, c. 1942



20 Glen Avenue, Unley Park, Adelaide (recent photo)



55 Sussex Terrace, Westbourne Park (now Hawthorn) (recent photo)



Holiday, Thomas's farm - Violet Thomas, Jim and John, c. 1939



*RJL, western roll - U15 high jump record, (5'3")
St Peter's College Sports Day, 1946*



Intercol open high jump, Adelaide Oval, 1949



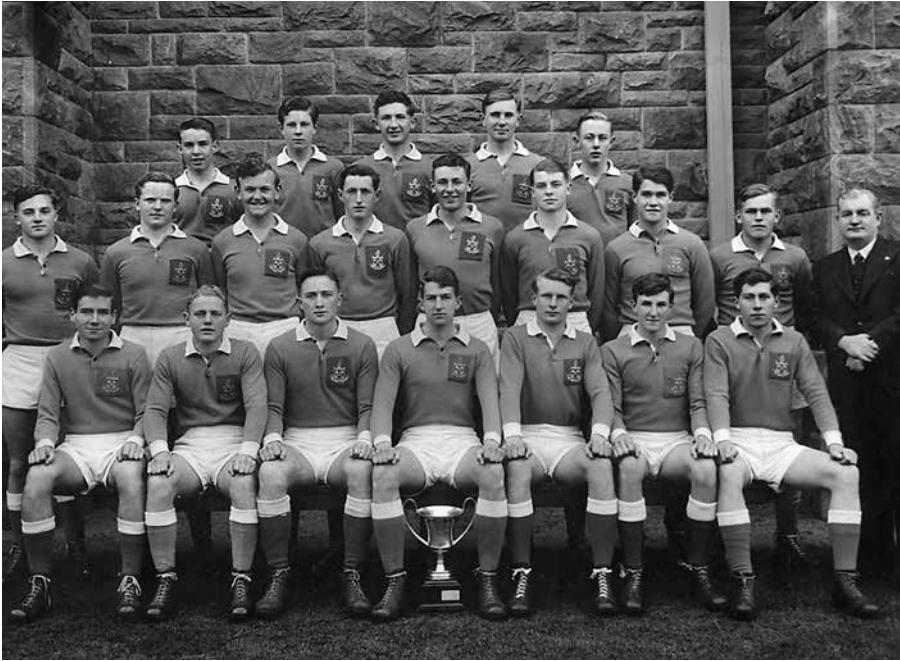
*Lionel Dawes, John Lawrence, Dick Hancock, Barry Black, Bill Hayward, and Jack Daw, open hurdles,
St Peter's College Sports Day, 1948 - won by RJL, record time*



*Peter's College v. Melbourne Grammar, St Kilda Oval, 1948 -
Doug Giles spoiling Duncan Anderson mark, RJL 4*



*RJL and David Pennells Intercol
cricket, 1948*



St Peter's College first XVIII, 1949 – RJL captain, Bob Vollugi coach. (5th from left, middle row, Leon Gregory, 1956 Olympian runner)



St Peter's College school prefects, 1949 – front row, Sandy Nield, Dick Hancock, John Lawrence (school captain), Colin Gordon (headmaster), Lionel Dawes, John Wurm, Barry Black; second row, John Heuzenroeder, Martin Kitchener, Leigh Wilson, John Allgrove, John Laurie, Sandy Lewis, Jim Morgan and Graham Duncan



St Peter's College Prize-Giving, 1949 - Jim Morgan, Nicholas Wilson, and R/L



St Peter's College Chapel interior, with the organ on right (recent photo)



St Peter's College - schoolrooms, Chapel, and Memorial Hall (recent photo)

Chapter 3

Higher Education

A New Relationship

Near the beginning of 1950, I went to a dance at the Palais Royal on North Terrace in Adelaide. A feature of dances there was the flashing coloured lights from a revolving prism and big band playing swing and jazz music. Jule Gray could not come with me, so I invited her friend Patricia Berry instead – and, as the saying goes, ‘the rest was history’. We had a wonderful time together and wanted to see each other again, and again, and again – and so it has continued to this day. Trish¹ had a good male friend and I did not want to cause hurt to Jule. We managed to disengage from each of these relationships without causing too much damage, although Trish’s friend subsequently took a vow of celibacy when he became a monk in an Anglican order.² Amongst our university friends, we became recognised as ‘an item’.

Trish and I had the incredible experience of falling deeply into reciprocated love. We had different university timetables, but extended phone conversations kept us in touch during the week, and we would always see each other at the week-end. Trish sometimes had use of a family car, a small rear-engined Renault. I still have a vivid early memory of sitting on the sand at the beach at Somerton, watching the sunset and eating sandwiches prepared for us by my mother. I just could not believe my luck to have found someone with whom I felt so completely comfortable as well as excited. We were both second children in our respective families. Neither of us was particularly assertive; Trish less so than me.

Trish had done well at the Wilderness School and had moved on to the University of Adelaide in 1949 to undertake a science degree in mathematics and physics. She and her friend Anne Fullerton³ (Fully), who was doing the same university course, had both been taught at school by an inspirational maths and physics teacher, Marta Sved. Marta had fled from Hungary to Adelaide with her mathematician husband George just before the Second

1 She was always called ‘Trish’ by her family and friends.

2 Many years later, he left the order and married.

3 Her father, Sid Fullerton, as captain of the Penola Football Club had played football against my father, when he captained a Mount Gambier side. His family had a property at Penola. He later operated his own property at nearby Poolageilo in Victoria. This was Fully’s family home.

World War. He taught at the University of Adelaide 1950–75 in the department of civil engineering. Their great mathematician friends George and Esther Szekeres had fled from Hungary to Shanghai and then to Adelaide in 1948 when George took up a lectureship at the University.⁴ George Szekeres was Trish's wonderfully enthusiastic maths teacher at the University. We got to know all four of them later in our lives. George and Esther were to become good friends, and Trish kept in touch with Marta until she died in 2005.

Although Trish and I did not share a common interest in the subjects we were studying, we did appreciate the value of higher education and the university environment – the intermingling at the Refectory and in the Barr Smith Library, the various student activities and lunchtime talks on wide-ranging topics.

As our relationship blossomed, I was regularly invited to Wingfield, Trish's home in Alpha Road, Prospect, and to holidays with her family at Encounter Bay. Wingfield was an historical landmark in Alpha Road, Prospect.⁵ Gradually I got to know the current members of the family and became aware of her family's history. Catherine and Dean Berry married in 1926. Their daughters were Catherine Anne (born 1928), Patricia Dean (born 1930), and Mary Dean (born 1933). Anne was friendly with Murray Gordon (born 1929), whom she had met at St Peter's Cathedral where he was an assistant organist learning from Canon Finnis, the Cathedral organist. He had gone to school at Princes and was now doing a music and arts degree at the University of Adelaide. In contrast to my own family, the history of the family was sometimes talked about, although Trish was not herself inclined to historical study. Catherine was a member of the Barker family which had a particularly interesting pioneering history, some of which had been recorded.

BARKER AND BERRY FAMILY HISTORY⁶

Barkers, Chambers, Browns

Both of Trish's parents were descended from pioneer South Australian families. On the Barker side, Alfred Barker, born in 1812, came to South Australia in 1836 as a crew member of the Survey Brig *Rapid*, captained by Colonel William Light.⁷ He came from Chichester in the south of England. At fifteen, he had run away from schooling in France, joining a whaling ship going to the south seas. In December 1836, William Field the former first mate replaced Light as Captain of the *Rapid* and Barker was appointed first mate. After a return trip to Sydney for badly needed supplies, Barker bought land in Adelaide, and left in the *Rapid* for England with South Australia's first export,

4 See p. 135

5 On the suggestion of his friend Dr T. T. Reed, Dean Berry wrote a history of Wingfield and its occupants. See the next footnote.

6 This section is based on D. W. Berry, *A South Australian Pioneer Family: The Barkers of Baldina House, St John's Wood*, 1979. See also Margaret Goyder Kerr, *Colonial Dynasty: The Chambers Family of South Australia*, Rigby, Adelaide, 1980.

7 See p. 21.

150 barrels of whale oil. The *Rapid* arrived back in June 1838. Towards the end of that year Field and Barker left the ship to try their luck on land in the new colony. In 1841, they began overlanding cattle from New South Wales, which enabled Barker to buy land at Finniss Flat.

Alfred Barker married Priscilla Chambers in 1842. She had been invited by her brothers James and John to migrate with them to South Australia. It was said that she had asked to be lashed to the mast to witness a storm on the voyage to the colony. She had arrived in the *John Renwick* in February 1837. Her two brothers, who had become enterprising pastoral pioneers, joined with the government to back the third and successful attempt by John McDouall Stuart to cross Australia from south to north. He set out from James Chambers' home in North Adelaide in October 1861, and arrived 9 months later at the Indian Ocean, returning in triumph to Adelaide in January 1863. The overland telegraph linking Australia to England in 1872 followed Stuart's route. As a descendant of both the Chambers and Barker pioneers, Catherine Berry (née Barker), took part in a re-enactment in 1967, of Stuart's departure from Adelaide in 1861.⁸

Alfred Barker and his wife Priscilla moved from Finniss Flat to Yankalilla, and then to the Burra north of Adelaide, where he ran an inn. In the late 1840s, he purchased land north of Baldina Creek. With additional land at the Baldina property, he bred horses and cattle, and then turned to sheep. In 1873, he retired to Adelaide, purchasing a property at St John's Wood, which he called Baldina House. He died in 1880; his wife Priscilla in 1900. They had seven children. The third child, John Barker, married his cousin Catherine Chambers and they had five children. They moved into Baldina House in 1901, but she died in 1904. John Barker attended St Peter's College and was later a governor of the School. After early business training with the Bank of Australasia, in 1877 he went into a partnership with his brother-in-law Hugh Chambers in an auctioneers and stock agents business. In 1896, this became the Barker Bros., with his brother Alfred joining the firm. They were the leading horse-traders in South Australia; between 12,000 and 15,000 horses were sold annually. John Barker also owned station properties in South Australia, New South Wales and Queensland. He was director of three companies, raced several horses, served as chairman of the South Australian Jockey Club, and was president of the Adelaide Club. A church warden of Christ Church, North Adelaide, and a member of the Synod of the Diocese of Adelaide, he gave generously to good causes. Clearly he was a man of considerable substance.

Alfred Edward ('Ned') Barker, born in 1878, was his third child. He married Ethel Salome Brown, born in the same year. She was one of a family of sixteen whose parents adopted four others! They lived at Mintaro, near Clare, where they farmed. Ethel's eldest brother, Alfred, moved to New South Wales and farmed near Goulburn. He changed his name to Maple-Brown, and his son Irwin owned a large property called Springfield. Another brother Jethro, read law at St John's College, Cambridge. He held professorial appointments at the University of Tasmania, University College, London, and at the University

8 *Stuart's Third Attempt: A Re-enactment of the Departure, 1967.*

College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and in 1906–16 was professor of law at the University of Adelaide. He then became president of the Industrial Court of South Australia, and from 1920 was also president of the Board of Industry. According to his biographer, Michael Roe, he wrote four major books, and he was ‘one of the few Australians to have proposed a deeply thought political philosophy. Owing much to T. H. Green and other Idealists, he responded also to concepts of pragmatic social engineering’.⁹ Dr Edgar Brown, a younger brother of Ethel, was an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist.

Ned Barker and Ethel Barker had four children – Catherine (b.1905), Ruth (b.1906), John (b.1908), and Edgar (b.1912). They moved into Baldina House in 1915, its name being changed to Wingfield. In 1925, both John Barker senior and his son Ned died. John had been a widower for 21 years; Ned’s wife was a widow for 36 years. In 1919, Dean Berry first met Catherine Barker at her Uncle Jethro’s home in North Adelaide. They were married seven years later in 1926, when she was at the University of Adelaide studying English and history.

Bagshaws, Deans, Berrys

The earlier period of the Berry side of the Trish’s family was also pioneering, but was rather less colourful and dramatic. John Stokes Bagshaw arrived in South Australia in 1838. He founded the firm of J. H. Bagshaw and Sons, makers of farm machinery. This later became Horwood Bagshaw Limited. He was a member of the Adelaide City Council. One of his daughters, Indiana Jane, married Henry Dean, but died young leaving Amy and other small daughters. Amy Dean married Walter Whyte Berry. His father was Samuel Berry, a stock broker, who came from Manchester. His mother was Ellen Thornhill. Amy Dean and Walter Berry had only two children, Dean in 1904, and Margaret in 1906. After early business training in The Bank of Australasia, Dean Berry’s father transferred to the South Australian Lands Department. His mother was very interested in activities of the Church of England – the Mothers’ Union and the Girls Friendly Society.

Margaret Berry

Dean’s sister Margaret, after training at the Kindergarten Training College, taught at schools in Adelaide, India and England. She served in the Australian Women’s Army Service from 1941 to 1947, retiring with the rank of major when it was disbanded. Returning to England, she joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service and was appointed personal staff officer to the director of the service. When women were included in the regular British army, she was one of the first thirty women to be commissioned; her rank was captain. In 1949, she served in Northern Ireland and was promoted major in 1950.

9 Michael Roe, ‘Brown, William Jethro (1868–1930), *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Australian National University, Online Edition, 2006.

Dean Berry¹⁰

Dean and Margaret Berry spent wonderful holidays with their cousins at Seppeltsfield, a winery in the Barossa Valley established in 1851 by J. E. Seppelt from Silesia.¹¹ His son, Benno Seppelt, lived in the homestead and several sons and their families lived nearby. Dean's life-time love for horse-riding seems to have dated from these memorable holidays.¹²

While a schoolboy at St Peter's College, Dean Berry developed an interest in architecture from looking at plans for a house extension. He was articled to architect Eric McMichael in 1921 for four years, studying architecture in the evenings at the School of Mines and Industries. He excelled in the study of architectural history. He remained in McMichael's office until the end of 1926 when he and his wife travelled for a year in Europe, England, America and Canada.

By a fortuitous contact with Lady Cecil on the ship going to Europe, they were able to visit many of the great houses of Britain as guests of the owners. He said this rounded off his knowledge of these architectural gems, and whetted his appetite for the restoration work he did later in life. Lady Cecil and her husband, leader of an Empire Parliamentary Delegation, had stayed at Springfield, the property owned by Alfred Maple-Brown, Catherine Berry's uncle. This was a visit arranged by the Commonwealth Government to show the delegation an Australian sheep station. Staying with relatives in Cornwall, Dean Berry gained useful knowledge from studying churches in Devon and Cornwall. His oral history in 1980 details this and various other memorable places and experiences of this trip.¹³

Dean Berry returned home full of enthusiasm but the Great Depression was setting in. He opened an office for private practice, but only relatively minor jobs came his way until the mid-1930s. In his own words, 'Some relatives had building requirements and sought my help and family friends rallied. A three-storey block of flats, Cathcart, in North Adelaide was a windfall from a family friend and a country church designed on the basis of my Cornish research was built at Angaston. Houses, churches and a mixed bag of minor jobs followed'. Mrs Amy Berry and her sister Maude lived in one of the Cathcart flats. Trish and I visited them there; Great Aunt Maude was particularly fond of Trish. The much-loved two-storey holiday house owned by Ethel Barker on the fore-shore at Encounter Bay dates from this period. She and that house were to have some early influence on my life as well as on the lives of many others in and connected with her family. With the considerable

10 Three important sources on Dean Berry are: Transcript of a Recording of an Interview with Dean W. Berry, October 1980, part of the *History of the Building Industry in South Australia* project of the Oral History Association of Australia (South Australian Branch). (This also lists 106 projects undertaken by the firm Berry, Gilbert and Polomka from 1957 to 1979.); Susan Lustra and Julie Collins, 'Dean Walter Berry', *Architects of South Australia*, Architecture Museum, University of South Australia, 2008. (This has a full bibliography of published and unpublished sources, and lists some of his early and later architectural work.); D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982.

11 A relative of Amy Berry married Camillo Seppelt.

12 D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982, pp. 3-7.

13 See also D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982, pp. 10-16.

family wealth left to her by Ned Barker and a strong, determined personality, she provided help where she thought it was needed, and tended to get her way. NanNan, as she was widely known, was genuinely loved, but I sensed that Dean Berry had not always found it easy to cope with her, and when I was courting Trish I recall Catherine Berry saying to me she would not be an interfering mother-in-law. Dean Berry once reminisced:

In the early 1930s our three daughters were quite young, the eldest being but five years of age, but believe it or not, she was sent to boarding school as a weekly boarder to protect her from the wiles of an adoring grandmother. I recall that the child, let alone the parents, was pleased indeed when the weekends arrived.¹⁴

In 1934, Dean Berry completed the City of Mitcham council chambers and offices – in the modern style as required by the client. In 1935, he was offered his first major building project, the Centennial Hall at Wayville, which was commissioned by the South Australian Chamber of Commerce. Substantial reduction in the available budget radically changed his prepared plans – the annexes each side of the main hall were lowered in height and a two-storey restaurant at the end of the building was abolished. According to Dean Berry, this ‘reduced the architectural content of the undertaking to almost nil’. By the war, the office had slowly expanded. Stephen Gilbert had become a partner in 1938, and Brian Polomka, made a partner in 1959, had joined as a junior draftsman. Brother-in-law Edgar Barker concentrated on the engineering side of the work. The office closed when they all went to war. From 1942 to 1945, Dean Berry was away serving as a flight lieutenant in the Royal Australian Air Force; NanNan Barker lived with his family back home. He was a staff officer, R.A.A.F. Command, and his duties included visiting units in the South West Pacific Area. Some account of his war experience is provided in his *People and Places* publication, including a graphic description of a forced landing in Arnhem Land and surviving for five days before being rescued by sea plane in October 1943, and Australian work for General Douglas MacArthur’s ‘Island hopping exercises’ in the war in the Pacific.¹⁵

After the war, the office of Berry and Gilbert resumed its architectural practice. From the outset, Dean Berry had a keen sense of architecture as a profession. He greatly valued his attendance at the annual conference of the British Institute of Architects in London in 1927. When I first got to know him in 1950, he was immersed not only in his architectural practice, but also in positions of responsibility connected with the architectural profession. He had been a member of the council of South Australian Institute of Architects since 1929, and was its vice-president then president 1937–41. When the Architects’ Registration Act was passed in 1939, Dean Berry became the second registered architect in South Australia. He was a member of the Architects Board of South Australia and became its chairman in 1946. At the national level, he was elected fellow of the council of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects in 1937, had become a member of its council in 1946, and was

14 D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982, p. 17.

15 D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982, pp. 28–51.

-serving on its Board of Architectural Education. In 1951, he was elected fellow of both the Royal Institute of British Architects and the Royal Australian Planning Institute.

Dean Berry was in his prime professionally, but it would be false to give the impression that he was obsessively professionally-focused. Since 1938, he had been a warden at St Peter's Cathedral, and his best friend Tom Reed, whom he first met in the preparatory school at St Peter's, was an Anglican parish priest headed to become the first archbishop of Adelaide in 1956. He and Tom met regularly at the Adelaide Club. Dean was a keen gardener and took pride in his garden at Wingfield. Later, he was to spend twenty years on the board of the Botanic Gardens, chairing it 1970 to 1974. Being an architect, he modernised Wingfield and at the same time restored many of its Georgian features. I learned that the building was in rather poor condition from salt damp and required great care to maintain. Trish's father could put his architectural and botanic expertise to successive family purposes, maintaining it as a gracious yet practical home. His daughters were to remember it as the comfortable, spacious home of much of their upbringing, and family friends enjoyed it as a place of generous hospitality.

Trish's father was good company. He was a gregarious person, full of anecdotes mainly about things he had encountered in his interesting life. These he enjoyed sharing with others, sometimes to the exasperation of his wife. His architectural and horticultural commentary enriched many of our outings together. He was a smallish, neat man, with swept-back brown hair with a high part but not in the middle. He was devoted to his immediate family – his mother and sister, his wife, and their three daughters. He clearly had considerable regard for his wife's family, as is reflected in his *A South Australian Pioneer Family*, although he sometimes had difficulty with what he called 'the Barker short-hand', a tendency to be not very expansive communicators. My relationship with his second daughter led us to get to know each other. Much as he loved being with 'his girls', I think at times he rather enjoyed my male company. I certainly enjoyed his.

Catherine Berry

Trish's mother was a rather shy person, although being married to a person as gregarious as Dean had helped her to overcome it in later life. Coping with shyness might have been helped by further time at university, but Dean was conscious that he had taken her away to get married and go overseas. Reflecting on his wife, Dean said,

She never lost a certain nervousness at meeting new people: whereas with old friends she was a lively debater. She was not a person to speak unless she had something worthwhile to say – small talk was not part of her vocabulary. She was a highly intellectual person who read tremendously. She was beneficent to the needy; a quiet supporter of the Church of England; a corner stone of her family and a much loved wife and mother.

He described her as 'as a great home lover'. It was the peaceful and quiet

conditions of her childhood at Wingfield that she sought to reproduce for her children when they bought the place in 1939.¹⁶ She could not have been more welcoming whenever I visited Wingfield, and it was she who taught me to drive a car at Encounter Bay in her Dodge, because as I have mentioned my family did not own a car.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

In 1973, my parents gave me as a birthday present the lively centenary history of the University of Adelaide, written by R. A. Leonard, a history lecturer, and W. G. K. Duncan, professor of politics at the University 1951 to 1968.¹⁷ I spent four years of my life, 1950–53, undertaking a combined honours BA degree, majoring in history and political science, and a diploma in social science, which was a professional qualification for the practice of social work.

South Australia was ‘a small, remote and under-developed colony’ of about 200,000, when a large donation by Walter Watson Hughes, a pastoralist and copper miner from Scotland, set in train the founding of the University in 1874. Sydney had established a university in 1850, and Melbourne in 1853. They had been granted spacious suburban sites, but Adelaide’s university was on about five acres in the parklands on North Terrace, one of the city’s four main streets.¹⁸ In 1973, this was still the smallest university campus in Australia. The proximity to the business, professional and shopping life of the city was valued and made it unique among Australia’s older universities. According to Prime Minister Menzies in 1961,

This University ... right in the heart of a city ... has succeeded in attracting the interest, the help, the enthusiasm of the most eminent people in this city and this State.¹⁹

The city site was retained despite opportunity to move to a more expansive suburban location. North Terrace featured a continuous row of public buildings – Railway Station, Parliament House, Government House, Literary Institute and Public Library, Art Gallery, University, Institute of Technology (formerly the School of Mines and Industries), and the Royal Adelaide Hospital. On the north side of the University was the Torrens, called a ‘river’ but really a dammed-up creek. The University had extensive playing fields in the parklands leased from the City Council, reached by a footbridge across the Torrens.

The University’s first woman graduate, in 1885, was also its first science graduate. These were both pioneering achievements amongst Australian universities. In 1896, South Australian women voted for parliament, another pioneering step in Australia and elsewhere.²⁰

16 D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982, p. 109.

17 W. G. K. Duncan & Roger Ashley Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, Adelaide, Rigby, 1973, p. 164.

18 Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, pp. 1–10.

19 Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, p. 164.

20 Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, pp. 13–14.

In its early years the University relied on attracting young promising British academics for its staff, despite ‘little chance of promotion and even less for stimulating contacts with colleagues with similar interests’. Remarkably successful appointments were made – people of the calibre of Horace Lamb, William Bragg and William Mitchell – but ‘they were concerned almost solely with British or European thought and philosophy; they brought with them little sympathy for disciplines or methods of work not already tried out in the Old World. This ... was to prove a serious impediment to the development of the social sciences in Australian universities’.²¹

The Mitchell Legacy

William Mitchell was professor of English language and literature and mental and moral philosophy 1894–1922, vice-chancellor 1916–42, and chancellor 1942–48. This was a quite unique record of service to the University, and could only have been achieved by a remarkable person. According to Duncan and Leonard,

Mitchell was the nearest approach to a philosopher-king the academic world has ever seen. His authority was unchallenged, but he was not a “despot”, he didn’t domineer, because he didn’t need to. An impressive figure physically, he was even more impressive intellectually and morally. Utterly disinterested himself he expected everyone else to be equally dedicated.

Ironically he was accused of over-developing the scientific side to the detriment of the arts and humanities, but that had much greater benefactions. In generally difficult years with little government funding for universities, benefactions were especially important for development. When A. P. Rowe was appointed the University’s first full-time salaried vice-chancellor in 1948, he had to confront passivity and complacency, legacies from the Mitchell era.²² The University was, in fact, in bad shape. According to Rowe, its reputation had ‘sadly faded’, the State grant was smaller than that given to any other Australian university, staff numbers were inadequate, there was no accepted retiring age, salaries were ‘pathetically small’, there were no salary scales for sub-professorial staff, research was at a low ebb, there was not a single full-time honours student engaged in research, there was no organised study-leave, no staff club, no life on the campus after dark, a very weak graduate body, no public lectures, no long-term planning and no mechanism for bringing the senior academic staff into matters such as development, appointments and promotions. Rowe gave two reasons for ‘the placidity with which the dangerous condition of the university was accepted by Council and staff’. ‘The whole social atmosphere of Adelaide is inimical to change’. But by far the chief factor was that the university had been governed by a dictator for decades, a wise and benevolent dictator, but other men had lost the habit of taking responsibility and thinking of higher policy.²³

21 Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, pp. 7, 15–20.

22 Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, pp. 66–81.

23 A. P. Rowe, *If the Gown Fits*, Melbourne, Melbourne University Press, 1960, pp. 31–7.

Needed Changes by an Unpopular Vice-Chancellor

Rowe was vice-chancellor for ten years, 1948–58.²⁴ During this period he achieved a radical improvement in the staffing of the University – 23 professors to 34, 49 permanent sub-professorial posts to 169, greatly increased salaries, salary scales and study leave. Most of the doubled Playford State Government grant to the University went into recruitment of new staff and the improvement of their conditions. By 1958, the graduates' union had grown to about 2,500 and was active in discussions of University affairs. Rowe took a genuine interest in the welfare of students and their circumstances, and sought to extend the union building facilities, but his reactions to student pranks were seen to be lacking in humour and excessive. After early successes and support amongst the senior staff in his first term of appointment, 1948–53, quarrels and frustrations characterised his second term, 1953–58. He returned to England in July 1958, 'almost entirely unhonoured and unsung'. Duncan and Leonard, however, judged:

Rowe's great service to the University of Adelaide was to jolt it out of its inertia and complacency. His very abrasiveness served to arouse people: his unorthodoxies challenged their conventional wisdom. His influence was felt well beyond Adelaide: he helped to build the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee into a much more effective body; he drew attention to the need for systematic research into a whole range of educational problems; above all, he was one of the leading advocates of Commonwealth assistance to Universities through some such body as the U. K. University Grants Committee.

Significant Teachers

I was obviously fortuitous in my timing to attend the University, 1950–53, because during this period, thanks to the initiatives of vice-chancellor Rowe, my teachers included a number of recently-appointed enthusiastic able staff – Douglas Pike, Ken Tregonning and Kathleen Woodrooffe in history, Professor Duncan and Keith Sainsbury in political science, Professor Jack Smart in philosophy, and Joy MacLennan in social work. In addition, my teachers included Professor Jerry Portus in his final year of teaching, and Amy Wheaton, who had done most of the teaching in the social science subjects for many years and badly needed greater University recognition and permanent staff.

History Teaching at the University

Professor G. C. Henderson held a chair of modern history at the University 1902–24. A graduate of Sydney and Oxford Universities, he excelled in University Extension work (his public lectures filled the Adelaide Town Hall). He encouraged honours and postgraduate students, and campaigned for an official Archives Department to assist postgraduate research.²⁵

²⁴ Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, pp. 82–93.

²⁵ This was established in 1920, the first such Department in Australia. Duncan & Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, pp. 23–4.

Keith Hancock

Henderson's successor, Professor Keith Hancock, occupied the chair 1926–33, producing in 1930, 'one of the most influential accounts of Australia written in the twentieth century'. His book *Australia* addressed themes considered by subsequent generations of scholars. He saw the country stagnating under the combination of the three pillars of the Australian settlement – protection, state socialism and the White Australia policy. He was the youngest professor in the British Commonwealth, when the University of Adelaide appointed him. In 1923, he had been the first Australian to gain a fellowship at All Souls College in Oxford, where he had won a first in modern history studying on an Australia-wide Rhodes Scholarship at Balliol College. His earlier years were at Bairnsdale, a country town in Gippsland in Victoria, Melbourne Grammar School and Trinity College, the University of Melbourne.

In 1933, Hancock returned to Britain to a chair at the University of Birmingham. While there, he undertook a study of the British Commonwealth, which led to him being appointed to supervise and edit the official civil history of Britain in World War II. In 1944, he was appointed Chichele professor of economic history at Oxford, and in 1949, director of the new Institute of Commonwealth Studies in London University. In the following years, developments in Africa were a major preoccupation, and from 1951 he worked on a biography of the statesman Jan Smuts. Hancock had hoped to return to Australia soon after the war in one of the senior appointments founding the Australian National University, an entirely postgraduate institution in Canberra, but it was not until 1957 that he returned – as professor of history and director of the Research School of Social Sciences. One of his best friends was Professor Richard Titmuss, who had produced an outstanding volume on social policy in the British Civil history of the war. He and Titmuss were together as fire-watchers at St Paul's Cathedral during the incendiary bombing of London.²⁶ As will be recounted, these two men were to have some influence in my own developing career.

Returning to the teaching of history at the University of Adelaide, Hancock was succeeded by G. V. (Jerry) Portus who held a chair of political science and history (1934–50). On his retirement, the department remained a department of political science and history, headed by a political scientist W. G. K. Duncan, appointed in 1951. Douglas Pike effectively headed the history program in the department at a reader level, until Hugh Stretton's appointment to a chair of modern history in 1954 marked the separation of the disciplines into separate departments.

Jerry Portus

Portus was the 1907 Rhodes Scholar for New South Wales.²⁷ At New College, Oxford, he studied history and economics under H. A. L. Fisher, author of

26 Duncan and Leonard, *The University of Adelaide 1874–1974*, p. 70. Jim Davidson, 'Hancock, Sir William Keith (1898–1988)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 17, pp. 482–485.

27 He represented England in Rugby Union Football in 1908.

A History of Europe, a textbook for leaving honours modern history which I studied at school. That book, first published in 1936, began with neolithic man and concluded with Stalin and Mustapha Kemal, Mussolini and Hitler. Fisher stated in its preface:

Men wiser and more learned than I have discerned in history a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern. These harmonies are concealed from me. I can see only one emergency following another as wave follows upon wave, only one great fact with respect to which, since it is unique, there can be no generalizations, only one safe rule for the historian: that he should recognize in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen. This is not a doctrine of cynicism and despair. The fact of progress is written plain and large on the page of history, but progress is not a law of nature. The ground gained by one generation may be lost by the next.²⁸

After studying theology, Portus spent time as a country parson at Merriwa in New South Wales. He turned away from the church to adult education and for sixteen years, 1918–33, was director of the department of tutorial classes and part-time lecturer in economic history at the University of Sydney, before his appointment to the chair in Adelaide. In the words of his biographer, W. G. K. Duncan,

Portus opposed the increasing specialization within universities which tended to keep students so busy acquiring facts that they had no time to think, to search for ideas, and to build theories that linked and interpreted facts. An educational system, particularly at tertiary level, should always find room for what he called 'lively and compelling generalizations'. He so enlarged the scope and enriched the content of his lectures on economic history that they became virtually a cultural history of mankind. ... As an exponent of world history, 'Jerry' Portus has had no Australian successor.²⁹

Although I was not aware of it at the time, the appointments of two of my most significant teachers, Douglas Pike and W. G. K. Duncan, were mainly due to Professor Portus.

Douglas Pike

Douglas Pike was born in China in 1908, son of Australian missionaries. After schooling in China at an English-style mission boarding school, he came with his parents on leave to Melbourne in 1924, where he remained for two years employed as a junior state school teacher and student at the University of Melbourne. His parents returned to China; his father was killed by bandits in 1929 and his mother eventually retired from missionary work in 1944. Douglas spent twelve years working on various country properties in New South Wales 1928–38. Returning to Melbourne in 1938, he trained for the ministry at a

28 H. A. L. Fisher, *A History of Europe*, Edward Arnold and Co., London, 1936.

29 W. G. K. Duncan, 'Portus, Garnet Vere (Jerry) (1883 – 1954)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 11, Melbourne University Press, 1988, pp. 262–263. Geoffrey Blainey produced his *A Short History of the World*, Penguin Books Australia Ltd, in 2000.

Churches of Christ Bible College graduating at the end of 1941. In Adelaide from 1942, he served as a pastor in Colonel Light Gardens, Edwardstown and Glenelg, and enrolled at the University of Adelaide, where he gained first class honours in history and political science and won the Tinline Scholarship, which enabled him to work on a master's degree. When he turned from the church and resigned from the ministry in 1948, Portus offered him a temporary lectureship in history at the University. In 1949, he went to the University of Western Australia in a two-year lectureship appointment to help out while Professor Fred Alexander was on leave, but returned to Adelaide to a readership in September 1950. Portus had urged him to apply despite his as yet very limited university credentials. Vice-chancellor Rowe had unexpectedly upgraded a proposed history tutorship to the position of reader.

I decided early in course that I wanted to tackle an honours degree if this was warranted by my results. It was ambitious to try to achieve this in the four years of my combined course, because honours students had to undertake additional work and examinations in later year subjects and to write a substantial honours thesis in the final year. Trevor Jones helped me to plan a program that made it feasible. As it turned out, one great benefit of being an honours student was that it gave me much more exposure to the teaching of Douglas Pike. As a former honours student with Pike, I was asked in 2004, a series of questions to help in the writing of a biography of Pike by John Calvert. I responded as follows:

I remember Douglas Pike as a very accessible, serious scholar with high academic standards. I was not aware of his personal and family life. ...

He provided students with a memorable example of an academic scholar, with an open-minded, wide-ranging intellect, great industry, and active encouragement of students to think for themselves. It came as no surprise that his subsequent history of South Australia and his headship of the Australian Dictionary of Biography, established for him a significant national reputation.

I do not recall Douglas ever referring to his life in China, years on the land in New South Wales, or years as a minister, but obviously these experiences would have influenced his academic interests. I think we honours students were aware that Douglas was an interesting, different kind of person. I knew he was a child of Chinese missionaries, and had been a minister, but he made no direct reference to this experience in his teaching. It may well have given him confidence in handling religious issues in his teaching.³⁰

Douglas Pike was awarded a DLitt in 1957 by the University of Adelaide for his *Paradise of Dissent, South Australia 1829–1857*. In 1960, he was appointed to the chair of history at the University of Tasmania and published his second book, *Australia: The Quiet Continent* (Cambridge University Press, 1962). From 1962 to his death in 1974, he was the foundation general editor of *The Australian Dictionary of Biography*.³¹ From 1964, he was a professor in the Research School of Social Sciences at the Australian National University.

30 Letter, John Lawrence to John Calvert, 5/1/04.

31 Professor Keith Hancock was its chairman (1959–65).

A biographer, Bede Nairn, described him as ‘quietly spoken, with a dry but genial sense of humour, leavened by the wisdom that flowed from his innate generosity, spacious experience and fertile memory’.³²

W. G. K. Duncan

W. G. K. Duncan was an adult educator and political philosopher. He was born in 1903 at Leichhardt, Sydney, of New Zealand-born parents. Educated at Fort Street High School and the University of Sydney, he graduated with first-class honours and university medals in both history and philosophy. After gaining another first-class honours degree and medal in a master’s degree in philosophy, he went to the London School of Economics and Political Science where he heard lectures by Bertrand Russell, Arnold Toynbee, Sidney Webb and George Bernard Shaw. He completing his PhD in 1930 with a thesis on ‘Liberalism in England 1880–1914’, supervised by Professor Harold Laski. For two years, on a Commonwealth Fund fellowship in the United States, he studied population and migration. Back in Sydney, he was assistant-director (1932–34) and director (1935–51) of the Department of Tutorial Classes at the University of Sydney. He was the first editor of the *Current Affairs Bulletin* (1942–50) and helped to develop the Australian army education service during the war. ‘Contemporaries knew him as a left-wing liberal’. He was ‘a hostile critic of capitalism, imperialism and religion’. His report on adult education in Australia was not adopted by the Chifley Government and was not even published until 1973, when it was described as ‘the most substantial comprehensive and thoughtful document on adult education in this country’. Duncan came by invitation to the chair of history and political science at the University of Adelaide in 1951, taking over the headship of the department from Professor Portus.³³

Amy Wheaton

Amy Wheaton (1898–1988) was recruited by the South Australian Board of Social Service Training³⁴ in 1936 to develop a two-year diploma course in social work external to the university but strongly linked with it. Similar bodies already existed in Sydney and Melbourne. They moved into their respective universities in the early years of the war, followed by a similar development in The University of Adelaide when it set up a Department of Social Science in 1943, with Amy Wheaton as lecturer in charge. According to Amy Wheaton, ‘Sir William Mitchell and Professor McKellar Stewart got it into the university’. Amy had topped Mitchell’s psychology subject and when he knew of her

32 John Calvert, *Douglas Pike (1908–1974): South Australian and Australian Historian*, Master of Arts in History thesis, University of Adelaide, 2008 – available on the internet; Bede Nairn, ‘Pike, Douglas Henry (1908–1974)’, *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 16, Melbourne University Press, 2002, pp. 1–2.

33 Hugh Stretton, ‘Duncan, Walter George Keith (1903–1987)’, *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 17, Melbourne University Press, pp. 342–343.

34 Changed to ‘Board of Social Study and Training’ in 1937.

original appointment to head the social work course, he had confidence in it.³⁵ Mitchell's daughter Nan did the course under Amy Wheaton and was one of her good friends when I did the course in the early 1950s. Mitchell's son, Sir Mark Mitchell,³⁶ taught us the nutrition subject.

The death of Amy Priest's father had diverted her from medicine to teaching. After studying a total of 18 different subjects at the University of Adelaide and the Adelaide Teachers' College she emerged with an M.A. in 1923. She married Ralph Wheaton in 1925 and then lived for seven years in Britain, with extended visits to France and Germany, and visits to other European countries. She was fluent in German and French. With letters of support from Mitchell, Sir Archibald Strong, and Professor Tilley from Cambridge, she enrolled in about 1927 for a PhD at the London School of Economics and Political Science, but experienced difficulties because Professor Hobhouse was old and Professor Ginsberg was overworked, and they were not interested in her subject 'Problems of Immigration'. W. G. K. Duncan was a PhD student in the same department and experienced similar difficulties with the senior sociology staff, but according to Amy he 'made a fuss' and transferred to Professor Laski's department.³⁷

Amy Wheaton stayed on in sociology, social psychology and social administration, eventually completing a B.Sc (Econ.) degree majoring in sociology and social psychology and a certificate in social administration. In the latter, she found the field work was mainly observation and was quite unrelated to the academic side, which she had already covered 'on a much higher level'. People from the field, for example, club leader, probation officer, school social service worker, gave special lectures. The concept of 'client' was still not used much, although it was beginning. 'Social work was not called by that in the United Kingdom at the time'. From 1932–34, the Wheatons were in Melbourne where Ralph had a good job. In 1935, Amy attended the Women's International Conference in Istanbul, observed social services and social conditions in Germany and Britain, and did part of the mental health course in London. Then came the Adelaide offer. Helen Rees³⁸ in London urged her to accept, pointing out that although Amy had been away from South Australia for twelve years, she was a fourth-generation South Australian.

According to Amy Wheaton, relationships in the University were happy until the arrival of vice-chancellor A. P. Rowe in 1948. Rowe was against sub-graduate diploma courses. Wheaton's answer was 'make it a four-year degree course'. On his arrival, Rowe said to Amy Wheaton, 'Show me your syllabuses – show me anything in them to justify keeping them in the University'.³⁹

35 Interview of John Lawrence with Amy Wheaton, 31/7/59.

36 He was a professor of biochemistry and physiology (1938–62), deputy vice-chancellor of the University (1951–65), and chancellor of the Flinders University of South Australia (1966–71).

37 I wonder what course his subsequent Australian academic career might have taken, had he stayed in sociology. Sociology remained a suspect university subject in Australia until 1958 when at last Morven Brown was appointed to the first chair of sociology – at the University of New South Wales.

38 Helen Rees was the very successful chief almoner and directress of training at the Victorian Institute of Hospital Almoners 1933–35, held a similar appointment in New South Wales 1936–41, and later became director of training for the British Institute of Almoners.

39 Interview of John Lawrence with Amy Wheaton, 31/7/59.

Amy Wheaton was under great pressure. She had not only personally carried the bulk of the teaching and organisation connected with the diploma since its inception, but had been involved both locally and nationally in the development of community organisations and services, in the work of a professional association of social workers, and in trying to influence social policy. In addition, she had three sons, who were sent to St Peter's College. A recent article on Amy Wheaton as a pioneer Australian sociologist has commented. 'She benefited greatly from the constant support of her husband, who stood more or less aside from his own career for her sake. This was truly unusual at that time.'⁴⁰ She continued without any leave from 1941. It was little wonder that by 1950, she had an extended period of sick leave, but this was followed by study leave which enabled her to attend the first world congress of the International Sociological Association at Zurich and to undertake further studies at LSE and at the Tavistock Clinic.

On her return, she found academic newcomers like Professors Jeffares and Smart challenged the right of the social science diploma in particular to be in the university. In the early 1950s, Joy MacLennan a locally qualified social worker was helping Amy especially with the fieldwork placements. She organised and discussed my placements with me. Later she became the greatly respected senior social worker for Anglican social services in Adelaide. In November 1952, when The Board of Social Studies in Social Science sought to appoint a full-time lecturer in group work, the University council appointed a committee to investigate the scope and nature of the work and the staffing of the Department of Social Science. I left the University at the end of 1953, and this committee had not yet made its recommendations to council. Amy Wheaton was scathing about the lack of relevant expertise in the committee and was clearly anxious about the outcome. She was, in fact, very bitter about how badly she had been treated by the University, but she was obviously not very adept in University politics. In the event, the department's name was changed to Department of Social Studies, the status of the department's head was raised, and from 1957, the diploma was extended to three years, although graduates in arts of economics could complete it in two, and in the final year, specialised training in medical social work was offered. In 1957–58, Amy Wheaton visited North America and became a professor of social work, a temporary UN adviser, Department of Social Work of the University of the Punjab at Lahore in India.⁴¹

FIRST YEAR SUBJECTS – 1950

A Remarkably Broad Introduction to History

My introduction to the teaching of history at a university level was a remarkable

40 Elery Hamilton-Smith, 'Amy Wheaton – A Pioneer Australian Sociologist', *Nexus*, 21 (3), October 2009.

41 R. J. Lawrence, *Professional Social Work in Australia*, The Australian National University, Canberra, pp. 52 – 3, 141–2.

series of 54 printed lectures prepared by Professor Portus. The lectures do not have his name on them, and he is referred to in the third person in a few places, but they are clearly his, although unfortunately they were not delivered to us in person in 1950 – he was ‘desperately tired’ and looking forward to retiring as soon as a reader appointment could be made. In addition to these printed lectures, I recall Ken Tregonning⁴² lecturing us early in the year on ‘The great man theory of history’, but he was due to leave for England and Kath Woodroffe was gaining higher qualifications at the London School of Economics. Wilfrid Oldham was a very experienced staff member, and had just returned from being on sick leave, but I do not recall him being responsible for history 1. Whoever it was, the lasting effects of the subject was the substance of the Portus lectures, not who used them for the teaching.

In his printed lectures Portus explained why a beginning course in history now took the form of a history of civilisation generally rather than merely national aspects of history. ‘Necessarily (it) will have to be painted in with big strokes of a broad brush ... we are going to try ... to give you a rapid picture of the emergence of mankind from savagery and barbarism up to the civilisations that we know today’.

The study of History may be called, in a wide sense, the philosophy of history. ... Man’s control over external nature is constantly increasing, especially in the last two hundred years or so. ... Not all the changes which occur are for the good of humanity. ... There has always been change and evolution in human affairs.

Change is caused by human ideas, what people think, their mentality, and by their environment – in combination. Ancient history covered from the beginning of humanity to the fall of the Roman Empire (about the fourth or fifth century A.D.), a second period covered to the end of the middle ages (about the end of the 15th century), and modern history down to the present. The first year course dealt with the periods up to modern history.⁴³ Our first term essay required us to discuss whether slavery caused the fall of the Roman Republic; our second term essay was on the social and economic effects of the Black Death in England in the fourteenth century.

Economics

Economics was a prescribed BA and social science diploma subject. In economics 1 the lecturer, Ron Hirst, told us that economics was the study of the getting and spending of income. Prices were significant in this study, as the incomes of most people consisted of prices paid by enterprises for their services or the use of their property, and the spending of income was influenced by the prices of the articles and services which were purchased. The specialised fields of economics examined particular groups of prices – for commodities, for labour, for loans, for securities, for foreign currency. This course was confined

42 K. G. Tregonning was appointed lecture in history at the University of Singapore in 1953, and in 1960 became the University’s Raffles Professor. From 1967 to 1988, he was headmaster of Hale School in Western Australia.

43 G. V. Portus, Lecture 1, History 1 Lecture Notes (typescript), University of Adelaide, 1950.

to the pricing of commodities and services. We examined these topics: the function of prices in the economic system, the business firm and capitalism, the size of the business firm, a theoretical model of the firm and how it works, the receipts of the firm, the costs of the firm, the determination of price and output, the pricing of manufactured products, the prices and marketing problems of farm products, and the pricing of public utilities. The economic system was described as the complex pattern of enterprises and institutions which had evolved over the centuries in an attempt to solve the economic problem, which was the problem of scarcity. Man must determine the allocation of relatively scarce productive resources. Five tasks had to be performed in any economic system – determine ends, allocate the scarce means, ration the finished products among consumers, distribute the product of industry, and provide for economic progress. We were ‘advised to relate the discussion of the theory of value contained in the essential reading to contemporary economic problems’.⁴⁴ Our two main references were Lorie Tarshis, *The Elements of Economics* (1947), which included Keynesian thinking, and F.C.C. Benham, *Economics: A General Textbook for Students* (London, 1938).

I was never comfortable with economics as a self-contained subject. It seemed to give primacy to an exchange theory of value in human affairs, it built elaborate models based on assertions about human behaviour which were not grounded empirically, and description and prescription were often confused. The status of economics as a genuine social science seemed ambiguous and the location of economics in university structures tended to confirm this. The critiques of ‘economic rationalism’ which emerged in the 1990s echoed nineteenth century concerns. The Webbs in Britain understood these issues, but strangely when in 1895, they founded the most significant research and teaching institution in the emerging social sciences, they called it ‘The London School of Economics and Political Science’, and it became known as ‘LSE’. For me, what was called economic activity was always people making decisions about scarce resources in a social context. Concepts like ‘the economy’ and ‘the market’ were essentially derivative social constructs, not entities in their own right. Economic insights were obviously important and could not be ignored in the human story, but over time I sensed that both descriptively and morally their significance had been blown out of all proportion.

French

Including a foreign language was an essential component in my arts degree, and this was the main reason for continuing to study French at the senior levels at school. In 1950, I studied French 1 at the University of Adelaide. The professor was Professor Cornell, but our main teacher was Hope Crampton. I enjoyed the further exposure to French literature and gained a higher pass in the written section, but struggled with trying to speak the language fluently. I was relieved to put the language behind me when I passed it at the end of the year. Trish Berry had had a much greater emphasis on speaking French at the

⁴⁴ Economics 1 lecture notes, The University of Adelaide, 1950.

Wilderness School, thanks to the teaching of Yvonne Wait. At the invitation of NanNan Barker in the Easter break in 1950, I was a guest with other members of the Berry and Barker families at the Encounter Bay house. Yvonne Wait was also a house guest, and I appreciated getting to know her. In my archives is a letter in French that she wrote to me after that very enjoyable Easter break.

Biology

Biology was my required science subject for the arts degree and also needed for the social science diploma. For the social science diploma students, the last term concentrated on social biology. In the first two terms, our one-hour lecture periods were followed by two hours of practical laboratory work. The scope of the subject was very broad, made even broader by the advent of the microscope. We were told by our lecturer Miss McCarthy that six main characteristics distinguished living matter: motility (movement), irritability (power to respond to a stimulus), assimilation (of matter from the environment), respiration (breaking down of matter), growth, and reproduction. We examined with her the general morphology of plants and the anatomy, physiology and embryology of animals. In practical work, we dissected frogs, rabbits, earthworms, and crustacea, and examined microscopically unicellular and multicellular animals; we examined the morphology of particular plants, and living plant and living animal cells; we compared the chief organic substances in plants and animals, their surface tissues and the mechanical tissues that support their bodies.⁴⁵ Social biology examined the link between biology and society, an important requisite for sociological studies. It was explored 'from a biological and ecological standpoint'. Conflict between biology and society was likely because adaptive biological changes took countless generations. In human biology, this was true of the human body, including the human brain, but brain functioning could make adaptability available in less than one generation. To survive, human society had to be compatible with biological factors.⁴⁶

The biology subject gave me some appreciation of the range and complexity of living things, but also the astonishing similarities and continuities that could be revealed by careful scientific study.

Organ Lessons and Playing

One experience I have always associated with my biology classes. The practical laboratory work finished at 9.15 pm. Afterwards I would walk up the campus to the Elder Hall and practice the organ, an impressive three-manual instrument. No-one was around, so when the music I was playing called for 'full organ' – for example, in the splendid climax at the end of César Franck's 'Pièce Héroïque' – I had no hesitation to pull out all the stops. It was a wonderful sensual experience sitting in the pool of light of the organ's consol, making music to my heart's content to the surrounding darkness. My organ-playing

45 Based on lecture notes taken down at the time, and printed 'Practical Schedules, Biology, The University of Adelaide'.

46 Based on lecture notes on social biology, and printed 'Social Biology, Summary of the first two lectures'.

repertoire from school days included various preludes and fugues and choral preludes by J.S. Bach. It was a challenge to play them well, because without adequate phrasing they could lose much of their character. Much of Bach's music played well I found profoundly satisfying – rich in shape, colour and variety, usually with all the parts contributing to the result.

My new organ teacher was John Horner, the university organist and a teacher at the University's Elder Conservatorium of Music. As already mentioned, my mother knew him well particularly when she was the contralto soloist at Stow Memorial Church where he was organist and choirmaster.⁴⁷ She was keen that I should learn from him and he told me that Professor John Bishop, the director of the Conservatorium, was keen to include students like me who were extending their musical appreciation and capacity while primarily engaged in other university subjects. John Horner extended my Bach and other repertoire, with *Pièce Héroïque* being perhaps the greatest challenge. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience of learning from John Horner, but we both knew I was not heading for a musical career and I had to give up my organ lessons after the first year at the University because I had too much else on my plate.

As university organist, John Horner played before graduation ceremonies, and provided regular lunch-time organ concerts. Sometimes he invited me to be his page-turner at these concerts. His serious musicianship and great sense of humour were obvious in his articles as music critic for *The Advertiser*, Adelaide's main newspaper. He never practised before his lunch-time concerts and occasionally it showed if you were following the printed music. He would say to me out of the side of his mouth 'The Horner version', or 'Press on regardless', or, if it was a complicated modern piece, 'They don't know the difference'. On one occasion, I was at the organ behind a portable screen. I saw in the overhead organ mirror John Horner enter Elder Hall with André Marchal. Marchal was a blind French organist, noted for his remarkable capacity to improvise (spontaneously compose), using a theme provided by someone in the audience. John Horner, whose room was next to the stage at Elder Hall, had once complimented me when he heard me improvising, but thankfully I was not playing at the time of this visit. John Horner, in typical fashion, let out a 'hoot' to demonstrate the Hall's acoustics to his distinguished visitor. Without hesitation I also let out a 'hoot', far too loud to be an echo. There was a pause, then laughter as they realised what had happened. John Horner became acting-director of the Conservatorium on John Bishop's death in 1964, and was elected dean of the faculty of music shortly before his retirement in 1966.⁴⁸

Helpful Guides to University Study

I have given some indication of my first-year experience of learning at the university – the academic content and teachers in history, economics, French and biology. At the outset, we were given two useful pieces by the philosopher

⁴⁷ See pp. 25–6.

⁴⁸ V. W. Edgeloe, 'Horner, John Adam (1899–1973)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 14, Melbourne University Press, 1996, pp. 496–497.

J. A. Passmore – ‘Study at the University Level’, and ‘Hints on Study’.⁴⁹ These contrasted school and university study – ‘... at the university, students are themselves responsible for deciding when, how much and on what they work’. The university atmosphere is one of individual responsibility. Students had to ‘listen to lectures, take notes upon them, memorise the notes and sit for examinations.’ This bare minimum had to be supplemented by reading and by ‘practical work’, ‘whether it be the writing of essays or the conducting of experiments’. In the absence of the ‘constant individual supervision’ of the school-room, ‘the student is thrown on his own resources, which often prove to be insufficient’. The article discussed several problems observed in the reading skills of students – concentration, rapid reading, reading for understanding, remembering, and critical reading. The ‘Hints on Study’ provided ‘learning techniques based partly on experimental evidence and partly on practical experience’, but ‘each student has to discover for himself how to adapt these techniques to suit his own needs and make-up’. ‘These techniques involve skills which take some time to acquire. They prove effective only if backed by disciplined effort and a genuine desire to improve’. The ‘Hints’ included a general section – drawing up and working to a time-table, forming regular study habits, and making study periods of suitable length; skills to improve reading; basic principles for adequate proficiency in remembering; taking of notes at lectures; and the writing of essays. The material on observed general rates of forgetting was particularly sobering, but guides were suggested for improving retention.

SUBJECTS - 1951-52

Sociology

In my second year at university, 1951, I had the good fortune of studying a diploma of social science subject called sociology, a subject viewed with considerable suspicion by vested interests in the more traditional subjects in Australian universities. Drawing especially on her study of sociology at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Amy Wheaton had always included and taught this subject in the social work course which she directed. Elery Hamilton-Smith, one of my fellow social science diploma students, has recently brought this to the attention of the sociological community in Australia, claiming that she was ‘the first person to teach continuing formal courses in the discipline of sociology’.⁵⁰ Australia’s first chair of sociology, Morven Brown’s appointment at the University of New South Wales, was as late as 1958.

Amy Wheaton’s enthusiasm for the subject had been further stimulated in

49 These were in typescript. The ‘Hints’ did not have the author’s name. Passmore’s book *A Hundred Years of Philosophy* appeared in 1957. A second edition was published by Penguin Books in 1968. From the mid-1950s, he was a professor at the Australian National University.

50 In fact, sociology was taught at the University of Melbourne from 1918 to 1927. Elaine Martin, ‘The Importance of the Trained Approach’, *Australian Social Work*, Volume 36, Number 1, March 1983, p. 22.

1950, by her study leave at LSE and attendance at the world sociological congress in Switzerland. Unfortunately she had no time to write for publication, an obvious reason why her pioneering academic efforts went unrecognised except perhaps by at least some of her immediate students. In my own case, I came to appreciate early the significance of sociological insights for understanding human affairs.

We were introduced to sociological enquiry. The term 'sociology' had first been used in 1839 by Auguste Comte 'to designate a new science of human association which was to include a synoptic view of society as a whole and an analysis into its constituent parts'. He outlined the place of sociology among the sciences. 'Comte tried to establish the principles of an ordered progress, but because he used his sociology to support the old social order, the subject became suspect'. The origins of sociology, however, were to be found 'wherever men enquired into the nature of society and of social relationships and social change'. Some of the earliest studies of society were made in connection with social and political philosophy. The Greeks formulated the problem of the individual in relation to society. In Plato's *Republic*, society is shown to be a precondition of individual development, the good is a social good. For Aristotle virtue is a fulfilment of the social nature of man. The Stoics 'laid the foundations of a universalistic ethics conceiving an ideal standard of conduct and an ideal society by which traditional rules of conduct and human institutions could be tested'. In Greek philosophy the study of politics was not separated from ethics.

Philosophy also contributed to sociology a conceptual framework of science and made the elementary analyses of human nature.

Although philosophers like Hobbes and Machiavelli distinguished implicitly between the state and society there was a tendency in political philosophy to confuse the two. According to Ginsberg, 'Sociology may be said to have arisen as an extension of the field of political enquiry to cover other institutions than the State. ... As in the case of politics, however, the relation between the study of actual forms of institutions and the ideals or ends of human endeavour is not always clear'.

Another important contribution to the study of society came from the philosophy of history. Philosophers of history had attempted to interpret human history, making sweeping generalisations without the backing of inductive investigations. 'Adam Smith, for instance, assumed that the competitive, individualistic society which was beginning to develop during the Industrial Revolution was the natural order and that the good of society was somehow attained through activities motivated by individual self-interest'. Sociology had developed as a reaction against such 'sweeping generalisations unsupported by detailed inductive enquiry'. 'Knowledge of how things have come about helps us to explain what they are in the present and to free us from "the dead hand" of the past'.

The general scientific movement had created interest in the scientific study of society and in the search for factors which could be used in explanation of social change. This was seen as a corrective to the one-sided view of social study which selected as primary a particular aspect of social life such as the

political and to the bias of social reformers who tended to look for facts which supported their convictions.

New evolutionary conceptions in 19th century biology led to social theorists like Spencer to use evolutionary concepts to explain social development. Spencer's evolutionary philosophy had considerable influence on American sociologists, although others abandoned such speculative normative approaches for the inductive approach to the study of society.

Another current of thought which influenced the development of sociology was the emergence of the special social sciences – politics, economics, anthropology, jurisprudence, psychology and later social psychology. 'A more comprehensive social science was required to link these varied segmental approaches into a coherent whole, which would relate to the totality of social life'. 'The sociological approach to the study of social problems in place of the unco-ordinate investigations of diverse social sciences became more and more necessary with increasing rapidity of social change and the consequent need for social planning with a view of social life as a whole'.

Sociology was seen by Amy Wheaton, with Hobhouse and Durkheim in support, as both a co-ordination of the separate social sciences *and* a particular science dealing with social relationships not considered under other social sciences. Wheaton cited Ginsberg's three functions of sociology – to provide a morphology or classification of types and forms of social relationships, to determine parts or factors of social life, and to disentangle the fundamental conditions of social change and persistence.

This gives some indication of what we learned about major currents of thought which led to the development of sociology. We were told that Hobhouse, the first British professor of sociology, appointed at LSE in 1907, had outlined in his books 'a sociological system as impressive as any in our time'. Most American universities now taught sociology as a major subject. The Third International Conference on Social Work in London, 1936, had emphasised the importance of the teaching of sociology as a fundamental part of the training of social workers.

At the end of this general introduction, we were given an introductory outline of sociology prepared by a committee of the American Sociological Society. It had six headings – groups and group life, the fundamental social processes, man's cultural heritage, social organisation and structure, social change, and society and the individual.

A full set of printed lecture notes for the sociology subject prepared by Mrs Wheaton over the years indicates the breadth and depth of her scholarship. After the introduction to the subject, we examined the essentials of scientific method and discussed how these were applied in sociology. Then we moved on to the content of the subject. First, we looked at social structures and the social nature of humans. 'The individual needed society as much for the satisfaction of his (sic) ego-centric as for his other-regarding tendencies'. Both kinship and territorial ties existed together in every human society. Ginsberg in *Study of Society* listed the criteria found useful in analysing and classifying social structures.

Many social groups existed in modern complex societies. The individual

in such a society was a member of a family, of a larger family, a social class, a neighbourhood, a nation and a race. He might be a member of a political party, a trade union or other occupational group, a church, or of some cultural society. 'How we get our living, what we think and do, and our educational experiences will determine some of the groups to which we belong'. A lecture briefly discussed the family, the neighbourhood group, social class, religious groups and 'the inclusive group' where a sense of social solidarity would outweigh sectional interests and conflicts. At its broadest the latter concept could cover humanity within which all men would have rights and duties in respect of all other men. 'There is a unity already in existence in that human nature has the same mental and emotional make-up'. This was further discussed later in social philosophy.

Three conditions were necessary for a highly-developed group-life: sufficient, continuous contact between people to make them a group; like-mindedness; and adequate organisation. McIver's distinction between communities, groupings dependent on common interests, and associations was described and discussed. A nation was seen as the largest effective community. Nationalism, by developing unity and harmony within the widening group was a condition of further advance to internationalism. The solidarity of a community depended not on the absence of differences within it but on the freedom to adjust differences. Technological, economic and cultural forces broke down self-containedness in modern communities. Associations were classified and analysed, and were distinguished from institutions which were recognised and approved significant forms of behaviour transmitted from generation to generation. The state was discussed as a social structure. The national-socialist state was contrasted to the state in Anglo-Saxon countries. Its functions changed over time; they necessarily widened in times of national crises – economic depression and war.

We then turned briefly to examine the structure of primitive society, as understood by the work mainly of anthropologists. Early anthropologists had set out with the preconceived idea of evolutionary stages in social development, but it was now known that the course of development had varied considerably in different societies. There was, however, 'a broad resemblance in spite of varied types of institutions like the family, religion, etc.'

After this very broad introduction to social structures, the topics of our lectures were culture and civilisation; social controls; social controls in a primitive society; social controls – the problem of adjustment; religion and morals as agencies of social control; social control – public opinion; social controls – law; class – social stratification; law and justice; marriage and the family; social change and social change as progress. We finished with topics which related social philosophy to sociology – what is philosophy?; ethical idealism; Plato; equality; ethical conceptions in eastern religions; comparative religion; and Hobhouse's theory of ethical rationalism. Her emphasis on the critical importance of values has been identified as having a lasting impact on her students.⁵¹ It certainly contributed to my own growing understanding of humans' social existence.

51 Elaine Martin, 'The Importance of the Trained Approach': Social Work Education in South Australia 1935–1946', *Australian Social Work*, Volume 36, Number 1, March 1983, p. 21.

This subject was an eye – and mind – opener, and I could see why Amy Wheaton was in its thrall, even though her circumstances prevented her from doing it justice. Because of pressure of other subjects, I could not give it as much attention as it obviously warranted, but I did manage to achieve top credit all the same. I became very aware that its focus on social structures and processes was where my developing interests lay. I wanted not just to understand them, but to see how this understanding could help in improving the lot of my fellow human beings. Other knowledge was obviously also necessary but early I came to realise the significance of sociology in more adequate social science and in informing ethically justified social intervention. I became very aware of the extent to which Australian universities and the more traditional British universities were lagging in this respect. The relative neglect of the subject of ethics inevitably was lurking in my mind as I became aware of fact/value distinctions and discourses raised in Amy's course.

Social Organisation

Another 1951 subject exclusively for social science diploma students was called social organisation, but it was actually focused on social services. 'Social welfare organisation' would have been a more accurate title. The subject was coordinated by Amy Wheaton, who invited a variety of professional and administrative people to contribute sessions. Some were, or had been, associated with the development of the social work course. Again we had the benefit of extensive printed lecture notes. We were not, however, examined on this subject.

The first lecture was an introduction to the social services, given by Dr Constance Davey,⁵² psychologist, and social activist. She suggested five fundamental questions – what is the nature of the provision made by any specific social service? what are the conditions of eligibility for receiving benefits? how far and in what respect do these benefits overlap with the benefits received from any other social service, public or voluntary? by whom is the service administered? and, where should application be made for benefits? These were useful questions for social work practice, but I was puzzled by the use of 'fundamental'. It was the germ of a developing interest in social policy scholarship.

To gain some understanding of government social services in Australia, we started with lectures on the scope and function of federal, state and local government, introduced by sections on the laws we live under and their sources. A lecture by R. J. Coombe on the administration of justice in South Australia, dealt with both civil law and criminal law, the various court systems and

52 Born and educated in South Australia, she won the Catherine Helen Spence scholarship which enabled her to complete her PhD in psychology at the University of London in 1924. After studying work with disturbed children in Leicester, and the teaching of intellectually retarded and delinquent children in the USA and Canada, she was employed as a psychologist by the South Australian Education Department 1924–42. 1945–56, she worked on a historical study of the State's laws relating to children – *Children and their Law-Makers*. Suzanne Edgar, 'Davey, Constance Muriel (1882 – 1963)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 8, Melbourne University Press, 1982, pp. 216–217.

social work involvement in them.⁵³ Dr H. H. Penny, principal of the Adelaide Teachers' College, introduced his lecture on the public system of education in South Australia with some general comments on the history of public schools, the broadening of the educative task, its social nature, and the urgent need for trained social workers who could establish a link between home and school where it was needed. He then described the variety of schools at the primary and secondary levels. There were insufficient facilities for post-school education, however. 'Too many young people fail to maintain the level of cultural interest reached in the schools, and fail also, to develop new cultural interests'. The educational role of library services and of many agencies for adult culture was mentioned. Finally, we briefly looked at the social services branch of the Education Department, and at selected sections of the Education Act.

Lectures by Dr Davey traversed legislation, facilities and services relating to infant and child welfare, with special attention to children who were handicapped, physically, mentally, educationally and/or socially. Next came lectures by Dr D Pavy on legislation relating to marriage, divorce, adoption, legitimation of children, and guardianship.⁵⁴ W. R. Penhall lectured us on the administration of laws affecting aborigines. He was secretary of the Aborigines Protection Board whose task was to control and promote their welfare. We were reminded that Governor Hindmarsh at the proclamation of the State in 1836 had made special reference to provision for the preservation, protection and general welfare of the native inhabitants. 'Their advancement in civilisation and ... their conversion to the Christian faith' were the 'benevolent intentions' of the British monarch and his government. We were told progress was necessarily slow; changing 'the habits and customs of a race of people requires far more than 100 years'.

The lectures on housing by V. W. G. Barrell⁵⁵ first briefly introduced us to the importance of adequate shelter for family health and satisfying living, and therefore for national well-being. Housing had been largely provided by private enterprise, but where it failed to provide adequate housing, or where it was not economically practicable to provide for the poorest sections of the population, the government had to intervene by fixing minimum standards, controlling materials, subsidising from public funds and/or other methods. After a brief historical survey of government intervention in housing in Britain since its industrial revolution, Barrell concentrated on housing problems and provision in Australia. The depression and the war, and the government's post-war

53 Appointed a stipendiary magistrate in the Adelaide Juvenile Court in 1935, he studied juvenile justice systems in the US and Europe in 1939 and drafted the Juvenile Courts Act in 1941. He helped to establish the academic study of social work in 1935, and to found various social service organisations. Brendan Moran, 'Coombe, Reginald Joseph (Reg) (1899–1985)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 17, Melbourne University Press, pp. 247–248.

54 She had the distinction of winning the first Catherine Helen Spence scholarship for sociology in 1912, which enabled her to complete her D.Sc. at LSE in 1916 investigating the industrial conditions of female factory workers. After many years in general legal practice, she retired in 1953. Her biography mentions that she lectured to social science students at the university. Helen Bourke, 'Pavy, Emily Dorothea (1885 – 1967)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 11, Melbourne University Press, 1988, pp. 168 – 169.

55 I think he was a senior official in the South Australian Housing Trust.

immigration program, contributed to the current housing shortage. Various measures to increase the supply of dwellings in South Australia included: private finance – loans by life assurance companies; commonwealth government finance – Commonwealth Bank housing loans to individuals and to building societies, and the Commonwealth War Service Homes Scheme; and state government finance – guarantee of loans to buy or build by the State Savings Bank, the State Superannuation Fund, and certain friendly societies and building societies, and money due for the sale of dwellings under agreements. The South Australian Housing Trust, established in 1936 to provide houses at low rents for the lower paid workers, had had its functions extended in 1940. It now built houses for letting and for sale, and administered the temporary housing and emergency housing schemes for the state government. The lectures concluded with a brief reference to the celebrated work of Britain's Octavia Hill, who had combined rent collection and maintenance inspection with welfare work. The South Australian Housing Trust kept these functions separate.

Two lectures briefly outlined growing governmental activity in public health. Dr G. H. McQueen, Senior Medical Officer in the State Department of Public Health and a member of the Central Board of Health, dealt with general public health principles. Public health had evolved from environmental hygiene, to preventive medicine, and now the era of social medicine which concerned itself with the health effects of the social environment and heredity. In its aim to keep people well and fit, to prevent illness, public health dealt mainly with environment and nurture. Fourteen main branches of public health were mentioned. Dr A. R. Southwood, who had been Director-General of Public Health for South Australia since 1931 and had chaired the Central Board of Health, dealt with the state's public health organisation and administration.⁵⁶

Mental health services were covered in a lecture by Dr Davey, who had had particular expertise and experience with mentally handicapped children.⁵⁷ The South Australian Mental Defectives Act of 1913, with some later amendments, was based on British legislation. This provided for medical certification, reception, care and treatment and discharge of persons who were mentally defective. Voluntary boarders could also be admitted to Parkside Mental Hospital, and to Enfield Receiving House. Four classes of persons were distinguished – persons of unsound mind, persons mentally infirm, idiots, and imbeciles. In addition, were subnormal and feeble-minded persons who needed education, care and control, and came under the Education Act. Despite the emerging attempts to differentiate between the different types and categories of mental disability, the language used seemed harsh, stigmatising and unscientific – not much better than 'lunacy'. Reference was made to psychiatric and psychology clinics, but as yet there was apparently no social work involvement, although in Britain, the USA, and elsewhere in Australia psychiatric social work was an emerging feature of mental health services.

Two lectures concentrated on the national income security system

⁵⁶ Known as 'Happy Jack' for his sunny disposition, he was a widely known and respected community figure. His son Dick was one of my friends at the University. He was studying medicine.

⁵⁷ See footnote 52.

administered by the Commonwealth Department of Social Services. The state director of that department, L. W. Loveless, gave an overview of 'the growth and concepts of the community's collective responsibility' for the well-being of its members. The idea that the community should carry the responsibility for the support of all its citizens was as old as mankind. The twentieth century had been conspicuous for the world-wide growth of compulsory social services and for the emergence of what was somewhat contemptuously called 'The Welfare State'. Schemes to assist those who lost their earning capacity had evolved in a number of European countries in the previous century, but not in England where fierce individualism counteracted humanitarianism. This individualism was still strong in the USA and that country still lagged behind most of the developed countries in the world in so far as compulsory social services were concerned.

The unsatisfactory features of social insurance schemes as compared with tax-based schemes were briefly canvassed. Australia's tax-funded age and invalid pensions were introduced in 1909, before England's original national insurance act in 1911. The one full-scale attempt to introduce national insurance in Australia in 1939 was abandoned. The 1947 Social Services Consolidation Act put into one act all of the legislation relevant to the work of the Department of Social Services. All of the benefits continued to be paid out of general revenue. A means test applied to the income security payments on loss of earning power, though all political parties favoured its abolition. Policy payments, like child endowment, were free of a means test.

After Loveless, various specialist officers told us about the various benefits administered by the department – age and invalid pensions, funeral benefits, wives', children's and tuberculosis allowances, child endowment and maternity allowances, and unemployment, sickness and special benefits. In an earlier lecture, Madge Forsyth had talked to us about the social work in a statutory agency.

A lecture on rehabilitation of the physically disabled was delivered by Dr J. R. Cornish, senior medical officer in the rehabilitation branch of the Commonwealth Department of Social Services. He described such rehabilitation as:

... the resettlement into satisfactory social, economic, domestic, and employment conditions, following critical illness or injury, so that any residual disability is not a bar to future security.

He described how the need for specialised rehabilitation services had arisen in 'civilised countries'. Doctors specialising in rehabilitation had to cover 'the huge field of medical science'. They needed 'specially trained social workers, medical and psychiatric, to assist ... in that aspect of the patient related to the home, environment, habits, family, employment, finances and psychological make-up, personality, etc.' The Second World War had given great impetus to rehabilitation as a specialised service. In Australia, a scheme for civilians was launched in 1948, based on methods developed for the rehabilitation of servicemen and women. This new service, run by the Commonwealth Department of Social Services, initially catered for invalid and unemployment and sickness beneficiaries of the department, but it was hoped to extend it to compensation

cases and industrial accidents and to some adolescents ineligible for social security benefits. Residential and day attendance centres⁵⁸, with specialised staff (nurses, physio-therapists, occupational therapists, education and amenities officers), served as bridges to security and employment. All employment placements were decided on by the rehabilitation team and specialists in the Commonwealth employment service (CES) who could match a person's capabilities with selected jobs.

Departmental social workers were essential members of the rehabilitation team, which also included a doctor, vocational guidance officer and administrative officer. 'The various fields of each member, professional and technical, must necessarily overlap, and advice and criticism flow freely in planning the future of the rehabilitee: all their interests are subservient to the future of the rehabilitee'. Dr Cornish delineated aspects of the social worker's role. The social worker was invaluable in approaching potential rehabilitees; in persuading people to submit to medical care; in approaching relatives and making a correct appreciation of the home atmosphere; in constant contact, re-assurance, and encouragement during rehabilitation, and consultation with the rehabilitation team regarding problems; in visiting hospitals, provision of accommodation, and escort of timorous and/or country cases, accommodation during training and initial employment; and following up during employment.

This new general rehabilitation service attached to the nation's income security system sounded a very sensible development. I wondered why it was so recent and how it worked in practice.

As mentioned, the CES played an important final role in the process of rehabilitation for clients of the Commonwealth's rehabilitation service. Les Harvey, an experienced and highly regarded psychologist⁵⁹, lectured to us on the functions and scope of this service. It was set up 'to assist in maintaining a condition of full employment throughout the Commonwealth and in so doing to increase the living standards of the people'. It did this by helping employers to obtain suitable workers, by placing workers in suitable and satisfying employment, and by providing a vocational guidance service to junior workers and school leavers.

The final section of our social organisation lectures dealt with the administration of the South Australian Children's Welfare and Public Relief Department and the legislation under which it operated. It was delivered by C. G. Lewis, secretary of the department, who had joined the University's Board of Social Science in 1944. The department's ministerial head was the chief secretary, a member of cabinet and executive council. Its office staff in 1951 was about 126, and about 200 staff were employed in nine institutions of various categories of children and adolescents. The department was responsible for 1,242 State children. Where possible, it used boarding-out and probation systems rather than institutional care. Parents could voluntarily seek advice and assistance

58 The residential centre was at Mt Breckan, Victor Harbor.

59 He later became well-known nationally as Chief Psychologist in the Commonwealth Attorney-General's Department where he urged the need for national family research and set up the counselling service, an essential part of the federal family court system.

to overcome delinquency and other problems. As yet, however, professionally qualified social workers did not feature strongly in the work of the department.

It will be evident, that the lecture series was mainly focused on government services. However, our first-term essay was on 'The Voluntary Social Services'. Amy Wheaton commented that my essay showed that I had read well and widely. But I had not expressed any personal opinion or made any suggestions regarding the part which could be played by voluntary agencies under increasingly active state control. My second-term essay on social services available to the physically handicapped dealt only with the South Australian situation. Wheaton said I had covered the field well, but she would have liked some discussion about the efficacy of the services. Similarly, my third-term essay on the laws relating to children drew the comment that it was quite a good survey of the Acts, but what did I think of their efficacy and had I any suggestions for amendments or extensions?

This subject gave me a beginning awareness that the social welfare organisation of modern, urban, industrial society was an expanding, complicated and important subject – for citizens, for politicians, for many professionals as well as for social workers, and for social scientists – and it could be studied in its own right. The 1950 appointment of Richard Titmuss to a chair of social administration at LSE heralded the rapid academic recognition of the subject in Britain, stimulated by his outstanding leadership. By about 1970, about 20 chairs of social policy (as it came to be called) were established in British universities,⁶⁰ setting an example which the academic world elsewhere, including Australia, has been slow to follow.

Psychology

The University of Adelaide did not establish a chair in psychology until 1959. From the outset of the social work course in 1936, psychology like economics was a prescribed subject taught at the University. The traditional approach of philosophers discussing the mind was still evident when I did the subject in 1951 and gained 8th credit. Jack Smart, like his predecessor McKellar Stewart, was appointed to a chair of mental and moral philosophy. He was only 30 years old when he came to Adelaide from Oxford in August 1950.⁶¹ I recall him teaching us philosophical psychology, making considerable use of Gilbert Ryle's recently-published *The Concept of Mind*.⁶² Ryle rejected Descartes' theory of the relation between mind and body, 'the dogma of the ghost in the machine'; the mind was not distinct from the body, and mental states were not separable from physical states. 'Mind' and 'body' were terms in different logical

60 Kathleen Jones, *The Development of Social Administration*, Civil Service Department and Social Administration Committee Conference, 8–9 May 1970, Joint University Council for Social and Public Administration, p. 9. (mimeograph)

61 J. J. C. Smart was born of Scottish parents in Cambridge. After an M.A. from the University of Glasgow, he completed a B.Phil. at Oxford University in 1948. His father was president of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1950, and later a professor at the University of Glasgow. Jack's two younger brothers, Alistair and Ninian, also were professors. 1972–76, Jack was professor of philosophy at the Australian National University. 'J. J. C. Smart', entry in Wikipedia on the internet.

62 Gilbert Ryle, *The Concept of Mind*, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1949.

categories; the Cartesian theory had made a basic ‘category-mistake’.⁶³ Our first-term essay involved analysing ‘category-mistakes’ in a Bosworth sentence. ‘The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef, love like being enlivened with champagne’.

In the second-term essay, we were asked to examine William James’s statement: ‘Psychology is not a science, but the hope of a science’. What would psychology have to be like for it to be a science? Was a science of psychology possible? Since James wrote, had psychology become a science? And, what sort of problems would we expect psychology to throw light on? From my recorded notes of our lectures, we received relevant material to help us tackle this demanding topic. Psychology had only become recognised as a distinct discipline separate from philosophy within the previous 50 to 60 years. The first laboratory for psychological research was set up in Leipzig by Wundt in 1879. Psychological research shifted from Germany to USA, where the two movements of functionalism and behaviourism changed modern psychology. ‘Functionalism thought of the mind in terms of its function in mediating the organism’s adaptation to its environment, as opposed to structuralism which was concerned with the analysis of experience as a thing in itself. Behaviourism was in effect an extreme form of functionalism’.⁶⁴ Ryle’s theory of mind was behaviouristic in that he saw actions such as thinking, remembering, feeling and willing as being revealed by modes of behaviour or by dispositions to modes of behaviour.⁶⁵

Social Psychology

Amy Wheaton’s subject ‘Social Psychology’ in 1952 provided us with a substantial introduction to a subject area of crucial importance for social work education.⁶⁶ It could also be taken by BA students⁶⁷, and it was obvious that the content was relevant for serious students of both sociology and psychology – and of other social sciences.

Social psychology was seen as that branch of psychology which dealt particularly with human social relationships. ‘As the individual is a member of society, he must adjust himself to other individuals with whom he is associated as well as to the physical environment’.⁶⁸ In the words of Gardner Murphy, ‘The subject matter of psychology is neither the world nor the organism in isolation, but the interaction of the two’. The fields of the separate sciences were derived by abstraction from the total life process which was a dynamic whole.

From the side of the organism, psychology takes mental processes as its subject

63 Gilbert Ryle (1900–76) was a philosopher who taught at Oxford and who made important contributions to the philosophy of mind and to ‘ordinary language philosophy’. Alex Scott, ‘Gilbert Ryle’s *The Concept of Mind*’, available on the internet.

64 These crisp descriptions come from the marker of my essay.

65 Alex Scott, ‘Gilbert Ryle’s *The Concept of Mind*’.

66 The following account of the subject is based on the roneoed lectures ‘Social Psychology’, Board of Studies in Social Science, University of Adelaide.

67 Elaine Martin, ‘“The Importance of the Trained Approach”: Social Work Education in South Australia 1935–1946’, *Australian Social Work*, Volume 36, Number 1, March 1983, p. 22.

68 This sexist language was the language of the time.

matter; physiology, somatic processes; biology, in the narrower sense, somatic processes in relation to the life process as a whole. From the side of the environment physics and chemistry deal with physical properties; sociology with the effects of the cultural environment; and ecology with the physical environment in relation to life.

Philosophy is related to all the special sciences. It aims at a critical consideration and interpretation of the fundamental principles and assumptions or presuppositions which they employ. It also seeks to interpret reality as a whole and to correct the abstractions made by the special sciences. Lastly, it is concerned with value in the universe, particularly as this affects man – a consideration which is omitted from scientific explanation.

After these general orienting observations, we were introduced to the scope of social psychology – the interaction between the individual, society and culture; the individual and the foundations of personality; humans' adaptive capacity through learning; personality development as a result of social interaction – between persons, between the person and the group, and between groups; collective behaviour⁶⁹; culture⁷⁰; the development of personality in interaction with widening social groups; maladjustment (integration and dissociation of personality, forms of maladjustment, the psychiatric approach to maladjustment);⁷¹ and social change and control of social development (the psychological processes involved in social change and the degree social development can be controlled by rational will). Clearly, this was a huge, challenging agenda, but a fascinating, inescapable one for people like myself who were interested in gaining greater insight into the influence of the social dimension on human living.

Already my schooling and my own life experience had set me thinking about many of the matters raised. Creative literature supposedly had provided a developing understanding of the social existence of humans. People in their social milieu was typically the theme of many novels, but I was aware that much of this was the product of fertile creative imaginations; however much it was drawing on the experience and observations of the author in the real world, it was not dealing with actual human beings. Historical study, on the other hand, had to be grounded in what had actually occurred. It was not worthy of the name if it was fictional. In social psychology and in sociology, I became aware of the possibility of developing reasonably reliable general knowledge about humans' social existence. The task required theory, systematic thinking, observation and experimentation, and collective cumulative endeavour over

69 'In social psychology we are concerned with the mental processes of interaction among individuals by which collective behaviour is created and maintained. In sociology we ... describe, classify and explain the form and function of collective behaviour.'

70 'Patterns of culture exist and are maintained only in so far as the individual participates in them, and as they are manifested in human thought and action.' 'For a complete study of cultural patterning and its affects on social interaction we must turn to sociology and social anthropology.'

71 'We must turn to psychiatry ... for a complete study of individual maladjustment, and to sociology for the investigation of social conflict and disorganization.' 'Through clinical observations of abnormal persons in whom unity was impaired Freud, Adler and Jung drew attention to the normal unity of human personality. Hence psychiatry, or the science of personal abnormality, eventually led to the beginnings of a science of the normal personality for which we have as yet no name.'

succeeding generations. Universities were the obvious place for this to occur. I was under no illusions, however, about the special difficulties in developing social science. I was thankful that I had a lecturer who had had the benefit of British academic experience and American reading in these developing subject areas, but I also became aware how underdeveloped was an interest in these subjects locally.

Our social psychology lectures covered a wide variety of topics within the subject areas charted in the introductory lecture. An extended discussion on the pervasive topic of 'nature and nurture' emphasised their interaction. Theories and laws of heredity were described. The complex relations of the human organism to its physical and social environments were briefly sketched and considered. Biological and social sex differences were examined.⁷² Masculinity and femininity were two of the important cores around which the structure of personality took place. Margaret Mead had, however, suggested the possibility of 'a single-standard society' founded on real individual differences instead of those arbitrarily imposed by culture. A discussion of race differences concluded that differences in character and temperament were not necessarily associated with the physical characteristics which were used as race criteria. We then looked at particular nature and nurture research – statistical studies of the degree of resemblance between parents and children and between siblings, and research which varied the environment for individuals with identical heredity, and which maintained similar environments for individuals and groups who were genetically different. Finally, eugenics was considered – the idea of improving the human stock by selective breeding.

Motives were defined as inner forces tending to find expression in goal-directed behaviour. Human behaviour was the outcome of both inner stimulation or drives and external stimuli from the environment. Interest was the conscious experience of the tension between the subject and the object clarified by ideas. Attention was the process of interest in operation. There were objective determinants of attention and subjective factors predisposing to attention. Respiration, food-getting, sex, rest and sleep were fundamental activities incited by inner stimulation. Needs arose when the environmental factors necessary to carry out a given function were absent or insufficient. Humans had few innate, complex, standardised patterns of reaction. Their great capacity for learning resulted in a high degree of flexibility in the direction of activity towards objects and situations which tend to satisfy needs and in refining the general activity into specific adaptive responses. Their modes of satisfying physiological drives were largely determined by social and cultural influences.

A great part of human purposive behaviour was, however, directed towards goals and ideals independent of physiological need and avoidance of distress conditions. Social psychology was particularly concerned with motives of social derivation.

In every human society the individual seeks to participate in his social group, to be

72 We were also provided with a summary of four chapters of a book by E. T. Hiller, *Social Relations and Structures*.

accepted as “belonging”, and to gain prestige; but what qualities or achievements will gain for him good standing among his fellows will depend on the values of his cultures, the motives that are stressed and given institutional opportunities for expression. Prestige may attach to successful competition for material possessions ... to co-operation or working for others, to prowess in war or to aesthetic abilities.

Socialisation was the process which canalised an individual’s behaviour and gave content to his aspirations and ambitions. Products of social interaction acted as determinants of behaviour. They became crystallised in a superstructure of social norms and values – institutions, traditions, customs, legal, moral and religious codes, and conventions – and internalised in the individual as habits, attitudes, values and expectancies. These acquired motives were as dynamic as the biogenic drives. The same motive might be canalised into a wide range of behaviour patterns and similar behaviour patterns might stem from different motives. Behaviour was a product of inner stimulation and of “field forces”, not of either in isolation.

The most important theories to explain human motives and behaviour were then reviewed and critiqued – theories relating to instinct, visceral tension, conditioned reflex, embryological growth, culture transmission and composite theories. The chief defect of most theories was failure to give due significance to ‘the integrating power of mind, to the conational unity of self’.

... the question of motivation is far from simple. The forces that drive us to act are largely defined by the constitution of the body and rhythmical changes in its functioning and partly by external stimulation. But the more complicated human motives arise out of man’s relations to his total situation, his physical and social environment, even his orientation to a cosmic whole.

We had an extended critical discussion on whether acquisitiveness was an inevitable tendency in human nature or whether it was a product of social valuation in particular societies. ‘The Western European adapts himself to the Acquisitive Society where unlimited acquisition of wealth without regard to the common good is encouraged and esteemed, where wealth is a measure of worth’. According to Hobhouse, however, ‘property in a society based on ethical principles’ was to be ‘judged by its social effects, by its contribution to that common good which is in essence the harmonious realisation of human capacity’.

‘Emotions’ was the next major topic. The function of emotion seemed to be to sustain interest, to invigorate effort, and to increase plasticity of behaviour where the normal responses fail or are inadequate to relieve excitement or tension. Individual emotions were analysed – fear, terror, anger, disgust, wonder, sorrow, joy, loneliness, and tender emotion. These occurred under certain conditions. Learning accounted for ‘the wide divergences in modes of expression of emotions from one cultural area to another and even from one minor social group to another within a culture’. As each person’s experiences in social interaction were unique, his individual emotional life was also unique. Temperamental differences, based on innate variations of the excitability of the nervous system and in the functioning of the endocrine glands,

also played a part. No definite bodily changes could be correlated with feeling states, although the centre for the emotions in the brain stem was also the centre for feelings.

The specific feature of emotion for the person was not the sensing of bodily changes but the experience of the accompanying feeling of value, which indicated with varying degree of reliability the significance of the situation for the person's welfare. 'Value judgements may or may not be included in the mental processes that follow the immediate emotional evaluative experience'. Feelings of pleasantness or unpleasantness might be immediate guides for conscious behaviour, but they were not always reliable guides. The development of cognition had made people capable of making value judgements. There followed a complex and not always easily comprehensible discussion which traversed value judgements, the organisation of affective life, rationality and emotion, and value consciousness.

The focus of our next discussion was 'conflict'. A state of conflict occurred:

when there is "mutual interference with different drives" (Murphy) or when the satisfaction of drives or motives is prevented or delayed as a result of obstructions in the physical and social environment or the inadequacy of an individual's patterns of adjustment due, for example, to low intelligence, physical exhaustion or malpreparation in early life.

Conflict was a state of disequilibrium which involved psychological tensions. Continuation of conflict led to a state of anxiety. Conflict occurred at different levels of integration – between reflexes, between conditioned reflexes, between instincts, and between and within sentiments and complexes. Freudian theory of conflict postulated that all neurotic tendencies had a sexual basis. Lewin explained conflict by reference to almost equally balanced incentives and deterrents: conflict could be resolved by reducing the deterrents or increasing the incentives, or by withdrawal from the field. Relief from the stress of emotional tension, could be sought through compromise, through avoiding the conflict, or by weighing alternatives and deliberately adopting a selected line of conduct (volitional action). Mechanisms by which the mind escaped from conflict included: regression, dissociation, repression, abreaction, sublimation, rationalisation, reaction-formation, projection, compensation (over-compensation, identification, phantasy), fainting, suicide, alcohol and drugs, and humour. Acts of will consciously directed to comprehensive goals relating to the whole personality was the highest level of conation. A man was free when he acted in accordance with his character.

The social environment should provide external guidance in shaping conduct so that the needs of human nature were satisfied and values realised in a non-conflicting way, that is, so that the wills of individuals did not clash. Some degree of social harmony was effected through moral codes and ego-ideals. Social institutions integrated constellations of motives and provided the patterns and social controls for acceptable modes of expression. Customs and conventions afforded a working basis for non-conflicting social relations. Ideals and sets of rules might, however, conflict at certain points. 'Hence, a more ultimate ideal, a religion or a philosophical conception of life (was) required as

a standard of reference. This should be such as to allow of complete fulfilment of individual personality without conflict, promoting harmony within each mind and harmonious relationships within society'.

Indecision or failure to resolve conflict underlay all neurotic behaviour. The psychoneurotic person avoided difficulties by 'escape behaviour'; the normal well-balanced individual faced them, and incorporated his experiences into a new unity, making every experience an opportunity for growth. People, however, needed definite attainable goals along the way if their ultimate goal was distant.

We concluded the conflict discussion with a brief examination of conflicts experienced by soldiers in war, which resulted in neurotic behaviour – danger of death, guilt over killing, increased responsibility, sexual deprivation and separation from family, change of occupation, and new type of discipline.

Intelligence and its measurement received extended discussion. Various intelligence tests were described and assessed. We then turned to examining learning in social situations – the roles of suggestion, imitation and sympathy, and psycho-analytical interpretations of the learning process.

A lecture was devoted to psycho-analysis originating in Freud's ideas – his concepts of the unconscious; the ego, id and super-ego; his theory of instincts; intra-psychical conflict and neuroses; his theory of dreams; and his technique for the treatment of neurotic patients. It concluded with ten significant criticisms. The psycho-analytic school did not accept external criticism. The psycho-analytic method was influenced by suggestions of the analyst. The theory of strict determination excluded creativeness and volition. Psycho-analysis was isolated from other branches of biology, physiology and physiological psychology. Freud's concepts, for example, 'unconscious wishes' were not clearly defined. The theory of human motivation in psycho-analysis was unsatisfactory – egoistic, restricted to internal processes, and omitted autonomous motives. Aggression was contingent, not primary and inevitable. Endo-psychic conflict which was at the basis of neuroses did not always have a sexual origin. The theory of social impulses was totally inadequate. And finally, a general judgement that Freud was biased by his own cultural setting. 'The "facts" of human nature he presents are actually modes of manifestations of human tendencies in a patriarchal, competitive social organisation in which tenderness is repressed'.

It was salutary to learn about psycho-analysis, both because of the influence it seemed to have had historically, especially in the United States, and in particular on social work education in that country. Elaine Martin has commented:

In her concept of the scope and purpose of social work education (Amy Wheaton) saw herself as differing from the American tradition based on psychoanalytic theory and concentrating on casework, by emphasising work with groups and the development of community resources through methods including social action.⁷³

73 Elaine Martin, "The Importance of the Trained Approach": Social Work Education in South Australia 1935–1946', *Australian Social Work*, Volume 36, Number 1, March 1983, p. 21.

Later, in 1979, Amy Wheaton wrote,

I believe that my greatest, although locally unrecognised, contribution to social work was my attempt to work out and apply an overall theory of social work based on all the scientific knowledge of man-in-society-and culture available – biological, psychological and socio-cultural⁷⁴.

Returning to the social psychology lectures, Amy Wheaton provided us with an account of psycho-neuroses – pre-disposing conditions, classification, and treatment. We then engaged in a consideration of various aspects of maturation and learning. Gesell's norms of human development in the first thirty months were distributed to us in a handout, and we also received material on mental deficiency, its causes, distribution and treatment.

A final integrating discussion on the foundations of personality built on much of the material already covered in earlier lectures. It dealt with hereditary equipment, character and temperament, individual differences, personality as an integrated whole, a coherent system of values, conscious and unconscious integrating processes, adjustment to a social environment, and types of personality.

The material presented to us in this subject was complex and interwoven, but I decided that was the nature of what it was attempting to explicate. I was gratified when I received from Amy Wheaton an 'A' rating for my essay on 'Socialisation', with the comment 'An excellent essay',⁷⁵ and gained top credit in the subject.

Nutrition

My notebook for the 1952 nutrition subject I studied under Professor Mark Mitchell indicates that social work students were expected to have a reasonable grasp of what was required for adequate human nutrition, considering variable factors such as size, age, sex, and activity. A human diet could be unsatisfactory because of the small amount, its quality, excessive quantity, or personal idiosyncracies. Topics covered included poisons, food preservation, energy requirements of the body, the anatomy and physiology of the gastro-intestinal tract, carbohydrates, energy metabolism, fats, proteins, digestion, and vitamins. We were made aware of the worsening world dietary situation and of the problem of over-eating and obesity in 'the more favoured nations'. Amy Wheaton was particularly delighted when Mitchell rewarded my work in the subject with top credit. It boosted her course and her morale to have a social science student doing well in a subject taught by a senior member of the University.

I have still to give some account of economic history, history 11 and 111, and political science. These were of particular relevance to my plan to graduate with an honours degree in history and political science, and were essential precursors to undertaking my honours year in 1953.

⁷⁴ Notes to Martin, 1979 (unpublished), p. 14.

⁷⁵ She had it typed, I think for use with other students but I am not sure. It is the only one of my university essays that was typed. There was obviously no word restriction placed on this particular essay for mine was about 6,000 words.

Economic History

In my notebook for this subject in 1951, it is described as ‘English economic history from the manor to the modern, socialistic set-up; the economic development of the US from the settlement of colonists till now; and Australia from the set up of the convict settlement to the present day’. Douglas Pike was our teacher for the first and third of these, and Kathleen Woodroffe for the American section. Two 1,500-word essays were set, each time with a choice between two topics. My first essay, ‘The plight of the poor in Britain 1790–1800’, was awarded a mark of 70, and received the comment, ‘This is a well-planned and solid piece of work which really comes to grips with the subject’. But I was urged to use more primary sources and not rely so much on secondary sources. I have no surviving record of my second essay, ‘Immigration since 1945’.

Honours students and a staff member participated in a weekly tutorial program for the subject, and we were required to take our turn in preparing a brief discussion paper on the tutorial topic. My assigned topics were: ‘The advent of the factory system’; the influence of geography on the early economic activities of the American colonies; Marshall Aid to Europe after the Second World War; and Australia’s reputation soon after federation as ‘the most advanced political laboratory in the English speaking world’. The other Australian topics in the third term of the tutorial program were:

- Were the convicts transferred to New South Wales desperate criminals or were they the victims of a severe criminal code and an unfortunate social background?
- A complete understanding of Australian history is only possible when one relates events in Australia to the condition of economic affairs in England. What is the nature of the ‘financial nexus’ between the two countries?
- What does Australia live by? What are her important industries?
- By holding the power of the purse the Federal Government has treated the Australian states shabbily.
- Australia in the depression.
- Australia’s immigration policy is the product of the community’s geographical position, social ideas and unflagging zeal for racial homogeneity.

Some of this Australian material was scarcely economic history, but there was in fact as yet no other Australian content in the University’s history teaching program.

History II

My lecture and other notes indicate that this 1951 subject took the form of a history of England stretching from when Edward 1 summoned the so-called Model Parliament in 1295 to the end of the period of the Stuarts. The material was roughly organised by monarchical period – the Plantagenets (1216–1399), the Lancastrians (1399–1461), the Yorkists (1461–1485), the Tudors (1485–1603), and the Stuarts (1603–1649, 1660–1714), with increasing

emphasis on the last two periods. G. M. Trevelyan's classic 'England Under the Stuarts' was a prescribed reading. One aspect of this period, highlighted in Trevelyan's introduction, was 'the transference of sovereignty from Crown to Parliament ... effected in direct antagonism to all continental tendencies. During the seventeenth century a despotic scheme of society and government was so firmly established in Europe, that but for the course of events in England it would have been the sole successor of the medieval system'. For all of England's achievements, this was 'one, the most insular in origin and yet the most universal in effect'. At the root of English political history lay the general conditions of English life, but "the magic hand of chance" had also contributed. The conditions of life were worth studying for their own sake anyway, asserted Trevelyan.⁷⁶

Although this subject was seemingly remote in time and place for an Australian student, for me it built on the British historical study of my schooling, Trevelyan's book demonstrated the evolving character and need for continuing historical study of a period, I became more keenly aware of the British origins of Australia's parliamentary democracy, and I pondered over the development of all-powerful monarchs associated with nation-states and their appeals to divine right. The traditional emphasis on monarchs, military battles and conquests was still evident but there were signs of greater interest in economic, social and cultural history. I have no surviving record of essays for this subject, nor do I recall who taught it. It may have been Doug Pike and Wilfrid Oldham, who was just about to retire and was likely to have taught this kind of subject. Whoever taught the subject, I gained the top credit.

History III

My developing interest in history was greatly stimulated by the lectures and honours tutorial series of Douglas Pike in history 111, which I studied in 1952. His lectures ranged across China, Japan, the Netherlands East Indies, Indonesia, Malaya, Korea, the Philippines, US Foreign Policy, and French Indo-China. Although it seemed reasonable at the time that we should be learning about these countries in our region, we suspected it was as yet a rarity in Australian history departments. Douglas Pike's experiences and interests made it possible in the University of Adelaide History Department, and we were the beneficiaries. He provided us with an excellent role model of serious, disinterested academic enquiry.⁷⁷

During the year, five of us attended 13 History 111 honours tutorials – Lindsay Cleland, Dick Law-Smith, R. S. Lawton, Ruth Richardson and myself. In addition to the main presenting student, we all received the suggested reading and each student was given by Pike a separate question for each of the tutorials. It was an exceptionally well-organised series of seminars which encouraged regular preparation and seminar participation. Like our lectures, the tutorial subjects were wide-ranging – land-tenure systems in China; the

76 George Macauley Trevelyan, *England Under the Stuarts*, Methuen, London, 21st edition, 1st published 1904, revised editions 1925, 1946.

77 See pp. 86–88.

T'ai Ping rebellion; Mao Tse-Tung; the Meiji restoration; French colonial policy in Indo-China to 1940; Dutch colonial policy in the Netherlands East Indies until 1940; British colonial policy in Malaysia; Indonesian nationalism; USA foreign policy from Paris to Washington; Korea; 'White Australia Policy'; Australia and New Guinea; and Pacific Pacts 1945–1952.

The topic for our first term essay was 'The Partition of China from the Treaty of Shimonoseki to the Boxer Rebellion'. Our essay had to include 'a plan, outlining the argument or theme of the essay, and indicating the questions to which answers have been attempted; a bibliography, with brief critical notes on the value of each book consulted; and footnotes, giving full details of sources used'. My 8,000-word essay was awarded a mark of 74, receiving the following comment from Pike:

You have dealt with the domestic situation in China and the various foreign claims made upon her very capably. However, it is essential not to view China as one sphere of European interests isolated from the rest but as one of the many stakes in the game of Balance of Power politics. Some mention of the Triple and Dual alliances and of rivalry between Great Powers in the Balkans would have clarified the motives of the various powers in China. Distinguish between freedom of investment and freedom of trade with regard to the Open Door Policy. Germany's desire to equal England in naval strength, and the latter's action in face of a growing challenge to her power superiority in all fields are worthy of note. A commendably easy and clear style.

Pike gave me 82 for my second term essay on 'Nationalism in Indo-China', with the comment, 'A very comprehensive essay and a gallant attempt to discover the main threads in a very tangled web. You have used your sources well.' I was particularly pleased with the comment on the use of sources, because I had had a growing sense of confidence and capacity for independent thinking from about mid-way through my second year, and my results were being to show it. I was awarded top credit in this subject and was first in the order of merit in the honours work.

Political Science

The lecturer in the political science subject I studied in 1952 was Keith Sainsbury, an Oxford graduate, recently arrived from England to join Professor Duncan in the embryonic stages of a department of political science at the University.⁷⁸ Sainsbury's lecture course was well-organised, clear and to the point. He provided us with an admirable course-outline and 61 pages which summarised the lectures. This enabled us to concentrate more on the content than trying to get it down in our note-books.⁷⁹

78 Later Keith Sainsbury was senior lecturer in international relations at the University of Reading in England until his retirement in 1989. His book, *Churchill and Roosevelt at War: The War They Fought and the Peace They Hoped to Make*, NYU Press, 1994, received good reviews.

79 By third year, the rapid note-taking required for most subjects had had an observable effect on my handwriting.

The lectures were divided into five parts:⁸⁰

1. Introductory Lectures

- What is politics? Its subject-matter; approaches; the feasibility of a scientific approach; the impingement of history, ethics, psychology, anthropology, economics; sociology an aspect of politics, or politics an aspect of sociology?; the study of institutions through which universal, enforceable rules are established in a democratic society – the focus and limitation of this course.
- The essentials of democracy. The consensus of ideas, the 'operative ideals' – the value of the individual, liberty and individual development and specific rights, government by consent, discussion a basis for cooperation. The place of leadership.
- Freedom of speech. The basic individual right to think, say and write what is conceived to be the truth; arguments for and against; exceptions.

2. The Machinery of Government

- Constitutions. The nature and functions of a constitution. The British, U.S. and Australian constitutions.
- Problems of representation. Suffrage; electoral systems; second chambers; referendum, initiative and recall.
- Parliament. Functions; machinery.
- Cabinet system in British Commonwealth. Origin and nature; machinery.
- Presidential system in U.S.A.. Office of president; congress.
- Local government in U.K. and Australia.

3. The Motive Forces of Politics

- The parties. The role of the parties; types of party system; party organisation; party policy; the one-party state.
- Public opinion. Nature of public opinion; pressure groups and propaganda; the press, radio and other means of mass communication.

4. Federal Government

- The nature of federalism. Definition of a federal state; conditions appropriate to a federal government; special institutions through which federalism works; some problems of federalism.
- The Australian federal system. The Australian constitution; the problem of 'divided powers'; how has the constitution adapted to new conditions?
- The future of federalism

5. Political Theory and Doctrines

- Democratic theory of political rights
- Liberty and equality
- Communism and the Marxist challenge
- Fascism and the totalitarian challenge
- The problem of democratic planning

The honours tutorial program for the subject was based on the structure of *Principles of Social and Political Theory*, by Sir Ernest Barker. He was a highly

⁸⁰ The following brief description is based on the course-outline and p.1 of the summary lectures. These are both headed 'Political Science', but there is no other identifying data on them.

respected liberal British political scientist.⁸¹ Barker memorably used as a keynote for his book, the preamble to the Constitution of India, saying he was proud that the people of India should begin their independent life by subscribing to the principles of a political tradition which ... is now something more than Western'. The tutorial topics were: the state and society; sovereignty; nature and function of social groups; the purpose of the state; the nature of political rights; the principles of liberty and equality; the principles of fraternity and justice; compulsion and punishment; the grounds of political obligation; the limits of political obligation, and the problem of resistance; the functions of government and the rights of persons; collectivism, planning and the individual; and the state in its relation to other states. Additional to Barker, other references were also prescribed reading.

In our first term essay we were asked to comment with reference to the working of the cabinet system in Australia and Great Britain on this quotation, 'A Cabinet is an autocracy, exerted with the utmost publicity, under a constant fire of criticism' (Lowell). My essay was given an 80 by Keith Sainsbury, who described it as 'A good piece of work. You have discussed fully, and for the most part clearly the main issues involved'. He picked up a couple of points on which I might have elaborated.

'Democratic government is government by public opinion'. How far is this true and to what extent should it be? – this was the second term essay assignment. I was delighted to receive 85 for this, with the following Sainsbury critique:

An excellent essay. You show a real capacity to get at the heart of these difficult concepts and you express yourself well. Your whole line of argument and trend of thought is also exceptionally well-integrated. Your essay is the first I have seen which shows a grasp of the full significance of Finer's distinction between 'will' and 'passive belief' or 'acceptance' in Public Opinion. The logic of your argument is clear – given certain conditions, which you bring out well in your analysis of 'Democracy' and 'Public Opinion', there is a great deal of truth in the point of view expressed by the quotation. The question remains, given the lack of those conditions in their entirety, given, that is, the contrast between the 'ideal' and the 'actual', how far are governments justified in a democracy in forging ahead of, or even against the current of Public Opinion? You fail to do justice to that aspect of the problem.

This course was a memorable introduction to an emerging social science, and I was gratified to gain top credit. It was fortunate that I was undertaking a combined honours degree in history and political science. A solid, analytic grounding in our system of governance was clearly a valuable component in my general education, wherever I might be heading vocationally.

81 Ernest Barker (1874–1960), educated at Manchester Grammar School and Balliol College, Oxford, was professor of political science at the University of Cambridge, from 1928. The book was based on lectures last delivered at Cambridge in the academic year 1938–9.

Principles and Practice of Social Work I and II

The purpose of the social science diploma was explicitly to qualify students for the practice of social work. All of the prescribed subjects were assumed to be in various ways means to this end, but two components in the curriculum directly addressed practice – principles and practice of social work and field-work in social welfare agencies. In the former, there was relatively little on learning relevant skills to deal with the needs and problems that were identified. Amy Wheaton considered that these had their place only ‘as required for the purpose and subservient to it’.⁸² In 1951, our essay in Principles and Practice of Social Work I was: ‘Child placement – a discussion illustrated with case material, of the relative values in adoption, foster home or institutional care of children – particularly in relation to the illegitimate child’. Her comment on my particular effort, awarded an ‘A’, was:

Very good. One could wish that in Australia we had the ideal situations depicted by American writers:⁸³

1. Adequate foster homes
2. Adequate supervision of foster homes by skilled social workers
3. Recognised child placing agencies with trained staff
4. Opportunities to use all available tests and controls before any placements are made:
 - Psychological tests
 - Comparison of sociological and cultural backgrounds
 - Some consideration of genetics and heredity

We did not receive a complete set of printed lecture notes for either of the two practice subjects, which I studied in successive years, 1951 and 1952. Although American social work practice literature was heavily referred to in our lectures, the subject there was still at an early stage of development; Amy tended to see some of it as not sufficiently sociologically and culturally informed. Britain had only produced its first book on social casework in 1950,⁸⁴ and there was as yet practically no Australian social work practice literature. My own notebook for these subjects, included scattered notes on professional etiquette, the organisation of social agencies, medical social casework, the central index, the form, nature and functions of recording, family casework, modern psychotherapy, psychoses and neuroses, environmental history taking, and tuberculosis. We were told that social work was broader than social casework and ‘may concern general problems of welfare programs, for example we have the approach through (1) social action, legislation etc. (2) social welfare planning, community activities (3) social group work, clubs etc. and (4) social case work’. I recorded two definitions of social case work, but none of social work.

82 Notes to Martin, 1979 (typescript), p. 10, quoted by Martin, p. 20.

83 I had drawn heavily on recent articles in *Social Casework*, an American journal.

84 Cherry Morris (ed.), *Social Case-Work in Great Britain*, 1950.

Social case work consists of those processes which develop personality through adjustments, consciously effected, individual by individual, between men and their social environment. (Mary Richmond)

Social case work may be defined as the art of doing different things for and with different people by cooperating with them to achieve at one and the same time their own and society's betterment. (Gordon Hamilton)

It was evident that despite broader aspirations by some social work thinkers and actual practice experience by a few social workers in social action, community work, and group work, professional social work education as well as practice was still heavily focused on casework. The essay topic in *Principles and Practice of Social Work II* was: "A tracing of the history and development of the case-work process during the 20th Century, showing how varying trends have influenced function, scope and policy in agency practice."

My 5,000-word effort earned me an 'A', but strangely no comment. In it, I observed that casework had frequently lost direction since its embryonic days, but few would deny that it had advanced:

Like any other scientific discipline, it has progressed by frank expression of difference, by the analysis of current practice, by discussion, argument and controversy, leading on to new formulations and practices – in short, the case work process is essentially dynamic, and always will be as long as it deals with human beings in a changing world.

The demand for objectivity and the scientific approach can be overemphasised in a process in which the professional worker's function is to help, not to observe or experiment, as is the scientist's function. The case-worker has, however, since the beginning of the century striven intermittently, if not constantly, toward the attainment of a set of principles which can be held universally as working rules of action. The striving after a generic case-work based on sound principles seems to be the main theme running throughout these fifty years of development. Faith in the attainment of that goal justifies to the social case-worker his claim for professional status.

Since the beginning of the century there has been a great spreading of the principles of democracy. ... In the political atmosphere created in a democratic country, the case-work process with its increasing recognition of the uniqueness of personality and the value of difference, developed hand-in-glove with democratic political theories. Both are based on a belief in the development of personality within the framework of society. In the U.S.A., where freedom was accorded to all new zealous scientific disciplines, and there were none of the inhibiting factors found in a long-established, conservative community, social case-work theory and practice had a free rein. It is to that country that this essay will mostly turn, for there, more than elsewhere, the case-work process has developed tremendously over the period under consideration. Though many today would question whether U.S.A. adheres strictly to her professed democratic principles, few would agree that American case-work has lost sight of its fundamental beliefs.

PRACTICAL WORK

In 1938, the three existing Australian schools of social work agreed that practical work should be between a third and a half of the total work done by a student. As in Britain and the United States, this consisted of supervised work in agencies, and visits of observation to agencies and institutions of social work significance. The agencies chosen for student supervision depended on their relevance to the course, their willingness to cooperate without payment, the quality of the supervision they could provide, and the time available.⁸⁵ I do not have a detailed record of my practical work experience in the early 1950s, but we were required to complete 160 days of it. Some of it was in the vacation periods between the teaching terms; the rest was during term. One surviving time-table schedules practical work on Monday and Friday mornings, and a visit of observation on a Wednesday. I had four regular agency placements, and my work in a psychology unit in the Citizen Military Forces (CMF) was also counted as relevant field work.

Australian Red Cross Society

My first placement was in the Social Service Department of the South Australian division of the Australian Red Cross Society under the supervision of its director, Joyce Astley. This social work service in Australian Red Cross began in 1942 aimed at problems of rehabilitation that might arise from war injuries or experiences. The Society awarded social work and medical social work scholarships to obtain the necessary professional staff. The service in South Australia peaked at five social workers in 1947–8. With less intensive rehabilitation work and more long-term support and practical assistance, the number had reduced to three in 1950 when Joyce Astley, trained locally in general social work but not medical social work, was appointed. Colin Stock, an ex-serviceman, was one of the social workers.

For the first time, I had the opportunity to get to know from within a working organisation – its charter, its history, how it was organised locally, nationally and internationally, its operating procedures and principles, the roles and personalities of the people it employed, its physical layout and its geographical location, its relationships with other organisations. I found in each of my placements that once I had gained some understanding of these organisational matters, I could positively appreciate the student experience, demanding as it could be. One of my early tasks in Red Cross was to visit a closed-in verandah of a boarding house in the city, which had for long served as home for a lonely ex-serviceman from World War I. He had just died and I was asked to collect his belongings and try to locate anyone who might have known him. I no longer remember the details of the case, but it moved me quite profoundly.

85 R.J. Lawrence, *Professional Social Work in Australia*, The Australian National University, Canberra, 1965, p. 58.

State Children's Welfare and Public Relief Department

My next placement was in an agency which, according to Martin, had not been a competitor for available trained social workers, yet it had major responsibility for the welfare of children and their families, the State Children's Welfare and Public Relief Department. By 1950, it had only four staff who had completed the social work training. Three had done this while employed by the department.⁸⁶ My supervisor was Albie Glastonbury, working in the area of juvenile probation and affiliated with one of the protestant churches. Miss Daisy Curtis was recently appointed head of the department after ten years as principal of Women Police. In 1925 she had received the Catherine Helen Spence Scholarship for overseas study after pioneering women policing in South Australia. I can recall visits to the Adelaide Juvenile Court, and also a positive observation from Miss Curtis that the way I had handled an extremely stressful family situation in her office showed promise.

Colin Stock joined the department from Red Cross in 1952, and also Geoff Hunter another ex-serviceman, but it took another ten years before Mac Harris' appointment as a staff training officer indicated a move towards training departmental staff for their child and family welfare work. In the 1950s, the department's services were still mainly in the hands of clerical officers recruited to and promoted through the public service without any specialist educational qualifications. This was not yet a professional social work agency.

Catholic Family Welfare Bureau

My third placement was at a voluntary agency, the Catholic Family Welfare Bureau. In 1942, following the pattern already established by the church in Melbourne and Sydney, it was intended to coordinate and improve the work of orphanages, homes for the aged, a home for unmarried mothers and another for delinquent girls. These institutions were run by different religious orders. The first executive officer and sole staff member of the bureau was a new social work graduate, Hannah Buckley. After a few months of preparation in the Melbourne bureau, she tackled the Adelaide situation. In four years, she established a child placement and a general case-work service, but not the originally intended coordination of the church's welfare institutions. She was succeeded briefly by Helen Healey, before the position went in 1948 to an ordained minister who had completed social work training – Father Luke Roberts. He remained the only trained social worker on the staff throughout the 1950s. While maintaining the child placement and case-work services, he also focused on the resettlement of migrants, mainly Europeans and particularly Polish and Italian.⁸⁷ Father Roberts was a member of the Board of Studies in Social Science 1950–58, and was president of the state branch of the Australian Association of Social Workers 1952–54. Clearly he supported

86 Elaine Martin, 'Scarcity in a New Profession: Social Work in South Australia 1936–1950', *Australian Social Work*, Volume 38, Number 1, March 1985, pp. 25–6, 28–9.

87 'Centacare Adelaide – The Story of Centacare'. See Centacare Adelaide website on the Internet. See also Martin, p. 30.

professional training for social work. He was my supervisor for this third placement, in the course of which I learned something of the welfare activities of the Catholic Church, but again the placement was experience of a still very embryonic professional social work service. Robbie himself was a competent, likeable person, but he had just too much on his plate, and he had no social work colleagues in his agency.

Repatriation General Hospital

My final placement, in the summer vacation at the beginning of my final year, 1953, was at the Repatriation General Hospital, Daws Road, Springbank. This had started as a military hospital in 1942, changing to a repatriation hospital under the Commonwealth Repatriation Commission in 1946. After receiving some help from seconded Red Cross social workers, it made its own appointment of an almoner (medical social worker) in 1947, and had added a second by 1949. Mrs Beryl Prince was the almoner-in-charge and supervisor for my placement. She had succeeded Helen Paine as director of the Fighting Forces Family Welfare Bureau in the immediate postwar period, with a small social work staff of two or three. She had been the first secretary of the South Australian Social Workers Association 1942–3, and president of the state branch of the Australian Association of Social Workers 1948–9. I appreciated her professional commitment and her knowledge of the repatriation system. The hospital had been under great pressure in the immediate postwar period particularly when about a thousand people came home from Japanese prisoner of war camps in Asia. In 1953, the tiny social work department was dealing with the social consequences of a variety of war-caused illnesses and disabilities. The persisting housing shortage was a continuing problem for many individuals and families. The ex-service ethos was generally evident in the hospital. There was a genuine sense of respect and gratitude towards men and women who had difficulties resulting from serving their country in war.

One aspect of the hospital's work worried me, however. Psychiatric treatment techniques included Electric Convulsive Therapy (ECT), and intravenous convulsive therapy. These were brutal and could have serious side effects. I was told they were successful in many cases and were only used when other techniques like psychotherapy, 'cathartic therapy' and hypnosis were unsuccessful. There were, in fact, few trained specialist psychiatrists at the time despite the many psychological casualties of the war.⁸⁸

The Gender of Social Work Students and of Agency Staff

My experience in the classroom and in the employing agencies was of a considerable gender imbalance, unwarranted by the nature of the work itself. Apart from one male graduate in 1939, all the graduates from the Adelaide social

88 See 'History of Repatriation General Hospital', available on The Repatriation General Hospital Daw Park website. In 1994, Peter Last published a history of the hospital and of repatriation services in South Australia. In 1995, the hospital became a state government general hospital under the South Australian Health Commission.

work course were women until 1948, when three males graduated, followed by a peak of seven in 1949. The numbers fell back to three in 1950, and none in 1951. The majority of the small influx of men were ex-servicemen and several were clergymen. When I undertook the course, I understood that as a male coming straight from school I was a novelty. At first there was only one other male social work student, Elery Hamilton-Smith, but he was a couple of years older and was doing it part-time and maintaining a family through part-time work. Later, Tony Serradura, a colourful slightly older student of Italian background, was also a student with us. The overall graduating numbers for a course which had existed since 1936, were disappointingly low, despite some general increase in the immediate post-war period – by 1950, only 114 (103 women and 11 men). Elaine Martin has written a detailed article on the employment of trained social workers 1936–1950. The existing workforce had ‘suffered from severe attrition from marriage and family responsibilities and from movement out of the State, leaving for the staffing of welfare services a highly mobile and unstable workforce consisting mainly of relatively inexperienced young women’.⁸⁹

An Unusual Practical Work Placement

As mentioned, apart from these orthodox field work placements, one other experience was also accepted as relevant. Under the 1951 National Service Act, all males turning 18 on or after 1 November 1950 were required for national service training. We had to be on the Reserve of the CMF for five years from the date of call-up. We could nominate which service in which we wished to be trained. I applied to and had been accepted by the Selection Board for the University Air Squadron, when Captain Trevor Jones invited me to join the CMF Number 4 Psychology Unit, Central Command. He was its commanding officer. The work would be mainly concerned with psychological testing, interviewing, and research. Even though it was an army unit, it seemed an excellent opportunity to further my academic interests, while fulfilling my national service obligations, and I looked forward to being trained by Trevor, whom I held in the highest regard. The other two members of the unit were personnel officers – Bob Jolly at Kelvinator, and Frank Trembath at the state railways. I understood that we were the smallest unit in the Australian army.

We had both compulsory and voluntary regular two-hour ‘parades’ for two years on a Wednesday night at the Keswick Barracks, from July 1951. We also attended each year a 14-day camp at Woodside in the Adelaide Hills and completed small arms weapons training. At the second camp and in subsequent evening parades, we were engaged in an absorbing piece of research on the interests, attitudes, and moral values of the 18-year old adolescent in our community. After just over a year in the unit, we had passed successive examinations to become sergeant psychological examiners. I received my certificate of discharge in July 1953, and the University received a report from Major

89 Elaine Martin, ‘Scarcity in a New Profession: Social Work in South Australia 1936–1950’, *Australian Social Work*, Volume 38, Number 1, March 1985, pp. 25–34. R. J. Lawrence, *Professional Social Work in Australia*, Australian National University Press, Canberra, 1965, p. 218.

Jones, which enabled my work in the unit to be accredited as practical work for the diploma of social science. Psychologist Captain John Affleck was the regular army officer who sometimes joined in the group. We met adjacent to his office at Keswick Barracks. I enjoyed the camaraderie in the unit. Humour was a regular feature of our parades, but we did not neglect the serious side of our work, partly because of the nature of the work we were undertaking, but also because of our shared respect for Trevor Jones.

A Remarkable Career

At the end of 1953, after seven years of vocational and educational guidance work in the senior school, Trevor Jones was appointed headmaster of the preparatory school at St Peter's College – a remarkable development. He served as president of the Independent Primary School Heads of Australia 1954–56. Later, he returned to his original state, to take up appointment as headmaster of Sydney Grammar Preparatory School at St Ives in Sydney. His vocational guidance and training in the psychology unit in the CMF were significant influences at a crucial stage of my life. My life may have taken a somewhat different course without him, and I suspect this was true for many young people whom he assisted. He was a smallish, compact man with a warm ready smile; a good listener but able to be firm and definite when it was required. He had a most unusual breadth of knowledge – of psychology, of employment fields, of course structures, and of armed service organisation and protocols. Clearly Colin Gordon was delighted to have 'found' Trevor when they served in the air-force together in the Second World War.⁹⁰

THE HONOURS YEAR – 1953

Honours Seminars – History

Douglas Pike's first-term seminars covered interpretations of history⁹¹, and general history and meta-history discussions. We were a class of only four students, and Douglas expected us to be active in discussion. Lindsay Cleland, who became a friend, remembers Pike's appreciation of Herbert Butterfield contrasted with his scorn towards Arnold Toynbee and his big theories. 'Pike taught his students to develop respect as practising historians towards the period under investigation and bring it to life'.⁹² Butterfield was a trenchant critic of 'the whig interpretation of history', which wrote history as a line of progression towards the glorious present.

As will have been evident, I had become aware of the developing social sciences and wondered how serious historians could produce adequate explanation in their historiography without at least some understanding of these emerging insights; but similarly, many social scientists seemed to need historical

90 See pp. 44, 63–4.

91 The prescribed readings were by Herbert Butterfield, Karl Popper, Arnold Toynbee, E. H. Carr, R. M. Crawford (the only Australian), R. C. Collingwood, and L. Fraser.

92 John Calvert, *Douglas Pike (1908–1974): South Australian and Australian Historian*, M.A. thesis in history, University of Adelaide, 2008, p. 69. Available on the internet.

depth. Both were engaged in enterprises which claimed to be seeking truth based on evidence. There was much to engage the mind in the theory of history.

The seminars included a segment on the development of the Commonwealth of Nations, assisted by a very helpful set of notes on the historical development of Canada, South Africa and Australia as independent nations, the development of the Imperial Conference and international relations before the First World War, relations during and after the First World War, the Irish Free State, relations 1922–26, and relations 1926 to Statute of Westminster 1931.

Honours Seminars – Political Ideas

Professor W. G. K. Duncan was our teacher in a demanding second-term seminar program on political ideas. Discussion was based on carefully cited weekly papers, submitted in advance by each student. The texts and topics were:

- Plato, *The Republic*
 - 'Not the least significant part of *The Republic* is what it omits, namely, law and the influence of public opinion'.
- Aristotle, *Politics*
 - 'The "limits of state interference" never suggested itself to the Greek philosophers as a problem for their consideration.' Explain, and illustrate from both Plato and Aristotle.
- Machiavelli, *The Prince* and the *Discourses*
 - Discuss the claim that Machiavelli is the founder of political science.
- Hobbes, *The Leviathan*
 - However much you dislike his conclusions there is no denying the rigour, consistency and depth of Hobbes' argument.
- Locke, *Second Treatise on Civil Government*
 - What is distinctive in Locke's use of the notion of a social contract?
- Hamilton, Madison and Jay, *The Federalist*
 - What did the authors of 'The Federalist' regard as the basic problems and principles of constitutionalism?
- Rousseau, *Social Contract*
 - What do you think Rousseau meant by 'the general will'?
- Hobhouse, *Metaphysical Theory of the State*
 - What is the significance of Hobhouse's criticism of Bosanquet, that 'Man's will is just what it is, with all its limitations, and not what it might be if these limitations are removed'?
- Lenin: *The State and Revolution*
 - Is the State merely 'a manifestation of the irreconcilability of class antagonisms'? What of the State in Russia today?
- Political Pluralism: Laski and others
 - What is meant by 'political pluralism'?

The texts and topics provided us with a remarkable sample of western political thought from the Greeks down to recent times, with themes running through it of emerging ideas about the state and political obligation, of ethical and scientific concerns, and of the separation of the democratic state and society.

Honours Thesis

We were also required to submit in the third term a 25,000-word thesis. Douglas Pike was my supervisor, and we chose a topic suitable for my particular interest in social legislation – ‘Australia-wide old-age pensions’. In 1908, the Commonwealth government legislated for old-age pensions, after these had been included amongst the Commonwealth’s powers in the federal constitution of 1901. The limited non-contributory principle was used, with pensions being paid out of the general revenue. This principle was first used in Denmark in 1891, then in New Zealand in 1898, in New South Wales and in Victoria 1900, in France 1905, and in Great Britain 1908. The thesis traces each of these developments, before concentrating on the story of the Australian federal legislation, and why it was delayed for seven years after federation. Separate chapters are devoted to the work of the Royal Commission on Old-Age Pensions 1905–6; the principles under discussion as revealed in the Nield report to the New South Wales Parliament 1897, the evidence of the Royal Commission, statements in the Commonwealth Parliament and in many other official and unofficial documents; finance; and the politics of the time. Prime Minister Andrew Fisher claimed the 1908 act was ‘an advance upon any legislation of the kind passed in any other part of the world’. The final chapter describes the Act, and assesses Fisher’s claim.⁹³ In fact, this legislation was to be the first in the development of Australia’s system of social security, and its non-contributory principle has never been changed, making its approach distinctive amongst all the social insurance (contributory) systems in most of the rest of the world.

At the end of 1953, I had completed the program originally suggested and planned by Trevor Jones. As has been described, it had been varied and engaging. Deciding to do honours in history and political science had meant a great deal of additional work, but the intellectual stimulus it provided had made a great contribution to my education. I emerged with a first-class honours degree and a diploma of social science after four very concentrated years at the University of Adelaide. From some of my teachers, and from wide-ranging reading, I had developed a keen sense of academic values. I had also become aware of social work as a relatively new developing professional enterprise. How was this growing personal enlightenment to be of any use to me in securing employment? An event occurred in late 1952, which determined that my immediate path on graduation would not be into employment, but into gaining further education in another country.

Vacation Jobs

When not yet engaged in practical work requirements, I worked in a couple of vacation jobs. One of these was as a member of a fruit-fly gang stripping gardens around a reported outbreak of fruit-fly. By this drastic policy, the South Australian Government succeeded in protecting the growing of local soft fruit – peaches, nectarines, apricots, tomatoes, and the rest. One of the joys

93 R. J. Lawrence, *Australia-Wide Old-Age Pensions*, B. A. (hons.) thesis, The University of Adelaide, 1953.

of living in Adelaide was the abundance of this produce. A second vacation job was at the Woodroffe Soft Drink Factory at Norwood. It was a family firm founded in 1878. I did a variety of tasks on the production line and at one stage manned the ornate trolley that delivered crates of soft drinks in the city, drawn by a splendid pair of semi-draft horses. I mainly carried the crates into shops and pubs, but was allowed to do a bit of driving as well. One of my fellow casual workers was a New Zealander who was reputed to have trained with the All Blacks. I recall one other worker, 'Ossie', whose task was to collect all the 'leakers'. You always knew where he was because of his belching!

Independent Transport

The job at 'Woodies' gave me enough money to buy in 1951, a serviceable 'pop-pop' bike, from Ralph Berriman our next-door neighbour in Sussex Terrace. In February 1951, I obtained my first licence to drive a motor vehicle, including a motor cycle.⁹⁴ At last I was free of having to rely on public transport. That bike got to know its own way from Trish's home in Prospect to mine in Hawthorn, and from the University Oval after football practice. Its maximum speed was 35mph, the legal speed limit, so I had no speeding worries. Generally it was reliable, but when it did break down I learned how to fix it or sought the ever-generous help of a young neighbour mechanic, Peter Sparks. Peter kept Jim's motor-bike and my 'pop-pop' bike functioning. These vehicles made a considerable enabling contribution to our respective lives. Jim's was a real 350cc motorbike, much more complicated than mine, but a few times in emergencies we used the other's vehicle, and at one stage in 1952 when I had a football injury he gave me lifts on his pillion seat to the University. Mine, at a stretch could carry someone on its pillion, and I have a record of having given my mother a lift to early morning church at St Columba's!

SPORT

Cricket

My interest in playing cricket was maintained at the University. I was a regular member of the University's C team in the District Cricket Association, and then was promoted to the B team after compiling a number of reasonable scores, including a 95. One of the memorable members of the C team was Professor Jack Smart,⁹⁵ whose love for cricket was profound. I, too, enjoyed cricket and attended international and state games when I could. I recall him once being mortified after running me out, but was relieved when I laughed it off. His lectures were often laced with examples drawn from cricket! I also remember him telling me in advance that his lecturing in psychology on Gilbert Ryle's work would not be what I might be expecting in that subject. He was right! I understood that Jack used to have weekly discussions with the

⁹⁴ Catherine Berry had taught me to drive. See p. 82.

⁹⁵ See footnote 61, p. 104.

aged William Mitchell on philosophical issues. As already mentioned, Jack was hostile to the existence of the social science diploma in the university,⁹⁶ but we never discussed this.

I had enjoyed the high jumping and hurdling in athletics at school, but could not do athletics as well as cricket at the University. I could, however, play occasional social tennis. I always looked forward to the winter, however, because it was the football season.

Football

Early Club History

By the time of my four years as a member and player with the Adelaide University Football Club (AUFC) 1950–53, the Club had had a considerable history.⁹⁷ From 1911, it was bound up with the development of the South Australian Amateur Football League. The Club was formed and affiliated with the Sports Association of the University in 1906, and competed for two years in the Adelaide and Suburban Association. It then became inactive except for the annual match against Melbourne University which had begun in 1904. In 1911, the Club decided to form the South Australian Amateur Football League (SAAFL), after an unsuccessful application to the South Australian National Football League (SANFL) to admit a University side which would have included players already playing with other League clubs. Five of these players transferred to the University side in the new competition of five teams. Three thousand people attended the first game on what was later called the Hawthorn Oval. In 1912, St Peter's College and Semaphore Central joined the SAAFL. Prince Alfred College and Kingswood joined in 1913, the year when the former SANFL players who had helped the University Club win premierships in both 1911 and 1912, returned to their respective clubs. In 1914, the AUFC B team competed in the newly-formed Adelaide Students' Football Association. The C team joined this Association in 1923. In 1928, the SAAFL formed an A2 grade. From 1933 – 37, the B team had dropped back to the Students' Association. By 1936, Adelaide University had beaten Melbourne University in the Intersarsity competition only four times. Because of war, the SAAFL was in recess 1915–19, and 1941–45.

By 1950, the AUFC had won the premiership of the SAAFL eight times, but not since 1932. In 1947, the Club finished as minor premiers, but were disqualified after a protest from Payneham whom they defeated in the semi-final. One of their players had received money for umpiring a game some years before!

⁹⁶ See p. 90.

⁹⁷ The following account of the AUFC and my time there, draws heavily on a 172-page book compiled and edited by D. N. Bartlett and D. M. Bradshaw, *Adelaide University Football Club 75th Anniversary 1906–1981*.

Coaches

Harold Page was coach in my first year, 1950. He had played 104 games with Norwood, before becoming the AUFC coach 1940–41. After serving in the RAAF 1942–46, he was again AUFC coach 1947–50. His replacement was E. G. (George) Tilley, who was coach 1951–56. He had played eight seasons with Sturt 1939–50, serving with the RAAF 1941–46. He was a regular member of the South Australian interstate team. I remembered him playing at centre-half back for Sturt, but he could play well in a variety of positions. He had a reputation for at times excessive vigour, but this was never reflected in his coaching with us; he seemed to appreciate the opportunity to coach a team of university students. While he was coach, the A1 side played in all six grand finals, winning four premierships – 1951, 1952, 1954 and 1955. During this period George was also state coach for the SAAFL team which played interstate amateur league matches. After a practice match just before the 1952 season, George told me I was the best exponent of the chest mark he had seen!

Players

In my first year with ‘the Blacks’, as the team was called, I played as a ruckman, as I had in my final years at school. At 6 feet, I was a bit short for the role, however. Doug Giles, who had joined the Blacks in 1949 from St Peter’s, was 6 feet 4 inches and 14 stone 7 ounces. He missed most of the 1950 season with a knee injury. With him regularly available in 1951, I was tried out at centre half-back and revelled in the position. Doug was ‘an outstanding ruckman, playing a key role in the premiership wins of 1951 and 1952’. In 1952, he was selected for the state amateur side. Playing at centre half-back, gave me plenty of opportunity to develop my ground play and to use my high-marking and spoiling skills. I enjoyed reading the play so that I could anticipate ahead of my immediate opponent where the ball would be coming to us. Of course, as a backman I was expected to minimise the effectiveness of the opposition centre half-forward, but I found that what I was doing was more effective than sticking to a close-checking game. In contrast, my brother Jim who played besides me on the half-back flank was an effective close-checking player. Our father, together with a number of other fathers of players, attended our games. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Club, and I was delighted when, after we left, he became a vice-president of the Club. On the other half-back flank was another medical student Ian Broadbent (‘Broadie’), who won the Gunning medal for the Club’s best and fairest player in 1952. When I was injured for a couple of months in 1952, he was an ideal replacement for me at centre half-back.

The AUFC fielded teams in each of the three grades of the SAAFL in 1950. Don Brebner, a law student from Prince Alfred College, was elected captain of the A1 team. He had joined the Club in 1946, was the A1 centre half-back 1947–50, and winner of the Gunning medal in 1949. He regularly played interstate Amateur football and was a member of the inaugural All-Australian Amateur team in 1950. After leaving the university, he played for Norwood, then was captain of Walkerville back in the Amateur League.

Later, he was a long-serving president of the SAFL. A first-year member of our 1950 team was also chosen for the All-Australian Amateur Team – J. K. A. ('Whimpy') McLeod. He came from Geelong College and was headed for mining engineering. He was a very mobile big man, 6 feet 3 inches and 15 stone 7 ounces, and whether playing as a ruckman, centre half-forward or full-forward, was always a handful for our opponents. He was a regular member of the interstate Amateur team 1950–55; its captain in 1952, 1954 and 1955. In 1954, he captained the All-Australian Amateur team, and was captain of the AUFC A1 team when it won the 1954 premiership.

Blues

I got to know many of the players in the Club, and especially the football characteristics of the better ones, not only from playing and practising with them, but also because I became one of the selectors. A blue was the highest sporting distinction conferred by the sports association of the University for outstanding ability over a period of time in the local and inter-varsity competition. During my four years with the Club, 16 of us were awarded a football blue. The three in 1950, were Ralph ('Gus') Elix, Ken Seedsman, and Johnny Walsh. Gus Elix was an exceptional left-foot, hard-tackling centre-man 1948–53. He was a state Amateur representative 1950–52. Another medical student, he had been in Jim's primary school class at Westbourne Park School. Ken Seedsman, Jim's friend at St Peter's, was a dashing half-back with a driving drop kick. He played for the Blacks 1948–50, and was in the state Amateur team 1949–50. His father Reg regularly watched the games. Ken was a science student. Johnny Walsh came from Rostrevor College. He was a left-footer, capable of taking spectacular marks in the ruck or in the forward line. He played in the state side 1950, 1953 and 1954, and was in the 1954 All-Australian Amateur side.

The blues awarded in 1951 were to Whimpy McLeod, Colin Robertson, Digby Harris, and Ian Broadbent. Colin Robertson was the 1951 club captain. He had been captain of football at St Peter's College as well as captain of the school. He was a neat half-forward flanker. Digby Harris had also been captain of football at St Peter's. He was a rugged, dependable ruckman. In 1952, he became club captain and was chosen in the state Amateur side.

Peter Tunbridge, Doug Giles and I were the 1952 recipients of blues. Peter was a left-footer, with a memorable capacity to score goals with torpedo punt kicks from half-forward. He was a member of the state Amateur team 1952 and 1953. His brother, Geoff, played in the Victorian state team and went on to play for Melbourne in the Victorian Football League. He was also a left-foot half-forward flanker. We benefited from Perth having no medical school, for Peter and a number of other medical school players came from that city.

In 1953, blues were awarded to Jerry Martin, John Laurie, Graham Duncan, Martin Kitchener, Dick Hancock and Dick Bennett. Jerry Martin was from a Catholic school. He played with the Club 1951–54. He was a rover or half-forward, and was best player in the 1954 premiership win, kicking five goals. He was in the state Amateur side 1953–54. Dick Bennett was from Prince Alfred College. He was a reliable ruckman, and was the Club's secretary in 1951. He

and Jim were very good friends. I also developed a friendship with him, and later stayed with his family in Melbourne when he was a professor of surgery at St Vincent's Hospital. The other four in the list were in the St Peter's College first eighteen in 1949, which I had captained. John Laurie was a tall back-man with a very reliable drop-kick. He was capable of playing very good football. Engineering was his chosen career. He was to become one of Australia's most notable civil engineers as managing director, then chairman of Maunsell Pty Limited followed by chairmanship of the Melbourne City Link Authority. He was a good friend from school days. His parents, like mine, regularly watched our matches. Graham Duncan was the rover whom I had teamed up with so well when I was a schoolboy ruckman. He had followed me as captain of football and captain of the school at St Peter's College. He was headed for a business career. Martin Kitchener was an engineering student. His wonderful elusive weaving runs on the wing have stayed in the memory. Dick Hancock played centre half-forward or full forward 1950–53. In 1951, with his great marking ability and sound kicking, he kicked 73 goals and was in the state Amateur team. In 1950, he earned an athletics blue. He was another engineering student. Before he eventually retired from work, he was chief engineer, Petroleum Operations, South Australian Department of Mines and Energy.

The Seasons, 1950–53

The history of the Club prepared in 1981 to celebrate its 75th anniversary, provides a brief account of the pattern of each season. In 1950, despite 'a promising band of "freshers"', the A1 team did not do well until mid-way in the season when it began to play as a team. After a successful second half of the season, we finished with 13 wins and 5 losses. The team played a draw against Exeter in a semi-final match, but lost in the subsequent game. I was mentioned in the best players for both of these games, but the outcome was obviously a disappointment. With our new coach George Tilley, the team was more consistent in the 1951 season, finishing minor premiers with 15 wins and 3 losses. In a semi-final against Walkerville, we could only manage a draw and then lost by a goal in the re-play. I was mentioned amongst the best players in the first of these games. As minor premiers, we had the right to challenge Exeter in the grand final, which we won by one point! Jim was first in the best players, and I was third.

In 1952, we again finished the season as minor premiers, with 16 wins and 2 losses. In the early stage of the season, five of us were mentioned as the best of a consistent team, but then I was injured playing in the interstate match on June 9. This kept me out for two months with a chipped bone in my right elbow until shortly before the finals. We were beaten by Exeter in the semi-final but played well in the challenge grand final to win 13.17 to 10.7. Dick Hancock at centre half-forward and Whimpy McLeod at full-forward (7 goals) played particularly well, so too did John Laurie in the ruck, Pat Pak Poy roving, and Ian Broadbent on the half-back line. I played a reasonable game. I had kept up my fitness by continuing to train while injured and was grateful to be playing an active part in winning another premiership. In 1953, my final season with

the Blacks, we again finished as minor premiers, with 15 wins and 3 losses. Again we lost in a semi-final against Exeter but this time we did not win in the challenge grand final. Walkerville won 8.10. to 7.8.

Interstate Football and Intervarsity Football

As will have been noticed, some of our players were selected as members of the SAAFL team to play interstate football. I won selection three times – in 1951, 1952 and 1953. We went to Melbourne to play in the fourth AAFC carnival, on the St Kilda Cricket Ground in 1951, but returned in disgrace. We were beaten on the opening day by the ACT 11.11 to 9.12. This ruined the carnival for the organisers, for we consequently did not play against Victoria on the Saturday, but instead Victoria demolished Tasmania 39.18 to 4.4, Duncan Anderson the brilliant Melbourne University full-forward kicking a cricket score. In the over-night train trip from Adelaide to Melbourne, some of our team had drunk so much that they were incapable at first of performing on the football field! We did go on to beat Western Australia 17.22 to 7.8 and Tasmania 16.12 to 8.12, but the damage had already been done. Victoria was undefeated winning its third carnival. South Australia had won the previous 1948 carnival held in Western Australia.

I was bitterly disappointed when I was injured in the first quarter of the interstate game against Victoria on the Alberton Oval, 9th June 1952. The match was fast and vigorous from the outset. A particularly vigorous tackle from my immediate opponent badly twisted my elbow. I had already realised that the speed of the Victorians' tackling was faster than I had ever encountered but I was adjusting to the challenge when the incident occurred. Despite injuries, the South Australian team played well and were only beaten by one goal 9.15 to 9.9. Peter Tunbridge and Whimpy McLeod (4 goals) were among the best players, and so too was Merv Natt, a fellow half-back from the Exeter Club.

On July 18th in 1953, the SAAFL team played a trial match against the Upper Murray League. We won 16.17 to 11.8. The fifth AAFC carnival followed at the end of July on the University Oval. South Australia beat in succession Tasmania, 22.20 to 9.9, and Western Australia, 14.10 to 8.12, but again failed against Victoria, who won the carnival, 16.16 to 8.6. Merv Natt won the trophy for the best South Australian player at the carnival, and Jim Sawford, a rover from Semaphore Central, and Whimpy McLeod also had 'a fine carnival'. I played in each of the games; at centre half-back, except for the WA game when Don Brebner was available and I went to the flank.

Intervarsity football competition was another significant interstate experience for university players if they could afford the time and expense involved. By 1950, it already had a long history. Beginning in 1904, annual games between the Universities of Melbourne and Adelaide were held almost without a break except for the periods of the two wars, with Adelaide winning only four times, the last being in 1936. In 1938, and after the Second World War, intervarsity was a carnival with other universities also participating. Jim and I were members of the University of Adelaide teams that competed in the intervarsity games 1950–2, and I also went to Sydney in 1953 when Jim was

doing his final year of medicine.

In 1950, the intervarsity venue was in Melbourne and the finishing order was Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney and Tasmania. We intervarsity carnival players were hosted by my father's former club, The Melbourne Football Club to watch a VFL game on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. The finishing order at the intervarsity in Hobart in 1951 was Melbourne, Tasmania, Adelaide and Sydney. Our team, drawn from our A, B, and C teams, played against Tasmania immediately after arrival by air from Melbourne. We lost 10.7 to 8.10. The social program included visits to Mount Wellington (my first experience of snow), the Cascade Brewery and The Cadbury Chocolate Factory. The carnival was considered a great social success.

It was Adelaide's turn to host the intervarsity carnival in 1952. Tasmania could not get enough players to field a team, but Sydney managed to participate after an heroic effort. Many of its players had had to play twice on the same day in the local competition just before departing by train for Adelaide, otherwise the University of Sydney could not have maintained its team in the competition. We greeted them as heroes. Australian rules football had only a tenuous hold in Sydney, the heartland of both of the rugby codes of football. Many of the Sydney University players came from interstate, doing courses like veterinary science which were not available in their home city, and this was why numbers fell short for the team during vacations. I was especially grateful Sydney did not cancel at the last minute for I was club secretary and had had a central responsibility for the organisation of the intervarsity. We organised a very successful social program, and afterwards I received a letter from the University of Melbourne declaring it the best intervarsity ever! This was a most generous comment, given that they had come only second in the finishing order for the carnival, the first time since 1936.

Melbourne University fielded a strong side, a combination of players from its two clubs, 'The University Blacks' and 'The University Blues',⁹⁸ but we knew we had a good team playing well and had a rare chance of matching them. In the event, we lead throughout the match with the final score 14.8 to 9.11. Gus Elix dominated the centre, Whimpy McLeod was unbeatable at centre-half forward, and Dig Harris and Doug Giles were on top in the rucks. It was also noted that the half-back line of the two Lawrences and Ian Broadbent played particularly well. I managed to match Geoff Darlenburg, a high-marking centre half-forward. I was, in fact, subsequently awarded a cup by Colin Robertson for my efforts in the match, but it was a wonderful team effort, and individual trophies seemed out of place. This game was obviously a high point in my football career; a few days later I came down to earth when I was injured in the interstate Amateur league match.

The intervarsity carnival in Sydney in 1953, was a not unexpected football disappointment for the Adelaide University team. We were soundly beaten by Melbourne 19.18 to 8.14, partly because about five of us were involved in a car accident just the day before the game. My friend John Laurie had invited me to

98 The SAAFL proposed in 1962 that a similar arrangement be adopted by the AUFC so that it could field two A1 sides, but this was rejected by a secret ballot in 1965. Club History, p. 15.

be one of his passengers when he drove his father's precious Humber to Sydney from Adelaide. The visiting teams were booked in at hotels in the Haymarket area in Sydney. Through the night prostitutes were plying their trade in some of the hotel rooms, and one of our team encountered a fellow guest wearing a shoulder holster in a communal bathroom. Although we appreciated that just staging the carnival required a considerable effort from the Sydney team, we did think they could have made better accommodation arrangements! The car accident occurred at the northern end of the Harbour Bridge, when John tried to get across many lanes of traffic, but was hit by a speeding car on the inside lane. We were very lucky, because if we had been in a lighter vehicle, we could well have been tipped over. I can recall the headlights coming straight at where I was sitting in the rear seat. No-one was hurt, thank goodness; just shaken. We had to limp back to Adelaide with a bent chassis and a back door tied up with rope. It was an unhappy experience for John who was a careful, good driver. His father, Rob Laurie, however, could not have been more supportive over the whole episode. This trip to Sydney was the first time I had seen it. The outlying suburbs seemed interminable, but the harbour was magnificent. I have an unforgettable memory of listening to the music for Queen Elizabeth's coronation on 2 June 1953, while travelling on a Manly ferry.

Club Administration

The AUFC was administered by its playing members serving as club secretary, assistant secretary and treasurer. I served as treasurer in 1951, when Dick Bennett was secretary, taking over from Dick as secretary in 1952. My assistant secretary was Peter Tunbridge and the treasurer was Jerry Martin. The secretary's role in 1952 involved quite a lot of work, because the Club was expanding and, as mentioned, it was our turn to host the intervarsity. We were delighted when we reached a record 100 registrations, and I was particularly pleased when we could organise games for a fifth team. The Club had an active social program which included a very successful football club ball in the refectory. Mr McCubbin who was responsible for the refectory could not have been more cooperative and helpful for this event. We also enjoyed the support and goodwill of Mr Borland who had been appointed as warden of the students' union. He once described the football club as very well administered, which pleased me no end. Ken Hamilton, the permanent secretary of the sports association since 1934, was another strong supporter of the Club. His daughter Sheila had attended the Wilderness school. She was an excellent sports person, captaining the state softball team and was a physical education student. She and my brother Jim, special friends since school days, were headed for a very permanent relationship.

Additional to the University support for the football club, was the exceptional continuing help and interest of Hugh Millard, secretary of the SAAFL since 1922! He was awarded an honorary life membership of the AUFC in 1954, 'for his service to amateur football and for the great assistance he was to

the Club over many years'.⁹⁹ As a club secretary and as a delegate to the SAAFL, I got to know him and his work well. His son Colin had been the captain of the school at St Peter's in 1942, and had been a player in the University's A1 team. Hugh Millard was an outstanding sports administrator of both amateur football and of cricket where he served as secretary of the South Australian Cricket Association. I can recall him ringing me when I achieved selection in the state team, arranging for my medical and physiotherapy expenses to be paid by the SAAFL after I was injured in that interstate game, and sharing his concerns when people associated with one of the clubs were guilty of very unacceptable behaviour. He greatly valued the community stimulus given by the social spread of the amateur league – across socio-economic groups, geographic areas and at different playing levels. He was president of the SAAFL, 1959–65, and when he finally retired in 1966, he had seen the SAAFL grow from six to 105 teams.

During the period I played with the University, the A1 competition consisted each season of ten teams. Six clubs – University, Semaphore Central, Exeter, Walkerville, Woodville, and Alberton Church United – were in the competition 1950–53.¹⁰⁰ The pattern for the rest was Flinders Park 1951–53; Colonel Light Gardens 1950–51; Riverside 1951–52; Kelvinator 1951–52; Prince Alfred Old Collegians 1952–53; Kings Old Collegians 1950; St Peter's Old Collegians 1950; and Payneham 1952. This competition was an interesting social mix of district-based clubs, a number of them in or near the port area, and clubs associated with a few educational institutions.

PATRICIA BERRY

Every Saturday afternoon during the football season, Trish Berry sat with my parents watching the University team, and afterwards had to cope with our post-mortem discussions on the game and me sometimes experiencing cramp sitting in a picture theatre. Trish successfully completed her University studies at the end of 1951, and was awarded her B.Sc. at the commemoration ceremony in the Bonython Hall on 2 April, 1952. There were twelve women amongst the 57 science graduates.¹⁰¹ In 1953, she was employed as an assistant experimental officer in the electronics department at the Long-Range Weapons Establishment at Salisbury. She was the only woman in the department, apart from the departmental secretary.

In 1949, she and her friend Anne Fullerton, completed maths 11, physics 1, geology 1 (taught by Sir Douglas Mawson), and chemistry 1 (taught by Dr Pennycuick). She recalls that Pennycuick made the females in the class sit in the front row and take part in his demonstration experiments. Douglas Mawson was a national hero. He was part of the Shackleton British Antarctic Expedition 1907–8; and had organised and led the Australasian Antarctic

⁹⁹ He was also an honorary life member of the Semaphore Central Football Club.

¹⁰⁰ Semaphore Central and Exeter, two of the oldest metropolitan football clubs, shared the Largs Reserve Oval. They amalgamated to form the Port District Football Club in 1979.

¹⁰¹ Commemoration Programme, The University of Adelaide, 2nd April 1952.

Expedition 1911–2, and the British, Australian and New Zealand Antarctic Research Expedition of 1929–30 and 1930–1. His work led to the establishment of the Australian Antarctic Territory in 1936. He was appointed to the University of Adelaide in 1905. After war service in Britain, he returned to the University and was appointed professor of geology and mineralogy in 1921. He had an impressive physical presence, tall and strong, and conveyed to his students his enthusiasm for his subject.¹⁰² Trish retained a keen visual memory of his tall figure striding along the beach on a geology excursion at Hallett's Cove in deep conversation with a couple of nuns.

In 1950, Trish and Fully passed applied maths 1, and Trish passed physics 11, and statistical methods. In addition, the two sat in on the classes for the pure maths subject maths 111, in preparation for tackling it the following year. In 1951, Trish and Fully completed maths 111 (taught by Professor Szekeres), and Trish passed applied maths 11 (taught by Professor Saunders), and physics 111 (taught by Professor Huxley). Trish was the only female in a class of 12 in applied maths 11; there were three females who completed maths 111, in a class of 22. Because her father had a serious car accident on their property 'Benigh' in the western district of Victoria, Fully had had to return home to help out at the end of the first term of 1952. She passed physics 11 in 1952, working from home. Three years later, she returned to complete her degree, passing with credit applied maths 11 and biology, living in the Berry home assisting with their Anglo-Nubian goats.¹⁰³

George Szekeres was born in Budapest in Hungary. He married his mathematician wife Esther Klein in 1936. Being Jewish they had to escape from Nazi persecution. They went to Shanghai in China where they lived during the Second World War, the Japanese occupation, and the beginning of the Communist revolution. In 1948, George accepted a position at the University of Adelaide.¹⁰⁴ He was another great enthusiast for his subject. Although he had a disconcerting tendency in his lectures not to complete his sentences, Trish had fond memories of his teaching. As already mentioned,¹⁰⁵ George and Esther were to become our good friends many years later.

Leonard Huxley was a distant relative of the famous Thomas Huxley, agnostic and advocate of Darwin's theory of evolution. A Rhodes Scholarship for Tasmania enabled him to complete his doctorate at New College, Oxford, in 1928. He held academic appointments teaching physics in England, before establishing and heading a radar training school during the Second World War. He was reader in electromagnetism at the University of Birmingham when he was appointed to the chair of physics at the University of Adelaide, where he arrived in 1949. With the enthusiastic support of vice-chancellor Rowe, his department flourished, but increasing friction with Rowe led him to leave for

102 F. J. Jacka, 'Mawson, Sir Douglas (1882–1958)', *The Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 10, Melbourne University Press, 1088, pp. 454–457.

103 Mrs Berry had imported these to help Trish's sister, Mary Berry, who was allergic to cow's milk. See C. Berry, 'The 1956 Anglo-Nubian Importations to South Australia', *The British Goat Society's Year Book*, p. 14.

104 'George Szekeres', Wikipedia entry on the Internet.

105 See p. 76.

a CSIRO appointment in 1960. The following year he was invited to succeed Sir Leslie Melville as vice-chancellor of the Australian National University.¹⁰⁶ His biographer writes:

Huxley did not accept Rowe's view that a university should be managed like a government department or research institution, or even a business enterprise.

He had 'a clear vision of the age-old function of universities'. He was described as having 'a warm personality, although that was sometimes masked by his somewhat formal manner'. Both Trish and Fully experienced him as painfully shy, and not a particularly effective lecturer.

A EUROPEAN ADVENTURE

By April 1952, Trish and I were deeply committed to each other and were anticipating a long-term future together, but suddenly her family put a spanner in the works with a European tour which separated us for six months! And not just us – Anne Berry and Murray Gordon suffered the same fate. Each relationship had to resort to a stream of letters in both directions trying to stay close.

An Intensive Correspondence

In our case, I wrote 106 letters and Trish 95, some of them long covering multiple days on the ship or on the Continent. Because of the inevitable time-lag, it was impossible to engage in much inter-action in the correspondence, although we both desperately wanted it. It is clear from re-reading that correspondence as well as from personal memory, that we found the separation very difficult to cope with. We kept reassuring each other that in retrospect we would appreciate the great educational benefit Trish will have received from the trip, and that I will have had the chance to get on with my work laying a basis for our future together. Both of us tried to make the most of what we were doing, but often found ourselves distracted dreaming about the other, and both had to cope with a fair amount of good-natured teasing. My friends David Prest and John Laurie were the worst. I was very pleased and relieved when Dave became enamoured of Jean Wadham.¹⁰⁷ At the Football Club dinner, I was serenaded with 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean!' Our letters indicate that we were determined never to be parted again, whatever lay ahead for us.

Trish was worried that I was spending too much time letter-writing, instead of working or going out and enjoying myself, but my feelings were such that the writing served as an essential safety-valve and Trish encouraged me to tell her everything I was doing and feeling. As has been indicated, I had a great deal on my plate with my university work, my national service CMF commitment, and the committee work and organisation involved in being secretary of the

106 See Robert W. Crompton, 'Huxley, Sir Leonard George Holden (1902–1988)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 17, Melbourne University Press, pp. 568–571.

107 Jean was an honours student in history and political science the year ahead of me. Her father, Ern Wadham, was a well-known sports administrator with the Norwood Football Club. Jean and Dave became a 'university couple'. They became our good friends.

AUFC. As has been mentioned, the latter was especially rewarding because we had an exceptional season winning both the Intervarsity competition against Melbourne and the Amateur League Premiership, and we had a record registration of players. However, the injury from playing interstate football had been frustrating keeping me side-lined for many weeks.

Other activities were connected with St Peter's College. Since school I had been on the committee of the Old Scholars' Association and they met monthly. In July 1952, I organised a group of thirteen old scholars to paint the buildings of the school mission. On 23 June I went to an address by Rev. David Reade in a full Bonython Hall on agnosticism. It was the beginning of a mission to the University by the SCM. The Rev. Frank Borland, who had been recently appointed as warden of the students' union, introduced me to Reade as 'one of the busiest chaps in the University'. He also said that the football club was the most efficiently-run club in the University. I commented to Trish, 'It was very decent of him to pay us the compliment, even though he doesn't know how much muddling goes on behind the scenes'. I attended a number of the sessions, including ones by Brian MacDonald on why should we pray? and why go to church? Brian MacDonald impressed me greatly as a person. I assured Trish that I had not got a religious bug, but it 'has been something out of the ordinary drab run of things, and it has been quite interesting at times'.¹⁰⁸ It's obvious that I had plenty to occupy my time and write about, apart from expressing my feelings and passing on news about mutual friends.

It was, however, much easier for me to write regularly than it was for Trish. Yet even though the touring was often demanding and tiring, she managed to provide me with detailed descriptions of the places and people visited, often saying she hoped we would be able to see them together at some time in our lives, hopefully in the not-too-distant future. She wished she had more historical knowledge, and was worried about not remembering what she was seeing, but it was obvious that she was getting a great deal out of the trip. It was broadening her outlook in various directions. Travelling and staying in such close proximity with the family, inevitably created tensions at times. Altogether, they travelled 9,800 miles in their car and stayed at 65 hotels. But Trish decided that the trip had strengthened, rather than weakened family bonds. They had with them Noel Lidgett. Trish said it helped having someone from outside the family. Noel virtually became another family member and fitted in admirably. When they were touring, Trish, partly because of her fair hair, was the one that was singled out as not belonging. Was she Swedish, or American perhaps?

Dean Berry's Account

Dean Berry has described why the trip occurred:

The year 1952 appeared to be a most suitable time for Catherine and Dean Berry and their three daughters to embark on a European adventure. The youngest girl had just left school, the middle girl had just obtained a B.Sc. degree and the eldest was shortly to become engaged. These situations dictated that the 'availability' of

¹⁰⁸ Letter, R. J. Lawrence to Patricia Berry, 25/6/52.

all members of the family to travel 'en bloc' – so to speak – should not be disregarded. It was therefore decided that now was the time to go.¹⁰⁹

In his *People and Places*, Dean Berry gives an account of this overseas trip.¹¹⁰ Sudden government financial restrictions threatened the trip's feasibility. The finances allowed were increased because Dean submitted that he was going to be studying the latest ideas on hospital design, and the family shipped tinned food to South Australia House in London, to reduce the cost of meals. A car ordered to be available for touring on arrival was cancelled. However, on the ship in the Indian Ocean they received a cable from Melbourne eye-specialist Dr Lidgett, asking if a Rover would be acceptable on their arrival in London! A few weeks before, he had asked if his daughter Noel could join the family on their trip. She already knew the family because of her friendship with Brian Stonier, Trish's cousin living in Melbourne. Dean Berry had arranged to acquire the car from Dr Lidgett when they returned in October. The Rover Company manager was, however, aghast when they arrived with next year's model. By agreement, this was exchanged for a brand new current model and a cheque for three hundred pounds!

The ship to England was the 28,000-ton *Oronsay*, completed just the year before. Its accommodation was said to have 'set new standards, in both first and tourist class'.¹¹¹ On the way to England, Dean Berry and his daughters Trish and Mary left the ship at Gibraltar to travel through Spain and France, before meeting up with the others who had sailed direct to London. Dean had an introduction from the president of the Royal Institute of British Architects to a senior Spanish architect in charge of the Royal Academy of San Fernando in Madrid. As he had to go to Paris the next day, he arranged for two colleagues, an architect in private practice and a lecturer at the university architectural school, to look after Dean during his visit. They visited the Prado Museum and took trips to Toledo and El Escorial. 'Seeing Spanish High Baroque architecture in its full glory of gold leaf and colour impressed me tremendously', recounts Dean. At the French border, the travellers transferred from 'the tawdry Spanish train' which had taken them through the Andalusian Plain into the superb 'Flèche d'Or'. In Paris they stayed overnight at the Hotel du Louvre, where Dean and Catherine had spent a fortnight of their honeymoon in 1927.

Re-united in London, the family spent a few days in a flat at St Ermin's Hotel in Caxton Street. Their London sight-seeing included changing the guard at Buckingham Palace, visiting the Tower of London, and the Trooping of the Colour. Dean called on Sir Thomas Bennett, whom he had looked after in Adelaide in 1951 when he came to Australia to report to the Australian government on housing development. Bennett had been chairman of some of London's post-war satellite towns. He warned Australia of the long-term economic cost of its low density development. Later the Berry family dined with the Bennetts at their home at Highgate Hill, and the friendship continued until Sir Thomas Bennett died in 1979. In London, Dean also called on

109 D. W. Berry, *People and Places*, self-published, Prospect, 1982, p. 58.

110 'Overseas With the Family', pp. 58–62.

111 See Wikipedia entry on the internet.

the secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects and officials of the Institute organised his inspections of modern hospitals.

After driving to Cornwall in their Rover, the Berrys and Noel stayed at the thatched 13th century Pandora Inn at Restronguet Creek – ‘a sheer delight’. This was about half a mile from Hedley and Ida Richard’s home near Truro. Ida was Catherine Berry’s cousin. She was a doctor and Hedley, a Cornishman, had been a civil servant in agricultural extension work in The Sudan in Africa. Their daughters, Jennifer and Armored, had been educated at English boarding schools. Jennifer was an excellent student and gained entrance to St Hilda’s College at Oxford. The Australian visitors, with the Richards, enjoyed ‘delightful excursions and picnic lunches in the warmest of spring weather’, visiting many Cornish churches of which Dean was so fond. They then stayed in the spacious home of the Tancocks overlooking picturesque St Ives. Jimmy Tancock was Ida Richards’ brother; his wife Mary was a keen amateur dramatist. They had three children – Rosemary, Yvonne and Anthony. With a very successful haberdashery shop at Penzance, on the southern side of the Cornish peninsula, Jimmy drove a fast car and sailed a ‘red wing’ 14-foot yacht. After more excursions, and horse rides (Jimmy’s daughter Yvonne was associated with a riding school), the family returned to London, staying the night at Glastonbury. They occupied three double bed-rooms at the Picadilly Hotel and saw television for the first time, an advertised attraction for this particular hotel.

On 15 June, they started a motoring tour that took them through Oxford and Cambridge, to Scotland and back through the Lake District, Wales, Warwickshire, Canterbury, Winchester, Bath and Cornwall again. In Edinburgh, Dean attended the conference of the Royal Institute of British Architects, June 25–28. By chance, the Queen was on an official visit to Edinburgh. She attended a service in St Giles Cathedral for the Order of the Thistle. As senior warden of St Peter’s Cathedral in Adelaide, Dean was able to attend with Catherine, because he would be in charge of arrangements for the Queen’s visit to the Cathedral during her forthcoming Australian visit.

After a further period in London at the flat at St Ermins, August 16–28, the family and their Rover crossed the sea to Stockholm in Sweden. Professor Hedqvist planned Dean Berry’s program, which included a day-long inspection of the ‘Sodersjukhuset’, a huge post-war hospital. He described it as ‘a great experience’, although it was agreed that it was far too big. After meandering through Europe in beautiful summer weather, the family embarked for home from Naples on the *Orontes*, 2 October. The ship was smaller and older than the *Oronsay*, and they found it more relaxed and informal. It was 20,000 tons, built in 1929, served as a troopship 1940–7, and refitted as single class passenger ship 1947–8.¹¹² The family arrived home on a Monday at the end of October shortly before my exams, but I drove their Austin down to the wharf to meet them, and NanNan organised a couple of welcome-home parties for them on the Wednesday and Saturday, the latter including some of our young friends.

112 See Wikipedia entry on the internet.

Patricia Berry's Account

Because of the significance of this European experience for Trish, and its influence over our subsequent life together, a fuller account is warranted, based on her letters to me.

Ship-board Life and Ports of Call

Trish's letters described ship-board life – the deck games, the fancy dress and other competitions, films, dances, the stewards, other passengers, and periods of boredom. The ports of call – Fremantle, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Naples, Marseille, and Gibraltar, on the way over; and Port Said, Aden, and Colombo, on the way home – received varied comment. The day in Colombo on 16 April was 'a simply marvellous day'. She had 'never dreamt it would be so exciting' – the 5.45 am sunrise, the approach to the harbour, collecting letters from home, the launch to the jetty, taxis to the native quarter for shopping, the many beggars of all ages, the smells, the big houses at Cinnamon Gardens, the frangipani and other flowers, a Buddhist temple, Mt Lavinia for lunch, catamarans on the beach, lace-making, the pressure to buy things, the local dress, a snake-charmer, the mango-trick, the chaotic traffic of bullock wagons, rickshaws, cars and old trams, a rickshaw ride. It was Trish's first experience of anywhere outside Australia. Colombo was again to provide a highlight on their way home. 'Sam' Amarasuriya, returning home after studying economics at Cambridge, invited the family to his home for a memorable lunch and he and his sister helped them with shopping and sight-seeing. At the lunch, 'We thought the dishes would never stop coming. The currie was so hot I felt on fire and was brought some more rice and some cocoanut to eat with it to cool it down a bit'. Sam's father, a tea-planter, was a member of the Ceylonese parliament.

TOURING

England

Britain and the Continent were full of interest for Trish, with many highlights. Her first trip by train through Spain and France included seeing the Alhambra Palace, the Prado Museum in Madrid, and 'lovely French countryside'. During her first time in London, she experienced the spectacle of Trooping the Colour, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, 'South Pacific' at Drury Lane and other shows, Festival Hall concerts, the Chelsea Flower Show, and the National Art Gallery. In Cornwall, she especially enjoyed the rugged coast and villages, the Pandora Inn, and the family picnics with the Richards and staying with the Tancocks. Wells Cathedral was 'the most lovely yet', and back in London was tea with Uncle Edgar Brown and Auntie Louie at the Waldorf Hotel, a service at St Martin's in the Fields, the Royal Tournament, and pottery and china in the shops.

On 15 June, Trish wrote: 'how absolutely wonderful Oxford is. I never imagined it was anything like this'. Through the Women's Graduates

Association, Miss Burrows the secretary in Oxford, had invited Trish for tea, had showed her a glimpse of Magdalen College and its deer park before it was closed to visitors, and had taken the family¹¹³ to Evensong at Magdalen at 6 pm – ‘a lovely service and the choir sang beautifully’. Trish wrote, ‘You really must do all you can to get a Rhodes and come here. It is far too good to be missed... perhaps I could come over here again and work. ... Really it all seems too good to be true’. Catherine Berry wrote to me on the same day: ‘I think it must be wonderful to live and work here. You will have to get that Rhodes Scholarship! I think it is the first place so far that has really tempted Trish to stay.’ The next morning, Trish was shown over the Physics Laboratory by a Canadian researcher and was told about the weekly individual tutorial, the prescribed independent reading and the very few lectures – a very different university teaching system from the one we had experienced. After viewing the Sheldonian Theatre, the Old Divinity School, the Bodleian Library, and Christchurch Cathedral the chapel for Christchurch College, the family joined by Miss Burrows had lunch at the Golden Cross Hotel and viewed Merton, New and Trinity Colleges under her guidance. She had been head of one of the women’s colleges and was full of interesting stories. At the end of the Oxford visit, Trish wrote: ‘I would be so happy if you could come here – it makes our varsity look very new and small which of course it is’.

After Oxford came Blenheim Castle and then on to Ely near Cambridge. Evensong at King’s College Chapel in Cambridge was a highlight. Trish wrote: ‘I wish you and your mother could have heard it’. Features on the drive north to Glasgow included: the cathedrals at Ely, Peterborough and Lincoln; a tour of Burghley House; the old Roman wall, an old priory, moors, wooded valleys, bare mountains, lochs, tall silver birches, austere villages, and Melrose Abbey.

Scotland

Glasgow was a black and grimy city. Ship-building down the River Clyde was full of interest. The Scottish scenery of greyish blue mountains made a lasting impression. In Edinburgh, Trish enjoyed the voices and accents and kilts on the men. She joined her father on a bus sight-seeing tour of the city organised for the architects attending their national conference. The service attended by the Queen at St Giles Cathedral was a resplendent occasion with everyone wearing their robes.

At Pitlochery, the family saw a Scott play with Bill Hayward who was teaching at a nearby prep school. Trish found him the same but a bit quieter. After returning to Cambridge at the end of the year, he thought he might take up teaching. After the play, Bill took the younger members of the family in his 1932 Austin on a memorable scenic drive. At Pitlochery, Trish discovered from a visit to a mill, how tweeds were made. The scenery in Scotland was lovely – bare mountains with burns and lochs between them and heath or heather just coming out. Some mountains had patches of snow and were covered with pine

113 Anne was not with them. She had flown to Ireland for a week to spend with some of Murray’s relatives. She rejoined her family in Glasgow.

trees. From their hotel on Rannock Moor near Glencoe, the three younger ones climbed a mountain, boggy and covered in heath and longish grass – about 2,000 feet above their hotel. Trish had always wanted to climb a mountain!

England and Wales

Back in the Lake District in England, the family stayed at Ambleside, ‘the prettiest place we have been’ – all the houses are built of ‘a super grey-green stone, and the cement is about 2 inches back so that it is not seen’. In the shops, was ‘the most lovely pottery we have seen yet. ... I’d love to learn how to make it’. After a visit to Wordsworth’s cottage, they talked with Charlotte Mason’s secretary and biographer about the Browns who had adopted the Mason method for the Wilderness School in Adelaide.

Staying in Thirsk, the family visited York – lovely large, stained-glass window in the Minster – and went with Mrs Badderley and her children to Ripon and the ruins of Fountains Abbey. Her husband was Bishop of Whitley; her father was Nutter Thomas, former bishop of Adelaide. Bradford was very dirty, large and industrial; a woollen mill was visited. Blackpool foreshore was huge and hideous. Noel and Trish had a ride on its big dipper. The incomplete Liverpool Cathedral, designed by the young Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, was huge but ‘beautifully done’. The Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Works thrilled Trish and the Wedgewood factory was very interesting. In the area, there are ‘miles and miles of porcelain works with the kilns sticking up in the air’. Catherine Berry wrote on 17 July, ‘Trish has quite fallen in love with pottery work and china’. She thanked me for visits I had made to Grannie Berry’s and Maudie’s – ‘you and Murray and NanNan visiting there at the flat seems to be their main excitement’. She also reported Trish to be ‘a very capable and thrifty house-keeper for our picnic meals’!

After the half-timbered houses and shops of Chester, the family drove into Wales to Conway and Caernavon castles. The Welsh mountain scenery was wild and rugged. At Portmeirion was a colourful, seaside, ‘Italian’ village built by the architect Williams – Ellis. At Aberystwyth, they paid to sit on deck chairs on the promenade listening to a band.

At Stratford, the family saw Ralph Richardson in ‘Macbeth’, Anthony Quayle in ‘Coriolanus’ and both of them in Ben Johnson’s ‘Volpone’, and visited Shakespeare memorabilia. A Cotswold village, Chipping Camden, was charming with greyish yellow stone houses, some thatched and some with slate tiles. Guy Pentreath, now headmaster of Cheltenham College, showed them over the school. He had a ‘lovely big Regency house’. Kenilworth castle was impressive, but the Banbury cakes purchased at Banbury were not successful.

In Oxford again, they showed Anne some of the colleges, and Rhodes House – ‘quiet and pleasant with an extremely nice dining hall’. Trish and her mother especially enthused about the bookshops. In Cambridge, another Evensong at King’s College Chapel was ‘just too wonderful for words’, and the old pottery and porcelain in the Fitzwilliam art gallery were a feature for Trish. However, the Renaissance chapels of some of the colleges were ‘dark and gloomy, and ugly’.

After seeing a new satellite town, of great interest to Dean, and the Whipsnade zoo, the family returned to St Ermins in London, for further shopping and the ballet. In Canterbury, Archbishop Bickersteath welcomed the family to his home, and showed them over his much-loved Cathedral. At Tunbridge Wells, they visited architect friends, the Burns. Dean Berry was bitterly disappointed to find Knole closed. The very modern cathedral at Guilford contrasted with Winchester Cathedral where early English kings were buried. Salisbury Cathedral's spire of about 400 feet dominated the landscape. Stonehenge impressed them and so did Bath with its Georgian crescents and Roman baths. In Cornwall again, they stayed near the Pandora Inn and re-united with the Richards and the Tancocks. Returning to London, the ballet, films, shopping, more sight-seeing, and packing occupied their time before leaving England for the Continent on a Swedish ship called the *Patricia*!

The Continent

Sweden and Denmark

After a rough crossing to Gothenburg, they drove to Karlstad – along the way were straight roads, pines, big fields and friendly, good-looking people. Lunch and dinner had to come out of the tins they had with them; everything was so expensive. The houses were mainly wooden, well-painted, clean and fresh-looking. Silver birches were everywhere. Stockholm had lots of museums and fine buildings. The town hall was 'very modern and wonderful'. Skansen, the open-air museum was 'super'. After 240 miles of forests, lakes, grain fields and the ferry at Helsingfors, they arrived at Copenhagen. They were very fortunate to have Mrs Plum¹¹⁴ as a guide in viewing Den Permanente (a great display of hand-made furniture, pottery, weaving and silver), the town hall, an old church, and 'the mermaid on the rock' sculpture. The Danes had suffered badly during the war and were now fearful of the Russians, according to Mrs Plum, but they had a great sense of humour and were very friendly. The Mollers took the family to the great variety of attractions at the Tivoli Gardens, to Fredericksborg Castle and other sights, and to their home for tea. Hans Christian Anderson's house was visited at Odense.

Germany, Holland, Belgium and France

The German countryside looked straggly and untidy; the buildings needed painting and the people seemed very poor. In badly-bombed Hamburg, wide open spaces were everywhere, and rubble was still being cleared. An auto-bahn took them through flat German farmland into picturesque Holland – avenues of trees lining the roads, canals and barges. Along the Zuider Zee, then Edam and a fishing village with people in everyday national costumes. Eventually after a long day's driving of 358 miles, they reached Amsterdam. Trish enthused about the paintings in the national art museum, which included Rembrandt's 'The Night Watch', and its fine collection of sculptures. A huge

114 She was daughter of a business connection of Dean's.

diamond-cutting works was a revelation. Trish loved the people, the shops and the canals. 'I wish I could share all this. One day we must come together.' Harlem Cathedral had no altar; its seats were all arranged round the pulpit – it did not have the atmosphere of a church. Through bulb fields and fields of dahlias to the Hague, Delft, and bomb-damaged Rotterdam, with its new modern glass structures. Antwerp Cathedral was disappointing.

The town hall square at Brussels had lovely old buildings, but it was a messy city. The Cathedral had memorable windows, but it was dirty and full of incense. Paris came next – the Madeleine church, Notre Dame (a service was in progress), Saint Chapelle's stained glass, the bridges of Paris, the bookstalls, the Arc de Triomphe, the Bois de Boulogne, views from the Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's Tomb, the Cluny Museum, Mont Martre, the spectacular Follies Bergère (it wasn't at all what I expected!), the colossal Louvre Museum, shopping, French cuisine. Trish 'adored' Paris, although the tooting of car horns was nerve-racking. Near Paris the family visited the palace and garden at Versailles, and the Fontainebleau Palace. The drive to Switzerland took them through beautiful French countryside with autumn colours. They viewed a 12th century cathedral, old villages, the Marne valley, people working in the fields, and a stretch of the Rhine.

Switzerland and Italy

The climb into Switzerland revealed the mountains, valleys, villages and lakes of that lovely country. Zurich's shops had beautiful but expensive wares. Trish bought a Swiss watch at Lucerne; its old footbridge had gables with paintings. From Stoos near Brunnen, most of the family climbed a mountain in a funicular railway. Trish thought it 'the best day yet of the trip'. All of the mountains were snow-clad. Without snow chains for their car, they could not tackle the St Gothard Pass, so they went south through a tunnel with the car on the train.

After Lugarno, a cathedral, and a vintage festival at Como, they arrived in Milan. Its ornate white marble cathedral and adjacent arcade, and the large red brick castle were visited. Plumbing in the hotel needed to be unblocked. Pavia, Cordova, Verona and Vicenza were en route to Venice, a 'super place'. The family's Venice experience included coffee in St Mark's square, its Campanile, a gondola ride down the Grand Canal, the Doges Palace (wonderful paintings), the church of Santa Maria, the back streets and little bridges, the wonderful Art Gallery ('I could have spent days there'), glass-making, and the shops on the Rialto Bridge. 'It seems awful to spend so little time in lovely places like (Venice)'. The drive to Florence was at first through rather dull country, until they climbed up over the Alps – several passes and many hairpin bends. They saw in the distance the famous monastery where the Germans made a stand in the war, and encountered a bike race with many supporters. Florence was full of interest – its river, huge old buildings, the straw market, the churches, the Della Robbia 'bambinos' on the wall of the babies hospital, the Medici's Uffizi Palace now an art gallery, the Cathedral and the baptistery, Donatello's remarkable 'Paradise Gates', the Pitti Palace another extensive art gallery, the Ponte Vecchio.

On the way to Rome, they passed through Siena and viewed castles and walled towns on a winding, hilly drive. During their time in Rome, the family saw St Peter's Cathedral, the Vatican Museum and the Cistine Chapel, the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, Hadrian's Villa and the Tivoli Gardens, the catacombs on the Appian Way, a vintage festival, and a changing of the guard at the President's Palace. The countryside on the drive to Naples was dry and dusty, with primitive farming methods, very poor people and dirty villages. ('I don't know how they live'.) Finally, while staying in Naples, the family drove to Pompeii and on to Sorrento, before the car was prepared for storing on the *Orontes* for the voyage home leaving Naples on 1 October.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

In his Headmaster's Report for 1951, Colin Gordon referred to the Rhodes Scholarship as 'what most of us regard as the cream of University awards'.¹¹⁵ In 1952, he went to England on leave. In his subsequent report to the school's council, he wrote:

I suppose the most glaring contrast between English schools and ours concerns the place of the Arts in the school curricula. In most English Schools, the Arts specialists are at least as numerous as the scientists. Here they usually number less than one-tenth of the scientists. To say that this is "due to tradition" seems to me rather a meaningless explanation. In my view, the strongest reason for this fact is that English employers consider that an Arts degree is a desirable asset in an employee, whereas I suspect that most Australian employers consider it, if not a liability, as a quite unproductive luxury. Perhaps the fault may lie in the quality of the Arts degree given in our Universities, as compared with Oxford and Cambridge (which incidentally, are still accepted in England as setting the standard for the younger Universities). ... in England anyone who gets a decent Arts degree ... can be sure of a wide range of openings - in the administrative branches of the Civil Services and in a vast number of commercial and industrial firms.

Before leaving for England early in 1952, Colin Gordon contacted me, saying 'You must apply for the Rhodes Scholarship this year. I have written a reference for you and am leaving it with Mr Cameron'. I would never have contemplated applying - certainly not at that stage, anyway. I knew vaguely that the scholarship was for 'all-rounders', but this usually had to include very good if not outstanding academic results. Mine though encouraging had not yet established my academic 'weight'. I was still only in my third year at the University, with my honours year yet to come. The scholarship was to Oxford University for an initial two years with a possible extension to a third year, but it was only available to single men and I was already committed to a partner. I was obviously gratified by Colin Gordon's suggestion that I should apply, but it was not a simple, straight-forward situation for me. I tried to put it out of my mind, as I pressed on with the very full range of activities I have

115 *St Peter's College Magazine*, No. 188, December 1951, p. 4.

already described. What I was studying was generally interesting in its own right anyway, wherever it might lead vocationally. It was laying the foundation for possible career directions, but I did not yet have a clear career path. The Oxford possibility would obviously give me more time to expand my academic enlightenment, and be rewarding in many other ways, but would it be a rather self-indulgent diversion from getting on with my responsibilities in life?

Cecil Rhodes, born in 1853, was son of an English vicar. He joined his brother in South Africa at the age of 16, to improve his poor health. In 1871, he left for the diamond fields of Kimberley. Buying up all the smaller diamond mining operations, in 1880 he founded De Beers which monopolised the world's rough diamond market. He attended Oriel College in Oxford, for a term in 1873, and then 1876–79. He became a member of the Cape Parliament in 1880 and was prime minister of the Cape Colony in 1890, but had to resign after the infamous Jameson Raid on the Transvaal. Rhodes used his wealth and political influence to create new territories to the north by obtaining mineral concessions from the most powerful indigenous chiefs. He dreamt of a British Empire extending throughout most of Africa, and not just Africa. In an extraordinary first will in 1877, before he was wealthy, he wanted to create a secret society that would bring the whole of the world under British rule. He was certain about the benefits to be obtained from membership of the British Empire. 'The more of the world we inhabit the better it is for the human race'. 'Remember that you are an Englishman, and have consequently won first prize in the lottery of life'.¹¹⁶

'As Rhodes grew older, he began to think not so much of imperial aggrandisement as of the creation of an elite who would make the Empire work and would foster unity between its various elements. .. education grew more and more central to his thinking'. In his seventh and final will in 1902, when he was one of the wealthiest men in the world, Rhodes conceived of his scheme for scholarships at Oxford from all over the English-speaking world – 52 in all each year. 20 went to the colonies, including one from each of the Australian colonies. 32 were assigned to the United States, indicating how much importance Rhodes attached to the Anglo-American partnership. A codicil to the will added five annual scholarships to Germany. 'The object is that an understanding between the three great powers will render war impossible and educational relations make the strongest tie'.¹¹⁷ The German scholarships were suspended 1914–29, and 1940–69. From 1929, the number of scholarships could be expanded by the Trustees; by 2006, the annual total was 83, selected from 14 geographic constituencies.¹¹⁸ In 1977, an Act of Parliament was required for women to be included. Rhodes never married, but had very close relationships with men and was possibly homosexual. He chose Oxford specifically for its residential

116 Internet article on 'Cecil Rhodes'.

117 Philip Ziegler (2008), *Legacy: Cecil Rhodes, the Rhodes Trust and Rhodes Scholarships*, Yale University Press, New Haven and London, pp. 15–16.

118 Australia, Bermuda, Canada, Germany, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica and Commonwealth Caribbean, Kenya, New Zealand, Pakistan, Southern Africa (South Africa and neighbours Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi, Namibia and Swaziland), USA, Zambia and Zimbabwe. See internet article on 'Rhodes Scholarship'.

system. 'Without it ... students are at the most critical period of their lives left without any supervision'. Students were expected to be single and to live in one of the colleges.

According to Rhodes's will, scholars should not be 'merely bookworms'. In the selection of a scholar, regard should be had to '(1) his literary and scholastic attainments, (2) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football and the like, (3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, unselfishness and fellowship and (4) his exhibition during his school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and take an interest in his schoolmates for those latter attributes will be likely in afterlife to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim'. In the will, Rhodes made only as a 'mere suggestion', out of a total of ten, three should be allotted to (1) and (3), and two to (2) and (4); but then revised it so that four would go to (1), and two to each of the others. 'Race or religious opinions' were specifically excluded as qualifications or disqualifications for the scholarship, but not gender. In idealistic language, he explained that he was looking for 'the best man for the world's fight'¹¹⁹ – yet the female half of humanity was to be excluded from consideration for the scholarship. The professor of philosophy at the University of Sydney, John Anderson, in a newspaper article in the early 1930s attacked 'the pitiful catalogue of manly virtues' which Rhodes considered requisite for the public man, and claimed the scheme had corrupted the student body of Australia with its 'Philistine glorification of sport and nauseous cult of leadership'.¹²⁰

In reply to Trish's very enthusiastic letter about Oxford¹²¹, I wrote despondently, 'it seems sheer cheek on my part even to contemplate entering for the Rhodes. Apart from all other considerations, I'm just not intellectually good enough. If by some amazing stroke of luck, I did manage to get it, ... I had thought of you perhaps getting a job in England. It would be absolutely superb to be there together. ... The Rhodes seems very, very remote at the present time – I am honestly scared of failing something this year. If I do, it will ruin everything'.¹²²

On August 1, I collected the entry form for the Scholarship. Entries were due on 1 September. I had to put down what course I would do, and what my future job in life would be, but you were not bound by this. A medical examination and two photos were required. I also had to nominate six people willing to provide a confidential reference. Three had to be university staff under whom I had studied. After long talks with Doug Pike and Professor Duncan, the latter said he would sign a composite reference from his department. Philosophy, politics and economics (PPE) was generally viewed the most appropriate course for me to do at Oxford, and Doug Pike came up with the ingenious suggestion that my university work would be very relevant preparation for a future job

119 Zeigler, *Legacy*, pp. 18–19.

120 Zeigler, *Legacy*, p. 159.

121 See pp. 140–1.

122 Letter, John Lawrence to Patricia Berry, 23/6/52.

in the colonial service. My humanitarian interest should be emphasised. Mrs Wheaton was very willing to provide a reference and would include pertinent parts of agency reports on my practical work. Professor Jack Smart said he would like to provide a reference. His emphasis would not be on the academic side, however, but on other things.¹²³

My three other referees were Mr Gordon, Frank Borland, and Mr Berry. After a long helpful talk with Mr Cameron, I decided I did not need anyone else from the school, because he said that the headmaster Mr Gordon had left with him a 'humdinger' of a reference. Mr Borland, the students' warden, said there was no-one he would like to do it for more. He thought he knew me as well as he knew any of the students. As mentioned, he considered the football club a model of efficiency, and my job as secretary outstanding. He undertook to contact both Brian MacDonald and the local rector to cover the religious side of things. Mr Cameron thought getting an outside, professional, business-man type like Mr Berry an excellent idea. Dean Berry was, of course, overseas with the family. He was, however, delighted to be asked and was glad I had decided to enter for the scholarship. In their visit to Oxford, the family had visited Rhodes House, the home of the Rhodes Trust. 'It is the work of Sir Herbert Baker the architect for so many of the best South African buildings'. '(His) work is always interesting and individual'.¹²⁴ I discussed the wording of parts of my entry form with Doug Pike and Mr Borland, before submitting it on 29 August. I was reassured when Trevor Jones thought my team of referees could not be bettered and thought my course would be wonderful training for the colonial civil service on which he would give me some literature.¹²⁵

My entry for the Rhodes Scholarship read as follows:

General Interests and Activities

In general, my interests and activities centre around a strong drive to study and enjoy human relationships.

During my last two years at School 1948 and '49, as a School Prefect and latterly as Captain of the School, I gained considerable experience in the handling of boys. For example, I was in charge of a group of prefects who acted as instructors in the Boy's Club at the St Peter's College Mission. Since that time, I have tried to keep regular contact with the Mission and its activities. This year I arranged for a team of young Old Scholars to paint the Mission buildings. The activities of the Mission do much to foster better relationships between different strata of society, and I feel that it is a worthwhile social experiment.

Since the beginning of 1950, I have been a member of the Committee of the St Peter's Old Collegians' Association, and have been appointed liaison officer between the Association and the old scholars attending the University.

Since coming to the University, I have been a continuous member of the Arts Association and the Social Science Students' Association. Last year, I was one of the second-year representatives on the Committee of the former, and for a time

123 He already was providing a reference mainly on the academic side for another candidate, Brian Ellis, who was primarily a philosophy student.

124 Letter, Dean Berry to John Lawrence, 11/8/52.

125 Letters, John Lawrence to Patricia Berry, 1/8/52, 6/8/52, 8/8/52, 27/8/52, 29/8/52, 3/9/52.

this year I was Acting Secretary for the latter Association. For a short period at the beginning of the year, I was Sports Editor of 'On Dit'. At the moment, I am a member of the University Sports Association General Committee, and have been elected to the University Sports Association Grounds Committee. I am also a member of the Union Choral Society.

I am in my second year as a member of the C.M.F. No.4 Psychology Unit, Central Command, and am a Sergeant. The work of the Unit is mainly concerned with psychological testing, interviewing, and research. At present, we are engaged in an absorbing piece of research on the interests, attitudes, and moral values of the 18 year-old adolescent in this community. The work has a direct relationship with my Social Science activities, and I think will be accredited as practical work for the Diploma. At the time when the Commanding Officer of the Army Unit invited me to join, I had just been accepted by the Selection Board for the University Air Squadron, but I felt the Army Unit was an excellent practical opportunity to further my academic interests.

For many years I have taken an active interest in football. At the moment, I am enjoying my third season with the University 'A' Team. Last year I played for South Australia in the Australian Amateur Football Carnival held in Melbourne, and again this year was a member of the State team which played against Victoria. At the beginning of this year, I was elected Secretary of the Adelaide University Football Club and Delegate to the South Australian Amateur Football League. I have a keen interest in this League, and feel strongly that it is a most worthwhile body, not only for the part it plays in fostering football, but for bringing together all sections of the community united by a common love for the game, and not by pecuniary reward.

Since coming to the University, I have played cricket for the University 'B' Team in the District Cricket Association, and am a student of the literature of the game. Whenever possible, I attend International and State games.

While at School, I was a regular member of the School Athletics Team, specialising in the High Jump and Hurdles. Since then, however, I have found that a choice had to be made between athletics and cricket, and I chose the latter. I am still interested in athletics in general, particularly coaching methods.

In the same way, I had to choose between tennis and cricket, and now only play tennis occasionally.

Generally speaking, I am interested in all forms of sport. I am convinced that on the sports field not only are firm friendships made, but also character is developed, and the community at large derives much benefit from its sporting activities.

Perhaps my keenest interest outside human relations and sport is music. I play the piano and pipe organ, and am interested in all forms of music. For five years at school, I learnt the organ, and in 1950, in my first year at the University, was a student at the Conservatorium under John Horner. At one stage I contemplated music as a career, but decided a musician's existence is too precarious unless he has outstanding ability and a sound musical background. Reluctantly, I discontinued my study with John Horner, owing to the pressure of my University course. I am gradually building up for myself a library of musical literature, and intend also to accumulate a record library. Another strong ambition is to visit the English cathedrals and experience first-hand the superb English church music. Whenever I get

the opportunity, I listen to concerts, 'music lovers' hours', and so on. For the past eight years I have been a subscriber to the local symphony concerts.

I have been a regular communicant at St Columba's, Hawthorn, for many years, and feel deeply about religious matters. Religious concepts have always interested me, and I thoroughly enjoy discussing vital religious issues.

The Course of Study which I propose to follow at Oxford

The Philosophy – Politics – and Economics course at Oxford offers the best prospects for me. It is a continuation of my present study, is relevant to my career, and provides essential knowledge and discipline for the success of that career. Of all Schools in the Commonwealth, this School is best adapted for my purpose. The widest possible knowledge and best methods of approach to problems of human relations can best be gained, I feel, by sitting at the feet of acknowledged experts, of whom there is no more distinguished group than those found in the Oxford Colleges.

*The Character of the Work at which I aim in after-life*¹²⁶

I have always been intensely interested in studying human relationships, particularly through History, Politics, Psychology, and Education, and in the course of my studies I have come to the conclusion that the type of work I am aiming at is provided by the colonial civil service in the activities of district officers and administrators. Though these employments have been greatly curtailed since the war and the shape of colonial administration has changed, this work has to go on, and openings are still available. This type of career appeals to me greatly, because it is part of what I think is probably the most high-minded project being undertaken today – raising the standards of undeveloped peoples.

To deal with the extremely delicate situations which arise in such work, I feel nothing but the very best education is sufficient, and that the Philosophy – Politics – and Economics course at Oxford fulfils this requirement.

I asked Trish not to worry about what I said on the entry form, because it was not binding.¹²⁷ Obviously both of our futures were, in different ways, at stake if I happened to be successful. Despite my initial apprehension and uncertainty, I could not have received more support or encouragement in the whole entry process. But I still had the uncertainty of my academic results for 1952 which would not be out until just before the interview for the scholarship in December, and I wanted to keep quiet about my application.¹²⁸

In the event, I could not have hoped for better academic results that year – top credits in history, political science, and nutrition, and an equal first credit in social psychology. This, together with gaining credits in all of my examinations in 1951 after gaining only passes in 1950, gave me confidence that applying for the scholarship had not been inappropriate; I was clearly not out of my depth in the more advanced university work I was tackling. I now saw myself as a late developer, and looked forward to the honours year with some confidence. I positively enjoyed the interaction with people with good minds and the challenge of developing my own, but I still wondered where all this was leading.

126 Curious terminology used by Rhodes himself. See p. 147.

127 Letter, John Lawrence to Patricia Berry, 29/8/52.

128 Letter, John Lawrence to Patricia Berry, 5/9/52.

Success

The interview with the selection committee was on 17 December at Government House. The committee, chaired by the Governor of South Australia and containing past Rhodes Scholars, selected me as the South Australian Rhodes Scholar for 1953. One of the selection committee, Professor Spooner, subsequently observed that the scholarship had gone for the first time to someone with a prime interest in human relations and social science. The award meant that at least my immediate future after completing my honours year in 1953 would be in Oxford, with Trish willing to come with me and seek a job, but because of the rules set by Rhodes we would have to remain unmarried. Newspapers reported that although I was not yet definitely decided on my career, I would like to do welfare work among native peoples, possibly through some United Nations organisation. Reference was made that my brother Jim had topped fifth year medicine. He might have applied for a Rhodes Scholarship the following year because he was certainly an all-rounder, but he decided going to Oxford would be too disruptive of his medical career.

My parents' joy at our respective educational achievements was a wonderful reward in itself. As already indicated, they could not have been more supportive along the way, and had clearly made sacrifices for the sake of the education of their children. My father was also pleased that in October 1952, his job in the Bank had been re-classified to a higher level and there had been no appeal against this. In addition, my sister Margaret was doing well at school. She had had to cope with being a younger child and often being described as our sister rather than a person in her own right. As she grew older, she and Jim were sometimes at loggerheads, with me not getting involved.

Margaret attended Westbourne Park Primary School 1942–49, and Walford School 1950–54. She too was an all-rounder. At Walford, she was the 'A' Basketball captain, 1953–54, and president of the music club, school prefect and school vice-captain in 1954. She won the head mistress's scholarship and a Commonwealth Scholarship in 1953, and the school cup for sportsmanship in 1954. In her Leaving Honours, she gained fifth credit in English, and seventh credit in modern history.

Choosing a College

I received a flood of congratulations and wondered how my life and relationships might be affected by the award in the longer term. I wanted to be accepted in my own right and not because I happened to be lucky enough to have been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. A letter from the Association of Rhodes Scholars in Australia congratulated me and sent best wishes from the Association for my years at Oxford and those that lay ahead. The objects of the Association were primarily the maintenance of the Founder's ideals and assisting in their implementation through the scholarship. I was invited to join the Association on my return from Oxford.¹²⁹ Professor Dick Blackburn was the state secretary. He was one of those with whom I discussed my college

¹²⁹ Letter, K. L. Cooper to R. J. Lawrence, 30/12/52.

preference list. He had attended and recommended Magdalen. Each person favoured the college they had attended, but I noticed that Magdalen usually came next if it was not their particular college. Magdalen was one of the three colleges whose college choir was served by a choir school.¹³⁰ Its tutors had a very good reputation for PPE, the course I was thinking of doing. And there was no question that it was one of the most beautiful colleges – its tower, the deer park, its water walks, its chapel and organ, its cloisters and other buildings. It was just before the bridge at the end of the famous High Street. The location was a bit peripheral, but nothing was very far away in Oxford, especially by bike which many of the students used. These seemed good reasons for giving Magdalen as my first preference and I never regretted the decision.

I received a letter from E. T. Williams, the Warden of Rhodes House, telling me when the Trustees would consider my request to come up a term late ('the answer will of course be yes'), and that getting a third year would depend on what and how I was doing. 'I am glad that you are coming: even if late!'¹³¹ A further letter told me my Rhodes papers had been submitted in accordance with my list of Colleges and that I had been accepted by Magdalen.¹³² In March 1953, I received from the Rhodes Trustees a copy of the University's examination statutes and the regulations of the boards of the faculties, and also a very helpful new edition of *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, which served as a general guide to the University. The latter contained a variety of articles on aspects of the University, mainly by academics, and included a short history by Sir Charles Mallet, with sections on the medieval university, the early colleges, the Tudor age, Stuart and Jacobite Oxford, and modern Oxford. An article on Rhodes Scholarships was provided by Sir Francis Wylie, first warden of Rhodes House 1903–31, with an addendum in 1952 by Sir Carleton Allen, warden 1931–52.¹³³

A Free Passage

In June, I received the very welcome news that the Australian and New Zealand Passenger Conference had decided to reintroduce at once the University Free Passage Scheme to the United Kingdom and that Rhodes Scholars were eligible for consideration. A total of 25 sea passages would be available to Australia. The scheme had been suspended at the outbreak of war. I fitted into the various requirements for the award but it was for graduates and I would not know if I had graduated until just before I was due to leave for England. In July, I was relieved to hear from the Australian vice-chancellors' committee that I had been awarded a free passage on the *Orontes*, leaving Adelaide on 10 December.¹³⁴ Three of the awards had gone to Adelaide. The two others were Brian Ellis, who had a first class honours degree in philosophy and was headed for Queen's College in Oxford, and Rod Davies, an astrophysicist. Among

130 The other two were New College and Christ Church.

131 Letter, E. T. Williams to R. J. Lawrence, 1/1/53.

132 Letter, E. T. Williams to R. J. Lawrence, 27/1/53.

133 *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1952.

134 Letter, Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee to R. J. Lawrence, 24/7/52.

the others on the list were fellow 1953 Rhodes Scholars – Charles Copeman (Queensland, engineering graduate headed for PPE at Balliol), Jim McLeod (New South Wales, a science graduate headed for a DPhil in physiology at New College), S. E. K. Hulme (Victoria, a law graduate headed for a BCL at Magdalen), Bruce Cole (Tasmania, a science graduate headed for a BSc degree in applied maths at Corpus Christie College), and Bob Hawke (Western Australia, a law graduate headed for a BA and BLitt at University College).¹³⁵ I was the only one not arriving for the Michaelmas term in 1953.

Orienting Information

Before leaving for Oxford, I received further orienting information from the warden of Rhodes House, Magdalen College, and the proctors¹³⁶ of the University. The warden provided ‘points of information which may be helpful’. A ration book was needed because meat, butter, cooking fats, cheese and bacon were still rationed. The standard of food was better than it had been, and food parcels from home were now not so necessary. It was advisable to bring ‘plenty of warm clothes, particularly woollen underwear and socks’, as fuel was still restricted. However, it was easy to buy anything that was wanted. The usual Oxford wear was a tweed jacket with flannel or corduroy trousers, wool pullovers or sweaters, warm scarves and gloves. A dinner jacket was useful for parties; they were very costly in England. A bicycle was essential in Oxford and could be bought either new or second-hand. For customs, it saved a great deal of time and trouble to have a complete inventory of one’s baggage, and a customs record of special articles already purchased. Spare copies of a passport photo would be useful for visas, etc. A Rhodes Scholar was entitled without contribution to the benefits of the National Health Service, including for medical and hospital treatment.¹³⁷

The warden suggested ‘it would be pleasing if you wore (a gown) at the meeting we shall normally have together at the beginning of each term, and not otherwise “when popping in to see me”’. Heads of colleges, and the warden (at first) were addressed by title – for example, master, warden, president. Reply to invitations promptly and appropriately. Keep him informed of your address if you move into lodgings, of all of your plans and activities, and of any illness. Do not change your course without consulting him. Do not hesitate to consult him about any difficulty which crops up. He was available daily with or without appointment.¹³⁸

The College informed me that I had to wear a gown when calling formally on the president, my tutor, or any fellow of the College or College officers; and at lectures, collections and at formal hall on Wednesdays and Sundays. Academic dress (a dark suit and socks, a white bow tie, collar and shirt, and black shoes, and an academic cap and gown) had to be worn when sitting

135 *Register of Rhodes Scholars 1903–1995*, ed. by Ralph Evans, Rhodes Trust, 1996.

136 *Proctors’ Memorandum on the Conduct and Discipline of Junior Members of the University*, University of Oxford, Michaelmas Term 1953.

137 E. T. Williams, ‘To Rhodes Scholars for 1953’, May 1953.

138 E. T. Williams, ‘To Rhodes Scholars for 1953’, 5 October, 1953.

University examinations. Undergraduates had to be in College by midnight during Term and by 10 pm during the vacation. 'Ladies' had to leave the College before 9 pm, although men visitors could stay until midnight. Bicycles had to be left in the racks near Longwall gate, or in the racks in the front quadrangle during the day if a student was in lodgings.

My rooms in College would be fully furnished, but I would need to provide my own bed linen and towels. Meals in Hall would be breakfast 8.15 – 9.00, lunch 1.00 – 1.45, and dinner 6.30 – 7.15, except on Wednesdays and Sundays when first Hall is from 6.15 – 6.45 and Formal Hall is served at 7.15. The junior common room was open daily for the use of undergraduates. The estimated total cost of residence was £355 a year – £105 in batells payments each term, and each year about £30 for books and about £10 for travelling expenses. The main payment in the batells bill would be for the inclusive daily charge for room, light, heat and board in College (60 days at 17/6) – £52 and ten shillings. College tuition fees of £15 each term would be paid in the batells bill.

I appreciated receiving the various orienting material. It gave me at least some idea of what lay ahead, although the senior tutor of the College thought I should leave a decision on what course to read until I arrived and had all the discussions I needed.¹³⁹

Our Engagement

In July 1953, Trish and I announced our engagement. I bought the engagement ring from Claude Sarre – a blue sapphire set in a ring of diamonds. Almost all of the letters of congratulation referred enthusiastically to our going to England together. The most thoughtful one came from Trish's uncle, Ken Stonier:

Thinking of the next few years, you have chosen together a hard way, perhaps; but it will be well worth it, John. Worth it for the deeper understanding which otherwise you may not have achieved.¹⁴⁰

Family and General Support

Both of our families could not have been more supportive of our relationship and our plans. The next phase of our lives was to be shared, even though we could not be married and live together for at least three years. Just before we left, Anne Berry married Murray Gordon in the Adelaide Cathedral,¹⁴¹ with Trish and her sister Mary attending as the bridesmaids. I was honoured by two farewell functions. One was a dinner organised by John Dixon, a friend from Da Costa House at St Peter's. The other was a reception provided by staff and students of the social science diploma, with Mrs Wheaton composing a poem for the occasion! I was also armed with a number of letters of introduction which might prove useful. One of these was to John Hood¹⁴² at the Australian

139 Letter, J. N. Stoye, Senior Tutor, Magdalen College, to R. J. Lawrence, 18/11/53.

140 Letter, Ken Stonier to John Lawrence, 29/7/53.

141 See p. 76.

142 Tasmanian Rhodes Scholar in 1926. Magdalen was his College.

Embassy in Bonn from his brother who was one of my father's friends. Another was from one of my mother's friends Rev. Robjohns to Sir Ernest Barker who had been his friend at Oxford 60 years earlier.¹⁴³ We were leaving with a sense of immense goodwill towards us and genuine support for the next major step in our lives. Adelaide and our parents had obviously provided an admirable environment for our upbringing, but we were already young adults and ready to move on wherever our decisions and life's chances might take us.

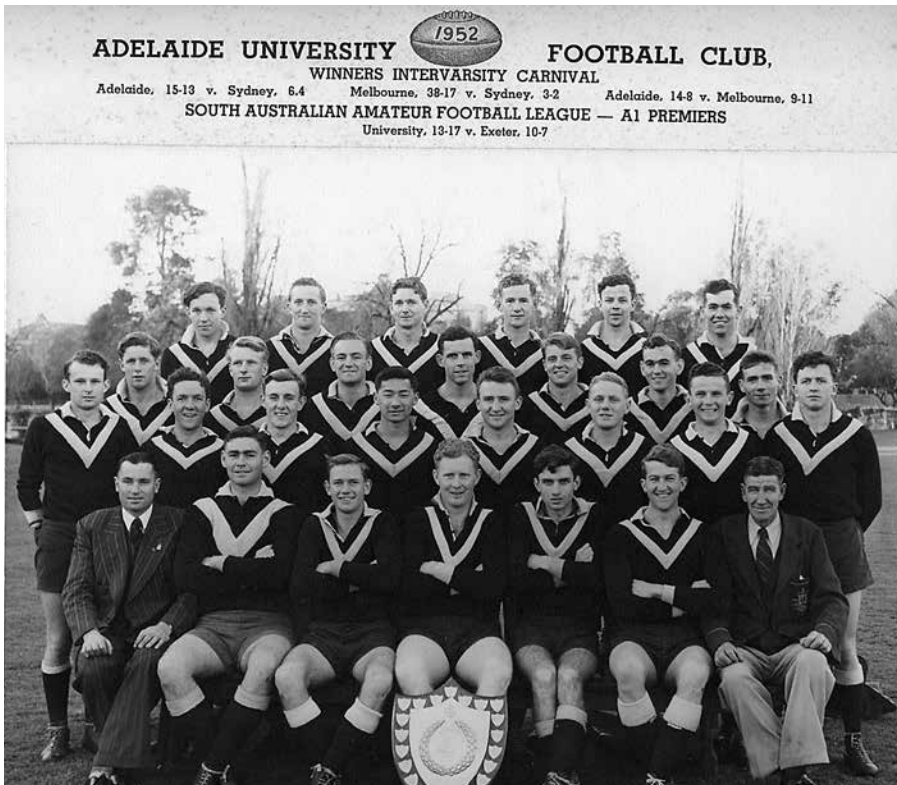


No. 4 Psychology Unit, CMF, in camp, Woodside –
Frank Trembath, Bob Jolly, and RJL



Australian Amateur Jubilee Football Carnival, Melbourne, 1951: South Australian Amateur Football League Team arriving Flinders Street Station – front left, RJL and Dick Hancock

¹⁴³ Unfortunately, I never had the opportunity to make use of this letter.



Front row – George Tilley (coach), 'Whimpy' McLeod, 'Gus' Elix, Dig Harris, Ian Broadbent, John Lawrence, 'Long'un' Wilson; second row – 'Chook' Fowler, Ian Redway, Ian Polkinghorne, Pat Pak Poy, George Keohne, Graham Duncan, Gerry Martin, Sam Luxton; third row – Dick Law-Smith, Dick Hancock, Dick Bennett, Doug Giles, John Laurie, Peter Harbison, Martin Kitchener; top row – Ray Greet, Ken Fitch, Johnny Walsh, Peter Tunbridge, David Fuller, and Jim Lawrence



South Australian Amateur Football League Team, 1953 – Whimpy McLeod (captain), Hugh Millard (secretary, SAAFL); R.J.L. at right end of third row



*RJL and Trish B; Jim L and Sheila Hamilton -
Chiton Beach, Victor Harbour*



*RJL and Patricia Berry, tennis party, Neville
Reid's, 1953*



*Adelaide University graduation ceremony, 1953: RJL mace-bearer (1953 Rhodes Scholar for South
Australia), Chancellor Sir Mellis Napier, Vice-Chancellor A. P. Rowe*

Chapter 4

A Sea Voyage, Beginning the Oxford Experience

This and the following two chapters cover the story up to the end of 1954. Chapter four takes the story to when Trish and I left Oxford for the summer break. It covers our sea voyage to England and my first two terms in college separated by a memorable Easter vacation which we spent as guests in a number of English homes. Chapter five describes our 'grand tour' of Continental Europe, and chapter six, our life based in Oxford during my third term and Christmas vacation to the end of the year. Chapters seven and eight complete the story of our overseas venture, which ended when we returned to Adelaide in August 1956.

Sea Voyage to England

Trish and I travelled to England in separate cabins on the *Orontes*,¹ 10 December 1953 to 12 January 1954. Its former passengers had included the Berry family in 1952, and England's cricket team on the way to the Bodyline tour in 1932! I had my cabin to myself after Colombo in Ceylon (Sri Lanka, after 1972).

Family and friends farewelled us at Outer Harbour in Adelaide. My parents and Marg returned to the city with Bob Reid. My mother wrote the next day:

I shall never forget how happy you both looked standing on the deck waving to us. I came home feeling very thankful and confident that all will be well with you both in this glorious opportunity which you both so well deserve.²

We stayed on deck until we could no longer see Lindsay Cleland, Fully, Jim, Noel Lidgett and Brian Stonier, on the wharf at Outer Harbour – long after the last streamer had broken.

At last we were on our way. Trish had resigned from her job, had packed and farewelled friends and family. I had successfully completed all the requirements for my honours BA and diploma in social science, with the University of Adelaide willing to award my degree in December which gave me matriculated

1 See p. 139.

2 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 11/12/53.

status for admission to Oxford University for the Hilary Term of 1954. Not surprisingly, we were both very tired and spent the whole of the next day in the Australian Bight in our bunks from sea-sickness. After that, we gained our sea-legs. My first responsibility in the letter which I posted at Fremantle was to thank my parents in writing for all they had done for me, telling them 'I could not feel more grateful for having had such parents. ... I've had a wonderful start'. In that letter, I also said 'we could not be happier together'.³

At the same time in a letter to my mother, Trish reported, 'It has made such a difference having the Thwaites to talk to and do things with – they are such a happy, friendly couple'.⁴ Johnny Thwaites was a history teacher at Melbourne Grammar on his way to the Dragon School in Oxford. He had played on the half-back flank for the Melbourne University football team in the 1952 intervarsity carnival. In the Second World War, he had served in the Australian navy. His father had been a general medical practitioner in South Melbourne. Helen's father was also a doctor. She had been a teacher and played the piano. Her brother Geoff Sinclair was captain and centre-half back of Melbourne University Blues football team and vice-captain and centre-half back for the Victorian Amateur League football team. Ian Sinclair, the prominent Country Party politician, was her cousin. Helen and Johnny were on their honeymoon. I reported that we all got on together so well that the Thwaites had invited Trish to stay with them in Oxford if they could get a flat of sufficient size.

It is a wonderful offer, but naturally we don't want to intrude on a newly-wedded couple's privacy. They seem very keen on the idea, however, for apparently Johnny will have very long hours at the school where he is teaching, and Trish and Helen could have fun together while I'm in college and Johnny is teaching.⁵

I further reported that Trish and Helen got on very well, and that the arrangement could work out. Johnny would have to do stretches of residence at the School so at those times particularly Helen would be glad of Trish's company.⁶

We sat at the same meal table with the Thwaites, and with John Feltham, also headed for Oxford. John was going to Magdalen to read jurisprudence. My mother remembered his father, Percy, as 'a great Latin brain' when she and Nina attended Melbourne High School.⁷ John had been to Melbourne Grammar. A cox for the Trinity College crew at Melbourne University, he was looking forward to the rowing at Magdalen. I observed, 'He is a small chap, fairly quiet but pretty intelligent. We get on very well.' The other member of our meal table was called Grace, a woman going to do missionary work in Africa. The table always had plenty of conversation and I observed, 'Somehow we always seem to be about the last finished'.⁸ I recall Grace once saying to me, 'How could you accept money from that terrible man?' It was a very reasonable moral enquiry about Cecil Rhodes, and sharpened my awareness of the moral

3 Letter, John Lawrence to Mr and Mrs R. G. Lawrence, 13/12/53.

4 Letter, Patricia Berry to Mrs Lawrence, 13/12/53.

5 Letter, R. J. Lawrence to Mr and Mrs R. G. Lawrence, 13/12/53.

6 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 16/12/53.

7 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 11/12/53.

8 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 16/12/53.

dilemma of receiving what some saw as ‘dirty money’ because of the ruthless way in which some of it was originally acquired, however well-intended its subsequent use might be.

Ken Fitch, like Peter Tunbridge⁹, came from Perth for his medical education, and like Peter was an accomplished footballer in the Adelaide University A team. When we berthed in Fremantle on 14 December, Ken collected us and drove us along the Swan River through an impressive residential area to the University of Western Australia. The gardens, buildings and lawns of the University were very attractive, but the playing surfaces on the ovals were poor. From the University we went through King’s Park to the city, where Ken left us so he could help in his father’s chemist’s shop for a couple of hours. After an afternoon tour of the beaches, Ken came on board for tea before our departure at 5pm. He had given us a wonderful day.¹⁰

At the University, we met the Warden of St George’s College, Jos Reynolds. My mother knew his aged mother from St Columba’s Church in Adelaide. J. H. Reynolds had attended St Peter’s College and had won the South Australian Rhodes Scholarship in 1929, reading history at Balliol College.¹¹ He was a lecturer in history at the University of Western Australia, and Douglas Pike had been a colleague in the Department in 1949 and two terms of 1950.¹² I reported to my family:

He is a charming man and we thoroughly enjoyed meeting him. He knows Doug Pike very well and has the same admiration for him that I have. He was sorry he didn’t get the Adelaide history chair.¹³

A few days after Fremantle,¹⁴ we had coffee with Ken and Margaret Bradshaw. Ken was an ex-service engineering Rhodes Scholar (Queensland and Balliol 1941) and was on his way to take up a mill manager job at Broadford Mill in England.¹⁵ We also later socialised with Barry and Joyce Rowland and Geraldine Sweeney and two other Queensland girls. Barry worked for Angus and Robertson’s book store and was going to be its London manager. Keith Michell had joined the ship in Adelaide and was headed for a season at Stratford with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company. The Thwaites, John Feltham, Trish and I all enjoyed his company. I lent him my cream school blazer, and cream strides for his 1920s rigout at the fancy dress competition. He defeated me in the final of the ship’s quoit tennis competition. He urged

⁹ See p. 129.

¹⁰ In later life, Ken became one of Australia’s leaders in sports medicine and in particular in the management and operation of Australian Olympic teams and in the Olympic Games generally. He was inducted into the Sport of Australia Hall of Fame in 1997. (See its website.) His interest in Australian Rules Football has apparently remained unabated. He is currently the inaugural medical coordinator for the West Coast Eagles and has been a life member of the Club since 2002. (See the website ‘Emeritus Consultants Biographies, Royal Perth Hospital’.)

¹¹ *A Register of Rhodes Scholars, 1903–1981*, Alden Press, Oxford, p. 201.

¹² See p. 87.

¹³ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 16/12/53.

¹⁴ The following account is based on my letters to my family 24/12/53, 30/12/53, 2/1/54, 5/1/54, and 10/1/54.

¹⁵ *A Register of Rhodes Scholars, 1903–1981*, Alden Press, Oxford, p. 311.

us to get in touch with him if we went to Stratford. One memorable event was his escorting of Euphemia through a crowded dining room down to his cabin. Euphemia was John Feltham's mythical female companion who occupied an empty chair beside him at our meal table. John was to stay in England as a law don at Magdalen College, and Euphemia materialised into Elizabeth, an English woman whom he married.

In the long stretch across the Indian Ocean to Colombo, ship-board life settled into a pattern of meals, deck games, reading, swimming, dancing, films and various competitions – fancy dress, representing book titles, the different deck games and aquatic sports. My reading included *England, Their England* by A. G. MacDonald, given to me by Mal Lyon, one of my football friends. Its description of a village cricket match was a classic. We crossed the Equator at 9.24pm on 20 December, with no celebration except for a specially printed menu for dinner. Two days before, our geographical separation from family was brought home to us, when Jim and Sheila Hamilton celebrated their engagement with a party, and on 25 December I reported that while it was fun opening our presents, 'somehow it seemed a bit lonely away from our families'.

We arrived at Colombo on 22 December. David, the person with whom I shared a cabin was disembarking there. I asked him to wake me at 5.30am and was rewarded with a spectacular sunrise. The ship finally settled at its anchorage at 7.30am, 'and then the fun began. The local inhabitants swarmed on board from boats of all shapes and sizes. In no time the ship was full of little men offering dry cleaning services, guides for the day, hire cars, and so on'. After breakfast, a launch took Trish and me to the wharf where we met Sam (Mahiman P.) Amarasuriya¹⁶ at 9.30am. He was a solid, broadly-built man, 'very genial and very courteous'. In a chauffeur-driven new Morris we drove to his large, modern, two-storied home, built by his father. Next-door was an identical building inhabited by relations, also built by Sam's father. Mr Amarasuriya was 'a very easy-mannered man' and seemed very pleased to see us, but then excused himself until lunchtime for he had a very busy day ahead of him. We readily accepted his invitation to lunch. He was one of the biggest tea planters in Ceylon and gave us a box of his tea to take to Oxford. Sam's mother and eldest sister were away on a pilgrimage to India, but we met his second sister Priani, a very attractive, quiet 14-year old.

With Sam, we bought small Christmas gifts for the Thwaites, John Feltham, and Grace, the other person at our meal table, and also hand-worked lace for Trish's trousseau. 'Just in case something caught our eye', Sam took us to his mother's jewellery shop, where I bought Trish a lovely genuine moonstone brooch and necklace for Christmas at a very reasonable price. 'It seemed silly not to get something worthwhile when there were so many things, particularly jewellery, that were ridiculously cheap by our standards'. In the shopping areas we were continually pestered by men wanting to act as guides or wishing to sell us things.

After the shopping, we were driven around Cinnamon Gardens, an exclusive residential area. We also saw the military barracks, the town hall, the new

16 See p. 140.

Independence Memorial to celebrate Ceylon's independence in 1948, a large race-track, a few large schools, and various other items of interest. Our driver skilfully coped with the chaotic traffic – cars, bullock-wagons, bicycles and pedestrians, no apparent traffic lights, and constant blasting of horns. During a delicious four-course lunch at Sam's home, his father plied us with questions about Australia and we reciprocated with questions on Ceylon. Sam showed us photos of Cambridge and of an ancient city 150 miles inland from Colombo. A visit to a fascinating Buddhist temple which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were likely to see on their upcoming tour was followed by afternoon tea and Christmas cake back at Sam's. Our ship left at 6 pm. Sam and his family had given us a truly memorable day.

Our stay at Aden on 28 December was relatively short. We were at the wharf by launch at 7.30am and back on board by 11am. We shared a taxi with John Feltham, Grace, and Johnny Thwaites to the town of Aden which was about five miles away. Helen Thwaites was not well so she stayed on board. Aden was built in the crater of a long-extinct volcano. The place was completely arid. As soon as we left the taxi we were besieged on all sides by people – some selling postcards, many begging, some wanting to act as guides, others wanting to lead us to their shops. At one stage, Feltham became very cross and shouted 'Go away – you look better fed than I am!' when a fairly healthy-looking young lad and baby girl begged as orphans. Johnny Thwaites bought a camera, for such items were ridiculously cheap. Many of the shops had lovely silk scarves so we bought one for Helen. Her condition worsened overnight, and the next day the ship's doctor operated on her for appendicitis. Being doctors' offspring, both Helen and Johnny were very sensible about this, and by the time we reached England Helen was fully recovered.

On 31 December, we arrived at Suez and waited at anchor until 8 pm while our convoy to go through the Canal gathered. The sunset was lovely – 'brilliant gold, red, and copper hues set against rugged mountainous masses with a smooth shining sea studded with ships in the foreground'. Our New Year's Eve was celebrated with a Gala Dance with an elaborate buffet supper. We were up early the next morning to see what we could of the Canal in daylight, but it was bitterly cold. The temperature had suddenly dropped and the land on either side of the Canal looked utterly God-forsaken. We arrived at Port Said at 9 am. Johnny Thwaites and John Feltham came with us on a short tour of the shops, but we did not go far from the wharf. Everywhere I sensed latent hostility and that it would take little to cause a nasty disturbance; we were not sorry to leave. In the Mediterranean, the weather was cold, windy and wet and the sea was rough, making it difficult to wind up the deck-game competitions which I had enjoyed.

We arrived in Naples harbour on 4 January, with a rising sun peeping over snow-capped Mount Vesuvius. Again we went ashore with the two Johns. After we had viewed a medieval castle used by both Spanish and French kings, and a balcony said to have been used by Mussolini to deliver speeches, I asked a middle-aged Italian man the way to San Martino Museum. He generously offered to show us around for a while, because he did not have to go to work until 12. He was fluent in English and worked for P and O. With him we

rode a finicular up a couple of thousand feet and went through a maze of streets to a balcony overlooking the city, but foul weather obscured much of the view which would have been spectacular on a clear day. After a visit to a cameo shop, we returned to the city and had lunch at a small back-street restaurant recommended by our guide. The two Johns then went for a tour of Pompeii, while Trish and I saw the treasures in the three storeys of the National Museum, which our guide had told us was of greater interest than the San Martino Museum. Most of the top storey was made up of things taken from Pompeii, on the second floor were mosaics and paintings, and on the ground floor Greek and Roman sculptures. A fierce storm raged outside. After the Museum came the not very impressive Cathedral, shops and back to the ship to see Helen Thwaites. The ship left at 6 am the next morning, delayed six hours by the inclement weather.

On 5 January Chris Herd-Wood, one of the young ship's officers, invited us for a drink in his cabin with some other young officers, Keith Michell, and a girl headed eventually for Bermuda. Chris had met John Twopenny on the last trip and he had mentioned me to him. At Marseille on 7 January, I had my first taste of France, which included driving on the right-hand side of the road. We and the Thwaites shared a taxi from the wharf to the city. It was Helen's first outing, and they returned to the ship after lunch. We wandered through the streets, looking at shops and the people passing by. A large attractive church had a statue of its patron saint Joan of Arc guarding its entrance. Open-air street stalls mingled with very smart modern shops. As in Naples, the pastries were wonderful. A hair-raising bus ride returned us to the wharf, and we left at 4.30 pm heading into a very rough night when two portholes were smashed in by the sea on the deck below ours. The next day the temperature on the deck was 34 degrees Fahrenheit. Jumpers especially knitted by my mother were already in full use well before England.

On board, we became friendly with the Rowlands. Barry was the manager of the London branch of Angus and Robertson, and they invited us to visit them in their home in Kensington. Quite a few people said they would look us up when they were in Oxford – including Jack Schooley a purser cadet on his first trip with the Orient Line, whose home was Oxford.

Gibraltar was our last port of call, on 8 January. The green and brown undulating hills of the Spanish coast, broken here and there with gum trees, reminded us of home. The rock of Gibraltar was massive. A busy aerodrome lay just behind it. We only had time for a brief walk in the town nestling between the main face of the rock and the sea. I was particularly pleased to hear from my mother that a holiday at NanNan Barker's house at Victor Harbour had been enjoyed by Jim and Sheila, Marg my sister, my parents, and Trish's parents. Brian Stonier and Noel Lidgett were also guests and everyone got on very well together. The rest of our trip was smooth sailing, including through the notoriously rough Bay of Biscay.

London

Auntie Margie Berry met us at Tilbury Dock at 10.30am on 12 January. It was our good fortune that she had recently returned to the British Army, after a period living with Grannie Berry and her sister Maudie in their flat in North Adelaide. We were grateful that she had taken leave until 8 February to help us get settled. In London, Margaret and Trish stayed at the Exservicewomen's Club, while I was at a hotel not far away just off Kensington Gardens. In Margaret's 'Red Devil', a small Morris, we had a short tour of some of the sights on our first afternoon – including Hyde Park, Kensington Park, Buckingham Palace, and Marble Arch. The next day, Trish visited her eye specialist who had fitted her with contact lens in 1952, bought fur-lined boots and gloves, and organised things with her Bank in Berkeley Square. My father had written to Colin Anderson in the Commonwealth Bank on the Strand, where I met him and others in the Bank, and collected a cheque book and pass-book. After our first meal at a Lyons restaurant with Margaret's good friend Jean, we saw at the Haymarket Theatre Royal a comedy starring John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, and Sybil Thorndyke. Geraldine Sweeney and her friends from the ship were there.

Before leaving London, I rang Pauline Dick.¹⁷ She was moving into a flat with an English girl. On her boat trip to England, she had met Allan Skertchley. He had done physics, was going to Leeds University, and was just about to marry the bishop of Bedford's daughter. I had sometimes wondered how his life might be developing after our earlier rather unexpected correspondence.¹⁸ Margaret's car was overloaded with luggage on our drive to Oxford through lush green countryside with all the trees and hedges dark and naked.

OXFORD

The University

Teaching at Oxford began in the 11th century. The University grew rapidly after Henry 11 banned English students from attending the University of Paris in 1167. Its ancient rival, Cambridge University, was founded by academics who fled from Oxford after disputes between students and townspeople in 1209.¹⁹ Most of the customs of the guild of teachers which grew up at Oxford before the end of the 12th century were probably brought from Paris. 'A degree was originally nothing but a licence to teach, which the earliest teachers asked the Church to sanction.' The students at first lived in lodgings, inns, and halls. The first academic houses were monastic halls, but none survived the Reformation. By the end of the 13th century, a number of colleges had emerged to provide more permanent board and lodging, with Merton the best endowed and organised. The statutes of Merton set the example for most colleges. 'The general

¹⁷ See pp. 65–6.

¹⁸ See p. 67.

¹⁹ 'University of Oxford', Wikipedia article.

object ... was to lay down rules for a small society of scholars or fellows under a common head, to regulate its administration and its property, its conduct, habits, studies'.²⁰ The University evolved as a confederation of independent institutions.

By 1954, there were 24 men's colleges, including All Souls and Nuffield which had no undergraduates, and 5 women's colleges. Magdalen College had been founded in 1458 by William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor. Eleven colleges had foundation dates earlier than this – St Edmund Hall (1226), University (1249), Balliol (1263), Merton (1264), Hertford (1282), Exeter (1314), Oriel (1326), Queen's (1341), New (1379), Lincoln (1427) and All Souls (1438). The colleges with later foundation dates were: Brasenose (1509), Corpus Christi (1517), Christ Church (1525), Trinity (1554), St John's (1555), Jesus (1571), Wadham (1610), Pembroke (1624), Worcester (1714), Keble (1870), Mansfield (1889), and Nuffield (1937). St Catherine's Society, a non-residential university body was founded in 1868. Women entered the university in 1878, but only became eligible to receive degrees in 1920. The residential women's colleges were St Anne's (1878), Lady Margaret Hall (1878), Somerville (1879), St Hugh's (1886), and St Hilda's (1893). In 2006, Magdalen College's financial endowment was listed as £153 million, surpassed only by St John's (£303 m.), Christchurch (£228 m.), and All Souls (£224 m.).²¹

Magdalen College

Magdalen College was founded on the site of the Hospital of St John, just outside Oxford's East Gate. By about 1480, Magdalen's main cloister quadrangle, with its library, hall and chapel had been built. The only major portions of the Hospital to survive were part of the High Street range of buildings and its Hall converted into a kitchen. Its bell tower, 144 feet high, was completed in 1505. The College then completed the High Street range of buildings to link the Tower with existing buildings. New Building (1733) was meant to be part of a grand new quadrangle in the Palladium style designed by Edward Holdsworth, but only this north side was ever built. A herd of deer occupied the Grove, a large meadow covering most of the north west of the College's grounds. The Meadow was to the east of the College and was bounded on its three sides by the River Cherwell. From about 1785, in spring it was covered with fritillaries, a rare lilly with pale and dark purple blooms. Around the Meadow was tree-lined Addison's walk, which linked the college with the Fellow's Garden and its sporting field. In the 1880s, Thomas Garner created St Swithun's quadrangle, a new President's lodgings, and a gate from High Street. Giles Gilbert Scott extended the quadrangle with Longwall quadrangle, and converted the Magdalen College School Hall into the College Library.²² This was the College which I entered on 14 January 1954.

In 2008, 550 years after its foundation, the College published *Magdalen College Oxford – A History*. It aimed to place the history of the college in both

20 Sir Charles Mallet, 'A Short History of the University of Oxford', *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, pp. 2, 4, 13.

21 Wikipedia article, 'Colleges of the University of Oxford', on the Internet

22 'History – Magdalen College' on the Internet.

the context of the University of Oxford, and in the context of higher education, then made possible by the recent historical work on both of these. The result was a beautifully-produced, 1,000-page scholarly tome. The authors were current and past fellows of the college, alumni and members of staff.²³

HILARY TERM 1954

Settling in

On arrival at Magdalen on 14 January, the porter showed me my accommodation. We went through an archway, along a small quadrangle on the High Street side of the chapel, past the Tower to a corner staircase, and up a flight of winding, cold, stone steps to door number 2. I had two rooms. The main room was large, with a couch, two armchairs, a cupboard with cups and saucers, a small round table and four chairs, two cushioned window seats, bookshelves, a writing desk and lamp and a carpeted floor. A gas-ring, kettle and radiator were provided. My bedroom was much smaller, with a wardrobe, a mirror, and another cupboard with an old-fashioned wash-jug and basin on it. The closest bath was quite a distance away through the cloisters and past the kitchen area, although a lavatory was somewhat closer. The scout responsible for the sets of rooms in my 'staircase' was an older man called Pacey, regarded by my friend Jim Morgan as the best in the College. His son was also a scout in the College. In the article on college life in the Handbook to the University, scouts were described generally as 'not mere employees, but members of the college, to which they feel loyal attachment. The relationship between them and the undergraduate is usually friendly and sympathetic. ... their duties are those of the general domestic kind, besides service at Hall dinner'.²⁴ Each morning, Pacey would wake me up with 'Good morning, sir', pulling back my curtains, give me a report on the weather, and provide hot water for washing and shaving. He was unfailingly courteous, and never seemed phased by anything and could be quite expansive talking about things like bump-supper revelling. He commanded universal respect.

The College President

My first full day in Oxford, 15 January 1954, was busy. First, I saw the College president, T. S. R. Boase, who seemed to me 'a very nice chap'. A tall man with swept-back straight silver hair and ready smile, he was an art historian who had been elected president in 1947 after ten years as director of the Courtauld Institute of Art in London and professor of the history of art at the University of London. In the First World War, he fought on the western front and was awarded the military cross. After studying modern history at Magdalen College, he was tutor and fellow at Hertford College for 15 years.

²³ *Magdalen College Oxford, A History*, edited by L. W. B. Brockliss, Magdalen College, Oxford, 2008.

²⁴ Sir Carleton Allen, 'College Life', in *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1952, p. 266.

During the Second World War he worked at Bletchley Park and then in Cairo for the RAF and for the British Council. He was to serve as the vice-chancellor of Oxford University, 1958–60.

Choosing PPE

Mr Boase sent me to Harry Weldon to discuss whether to undertake PPE, or BPhil, a postgraduate degree. He told me that a BPhil in politics was extremely difficult and very few got it. You could work hard and end up with no degree, because you either passed or failed. PPE was done entirely under tutors; the BPhil was done by the student working by himself. I found out that I could do about 4 or 5 units in politics out of the 8 required altogether, and I was told a good PPE degree had greater standing than even a postgraduate degree in some situations, and the avenues from a PPE were much more open.

After seeing Harry Weldon, I saw the Warden at Rhodes House, Mr Williams. He said at least an extra 100 pounds a year was needed on top of the stipend, but there was a possibility that it might be raised next year. We discussed my course and he favoured PPE. I had lunch with Trish, Margaret, John Feltham and Johnny Thwaites. Afterwards, John Feltham and I each bought a sound, second-hand bike for £4/15/0. John Feltham's room was in New Building, some distance from mine. Trish and Margaret were staying at the Golden Cross Hotel. The next day, we three went on a drive out of Oxford with Trish's cousin, Jennifer Richards, who was a student at St Hilda's College. Just before dinner, I met Ken Tite who would be my politics tutor. He insisted that I should not hurry my decision about my course. In the evening, I entertained John Feltham, Jennifer, Trish and Jack Schooley, the cadet bursar from the ship, in my room, sampling the tea given to us by Sam's father. The women had to be off the premises by 9.15pm, however. Robin (Zug) Ashwin²⁵ came to see me just before bedtime and invited Trish and me to his rooms in New College for morning tea the next day.

On Sunday 17 January, Trish, Margaret and I went to early communion at Christ Church Cathedral. Just before we saw Zug, we called on Douglas Pike who had been visiting Balliol. Although he was just about to leave for London, he insisted on having quite a chat. He liked very much Hugh Stretton the new Adelaide University professor of history. We enjoyed talking with Zug, but found him more sober and less self-confident than previously. Just before formal hall in the evening, the senior dean of arts Karl Leyser had a sherry party for three of us who had only just come up. He seemed a rather ineffectual man. In the evening I called on Brian Ellis at Queen's College and he invited Trish and me to tea on the following Sunday. When I wrote home on 17 January, I favoured PPE, but apparently still had not yet finally decided.

25 Robin Ashwin was the 1952 South Australian Rhodes Scholar. He had been an outstanding student at St Peter's College and an accomplished middle-distance runner. He was doing his finals in PPE in 1954. He joined the Australian Department of External Affairs in 1955. His career in the diplomatic service culminated in the 1980s when he was the Australian Ambassador in Bonn and then in Moscow. In 1991, he was appointed Master of St Marks College at the University of Adelaide. *Register of Rhodes Scholars 1903–1995*, edited by Ralph Evans, Rhodes Trust, 1996, p. 180.

My Tutors

The next day, I was given subjects for my first tutorial essays for PPE by my politics and economics tutors Ken Tite and David Worswick, so my uncertainty was obviously over. I had been told that both Worswick and Tite were two of the University's best amongst the younger contingent of tutors. At the time, Worswick was 38 and Tite 35. My philosophy tutor in PPE, would be Harry Weldon, who was 58. He had been a fellow of the College since 1923. He had served in France during the First World War, winning the military cross and bar. For some of the Second World War, he had served on the staff of Arthur 'Bomber' Harris and had provided justification to politicians and the public for the raids on German cities.²⁶ When Weldon died in 1958, President Boase said 'no one had played a greater part in building up the present standards of the College'. In a recent assessment of his contribution, Weldon was described in these terms:

A forceful personality, combined with his constant presence as a resident bachelor, enabled him to exercise wide influence on policy, but his direct impact was largely confined to the new PPE School, on which he chose to focus his own philosophy teaching. He thought classics lacked direct relevance to the modern world, as well as being too closely associated with the strengths of the public schools. ... It was only after the war, however, that Weldon was joined in PPE teaching by a team of others who shared both his ideological outlook and his commitment to teaching: David Worswick, Ken Tite, and Frank Burchardt.²⁷ ...

Weldon was widely regarded as a stimulating tutor, and one who taught his pupils to think, although some certainly found him overbearing. ... he created an academic and intellectual culture among PPE men, who often met socially, and to read papers to their peers over beer in his rooms.²⁸

David Worswick²⁹ was London-born and educated at St Paul's School, the school attended by Isaiah Berlin six years his senior. At New College, Oxford, he gained a first class honours degree in mathematics, followed by a diploma in economics and political science. He quickly understood, however, the limitations of simplistic mathematical approaches to economic problems. His obituary in 2001 stated:

David Worswick devoted his professional life to studying the British economy and explaining how it worked, first to several hundred Magdalen undergraduates and later to a much wider general public. In doing this he was always concerned not simply to educate and inform, but to explore ways in which economic policy could affect matters for good or ill. His subject had always for him a moral dimension.

26 Wikipedia article, 'Thomas Dewar Weldon', on the Internet.

27 Burchardt was a lecturer in economics 1941–48 and appointed a fellow and tutor in economics at Magdalen in 1948, when he became director of the Institute of Statistics at Oxford. He and his wife were refugees from Nazi Germany. According to Worswick, 'he did more than anyone else to establish Oxford as a leading centre of applied economics'. G. D. N. Worwick, 'Burchardt, Frank Adolf (1902–1958)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Oxford University Press, 1904.

28 Andrew Hegarty, 'The Tutorial Takeover, 1928–1968', in *Magdalen College Oxford, A History*, edited by L. W. B. Brockliss, Magdalen College, Oxford, 2008, pp. 618–9.

29 The following account of David Worswick is based on Kit McMahon, 'Obituary: David Worswick', *The Independent*, Friday, 25 May, 2001.

From 1965 to 1982, Worswick was director of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research, the leading independent forecaster and commentator on the British economy. He became a fellow of the British Academy in 1979 and a CBE in 1981, and was president of the Royal Economic Society 1982–84. Keynesian beliefs, to which he subscribed, came under strong attack in the 1970s.

By the time he retired in 1982, the intellectual climate had become uncongenially dogmatic and the air was thick with simplistic nostrums, intellectually weak but politically strong. In some ways he must have been glad to retire to the Oxford which emotionally he had perhaps never fully left, to the comfort of family, friends and private research.

Worswick was 'from first to last a believer in political economy rather than economics and therefore that PPE Philosophy, Politics and Economics was a genuine discipline rather than, as it was taught in other colleges, three different subjects slung together'. 'Worswick was a devoted member of his college, keenly interested in all that concerned it'. He was appointed a fellow and tutor in economics in 1945, senior tutor from 1955 to 1957, and vice-president from 1963 to 1965. In 1969, he was made emeritus fellow.

'An excellent teacher, lucid, stimulating, witty and extremely unpompous', Worswick faced an early challenge in the teaching of Ken Tite, a returning exservicemen, who 'later became his colleague as a brilliant Magdalen politics don'.

Every week Major Tite's essays were so complete that when they were over Worswick could think of nothing to say. So one week he deliberately held back from the reading list a particular reference he intended to use to fight back with. But as soon as Tite arrived he asked briskly why the reference had not been given to him.

Ken Tite was appointed fellow and tutor in politics in 1949. I was to get on particularly well with him, and Trish and I became good friends with him, his wife Margaret, and their two young children, whom we used to baby-sit. He had the unusual hobby of train-spotting. Whenever we were out on a picnic with them, he knew exactly which trains we would see and the details of the engines and carriages. Guitar playing was another hobby. He loved cricket and was a keen participant in the cricket match between the senior common room and the College team, although he did not enjoy very good health and was to die relatively young in 1975. The Tites lived in The Old Pound House at Headingly in Oxford. David Worswick was also a married don with children, and we would sometimes see David and his wife Sylvia socially.

Weldon, Worswick and Tite were my impressive triumvirate in PPE. They in turn were stimulated by the general academic atmosphere of the College at the time. Talk in the senior common room and hall was apparently about serious matters of a no-holds-barred kind. 'Men like (the ancient historian) Stevens, the philosopher Gilbert Ryle ..., Bruce McFarlane, A. J. P. Taylor, C. S. Lewis and Harry Weldon could be extremely stimulating in their several ways, while the lexicographer, Onions, was always at hand for linguistic clarification'.³⁰

30 Andrew Hegarty in *Magdalen College Oxford, A History*, p. 602.

PPE at Oxford University

In 1952/3, the year before I entered the College, the College contained 229 undergraduates, with 29 of these studying PPE, now sometimes called 'modern greats'. Only 53 of the total students were in the social sciences. The other 24 were in law. No other social sciences, apart from PPE and law, were being studied. Sociology in particular, was a glaring absence, and only 2 of the College's undergraduates were studying PPP – psychology, philosophy and physiology, which had only held its first examinations as recently as 1949.³¹ 97 were classified as arts students. These included 23 studying Greek and Latin historians and philosophers in the original tongue, which had dominated Oxford studies for more than a century under the name of 'greats'.³² 47 were studying history, 14 English, and 7 modern languages. Only 39 students were studying one or other of subjects classified as sciences.³³ The College, and the University, were still heavily concentrated on the humanities, law and the relatively new-comer of PPE, started in 1923. Magdalen's 1953 PPE examination results were remarkable – 7 firsts out of 12 entered, in an era when only 6 to 8 per cent were normally placed in the top class.³⁴

The Structure of PPE

The structure of PPE was a general part, consisting of six subjects, two from each of the three subjects of the honour school, and two further subjects chosen from prescribed lists which allowed for further study on one or more of the subject areas.³⁵ The compulsory philosophy subjects were: general philosophy from Descartes to the present time (with candidates being expected to show a first-hand knowledge of some of the principal philosophical writings of the period); and moral and political philosophy (with candidates being expected to show first-hand knowledge of some of the principal philosophical writings on this subject). In politics, the compulsory subjects were: theory and working of political institutions (including the study of the structure and functions of modern government, international, national and local, with special reference to the constitutional systems of the United Kingdom, the United States of America, and France); and British Political and Constitutional History since 1830. In economics, the two subjects were: principles of economics; and economic organisation.

The further subjects which I chose to study were: British social and economic history since 1760; and the political structure of the British Commonwealth (this included the study of political institutions within the communities within the British Commonwealth with special reference to self-government and the problems of attaining it and working it, and the development of forms of closer regional association).

31 *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, p. 153.

32 *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, p. 140.

33 Andrew Hagarthey in *Magdalen College Oxford, A History*, p. 612.

34 Andrew Hagarthey in *Magdalen College, Oxford, A History*, p. 619.

35 *The Examination Statutes together with the Regulations of the Boards of the Faculties*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1952, pp.199–202.

It was claimed in the University Handbook that PPE was ‘a well-balanced course of of study in the social problems of the modern world, lacking something in technical completeness but providing a training in self-critical study of these problems. In spite of the inclusion of two history papers it is necessarily deficient in historical depth’.³⁶ Both of my elective subjects were historical, and much of my work at the University of Adelaide had been historical, but I did wonder how a contemporary examination of social problems could be adequate without the developing insights of sociological inquiry.

Returning to those early settling-in days in 1954. On 19 January, Trish and I had morning coffee with Uncle Ralph Civil. He was married to my mother’s sister, Auntie Addie. Lucy and Addie were regular correspondents throughout their lives. The Civils’ daughter Kathleen had lived near us for a while when she stayed with Ralph’s sister and her husband, the Marleys, and had studied at Oxford. Ralph and Addie lived near Farnborough about 40 miles away and Ralph worked in Oxford. Auntie Addie had bought the sheets for my room in the College and had written a letter of welcome inviting us to stay when we could. Ralph very kindly said he would see his motor mechanic friend in Farnborough about a second-hand car for touring.

The Flat in Walton Crescent

Also on 19 January, Johnny and Helen Thwaites found a suitable flat for three in Walton Crescent, owned by a Russian woman who lived in the basement. They moved in the next day; Trish the day after. The rent was about 30 shillings a week each. The place looked quite comfortable and reasonably clean, although it was a rather dreary-looking street of uniform drab two-storey attached houses, with basements. It was a convenient location. The Dragon School where Johnny was teaching was on Bardwell Road off Banbury Road. Banbury and Woodstock Roads were the two major roads north, which led from St Giles in the centre of the town. Little Clarendon Street was just at the start of Woodstock Road and it led into Walton Crescent. The Ashmolean Museum was in St Giles. The bike ride from Magdalen College went along Longwall Street into Holywell Street past New College, into Broad Street where the Sheldonian, Blackwells Bookshop, Balliol and Trinity Colleges were located. Broad Street ran into St Giles. Buses along The High and Walton Street gave Trish easy and quick access to and from the College.

In the evening of 19 January, Margaret Berry and Trish came with me to the College chapel for evensong. The next day, I wrote to the family:

The singing was glorious. I think that from what I have seen of the colleges so far, this is certainly my choice architecturally – it is a lovely place. There is very little monotony about the meals, though of course mass cooking is never as tasty as home cooking. Margaret returns to London on Friday (22nd). She seems to have enjoyed her stay, and it has been wonderful to have her with Trish while I was settling in, and until Helen had settled in a flat.³⁷

³⁶ *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, p. 151.

³⁷ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 20/1/54.

She even wrote to my mother on 15 January, giving her a report of our arrival and how I was settling in, including a detailed description of my rooms. 'I think he should be very happy when he gets settled. It has been lovely seeing them'.³⁸ We were certainly fortunate to have had her help, not least because she was so knowledgeable about living in England. On 22 January, the president had seven of us (two Australians, two Americans, a Canadian, and two Englishmen) to a superb dinner in his lodgings. We talked till almost midnight. Again, I was impressed by the charm of the president of the College.

On 23 January, Jim Morgan drove from London for the week-end to see me. We had been at school together, and he had gone directly to Magdalen after school.³⁹ He had written to me when he knew I was coming to Magdalen saying he thought the College would suit me; I would appreciate its informality. On his visit, he slept upstairs in a sleeping bag. After we had lunch in town, he drove Trish and me to see Blenheim Palace, home of the Duke of Marlborough, about 8 miles out of Oxford. He had dinner with me in hall, and then spent the evening with about 10 of his old rowing mates in the College, while I was at the Walton Street flat getting in just before the curfew at midnight. The next day, the Thwaites, John Feltham, Jim, Trish and I wandered around the College grounds, including Addison's Walk. After tea in my rooms, Jim, Trish and I went to 6pm chapel, followed by formal dinner in hall at 7.15pm. Jim had a very marked Oxford accent. I thought he had grown up a lot. I appreciated him making the effort to come and see me. I had to work late on my politics essay for the next day, but I reported 'Mr Tite seemed fairly pleased with it'.⁴⁰

It was in this letter that I asked my mother to keep my letters in chronological order and put them away in a trunk so that they would 'help me in future years to remember this interlude in my life'.

Snow

26 January was my first experience of snow in Oxford. 'It snowed for most of the day, and really the result was lovely. These old buildings look even more attractive when their eaves, and any other upward-facing stonework are covered by a white layer. The lawns in the centre of the quads are like vast white carpets'. Amidst the snow, Trish caught the 8.40 am train to London for an appointment with an eye specialist and to spend the rest of the day looking at Liberty's and other shops with Auntie Margie. I was to meet her at the Oxford station on the 9.05pm train, but she missed it because she took the Circle Line in the wrong direction. She eventually arrived at 12.45am. We walked to the flat and I rode my bike back to the College. It was too late to wake the porter, so I left the bike in Longwall Street and climbed up a lamp-post and over the wall. The lamp-post had spikes projecting from it but these actually facilitated the climbing. On the inside of the wall, the College authorities had placed a small ladder near the bottom so people would not break their necks! The stone

38 Letter, Margaret Berry to Mrs Lawrence, 15/1/54.

39 See p. 61. I was disappointed to miss Rod Matheson, also from St Peter's, when he called to see me on the previous day. He was on his way to Scotland before departing for home.

40 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 25/1/54.

of the wall was worn rather V-shaped where generations of late students had climbed in. It was an unexpected initiation to one of the College traditions. For several days, the temperature was well below freezing point – the coldest for seven years, but strangely, both Trish and I thought that if that was the coldest it got, it was quite bearable. Multiple jumpers knitted by my mother were in constant use. I had had to buy a hot water-bag and an additional very heavy blanket for my bed, but with these I could sleep comfortably.

Hugh Stretton

At my economics tutorial on 27 January, Worswick ‘seemed not displeased’ with the two small essays I read on the national income. That afternoon, Hugh Stretton had me to tea in his rooms at Balliol. He thought PPE was by far the most sensible course for me to read. The University was still basically an undergraduate institution; it was not yet well organised for postgraduate students and they could easily feel isolated and lonely. Brian Ellis, who was reading a BPhil in philosophy, told me he found that he worked by himself far too much.⁴¹ I was most impressed by Stretton. His manner was ‘quiet yet very free’. I had the feeling that he was exceptionally gifted. He had great admiration for Doug Pike, both as a man and an intellectual, and hoped that he would stay in Adelaide.⁴²

In a letter that day to my sister Margaret with best wishes for her final year at her school, I reported that washing clothes at the Walton Crescent flat was quite a problem. It had to be done in the large kitchen sink, apparently a common arrangement even in County Council homes, and it took days to dry. I mentioned enjoying venison at a recent College dinner.⁴³

A Madrigal Group

Starting on 29 January, a couple of hours each Friday in the College music room, I was a member of a College madrigal group. We had ‘great fun’, singing ‘wonderful stuff’. Most of the members were able to sight-read music quite well. The music room had a fine grand piano, which I found was quite often free during the day so I could occasionally have a quiet play when I felt the need. Another student from Adelaide, David Dodwell, later spent an inordinate amount of his time playing Bach on this instrument to the detriment of his scholarly work.

On Sunday 31 January, Trish and I ‘enjoyed immensely a terrific spread’ provided for tea by Brian Ellis at Queen’s. He was expecting his fiancée in England in July. I had a further interesting time with him when he invited me to coffee after dinner on 3 February to find out what I thought of philosophies of history. On 8 February, he called in for another chat. I also talked on that day with Roger Opie, the 1951 South Australian Rhodes Scholar. He seemed little changed although I had not known him well at the University of Adelaide.

41 Letter, John Lawrence to Jim Lawrence, 20/1/54.

42 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 1/2/54.

43 John Lawrence to Margaret Lawrence, 27/2/54.

He was a Nuffield Student, having obtained a first in PPE at Christ Church in 1953. Later in 1954, he had an appointment to lecture economics at the London School of Economics and Political Science.⁴⁴

On 1 February, Trish and I contacted Eric Gray, a don at Christ Church. He invited us immediately to tea at his home that day. Trish had an introduction to him from Gavin Walkley, an architect friend of her father's, and Mr Cameron from St Peter's said we must see him. He was the 1932 South Australian Rhodes Scholar. The three Gray children were playing cowboys and Indians in the house, Eric and his wife were really too busy to stop and talk with us, and Mrs Gray's mother and the local vicar arrived while we were there. Nevertheless, the Grays seemed very interested to hear about Adelaide, and were very helpful about contacting people for a job for Trish. We were not allowed to leave until 6 pm, and were invited to drop in at any time we felt like it. Their home was about a ten-minute walk from the Walton Crescent Flat.

In the evening of 4 February, I was invited with a couple of others to coffee by Graham Jeffries, a 1952 New Zealand Rhodes Scholar completing his medical training in Oxford. He had become engaged to an American girl Elizabeth Townsend Jones, a postgraduate student at Oxford. Graham and Elizabeth were to become our good friends. Graham was a high jumper, gaining selection in the Oxford-Cambridge team that had recently visited the USA. In 1955, he became president of the Oxford University Athletics Club.⁴⁵

Trish stayed with Margaret Berry in London 3–6 February. We all had dinner and talked at length at the flat in Oxford on 6 February. Margaret slept the night there on a divan before departing for Manchester early the next day, to be ready for her return to work on 8 February. Trish in particular had appreciated her assistance in helping us get settled and it was obvious that Margaret herself had enjoyed it too.

The Raleigh Club

On Sunday evening of 7 February, I went with Robin Ashwin to my first meeting of the Raleigh Club at Rhodes House, to hear Professor V. T. Harlow speak on East Africa (Kenya) which he had visited the previous year. Robin and Jim Forbes had nominated me for membership of the Club, whose object was to discuss the politics of the British Commonwealth. The meeting was 'really interesting' and I thought the Club was 'going to be of quite some assistance to my work'. Only top-ranking people were asked to speak. The membership consisted of 36 male undergraduates representative of the British Commonwealth, resident graduate members and honorary members. Ordinary members were expected to attend at least two meetings in any one term and could bring a guest. At least 10 'public business meetings' and an annual dinner were held each year. Speakers were encouraged to speak freely because views expressed were not to go outside the meeting. The club's tie (which I never purchased) had a claret-red background with alternating narrow white and dark blue

44 *Register of Rhodes Scholars 1903–1995*, edited by Ralph Evans, Rhodes Trust, Oxford, 1996, p. 177.

45 *Register of Rhodes Scholars 1903–1995*, edited by Ralph Evans, Rhodes Trust, Oxford, 1996, p. 183.

stripes. Red and white were Sir Walter Raleigh's heraldic colours; dark blue represented Oxford.⁴⁶ At each meeting, members and their guests still toasted 'the Empire of the Bretaignes' from a silver loving cup!

Founded in 1912, the Club was in abeyance during the First World War, but was revived in 1919. According to one account, 'The Club's progress between the wars is in many ways the story of Oxford's influence on and response to the development from empire to Commonwealth'. Sir Reginald Coupland, a fellow of All Souls and Beit Professor of Colonial History at the University (1920–48), sponsored the Club, attempting 'to recruit outstanding Oxford students into service of the Empire'. He was 'an idealist who believed in the moral capacity of the British Empire to shape a better world and to help dependent peoples to advance towards self-government'.⁴⁷

On 9 February, Jennifer Richards had Trish and me to tea in her room at St Hilda's, a women's college just on the other side of Magdalen Bridge on High Street. Trish found her much more talkative than when her family visited the Richards at their home in Cornwall in 1952. We both very much enjoyed her company, and later she would occasionally drop in when she was going past along the High.

My Initiation Into Rugby

I had my first experience of playing rugby on Saturday, 13 February. The college team was playing against King's School at Worcester. They were a couple short so the captain asked if I would play even though I had explained that Australian Rules football was a very different game. From years of practice in my favourite sport, my ball-handling was secure and I could punt-kick for touch with either foot; I quickly learned to throw a pass, and cope with being tackled, but learning to rugby tackle took longer. A couple of days earlier, I had watched Magdalen play St Edmund's Hall in very wet conditions. This gave me a bit of knowledge about the game, but when I first played 'I didn't have a clue what was going on half the time'. I was playing at wing three-quarters and I did have a few runs with the ball getting within 5 yards of the try line twice, but 'each time was brought down by a mass of chaps jumping on me'. We won 9 points to 5. Quite a few complimented me afterwards and some said I had made a spectacular debut. I wrote to the family, 'Of course it was rot, but still it's heartening to know I wasn't a complete flop. I don't think much of the game, but at least it will keep me fit'. King's School was just beside Worcester Cathedral. We had lunch and tea after the match at the School. After tea, some of us wandered into the Cathedral. Evensong was being sung; the organ and choir sounded lovely. Our bus arrived back at Magdalen at 11.15pm, after we had stopped at a little wayside pub until about 10pm drinking, singing and playing darts. It had been a really enjoyable day – 'I had got to know quite a few very nice chaps, and had also been initiated into rugby'.⁴⁸

46 *Rules of the Raleigh Club*

47 Wm Roger Louis, 'Introduction', in *The Oxford History of the British Empire: Historiography*, edited by Robin W. Winks, University Press, Oxford, 1999, pp. 23–4.

48 John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 14/2/54.

The next day, I was very stiff but had hardly any bruises. Trish and I had tea with Jim and Margie Forbes that afternoon. He had attended St Peter's College, and had won a military cross fighting against the Japanese. At the University of Adelaide, he had studied history and political science and at Magdalen was doing a D Phil in political science. He was obviously headed for a political career. From 1956 to 1975, he was a Liberal member for Barker in the Australian House of Representatives and held various ministerial positions 1963–72. He became federal president of the Liberal Party of Australia 1982–85. He was friendly towards me and I shared his interest in political science, but many found him distant and rather pompous. He had married Margaret Blackburn, a friend of Trish's sister Anne Berry at the Wildernes School. I had consulted her brother Dick about my college preferences.⁴⁹

On Monday, 15 February, I took two Sydney-siders, George Russo a fellow passenger on the *Orontes* and a girl who was in the ice ballet in London, on a tour of some of the colleges. That evening, while having a cup of cocoa in my room with Graham Jeffries, Uncle Ralph called in and stayed for a long chat. I had Jenny and Trish to tea on 17 February, and Jenny and John Feltham and I had dinner at the flat the next day. 19 February was Helen's and Jenny's birthday. Trish and I went to a small party in Jenny's room to celebrate.

A Week-End Near Farnborough

Trish and I spent the week-end of 20–21 February with Uncle Ralph and Auntie Addie at their home two miles out of Farnborough. The 40-mile drive there through Henley on the Thames was in sunny weather and I found the countryside 'fascinatingly beautiful', even in the winter. The drive back early Monday morning was through Reading so we could see more of the Thames. The Civils could not have been kinder, and we felt very comfortable with both of them. Uncle Ralph 'improved tremendously on further acquaintance'. He suffered badly from asthma. As promised he introduced us to his garage man in Farnborough who was looking out for a car for us.⁵⁰ Auntie Addie's very piercing voice startled us at first. It was so different from my mother's. As mentioned, she and my mother were in regular correspondence. Addie took special pleasure in cooking and passed on many tips to Trish. Trish and I went for a long cross-country walk, chatted with our hosts, or sat in front of a warm fire reading. In the evenings, we watched television which was still a novelty. We were sorry the week-end had to finish. Farnborough was well-known for its annual air-show. Two large aerodromes were nearby and the sky was rarely clear of a plane of some sort, while we were there.

I was disappointed when the Rugby game for Monday, 22 February, was cancelled, but went with Trish and Helen Thwaites to watch the Magdalen first crew, coxed by John Feltham, compete in the 'Torpids' – the bumping races between the colleges. A week later, I reported life was much the same – the two essays a week, visits to the flat, and occasional outings. After 'supper' at

49 See pp. 151–2.

50 See p. 172.

the flat, on 25 February we went with Helen and a Melbourne friend to see the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet Company. The next evening Trish dined with Miss Mann, the principal of St Hilda's College, while I attended my madrigal group. For a while on Saturday 27 February, John Feltham and I watched the University athletics trials at the Iffley Road sports ground⁵¹ and I then saw the Oxford University team playing a rugby match. In the evening, an English friend Alan Gordon⁵² and I picked up Jenny at St Hilda's and went to the flat for dinner before the Rhodes House Dance. Unfortunately, Johnny Thwaites had a nasty cold so he and Helen could not go the dance. The Milner Hall in Rhodes House provided a superb setting, and the band was good, the food 'quite edible', and the atmosphere happy. Alan enjoyed it all very much. We wearily climbed over the wall after taking the girls home. The next morning, Trish and I went to a communion service in St Giles' Church near the flat. In the afternoon, Robin Ashwin asked us to tea with some visiting Western Australian girls, Jim Forbes whose wife had just produced a daughter, and a couple of other Australians. In the evening Sir Robert Hall, head of the economic section of the British Cabinet Secretariat, spoke to the Raleigh Club about the recent 'Sydney Conference' where he was an adviser to Mr Butler the chancellor of the exchequer.

I was again disappointed when Wadham College forfeited our rugby match on Monday, 1 March, but went for a run kicking a football about with 'SEK' Hulme. That evening, the Thwaites, John Feltham, Trish and I heard an impressive recital by Eileen Joyce in the Town Hall⁵³, and had supper together at the flat afterwards. Brian Ellis had cocoa with me and talked till quite late a couple of nights later.

Throughout this week, Trish unsuccessfully made inquiries about teaching at private schools around Oxford. Although she might be able to get a job at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, the daily travelling to it would be 'a bit of a drag', the holidays were not comparable with school holidays, and the hours of work would be seven more than she had worked at Salisbury. We both thought that teaching was the best sort of job for Trish to get.⁵⁴

On 6 March, the last Saturday evening before the end of term, Trish and I were invited with three students and a Dutch girl, to coffee at the Tites' home in Headington. We were to have gone on to the warden's beer party at Rhodes House, but it was so windy and wet that Ken Tite offered to ring Bill Williams, whom he knew well, and was assured we would not be missed among the 200 people attending. We had a very pleasant evening before Ken drove us to the flat. His wife seemed an 'exceptionally nice' person. The next day, Trish and I went to evensong at St Giles', before a concert in the Magdalen junior common room. In a mixed program of chamber music and Schubert songs, the madrigal group performed 'Phaudrig Crohoore', a 25-minute Irish ballad, which I described as

51 Graham Jeffries jumped just over 6'1".

52 He was a good mile runner and a friend of Graham Jeffries.

53 Which I described to my family as 'a hideous, oppressive, Victorian building'. Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 6/3/54.

54 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 6/3/54.

‘Stanford at his secular worst’. We had had, however, great if sometimes rather anxious fun in its preparation. The leader of the College madrigal group was John Dickinson, whom my brother later came to know as a medical colleague in London. Strangely, only John and I would mix socially with the female members of the group who came from a couple of the women’s colleges. Other male members of the group had been to single-sex boarding schools and seemed still reticent and rather awkward in their relations with females.

On March 8, Trish and I had tea with Robin Ashwin in my room, but Jim Forbes could not make it. The next day, Roger Opie, Barbara Wall (an English tutor in Adelaide), and Helen Thwaites joined us, again for tea. My final economics tutorial for the term with David Worswick was on Wednesday, 8 March. I had liked both him and Ken Tite, and was disappointed to learn that he would be going to Turkey for a year’s study leave.

My First Collections

On the last day of the term, each undergraduate had to appear before the College president, the dean of divinity and the dean of arts in the College hall, to hear his tutors give a verbal report on his work for the term. My first ‘collections’ on 13 March was short and sweet. My economics tutor Worswick said that I seemed a competent man, and my politics tutor Tite said I had done ‘a very good term’s work, indeed’. The president smiled, wished me a happy holiday, shook hands, and that was that.

The academic term at Oxford University was short – only eight weeks. Although I had arrived a term late, I had quickly settled into college life and was enjoying the various experiences it had to offer, but the term was quickly over. Trish and I had seen each other very regularly and had shared many outings together. Living with the Thwaites had worked out well for her; Helen and Trish continued to enjoy each other’s company. Trish, however, had yet to obtain a suitable job, and this was not going to be easy.

THE EASTER VACATION

Thanks to the generosity of friends, relatives and two English families in the scheme run by the Dominions Fellowship Trust, our six-week Easter vacation was full of interest and enjoyment. Miss Macdonald of Sleat was the organiser of the scheme for people visiting England to spend time in English homes. Soon after I arrived in college, she had offered to find a hostess for us somewhere in the south of England for us to stay 9 April to 22 April. Early March, she had told us we would be with Major and Mrs Ackers at Huntley Manor, Gloucester, 9–16 April, and with Colonel and Mrs Dudley Townsend Rose, Little Prescotes, Brokenhurst, Hampshire, 16–22 April. They were happy to have us both, realising we were engaged but could not be married because of my scholarship.

London

The holiday period began with a crowded train trip to Paddington to stay with Nancy and Dick Futter at Clapham Park.⁵⁵ On 14 March, we had an extended tea with Barry and Joyce Rowlands, our friends from the *Orontes* who lived in South Kensington. Three Brisbane girls who were also from the ship and who lived nearby joined us. 'Supper' with the Futters followed. In town the next day, we called on Colin Anderson at the Commonwealth Bank, looked at Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St James' Palace, and numerous shops, and saw a play at the Apollo Theatre on the theme of science outstripping mankind's ability to cope with its knowledge. On 16 March, at a reception for about 400 people held by the Dominions Fellowship Trust in the elaborate Drapers Hall with its red marble columns and royal portraits, Trish shook hands with the Queen Mother. Afterwards we met Pauline Dick and John Twopeny at Picadilly Circus for a meal and spent the evening at Pauline's flat in Holland Park.

Cornwall – the Richards

The Futters appeared to enjoy having us in London and invited us to stay at any time when we left on Wednesday 17 March to travel by train to Truro in Cornwall. The Richards family lived near Mylor village about eight miles from Truro. Their pleasant two-storied house was set in a small allotment of a few acres, on which they had pigs, a cow, poultry, and various types of vegetable and decorative shrubs which they sold. Hedley Richards was Cornish born and bred. He had been in the English civil service. After 25 years in the Sudan he had retired to potter about on his small farm in Cornwall. Ida Richards was Trish's mother's cousin. She was a very kind, intelligent, sensible woman, but not at all forceful. As already mentioned, Trish and I had already got to know and like their daughter Jennifer at Oxford. She and her 15-year old sister Armored slept in a caravan on the back lawn, while Trish and I were given their rooms! Many years later when we had come to know Armored well, she revealed to us her resentment of spending much of her childhood in an English boarding-school away from her parents.

After the traffic noise of Oxford and London, I was impressed by the peace and quiet of our stay in Cornwall with the Richards. Jenny and I played duets on the piano; we had a long walk in the rain to the Pandora Inn on Restronguet Creek and I could see why the Berry family were so enthusiastic about it; from Flushing we walked along the coast and saw a submarine in the Falmouth harbour; Ida drove us and the girls around Falmouth in very bleak weather; we went to the Falmouth parish church for morning prayer and I noted that the competent organist was an FRCO; we listened to two BBC broadcasts of the Royal Tour in South Australia; we spent time in Truro Cathedral, of similar gothic revival architecture as the Adelaide Cathedral; we had a long walk in fine, misty rain along the narrow country lanes bordered by 'hedges' of earth and stones covered by bushes and thorns and sometimes seeing golden

⁵⁵ They were friends of the Berry family from the time they spent in London in 1952.

fields of daffodils; with Jenny, we went by ferry across the Fal estuary to the village of St Mawes and its headland castle; we listened to a superb concert to open the new organ at the Festival Hall, with the organists Ralph Downes and André Marchal⁵⁶, together with the London Philharmonic under Sir Adrian Boult; at a flower show in Falmouth we bumped into Robin Ashwin who was staying with a local family – the exhibits were mainly grown under glass; and we were entertained by the Mylor players in a comedy thriller in Falmouth – an energetic amateur production. On the final day of our most enjoyable stay with the Richards, Ida drove us and the girls south to Lizard Point; the countryside became less wooded and rather bleak and desolate-looking. At Lizard, I bought a little vase of serpentine rock for our future home, whenever that was to be. Nearby Kynance Cove, with its green slopes, craggy serpentine rocks, clean unmarked sand, blue sea and white breakers provided an ideal spot for a picnic. On the way back, we passed Mullion Cove and St Michael's Mount in the far distance. The coastline was rugged and wild, and under sun-drenched conditions was unbelievably beautiful.

Cornwall – the Tancocks

On Saturday 27 March, we went to stay with the Tancock family in St Ives until 9 April. On the way to Penzance with Ida and Jenny, we stopped opposite St Michael's Mount, a small rocky conical island with its fairly-land castle about half a mile from the shore at Marazion. Ida took us to her brother's quite large two-storied store for women's clothes in Penzance. At the end of the day, Uncle Jimmy drove us like the wind in his Lea Francis car through the ten miles of country lanes to St Ives on the other side of the peninsula. St Ives had a permanent population of about 8,000 but was swollen to 22,000 in the summer. It had a small harbour for a few multi-coloured fishing boats. The streets of the town twisted, zig-zagged and mingled with narrow pedestrian alleys and footsteps in charming confusion. The Tancocks' home was 'Landsdowne', a large two-storied house overlooking a broad bay with St Ives at the left-hand end. Uncle Jimmy was an extremely kind, quietly-spoken man with a sparkle of humour. His wife, Auntie Mary, was keen on acting and producing plays. Despite her rather theatrical manner, we found her basically easy and kind. She and her second daughter Yvonne, aged 21, had just returned from a visit to her eldest daughter Rosemary who was in the civil service in West Africa. John Darling was also a house guest for the first few days we were with them. He was a friend of Yvonne, on leave from a bank in West Africa. Anthony, aged 14, returned home from boarding school on 31 March. The family dog was Ambrose, a highly intelligent half-collie.

St Ives was a haunt for artists and people keen on the arts. On our first night with them, the Tancocks took us to the St Ives Arts Club, of which they were enthusiastic members. The club members had converted an old fisherman's wooden edifice on the foreshore into admirable club rooms. We

⁵⁶ Marchal was a blind French organist. His amazing improvisation at the end of the concert brought the house down. I had heard him play in Adelaide. Ralph Downes was the designer of the new organ.

saw a well-done one-act Priestly play with players from Penzance, heard an excruciatingly bad hour of light music not appreciated by the locals, and joined in a 'strip the willow' dance to conclude the evening. On Sunday 28, in radiant weather Uncle Jimmy drove us to Mullion Cove where we went down into the cove, evocative of boyhood reading of smugglers. Cliffs, black rocks, grass-covered slopes above the towering cliffs, shining green and blue sea breaking in dazzling white foam on jagged rocks made a memorable sight. Before supper, Trish and I had a long walk in St Ives before returning up numerous steps to Landsdowne.

The Tancocks had a few of their 'arty' friends in to meet us on 29 March – an amusing and pleasant evening. The next day, Yvonne, John Dearling, Trish and I, drove to wind-swept Land's End, where we had a picnic eating wonderful Cornish pasties made by Auntie Mary. Further long walks around St Ives; five picture shows including 'Death of a Salesman', 'The Yellow Balloon', and 'Les Belles de Nuit'; the opening of the Spring Exhibition by the St Ives colony of artists with sculptures by Barbara Hepworth; visits to the lovely little cottage of the Fifoots who were great friends of the Tancocks; my first game of billiards with Anthony and Uncle Jimmy; visits to the studios of painter Claire White on the foreshore of the old harbour, and of Segal whose studies of Africans were remarkable and whom I found very interesting to talk to because he was a great friend and champion of 'coloured races'; a drive with Uncle Jimmy to Point Navas on a waterway into Falmouth Bay and a delicious high tea at a luxury hotel on the way; another visit to the Arts Club to hear a former professional actress perform a series of monologues and to learn a few country dances; morning prayer at the small church at Carbis Bay; a long cliff-top walk to Carbis Bay with wild primroses, violets and other small flowers on the banks along the path; a drive with Uncle Jimmy to Gurnard's Head for a walk to see some of the most beautiful coastline we had yet seen; playing cricket and table-tennis with Anthony; a retired judge talking at the Arts Club on 'Is the world improving'; my very enjoyable initiation into squash by Uncle Jimmy and Anthony at a court in a nearby hotel⁵⁷; purchase of a brass 'piskie' door-knocker for our future house; the fish auction near the slip-way in the harbour – our time with the Tancocks was full of interest.

Gloucester – the Ackers

On 9 April, our train to Gloucester passed through Cornwall, Devon and Somerset. Our lunch was Cornish pasties cooked by Auntie Mary. We were met by Mrs Ackers and her daughter Evelyn. Huntley Manor, about seven miles from Gloucester, was a very large French-style mansion built in 1862. It was set in lovely grounds – wide expanses of lawn, a lake, a swimming pool, a large variety of trees and shrubs, and a well-kept back 'garden' of row after row of fruit trees, vegetables, and glass houses, and there was an adjoining farm.

Charles Ackers was in his seventies and had a great store of interesting

⁵⁷ I wrote to the family, 'It is quickly learnt, and in the space of about half-an-hour you can get a tremendous amount of exercise'. Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 10/4/54. I was to play squash regularly throughout my working life.

and amusing stories, including ones of his time at Magdalen College. He had served as a major in the First World War. One of the country's leading foresters, he was president of the Royal Forestry Society 1930–31 and was the author of 'Practical Forestry'. He owned numerous forests. His only son had been killed in the Second World War. Married to Gulli Ackers, they had produced two very attractive daughters – Torill, aged seven, and Lillesol, aged 5, but no son to inherit the Ackers forestry estate. It was Gulli's third marriage. She was a most attractive, charming Norwegian woman in her mid-thirties. We experienced her as a very cheerful, friendly person, although she had had a grim marital history. Her first husband, an architect, had died from meningitis. Christine, aged 15, was the child of that marriage. Gulli's second husband was killed during the war in an air crash, a few weeks before their daughter Evelyn, now 12, was born.

Other house guests were for the first week-end Alison Lomax, a cheerful South African doctor, and from 13 April Mrs Rowlands and her two children, who were from north Wales. Mr Rowlands had just died suddenly. Gulli had been staying with Mrs Rowlands when she lost her second husband and was a close friend. It was she who told us some of the family history.

While with the Ackers, we strolled around lovely grounds; we went by bus to Gloucester with Christine and Evelyn to see a film; Gulli drove us and Alison in her Sunbeam Talbot to Symond's Yat, which provided wonderful views of the surrounding countryside including the River Wye; we attended evensong in the Huntley church; Gulli took us and Evelyn to 'The Log Cabin', their place about 78 miles away in Wales, near Welshpool, built on a mountain surrounded by their forests, overlooking a wide expanse of cultivated valleys and plains; in a long walk through the forests, we saw many varieties of trees including redwoods imported by Charles Ackers from America; we and Christine went with Gulli to a film, 'The Grace Moore Story', in Ross; we were impressed by the size of Gloucester Cathedral, with its stout Norman pillars, its lovely cloisters, and beautiful over-tones from the choir in the immense building which we chanced to hear while we were there; I was taught a bit about billiards by Charles Ackers and a couple of young people who worked on the estate; on our final evening, Mr Ackers revealed his great fund of interesting stories and we all chatted till fairly late. Our leave-taking on 15 April was quite memorable. All the family and visitors lined up in front of the front door and waved as Mr Ackers drove us down the drive-way lined by lovely trees, shrubs and flowers to the train station in Gloucester. The train was 40 minutes late, but Mr Ackers insisted on waiting with us. It had been a most memorable and enjoyable visit. Trish and I found we fitted in extremely well and were invited to return as soon as we could. Since Gloucester was not very far from Oxford, we thought we would be only too pleased to accept the invitation.

The New Forest, Hampshire – Mrs Townsend-Rose

Our last hostess in these Easter holidays was Mrs Townsend-Rose, who lived about a mile from Brockenhurst village which was on the edge of New Forest in Hampshire, and was just a few miles from the South Coast and the Isle of

Wight. I found her high degree of pleasantness and hospitality ‘a little mechanical’, but we seemed to get on well with her even though she thought I was a typical radical from Oxford because one evening I questioned her notion of ‘blue blood’ in the British aristocracy! Staying with her was a Miss Taylor, a large, sensible Scot who taught French in one of the London schools. There were also two other women in the house, both convalescing after visits to hospital. On our arrival, we discovered that Colonel Dudley Townsend-Rose had died in the previous year. Mrs Townsend-Rose had three sons; two were in the army in Germany and a third was travelling in Europe at the time. She had designed and had built her house, ‘Little Prescotes’, about 28 years ago. It was a two-storied fairly large, brick house, set in well-kept grounds. A large expanse of lawn, two small formal gardens and other more straggling flower beds, many filled with daffodils, surrounded the house. I commented to my family that the countryside was beginning at last to look like Spring and described the profusion of wild flowers and bursting buds and green shoots on the trees.⁵⁸

We first met Mrs Townsend-Rose and Miss Taylor at the Pavilion Theatre in Bournemouth where we saw a Christopher Fry play, before being driven to Brokenhurst. We attended the local church on Good Friday and Easter day; bought Easter eggs in the village; had long walks in the ‘Forest’ – an amazing mixture of wide expanses of bleak moor covered in gorse and heath, with many grazing ponies roaming freely, and in other places numerous varieties of trees; talked with visitors for tea; and Mrs Townsend-Rose took us for a drive in her Triumph car to see Salisbury Cathedral with the tallest steeple in England, and pre-Roman earth-works at Old Sarum which provided a great view of Salisbury Plain.

Winchester

On 20 April, we went by train to Winchester to spend a day in this ancient capital of England. We saw what was claimed to be the Round Table of King Arthur in the Great Hall of a castle begun by William the Conqueror. Winchester Cathedral was a magnificent building combining Norman and Gothic architecture. A very narrow, steep, spiral staircase took us to the top of its tower, giving us a view of the town and the surrounding countryside. On the way down we walked the great length of the nave⁵⁹ in the woodwork between the stone vaulting of the ceiling and the roof. Nearby was Winchester College, the oldest of the great English public schools. It was founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham, who also founded New College in Oxford. Its dining hall was bedecked with portraits of famous old scholars. In the ‘newer’ part of the school was a notable building by Christopher Wren. Extending beyond the buildings, was a green carpet of playing fields recently mown for the approaching cricket season. A walk skirting these fields led us to St Cross ‘Hospital’, a group of medieval and Tudor buildings, said to be the location of Trollope’s novel ‘The Warden’. It was England’s oldest continuing almshouse

⁵⁸ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 19/4/54.

⁵⁹ It is the longest medieval church in Europe.

and had provided food and shelter to elderly people in need since the 1130s. Its 25 resident 'brothers' wore black or red gowns and trencher hats.⁶⁰ We were impressed by their Norman church, which was built on the lines of a small cathedral.

The Isle of Wight

From Lymington, we caught a ferry to Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight. On a bus tour around the island we saw Whippinham church designed by Albert the Prince Consort, and in the distance Osborne House, Queen Victoria's summer residence, and a few resorts, but we thought the Isle very patchy in its attractions. On our final day Mrs Townsend-Rose took us for a long drive, seeing Corfe Castle and village, Swyre Head with a lovely view of the coast and a lot of Dorset, a blue clay-pit pool in the woods, and Anglo-Saxon earthworks, and then back through thick woods of firs, larches, oak and chestnut.

TRINITY TERM 1954

We returned to Oxford on Friday 23 April, at the end of a memorable six weeks. I wrote to the family: 'I doubt if we could have used our time more usefully and enjoyably'.⁶¹

My Financial Position

A batch of letters from home, some for my birthday on 24 April, included a rare, very welcome letter from my father. Enclosed was a bank draft for 25 pounds to boost my funds.⁶² In response to his query about my financial situation, I explained that I had as an untouched backstop about £143 in a Commonwealth Savings Bank account. My current account which started off at £50, was now £62 after paying 110 pounds and 10 shillings for my full College expenses for first term. A post office savings account which began at £25, was now £15 after the holidays. Rhodes payments, which I put in my current account, were £140 for my first term, and would be £105 for the next term and £100 at the end of the term for the long vacation. In my second academic year beginning in October, I would be receiving quarterly payments of £125. I was being fairly careful financially, without curtailing activities too much, but the big test would be the summer vacation, which we planned to spend on the Continent.⁶³ I wrote: 'All the food NanNan has given us will save a lot ... and travelling by the little car should not be too dear'.⁶⁴ She had also provided us with the money to buy a modest, serviceable car. Trish gave me for my birthday, an extremely useful travelling cooking set, with a spirit burner.

60 The 'Black Brothers' originated with the original charitable foundation; the 'Red Brothers' were founded in 1445.

61 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 22/4/54.

62 Five from my parents and Marg, and ten each from Trish's parents and NanNan Barker.

63 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 25/4/54.

64 She had given us a large supply of tinned food, which we had brought with us to England, and she had also provided us with the money to buy a modest, serviceable car.

An Unexpected Examination

After reading my letters and obtaining visitors' driving licences, I did last-minute preparation for an unexpected collection (College exam) in politics on my birthday. I had not worked for it during the holidays. After the collection, I saw Ken Tite about the political history tutorials for the term and Harry Weldon about philosophy tutorials. Once again I had the worry of two essays a week. I was relieved when Tite seemed quite satisfied with my politics exam, awarding me a B+, with the comment 'O.K. for first paper'. A birthday dinner at the flat with the Thwaites, John Feltham and Jennifer Richards, was followed by viewing coloured slides taken by the Thwaites.

Trish's Eye Operation in London

In the first week of Hilary Term, I had permission from the College to go to London with Trish on 28 April for her to undergo an eye operation at St Mary's Hospital in Paddington.⁶⁵ I stayed with our ship-board friends, the Rowlands. We were grateful that Margaret Berry took leave for the period Trish would be in London and stayed at the Servicewomen's Club, so she would not be lonely when I had to return to Oxford on Friday 30 April, the day after the operation. Trish had always had a problem with one of her eyes turning in, and had always had to wear glasses or later contact lens to correct it. One of Dr Edgar Brown's London colleagues, Dr Williamson-Noble operated to straighten the eye. He was very pleased with result, but it would be a couple of months before the final outcome would be known. The woman who tested her eyes said that with care and exercise, the final result could be perfect.

Preparing for the Summer Continental Tour

Before meeting Margaret and going to the hospital, Trish and I made some preparations for our summer tour. We booked on the 'Venus', which left Newcastle for Bergen in Norway on 28 June, we joined the Automobile Association and bought from them a superbly comprehensive guide-book with maps, and we obtained visas for France at the French Embassy. Before hospital visiting, I also visited the Youth Hostels Association, bought two sheet sleeping bags, and discovered that travelling by car we could use hostels in Norway, Sweden, West Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France. This should help our finances considerably.

Punting

Back in Oxford on 30 April, I had quite a successful philosophy tutorial, and after lunch went punting with John Feltham. Being located beside a river was a great boon. The junior common room hired out about 25 punts for the whole of the summer term, for use of its members. They were located near Magdalen Bridge. My first punting experience was with Trish on 25 April, before she went into hospital. The banks and the meadows from the river were

⁶⁵ Alexander Fleming first discovered penicillin in a laboratory at St Mary's in 1928.

now resplendent with flowers, and the College gardens, particularly near the New Building were a brilliant blaze of colours. I learned to punt with an open stance which gave me more stability. We enjoyed it immensely. I could think of no better way of hastening Trish's recovery than exploring the water-ways accessible by punting from Magdalen.

May Day

On May Day, I rose at 5.30am to be among the over 200 people, including the Magdalen Choir, who crowded on the top of Magdalen Tower. The High was filled with people and the river around the Bridge was choked with overcrowded boats. At 6am, the choir sang two lovely carols, and this was followed by forty-five minutes of superb bell-ringing which at times shook the Tower alarmingly. I did not get down in time to see the Morris dancing which started in Rose Lane and moved away from the College.

Then next day, at the invitation of Miss Mathews, the President's secretary, I went to coffee at 8.30 pm to meet her younger sister, who had lived in Adelaide for a year a couple of years before. She was a cellist in the Adelaide Symphony orchestra and moved in musical circles; she knew the Horners quite well. Among the other guests was Kevin Magarey from Adelaide, whom I found strange.

Playing Cricket

That day I played my first cricket in England – for the College XI against the Cryptics. They had three old blues and the rest had been Authentic players. Not more than 100 men in residence at any one time were elected to the Authentics Cricket Club drawn from all colleges. An Authentics committee member was responsible for getting a team for each match. According to the University Handbook, the Club played many matches, and these sometimes provided the University captain with a good opportunity of trying players with a view to inclusion in the University eleven.⁶⁶ The Cryptics declared at 6 for 300. We replied with 164. I went in first-wicket down, but virtually had to open, and scored an enjoyable 25 before being caught at deep square leg trying to hit a full toss for six. College cricket consisted of a series of one-day matches, usually about twice a week throughout Hilary term. Colleges rarely played against each other, but quite often played the same touring team, touring for perhaps a week or so once a year. Touring teams came from all over the place. Magdalen had quite a good fixture list.⁶⁷

My letters to the family provide a brief record of the mixed cricketing fortunes for myself and for the teams I played with for Hilary term 1954. Three of the games were cancelled because of wet weather and/or a sodden ground. Other outside activities were also affected by the weather; Trish and I were to have seen 'As You Like It' performed by the Magdalen Players in the deer park on 21 May, but the weather caused its cancellation.

⁶⁶ *Handbook to the University of Oxford*, At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1952, p. 307.

⁶⁷ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 28/5/54.

On 8 May, I played for the Magdalen Ramblers in my first village cricket match, against Blechington, a village about six miles from Oxford. The Ramblers played their cricket in a light-hearted manner and usually retired to the local pub after a match. Each Rambler team was chosen by a person selected at the beginning of the season to be in charge of a certain match. I opened the batting on a tricky, two-paced pitch which was virtually a mown strip in the middle of a field, and was bowled by a shooter after scoring 15. We made 100, and they could only muster 58, so had another knock until 7 pm, when we all retired to the local pub. After a drink with the local villagers, three of us looked at the village church and a nearby mansion with game-filled grounds. George Huxley⁶⁸ found a couple of brasses of interest in the village church.

On 10 May, I played for the College team against Berkley Banks on a week's tour from Lancashire, where most of them played in the Lancashire League. Because one of our openers was late, I had to open with John Orton. John was an excellent stroke-maker but he and I could only muster 20 in the first hour against very accurate bowling, and were both soon out after that. Magdalen only made 107, which the opposition overhauled with a quarter of an hour to spare. As soon as I was dismissed, I rode on my bike to the flat to welcome Trish back to Oxford, but returned to the cricket for lunch. Trish came back from London with Jean Allen, who drove her good friend Margaret Berry to pick up her new Morris Minor in Oxford. After a politics history tutorial at 6 pm, and dinner, I took Trish and Margaret punting a long way up the river and they loved it. Uncle Ralph called in while we were having a hot drink in my room at 9 pm, with news about the car we hoped to purchase. He had recovered from a bout of illness. It had been a memorable day. It was wonderful to have Trish back again. She had been advised not to read for a while and then to use her glasses for reading until she no longer needed them, which might take six months.

On 11 May, I told the family that three of us from Magdalen had been asked to play against the University XI on Whitsuntide Monday holiday on 7 June. The other two were John Orton, the College cricket captain, and Jim Harper, a fast bowler who had had a University cricket trial at the beginning of the term. On 12 May, in an afternoon game, the College team played against Magdalen College School. We were set 137 to make in 90 minutes. I went in after the fall of two quick wickets, and made 73. We won with about three minutes to spare. After supper, I took Trish out on a punt until it was dark. The next day, we were again on the river, where I wrote my philosophy essay and Trish wrote a letter and dozed. On Saturday, 15 May, we played against the I Zingari team, who in the past had proved far too strong for the College. They were a wandering amateur cricket club founded in 1845 to nurture amateur cricket following the rise of professionalism. Bill Williams, the Warden of Rhodes House, was playing with them. He took a keen interest in cricket at the University, serving for many years as the senior treasurer of the Oxford

68 George, an archaeology student, was the son of Professor George Huxley, Trish's former physics teacher at the University of Adelaide.

University Cricket Club and as its president 1966–68. The IZs made 161. I took a catch and got 1 for 23 bowling off-breaks. We took 8 wickets to reach 162, of which I contributed 47 at first-wicket down. John Orton scored 66 not out. Some of his shots reminded me of Phil Bednall, the brilliant schoolboy batsman at St Peter's who went on to play interstate cricket.

On 19 May, we travelled by bus to play Magdalene College, Cambridge. They made 7 for 220, in which I took 2 for 33 from 10 overs, but was run out for 4 in our total of 110 in reply. After the game, I saw Bill Hayward briefly at Jesus College between innings in a cricket match he was playing, and left a note for Alan Dowding who was not in his rooms. I then had a wonderful evening with Ros and John Grant, before returning on the bus to Oxford arriving at the College at 1 am. Trish and I were shocked, however, when we heard on 19 May from Christine Ackers that her mother Gulli had died. Christine said we were still welcome to go to Huntley Manor at any time. I wrote to Charles Ackers and sent all the snaps we had taken of Gulli while we were with them. On 16 June, he wrote to me asking me to send him the negatives, saying they were very clear and should enlarge well, particularly the group with his wife in the centre looking straight at the camera.

On John Orton's suggestion, I was included in the Authentics team which played at Cheltenham on Saturday, 22 May. Trish came in the bus with us. Rain held up play until 4 pm. Cheltenham Cricket Club made 4 for 152 declared, and we replied with 8 for 132 finishing at 8 pm in shocking light. I went in number three and was bowled first ball! I did manage to hold a running catch in the outfield and our captain said I fielded well, but it was poor consolation. We won the College game against Northants Amateurs on 25 May, but I only contributed 9 in our total of 175. The opposition scored 120. On 27 May, in an afternoon game against Christchurch College, we got them out for 140, and when play stopped at 6.30 pm. we were 9 for 83, with me 43 not out. The next day, the end of Eights Week, we had to play against Bradley College, an English public school. I only contributed 1 to our total of 109, which they reached losing 3 wickets two of them to my bowling for 38 runs.

On 2 June, I was pleased when John Orton was elected president of the junior common room at the College; I thought he should do a good job. We had become good friends. He and I went with an Authentics side to play Bradfield College on 3 June. They made 129, and we lost 4 wickets getting the runs, including mine for only 4. The Tic's captain complimented me on my fielding. On 5 June, with John Twopeny I watched the University XI play The Free Foresters, for whom Alan Dowding was playing, and we chatted to him for a while. A sodden ground caused cancellation of the game on 7 June, at Witney. Another College game was cancelled because of a wet pitch on Friday 11 June. I wrote on that day, 'The weather had been wretched for weeks now. Even the English people say it is worse than usual'. Another game to have been played on 12 June was also cancelled. It was a disappointing way to be ending the College team's cricket season.

There were, however, three more very relaxed games that I did play. On Thursday, 17 June, the College Ramblers played against the senior common room. Ken Tite had been looking forward to it for weeks. The dons made 149

in cavalier fashion and we replied with 7 for 150, with my contribution being 21. Our lunch back at the College included huge strawberries, cream and ice-cream. It was the first time I had SCR food and now did not wonder why so many of the dons like Ken Tite and C. S. Lewis looked so well fed. In the evening of 18 June, from 6pm to 8.45pm, I played for the Oxford Australia Club against the Dragon School teachers. We made 130, of which I swiped 21 in ten minutes, and they replied with 132. On Sunday, 20 June, a weakened College team played the Withered Lilies (former Magdalen men). They made 7 for 270 in very quick time. We replied with 170, of which I made 29. At 8.30pm that evening, Trish, Joan Creswell and I heard the College sing in the cloisters for well over an hour a delightful collection of madrigals and other pieces.

I thoroughly enjoyed playing my first term of cricket in England. The Magdalen cricket ground was well-kept, quite large, and had an extremely good pitch, even but reasonably lively. I found that generally the pitches were slower and had more turn than those I played on at home. I could comfortably pull, hook, or cut short-pitched balls, and could drive anything over-pitched, particularly on the on side. At times I made a few runs but I obviously had to increase my scores and improve my consistency as a higher order batsman. Bowling off-breaks and getting the odd wicket was an unexpected pleasure. Playing in lush green conditions and into the evening in fine weather was often a joy. So too was the companionship of playing the game with fellow College students and against a wide variety of oppositions.

The First Four-Minute Mile

On Thursday, 6 May, I had a tremendous thrill, seeing Roger Bannister run a mile in 3 minutes 59.4 seconds – the first time ever that the 4-minute barrier had been broken. Alan Gordon had told me that morning that Bannister had been training with Brasher, a steeple-chaser, and Chataway, a middle-distance runner, acting as pace-makers to make an attempt at the 4-minute mile. It was likely to take place at the meeting that afternoon between Oxford University and the Amateur Athletics Association at the Iffley Road athletics track. I went there with Hector Brooks, a visitor from Adelaide. The meet began at 5pm and there were some good performances despite windy conditions and occasional showers. My friend Graham Jeffries cleared 6'2" in the high jump and almost 6'3", the winning height.

Just before 6 o'clock the breeze seemed to drop because a shower was threatening – it didn't come, however. At 6pm, the mile was run. The first two laps were incredibly fast – 1 minute 58, I think, the third was slower but in the final, Bannister, about 350 yards from home, passed Chataway who had taken over the pacemaking job at the halfway mark from Brasher, and unleashed an amazing run. The crowd⁶⁹ was in hysterics. It was essentially a team effort. I feel sorry for Landy. If he had had Chataway and Brasher he would have done it before now, I'm certain. Something was expected of this mile. There were movie cameras and TV cameras all over the place. Hector and I had a wonderful view of the race, sitting

⁶⁹ There were about 3,000 spectators.

in the front row of the main stand. Do try to see the newsreel of the race if you have the chance. It was one I will never forget.⁷⁰

A Bump Supper

On 26 May, the first day of Summer Eights, I watched the last two divisions of the bumping races at 5.30pm and 6.30pm.⁷¹ It was a very colourful scene. When the crews were not rowing, they wandered round the boatsheds, barges and banks in bright-coloured blazers, flannels and boaters. Magdalen's blazer was a very bright, vermilion colour. John Feltham, the cox of the first crew, looked a fright in his blazer, same-coloured peaked-cap pulled right down, protruding ears, bow tie, and a huge bunch of white lilies pinned in his coat. Two others in the first boat were also Australians; one of them, Jim Gobbo, rowed in the University boat both in 1954 and 1955. On 28 May, I again saw the last two divisions row, this time with Trish, Jim Harper and Blanka. Magdalen's first crew managed to stay head of the river throughout the series which ended the next day. The resultant bump supper was a spectacular, riotous affair, which began at 8pm that evening. The food was exceptional. Champagne was drunk throughout, bread was hurled as missiles, and one of the tables was wrenched from its moorings and carried out of hall after the president. Afterwards a huge fire was lit in the meadows and carousing continued till late at night. After the eating, I collected Trish and we went for a superb quiet punt up the river. I took Trish home, then climbed in a bit after twelve.

The day before the excitement of the Bannister triumph, Hector Brooks whom I knew from my time at St Peter's, had called in and I had shown him over a few of the colleges in the rain, after our cricket match against the Incogniti was called off. After tea in my room, with Jim Harper, and dinner in college with me, Hector stayed the night with the Forbes. On the day of the race, after lunch he and Brian Ellis joined me to climb Magdalen Tower. Jennifer then joined us for a while punting on the river, the first punting experience for Hector and Brian, which they thoroughly enjoyed. I provided tea before we went to the Iffley Road track. Thanks to fruitcake and short-breads provided by my mother, enough to last the whole term, my offers of tea or a late-night hot drink always seemed to be readily accepted! After the race, Hector had dinner in college as my guest, and stayed the night at the flat with the Thwaites.

Visitors

I had a succession of visitors during the term and my hospitality could include not only delicious teas, but tours of Magdalen, other colleges and other parts

70 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 7/5/54. Bannister became a distinguished neurologist and master of Pembroke College, Oxford, before retiring in 2001. See Wikipedia article on Roger Bannister on the Internet. Landy had run 4:02.4 in Melbourne on 21/1/54, and 4:02.6 on 19/4/54. He broke Bannister's record in Finland with a time of 3:57.9 on 21/6/54. John Landy became governor of Victoria 2001–6, succeeding Sir James Gobbo. Jim Gobbo was the 1952 Victorian Rhodes Scholar. He was at Magdalen College 1952–5.

71 There were seven divisions altogether. Magdalen had four crews.

of the town; climbing Magdalen Tower for a wonderful view of the College, the High and the spires of Oxford; attending chapel and hearing the choir and organ; punting on the river Cherwell up past Parsons' Pleasure and down to the Isis with its colourful college rowing barges; watching sporting events; a meal in hall or at the flat; and even on one occasion a floor to bunk down on with a sleeping bag, with the blessing of my scout, Pacey. Ken Tite had told me where the key to the Tower was located so that I could give my visitors that special treat. With Trish slowly recuperating from the eye operation and not yet working, she often could join me when I had visitors, and of course other times as well. Just the two of us spent many hours on the river together, or in my rooms or at the flat. The Thwaites also enjoyed some of our visitors and we enjoyed some of their's.

Our visitors included Mr and Mrs Gordon, Murray's parents; Joan Battersby and two other Australian girls, whom Auntie Nina suggested might visit me⁷²; Topsy Thresher, a South African whom we knew through the Rowlands; Jenny Richards and her mother Ida, who was visiting Oxford for a week⁷³; Jim Harper and his formerly Czech girl-friend Blanka Sigmund, who took us to dinner at the Eastgate Hotel⁷⁴; Meg Hamilton⁷⁵, Bo Baker, and Judy Hoare, who were on a hitch-hiking tour and stayed the night at a nearby Youth Hostel; John Twopeny and Pauline Dick; Elizabeth O'Donnell from Adelaide and Mal Leckle from Melbourne Grammar; Mrs Harbison, one of the 'football mothers' from the University of Adelaide, and two of her friends; and Joan Creswell, one of Trish's Wilderness friends, who came to stay in the flat with Trish for a week from Tuesday, 15 June. The miserable weather improved that week, but the river was so swollen and swift-flowing that punting was out for a time.

End of Term Events

The Raleigh Club dinner was at Rhodes House on Saturday, 12 June. The food was superb and Professor Mansergh from Cambridge gave an excellent account of his impressions of the recent Commonwealth Conference in Lahore. On 13 June, we went to a very pleasant beer party at Rhodes House given by the Warden and his wife Gillian. We finally caught up with Den Walters, a childhood next-door neighbour, and his wife for coffee in this last week of term, on 15 June, and Den joined us in a climb up the Tower the next day. On 17 June, four Australians had a very successful barbecue and dancing party in the College boat-house on the Isis. At about midnight, Trish, Cres, Helen Thwaites and I walked back from the party through the Christ Church meadow with the College president. I wrote to the family: 'He is a charming person – one feels too charming in a way, yet he is always like it, and I'm sure

72 Joan was one of the PLC girls I had met when staying with Auntie Nina at McCrae in Victoria in 1946. See p. 67.

73 Ida was most impressed by the College choir; especially its performance of a very difficult, unaccompanied anthem.

74 Jim had Blanka down for the week-end at the end of Eights Week. With them, we watched the bumping races, saw the film 'Dr in the House', and had a punt party with a picnic lunch.

75 Meg was an elder sister of Sheila Hamilton, whom my brother Jim married.

it's not an act'.⁷⁶ On Friday, 18 June, Trish and I attended the Rhodes House Ball, which ran from 9pm to 2am. It was a great way to wind up the term. I had been selling tickets for it.

John Twopeny's last year at St Peter's was my first, 1945. He had graduated in architecture from the University of Adelaide, and knew Trish's father. He finished work at Easter and was now 'drifting around'. On Friday, 4 June, he arrived at Oxford in an old London taxi, and stayed until Monday afternoon. Pauline Dick, who had visited Trish while she was in hospital, came by train and stayed at the flat with Trish. John Twopeny slept on the floor of my sitting room for three nights. On 6 June, I climbed in at 1.15am after seeing the two girls to the flat after we all had enjoyed a party in rooms in the same quadrangle as mine were in. When the cricket game at Witney was cancelled on 7 June, John drove us to Woodstock to see Blenheim Castle. A horse show in the grounds cost 3 shillings to go in and we did not have much time anyway, so instead we had a drink at the delightful inn, The Trout, on a stream near Oxford, and called in for a while on the Forbes.

Obtaining a Car for Touring

When John Twopeny was with us, we were still uncertain about the car situation for our planned trip on the Continent. He had to get rid of his taxi quickly because he was getting a new Austin A40 on 9 June. The main reason for us not buying it was its petrol consumption of about 23 miles to the gallon. On 8 June, we heard from Mr Wooff that the car he had in mind for us would be available. On 10 June, Trish caught the train to London to see the Trooping of the Colour and spent the afternoon with Joan Creswell before catching a train to Farnborough. Meantime I caught a train to Reading where I was to pick up the car from Mr Wooff. When I got there he told me the present owner wanted it for the week-end! Mr Wooff drove me in it to Farnborough station. Auntie Addie met us there and we were going to have supper at her home, but without the car Trish and I had to eat in a café, catch a train to Reading, and then hitch-hike back to Oxford because there was no London train for two hours and we would then still have to get home from there. We finally arrived in Oxford at about 11.30pm in the cabin of a huge transport, whose driver picked us up at Pangbourne.

Despite this hiccup, the car Mr Wooff had found for us proved ideal. It was a black 1936 Morris 12 saloon, with blue leather upholstery, and although the outside looked a bit worn, it was in good condition. It belonged to a colonel who always drove very carefully and slowly. The boot was inside the car behind the back seat. Mr Wooff completely overhauled the engine, and put on a new tyre so that we had four very sound tyres plus a reasonable spare and another worn one. He also gave us various spare parts which we might need and could return if we did not use them. These included a worn back-axle shaft. He estimated we should get 28 to 30 miles to the gallon, and said if we cruised at 40 mph, the car should go forever. Mr Wooff was looking after us very well.

⁷⁶ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 18/6/54.

Altogether the cost to us was only about £92, although the usual cost for that model was £130. Trish, with Cres, finally picked up the car from Mr Wooff on Friday, 18 June, just ten days before we had booked our passage across the North Sea to Norway. We decided to insure and register the car in Trish's name to avoid various difficulties of an undergraduate owning a car in Oxford.

On the morning of Friday, 18 June, ten selected PPE students met in Weldon's room. We were to meet once a week next term to read papers on set topics which embraced P, P, and E. It was the first attempt to use a group educational process, and I looked forward to it. Guido Calabresi, an American Rhodes Scholar from Yale, and I had to prepare papers for the first meeting.

My Second Collections

The following morning, I came up before the president and the other notables of the College for my end of term collections. I described it to my family as 'an amusing affair':

Mr Weldon, my Philosophy tutor, said 'Mr Lawrence is clever (!!!?) He hasn't really started to work yet; not that he has been lazy on it, but he has plenty of time and is having a look around'. Ken Tite merely assented with Weldon's remarks. A few witty remarks were made about our projected Continental tour, the President beamed, shook hands with me, and that was that.⁷⁷

On the afternoon of 19 June, I went round to the flat; Dr and Mrs Cordner, friends of the Thwaites, were there. In the late afternoon, I took Cres and Trish punting, for the last time that summer. On Monday, 21 June, I transferred my luggage to my room for the next term, one of the best bed-sitters in the College with a good scout. Occupying a bed-sitter rather than two rooms would save me £16 a term. We had lunch at the flat, packed the car, and left Oxford on our great summer adventure.

Trish Finds a Teaching Job

As we left Oxford, another major uncertainty about the following term had also been settled. Trish had found a suitable teaching job. On 14 May, we met at the flat an Australian who was matron at the Dragon School. She was leaving at the end of the term and was confident Trish could have her job, but we were not sure how suitable it would be for her. Fortunately in mid-June, Trish obtained a very suitable teaching job beginning on 22 September. She was to be the maths mistress at Tudor Hall School, a girls boarding school near Banbury. In a letter to my mother, Trish wrote: 'I am thrilled with my job at Tudor Hall School – it was certainly worth waiting for'.⁷⁸ After visiting the school, Trish had been very keen that her job application would be accepted.

⁷⁷ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 25/6/54.

⁷⁸ Letter, Patricia Berry to Mrs Lawrence, 25/6/54.

Letters from Home – and Abroad, December 1953 to June 1954

Letters were our method of communication, both locally and internationally, apart from the odd brief cable. Since leaving Adelaide, many letters from our respective families kept us up-to-date on the home front. Trish and I reciprocated as often as we could, and it was clear that our letters were much appreciated. Our respective mothers would immediately share the letters with each other. In the period to the end of Hilary Term on 19 June, I had received 33 letters from my mother, my main correspondent. My brother Jim had written 8, often desperately tired and over-worked in his first year as a doctor; my sister Marg, in her busy final productive year at Walford, wrote 4; and my father just the one, which for him was above his average. My mother wrote on 21 March, 'Dad says he will write for your birthday, he really does miss you a lot because he just waits for your letters to arrive here and loves reading them'.⁷⁹ Trish's mother, Cath Berry, wrote three times – when we were with the families in Cornwall, for my birthday and after Trish's successful eye operation thanking me for sending a prompt cable. Dean Berry and Mary Berry, Granny Berry, Maude Berry and Margaret Berry, all wrote for my birthday. Various friends from home wrote – Lindsay Cleland, Bob Reid, Murray Gordon, John Laurie, Gerry Martin, Dave Prest, Ron Corney, Evelyn Capper, and Don Brebner. Auntie Addie wrote a welcoming letter for our arrival in Oxford, and when Trish was recuperating from the eye operation. Our friend Sam Jayasuriya in Ceylon wrote, enclosing snaps of our visit there.

Auntie Nina

I received three letters from Auntie Nina, who wanted to see us in Oxford. She sailed from Melbourne for England on the *Maloja*, which called in at Adelaide on January 11. My mother reported she looked very well, in fact quite elegant. She had taken two stone off her weight. I wrote to her at her brother's home in Ipswich, East Suffolk. Her response was full of excitement and enthusiasm:

How fortunate we are to have the opportunity of sharing in the spiritual treasures to be found in England. My brother is a very vital and interesting man imbued with the spirit of England and the Continent. He has a mind stored with information and is a very able tutor for me.

She planned to go to the York Mystery Plays with the Historical Association which she had joined; to the Edinburgh Festival; and to a season at Stratford. Her brother wanted her to poke round Holland and Belgium for the art treasures, and she was planning a tour of Italy, Norway, and Germany. Soon she hoped to have a few weeks in London. She urged me to keep in touch in case an opportunity of meeting offered.⁸⁰

I told her our movements during the Easter vacation period, but unfortunately we just missed her in London. She was 'enraptured with London', which she covered by foot and sometimes by buses and tubes. 'I am here

⁷⁹ Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 21/3/54.

⁸⁰ Letter, Nina Bell-Jones to John Lawrence, 27/2/54.

alone, but never lonely it is all so fascinating and beautiful. All my education is coming alive.’ She had had two glorious excursions – to Canterbury and to Salisbury and Stonehenge, and was going to Bath and Wells. She had about a dozen friends to link up with. In London, she had tea with Sir Keith Hancock.⁸¹ Auntie Nina’s next letter was just after returning from France and Spain and a week in London. She wanted very much to see us both and would try to arrange it soon, but in the meantime Joan Battersby would be visiting Oxford. Would I be interested in seeing her and telling her something about the University? Joan had met her by chance in a bank in London. Joan wrote a very appreciative letter after her visit with two friends on 18 May.⁸²

Professor Duncan

I particularly enjoyed a letter from Professor Duncan.⁸³

You seem to have landed on your feet – what with you fiancée at your elbow, vacation trips already planned, clubs joined, and what not. I’ll tell Portus about your joining the Rugby Club (he’ll rejoice at your belated – and no doubt passing – conversion to the One True Faith), but remain discreetly silent about Ashwin’s preference for Magdalen.⁸⁴

He referred me to a symposium on the teaching of politics in universities, which he had found very interesting, and would welcome any chatter on the subject that came my way. They were busy planning and re-planning courses and developments over the next 10 years – ‘all “pious” no doubt, but we have to do it, to convince the Commonwealth Government that its formula for financial assistance to Universities is hopelessly inadequate’. It was a pity that the separate department of politics was not more firmly established, as a mechanical use of the formula “x% expansion” worked badly for small departments, no matter what value was given to x.

Dunc had just had a letter from Douglas Pike. The heating system at the British Museum had failed – right in the middle of the freeze.

He was the second last to leave the Reading Room (at about 4.30pm) and he was convinced the only reader who out-stayed him had been petrified – for he was still there in the same position, reading the same Hebrew manuscripts, when Douglas returned 3 days later.

Douglas foolishly washed out his nylon undies one night, and found them frozen stiff in his bedroom next morning.

Dunc sent ‘all the best to you and your charming “Trish”’.

81 Letter, Nina Bell-Jones to John Lawrence, 15/3/54. See p. 85, for Hancock’s career.

82 See p. 192.

83 Letter, W. Duncan to R. J. Lawrence, 9/2/54.

84 Portus had attended New College, Ashwin’s college. In June 1954, my mother sent me a clipping from the Adelaide Advertiser – an impressive letter of tribute by Professor Duncan to Professor Portus on his death.

Bob Reid

In February 1954, my mother told me that Bob Reid had been awarded a Rotary International Scholarship and hoped to leave for Yale University in September. In reply to a letter, he wrote on 21 March that he was going to the University of Minnesota instead, so would not be going via England. He would be studying comparative government and politics in the graduate school of history and political science and hoped to be able to stay long enough to complete a PhD. He was looking forward to being in the heart of the mid-west during the mid-term election. Jean Wadham and he had been awarded their MAs and were currently tutoring in Professor Duncan's Department of History and Political Science at the University of Adelaide.

The Royal Visit

All of the letters at the time referred to the impact of the Royal Visit. Bob Reid wrote:

We are in the midst of the Royal Visit and the chaos is unbelievable. Every night the city is sealed off to motor cars, owing to thousands streaming into the city to see the flood-lighting and other attractions. Whenever the Queen is due to pass a certain spot all traffic is stopped about half an hour beforehand, and thousands of people seem to materialise out of nowhere. ... it's all been very exciting and provided endless topics of conversation at parties etc.

Murray Gordon's letter of 30 March⁸⁵ reported:

The Royal Tour has been and gone for Adelaide – what we would have all been like if it had extended more than one week, goodness only knows. ... the female side of the city seemed to be thrown into a mild sort of madness. Crowds were everywhere and it was impossible to drive anywhere within miles of where the royal couple happened to be. ... Everyone was nearly demented at the ABC over the Royal Tour and I think on Friday after they had left by air for Perth about 80% of the staff would have been found at small establishments – of which there are many flanking Hindmarsh Square – celebrating the departure and the end of the Royal Tour. The Music Department's particular responsibility was the organising of the Royal Music Festival at Wayville in the presence of the royal couple and about 60–70,000 people.⁸⁶ It was a tremendous success with a choir of 1250, orchestra of 60, and band of 400 using an illuminated and draped portion of the grandstand as a massive stage. ... the singing of such items as 'O God our help', the Old Hundredth, Land of Hope and Glory and finally the National Anthem was terrific.

My mother reported that altogether the visit had been wonderfully successful. 'Everyone rich or poor, old or young, are tremendously impressed and enthusiastic about the Royal Couple'. At the invitation of Trish's mother, she had seen the Queen going to the opening of parliament from Dr Edgar

⁸⁵ Letter, Murray Gordon to John Lawrence, 30/3/54.

⁸⁶ Murray Gordon had completed his music degree and was employed in the Music Department of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Brown's balcony in North Adelaide. The Berrys had attended the special receptions and garden party and the service in the Cathedral, where Dean had the responsibility for organising the seating. My mother attended with Joan Laurie the final rehearsal of the children's display, which was 'absolutely wonderful'. She also went to the musical festival at Wayville with Kate McBain, which was 'magnificent'. 'You have no idea how spectacular everything has been'.⁸⁷

My brother Jim, however, wrote:

I am afraid that the ballyhoo surrounding the tour has rather upset my attitude. I wish they could see Adelaide as it really is, not a mass of flags and arches they have already seen in Sydney and Melbourne and plastic roses stuck on tram poles.⁸⁸

Lindsay Cleland

In a lively letter, Lindsay Cleland, who had just managed to hand in his honours thesis to Professor Duncan, wondered if we had heard about Adelaide's earthquake in the British press, it being the second most severe recorded earthquake in Australia. 'Many reasons have been put forward as to the cause .. ranging from that ever fruitful apple of discord – quarry blasting in the foothills, to idolatrous worship of the Queen – a view put forward by hot-Gospelers.' He asked pertinently 'Why must the club on Commonwealth relations be called the Raleigh Club? Makes it sound as if the key-note of discussion will be 'Empire'. Lindsay had recently moved into the boarding house at PAC, and was doing a small amount of teaching.⁸⁹ Other letters from home also mentioned the earthquake, but no-one was hurt although there was some damage to buildings. Jim had just got off to sleep having gone to bed at 3am at the Adelaide Hospital. 'Like many other people I was really terrified at first'.⁹⁰

David Prest and Other Friends

The letter from David Prest was written from Ballarat Grammar School, where he was teaching with great enthusiasm Leaving and Matriculation maths and science. 'Teaching is all that I hoped for. ... the boys are interested in the work and I am getting subjects that I would never have got in a bigger school'. The school and its exceptional headmaster, J. F. G. Dart, were described in some detail. He was disgruntled, however, that his fiancée Jean Wadham was not with him and it would be 18 months before they could marry. They hoped to come to England for the beginning of the 1956 academic year. Professor Duncan wanted Jean to progress to a PhD, but she was not so sure.⁹¹

On my mother's suggestion, I wrote to Miss Capper on 17 May. She and my mother had become good friends. When my mother told her about my letters, Miss Capper asked if she might read them. In her letter of 13 June, she said she had read them aloud to her sister Marjorie who had had a stroke.

87 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 28/3/54.

88 Letter, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 8/3/54.

89 Letter, Lindsay Cleland to John Lawrence, 6/3/54.

90 Letter, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 8/3/54.

91 Letter, Dave Prest to John Lawrence, 31/5/54.

They thoroughly enjoyed them, having been to most of the places mentioned. In May 1937, they had driven in their Austin from London and joined in a five-day tour of Oxford. She well remembered the perfectly kept lawns and extensive flower beds surrounding the colleges, and the deer park at Magdalen. ‘Could there possibly be anything more beautiful than the English spring?’ She hoped she would see it all again some day, though the chances at present seemed remote. She and her sister sent us best wishes for our forthcoming tour of the Continent.⁹²

The letters from John Laurie, Gerry Martin, and Don Brebner contained a great deal of football news, which I welcomed. So too did my mother’s letters and Jim’s, once the football season was under-way. Their letters, and Dad’s when he wrote, also contained news of other sporting events in cricket and tennis.

Brother Jim

Jim’s correspondence kept me reasonably informed about his very busy existence – the engagement party at the Hamiltons; the ‘happiest holiday ever’ at NanNan Barker’s house at the end of the year and especially the time he and Sheila had spent with Brian Stonier and Noel Lidget; a locum in general practice at the Grange 6–16 January, which he thoroughly enjoyed; doing surgery at the Adelaide Hospital for two months, sharing a room with Bill Lawson in Chalmers House – very busy and not much sleep but would have liked another month to do more operations; a tennis syndicate playing at the Brummitts’ when it was possible; his University Commemoration with 56 medical graduates on 31 March; learning a good deal at Northfield Infectious Diseases Hospital for a month mainly in April, with outstanding honoraries – a most enjoyable internship although it ended with a tragic case in which he was centrally involved; his thoughts increasingly turning towards medicine as a specialty, rather than surgery; and another interesting internship at the Adelaide Hospital in casualty, where the work was continuous and they sometimes had 24-hour shifts. He next transferred to orthopaedics, and found that the chief honorary Esmond West had trained at Liverpool with Ted Jones, Auntie Nina’s brother. On 22 June, he began anaesthetics on a roster. He was very pleased to be a joint author of a paper on that tragic case at the Northfield IDH. The pathologists had found that there were only 15 recorded cases of this particular form of encephalitis. Generally, the first half of his intern year had gone well, despite the pressures and lack of sleep. He was getting a range of interesting cases and his more senior medical supervisors seemed well pleased with his work.⁹³

Sister Marg

My sister Margaret wrote on 11 January, ‘Christmas Day seemed horribly strange this year with so small a family’. She was, however, like Jim, very

⁹² Letter, Evelyn Capper to John Lawrence, 13/6/54.

⁹³ Letters, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 21/12/53, 13/1/54, 17/2/54, 8/3/54 (this was burnt at the edges in a plane crash), 8/4/54, 5/5/54, 17/5/54, and 22/6/54.

enthusiastic about the holiday spent in the Barker house at Victor Harbour at the end of the year. 'Brian and Noel are super people and they simply made the holiday for us all.' At their suggestion and with NanNan Barker's warm approval, the holiday was capped by a barbecue on the beach for Marg's friends and others, and dancing on the front lawn.

On 5 February, Marg discovered she had been awarded a Commonwealth Scholarship on the basis of her Leaving results. She was thrilled that this meant she could do social science without needing to get any help from our parents. My mother said she seemed determined to do it. Just before returning to school, she saw Mrs Wheaton, who had been 'most helpful' and seemed quite sure that she could cope with both arts and social science. My mother wrote that Jim did not think Marg would be good enough to do an arts degree, but she wanted to so our parents would let her try. What did I think about Marg doing an arts degree as well as the social science diploma?⁹⁴ I replied:

She is quite capable of handling the work if she tackles it sensibly. ... Apart from a minimum requirement of intelligence, sensible organisation of your work at a University level seems to be the major thing for a reasonable amount of success. ... Knowledge of what an Arts degree is trying to give you is never absolutely a waste. It will mean she will know the score much better in after life, irrespective of what she does. ... Although the Social Science academic requirements overlap to quite an extent,⁹⁵ ... they alone are (not) adequate for a girl of Marg's capabilities. The Commonwealth Scholarship facilitates things also.⁹⁶

Fortuitously, in terms of Marg's future career, Mrs Wheaton advised her to pick up economics in the current year. When Marg wrote to me on 27 February, she said so far she had thoroughly enjoyed it and all the economics books she read in the holidays seemed to have formed a very good background. Her other subjects in her Leaving Honours year were English, French, Maths 1, and Modern History.

This letter was written after her first hectic fortnight back at school. A scarf and bag had just arrived. I had sent these and other family presents by surface mail from London when we berthed in England. Marg described how she was appointed a joint vice-captain of the school and her involvement with the choice of the other prefects. She was to be the music prefect, president of the music club, and president of the hymn committee, and she had to play the piano accompaniment for the senior singing class. She was in the B tennis team. A film on missionary work in India made her very aware of the problems of trying to overcome the caste system in India. She was especially interested in the life of the Indians, as 'A Passage to India' was one of the books they were studying at school. Mrs Borland, Frank Borland's wife, often asked how I was getting on. She was a wonderful teacher at Walford School. Finally, Marg described her colourful renovation of the room which Jim and I had shared

94 Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 14/2/54.

95 Five social science subjects would count for her degree. She would be required to do five more arts subjects.

96 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 20/2/54.

for eleven years and was now hers.⁹⁷

Marg's other two letters covered a variety of topics and activities – learning accompaniments for singing at the school; the strange Lent because of the Royal Visit and its dislocation of the school's routine; the school's Lent collection for its leper hut in Tanganyika, work in New Guinea, and a missionary old scholar; an experience of Sunday school teaching, with embarrassing questions from the children particularly about Jesus rising from the dead; the marvellous job being done at St Columba's by the new curate Dean Rowney, whom Jim and I knew at St Peter's; learning her part of Elizabeth in 'Pride and Prejudice', the school play; the school's attendance at 'Romeo and Juliet'; and starting the basketball season with a good win over Girton.⁹⁸ The Shakespeare play was produced by Brian Bergin, my class-mate at school. The critics were scathing about him choosing to set it in the cloisters at the University, but Marg thought it was well worth seeing and gave a critique of the actors. In mid-May, my mother confided that Marg was so different; she now had every confidence in her development and they now felt she would be 'just as good as her two brothers'.⁹⁹

A letter I received in early June was clearly relevant for Marg's future in undertaking the social science diploma at the University of Adelaide. The council of the University had appointed a committee to investigate and report to it on the scope and nature of the work and staffing of the Department of Social Science. The state branch of the professional association, the AASW, had been requested to obtain evidence for the committee from diploma holders on the nature and responsibility of their present and former positions, and community work in which they had taken part, either individually or otherwise.¹⁰⁰ Having only just completed the diploma, I had little to contribute, and I have no record of how I responded to the letter. I would not yet have had firm vocational intentions in mind, and was more than pre-occupied with coming to grips with studying PPE at Oxford, and adjusting to my new circumstances of living in another country accompanied by my fiancée.

My Mother

My mother's letters never failed to comment on mine and sometimes asked for points of clarification. She would always include news of the family, and any other items of news she thought I might be interested in – relevant developments at the university, and at St Peter's College, engagements, marriages, the royal tour, and sporting results. Once the football season started in April, she would include an almost weekly account of how the university football team was faring because she and Dad were often at the matches. It was more restful watching them now Jim and I were no longer playing. Their social life, often shared, included neighbours – the McBrides, the Thompsons, the Michells;

97 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 27/2/54.

98 Margaret was in the A team 1952–4.

99 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 16/5/54.

100 Letter, Grace Cuthbertson for C. E. M. Harris President, Australian Association of Social Workers (S.A. Branch), to J. Lawrence, 28/5/54.

bank people – the Camerons, the Brightons; football parents – Mrs Martin, the Lauries; long-standing friends – Kath Boundy, the Picks, Kate McBain, Miss Capper, Rosa Matters; Dean and Cath Berry, NanNan Barker, Grannie and Maudie Berry; and Ken and Thea Hamilton, Sheila's parents. She was in touch with and comparing notes with Mrs Calder, Mrs Opie and Mrs Dick, all of whom now had children in England. In her letter of 25 June, the Radfords had come as new neighbours in Sussex Terrace, and they were to become her very good friends. Paul Radford was a teacher at Scotch College; his wife a teacher at Presbyterian Ladies College. Dad saw quite a lot of Frank Thompson a neighbour opposite who shared his interest in horse-racing. Frank's mother-in-law Mrs Gill lived with them and my mother liked her a great deal.

Content of my first two terms of tutorials in PPE

After my first two terms, my work for my tutors had traversed four of the required subjects in PPE. The pattern of essays in each subject was as follows:

Theory and Working of Political Institutions – tutor Ken Tite

- A discussion on the main strengths and weaknesses of a federal form of government.
- Is the American President tending to become more powerful and less efficient?
- The differences and similarities which the Fourth Republic has borne towards the Third Republic in theory and practice.
- A discussion on recruitment, promotion and dismissal and relations with the political executive in the civil services of U.S., Great Britain and France.
- Discuss the functions of parties in France, U.S., and Great Britain. How many of their functions are useful or necessary?
- Compare the means by which policy is formed in the political parties of Great Britain and the United States?
- Theories of representation. Who or what does get represented in Great Britain, the U.S. and France, and is there need of reform?
- Discuss the role of committees in the legislatures of Britain, the United States and France.
- A discussion of recent suggestions for improving the efficiency of the Cabinet.

Principles of Economics – tutor David Worswick

- What is the object in measuring the national income? What are some of the difficulties encountered in doing so?
- How does one allow for external transactions in drawing up national income accounts?
- How does one get from estimates of money income to estimates of real income?
- The effect of the banks increasing the supply of money on the rate of interest, and on the level of income.
- An explanation with the use of indifference curves of how a fall in the price of a commodity will affect the demand for it.

- Will a change in thriftiness affect the rate of interest, according to Keynesian theory?
- The effect of an increase in the quantity of money on the price level.
- How economists try to get from static to dynamic economics.
- Can a trade cycle model be constructed without using some acceleration principle?
- What are the so-called laws of enlarging and diminishing returns, and how do you construct a long-run cost curve for a firm?
- How is it that savings = investment?
- Price determination in conditions of duopoly.
- What are the assumptions on which the theory of comparative costs is founded?
- Factors involved in the fixing of the rate of exchange.

General Philosophy – tutor Harry Weldon

- What sense, if any, is it to say, 'I doubt the existence of material things'?
- Does the 'cogito' argument serve any useful purpose?
- Why did Descartes think it so important to find the right method, and was he justified?
- What is the place of deduction in an empirical science?
- In what sense is a theory of knowledge a theory?
- What is the distinction Locke was drawing between the nominal and the real essence of things, and is the distinction of any importance?
- Was Berkeley merely making linguistic recommendations?
- What was Hume's difficulty about 'cause' and did he succeed in getting out of it?
- The problem of universals. Locke, Berkeley, and Hume on the subject, and did they talk sense?
- Precisely what was Hume denying which Descartes had asserted about the nature of the self?
- Other minds
- Ryle on sensation
- How is memory to be distinguished from imagination?
- What's the difference between scientific and historical explanation?

British Political and Constitutional History Since 1830 – tutor Ken Tite

- Is the Reform Act of 1832 more accurately described as a Whig or a Radical measure?
- Account for the lack of success of the Radicals as a Parliamentary group after 1832
- What were the issues at stake between Peel and Disraeli in 1845–46, and which man can be more easily justified?
- Why did the Anti-Corn Law League succeed while Chartism failed?
- 1846–67. Account for the political predominance of Palmerston over this period.
- What lessons did Disraeli teach to his party?
- Had Gladstone stayed retired in 1874, would his reputation have been higher?

- The influence of imperialism on British politics, 1874 – 1906.
- Account for the decline of the Liberal Party.
- Did the Labor Party gain or lose, on balance, from the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald?
- ‘Twenty years of Tory misrule.’ Is this a fair description of the period 1920–1939?

As indicated, I managed to keep up with this essay-writing program, covering all of the above topics in the course of the two eight-week terms, but I still had a great deal of reading ahead of me if I was to do reasonably well in the subjects covered, let alone in the subjects yet to come. Reading for a degree, was the traditional description of what I was meant to be undertaking. If I could get an extension of the Rhodes Scholarship into my third year, I still had two years ahead of me, however. My mother rightly expected that I might need to do quite a lot of reading during the ‘vacations’ because the terms were so short and so concentrated. In mid-May, I told her that I did not intend to do much work at all in the coming summer, and in fact had been advised (I think by my tutors Ken Tite and Harry Weldon), to make use of this one to see as much as I could. With Trish working, we would later have much shorter opportunities to travel.¹⁰¹

Lectures?

Each term, the Faculty of Social Studies provided a smorgasbord of university lectures in philosophy, politics and economics, given by dons at the various colleges or at the Examination Schools – once or sometimes twice a week, in the morning or early evening, leaving afternoons free from lectures. They were seen as essentially supplementary to the tutorial system, to be used by each student as he chose, on the advice or otherwise of his tutors. Lectures usually reflected the particular interests of the lecturer and did not attempt to cover the syllabus. In my first term I did not go to any lectures. In my second term, however, I attended Mr Blake’s lectures on ‘Party Politics 1832–68’ at Christ Church; some of Mr Foot’s on ‘Policies and Parties, 1850–1916’ at Keble; and at Schools, Mr Wozzley’s on ‘Locke’s Theory of Knowledge’, and Professor Ryle’s on ‘Freedom of the Will’.

¹⁰¹ Letter, John Lawrence to Lucy Lawrence, 15/5/54.



Margaret, John and Lucy Lawrence - on board Orontes, just before my departure for England



RJL and JRL - on Orontes



Middle, Indian Ocean



John Feltham, PDB and R.J.L. - ashore at Aden



Helen Thwaites, Geraldine Sweeney, PDB, R.J.L. & Keith Michell



Naples



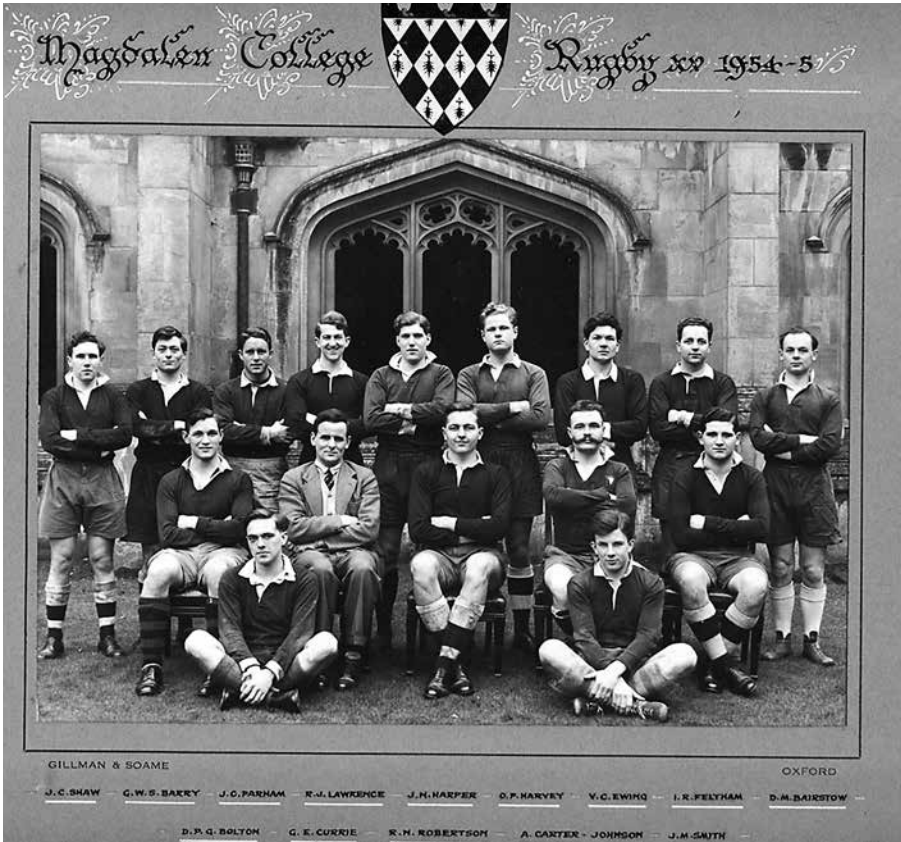
Johnny and Helen Thwaites, R.J.L. - ashore at Marseille



Magdalen College – Founder's Tower, cloisters, and New Building

Walton Crescent, Oxford

RJL, Auntie Addie and Uncle Ralph Civil – their home near Farnborough



Magdalen College Rugby Team – back row, third from left, 'Poss' Parham, then RJL, and Jim Harper, second from right, Ivan Feltham; centre front, Ron Robertson



Huntley Manor, Gloucester – home of Ackers family

PDB and Ida, Hedley, Armored and Jennifer Richards – home near Mylor, Cornwall



Charles Ackers and daughter Torill



RJL with Evelyn Ackers, Ackers forestry estate, Wales



Gulli Ackers and her four daughters, Torill, Christine, Lillesol, and Evelyn



RJL punting PDB's Wilderness friend Joan Creswell, Cherwell River

Chapter 5

A European Tour

Being able to undertake together an ambitious tour on the Continent cemented even further my relationship with Patricia Berry, my fiancée. It contributed to my evolving life in a variety of ways – it was highly educative, immensely enjoyable, and gave us invaluable shared memories.

Making a Record for Sharing with Family

I kept a 150-page daily diary from 21 June to 18 September in a duplicate book so that instead of letters, I could send home each week duplicate pages of the diary. We periodically received letters from home, which we had arranged to be sent on to us to Cooks agencies in various cities. At the end of each day of touring and sight-seeing, we would usually write up our diaries, a useful way of reviewing the day's events. I felt a responsibility to share our experiences with my family since they had never been fortunate enough to travel to Europe. My mother, in particular, was very appreciative of my attempt to describe the places we were visiting and our experiences while travelling.

Preparations and Travelling North to Newcastle

We were due to board *The Venus* in Newcastle on 28 June. A week earlier, we drove from Oxford to Auntie Addie's near Farnborough. Next day at Auntie Addie's, we worked out roughly where we would be when on our trip. At his garage in Farnborough, Mr Wooff briefed us thoroughly for an hour about the car; he had made sure that we had a set of spare parts in case of need. He suggested that to discourage theft, we should lock the car and swap the leads, when we left it parked overnight.

On 23 June, we drove on a road that by-passed London and stayed with Rossie and John Grant in Cambridge. John took us to see a few of the colleges – King's, Trinity, Christ's, Emmanuel. The 'Backs' were delightful, but with notable exceptions I was not impressed by many of the college buildings. Travelling north, we particularly liked Duddington, a tiny stone village, but towns of the Midlands were filthy. We experienced Manchester as a dismally wet, black city. We had dinner with Auntie Margie at her hotel in Salford on 24 June, and then she guided us to a hotel she had booked for us at Temperley,

near Manchester. Next day we again had dinner with her at her hotel and saw a superb play 'The Indifferent Shepherd' by Peter Ustinov. On 26 June, after shopping in Manchester with Auntie Margie, we passed through more hilly, bleak industrial country on the way to attractive Harrogate. From there we visited Ripon Cathedral before arriving at the Badderleys' at Thirsk where we stayed the night.¹ We went to communion with Mrs Badderley at the local parish church next morning, then pressed on to Durham, where we saw the wonderful, mainly Norman, Durham Cathedral. After arrival at the Kensington Hotel in Newcastle, suggested by Brian Opie, we visited Jean and Tim Wall and their two children. Tim helped me mend the car sunroof satisfactorily; a gale-force wind had ripped a part of it the day before. After tea with the Walls, we had dinner with Brian and Rod Opie, John Twopeny, and Pam, Brian's fiancée, an Irish girl finishing architecture at the University of Newcastle. Brian was studying naval architecture at the University. Rod was on vacation and was going cycling in France on 3 July. Both Brian and Twop seemed quite impressed with the car. On 28 June, we had lunch with the Opies and Pam at the King's College University Refectory. We followed their car to the Quay, where our car was needed by 1.30pm. for our 4pm departure.

A Rough Passage

The *S.S. Venus* was clean but not very large. Trish had three New Zealand girls with her in her cabin and I had five Cambridge men going on an expedition up north. The passage across the North Sea was very rough, and we did not arrive at Bergen until 4.30pm the next day, two hours late. The ship came into smoother waters between rocks at 3 pm, but everyone in my cabin had been sick. With little delay at the quay in Bergen, we drove off on the right-hand side of the road glad to leave the ship and get under way with our trip. Except in Sweden, we had to remember to drive on the right; our British-made vehicle had its steering wheel on the right-hand side.

The Grand Tour

Our idea of taking an extended tour of continental Europe was, of course, not novel.

During the 18th Century privileged young Englishmen often filled their time between a university education and the beginning of a career with an extended tour of continental Europe. The Grand Tour (was) in essence a British invention because by the 18th Century Britain was the wealthiest nation in the world and had a large upper class with both the time and the money to travel.

... From the 1870s Cook's Tours offered trips to all parts of the world, opening up the Grand Tour to the middle classes.

... By the late 19th Century the Grand Tour had become an essentially American phenomenon. Not surprisingly, this group of newly wealthy citizens of a relatively young country found context and meaning for their lives and good fortune by

1 Bishop Badderley was away.

thinking of themselves as heirs of a great Western Tradition. They traced their cultural lineage from the Greeks, through the Roman Empire, to the European Renaissance, particularly the Venetian Renaissance.²

OUR GRAND TOUR

A Tour of Our Own Organisation

In our case, we were able to organise our own extended tour of Europe. This was made possible because of the length of the summer vacation at Oxford, I had the Rhodes stipend to live on and was willing to concentrate on spending the time in this way, Trish's work did not commence until September and she was financially supported by her parents, and we had been given the money to buy a reliable car.

Our planning was greatly facilitated by *Europa Touring: Motoring Guide of Europe* published for The Automobile Association³, superb detailed strip Foreign Routes provided by the Association, an overall motoring map of Europe on which we could mark our route, and an international handbook of youth hostels in countries where we were permitted to stay overnight travelling by car. The road maps, the schematic maps of the main towns, and the descriptions of places in *Europa Touring* were arranged by country; the descriptions were in French, English and German. The strip Foreign Routes could not have been more helpful. At the top of each page of a Foreign Route, was a general description of the route covered on that page (the topography, the scenery, and the nature and state of the road), and at the bottom was the distance covered in kilometres and miles. On each page were listed all of the settlements along the way, the distance in kilometres between them, the road numbers, and the sign-posting. Any places of special interest were marked with an asterisk and briefly described on the back of the page.

When we informed the Association the countries we wanted to visit⁴, they provided us with three such Foreign Routes – the first started in Bergen in Norway and finished in Brussels in Belgium, a distance of 1,942 miles; the second went from Brussels to Venice in Italy, 1183 miles; and the final one, from Venice to Calais, 1,919 miles. Altogether our European trip would cover 5,044 miles – in the period from 30th June to mid-September.

Our Specific Route

More specifically, our route went from Bergen on the lower west coast of Norway to Oslo, near the Swedish border; from Oslo across Sweden to Stockholm on the lower east coast of Sweden; from Stockholm south-west to Gothenburg, Sweden's chief port, then down the coast to Halsingborg to the ferry into Denmark, and nearby Copenhagen; from Copenhagen west through

2 Article on 'The History of the Grand Tour' on the internet, author not cited.

3 *Europa Touring: Motoring Guide of Europe*, Hallwag Bern, Switzerland, 1954, 628 pp.

4 We decided it was impractical to include Spain, if we wanted to include Scandinavia.

Odense to Jutland, then south to Hamburg, crossing the border into northern Germany at Flensburg; from Hamburg west through Bremen to Groningen in northern Holland; then south-west to Amsterdam, crossing the Zuider Zee; from Amsterdam to Rotterdam and along the coast west to Ostende⁵ in Belgium; from Ostende south-east to Brussels and on to the principality of Luxembourg; north-east back into Germany to Cologne; from Cologne, south-west to Bonn, Koblenz, Mainz and Darmstadt, then south to Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, and Freiberg to Basle at the border of Switzerland; further south to Berne, and then a loop, south-west and north-east to Lucerne and Zurich; west from Zurich across the Austrian border to Innsbruck; from Innsbruck south over the Italian border to Bolzano and down to Verona; from Verona east to Vicenza, Padua and Venice; from Venice back to Padua and then south to Bologna, Florence, Siena and Rome, the most southern point in our trip.

From Rome, our route went north-west mostly up the Italian coast through Livorno, Pisa, La Spezia, and Genoa; then along the coast west-ward through San Remo to Nice and Cannes in France; from Cannes, briefly west then north-west inland through Aix-en-Provence and Avignon to Pradelles, where it headed direct north through Vichy, Nevers, and Fontainebleau, to Paris; and finally, direct north from Paris to Bologna on the coast, and then on to nearby Calais where we boarded the ferry to return to England.

Travelling by Car

Travelling by car gave us considerable flexibility, provided the car could cope with the length and variable road conditions presented by such a trip. In the event, our 1936 Morris 12 served us well. We were lucky not to experience any major interruptions in the trip because of car trouble, and the cost of the repairs, oil and petrol proved manageable.

The first part of the trip in Norway from Bergen was on narrow, sometimes very steep pot-holed roads. Part of the road was usually closed from October to mid-June, so there had not been time to make repairs. On 8 July, a garage at Enkoping installed a cylinder head gasket obtained from Stockholm. In Stockholm, the Morris works had to replace it, and a garage had to get rid of dirt in the lead to the petrol pump, and then re-wire the car's lighting system. The car was filthy from the many dusty roads we had travelled on since leaving Bergen, so I gave it a wash on 14 July.

We experienced a great deal of rain in the next couple of weeks, not what we had expected at this time of the year. It rained so hard on 16 July that our car's roof became saturated and occasional drips fell upon us. On the same day our mileometer gave up, reading 83,617 miles! In Copenhagen, the cobbled roads shook the number plate and tail light adrift smacking the road, but the damage was quickly repaired and new globes installed.

On 31 July in Luxembourg near the youth hostel, our back-axle shaft broke with a resounding crack. The family running the hostel found for us a garage that would, on a Saturday afternoon, put in the spare axle shaft we had with

⁵ Ostende was not far from Calais in France, where we were to finish our trip many weeks later.

us. We were towed to the garage where an old, experienced mechanic, with an incompetent young assistant, fixed the axle, and also improvised to fix a front spring broken by the vicious cobble roads.

In Germany, for most of the way from Mainz to Heidelberg, and then on to Karlsruhe, we had easy autobahn driving, a welcome relief for the car. On 5 August, after Basle in Switzerland on a flat part of the Rhine, we drove on a hilly very winding road through very attractive country. From Interlaken, we drove on a not very severe climb up to Grindewald (3,393 feet above sea-level) to catch a rack-railway train up to the top of the Jungfrau Mountain (11,333 feet). From Interlaken to Lucerne, we tackled the Brunig Pass (3,396 feet). After Brienz (1,857 feet), the road rose steeply with occasional hairpin bends and was busy. At times I had to change down to first gear, but the descent was a reasonable gradient.

After Zurich, on 11 August we drove along Lake Zurich, through a broad cultivated valley, and then up a fairly sharp hairpin ascent to over 2,000 feet. Vaduz, the capital of Lichtenstein, was on the edge of a broad valley which we drove along. Soon after, we passed into Austria near Feldkirch (1,550 feet). A winding, climbing road took us to Dalaas, a small village 3,055 feet above sea level, where we stayed the night. On 12 August we climbed to Stuben, and then tackled the Arlberg Pass (5,912 feet). We crawled up the 1 in 7 to 1 in 10 ascent in first gear. On the extremely steep descent to St Anton (4,222 feet), we had to stop to let one of the front wheel brake linings cool off, even though we were in first gear most of the way. From there to Landeck (2,677 feet), the descent was gradual. Next day, we were again on the road descending the valley of the River Inn, but we turned off the main road to a long lateral valley, the Oztal valley, to see what untouched Tyrolean villages were like. The scenery was varied and beautiful, but the road was narrow and in need of repair and was hard on the car, so after Langenfeld we returned to the main road to Innsbruck.

The car's next challenge, on 15 August, was the Brenner Pass (4,495 feet) into Italy – at the top of 30 miles of a long, winding ascent from Innsbruck. It was, in fact, easy going. The mountains were not as rugged as those along the Inn Valley. They were thickly wooded or well-cultivated. One stretch of the descent into Italy was 1 in 7, but generally it was gentle, the road following the upper reaches of the River Isario. On 17 August, near Padua, the car began to play up. This was easily rectified by a very friendly Italian garage-man who replaced a spark plug with one of our spares, cleaned the rest and the points, and then cleaned a petrol filter.

A very level, modern road, the Autostrada, took us to Venice. At the end of a long causeway was the Venice Municipal garage, which housed 1,000 cars. There were no motoring roads in the city. I drove up a close spiral inside the garage, and we were fortunate to get a park on the 10th (top) floor. On 20 August, we drove on a dull, monotonous road over the Lombardy Plain to Bologna and then began to climb over the Etruscan Appenines. The Ratico Pass (3,175 feet) and the Futa Pass (2,962 feet) had steep sections but generally it was not very difficult for the car. The road descended into Florence beautifully set amongst hills. On 21 August, a violent thunderstorm in the night drenched the car. We had put coverings over the seats and luggage and

they were very wet, but nothing of importance was damaged. After a short drive around Florence, we set off for a long day's drive to Rome through hilly country and undulating plain. Near Rome, the other end of our back number plate came adrift, but we easily tied it up with cord, and this time none of the tail light globes was broken. I wrote to the family:

When I look back over the last two months and think of some of the roads we have travelled on, I feel very grateful that the car has brought us this far. It is falling to bits, but we are fairly hopeful that it will get us back to England.⁶

In Rome, we parked the car near various places of particular interest, and could use it to visit the Villa d'Este 20 miles to the east in the Sabine foothills, and Hadrian's Villa on the way back to Rome. The car also gave us easy access to the Appian Way and nearby Catacombs. On 25 August, we purchased plastic to make the car's sunroof water-tight. Rain at night had again soaked the car both inside and out.

Driving to the coast and northwards from Rome on 26 August, we had our first tyre trouble – a blowout which wrecked a well-treaded tyre and tube. We changed the tyre and at Grosseto, a vulcanisation place changed over two of our wheels for us, put an old spare we had on the spare wheel, and put in it an old tube which was serviceable, for a new one was unprocurable. We also found we had broken the main leaf in the other front spring, but there was no garage that could mend it at Grosseto. We drove towards Livorno (Leghorn), but it was getting late and there were no villages for miles and no youth hostels till Pisa, so we decided to go off the main road and sleep in the car. Our plastic made us waterproof against violent storms during the night and we slept intermittently – I was curled up around the steering wheel on the front seats, and Trish lay on our soft luggage in the back. A sinuous, winding road along the hills on the coast led us to Livorno, where we found a good garage with a competent mechanic who could speak French. He told us new spring leaves were unprocurable in Italy, but he would make two for us. (The front spring patched in Luxembourg also needed replacing.) By late on 27 August, at a very reasonable price, he had fixed both springs, had washed the engine in light oil and done an oil change, and had welded the tail number plate and a couple of tears in the mudguards. By a winding, hilly road we came to Lerici on the coast. From nearby La Spezia, on 30 August we climbed to the Braccia Pass (2,018 feet), descended to the coast again and on a hilly and winding road drove to Genoa.

We drove along the coast road of the Italian and French Riviera on the edge of the Maritime Alps. Towns were on bays between the mountains which shelved into an absolutely clear blue sea. Between Cannes and Frejus on 4 September, the road was through the Esterel Mountains, with a highest point of 1,120 feet. A few minor things, easily rectified, occurred with the car.⁷

The road to Avignon on the river Rhone, was sometimes attractively

⁶ Letter, John Lawrence to family, 22/8/54.

⁷ Some excess grease had to be drained off to prevent it getting onto the brake lining, our petrol cap was left off at a garage, and one of the wheel caps flew off when the thread on an attaching screw split.

tree-lined; it was easy driving over undulating country. After Viviers, the road was hilly and winding, leaving the Rhone valley. After Mayres (1,887 feet), we began a long stiffish climb to La Chavade (4,150 feet), where we came onto a wide plateau of undulating fertile land. In Le Puy, we drove up a short very steep narrow climb to a very old area of the town. The road up from Le Puy led across a pine-forested plateau to La Chaise Dieu (3,550 feet), where we began a gradual descent. After the Auvergne Mountains, the topography made the driving easy-going.

The traffic in Paris was thick and very fast, but silent, for not long before horn blowing had been banned except in an emergency. We stayed in Paris for 7 days in hotel accommodation, carting everything from the car into our rooms. On 9 September, we had the car's spark plugs cleaned. Although the car was still not running smoothly, we were still able to drive, sometimes in thick traffic, to the many sights offered by the city. The Etoile where twelve roads meet at Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe was a traffic nightmare. Generally, however, the many broad tree-lined boulevards of the city impressed us greatly. The traffic was quite thin on Sunday, 12 September and strangely seemed much more slow-moving.

Back in England, on the road from Dover to Farnborough the car was very sick and had to chug up some of the hills in first gear. We arrived at Auntie Addie's at 10pm very grateful to get back with all our luggage and car in one piece. Next day, we left the car with Mr Wooff who was very pleased to see us and hear about our trip. He told us that three of the car's valves had burnt out and we were running on about one cylinder! We could not have done another day's journey in it, without quite a lot of work being done. Our decision to sell or hold onto it would depend largely on Mr Wooff's judgement.

We were lucky to be able to share the driving on such a long trip. The topography and condition of the roads sometimes made driving difficult, but so too did the behaviour of other drivers. In Brussels, I commented in my diary:

Belgians are as bad as Frenchmen at a car wheel. They drive on their horns, go at a terrific rate in heavy traffic, and you never know if they will give way if you have right of way. Tram drivers ring their bells incessantly. Without exaggeration, scarcely a minute would go by without us hearing the squeal of tyres or the screech of brakes.⁸

And again, after driving along the mountainous coast-road of the Italian Riviera, I wrote:

Many Italians are idiots in a car – they have no manners, no handsignals, and no sense. They are not just reckless drivers, they are bad drivers. Often they pass on blind corners and they use the horn as a toy.⁹

Being able to carry tins of food in the boot of the car from England sometimes saved us considerable money in food costs, and sometimes the car enabled us to find reasonable alternative accommodation when hostels were full or

⁸ John Lawrence, *Diary*, 29/7/54, pp. 67–8.

⁹ John Lawrence, *Diary*, 30/8/54, p. 131.

not available. With the car, we were not bound by the limitations of public transport. Occasionally with friends, like the Millers in Stockholm and Mrs Plum in Copenhagen, and sometimes with people from the hostel, we could go sight-seeing with them in the car. We were privileged to be able to do so.

ACCOMMODATION

We were heavily reliant on finding youth hostel accommodation for most of the trip. In the event this worked out well not only in saving us money, but usually the accommodation was not uncomfortable, the location of the hostel was sometimes scenic, often cooking facilities were provided, and we had access on a regular basis to young fellow-travellers from a variety of countries, with whom we could socialise and share our experiences. All of this was in return for a modest charge and doing a few chores at the hostel before departing. The hostels varied greatly in size and sometimes in facilities. When we were forced to seek non-hostel accommodation we were generally fortunate in what we found.

Because we travelled by road, our route was mainly structured by the villages, towns and cities along the way. Mostly, we would stay in accommodation for just one night, but, as will be indicated, in capital cities, we stayed longer – in Oslo (3 nights), Stockholm (4), Copenhagen (5), Rome (4) and Paris (7). Near Amsterdam and in Venice we stayed for 3 nights; in Interlaken, Innsbruck, Finale Ligure and Cannes, 2 nights; and in the village of Lerici, 2 nights.

Norway

From 29 June to 5 July, we stayed at 4 different youth hostels – at Floyen on one of the seven mountains overlooking Bergen¹⁰; at Eidfjord, a small village between mountains at the end of the Hardanger Fjord; at a farm house at Nesbyen, a fairly small village beside a stream, run by a couple of kind, elderly women¹¹; and finally for three days at a modern 200-bed hostel in Oslo with excellent facilities. Our fellow guests with whom we interacted in the kitchens and the dormitories, and sometimes sight-seeing together, included Englishmen, Americans, Norwegians, South Africans, Danes, and French people. Michael was an Englishman hitch-hiking around Norway for a fortnight's holiday. Two South African and two English girls were also hitch-hiking. A Dane and his wife travelled on a motor-bike. The French people were travelling in two cars.

Sweden

In Sweden, youth hostels were called 'tourist houses' and were open to people of all ages. Our first Swedish hostel, on 5 July, was clean and pleasant – on a hillside beside a stream at Torsby. We had our evening meal with a couple from

10 We left the car locked in the Bergen city square with its leads swapped, and caught a funicular up to Floyen.

11 My dormitory was at the top of a barn; Trish slept in the farm-house.

Sweden; he was a member of the Swedish badminton team. I commented, 'Travelling the way we are, certainly is the way to meet interesting people'.¹² Since the hostel at Morastrand was full, we sought a 'pension' in the town without success. A tourist bureau in a hotel found us and a Swedish family a place to stay at some distance beside a farm beside Lake Siljan. Trish slept in a bedroom, converted from a sitting-room, and the family slept upstairs; I slept in a similar arrangement in a neighbour's house. Neither of the two elderly women who owned the respective houses could speak English, but the father of the Swedish family could speak a little. Mrs Karlson, in whose house Trish had stayed, had a variety of beautiful handwork on sale. We bought for our future house two very attractive cushion covers and a table mat. Just before we left, Mrs Karlson also gave Trish a small handwoven mat. She was a very kind person, no longer with family living with her. Although we arrived early, we only just got in at the clean, pleasant hostel near Leksund, a prominent holiday resort. The car trouble on 8 July forced us to find reasonably-priced rooms at the Stadtshotellet in Enkoping, near Stockholm.

The hostel in Stockholm was an old Swedish sailing vessel, moored in the heart of the city beside a naval station. It was painted white and was floodlit at night. We stayed there very comfortably for four nights, 9–12 July. By chance, I met Geoff Selth, a neighbour from Adelaide. He was staying one night at the hostel at the end of a 10-week tour of the Continent. The hostel at Nykoping was beside a 13th century castle. The hostel at Granna was another clean, pleasant place, which provided us with a meal. The hostel at Gothenburg was full, but we found beds in nearby Molndal. The hostel there was in a large school. During the summer holidays many schools were converted into hostels. Our last Swedish hostel, on 16 July, was at Bastad, a leading bathing resort. In the evening and over breakfast, we chatted with a young English couple travelling by tandem. He was doing medicine at London University.

Denmark

Car travellers were not allowed to use youth hostels in Denmark, so we were particularly grateful that we could stay with Mrs Plum¹³ in Copenhagen, July 17–21. Her home was a fairly small attached place with a lovely garden and very pleasant interior. I slept the first night in a neighbour's house and then had her son's room when he left at the end of his holidays. On 22 July, delayed by a ferry crossing, we unsuccessfully looked for rooms at Nyborg and along the way to Odense, where a festival meant the place was full except for one solitary double room. The room had two separate single mattresses with separate bedclothes, so the propriety of not sleeping together was maintained!

Germany

We were lucky to get into the very full hostel at Flensburg in Germany near the Danish border, on 23 July. A couple of young Germans tried to talk English

¹² John Lawrence, *Diary*, 6/7/54, p. 26.

¹³ See p. 143.

with me in my dormitory. In Bremen, the main hostel was full, but with 3 New Zealand motorcyclists we were sent to a smaller hostel on the outskirts of the city. It was clean and pleasant in a fairly modern school.

Holland

We stayed at the new modern hostel at Broek-in-Waterland, near Amsterdam¹⁴, on 25 and 27 July. We had booked also for 26th, but cancelled this by phone when the Van Steenis family with whom we were having dinner insisted we stay the night because it was pouring with rain. The hostel at Flushing was large, but fairly empty due to the inclement weather.

Belgium and Luxembourg

On 29 July, through our AA guide-book, we found a cheap hotel in Brussels – in a ‘not so good’ area at the back of the North Station. At Ettelbruck in Northern Luxembourg, the hostel was fairly new and had a lovely view. After our car repairs in Luxembourg on 31 July, we drove gingerly to a large new hostel at Échternach: it was almost full.

Germany

Back in Germany, at Bonn, on 1 August, we visited the Australian Ambassador Mr John Hood. We had a letter of introduction from his brother who was a good friend of my father. He invited us to lunch at his home the next day. A German clerk at the Embassy rang and booked beds for us at a large new hostel near Bonn. The warden was an officious, objectionable character, but we at least had beds for the night.

Driving along the Rhine valley, we found the hostels full at Koblenz and Landstein, but managed to get in one at Bad-Emse. A friendly Australian couple from Victoria asked us to spend a week-end with them at Portsmouth in England. On 3 August, in the University town of Heidelberg, we found a bed for Trish in the huge youth hostel of over 400 beds. I was directed to a private, cheap room nearby, but we could not find any-one of the name I had been given. A very friendly German student who could speak a little English was there and he invited me, with his landlady’s permission, to sleep on the couch in his room. We talked for some time. He was a pilot near the end of the war and was taking his finals in chemistry in six weeks time. Before I left to meet Trish, we had tea and some cake cooked by his mother. He would not let me give him any money for the night. Off the main road at Lahr in a converted large house at the top of a stiff climb was a hostel with a fine view of the town and the valley below.

Switzerland

The hostel at Solothurn, on 5 August, was a clean wooden place set amongst trees on a hillside. Although the hostel at Interlaken was pretty primitive,

14 The Amsterdam hostel was full.

we stayed there for a couple of nights. This enabled us to tackle going to the summit of the Jungfrau Mountain on 7 August. We met there three Australians from Sydney who were also at the hostel – Richard Saxby and two girls. We met up with them again at the hostel at Lucerne which was quite modern, with showers (cold, of course) and comfortable mattresses. We booked beds for the night at the Zurich hostel just before it shut at 10am on 10 August. The dormitories were packed that night.

Austria

At Dalaas, a small village, 3,055 feet above sea level, we booked in at the Gausthos Post at about 4 shillings each for the night. My room overlooked the square where the village band gave a 2-hour concert. The small and fairly primitive hostel at the village of Landeck was a wooden place at the foot of a hill; the warden's wife was pleasant. We chatted to a young couple from Yorkshire. My bed was a rug on straw in the top of a barn-like building. On 13 August, the youth hostel in Innsbruck, a large modern school, was full. Instead we stayed for two nights with a woman with a little girl who provided us with two rooms and breakfast in her home, a flat in an area of large flats. It was clean and there was hot water and a bath. The charge for each of us was 5 shillings a night and 2 shillings for breakfast. Mrs Radl was a pleasant hard-working person, with no English but a little French. She seemed pleased to have us and asked us to come again if we were ever in Innsbruck.

Italy

The hostel at Bressanone, where we stayed on 15 August, was not marked in the International Handbook. It was in quite a modern school. Trish slept alone in a gymnasium which resounded terrifically with the thunder when we were hit by a violent storm during the night. On 16 August, we decided to stay the night in Verona, one of the most interesting cities we visited. No youth hostels were close, so with a policeman's help we chose a place to stay in the heart of the town – for 10 shillings each. It was small, clean and attractive, and had a place to park the car. The very pleasant proprietress could converse with us in French. There were no youth hostels in Venice and a students' hostel was full, so we went with two women from near the municipal garage up the Grand Canal to Rialto Bridge, and then walked ten minutes to their home which was down a dark back alley from the church of S. Giovanni. It was within easy walking distance of St Mark's Square. They charged us 9 shillings each for accommodation and breakfast. Inside the house was very clean and pleasant, and the people were extremely friendly. We had hot water and a bath with a telephone shower. We stayed three nights, 17–19 August, and the 'landlady' asked us to see them again if we ever returned. The hostel at Florence was fairly full. It was part of a large block of buildings around an open-air theatre. We stayed there two nights.

In Rome, a policeman directed us across the River Tiber to the youth hostel at Monte Mario. There was plenty of room for Trish, and I was lucky for I had the last male bed left – in a garage. It was a large two-storied place, with

a cheap restaurant in the back garden, but its washing facilities were filthy and inadequate. We were still grateful to have the cheap beds for three nights, 22–24 August. On 23 August, the warden suggested we bring in our luggage from the car for some had been stolen from a car the previous night. On 25 August, we stayed in the students' hostel near the University, for five shillings each. I shared a room with a chap from the Canal Zone, and Trish shared a room with a French girl. The next day we experienced the car trouble which caused us to have to sleep overnight in the car on our way to Livorno. The hostel at Pisa, on 27 August, was a good one. Along the Italian Riviera, the youth hostel at Lerici, in a castle overlooking the village and bay, was full. A friend of the warden had no room but sent us to the grandmother's up a long flight of steps in the village's centre; the price was 4 shillings a night for each of us. We stayed two nights. On 30 August, the hostel at Finale Ligure was castle-like on a hillside overlooking the town. It was clean and very pleasant, and we again stayed for two days. At the hostel we chatted with Australian girls, Germans, and Americans from Cambridge.

France

On 1 September, near Monaco, down an extremely steep road from the village of Cap D'Ail was a youth hostel right on the sea-front. Males slept in tents, while females slept in what must have once been a very fine private home. I chatted with an Austrian, and then a South African. The mosquitos in the tents were numerous and vicious. We spent two nights at Cannes in an unusual self-service hostel run mainly for English people. The hostel at Avignon was on the bank of the River Rhone looking across to the old ramparts of the city and the grey Papal palace and Cathedral built on rock above the general level of the rest of the buildings. It was not very full. I met a couple of Cambridge chaps. On 5 September, in the village of Pradelles built on a hill with a wide view of a plateau, we stayed in a school with quite good rooms to ourselves, although it was meant to be closed for use as a hostel.¹⁵ At Vichy, since there was no youth hostel in the area, we found a small cheap hotel, the Alsace-Lorraine, just behind the post office. The rooms were clean with hot water – 8 shillings each. The hostel at Fontainebleau was fairly empty.

We were in Paris for the nights 8–14 September. A couple of New Zealand girls in Innsbruck had recommended to us the small Hotel D'Agnesseau on a street leading off the Place de la Concorde. We had to stay at Hotel Maillot in Neuilly Sur Seine for the first night, paying 11 shillings each for our rooms, but then managed to get into Hotel D'Agnesseau for the remaining six nights, paying 9 shillings and 8 shillings and sixpence each night. It was remarkably reasonable – very central, hot water and quite pleasant rooms. We parked the car for the night near the Madeleine Church, and carted our belongings into our rooms. On the advice of a Cambridge hitch-hiker, we did not stay at the youth hostel at Calais, but instead spent our final night in Europe at a shabby but clean hostel near Boulogne-Sur-Mer. Most of the people there were English.

¹⁵ The school's caretaker kindly allowed this.

PURCHASES

During the trip, we made a few small purchases for use in our future home, some of which we still occasionally use. Already mentioned were the hand-woven cushion covers and mats from Mrs Karlson in Sweden.¹⁶ In Jonkoping at the southern end of the vast Lake Vattern, we bought a typically Swedish Orrefors thick-glass smoky-blue bowl of irregular shape. In Copenhagen, at 'Den Permanente' where all the finest Danish craftsmanship was on display and for sale, we selected a set of things for a dining table in a fairly modern room – a large metal bowl of simple shape with white enamel inside and dull black outside, 8 small metal matching bowls with different coloured insides; and an elegant black wire structure with basket-work, which held three small glass dishes; four black matching candlesticks with thin white candles; and a wide flat circular basket of wickerwork for bread or fruit. We also bought an ashtray at the Royal Copenhagen China shop, and some attractive beautifully designed colourful glass-ware, which was comparatively cheap at Illum's, one of the best large stores in Copenhagen. From the shop of the faience factory at Nevers in France, we purchased a large flat china dish, ideal for pavlovas, and a matching tea-pot stand. They were pale blue with a darker blue floral design in the centre. In addition to these various purchases, we were very generously given three typically Dutch bowls by the Van Steenis family at Hilversum in the Netherlands – to add to our small collection of things for the house.

In Bonn, I purchased my first camera and light metre, with the assistance of Gerry Nutter a young diplomat at the Australian Embassy who was at our lunch with Mr Hood. He rang a very helpful German girl married to an Australian. She worked in a good camera shop and gave us a 10% discount. I chose an Agfa Solinette 2, which could take 35 mm colour photos. The camera had an excellent lens. When I bought my first camera, good cameras were much cheaper in Germany, even with the heavy customs duty to be paid. At Dover back in England, I paid the heavy duty, but apart from a small amount on a bag Trish had bought in Florence, that was all the customs officer made us pay although our other purchases were also liable for duty.

I first tried the camera out with a black and white film, but then moved to colour. My first colour photo was of the town-hall square in Basle, Switzerland. Between there and arriving back in England, I only took 43 shots. I used a 36 Kodak film, which was fairly expensive and it took time and further money to get the shots made into slides. I was, however, very pleased with my first set of slides – they had excellent definition, the colour was good, and the composition of the photos seemed to be effective. Remarkably most of these photos are still in reasonable condition.

Photography became a significant interest, not only for the sake of the record, but because I positively enjoyed the aesthetic challenge of photography. Partly because of the expense I was always careful in my shot selection and never took multiple shots of the same object. My original camera served me well for thirty years. I had to replace it after dropping it on its corner on a brief

¹⁶ See p. 217.

visit to Ireland. My second camera, bought in Oxford in 1984, was a Pentax – ME Super. Its lens was also first-rate. My third camera, bought in Hobart in 2006, dispensed with film and was incredibly small and easy to use. A digital camera, a Canon – PowerShot A700, it reflected some of the huge advances in some aspects of camera technology. The speed, efficiency and profusion of production of modern digital cameras and personal printing machines is astonishing. I now process all of my photos, selecting only the better ones for printing, but am uneasy about the longer-term future of the photos. I discontinued getting coloured slides in the early 1980s.

MEALS AND OTHER SOCIAL EXPERIENCES

On our trip, it was sometimes welcome to have a break in the monotony of making our own cheap meals from local produce, supplemented by the tins of food in the car boot. Occasionally, hostels had cheap meals or we ate at cheap restaurants. Once we treated ourselves to a meal at the Villa d'Este Restaurant – to celebrate our engagement anniversary. Also at times we greatly enjoyed hospitality provided by others.

In Stockholm, we enjoyed very generous hospitality from Vic Miller and Marget, his new Swedish wife. Vic was a young architect who had been in Mr Berry's office in Adelaide. After the Millers came with us on a tour of some of the housing development in the suburbs of Stockholm, we returned to their flat. We were their first guests to a meal since they were married. We spent the next day with them, at Saltsjobaden sea-side resort, and on the way looked at a large housing project undertaken by the firm Vic worked for. We provided a picnic lunch, mainly from our tins. In the evening, they took us to Berns Salonger, a renowned Swedish restaurant, whose menu included uncooked fish.

In Copenhagen, after a drive with Mrs Plum showing us some of the sights of the city, she took us to a smorbrod restaurant in New Haven, which turned out to be in a rather tough sailors' quarter. Before going with her to the Tivoli, the famous fun park, she gave us a delicious smorbrod meal. The Mollers, other friends of the Berrys, also provided us with a delicious meal in their home near Copenhagen.

Vic Miller told us to be sure to get in touch with the Van Steenis family in Hilversum, a town near Amsterdam. He said they were delighted to see Adelaide people, and so it proved. We had dinner with them and, as mentioned, because of the heavy rain ended up staying the night with them. Mr Van Steenis was in Phillips and had spent 13 years in Australia, the last 5 in Adelaide, and was keen to return. His son was doing third-year medicine at the University of Adelaide. After dinner, Mr Van Steenis took us for a drive around Hilversum, an attractive residential town, where by law each house had to have a front garden. Next morning we helped them clear up kalsomine in the new house they were just about to move into. Mr Van Steenis took us to see the Queen's Palace and then shouted us coffee and a huge cream cake. After further sight-seeing, we had lunch with the Van Steenis family, then left our new friends and drove back to Amsterdam. We were lucky Mr Van Steenis

was on holidays and was willing to spare us some of his time.

Our lunch with John Hood at his home in Bonn on 2 August was memorable.¹⁷ The Australian Embassy was in a very attractive residential area; the Ambassador's spacious, two-storied home was nearby. We had a delicious hot lunch followed by fruit salad and cream. Mr Hood had been the 1926 Tasmanian Rhodes scholar and had studied PPE at Magdalen. He seemed pleased that we had visited him. He was a fairly large man, with not much to say, but friendly all the same.

On 28 August, on the beach at Lerici in Italy, a man asked us if we were the Norwegian vice-consul and his wife, for we were the only fair-haired people on the beach! We began chatting and found out that he knew Adelaide quite well and the Sutherlands very well. Geoff Sutherland had been in my class at school, and the Sutherlands were distantly related to Trish's family. Our new friend was Captain Thowsen, whose ship was loading at La Spezia. His home was in Bergen and he had two sons. He was a captain for the same agents that Mr Sutherland worked for, and was very grateful for all the hospitality he had received in Adelaide. Captain Thowsen was on the beach with his first officer, also a very friendly Norwegian. They both spoke English quite well. They invited us to have a drink, and then at the end of the day to have dinner with them at one of the best eating places, where we were introduced to sea dates, a local speciality. We enjoyed the evening with the two of them immensely, before they caught the bus back to La Spezia at 10.30pm.

Captain Thowsen, alone, again joined us the next day on the beach, sharing our bathing box and insisted on shouting us to lunch at the Lido restaurant. He had had two previous ships, but the companies had sold them. He had been with the present company for three months, but did not much like his ship. He shared with us many of his interesting experiences. At the end of the day, we three climbed almost to the castle top to see the magnificent view at twilight. He was too late to catch a small steamer back to La Spezia, so we took him there in the car. Before returning at 10.30pm, he insisted on giving us yet another delicious meal. We certainly enjoyed his company and he seemed to enjoy ours. Next day, at his invitation, we called in for a chat over coffee at his ship, before pressing on to Genoa at 10.30pm. His 3,000-ton ship was loading pulp wood. The first officer also farewelled us. The whole episode, completely unexpected, could not have been more pleasurable and I am sure helped us tackle the rest of the trip.

In Paris, on 13 September we had a pleasant evening with Claude Pinet and family, at Neuilly sur Seine. Mal Lyon, a University friend in Adelaide, had suggested we contact them, but they were away when we first arrived in Paris.

NOTABLE SIGHTS AND PLACES

Additional to the experiences already sketched, were what we saw in the places we visited – the scenery, the nature and layout of towns and cities, town halls,

¹⁷ See p. 218.

museums, art galleries, palaces and gardens, churches. The detailed description of these in my diary cannot be reproduced here, but I will mention some of the places that particularly impressed us at the time and tended to stay in the memory.

Mountain Scenery

The mountain scenery in Norway, Switzerland, Austria and northern Italy was often spectacular and sometimes magnificent. Early in our drive in Norway, the mountains had gleaming white threads of waterfalls tracing down black mountain sides which dropped sharply into a fjord. The water of the fjord was an oily-looking dark green. On a car ferry in the middle of a fjord, we experienced a total eclipse of the sun for a few minutes in the middle of the day – an eerie experience, which would have been frightening if we did not know what was happening. Just off the Hardanger plateau was a 535-foot waterfall thundering down into a stream below. The road across the Hardanger plateau ran through wild moorland scenery. Lakes of emerald colour and different shades of blue, little waterfalls, and peaks still snow-clad, made it a wonderful drive. ‘One could have used film after film to try to capture the beauties of the sights we saw’.¹⁸

Our ascent to the top of the Jungfrau Mountain in the Swiss Alps on 7 August was a highlight. The train climbed steeply on a very narrow-gauge line into cloud veiling the upper reaches of the mountain. On the lower reaches were lovely, colourful Swiss wild-flowers beside the train. We changed trains at Kleine Scheidegg (6,762 feet). At the Eigergletscher station (7,612 feet), it was freezingly cold and we could not see a thing. Before the next station at Eigerwood (9,400 feet) we went through a four and a half mile tunnel with gradients of up to 25%. At Jungfraujoek (11,333 feet), the most elevated rack-railway station in Europe, we walked out from the station to the observatory terrace of the Hotel Bergus to a magnificent sight. A glacier between snow-covered mountains stretched down before us beneath a blue sky, with folds of dense white clouds occasionally drifting across the mountains. The Sphinx tunnel led us out onto a part of the glacier, where we had a ride on a sleigh drawn by huskies. From the Sphinx Terraces (11,723 feet) reached by a lift, the views of a nearby summit and of the glacier were remarkable. On the way down the mountain, the clouds had lifted considerably revealing steep mountain-sides, tree covered, and dotted with typical Swiss cottages – of wood with over-hanging eaves and bright window boxes. We had had a truly memorable experience. The mountains and lakes of Switzerland generally made for a very scenic country.

We continued to be impressed by the mountain scenery in Austria, particularly on both sides of the Inn valley. I commented, ‘The beauty of the mountains of Vorarlburg and the Tyrol is impossible to describe – it makes an impression upon you which is difficult to convey to another who has not

¹⁸ John Lawrence, *Diary*, 1/7/54.

seen the mountains'.¹⁹ The unusual Dolomite Mountains in northern Italy also made a lasting impression. They rose sheer from the level river valley we drove along. They were of limestone – red, rose-coloured, pink, yellow, white and grey. The mountains running sheer into the very blue sea along the Italian Riviera was another memory.

Scandinavia

In Oslo, we were particularly impressed by the Vigeland Park, the Norsk Folkemuseum, two Viking ships found in graves of Viking chieftains, and the Oslo Town Hall. The Park was beautifully laid out and adorned with sculptures by Vigeland, a famous peasant sculptor concerned with portraying humans through the life cycle. The folkmuseum was a collection of 90 houses and huts of past centuries from all over Norway. The Oslo Town Hall was modern, having just been completed in 1950. Its many brightly-coloured painted murals of a variety of scenes was effective. I described Oslo as 'a satisfying city. There are many modern buildings, no slums in evidence, and everything looks clean.' I also commented that Norwegian people seemed very friendly generally and were very proud of their national heritage.²⁰

I thought that Stockholm was a lovely city, built on a number of islands, with the old and the new tastefully combined. It was compact, but was large, housing over a million people. The royal palace, open to visitors, was extensive and imposing. From the tower of the town hall, a large, brick building of the 1920s, we had a wonderful view of the city.

We thought the Tivoli fun park in Copenhagen certainly showed the Danes seemed to know how to entertain themselves. It was a wonderful place. For about 7 pence, you could wander round inside, watching the sideshows and viewing for nothing all of the performances on the various stages and in the concert halls. On two memorable evenings, we watched the fun, went to a couple of sideshows, saw a ballet, looked at clowns on a tightrope, tumblers, and a clever trick cyclist, heard an orchestra of 50 players, and rode the big dipper. 'Den Permanente' was an outstanding exhibition of Danish craftsmanship and we were impressed by the design of cheap glassware and other everyday objects available to the Danish people. The rooms of Fredericksborg Castle were laid out with exhibits of the various Danish kings. Kronborg Castle at Helsingor, the Elsinore castle in 'Hamlet', was in an impregnable position commanding the sound looking across to Sweden. Its great hall was massive and its dungeons extensive. Each year, 'Hamlet' was performed in its huge courtyard.

Holland, Belgium, Germany

Our visit to the house of Han Christian Anderson in Odense was fascinating. Inside were his letters, drawings, and stories, and numerous portraits of him. A visit to the Hamburg zoo was disappointing, however. It was smaller than we had expected.

19 John Lawrence, *Diary*, 12/8/54.

20 John Lawrence, *Diary*, 3/7/54.

In Amsterdam, seeing the Rijksmuseum made a great impact. Never had I seen so many absolutely wonderful paintings, most of them by Flemish masters from the 15th to the 18th centuries. Rembrandt's famous 'Night Watch' was amongst them. Our tour of Amsterdam was by motor-boat. The city was a maze of canals and bridges, twice as many as Venice. Some of the ships in the harbour were American 'Victory Ships' built without rivets. We thought Marken, a small fishing village where the inhabitants still wore traditional Dutch costumes, had been ruined by the influence of tourists.

In The Hague, we were guided through the fine buildings of the Peace Palace, where the International Court of Justice was located. The Peace Palace was built in 1913 with Carnegie money. Generous gifts from various countries enhanced the buildings. Huge, modern architecturally designed buildings were a feature of much of Rotterdam which had been devastated during the war.

In Belgium, the market-square of the lovely ancient town of Bruges was delightful. The Palais de Justice in Brussels was an impressive mass of buildings, larger than St Peter's in Rome. The Brussels town hall square was flanked by superb gothic buildings dating from the 15th century. The Brussels Cathedral was a fine-looking building from the outside, but inside it was very gloomy, smelled of incense, and was crowded with tourists.

The rolling hills and ridges of the Ardennes were rich in growth and scenery, but a famous grotto we entered at Han-sur-Lesse was not especially memorable. Much of Cologne was still devastated by the war, although some areas now had many fine modern buildings. The Cathedral, begun in the 13th century, was a beautiful building. It stood out majestically amongst the ruins. It was hit during the war and half the nave was still walled off. We climbed the 501 steps up one of the twin gothic spires to get a wide view of the city.

The road along the Rhine valley between Bonn, Koblenz and Bingen, had wonderful scenery. The valley was not very wide. Towering hills, many topped by castles commanding villages on the river's edge, lay on either side of us. On many slopes, steep though they were, vines were growing, usually on terraces.

At Heidelberg, from the castle built in 13th century, we had a wonderful view of the city with its churches, its university buildings, and its old bridge and gateway. Baden-Baden, set amid woodlands and hills and with splendid promenades, was one of the best-known inland watering places on the Continent. An old guide explained to us the remains of Roman baths built in 50 AD – the high-level baths in green marble for royalty, the next level for the people, and the lowest level for the soldiers. Warm springs beneath the hillside still flowed for the modern baths.

Switzerland and Austria

The town hall at Basle was a remarkably colourful, 16th century, red-coloured building, with painted figures on its walls. The Cathedral was also a richly-coloured building of red stone and had a patterned roof. The square beside it was surrounded by picturesque houses, most with red flowers in window boxes. In Berne throughout the city, set in corners of old streets, were colourful fountains. At Lucerne, an International Music Festival was in progress, with names

like Raphael Kubelik, Schneiderhan, Edwin Fischer, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Marcel Dupré, and Furtwangler, on the concert list. Tickets were too expensive, however, and we thought anyway we could get performers of such quality in England. Lucerne's mediaeval covered bridges had numerous old paintings in their eaves. In Zurich, some of the arcaded buildings in an old section of the town near the Cathedral were particularly attractive. The Cathedral, a Romanic building dating from 1100, was strong and austere. It had no altar. A couple of the large shops in Zurich were built in attractive sweeping lines, but much of the modern architecture seemed very ordinary.

Many of the houses in the Tyrolean villages had religious and other paintings on their outside walls. There were many wayside shrines and chapels in all of the Roman Catholic areas of Europe, but particularly in Switzerland and Austria. A picnic lunch on mossy boulders beside the rushing river, among trees, wild flowers and raspberries in the Otz valley was especially memorable. We chatted to a Viennese man while eating our evening meal in the park near the Imperial Palace at Innsbruck. In moonlight amongst the mountains, Innsbruck was a beautiful place, although rather shabby in daylight. At the Landes Museum in Innsbruck we saw an amazing medieval collection of armour for kings and nobles. A guide, speaking four languages, took us through the Royal Residence; portraits of the Hapsburg family lined its great hall. A Johann Strauss operetta at the Landestheatre was light entertainment. The theatre had tier after tier of red-curtained boxes.

Italy

Verona was one of the most interesting cities we visited. Its Roman arena was the largest after the Colosseum in Rome; it was still used for operas, concerts and ballets and was prepared for an orchestral concert when we were there. The Piazza della Erbe was a wonderful old market square, flanked by lovely buildings. Nearby was Julia's famous balcony and not far away was the large former home of Romeo. Piazza Dante had a statue of the poet at its centre. Through an archway was an old courtyard with a superb Venetian staircase in one corner. The design and craftsmanship of the buildings were impressive. The Duomo or Cathedral, near the river, had a superbly carved porch. Its interior was richly painted and its ceiling was blue to represent the sky. On walls above the remains of a Roman theatre, we had a fine view of the city with its towers and orange-tiled roofs.

Venice provided a feast of memories – the canals, the gondolas, and the numerous beautiful buildings. In St Mark's Square, 'the drawing room of Europe', we had a very expensive drink in a restaurant on the pavement. Small orchestras in numerous restaurants filled the air with music. Because of the size of the square, thankfully they were not too close together. In the centre of the Square, an orchestra of about 70 players gave a concert at 8.45pm. Several doges had tombs in the large church of S. Giovanni e Paulo, near our lodgings. The Basilica of St Mark contained art treasures of many centuries – rare marbles, gold, mosaics, sculptures. The bones of St Mark were supposed to be interred inside its high altar. The Doges Palace, next to the Basilica on the

square, contained paintings by Italian masters and an exhibition of Chinese art, marking the 700th anniversary of Marco Polo's visit to the East. A climb to the top of the Campanile gave us a view of the incredible symmetry and beauty of St Mark's Square and its buildings.

The Arsenal, whence Venice's fleets departed in the days of her naval glory, had a splendid gateway by Fra Giocondo. A water-bus took us to the Lido, one of Europe's most fashionable bathing resorts, situated on a very long narrow island. It was crowded and you had to pay to bathe and use the beach! Adelaide beaches were far superior. The beach was quite extensive but the sand looked dirty. The Rialto Bridge was the centre of a very busy area of stalls and shops, with many lovely things fairly cheap. The Modern Art Gallery had a fine façade on the Grand Canal; on its second floor was a very interesting collection of international art taken mainly from past biennial international exhibitions held in the public gardens beyond the Arsenal. The Academy of Fine Arts, on the Grand Canal some distance away from St Mark's Square, contained wonderful work by such masters as Tintoretto, Titian and Botticelli. It was not very large, but called for much more than the two hours we spent there. As we chugged back along the Grand Canal to the parking station, Italian songs sung by people in gondola parties floated across the water. Venice had been a memorable experience, especially for me, seeing it for the first time.

We did not stop at Boulogne with its huge market square and arcaded old buildings, but pressed on over the Etruscan Appenines to Florence, a city full of interest and treasures. The Piazza della Signore was an impressive square with Palazzo Vecchio on one of its sides. A stone in the pavement marked where Savonarola was burnt at the stake. The Loggia of the Lancers, just beside the Palazzo Vecchio, had three lines of sculptures by notable sculptors. Close-by the Uffizi Palace housed one of the finest art galleries in the world. Its walls formed a rectangle, and its rooms were full of works by such masters as Botticelli, Lippi, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael, to name but a few. I realised how often prints did not do justice to the original paintings. The Cathedral (1294–1431) was a large majestic building with a colourful and lovely exterior of white, green and pink marble. The interior was very spacious but rather austere. The Campanile and the baptistery, where Dante was baptised, were also striking buildings. The Ghiberti's famous Golden Doors of the Baptistry were magnificent. The Florence straw market was colourful with multi-coloured baskets and other straw products in many closely-packed stalls. The much-photographed Ponte Vecchio across the River Arne was lined with shops. It led to the Palazzo Pitti, which had an art gallery in the same class as the Uffizi Palace, and also had an interesting section of works of silver, porcelain and gold. The children's hospital had terra-cotta statues of babies (white on blue) by Della Robbia.

Siena, built on hills, was a city that had preserved its medieval aspect. Its Cathedral was colourful. Inside was a black and white colour scheme with a blue ceiling. Horse-racing was periodically held in the market square.

Rome was full of interest – the monumental Spanish Steps, built in 1722; the Palace of the Quirinal, now occupied by the president of the Republic; the many impressive squares often with fountains by Bernini; the Colosseum,

completed by Titus and constructed by Hebrew prisoners in 80 AD (it seated 50,000 spectators who witnessed gladiatorial contests and public spectacles such as mock sea battles, animal hunts, executions, re-enactments of famous battles, and dramas based on classical mythology); the ruins of the Roman Forum; the Palatine Hill above the Forum where patrician families lived, and later the emperors; the ruins of the huge baths of Caracalla (206–217 AD); the splendid church of St John Lateran, the Cathedral of Rome, with its lovely cloister and choir; the magnificent statue of Moses by Michaelangelo at St Pietro in Vincoli; the incredible massive collection of art treasures in the Vatican, including in the Sistine Chapel, with its famous Michelangelo ceiling; Michelangelo's gigantic St Peter's Cathedral, with the tomb of the saint beneath the high altar, in turn beneath the dome; Bernini's colonnade around the huge square at the front of the Cathedral; and the richly-decorated St Mary Major, one of the four great churches of Rome. Just outside Rome off the Appian Way were the Catacombs of San Callisto, 17 miles of labyrinth dug on five floors beneath the earth's surface by the early Christians. These were mainly for graves, but also used as hiding places in the years of persecution before Constantine converted to Christianity and provided religious tolerance to Christians in 313 AD. A young, English-speaking priest acted as guide for our small party of five. The Pantheon, reached in 'heavy mad traffic', was a circular restored Roman building, once a pagan temple but now a church. It contained Raphael's tomb.

The Piazza Duomo at Pisa was one of the most impressive squares we had seen. It contained a fine cathedral, the beautiful baptistery, and the famous Leaning Tower, the Campanile (12th century). The buildings were all a clean, light colour. We ascended the tower. It had a tremendous tilt; the steps were all worn on one side.

The Lido near the village of Lerici where we had the very pleasant encounter with Captain Thowsen was a very pleasant bathing place. We had to pay to go in, but there was a changing box, a bar, a restaurant and a place for dancing. The clear blue water, the green hills, the villages on the hills, the warm sun, and clean (though not white) sand made it most enjoyable. Finale Ligure provided us with further basking in the sun and swimming, although the beach was a little pebbly near the water and shelved steeply into the water.

France

In Nice, we had a swim on the free part of a pebbly beach. The main shopping street was a very attractive tree-lined boulevard, but the shops were rather expensive. Cannes was smaller than Nice, but we thought its shorefront was superior. It had a long, sandy beach where we swam on the public beach, a wide promenade with palm trees and many-coloured chairs, and a crowd of well-groomed people. Yachts with sails of white, blue, red, yellow and orange plied up and down the harbour. A large liner was anchored in the bay. A couple from the ship stopped at our car and chatted; he had toured Australia with an English rugby team. One of the shops in Cannes had a small, but interesting exhibition of works by Picasso. We enjoyed wandering along the boulevard

and through the streets of the town.

The road from Cannes to Frejus was through the picturesque and well-wooded Esterel Mountains, which reached a height of 1,120 feet. The countryside after Aix-En-Provence had strange bare rocky crags. Avignon on the River Rhone looked as if it had not been disturbed for hundreds of years. Old ramparts still encircled the main part of the town. The French popes lived at Avignon from 1306 to 1411. A pageant was going on in the courtyard of the Papal Palace. We could see the changing floodlights, and hear the strange 14th century music floating clearly through the still air. We went through the Palace in a huge party of French people with a French guide, but were not very impressed apart from its size and position. The Cathedral was founded in the 4th century and rebuilt in the 12th. It was very dark inside. Above the Cathedral were gardens with sweeping views of the surrounding countryside. A special exhibition in the town hall by modern French painters, Matisse and others, was one of the most enjoyable we had seen.

At Orange was a large, well-preserved Roman theatre and a splendid Roman Arc de Triomphe, the finest in France. Through magnificent mountain scenery, we climbed to La Chavade (4,150 feet), where we came onto an amazing wide plateau of undulating land. Le Puy, famous for its lace-making, was a remarkable town situated amidst volcanic heights. A large, red-coloured statue of the virgin towered on a volcanic rock above the Cathedral and the town. We bought a few lovely lace things from a lace shop where a woman was actually making the lace. Vichy was attractive with good shops, large hotels, and a tree-covered park in its centre, where an orchestra was giving a concert. We drank Vichy water from one of the springs; it tasted like warm, stale soda-water and made us burp.

The renowned Fontainebleau Palace was huge. We saw the state apartments of Napoleon 1; the Salle Du Trone; the luxurious rooms of Marie Antoinette; rooms, furniture and other artefacts representing Louis XIII, XIV, XV, and XVI; the Chapelle de la St. Trinite; and on the ground floor Napoleon's private apartments. The Palace, one of the largest of the French royal chateaus, was set in lovely, mostly formal gardens, and the thick Fontainebleau wood, 55 kilometres from the centre of Paris.

Our week in Paris provided a plethora of memories at the end of the tour, and whetted the appetite for further visits. Some of the memories were already reinforcements for Trish who had visited Paris with her family in 1954 and had loved it.²¹ Paris had a long history as a settlement on the River Seine, and was now one of the great cities of the world. The city's largest transformation was by Baron Haussman under Napoleon III in the mid-19th century, when a network of wide avenues and neo-classical facades replaced narrow, winding medieval streets. This not only beautified and sanitised the capital, but also increased military effectiveness in the event of an uprising.²² The tree-lined boulevards radiated out from huge monuments such as the Arc de Triomphe. The lay-out of modern Paris was impressive, especially seen from the top of

21 See p. 144.

22 See Wikipedia article on 'Paris', on the Internet.

the Eiffel Tower. We paid 8 shillings each to go to the top of the Tower. The Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, and Montmartre with its glistening white Sacre Coeur, stood out very clearly. In the distance was the Bois de Boulogne, a large dense green mass.

The Jardin des Tuileries was a large, well-arranged park with flower-beds, trees just beginning to change colour, and many fine statues. The Palais du Louvre covered 40 acres. Its picture galleries had works by almost every famous artist. In the Greek and Roman sculpture section were the 'Venus de Milo' and 'Winged Victory'. The medieval and renaissance sculpture sections were very large and rich in quality. Finishing at midnight, 'Paris Galant '54' at the Theatre Capucines, presented 30 different acts and scenes, which we thoroughly enjoyed. In the Ile de la Cité, the heart of the city which dated from 53 BC, the Palais de Justice was once the residence of the first 12 kings of France. In a courtyard was the Gothic church of Sainte-Chappelle, with beautiful stained-glass windows. Across the Pont Neuf, was the Conciergerie, the old prison of the French Revolution. The Cathedral of Notre Dame had a magnificent gothic exterior, seen at its best from across the river. Montmartre provided a wide view of the city, the romanesque Sacre Coeur basilica and the artists' quarter.²³ The Casino of Paris rivalled the Folies in popularity. It ran until almost midnight from 9pm; the ingenuity of some of the scenes and the brilliance of the spectacle could not have been bettered. The Latin Quarter had many students. The Pantheon was the burial place of famous Frenchmen such as Voltaire and Rousseau. Near the university schools of the Sorbonne were the very attractive Luxembourg Gardens, overlooked by the Senate House, formerly the 17th century Luxembourg Palace. Browsing in the bookshops along the river was a feature of the city. The Hotel des Invalides contained the tombs of Napoleon, members of his family, and of Marshall Foch. Louis XIV's Palace at Versailles was about 12 miles out of Paris. Its chapel, royal apartments, hall of mirrors and extensive gardens and park were memorable. In the south wing, the Galerie des Batailles depicted all of the famous successful French battles. The smaller apartments of Marie Antoinette were exquisite.

In very windy, cold weather, we crossed the channel in the ferry from Calais to Dover on 16 September. Even though the trip had obviously been a great success, it was a joy to back in England,²⁴ and we were looking forward to resuming our lives in Oxford. I wrote to the family:

It has been a really wonderful experience, seeing so much of Europe in one go, rather than piecemeal. At no time did we hurry things, and we had plenty of time to see just what we wanted. I feel that this trip has widened my horizons considerably and will give me a new understanding in my work.²⁵

23 Trish lost her movie camera, when it was accidentally left on the steps of Sacre Coeur for a few minutes and was presumably stolen. It was not handed in to the police.

24 John Lawrence, *Diary*, 16/9/54, p. 150.

25 Letter, John Lawrence to family, 18/9/54.



Jungfrau Glacier, Switzerland



PDB, Tyrolean valley, Austria



Doge's Palace, Venice



View from Campanile, St Mark's Square, Venice



St Mark's Basilica, Venice - PDB in foreground



Rose Window, Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris



RJL, courtyard, Palace at Versailles, Paris



PDB and RJL with car (Morris 12) – Farnborough, at end of Continental tour

Chapter 6

Oxford – Settled In

This chapter covers the period which brought us to the end of our first year overseas. We were well settled in our new very different environment, and were thankful that everything had gone so well.

We greatly appreciated being able to stay briefly with the Civils in Farnborough after returning from the Continent. It was quiet and comfortable. Auntie Addie fed us well, and we were grateful to be able to wash the dirt out of all our clothes. Washing at the flat in Oxford was difficult. Mr Wooff had our car back in running order on Saturday, 18 September. He thought it could fetch quite a good price, but we were not sure yet that we wanted to sell it. Uncle Ralph thought he could get a farmer friend of his to garage the car during the winter, which would deal with one of the problems of retaining it. That evening, we saw on the television the moving and exciting final of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Hearing the young audience join in and sing with fervour 'Land of Hope and Glory', 'Rule Britannia' and 'Jerusalem', was a memorable experience. Uncle Ralph had bought a 35mm camera, and had taken shots in colour of their splendid garden to send to their daughter Kathleen in Australia.

Back in Oxford on 19 September, the Thwaites gave us a warm welcome; I would be staying at the flat, sleeping on the divan, until term started on 10 October. They had returned from their shorter motoring tour of the Continent over a week before because Johnny's father had died when they were in Italy. The 250 colour transparencies which Johnny showed us on the school projector were a superb, beautiful record.

For a couple of days, I sorted out our luggage and packed a case of gifts and articles for Trish's trousseau, kindly to be taken home by the Gordons and given to my mother for distribution. The gifts were for Christmas, but if people wanted to have them before then, that was alright with us; we left it to my mother and Mrs Berry to decide what was best. A covering letter listed 37 items – where each was bought on the Continent, for which family member it was intended, and from whom it was a gift (Trish or me). For Trish's trousseau, mainly clothes, 9 items were listed – bought in Mora (in Sweden), Venice, Florence, Rome, Le Puy, and Paris.¹

1 Letter, John Lawrence to Lucy Lawrence, 21/9/54.

Trish's Teaching at Tudor Hall School

Trish, Johnny and Helen started at their respective schools on Wednesday, 22 September. Trish was maths mistress at Tudor Hall School, a boarding school of about 100 girls located in the countryside near Banbury. She had classes of girls with ages ranging from 13 to 16, but she was very keen on the school and happy about the whole set-up – and the pay was good. She stayed at the school on Monday and Tuesday nights, and had Friday afternoon off. On Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, she started teaching at 10 am. The train to Banbury and short bus-ride to the school took about an hour at the most. A 28-year old Indian teacher at Tudor Hall, Nergus Bharucha, at first accompanied Trish to a very good weekly lecture series in Oxford on a Thursday evening on the teaching of maths. Nergus became a friend, but left at the end of the term to be in charge of a school in Bombay. At the outset Trish was rather surprised at how little the children knew. On 23 October, she reported to my mother that the teaching was gradually becoming easier, but she found the correcting rather slow and there was a lot to be done each week.² On 12 December, she reported the work had become easier and she did not have to work so late at it. 'It was a bit of a struggle at first but now I am getting to know the girls and staff better it is much easier'.³

Back to Work

After our trip, it was a relief to get back to Oxford, to a reasonably ordered existence again, but I had a lot to do. I had not opened a work-book for about three months, I had two 3-hour papers on the first day back and also a special paper for the PPE group in the first week of term. I had learned that Robin Ashwin had only scored a second, although he had been very happy about his papers and I thought had a good chance of a first; and Magdalen had only one first in PPE. 'The pace is very hot'.⁴

At the flat, especially during the day when the others were at school, I could concentrate on my work. On 3 October, however, I relocated to stay with Auntie Addie for four days so that Mr Wooff in Farnborough could put on a new sunroof and do other necessary work on the car. We had decided to keep it, leaving it in a lane just behind the college. Mr Wooff assured us it would be alright to leave it out during the Winter, provided we put anti-freeze in the radiator, cover the engine, and wax polish the body. I brought back to the flat a large bag of apples from Auntie Addie's garden.

2 Letter, Patricia Berry to Mrs Lawrence, 23/10/54.

3 Letter, Patricia Berry to Mrs Lawrence, 12/12/54.

4 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 24/9/54.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1954

My New Room

On 8 October, I returned to living in college. My new room, a bed-sitter was very large, with a door in one corner leading to the open-air pulpit occasionally used for University occasions. It was located up one flight of stairs from a doorway immediately to the right from the entrance lodge of the College on High Street. Overlooking the High meant the room had loud and continuous traffic noise, but I soon became accustomed to it. My working desk looked over a College courtyard where I would see the choir filing into the chapel to practice. Opposite on the ground floor was the president's working desk, from which he could see not only entrants to the College, but visitors going up my staircase. He could not have not noticed how often I had a particular female visitor! The room opposite off the staircase was occupied by Norman Blake, who became a friend. He was studying Icelandic, an interest far distant from PPE. We had an excellent scout, Mr Lee, who was a warden at the St Giles church which Trish and I sometimes attended. The convention was to call all scouts by their surname only, but I found this singularly inappropriate in the case of Mr Lee.⁵

My Academic Work

The two 3-hour papers on 9 October were on the previous term's work. Ken Tite's written comment at the end of my examination paper on British Political and Constitutional History from 1830 was: 'Of course this is a competent first paper. And of course you are not out of bottom gear'. Harry Weldon wrote at the end of my General Philosophy paper, 'Not at all bad', with a grade of B+?+, with at least one of my four answers getting an alpha-beta. He remarked to me, 'Given the straw you can build the bricks alright', and Ken Tite said much the same.

I valued many other things in my life additional to working for another good degree, wherever that might lead. There was so much more I wanted to see, and had a continuing commitment and responsibility to my fiancée and our future together. I was still undecided about what sort of path my future career should take. Trish understood what was required to take university study seriously and could not have been more supportive of whatever I chose to do, either in the short-term or the longer term. She was never demanding of my time and I continued to benefit enormously from our relationship and any time we could spend together. Other students obviously functioned well in their academic work without having yet made a personal commitment to a partner; a few were already married and operated from a shared home living together. Thanks to Cecil Rhodes, our circumstances were different, and we had to make the most of them.

⁵ No doubt this was seen as a peculiar example of Australian egalitarianism.

A Gratifying Seminar

On Monday, 18 October, at 11am was an economics tutorial with Frank Burchardt, an excellent tutor and a particularly pleasant man. At 6pm was a philosophy tutorial with Weldon, and at 8.15pm, the first of the College PPE classes at which I had to present the first paper. I had worked quite hard on the paper and it was successful, for I won the case against my opponent surprisingly easily, although I certainly had the easier case to argue. I had to argue against the proposition 'That liberation can never be a respectable aim of foreign policy'. I opened with a Niebuhr quotation:

Politics will, to the end of history, be an area where conscience and power meet, where the ethical and coercive factors of human life will interpenetrate and work out their tentative and uneasy compromises.

Briefly, I argued – the word 'liberation' is used in politics with some sort of moral implication; the word 'respectable' in the proposition also has a moral implication; foreign policy, working in the infantile, but existing community of nations, has to and does take into account moral considerations as well as dictates of power; therefore, the proposition was not true. Re-reading my 11-page essay, I was pleased with the quality of the work. My tutors had been shrewd to pit me against Guido Calabresi, a formidable opponent.

This meeting was held in Weldon's room; Weldon, Tite and Burchardt were there, and the beer was on. Afterwards I had most of the 10 students in my room for a small celebration for Guido Calabresi – it was his birthday. I remember Guido at Oxford as a rather small friendly man, with a warm ready smile. Later he sported a goatee beard which suited him well, especially when it turned grey. Guido was to become a long-term friend.

Guido Calabresi

Guido Calabresi was an Italian-born American Rhodes Scholar (Connecticut 1953). I recall Guido introducing me to his father when we met in the High one day; he was a professor of cardiology at Yale University. Guido's parents had been active in resistance against Italian fascism and migrated from Milan to New Haven in 1939. In 1948, the family became naturalised American citizens. Like me, Guido had an older brother who had gone into medicine. Guido had majored in economics in his B.S. from Yale College. After gaining a first in PPE in 1955, he completed a law degree at the Yale Law School in 1958, graduating first in his class. He served as a law clerk for Hugo Black, a member of the U.S. Supreme Court for two years; then joined the faculty of the Yale Law School. In 1961, he married Anne Audubon Tyler, a social anthropologist, active in social affairs and a freelance writer. Anne was from a New England family. In 1962 at the age of 30, he became the youngest-ever full professor at Yale Law School. From 1985 to 1994, he was Dean. In 1994, President Clinton, a 1973 law graduate of Yale, nominated him as Circuit Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate. Guido became recognised as one of the founders of the field of law and economics. Under his leadership, 'Yale Law

School became a leading center for legal scholarship imbued with economics and other social sciences'.⁶

Guido Calabresi and I have stayed in touch since our Oxford days. We still exchange family and other news at Christmas, and as will be recounted we have visited Guido and Anne on their property near New Haven in 1967, and a few times since. In recent times, Anne has been the main author of the Christmas letter; she expresses with passion how much contemporary society violates her social justice concerns. The Calabresis have an apartment in Florence and regularly spend time in Italy. They have a highly-developed sense of family. Their daughter Anne has become a psychiatrist, their son Massimo a journalist, and their second daughter has a PhD in renaissance literature from Columbia.

In College, Guido lived in Longwall Quad near the library. Nearby in St Swithuns' Quad was another American Rhodes Scholar, Ronald Dworkin, reading jurisprudence. Like Guido, he achieved a first in 1955 and went on to a very distinguished academic career in law. In 1969, after a period in the Law School at Yale, he was appointed professor of jurisprudence and fellow of University College in Oxford.⁷ Later, I came to appreciate some of his writing on human rights, but he was not amongst my particular friends at Magdalen.

In a letter to my mother on 23 October, Trish wrote:

John seems to be getting on quite well with his work, although there is always a shortage of working hours in term time. There are so many things to be fitted in.⁸

I had had to apply for an extension of my Rhodes Scholarship before the beginning of November. In support of my application, Harry Weldon wrote, 'He has a good chance of getting a 1st, and is in every way a most satisfactory member of the College'.⁹ On 25 October, at 5.15pm after a game of rugby, I went to Rhodes House for my termly interview with the warden, Bill Williams. We had 'a wandering chat'. As hoped, the Rhodes grant had gone up to £600 a year. I anticipated this would mean I would have no money worries and perhaps could save a little from it.

E. T. Williams, Warden of Rhodes House

Edgar "Bill" Williams (1912–1995) was a clergyman's son. Before the war, he obtained a first in history at Merton College, lectured at Liverpool University, and returned to Merton as a junior research fellow. During the war, he rose to the rank of brigadier. The British commander Bernard Montgomery wrote in his memoirs that Bill Williams was 'intellectually far superior to myself or to anyone on my staff', and 'it was a conversation with him which gave me the idea which played a large part in winning the Battle of Alamein'. That victory in 1942 paved the way for the total allied victory in North Africa in 1943. Williams remained with Montgomery as his chief intelligence officer

6 'Guido Calabresi', Wikipedia article on the Internet.

7 *Register of Rhodes Scholars 1903–1995*, edited by Ralph Evans, Rhodes Trust, p. 190.

8 Letter, Patricia Lawrence to Mrs Lawrence, 23/10/54.

9 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 22/10/54. He wrote a note to me saying, 'This should do the trick. Cheers, Harry.'

in Europe for the rest of the war. He was mentioned in dispatches three times, and was awarded the DSO in 1943. Returning to Oxford as a fellow of Balliol College in 1945, he was warden of Rhodes House 1952 to 1980. He was knighted in 1973. In 1977, he persuaded the Rhodes Trustees that women should be able to compete for Rhodes scholarships. From 1949 to 1980, he was a joint editor of the Dictionary of National Biography.¹⁰

On 21 November, I reported that I was rarely in bed before midnight – fitting in work with other activities, was quite difficult. I had the two tutorial essays a week, regular meetings of the selected PPE group in Harry Weldon’s room, and occasional meetings of the Raleigh Club and the Oxford Social Studies Association (OSSA). I took Duncan Anderson as my guest to the Raleigh Club to hear Sir David Lindsay Keir, Master of Balliol, talk about his recent trip to British East Africa. At my first meeting of OSSA, Professor H. H. Price spoke on the ‘Philosophical Implications of Recent Psychological Research’. Price was rather eccentric and out of fashion in Oxford philosophy. He was quite interesting but not always very clear. The purpose of OSSA was to get speakers in the PPE field. Professor A. C. Ewing from Cambridge talked about ‘Recent tendencies in moral philosophy’ at another OSSA meeting and was ‘as dull as dishwater’. The Raleigh Club meeting addressed by the Governor of British Guiana 1947–53, Sir Charles Woolley, was lively. I can recall an exasperated Jonathan Bennett saying as we walked back to Magdalen, ‘Woolley by name, woolly by nature’. An OSSA meeting on Yugoslavia featured a series of interesting interchanges between the speaker political philosopher John Plamenatz and a Yugoslav communist. The next OSSA meeting, on parliamentary procedure, was not particularly good. It was addressed by Walter Scott-Elliot, a former Labour MP and treasurer of the Hansard Society. At the final meeting of the Raleigh Club for the term, we heard John Tilney MP, parliamentary secretary to the secretary for war, speak about Malaya. At this meeting, I was elected Club secretary for the next term, in 1955.

The content of my term’s tutorials in PPE is indicated by the topics of my essays.

Economic Organisation – tutors Frank Burchardt, David Worswick¹¹

- A consideration of the view that the main utility of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission is a fact-finding body.
- Appraise the success of the National Coal Board since its inception.
- Considerations a manager of a nationalised industry should have in mind in fixing his prices.
- Can one establish usable criteria for investment policy and price policy in public enterprises – in particular in the coal industry?
- What is over – population?
- Is there an important distinction between demand inflation and cost inflation? Do measures designed to remove the one invariably aggravate the other?

10 Obituary by Eric Pace, ‘Edgar Williams, 82, Planner of Allies’ Alamein Victory, Dies’, *New York Times*, 30/6/95. ‘Edgar Williams’, Wikipedia article on the Internet.

11 I think these essay topics were actually spread over two terms, the second being taught by David Worswick a year later. See p. 308.

- What are the IMF and the EPU? EPU has proved a much more important agency than IMF. Why?¹²
- Is it the case now that with the greater part of manufacturing industry free from the drag of a particular location, planning of location has become feasible?
- The long-run prospects of the British balance of payments. What are the most favourable conditions in the world for Britain?
- What is the dollar problem?

Moral and Political Philosophy – tutor Harry Weldon

- How should 'ought' sentences be analysed?
- What were the utilitarians and the idealists in the 19th century arguing about?
- Is 'good' a quality word?
- Can statements whose subjects are the names of associations be translated into statements about individuals without change of meaning?
- Are there any genuine problems about morals which are not disposed of by imperative or prescriptive theories?

Lectures

During the term, I attended weekly lectures by Mr Pears at Corpus Christi College on 'Logic and Psychology in Hume' (Book 1 of the Treatise); and bi-weekly lectures by Professor J. R. Hicks at Schools on 'The Price System and its Functions', by Professor Price on 'Complex Ideas', and by Ken Tite at Magdalen on 'English Political History, 1916–1935'. Hicks lost most of his audience very quickly, but I and about three others loyally stayed with him. Ken Tite's lectures were excellent in every way, and I was sorry when they ended.

Term finished on Saturday, 4 December. I reported to the family;

This morning I had the usual President's collection. The general gist of it was that it was alright but I haven't really got stuck into the subjects yet: and with this I heartily concur. Vacation reading is absolutely essential. You have only time to scratch the surface during term-time.¹³

Sporting Activities

After going for a run while staying at the flat before returning to living in college for the Michaelmas term, I was very stiff afterwards and I asked Jim what he was doing to keep fit? Back in college, I saw quite a lot of Duncan Anderson, whom I already knew from playing football against him when he was the quite outstanding full-forward both when he was at Melbourne Grammar and at the University of Melbourne.¹⁴ He was the 1954 Victorian Rhodes Scholar, and was just starting at Magdalen. He was uncertain whether to do athletics or

12 The European Payments Union existed from 1950 to 1958, when it was replaced by the European Monetary Agreement.

13 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 4/12/54.

14 See p. 131.

rugby. On Monday, 11 October, I went out for a most enjoyable run with him and we had a short burst of Australian rules kicking. On Saturday, 16 October, we played rugby for the College against Corpus Christi College. Duncan was full-back; his kicking had amazed everybody. We lost 13.0. I was on the wing and did not have much to do, but it was still a bit of exercise. Trish thought it looked a horrible game, compared with Australian rules!

Magdalen played rugby against Wadham College on Wednesday 20 October. We won 11.0, in a game that was in every way far more satisfactory than the first game. During the term, however, we only won one other game – against Exeter College 3.0 on Wednesday, 17 November. In that game I began playing at left centre and had far more to do than when I was on the wing. Our defeats were against the Royal Military College of Science (Shrivenham), Oxford Police, Jesus College, a public school in Birmingham, and Pembroke, Exeter, Merton and Balliol Colleges. The latter two games were very even. One of our games was cancelled and another postponed because of the state of the pitch.

In addition to playing rugby, I played squash regularly and found it the best way to keep reasonably fit, particularly if rugby games were not on. I used an old squash racquet which Norman Blake, my neighbour, was going to throw out. With a bit of repair, I had a lot of use out of it. In the course of the term, my squash opponents included David Stout, John Orton, Norman Blake and Duncan Anderson. Duncan and I played fairly often. We were very evenly matched, enjoyed it immensely and both improved quite a lot. It provided quick, very welcome exercise – not that the rugby games took very long compared with an Australian rules game.

On Saturday, 20 November, I did play in an Australian rules game – Oxford University against Cambridge University, on New College oval. We won by four goals, with Duncan Anderson doing well after half-time. For Cambridge, Alan Dowding and Doug Giles played well.¹⁵ I reported to the family, ‘There was quite a crowd there, and some of the chaps from the college who went thought it was a great game. There were enough patches of good football to show the game’s possibilities. The oval was a bit small.’¹⁶

Early in the term, on 1 November, at a lunchtime meeting of the College cricket club, I was elected unopposed captain of the College team for next season, Hilary Term, 1955. Also elected was a new secretary Charles Castle, who was very conscientious and was to make my job much easier. There were some promising recruits, including two from Eton, an opening bat and a fast bowler, and Duncan Anderson thought he would most likely confine himself to College cricket. Duncan was quite a good off-break bowler. John Orton, the 1954 captain of cricket, planned to play about once a week. Altogether, I thought the side might be quite respectable.¹⁷

15 Doug was a ring-in for Cambridge. Neither team had a full complement of the 18 players required. Each started with only 14, but had 17 in the second half.

16 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 21/11/54.

17 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 5/11/54.

The Theatre, Reviews, Ballet, a Concert and Films

Late Wednesday afternoon on 13 October, I drove with the Thwaites and John Feltham in the car to pick up Trish at Tudor Hall to go to Stratford. As a birthday outing for both Johnny and Trish¹⁸, we saw Shakespeare's 'The Taming of the Shrew'. Keith Michell¹⁹, from whom we received the tickets, played the leading role of Petruchio and the leading lady was Barbara Jefford. Both were superb and the play was magnificently done, really capturing the audience and not just us. Keith invited us to his dressing room afterwards, where we chatted for some time and met Barbara Jefford who seemed a very pleasant person. Keith had had a couple of film offers, one of them from Hollywood, but he had been asked to do another season at Stratford which he had accepted. We arrived back in Oxford after midnight, but climbing in over the wall was not difficult – it was a clear moonlit night.

On Friday, 22 October, with the Thwaites we saw 'Call the Piper' at the New Theatre – a fairly ordinary review, apart from Enid and Doris Waters. We greatly enjoyed the film, 'The Little World of Don Camillo', at a 5 o'clock session after rugby, the next day. On Friday, 29 October, I went with the Thwaites and John Feltham to a superb piano concert by Myra Hess in the Town Hall. Trish had gone to London to get her eyes checked by Williamson-Noble, and stayed the night at the Victoria League rooms with Joan Creswell. She returned next day with an excellent report from him; we were delighted. On Thursday, 4 November, I queued for five and a quarter hours for seats to see the Sadlers Wells Ballet, but was limited to two (I had orders for nine!). On Thursday, 11 November, with the Thwaites we saw at the New Theatre, 'Talk of the Town', a first-rate review starring Jimmy Edwards and Tony Hancock. In the Sadlers Wells Ballet at the New Theatre on Wednesday, 17 November, Trish and I saw Margot Fonteyn dance in 'The Firebird'. The most enjoyable program also included 'Les Sylphides' and 'The Three-Cornered Hat'. Our seats were two rows from the back, but we could see very well. On Wednesday, 24 November, we saw the interesting, controversial film 'Martin Luther'. A French film, 'Lovers at Midnight', charmed us on Saturday, 4 December. In the afternoon on Christmas eve, Trish and I enjoyed the film 'Pickwick Papers'.

Social Occasions and Visitors

Early in the term, Hector Brooks called in to say goodbye, on his way from Worcester to London. He had had a most successful tour of the Continent with Malcolm Hewitson. On Sunday, 17 October, Trish and I had tea with John Orton and a few of his friends. Next evening was when I had most of the PPE group in my room after our meeting, to celebrate Guido Calabresi's birthday.²⁰ On Trish's birthday on 20 October, we celebrated at the flat with the Thwaites, John Feltham and Ian McConville, an exceptionally likeable Sydney man teaching at the Dragon School. We had a wonderful evening of extravagance – a

18 Johnny's birthday was on 14 October; Trish's on 20 October.

19 See p. 161.

20 See p. 238.

meal of mushrooms, roast leg of lamb, fruit salad with ice-cream and cream, champagne, and cheese and biscuits; and beautiful flowers for Trish and the flat. Trish's parents had sent me £5 (Australian) to be extravagant with! The Thwaites, Trish and I went to a tea party given by Miss Macdonald of Sleat at Rhodes House on Sunday, 24 October. On 28 October I had tea with Brian Ellis at his digs; Margaret Johnson, from the University of Adelaide and now at Somerville, was also there. On Sunday, 31 October, the Thwaites, Trish and I went in pouring rain to an Australian Club get-together in a room in Oriel.

I met Mr Cowan by chance in the Broad early in the term. He was the Librarian of The Barr Smith Library at the University of Adelaide, in Oxford on study leave for a few months to study at the Bodleian and other libraries.²¹ On 5 November, the Cowans invited George Huxley and myself to tea in their flat in North Oxford. They were very friendly, and as we left, Mrs Cowan thrust into our hands bags of left-over small cakes and biscuits which she had cooked for the tea.

On Saturday, 6 November, Doug Giles arrived in his £10 Austin. We had tea at the flat, looked at Christ Church College, went to Evensong in Magdalen Chapel, had dinner in hall and coffee in my room afterwards, and returned to the flat where we looked at our projected colour slides. I found him 'much more responsible and serious about things' than he had been in Adelaide. He was planning to marry Jean Thompson on 27 December. Next day, after a solid morning of sight-seeing, he left for Marlborough, and I went with John Orton as a college representative to an elaborate luncheon provided by an organisation whose parent body was the National Playgrounds Association. At the lunch, a scheme for children's playgrounds every half-mile was being pushed by a counter-productive verbose enthusiast. Agitation for political action seemed to me to be the right course for what seemed a good cause. The costs involved were very high. At 4.30pm on 7 November, four South Australians came to tea with Trish and me in my room – Margaret Johnson, Adrian Cook, Brian Ellis and Bob Porter.

Bob Porter was at Lincoln College. He was the 1954 South Australian Rhodes Scholar, 'a nice chap, though fairly quiet when amongst a lot of people'.²² He was, in fact, headed for an outstanding professional career, not only in medical research, but also in medical education. He had completed a BMedSc degree at The University of Adelaide in 1954. In 1956, he gained a first in physiology 'Schools', and then completed his medical studies in 1959 in Oxford. Subsequently he was professor and chairman of the Department of Physiology at Monash University 1967–80, director of the ANU John Curtin School of Medical Research 1980–89, and dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Monash University 1989–97. He was awarded an AC in 2001 for 'excellence and achievement in medicine as an internationally renowned neuroscientist and for major contributions to the management of medical research and medical education'.²³

21 Bill Cowan was the Barr Smith Librarian from 1933 to 1964. He died in 1984.

22 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 12/11/54.

23 See on the Internet, 'ANU – The John Curtin School of Medical Research – Honour Roll' – entry on Professor Robert Porter, by David Curtis, 31/1/01.

Trish and I had quite a long chat with Bob Porter at the Warden's beer party at Rhodes House on Friday, 12 November. As usual it was a pleasant function, especially because just a week before, on Guy Fawke's night, Gillian and Bill Williams had had a son. Next evening, Trish and I went to a sherry party given by Paul Remmy for his fiancée, Louise Austin, who was visiting Oxford. Paul was a fellow PPE student from Chicago. On the Sunday, 14 November, I provided tea in my room for Paul and Louise, and also three people from home who dropped in – Helen Hawke, Pam Woollaston, and Brian Ellis. At 6pm, Doug Giles turned up again; he was trying to get back to Rugby that night but his car had almost given up the ghost. Trish and I lent him our car which he could return when he came to stay at the flat for the Australian rules match the following week-end. We then went to another party in the College for Paul and Louise, after which they came back to the flat with us for supper.

A Troubling Visit from Auntie Nina

On Thursday, 18 November, at 9pm, Trish and I had a pleasant dinner at The Mitre in the High with Auntie Nina, her sister-in-law Jocelyn Bell-Jones, and two of her friends the Fletchers (he was a retired headmaster). That afternoon, Auntie Nina, my mother's oldest friend and her bridesmaid, came alone to my room at 3pm, with the others joining us for tea at 4.30pm. I showed her the College and as we strolled round Addison's walk, she told me she had not been able to talk freely for months. Going to stay with her brother Ted and his wife was the worst thing she could possibly have done. She said she was treated like an ignorant country cousin. She was clearly bitterly disappointed in Ted, but tried to excuse him on the score of his brilliance. I told my mother, 'If what she has told me is true, I think there is little wonder that she had another breakdown'.²⁴ A letter from my mother, 10 October, had asked me if I had heard from Auntie Nina. She had not heard for a long time, even after a birthday letter to her. She had just learnt that Ted had written to someone in Melbourne at the end of May that Auntie Nina was seriously ill with another nervous breakdown. She was not altogether surprised, because Nina had not seemed her old self when she passed through Adelaide on the way to England.²⁵

I asked my mother not to repeat to Nina, anything I had told her about Nina's private conversation with me. I appreciated seeing Auntie Nina again, although was obviously concerned by what she had confided to me, and worried about her mental health. My mother received from Nina a perfectly normal letter saying she was very pleased with her visit to Oxford. She had had 'much conversation' with 'two very dear young Australians'. John had a heavy course but was in good spirits, and Trish was very sweet and well. My mother thanked us for being so nice to our visitors. She elaborated on Nina's family situation and said there was nothing I could do about it.²⁶ In fact, that visit was the last time I saw her; she drowned in 1956, caught in a rapid tide in East Anglia.²⁷

24 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 21/11/54.

25 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 10/10/54.

26 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 28/11/54.

27 See pp. 304, 307 and 330.

After the Australian rules game on 20 November, a few of us had some stew at the flat before going to a party at Balliol. The party was a great success. There were three rooms all crowded with Australians. 'It was a different atmosphere from an English party.' We met and liked Jennifer Dowding, Alan's English wife. The Dowdings were going to the Shell Refinery at Geelong in two years' time. Alan asked us to stay with them if we were in Cambridge. Doug Giles borrowed our car again on 21 November to go to Marlborough and back, and then chugged off in his own car for Rugby. He made it, and wrote that he was putting a new £6 engine into the car. He gave us details of his wedding to Jean in London on 27 December, and said the previous week-end was the most enjoyable weekend he had had since being in England.

Mary and Hedley Bull, a couple whom I think we met through the Australia Club, invited Trish and me to tea on Saturday, 27 November. Another young Sydney couple was staying with them. By chance next day I met the four of them in Magdalen, so I showed them around, took them up the Tower, and gave them a drink in my room. Hedley had studied history and philosophy at the University of Sydney, and had come to Oxford to study politics. He became a well-known scholar in international relations. His work, *The Anarchical Society*, published in 1977, became a textbook in the field. He was a professor of international relations at the ANU 1967–76, then at Oxford University 1977 until his untimely death from cancer in 1985.

Late afternoon on 28 November, I went with five other PPE students to tea at Frank Burchardt's home and met his family. 'They were extremely pleasant people.' On 1 December, after playing squash with John Orton, I had him and John Silvester to tea in my room. John Silvester was the retiring secretary of the Raleigh Club. He was a 1953 East Africa Rhodes Scholar at Jesus College, studying Jurisprudence. Qualifying for the bar in London after Oxford, he returned to Nairobi and went into legal practice in 1959. On 3 December, Norman Blake had tea with me after squash. I had written a note to Jenny Richards to see if she could come to tea but she could not get there. Unfortunately, we had not seen her at all during the term. She was working hard and we also obviously had been busy. That evening, on the last Friday of the term, David Bolton had a riotous, joyous party for George Foster, who had just scored a golf blue. David and George were medical students. I knew David from playing rugby with him in the College team.

Graham Jeffries

On Sunday, 5 December, Trish and I had coffee with Graham Jeffries in his room in College and went with him to hear carols sung by the College choir at 3pm in the ante-chapel. Graham would be staying in Oxford working on his DPhil thesis for the next six weeks, but would be coming to stay at the flat with Trish and me for a few days before Christmas while the Thwaites were in London. He planned to hand in his thesis in May, and then marry Elizabeth in the United States. They would be living in Oxford while he did his housie's year at the Radcliffe Infirmary, 1955–56. Graham and Elizabeth were to become our long-term friends. After Graham gained hospital experience in England,

in 1958 they went to the United States to live. Graham became an American citizen. In 1969, he was appointed professor and chairman of the department of medicine in the Hershey Medical Centre, Pennsylvanian State University College of Medicine.²⁸

THE CHRISTMAS VACATION

I went to stay again at the flat on 5 December. That evening, Trish and I were invited to another pleasant social occasion at Miss Mathew's home.²⁹ Joachim Classen was also there, and had tea in my room the next day. Joachim was from Hamburg and was reading a BPhil in Classics. He had Trish and me to his rooms at Folly Bridge a couple of weeks later. A pleasant London schoolteacher was there, very interested in Australia.

Tudor Hall's Bazaar was on 11 December. We had been leaving the car parked just opposite the College under some trees beside the Botanical Gardens. The ground belonged to the College. When I went to fetch the car in the morning, I found the fan belt and petrol cap had been stolen. With these fixed, I took Trish and Helen Thwaites with their washing to a Bendix Launderette in Summertown. Trying to dry clothes at the flat was very difficult. Brian Ellis gave me coffee in his digs nearby, while I waited for them and he decided to come to the school bazaar with Trish and me. In the early afternoon, I put in anti-freeze in the car's radiator before we drove to Tudor Hall School, a very pleasant place set in attractive rural surroundings near Banbury. Trish had to work most of the afternoon looking after the raffles at the bazaar. Brian and I enjoyed the afternoon, buying a few small things, having tea, seeing quite creditable school plays, and chatting about philosophy when there were gaps.

On 15 December, after a game of squash with Johnny Thwaites, he and Helen had an English couple to dinner at the flat. The man had a DPhil and was working at Herwell, and his wife taught with Helen at the Crescent School. Next evening, they entertained Francis Wylie, a House master at the Dragon School. He had spent time in Australia and knew Mr Gordon and Mr Dunning (headmaster of PAC in Adelaide). He thought St Peter's the best of the Australian schools. Geelong Grammar was, in his view, a completely English school. We had quite an animated conversation about the merits of having a psychologist in a school. Mr Wylie's father was the first warden of Rhodes House 1903–31. After the end of term activities at her school, Trish returned later that evening. I met her at the station and we spent a short time chatting with Nergus Bharucha, before she left in the train.³⁰ She was returning to Bombay, and invited us to visit her, should we go home by P and O. Trish would miss her at the school; she had become quite a good friend.

With insurance money for our loss of Trish's movie camera in Paris, on 17 December we purchased a Kershaw 250 projector and a screen. Next day, the Thwaites left for London, and Graham Jeffries came to stay at the flat to get a

28 *Register of Rhodes Scholars 1903–1995*, edited by Ralph Evans, Rhodes Trust, Oxford, 1996, p. 183.

29 See p.187.

30 See p. 236

short break from college living. In the evening, Hedley and Mary Bull came for coffee and to see our colour slides with our new projector. They seemed very interested and not at all bored. Graham came home at 11pm with a few jellies, fruit and cakes from a party at the Laboratory given by Professor Florey. Next day, John Feltham called in – back early from a great, but too expensive time in Paris.

On Monday, 20 December we had an enjoyable evening at the flat with Ken and Margaret Tite. Trish cooked us an excellent dinner, which was followed by viewing colour slides, both our's and some of Ken's. Trish and I went for the day to London on 21 December, to do some shopping including buying at Harrod's a wedding present for Jim and Sheila.

On Christmas eve, we viewed a film just returned from Kodak's, mainly of autumn shots in Addison's walk and elsewhere in the College. At 10pm was the broadcast of the nine lessons and carols from King's College, Cambridge. We started Christmas Day with early church at St Gile's. It was a fairly clear day – no hope of snow, but by about 4pm it was almost dark. Graham Jeffries, John Feltham and Pat White, a friend of Helen's briefly staying in the flat with us, joined the Thwaites and us for a lavish Christmas dinner, which included gifts of food and drink³¹ from home. We drank a toast to our parents and all other absent friends. Graham seemed very happy to be with us. There was a chance that he and Elizabeth might live in the flat with Trish, in July 1955 when the Thwaites left.

On the evening of Boxing Day, was yet another party – given by Ken and Judy Inglis from Melbourne. I thought Ken 'an extremely nice chap'. He was an historian researching for a DPhil. On his return to Australia in 1956, he taught and researched at the University of Adelaide until 1964, when he went to the school of general studies at the ANU. From 1966 to 1972, he was professor of history at the University of Papua-New Guinea and its vice-chancellor 1972–75. He returned to the ANU to a professorial fellowship and was appointed professor of history at the ANU from 1977 until 1994. Some of his early work on a history of the Melbourne Hospital, churches and the working classes in Victorian England, and the Stuart Case in South Australia, I was to find of particular interest. He later became widely-known and respected for his histories of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, the ANZAC legend and Australian war memorials. Judy was an anthropologist; she died in 1962.

The English Weather

When Trish wrote her Christmas letter to my parents, she reported that it was really getting cold. 'We had some sleet and snow at school last week as well as several frosts'.

We envy you the hot weather. I expect the gardens are looking lovely now – while here they are all dying off and most of the trees are quite bare. I don't think any of us are feeling the cold nearly as much as we did last winter which is a good thing.³²

31 A chicken from John Feltham's grandmother, burgundy and port from Johnny Thwaites's mother, and Christmas cake from my mother.

32 Letter, Patricia Lawrence to Mr and Mrs Lawrence, 12/12/54.

In late November and early December, England experienced large floods. At Magdalen, the meadows circumvented by Addison's Walk were transformed into a large lake, which I photographed. Almost all of the trees were bare.³³

A London Wedding

On Monday, 27 December, the Thwaites followed us in their Ford Prefect to London where we attended the wedding of Doug Giles and Jean Thompson at St Bartholemew's-the-Great, a lovely 12th century church. The reception was held at David and Anne Dunn's home, a long trek across London. Guests included the McCormicks, the Pryors and the Davies, all with young sons, Pam Micklam, Margaret Angas, and Wendy Cilento. Rod and Beth Davies invited us to stay with them some time. Rod was lecturing in physics at Manchester University. After the reception, the Thwaites left for a fortnight's stay in Wales organised through the Dominions Fellowship Trust, and we left for a week's stay in Kent, also organised through the Trust.

Kent

Our hostess was Mrs Theobald who lived with her elderly father Canon Pulleine in a rural setting about a mile from Brasted village, near Westerham, about 24 miles south of London. Their home was a modern building attached to an old house which they formerly owned. The countryside was fairly wooded and not at all flat. On Tuesday, 28 December, we took their two dogs for a long walk. In the evening, we ate another delicious Christmas dinner, delayed so Mrs Theobald's daughter Anne could join us. She was doing nurse training at St Thomas's in London and was on duty over Christmas. After dinner, we showed them our colour slides and they seemed very interested. We had the projector with us on Auntie Addie's request; we were staying with them next. On 29 December, we drove with Anne, her mother, a friend, and Christopher Bremmer, a neighbour who was from Cambridge, in two cars to a pantomime, 'Babes in the Woods', in Croydon. Anne left for the hospital after it.

On Thursday, 30 December, Trish and I drove to Canterbury through many delightful little villages. We managed to see Archdeacon Bickersteth, if only briefly. He was charming and seemed delighted to see us. He took our addresses and said he might look us up in Oxford. The Cathedral's appearance was rather less notable than its historical associations. The interior was sharply divided by a solid screen which I thought broke the continuity of the whole building. The extensive ruins of St Augustine's Abbey just outside the city walls were interesting. On the last day of the year, we drove to Seven Oaks and visited Knole, an impressive place full of riches, set in parks with deer which covered 1,000 acres. It was now under the National Trust; once it was owned by Archbishops of Canterbury, and then by royalty. That afternoon, a neighbour and her children came to tea. We did not stay up to see in the new year.

33 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 4/12/54.

Letters from Home – and Abroad, July to December 1954

My mother's steady stream of letters was maintained throughout the rest of 1954³⁴ – and, in fact, continued until we finally returned to Australia in 1956. In the rest of 1954, I received 29 letters from her, 6 from my brother Jim, 2 from Marg, and one from my father. I reciprocated to the family with a letter each week, except for when I was sending copies of my diary to them when we were travelling on the Continent. Additional to the family letters, I also heard again from John Laurie, Gerry Martin, and Lindsay Cleland, and received a welcome letter from Leigh Wilson, my old school friend who was studying medicine in Adelaide. We received many Christmas cards – from Mrs Opie, Barry and Joyce Rowlands, the Wilsons, the Lauries, Meg Hamilton, Sam Jayasuriya, Helen Hawke and Pam Wolloston, Mary Berry, Airlie Reade and Barry Black, Doreen and Gerry Martin, Roger Opie, Jennifer and Alan Dowding, Jennifer Richards, the Futtters, Ian and Quita McFarling, Margaret and David Elsworth³⁵, the Cowans, Grannie and Maudie Berry, Unc and Auntie Mabel Butlin, Jo and Peter Jeffreys, Allan Skertchly, the Burns, Mrs Plum, Edgar and Aileen Barker, Auntie Addie and Uncle Ralph, Mr and Mrs Millard, Jule and John Davidson. A few people wrote letters in response to Christmas cards we had sent – Dick Bennett, Mabel Butlin, Ron Corney, Jack Smart, Mrs Gill and Geraldine Thompson, Rev Robjohns. Vic Miller wrote a couple of times from Stockholm, the second time asking for detailed information on our experience of touring, especially in Italy where he and Margot were planning a trip the next summer.

In the football season, my parents regularly attended the matches played by the University, and were often given lifts by the Lauries or the Martins for away-matches. They became good friends of the Lauries, and of Mrs Martin and Gerry. My mother's letters would include for me her astute comments on each game. After the Grand Final won by the University, Gerry wrote to me about the match and about the team and the season generally.³⁶ My brother Jim saw the final match and devoted an airletter to describe it to me.³⁷ I was pleased to hear that before the game, the coach George Tilley had passed on to the team my best wishes for the game. Dad's one letter gave a full account of the football dinner. At a keg before the dinner, he had 'quite a talk with Mr Krieger'.

He told me that a number of North Adelaide Committee called on Geoff before the season commenced and told him he would not be happy with the Varsity team as he had not the right school tie. His father told me he had been pleased to tell them since, how happy he had been with the boys.³⁸

At the dinner, Geoff Krieger was awarded the Gunning medal and the best in the Inter-varsity. Dad awarded a trophy for 'all-round brilliance' to

34 See pp. 195, 197–8, and 201–2.

35 A Melbourne couple we met in Germany.

36 Letter, Gerry Martin to John Lawrence, 25/9/54.

37 Letter, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 12/9/54.

38 Letter, Robert Lawrence to John Lawrence, 21/9/54.

Martin Kitchener. My father was devoted to the AUFC and could not have been a keener vice-president. My mother said it was wonderfully good for him. After years of watching the game, she herself appreciated good football, and attended the Grand Final of the SAFL with Mrs Martin. It was, however, a particularly spiteful match. After it, Mrs Martin did not want Gerry to play in League football the following year. He had had an excellent year with the University team in 1954.

Friends

John Laurie's letter of 31 July told me various football news, including Saints loss to PAC, for the first time in ten years. He had just injured his ankle playing for the University and would be out for some time. Doug Giles was now at Rugby working with British Thomson Houston. His own job, at the Electricity Trust of South Australia, had at last become more interesting. He had written a specification for some plant to be reconstructed for Osborne Power Station, and soon would be calling tenders and deciding who would get the contract.³⁹ John was very tired when my parents were asked to tea with his parents on 11 December. He had found working at the ETSA and doing his University work really too much, but he completed his engineering degree all the same. His special friend, Dymphna Fox, had good results in her social science course. John and his mother Joan wanted to read my diary of our Continental trip.

Leigh Wilson's letter of 16 August was written in a holiday break – from the Joses' cottage at Aldgate where with three other medical students he had a few quiet days doing some work and playing a few holes of golf. He would be going skiing in Victoria, and hoped to see his brother John in Renmark on the way home.⁴⁰

Lindsay Cleland gently chided me for not having answered an earlier letter, but thanked us for our Christmas card and best wishes. He told me news of Bob Griggs and Mick Alpers going to Cambridge for further study, Bob Reid at Minnesota, John and Jean Tregenza's expected first child, and of Jean Wadham and Dave Prest and their future plans. We were virtually the last to be tutored by Prof Portus. His sudden death was after a welcoming party to a visiting rugby team, which he probably would have liked. How was my work going? Lindsay had heard that it took most of the first year to settle in and it was normal to get little effectively done in the time. 'Still don't think you have ever been one to let grass grow under your feet.' 'How does the lecturing etc compare with AU, or is the most significant thing just the high standard of students and the strong competition?' Had I given any more thought to what I was likely to do after Oxford – Canberra, academic work, administrative work inside or outside a university, colonial administration? He hoped to complete his MA thesis early in 1955 and had applied for government employment in Indonesia – 'not much money in it, but there is a lot to do there', and it would be generally educative. He wanted to teach eventually.⁴¹ A PS read – 'How

39 Letter, John Laurie to John Lawrence, 31/7/54.

40 Letter, Leigh Wilson to John Lawrence, 16/8/54.

41 Letter, Lindsay Cleland to John Lawrence, 8/12/54.

many times have you had to bribe your way into college, John, after lock-up time?’ He obviously was unaware of the College’s civilised acceptance of students climbing in, an amenity which I thankfully could sometimes use when I was living in College.

Brother Jim

Jim’s letters⁴² were packed with news of people and events of mutual interest, and gave me some idea of the hectic, but often interesting life he was leading. He wrote in September, ‘we have been tremendously interested in your letters and not a little envious, but one day perhaps we will follow’. He and his fiancée Sheila, who continued to teach at Woodlands School, spent some time each week with both the Hamiltons and my parents. My mother reported that he was often desperately tired and rather edgy while he was working at the Adelaide Hospital, but when he went for a month to Mareeba Babies Hospital in December, he was much less tired and seemed more relaxed. In September, Jim wrote: ‘Doing Medicine with Prof Robson during the last two months has been much more strenuous but very rewarding. I feel sure that Medicine rather than Surgery is my field and feel quite relieved to have made up my mind, I think!’ In October, he was very pleased indeed to be one of the ten chosen to go to the Children’s Hospital for a year from 1 March, 1955, from 40 applicants. Dick Bennett was also chosen.

By the end of the year, ‘with Prof Robson’s aid and inspiration’, Jim had a rough idea of his professional future. After a year at the Children’s, he would try to get a job as a lecturer in pathology at the Adelaide Hospital for a year, try to do a year as a medical registrar, sit for the M.R.A.C.P., then save and spend a year in England. He was obviously anxious about their immediate financial future, particularly if children came along. Sheila was planning to continue to work at Woodlands after they were married, but part-time. She had captained the South Australian Softball team at the Australian Softball Carnival and had apparently played and batted brilliantly, but had now retired from playing.

Jim’s very long letter of 26 December included details of the plans for his wedding to Sheila in St Peter’s College Chapel on 9 February, 1955. In my absence, Dick Bennett was to be his best man. Sheila had invited my sister Marg to be one her bridesmaids. Dick Bennett was marrying Enid Angwin on 11 February. Jim wrote enthusiastically in October, that he and Sheila would be sharing a fully-furnished house in Medindie with Dick and Enid for a year in February, while its owner Miss Polly Allnutt was overseas. Many of Jim’s fellow medical graduates were marrying in February – at the end of their year in hospital residential work.

Sister Marg

Marg continued her absorbing, conscientious final year at Walford School as prefect and joint vice-captain of the School. The School’s three performances of ‘Pride and Prejudice’ in July were a great success, with Marg performing

42 12/9/54 (I and II), 31/10/54, 6/12/54, 20/12/54, 26/12/54.

admirably as Elizabeth, a very demanding role.⁴³ Marg told me of a most successful week's holiday in September, with the prefects and a teacher crowded in a small house at Encounter Bay, lit by kerosene lamps. A stir had been caused by newspaper articles claiming dozens of college girls and boys drove cars to school. A girl at Walford had received a Mercedes-Benz sports car for her 16th birthday. Marg and her friends laughed at Walford being described as 'upper crusty'; they looked out from their study through a cracked window onto a tin-shed cloak-room. Miss Baker, the headmistress, apparently was furious. Marg described for me a successful visit to Saints by their debating club, and the relaxed chairing by Jock Bills.⁴⁴

Marg's letter of 30 October was mainly in response to my presents for her from the Continent. Mum decided to let her see them, before putting them away until Christmas. Marg wrote: 'I don't think I have ever had such a wonderful surprise'. The A basketball team only lost once during the season, and Marg was also playing again in the As of the Church team. At the last music club of the year, which she organised as its president, she had played a Schumann Novellate, and was now learning a Mozart sonata. Next year Mrs Hyde wanted her to do a Mozart concerto and the Brahm's Rapsody. Marg wrote:

I just can't wait till next year. This year has been fun but the restrictions are a bit trying at times and all the rules about uniform seem so petty and unimportant. Still, I've loved the house activities, the sport and despite Miss Harvey, it is beaut organizing the school music.

The head had asked her to choose a program of carols at the School break-up.⁴⁵ Both Jim and my mother reported that Marg had developed an interest in listening to good music.

In November, Marg was delighted to receive the School Cup for Sportsmanship, a main prize at the school. She worked hard for her Leaving Honours Exams and my parents 'had a tremendous thrill' when she passed her English, French, Modern History, and Economics, with the 5th credit in English, the 7th credit in Modern History, and apparently a very near credit in Economics.⁴⁶ Quite clearly, they had produced a third good scholar. I could not have been more pleased, not least because Marg was now well and truly clear of any shadow cast by her two older brothers.

My Mother

My mother's letters always commenced with comment on letters, or the diary pages, she had received from me. Then would follow a wide range of news of family and friends, and of other things we might be interested to hear about. About the Continental trip, she commented, 'It really has been a most successful and beneficial trip and one you will remember all your life', and 'I feel

43 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 25/7/54.

44 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 19/9/54.

45 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 30/10/54.

46 John Grant told Jim. Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 29/12/54.

I have gained much from your trip'. She had shared my diary with quite a few people, and she wrote that it had given many a good deal of pleasure.

Apparent in the letters was a variety of social contacts maintained by my parents at this stage of their lives. There were the neighbours – the McBrides, the Thompsons and Mrs Gill, the Necks, the Mellishes, the Michells, and increasingly the Radfords; the bank people; people from Mt Gambier – Kath Boundy, Mary Price and Kate McBain, the Hunt and Pick families; the Lauries, the Martins and others connected with the University Football Club; the Berrys and other members of Trish's family; and the Hamilton family. After an evening with the Radfords in December, my mother wrote: 'They are charming people and I feel we will become firm friends, we have much in common'.⁴⁷ Paul Radford had been headmaster of The Hutchins School, an Anglican school founded in 1846 in Hobart. He had been at Oxford with Colin Gordon and Mr Dunning. His wife was a Kent Hughes from Melbourne. Her brother Wilfred was a prominent member of the Victorian state Liberal government. He had been the 1915 Victorian Rhodes Scholar.⁴⁸ The Radfords had three children – a daughter studying physiotherapy, a son about to study medicine, and a 15-year old son at St Peter's College. They were keen church people.

My mother and Marg attended St Columba's church and were involved in various church activities. My mother had her music friends. She went to a final winding up of the Lydian Singers by John Horner. She, and Jim, greatly appreciated and enjoyed John Horner's new role as music critic in 'The Advertiser'. My mother was also involved in parent-teacher meetings and other activities at Walford, but was not particularly enthusiastic about these and was pleased when they were over. My father had his continuing long-term network linked with horse-racing and the Majestic Hotel, his 'watering-hole' after work before coming home to eat one of my mother's splendid evening meals.

Altogether, 1954 had been a good year, not only for me and Trish, but also for those close to us, although Mrs Berry had had some difficulties. Her mother, NanNan Barker, who was living with them at Wingfield, had not been well. Looking after her, keeping an eye on Grannie and Maudie at the flat, and sustaining her interest in keeping and producing goats, was demanding. As mentioned, she had started looking after goats, because her daughter Mary was allergic to cow's milk and this developed into a long-term interest for both her and Mary.

47 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 25/12/54.

48 *A Register of Rhodes Scholars, 1903–1981*, The Alden Press, Oxford, 1981, p. 85.



Civils' home near Farnborough – Auntie Addie, Uncle Ralph and PDB



Cross marks my room for 3 terms – over-looking High Street



Tudor Hall School, near Banbury – PDB maths teacher for 2 years



St Swithun's and Longwall – from Magdalen Tower



Inside Porter's Lodge, Magdalen



PDB and RJL, Addison's walk – Autumn



David Stout, Addison's walk



Magdalen meadow in flood, New Building

Chapter 7

Oxford – Middle Stage, Touring North

This chapter takes the story to August 1955. It covers my fourth and fifth terms at Oxford and, in the summer break, a tour north to John o' Groats, returning down the west coast of Scotland, and the west of England and Wales. Increasingly, however, I had to consider giving priority to the claims of my academic work over all the other available experiences and attractions, both in Oxford and elsewhere.

Snow

On Saturday, 1 January, 1955, Mrs Theobald our hostess in Kent took us for a drive in the surrounding countryside in her car, a new little Standard. Trish and I went to communion in the village church next day, and took the dogs for a long walk in the woods in the afternoon. On our day of departure, Tuesday, 4 January, we woke to a few inches of snow everywhere and it was falling heavily. Mrs Theobald and her father seemed sorry to see us go. We enjoyed their company very much. I reported to the family that she was one of the most understanding and open-minded Englishwomen I had met!¹ She had lived in India for many years. Her husband had died from illness a few years after the war. Anne was the only unmarried child left in the family.

The Civils near Farnborough

Driving on 4 January to the Civils near Farnborough was difficult – constant heavy snow and many of the roads very tricky. Fortunately we had only one minor incident – going slowly round a bend our tail gracefully kept on going and we finished up gently facing in the opposite direction. Nothing was coming either way, and in any case no-one could drive at all fast in such conditions.

In the latter part of 1954, Uncle Ralph had not been at all well with very bad asthma, but was now rather better. His doctor did not want him to return to work until the Spring. He had been told that he needed to live in a sunny

1 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 9/1/55.

climate. We had great fun on the evening of our arrival, looking at colour slides – Ralph had ones especially of their garden, Unc² had sent shots of the baby of Kathleen Russell (the Civils' daughter), and we had the ones we had taken on the Continent and in Oxford since getting our camera in Bonn. We had another slide evening two days' later, when Uncle Ralph's brother Charles and his wife Kay came with their slides. By then the snow had mainly thawed, but the temperature had been in the 30s for some days and winter seemed to have set in. On 8 January, we went with our hosts for tea and the evening with Charles and Kay Civil at Wokingham. Charles was a dentist.

Back to Oxford

Before driving back to the flat at Oxford on Tuesday, 11 January, Mr Wooff installed a new speedo cable in the car and made the mixture leaner. We would now be able to know how many miles to the gallon we were getting. In Oxford, we called in on the Grays. Eric Gray was keen to see our coloured photos so I returned to the flat to collect them. We did not leave the Grays until almost 7pm; they seemed to enjoy the photos very much. They very generously offered to have our car parked at the front of their house. It was not sheltered, but was safer than where we left it the previous term. On Thursday, 13 January, we went to the Playhouse with the Thwaites and John Feltham to see 'Listen to the Wind', a charming phantasy. The Playhouse was thinking of closing down, but this excellent show seemed to put it on its feet again. On the way home, we had a vigorous snow fight. Snow began falling quite heavily that afternoon. Returning to the flat from the college where I had been working, and having a game of squash with Duncan Anderson, I found the roads already quite treacherous.

On Friday, 14 January, I returned to the College to live. It was a clear, sunny day and the city looked stunning under its mantle of snow; it looked like something out of fairyland. I took half a dozen photos, which we can still appreciate more than fifty years later. In the evening, my opposite neighbour Norman Blake came in for a drink after a game of squash together. We had got on very well and it was good to see him again. We were to stay in touch with each other, long after our days at Oxford.

HILARY TERM 1955

My Thursday tutorials with Ken Tite in this term were shared with John Croome, whose parents were noted economists. John was one of the College rowers. My Monday tutorials in economic organisation were with a very bright young man called Ponsor who had topped economics in PPE Schools a few years earlier. He was now working under Frank Burchardt at the Institute of Statistics. I did quite well in my economics collection in the first week of term, although I thought I had messed up the paper.³

2 Uncle Rowland, the youngest brother of Addie and my mother, Lucy.

3 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 31/1/55.

A Remarkable Lecturing Performance

During the term, I attended a bi-weekly lecture series at Schools by a Magdalen don A. J. P. Taylor on 'British Foreign Policy since 1830'. He needed a large venue to hold the number of students who wanted to attend, despite the lectures being scheduled for 9am, a unique phenomenon. His performance each time was remarkable. At the start, he would lift the lectern to one side, return to centre stage, thrust his hands in his pockets, and then deliver a perfectly crafted 50-minute lecture, without reference to any notes. He appeared to be completely on top of his material, and it was a fascinating performance to experience. Unlike many of the other available lecture series, Taylor held his audience throughout the term.

Secretary of the Raleigh Club

As secretary of the Raleigh Club, I was responsible for organising the Club's speakers for the term. My brief meeting with Bill Williams about the Club's first speaker included a chat about the Test cricket situation in Adelaide. I had my usual start-of-term meeting with the Warden on 4 February. Unfortunately, we had to postpone the Raleigh Club's first meeting for a week, when members of the New Zealand delegation to the Prime Ministers' Conference had to brief prime minister Holland just when our meeting was to be held. The Rhodes House people were very helpful when I had to inform members quickly of the change. Our meeting was duly held on 13 February and was a great success. The Secretary to the NZ Prime Minister's Department, Mr McIntosh, was a very quiet, competent main speaker, with a New Zealand diplomat, Mr Frank Corner, tossing in the occasional witty, yet pertinent remark. I returned content to the College at 11pm to tackle yet another essay for the next morning's tutorial.

On 22 February, I had coffee with Professor Kirkwood at St Antony's College and was relieved when he agreed to be the speaker at the Raleigh Club meeting on 27 February. The warden had had trouble getting a definite answer on speaking from Lennox-Boyd, the Minister for the Colonies, or from a couple of other busy men in London. Kenneth Kirkwood from South Africa was the Rhodes Professor of Race Relations at the University of Oxford from 1955 to 1986. His chosen topic at the Club meeting was 'A Commonwealth Creed?', but the meeting was rather disappointing, although Professor Harlow one of the Club's senior members made things interesting. I thought the speaker should have been attacked far more than he was in question-time. He was propounding an interesting view but 'too often tended to lapse into waffling idealism'.⁴ I took a law student, Ivan Feltham, a Canadian Rhodes Scholar (British Columbia, 1954) as my guest, and we chatted in his room afterwards well into the night, before returning to my room to work very late on my essay for the next morning. We were fellow members of the Magdalen College rugby team.

At the Raleigh Club meeting on Sunday evening, 6 March, Dr A. F. Madden,

4 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 28/2/55.

Beit lecturer in colonial history at the University, spoke on 'What Remains of the British Commonwealth?' He provoked a most stimulating discussion in which a Ceylonese and an Indian played a very constructive part. Two senior members of the Club, Professor Ken Wheare⁵ and a very elderly Lionel Curtis⁶, attended the meeting. I already knew and admired Wheare's book on federal government, and came to appreciate his writing on the evolution of the British colonies into independent states.

The Weather, Illness, Sporting Activities

In the first week of term, the weather was dismal; snow and slush, then drizzling rain. A couple of nights the temperature was 16 degrees below freezing. All rugby games were cancelled because of the state of the grounds. Trish and I had 'flu' colds. Trish could not go to school on the Friday. She went on the Monday in milder weather and taught until tea-time, but was then ordered to bed in the school's sanatorium for five days. On the Saturday, I collected the car from the Grays and brought Trish home from the school at Banbury. She was instructed by the school doctor not to return to teaching until Thursday of the following week, 3 February. Her full recovery was no doubt due to being so well looked after at the school in the sanatorium, and the caution of its elderly doctor. By the time Trish returned, 54 of the 100 girls at the school were in bed with the 'flu. On 26 February, she visited Mr Williamson-Noble in London and was given an excellent report on her eyes; she had even got rid of the astigmatism she had had. During her bout of 'flu Trish's eyes had ached considerably, so we thought she should get him to check them.

Although we were beaten, the College team enjoyed its first rugby game, played against an RAF side from Moreton-on-the-Marsh on Wednesday, 26 January. On Monday, 31 January, much to everyone's surprise, we beat Balliol in a hard-fought game 8 – 6, at the Parks. It was the first of 'coppers', a knock-out competition between all of the colleges. I was on the wing.

The boys really put their backs into it, and it was guts rather than exceptional skill which won it for us. As usual, the wings rarely had the ball passed out to them, but we had quite a lot of general play all the same.⁷

Our game against Westminster School on 5 February was cancelled. On Wednesday, 9 February, we were thrashed in the second-round coppers game by Lincoln College, who were at the top of the first division. In the game I twisted my left arm and shoulder tackling an opponent and was very disappointed when I was unable to play again for the rest of the term. Fortunately it was not my right arm and I could still play squash with care. After a particularly

5 Ken Wheare was an outstanding Australian Rhodes Scholar (Victoria and Oriel, 1929). He was Beit lecturer in colonial history at Oxford University, 1935–44, Gladstone professor of government and public administration, 1944–56, and the University's vice-chancellor 1964–66. See J. R. Poynter, 'Wheare, Sir Kenneth Clinton (1907–1979)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 16, Melbourne University Press, 2002, pp. 527–528.

6 Lionel Curtis died that year at the age of 83. He was appointed Beit lecturer in colonial history at Oxford University in 1912.

7 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 31/1/55.

good tussle with John Orton, I reported on 7 February that I was winning fairly consistently now against most of the people that I played but I had not tackled any of the real college experts in the game. You needed a good opponent to get the requisite exercise. Very early in the term, John had very generously asked Trish and me to stay a few days in the summer at his home in the West Riding of Yorkshire. On Monday, 14 February, Rod Carnegie came for a game of squash and dinner in hall with me.⁸ I had just purchased a new squash racquet; the old had had it. On 18 February, I was beaten but not easily by Richard Gardner-Hill in a good, vigorous game. Richard was the University golf captain, a regular visitor of George Foster, who lived above me in college. Both were golf blues.

My rugby injury prevented me from playing in an Australian rules football match in London on 5 March, when 'An Australian Visitors' XVIII' played against a 'Combined Oxford-Cambridge' team. Duncan Anderson did not play because he was a last-minute inclusion in the Oxford Athletics Team as a high hurdler against Cambridge a week away. John Thwaites was in bed with the 'flu. The London side won convincingly. In the second quarter they got a big break in the middle of a short snow storm, but there was no rain and the turf was in good condition, although heavy. I drove Trish and Ian McConville to the game at the Argyle Sports Ground, opposite the Wimbledon tennis courts in London. About 1,000 people watched. Afterwards was a high tea and dance, but we left at 6pm, giving a lift also to Donald Dougall, a Western Australian. We really enjoyed seeing Australian friends again – Doug and Jean Giles, Pat and Keith Le Page, Bob Griggs, Mick Alpers, Alan Dowding, and many others. At 9pm Trish and I went to the Rhodes Ball at Rhodes House. At 2am, I climbed in. Norman, my neighbour, did not get in until 3am. Frank Goodman, a very able Rhodes Scholar from Texas, who lived on the other side of me was still up writing 'a delicate letter to a girl', he informed me next day.

Films and Theatre

On Saturday, 15 January, we went with the Thwaites to see two films in 'Vistavision', a new photographic technique which used a wider, concave screen – the American musicale 'White Christmas', starring Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye and Rosemary Clooney, and a travel, colour film on Norway. Smoking was allowed in the theatres, and most of the population seemed to smoke, and smoking of course always featured in the films we were looking at. On a Saturday night at the end of afternoon and evening sessions, you would be sitting in the midst of an incredibly thick bluish blanket of smoke. Trish and I were not smokers, but the Thwaites were. We were fortunate not to have suffered any obvious ill effects from the passive smoking we must have experienced at that stage of our lives. On 17 January, the Monday before Trish was due to return to her teaching, we had our first viewing of the classic Jacques Tati film, 'Monsieur Hulot's Holiday'. In the evening of Thursday, 27 January, on the spur of the moment I decided to go with David Stout and Rawdon

8 See footnote 12.

Dalrymple to see 'Rear Window', a much-publicised American film. I rated it 'quite good', but no more.

On Saturday, 19 February, after the watching the winter bumping races, and having Jim Morgan and a girl from London for a hot drink in my room, we went to the flat with John Orton and his girl-friend Joyce for a quick supper, very well-cooked by Trish. Many weeks before, John had invited us to go with them to The Playhouse to see 'The Living Room' by Graham Greene. It was 'an interesting, provocative work, well done'.⁹

Social Occasions and Visitors

On Wednesday, 19 January, Graham Jeffries and Ken North came to my room for a drink. Ken was a 1954 New Zealand Rhodes Scholar, who had just arrived. Like Graham, he was medically qualified, was undertaking a DPhil, and was an athlete.¹⁰ On Saturday, 22 January, we had a most enjoyable slide evening at the flat, using our projector. Trish's friend Joan Creswell was staying the week-end in the flat. Four of our friends and another chap reading a DPhil in chemistry came. In addition to our photos, Paul Remmy and his fiancée Louise¹¹ had shots taken on their vacation in Spain, and David Stout and Tom Skidmore, another American, had shots of Austria.

Because Trish was ill, I went alone to a College party given by three of the chaps on Friday, 28 January. Afterwards a group of us had coffee in Ivan Feltham's room. When the others had left, Ivan, Duncan and I chatted well into the early hours of the morning. After collecting Trish from the school on Saturday, 29 January, at the flat we projected our latest mainly snow photos and were very pleased with them. That evening I had dinner in New College as Rod Carnegie's guest. John Feltham knew him well. Rod was considered to have quite a good chance of being the fifth Australian in the Oxford crew in 1955, but did not make it until two years later.¹²

Mary and Hedley Bull had Trish and me and a young English couple for a most enjoyable evening on Friday, 4 February. The young Englishman was reading PPE at University College. Next day with the cancellation of our rugby game, Trish and I saw 'Bicycle Thieves', an excellent Italian film that had won many international awards. On Sunday, 6 February, after a not very successful attempt at trying to teach Graham Jeffries how to play squash, he and Trish had tea with me in my room before we went to chapel at 6pm. On Thursday, 10 February, Bob Porter, Trish and I had an excellent dinner with the Cowans. They were leaving Oxford in April going to the United States before returning home to Adelaide.

9 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 21/2/55.

10 He had cleared 12'6" in the polevault and over 6' in the high jump. He was a member of the Oxford University Athletics team against Cambridge University, 1955, 1956, and 1957. His father was a judge, president of the New Zealand Court of Appeal.

11 They were both on Fulbright Scholarships at Oxford.

12 He was educated at Geelong Grammar and the University of Melbourne, before going to New College. After Oxford, he did an MBA at Harvard. 1958 – 1974, he was a consultant, and then director and managing director and chief executive with McKinsey and Co.. 1974–1986, he was chairman and chief executive of CRA. See *Who's Who in Australia*.

Pauline Dick stayed overnight in the flat on Saturday, 12 February. We viewed our respective colour slides; some of hers along the Riviera were especially notable. Next day we went with her while she took a few shots of Oxford, but the weather was not good for photography. For about an hour, she played one of the grand pianos in the Magdalen gatehouse. We then had tea in my room, where we were joined by 'Poss' Parham and Joachim Classen, our German friend. Poss was the other winger for the College rugby team. He was an extremely pleasant, quiet American Rhodes Scholar from South Carolina.

On Saturday, 19 February, we saw the winter bumping races on the Isis, and associated social activities. At the Magdalen boathouse, we met Jim Morgan and a friend from London. They came back to my room for a hot drink, before Trish and I had to go to the flat to entertain John Orton and Joyce and then to the theatre with them. It was absolutely freezing at the river – cold winds blowing off frozen snow, but we saw some quite exciting bumps. Magdalen's first crew were caught by Queen's, leaving them fourth in the first division. We asked Jennifer Richards to tea the following afternoon, but she could not come, so Trish and I had it by ourselves and at 6pm went to evensong at Christ Church Cathedral.

The following Saturday, 26 February, was a day of social engagements. At 4pm, I went to a party in Balliol with Duncan, Graham and Jack Love. Jack was a delightful American Rhodes Scholar doing medical research like Graham and Ken North. He became a good friend. Our hostess was Hazel Scott, a girl from St Hilda's whom Jack had asked out a few times. Dunc, Graham and I hardly knew her. I chatted with a close friend of Jennifer Richards. Trish and I had only just heard that she had had to give up her chemistry course for a year. She had something wrong with her stomach. They apparently were not quite sure what. We were planning to spend a fortnight in the coming vacation with one or both of the two Cornwall families and hoped to see her to re-establish contact. As has been indicated, we had particularly enjoyed her company and were upset by the news of her difficulties. After the Balliol party, I managed to get our car started after a long period of frozen inactivity and collected Trish at 6pm to go to a sherry party provided by Joachim and an English chap, David Pitts. At 7.30pm, I had to go to the Rugby Club dinner in the Oscar Wilde Rooms in the College – a riotous, crazy occasion enjoyed by all. That same evening a bicycle was planted in my pulpit.

Before meeting Trish's train on Wednesday, 2 March,¹³ I had an interesting tea with Norman Blake and some of his friends – from France, Spain, Germany and Turkey. In the evening of the next day, I attended the chapel dinner and heard the editor of the Church of England newspaper give a graphic picture of the inner workings of Fleet Street. On Sunday, 6 March, after tea in my room, Trish and I went to 6pm chapel. I commented to the family that the choir's singing generally was inclined to be patchy, but when they were all on the ball,

13 Every Wednesday, while Trish was teaching I would meet the train from Banbury which arrived about 6pm, and we would have a meal together catching up on the previous three days, when Trish was staying overnight at Tudor Hall School.

the result was 'an instrument of wonderful beauty'.¹⁴ This was prompted by their singing of a truly memorable anthem by Bach.

As mentioned, Trish and I went to the Rhodes Ball at 9pm, after returning from the London Australian rules game on Saturday, 5 March, and I climbed in at 2am after a thoroughly enjoyable evening.¹⁵ Next evening, John Silvester, now president of the Raleigh Club, had dinner with me in Hall before the Club's meeting at Rhodes House. On the last day of term, Saturday, 12 March, Trish and I wandered around the Colleges and climbed Magdalen Tower with Ken North, and Karin Wegner, a German 20-year old whom we met while we were staying in Kent. After tea in my room, Ken left us and later we had supper at a Lyons cafeteria, before Karen went to the local youth hostel. At 10.30 pm, I went to live in digs at the Millers, much cheaper than living in college. Another Australian, Gordon Sargood from Melbourne and well known to the Thwaites, was staying the night with them. Gordon and Bill had rowed together in the previous year. My mother noticed I made no mention of a president's collection at the end of the term. In fact, it was not held because he was in the United States lecturing on fine art. Mr Boase was an expert on medieval painting.¹⁶

THE EASTER VACATION

Bill and Suzanne Miller were a very pleasant, easy-going American couple who had a largish house in North Oxford, about a 10-minute bike ride from Trish's flat. Bill was reading English at Magdalen. Trish and I went to evensong at St Giles on 13 March, and spent the evening chatting with the Millers.

A Royal Occasion

In January, we heard that the Dominions Fellowship Trust was having another afternoon reception in London as it had done the previous March, but this time the Queen would be present and not the Queen Mother. I reported that the invitations were putting people into a great flutter; Trish and Helen would try to get the afternoon off.¹⁷ Before we attended the reception on Tuesday, 15 March, Trish received a letter from Miss Macdonald saying she had been placed at the Queen's table! Trish, Helen, John Feltham and I travelled by train and caught a taxi to the Goldsmiths' Hall.¹⁸ About 500 people were there. The gold plate was out on show and the rooms of the Hall were magnificent. The food, however, was disappointing. The Queen arrived at 4.30pm and for almost an hour she walked up and down rows of people meeting occasional ones and chatting. Also present were the high commissioners and ambassadors of the various Commonwealth countries. She seemed 'a perfectly natural, fresh, young person, just a little nervous at first. She obviously enjoyed meeting so many

14 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 7/3/55.

15 See p. 263.

16 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 11/4/55.

17 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 31/1/55.

18 John Thwaites was already in London seeing Brian Hone who had just arrived from Australia. Hone was headmaster of Melbourne Grammar 1951–70.

people from the many different countries she has visited.' At 5.25pm, the few favoured ones had tea at tables in the Queen's room. Trish was one of the two young women placed at the Queen's actual table of eight people and she sat next but one to the Queen. The Australian High Commissioner Sir Thomas White was sitting beside her. The Queen had to leave for a cabinet meeting at 5.45pm, so there was little time for more than some general conversation which Trish joined in.

I commented to the family, 'It was an interesting experience for her. It's amusing to hear people so surprised when they find that royalty are just ordinary human beings talking about ordinary things. ... I don't know quite what they expect!' I wrote quite objectively, 'Trish was easily one of the best dressed women at the reception – she looked lovely'.¹⁹ It was, of course, a feather in her cap to have been selected by Miss Macdonald, and her family in particular were especially delighted. Back in Oxford, I took Trish to dinner and we then spent a while together at the Millers'.

At school next day, Trish was besieged with questions about the Queen and could get little teaching done. As usual, I met Trish at the train at 6pm, and we went to the Millers' for supper. They had numerous colour shots of the Continent which they had never seen projected so we took the projector out in the car and had a most enjoyable evening. On Thursday, 17 March, Trish had dinner with us at the Millers' before departing to spend the evening marking. With us for dinner was Brown Patterson, an American Rhodes Scholar (North Carolina 1953), who was reading English and was headed for the priesthood.²⁰ The Millers and Brown were very keen on music and had musical tastes very similar to my own. We spent a memorable evening listening to Bill's satisfying collection of long-playing records.

New Accommodation for Trish at Beech Croft Road

In February, Helen Thwaites was delighted that she was pregnant; she was longing to have a child. The Thwaites were leaving at the end of the year, so the timing was good for them. In March, Johnny and Helen decided they would like the next few months by themselves before the baby was born, so Trish was looking for new lodgings. The flat arrangement with Trish had worked well, but she was ready to get somewhere by herself. Also, I would most likely be in digs after next term so we would try to get rooms which were close. I saw the home bursar and he told me that the College was very full next academic year, from October. In any case, it would be cheaper in digs. He asked me what I was doing when I was through; he would willingly introduce me to influential friends of his in industry in Britain. I told him my first move was back to Australia.

On Friday afternoon, 18 March, Trish's afternoon off, we rode around 'dig' hunting without much success until at 4.30pm 'we had a great stroke of luck'. We found a very suitable bed-sitter advertised in the *Oxford Mail* – at 24 Beech

19 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 16/3/55.

20 He became an ordained priest in 1959.

Croft Road in North Oxford. Mrs Ames, the landlady was young, attractive and friendly. Marie and Robin Ames had a two-year-old boy, Richard. They let three separate rooms. We inspected the largish room on the top (second) floor which was vacant. It was a pretty L-shaped room with pale green walls and sloping eaves. There were two comfortable beds, and a small electric stove and a radiator run on a 1 shilling metre. The cost was £2/15/0 a week. It was not cheap, but nothing was unless it was miles out. This was about a 10-minute bike ride from the city centre and Magdalen. Just around the corner was a shopping centre called Summertown, which had a post-office and dry cleaner, and nearby was the Bendix place where Trish and Helen washed their clothes. The room faced south and captured any sun there was, and it was quiet because it was between the two main roads north, Woodstock and Banbury Roads. The whole house was clean and pleasant, though inevitably it was one of many attached places of like external appearance. Trish could use Marie Ames's ironing board, drying cupboard and backyard. Trish paid a deposit and arranged to move in on Saturday, 26 March.

On the evening of 18 March, we were entertained by the Agatha Christie play 'Witness for the Prosecution' at the New Theatre. Next day, I saw my first rugby international at Twickenham, in a friendly atmosphere on a sunny afternoon with ideal turf and 70,000 spectators. England beat Scotland 9 points to 6. Some of the play was lovely to watch, but in the second half there was too much kicking for touch. Gordon White, a PPE chap, picked me up in his car at the College. He had a spare seat in the car and a ticket, so Trish came with us. The other passenger was a headmaster of a village school. Gordon, a school teacher, was shortly going to Singapore. We stopped for lunch at a snack bar at a pub near Wickenham. The day was memorable and fortuitously was another shared experience.

Trish and I met at the 8am communion service on 19 March. In the afternoon, I called in on Brian Ellis, whose room was in Banbury Road just around the corner from Beech Croft Road. I could have had his room if he were to leave, but he was not sure if he would be leaving. I had tried round about and just about all of the digs round about were taken for October. After a drink with Brian, I called in to see Mrs Ames who said it was alright for me to occupy Trish's room from the following day, Monday, 21 March. Trish and I had decided it would be a good idea if I lived there till we left for Cornwall on 6 April. She had exams to mark in the next week and was really too busy to move, and it was quite alright to stay on a little longer in the flat.

Temporary Digs with Promising Future Prospects in the Same House

Mrs Ames asked me if I had any digs for next October, and then suggested that perhaps I would like to have one of her other rooms which she thought would be available. I thought 'it could be most convenient, I would not have to spend time travelling to see Trish, she could cook some of our meals, and

we could be together, due propriety being maintained'.²¹

In the next few days, I occasionally saw Brian Ellis for a break in my work and getting my own meals. He had tea with me in Trish's room on Tuesday, 22 March, and was quite impressed with it. I found the room comfortable and was sure Trish would be happy living there after our return from Cornwall. On Saturday morning, 22 March, I took the car to the main Morris workshops in Oxford in preparation for our drive to Cornwall. In the afternoon, we went to the Millers' to watch the Boat Race on television, with three other American chaps and an English girl. The Oxford crew had peaked about a fortnight earlier and lost badly to Cambridge. All we saw for most of the race was the trailing Oxford crew. In the evening, we listened at the flat to 'She Stoops to Conquer' performed by a Midlands Wireless Group. After communion at St Giles, we spent the rest of the next day at the flat. Late in the afternoon the Thwaites returned from a successful week-end in Portsmouth.

On Monday, 28 March, I had a most enjoyable dinner cooked on a gas-ring with Brian Ellis and Bill Garrett in Brian's room. Bill was a doctor from Sydney doing research at the Radcliffe Infirmary in obstetrics and gynaecology. We talked until very late. Bill claimed the standards of the Australian GP were very much higher than those of his English counterpart. He also insisted the best Australian specialists were as good as the best English specialists. In my family letter of 29 March, I reported 'I am still working extremely slowly'. With Trish's digs situation settled, I had had a clear run for a while to get on with my work.

Brian came to tea on Wednesday, 30 March. His thesis was well on the way and he had had a couple of articles published in worthwhile philosophical journals. He had a chance of a temporary lectureship at Melbourne University, but he liked the life in Oxford, particularly in digs, and might try to get a fellowship somewhere so he could stay on for a while. Next evening, I babysat Richard for the Ames and Trish joined me after her return from school. The Ames, however, were unable to get into the film they wanted to see. On their return, they asked us to stay for a drink and a chat, although they had already invited us for the evening on the next day. Early Friday morning, I rode my bike to the flat to help Johnny Thwaites put the heavy items of Trish's luggage into his panel van and take them to Trish's new room. Johnny and Helen left for Scotland later in the day. In the evening after supper in Trish's room, we spent a very pleasant evening with the Ames. We watched some television, including a program on Wells Cathedral which we planned to see shortly. Marie Ames provided coffee and food and afterwards we projected our slides for them. They were most impressed by the slides and I promised to take a series of Richard for them.

With Trish now at the flat by herself, I had breakfast with her on Saturday morning, 2 April, before we collected the car at the Morris garages. Given the size of the bill, we hoped the car would be fit for some time to come. We cleaned it with rust remover, shifted most of the rest of Trish's belongings to her new room, and called in on the Cowans shortly before they were leaving for America, having a long chat with Mrs Cowan. Mr Cowan was not there

21 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 21/3/55.

and had not been very well. Trish cooked us a meal at the flat and at 10pm, I returned to my room in Beech Croft Road. In exasperation, I wrote: 'It is rather ridiculous really, me sleeping by myself in a double room, and Trish with the whole flat to herself! – but there it is ...'²² I again went to the flat for breakfast on Sunday, 3 April, and spent the whole day there. My injured arm was much better, but still not 100% as I had discovered lugging about suitcases. This was well before suitcases had wheels on them.

On Tuesday, 5 April, Brian Ellis came to tea and I took him in the car to collect a type-writer at Kidlington, a village a few miles from Oxford. I met Trish at the 9.15pm train from Banbury. Her term was at last over. She had developed considerable affection for the school, in spite of some of the petty squabbling in the staff room near the end of term. Next morning, I collected her in the car and we were on the road to Cornwall at 8.30am. The weather was bleak with occasional rain.

On the Road Again

At Bath, we saw the famous remains of Roman baths, the Priory Church with its numerous lantern-like windows, and the fine crescents of houses built on the hillsides. The Wells Cathedral and town were smaller than I had expected, but the façade of the Cathedral and sea of pillars behind the high altar were magnificent. Not far from Bath were the ruins of Glastonbury which had been a cathedral or abbey originally 590 feet in length. In clearing weather, we drove on towards the coast. Shortly before Minehead, we turned off the main road to Dunster, a small village where we decided to stay the night, at Luttrell Arms. Above the village was a castle which belonged to the Luttrell family. The village church had a beautifully carved screen. In front of the hotel was an old yarn market, an eight-sided cone-shaped building. Our rooms were clean and comfortable.

On Thursday, 7 April, we set off for St Ives in dull, worsening weather. We used the Porlock Toll Road to avoid the notorious 1 in 4 gradient of Porlock Hill. This gave us fine views of the sea, the hills and the cliffs. Exmoor forest was mostly bleak moorland. Lynemouth was down a 1 in 4 hill. It was set in almost a ravine and still showed the effects of the devastating floods a couple of years before. In rain we bought pies in Barnstaple. At Clovelly, we parked the car at the top of the cliff and walked in the rain down one of the quaintest little villages in Cornwall. It had one main cobbled street leading steeply down to the sea. Around it were scattered houses of different colours, shapes and sizes in pleasing informality. The mist after Clovelly meant we could see nothing of the countryside, and we had to drive with our lights on.

Cornwall – with the Tancocks²³

We arrived at the Tancocks in St Ives in time for tea. It was good to see them again, including Ambrose their dog, as active and intelligent as ever despite

²² Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 3/4/55.

²³ See pp. 182–3, for our visit to the Tancocks a year before.

his eight years. Anthony and Yvonne were both home. Anthony had grown about 4 inches in twelve months. In the evening, we showed them our slides. On Good Friday, 8 April, Uncle Jimmy, Anthony, Trish, Ambrose and I visited Gurnard's Head, a lovely, wild, windswept spot on the coast a few miles from St Ives. On Saturday morning, in fine weather, Trish and I went for a long walk in St Ives and then used almost a bottle of polish to give the car its first real clean for years. In the afternoon, I drove Auntie Mary, Yvonne, Anthony, Trish and Ambrose to Gwithian, a place of rocky coast with low green cliffs near a lighthouse, where we walked some distance. In the evening, close family friends, the Fifoots, came to see our slides and were most appreciative. On Easter Sunday, we went to communion at the lovely little church at Carbis Bay. In the afternoon Uncle Jimmy took us for a drive to Prah Sands where we had tea. In the evening, I enjoyed some real exercise again by successfully playing squash with Uncle Jimmy and Anthony. It will be remembered that they had initiated me to the game on our last visit.

On Monday, 11 April, after a lunch of Auntie Mary's Cornish pasties, Uncle Jimmy drove Anthony, Yvonne, Trish and me to a point-top meeting. The races were all at least three miles in length. There was quite a crowd and it was fascinating seeing so many Cornishmen together, and hearing their remarks, particularly while the horses were being walked in the ring before a race. We returned home along a coast road via Gwithian, stopping for a while in the late afternoon sun to look at waves pounding into a rocky inlet appropriately called Hell's Mouth. In the evening the whole family saw 'The Caine Mutiny' in the picture theatre in St Ives.

On Tuesday, 12 April, I drove Uncle Jimmy to work in Penzance, and then with Anthony and Yvonne we went tripping for the rest of the day. First we stopped at Gulval Church, a lovely little church with fond memories for Trish's parents. On a coast road heading towards Land's End were Newlyn and Mousehole, fishing villages full of character. On the rocks at Mousehole, we had a picnic lunch of Cornish pasties and sandwiches. At Land's End it was clear enough for us to see the Scilly Islands in the distance. The coast road back to St Ives was undulating over very barren country. In the evening, we all went to a large country house near Penzance where 61 students from 24 different countries were staying. Uncle Jimmy organised the entertainment using abundant local amateur talent. Auntie Mary featured in a scene from a play, which went over well. Altogether it was a most successful evening appreciated by the students. Over food and coffee afterwards, we met a number of interesting young people including a Nigerian, a Malayan and a Sydney couple (he was lecturing in engineering at Birmingham). These holidays arranged for foreign students in different parts of England were an excellent idea. This particular group seemed to get on particularly well together. I had received notification in Oxford of these holidays and would have liked to participate in one, but I did not know how I could fit it in.

In fine weather on 13 April, Trish and I re-visited the nooks and crannies of St Ives; saw a Spring Exhibition of local artists, and the Penwyth Gallery with some modern work of high standard, including work by Barbara Hepworth; and visited the Arts Club where Auntie Mary was producing a 3-act play for

the president's night (that evening). Late afternoon, most of the family went to the Fifoots for tea. In the evening, I drove Uncle Jimmy, Anthony and Trish to Penzance to see the film 'Colditz Story', but we could not get in so instead saw 'Drum Beat', starring Alan Ladd!

As before, our time with the Tancocks was full of interest, but it was all too short. In addition to new experiences, we had appreciated the opportunity to revisit some of Cornwall's spectacular coastline, windswept landscape, picturesque fishing villages, and St Ives with its vibrant artistic community.

Cornwall – with the Richards²⁴

On Thursday, 14 April, we drove via Marazion, Helston and Penryn to stay for a week with the Richards at their home near Mylor village, about eight miles from Truro. We were lucky that Armorel was home, on holidays from school, but sadly Jenny was away in Bristol at the time. Armorel was 16 and had grown considerably. Hedley and Ida Richards were much as we remembered them. Ida, Uncle Jimmy's sister, was a trained doctor and was keen on keeping up with general knowledge and world affairs. She was an intelligent, very kind, pleasant person. Hedley was a very likeable Cornishman, a retired international civil servant working hard on his few acres of land. We enjoyed their company.

Our time with the Richards included – a walk with Ida and Armorel at Flushing, inside the Falmouth inlets; a slide evening; a visit to the Pandora Inn at Restronguet; a day of driving, with Ida and Armorel, to see a beautiful 14th century church, St Mawgen-in-Meneage, Kynance Cove, the Lizard, Housal Bay, Cadwith (a small, sleepy, fishing village), and Mullion Cove (a magnificent spot for smugglers); morning prayer at the Mylor village church; Hedley driving us all to 'Penjerrick', a large country house with a magnificent garden full of rhododendrons, camellias, magnolias in bud, azalias, daffodils and wild primroses; all of us seeing the Redruth Amateur Operatic Company in an entertaining three-and-a-half hour performance of 'Perchance to Dream', by Ivor Novello; tea in Mylor village with the Pike family who were in the Sudan with the Richards; the county flower show in Truro; and a visit by the Pikes to look at our slides. The weather throughout the week was some of the best we had experienced while in England. The Richards seemed genuinely sorry to see us go and we felt we could return at any time.

We left the Richards on Thursday, 21 April, to drive to Plymouth. Ken Tite and his wife Margaret had invited us to go and see them at Noss Mayo, where they were staying with their two children in Margaret's parents' house. Noss Mayo was a village in south-west Devon, about 10 miles east of Plymouth. We had a very pleasant picnic lunch with them on a quiet beach, although the killing of an adder on the water's edge provided some excitement. After tea, all six of us piled into our car and went for a drive to part of Dartmoor, seeing the very bleak famous Dartmoor Prison. After an excellent meal, we showed them our last series of photos of Cornwall. Ken, a camera enthusiast, thought ours was the best lens of its kind he had seen! The house was small. Trish slept

24 See pp. 180–1, for our visit to the Richards a year before.

the night in a room down the road, and I slept in the Tites' sitting room.

After a very copious breakfast, we set off ahead of the Tites for Oxford. At Exeter, we stopped to see the Cathedral, but then had car trouble which required a new crown and pinion leading to the crank shaft. Not until 7pm were we on the road again. At midnight I installed Trish in her new room at 24 Beech Croft Road, and climbed into College after my good neighbour Norman Blake had hauled up my luggage on a rope just beside the Lodge door!

TRINITY TERM 1955

Next day were two 3-hour collections²⁵, followed by supper with Trish and a good chat with Duncan Anderson before retiring wearily to bed. Duncan's cricket was going well; he was in the trial match for freshmen. Graham had won the high jump against Cambridge, Ken North was second in the pole-vault, and Alan Gordon was second in the mile, running 4 minutes 10 seconds. I now knew each of these very well and was pleased to hear of their success.

I had just the one tutor in this term, Dr Madden at Rhodes House – for one of my special subjects in PPE, 'The Political Structure of the British Commonwealth'. I already knew and had some appreciation of him from when he spoke at the Raleigh Club.²⁶ The library holdings at Rhodes House were central to my subject.

My weekly essays for Dr Madden were on the following subjects:

- Did the Statute of Westminster have any effect on the form or the sovereignty of the South African Constitution?
- How much more does dominion status mean in 1945 than it did in 1914?
- Compare and contrast the forms of federal government in Canada and Australia
- Why was a federal form of constitution preferred to a unitary one in Malaya?
- Compare and contrast the problems in government which have to be faced by British policy in East Africa with West Africa
- What contribution was made by the Donoughmore Experiment to the achievement of Ceylonese independence?
- A summary of the stages in the development of Indian independence, 1919 – 1947
- To what political, social and economic problems is the proposed Caribbean Federation an attempted solution?

At the president's collections on Saturday, 18 June, Dr Madden gave me an excellent report. According to him, mine was 'an interesting and stimulating term's work, at least for his tutor'. I had worked with 'care, enthusiasm and intelligence'.

During the term, I attended lectures at Schools by Professor Ryle on 'Inference and Argument' and by Professor Price on 'Hume's Theory of

²⁵ I have no record of how I performed in these.

²⁶ See pp. 261–2.

Knowledge'; and a series of four lectures by Mr Wilson at University College on 'The Rate of Interest'. I also thought about going to Professor Hicks's 'Introduction to Keynesian Economics', but decided I did not have the time amongst my other activities.

On 24 May, I wrote to the family:

Ken Tite and Harry Weldon have pointed out to me that this is the time I must make a decision about my work. Both seem very confident I am capable of getting a First, but it will mean working hard from now on, taking off only 3 or 4 weeks between now and Schools. If I choose, on the other hand, to make the most of Oxford and see as much as I can over here, then they are quite happy for me to get a safe Second. These are understanding men. Their main advice is not to get caught between two stools.

A few weeks before, quite a number of chaps had asked me if I would be willing to stand for the presidency of the junior common room at Magdalen, and I decided, after much thought and a discussion with Ken Tite, that I would. My range of contacts in the College were perhaps as wide as any, but the big disadvantage was, apparently, that I was not an Englishman. By 24 May, nominations for the presidency and the committee had closed; there was much election talk and there was an unusual keenness to stand for office. In a preliminary election, three of the presidential candidates were eliminated, leaving three of us still in, but I was not hopeful, and thought Colin Peterson from Winchester would be elected. On 12 June, the election results were published. Colin Peterson had won the presidency from me by only 12 votes, and I knew some who would have voted my way had forgotten to vote! The three of us standing for the presidency, also stood for the junior common room committee, and for this Peterson scored 74 votes, Kirwan and I both 73. Of the 8 elected for the JCR committee, 5 were Englishmen, 2 American and 1 Australian. I wrote about the outcome for the presidency:

In some ways perhaps it's just as well I wasn't successful, though it would have been interesting and fun. Financially and from a work point of view it's a save, and also Trish will enjoy it more next year, me being in digs.²⁷

At the Raleigh Club meeting on Sunday, 1 May, I was elected president of the Club. Our speaker was Professor MacMahon Ball, the foundation professor of political science at Melbourne University.²⁸ It had been my responsibility as secretary of the Club to arrange this speaker. On Friday, 29 April I had to tea the incoming secretary, Astra Kirthshinga, a very pleasant Ceylonese reading law at Keble.

²⁷ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 14/6/55.

²⁸ See Peter Ryan, 'Ball, William MacMahon (1901–1986)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 17, Melbourne University Press, pp. 51–3. My friend Brian Ellis married his daughter later, after Brian had returned to Australia teaching philosophy in Melbourne.

Sporting Activities

I had looked forward to playing college cricket again, not least because now as captain and with a reasonable team, I hoped we could achieve some improvement in Magdalen's standing as a cricketing college. Our first match, on Saturday, 29 April, was against the Cryptics who had massacred us in the previous year. They scored 6 for 240 (declared), and we made 9 for 182 (Lawrence 12). The side fielded well and I thought had 'quite a bit of talent', although Duncan Anderson was needed to bolster the attack. On Wednesday, 4 May, rain delayed our 11.30am start of our match against the Incogniti, and then washed us out just as they were about to go in after I had declared at 7 for 150 (Lawrence 29). The next Saturday, there was no match so we had quite a successful centre-wicket practice. Ken Tite participated and thoroughly enjoyed himself. Duncan Anderson also took part, and anticipated playing in most of the College games. He had been 12th man for the University side a week ago, but did not think he would get into the side for he would have to replace someone who was a third-year blue.

Our game against Oriel College on Monday, 9 May, was cancelled due to rain. Although it was still showery, the next day I played for the Authentics team against Christ Church College. There was not a University match on, so about five of the University team were in this Authentics side. Almost all of them failed. I went in with the score at 3 for 20, and scored a chanceless 59 in a total of 176. We had them 8 for 72 at the close of play. The next day, 11 May, Magdalen College had its first win in a low-scoring game against Magdalen College School. They were dismissed for only 58, and it took us 6 wickets to make the runs, with my contribution being 16. During the week, I played a couple of hard-fought squash games with Duncan. At the end of the week, unexpectedly he played for the University against Yorkshire and finished with 4 for 69. Against another county side, however, he had not bowled well and his rival Jowett had done quite well. I commented to the family: 'He bowls too much loose stuff, as yet'.

In our game against the Incogniti on Saturday, 14 May, we scored 164 (Lawrence 0), and had them 5 for 80 at the close of play at 6.30 pm. Their innings was frequently interrupted by rain. On 16 May, after a College cricket practice, I reported that so far, things had gone quite well. They were a likeable crowd of chaps and were keen. 'I only hope the weather will be kind to us for the rest of the term'.²⁹ Next day it rained almost continuously and in the evening snow fell, so our game against Magdalene College Cambridge on Wednesday, 18 May, had to be cancelled. It was disappointing for we had arranged a dinner for them after the match, and also there was a good chance of us beating them. There had been quite a strong feeling in the College against our namesakes at the other place because of the poor hospitality they had offered our visiting teams in the past. We had hoped our dinner might rectify this, by them taking the hint.

In quite a good drawn game, I played for the South Oxon Amateurs against

²⁹ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 16/5/55.

Keble College the next day. They were short and got me at the last minute, but I was out first ball. On Friday, 20 May, Magdalen played against the Eton Ramblers. We were 1 for 120, but then the rain and the wickets began to fall, including mine, again first ball. I declared at 7 for 160, when a heavy black cloud shed itself on the pitch, and that was that. I commented to the family – ‘One wonders sometimes how cricket ever originated in this country!’³⁰ On Thursday, 26 May, we played against Christ Church, one of the better college teams. We declared at 7 for 160 and had them 7 for 72 at the close of play. I completed an extraordinary run of three ducks first ball, each bowled!

Trish and I went to Alan Gordon’s for tea on Friday, 27 May. Alan was feeling nervous about the next day’s race at the British Games in London’s White City Stadium. Chris Chataway had asked him to act as an early pace-maker in an attempt on the 4-minute mile. In the event, Alan did his job well, carrying them till 1,000 yards, when Tabori, Chataway and Hewson each went on to break 4 minutes.³¹ After tea with Alan, Trish and I watched the last division of the rowing. It was Eights Week. Magdalen’s first crew was bumped for the second night in succession, and at the end on Saturday was lying third in the river instead of head.

On 29 May, the College played cricket in the afternoon against the Nomads. We declared at 7 for 154, and I broke my extreme run-drought with 10. We had them 6 for 100 at the end of play. For the first time, I dared to give myself a bowl and got 1 for 8. On the Whit Monday holiday, on 30 May, in sparkling, clear weather, Duncan, Jim Harper and I went to Witney to play for a Mills team against a University side. The ground was in a lovely setting and there was quite a crowd. They made 121 and we beat them with 6 for 122. I was 15 not out at the end. Most of the University chaps stayed on for a Carnival Dance, but a few of us returned at about 8pm. I was up until 1am writing my essay for the 9am tutorial next day.

In the evening of Tuesday, 31 May, before the light failed, I had a game of tennis with Duncan on the College’s grass courts which were always available. Next day, the College cricket team went by bus to Northampton to play against the Northants Amateurs on the County Cricket Ground. We dismissed them for 229 and were 5 for 145 at the end. Duncan bowled steadily but failed to get a wicket. I scored 17 before hitting my wicket and got 1 for 8 bowling my off-breaks. We arrived back at about 9pm and I had an evening meal in Trish’s room.

Our games on 4 June and 8 June were cancelled because of rain, but on Monday, 6 June, we played against Keble College. I declared at 6 for 150 (Lawrence 68), and had them 8 for 130 at the close of play. On Friday, 10 June, the College team pressed home a win, and it was against quite a strong side, The South Oxon Amateurs. I declared at 5 for 235, of which I managed a chanceless 114! We unexpectedly bundled them out in less than two hours for

30 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 24/5/55.

31 The Hungarian Tabori’s time was 3.59. Bannister and Landy had separately broken the 4-minute mile in 1954. See pp. 190–1. Chataway was a Magdalen graduate, who later became a conservative member of parliament and a minister.

96. Duncan took four wickets, but it was his last game before having part of his back put in plaster for a month to help with an old football injury. On Sunday, 12 June, I had arranged for a Ramblers team to play against the College boys' club who came from the mission in London. The weather caused yet another cancellation, but the boys with their girl-friends came for the visit all the same, and three of them went into the Cherwell trying to punt on a swollen river.

On Tuesday, 14 June, I played cricket in a team of Australians against Balliol College. On Thursday, the College team won against the Erratics. I declared at 1 for 180, of which I managed to get 81 not out, and we dismissed them for less than 100. The game against the senior common room, on Friday, 17 June, was a great success. It was a Rudolph Ramblers fixture. The Ramblers were the College village cricketers. I had been asked to manage the team, and since John Orton, the president of the junior common room could not play, I was appointed captain of the side. We scored 185 (Lawrence 42), and managed to get them all out with a very weak attack for 96. It was a warm, sunny day, and the dons seemed to appreciate the outing, although many would have been extremely stiff the next day. As usual, the senior common room lunch was a rare delight which lasted well over an hour.

The last game of cricket for the College team was on Saturday, 18 June, against the Withered Lilies (former Magdalen men). Ken Tite was playing for them. They dismissed us for 185 (Lawrence 65). They had time to get the runs, but we held them to 7 for 130 at the close of play.

Thus our cricket season came to a successful close. We had gone through the season without a defeat, and ... Magdalen cricket's status had been raised. ... The members of the side this year were keen and easy to handle and there was an excellent secretary.³²

Apart from the brief dramatic slump in my personal batting form and the often inclement weather, I thoroughly enjoyed this term of cricket – although at times it was difficult to juggle even just the one essay a week and my other commitments.

The Theatre and Films

During the term, there was little time for films or the theatre and Trish's room was not as close in as her previous accommodation. On 31 April, Trish and I went to the Playhouse Theatre to see 'Carnival of Thieves', a fantasy of comedy, ballet, and play. On Wednesday, 11 May, we joined up with Robin and Marie Ames, who happened to be going to the pictures the same evening. As was often the case on a Wednesday after her spending three days and two nights at the school, I had had supper with Trish in her room. We all saw 'The Colditz Story', a most enjoyable film. Trish was very happy in her new accommodation and was getting on well with the Ames. On 7 June, we saw a Greek film, 'Windfall in Athens' with another Patricia who had been staying with the Thwaites.

³² Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 22/6/55.

Social Occasions and Visitors

The Oxford summer term was particularly busy socially – especially if you were living in college in your second year, for you had had time to build up a social network. Dining in hall, playing for the College teams, using College sporting facilities, punting on the river, and participating in various College occasions provided many general opportunities for social intercourse within the College. University-wide clubs, like the Raleigh Club, obviously provided wider social opportunities. In addition, foreign students like myself felt some responsibility towards visitors from home and Oxford was clearly a popular place to visit. Especially for a fairly gregarious person, it was a balancing act trying to keep in reasonable balance my growing social life with study and other responsibilities. I noticed that often students tended to group according to their location in College, whether it be New Building, the Cloisters, Longwall Quad, or St Swithun's Quad. My rooms in College were not in locations that encouraged this kind of grouping, but I was in fact handy to everyone in my bed-sitter with my open-air pulpit, as they came and went in and out of the College entrance at the Porter's Lodge.

On Sunday evening, 24 April, I went punting with Duncan Anderson and two businessmen from Melbourne. Next evening, Trish came to my room and we went punting. It was extremely peaceful and pleasant. On Tuesday, 26 April, Trish had her eyes checked in London by Mr Williamson-Noble; they had strengthened considerably. We met John Laurie at the station at 6pm the next day. He had just three days in England on his way to his appointment as a design engineer with the Dominion Bridge Company in Canada.³³ When John and I played football against Melbourne Grammar at school and the University of Melbourne in intervarsity, John's immediate opponent was usually Duncan Anderson, whom he could match in the air because of his height. John looked brown and fit, although he had put on a lot of weight. Duncan joined us before dinner and we went to formal hall at 7.15pm, where John met a number of my friends. After coffee in my room, Trish, John, Duncan and I went out punting up the river to the sportsground and then down to the Isis. John had a turn with the pole and was a very able beginner. After dark, we drove to Trish's room for a drink and something more to eat, and then looked at our colour slides and Duncan's of Spain. John had a 35mm camera, and was looking forward to having his films developed. I had booked John in at the East Gate hotel just down the road from the College. After leaving him there well after midnight, Duncan and I climbed in. Next morning John took many photos as we went up the Tower, walked round Magdalen meadow covered in purple fritillaries, and saw a few of the colleges. After lunch in the College, John left us to catch

33 John was to become perhaps the most accomplished of my class at school in his subsequent professional career in civil engineering, being awarded an AC in the Order of Australia in 2003. After his three years in Canada, he spent 1959–65 with Maunsell and Partners in London, before returning to Australia, as director in Sydney, then managing director in Melbourne. He was chairman of Maunsell Pty Ltd (Consulting Engineers), Melbourne, 1986–94, and chairman of the Melbourne City Link Authority, 1994–2001. See *Who's Who in Australia* 2010, p. 1258. He was subsequently a god-parent of one of our children, a testament to the regard we had for him, but none of us really expected that god-parenting would be an active responsibility in the course of a child's life.

the train to see Doug and Jean Giles in Rugby, where Doug was going to show him over the BTH works. It had been an all-too-short visit, but a very joyous one. As already mentioned, my parents and John's had become good friends.

On May morning, Trish and I went onto Magdalen Bridge to hear the carols from the top of the Tower at 6am, saw the Morris dancers in the High in front of Queen's College, had toast and coffee in my room, and walked round Addison's walk watching people cooking breakfast on the banks of the river. Poss Parham, our 'quiet American' friend from South Carolina who was reading law, invited us to tea in his room in College on Friday, 7 May. When Poss came to Magdalen in 1954, he had on his desk a photograph of a stunning-looking girl. It was Miriam Stevenson, the girl he had left behind. We discovered that in 1954 she was, in fact, Miss South Carolina, Miss USA, and Miss Universe! Sadly, the relationship did not survive the separation – or perhaps these beauty awards. On Saturday, 8 May, I had dinner with Rod Carnegie at New College. Afterwards, he and a chap from Christ Church came to my room for coffee, where we met Trish, and punted for a while on the Cherwell. At 9pm, we drove in the car with our projector to the Tites. Margaret's parents, brother and sister-in-law were with them and had coloured slides. I had just collected slides from my second film of Cornwall. After a most enjoyable slide evening, I drove Trish to her room and just got into the College before midnight. After lunch on Sunday, 9 May, we had Jim Harper and his fiancée Blanka to coffee in my room, and later had Duncan, Poss and Miss Moira Ellis to tea. Through Rhodes House, the Information Office at Reading had asked me to help Moira meet some students etc, on her visit to Oxford. She was the assistant information officer in the UK Office in Sydney and was on a working tour. After punting, Trish and I took her to supper at a restaurant in the High.

On Saturday, 14 May, Doug and Jean Giles, Margaret Angas and another girl called in at the sports-ground to see me just before our match against the Incogniti. After the match, Trish and I went to a sherry party provided by Dr Bill Garrett, Brian Ellis's friend. Afterwards, we called in on the Thwaites and looked at slides – John's of Scotland and ours of Cornwall. Ian McConville was there. On Sunday, 15 May, we had tea in my room with Duncan, Alan Gordon and Jim Harper, followed by punting – memorable because Duncan went into the river fully dressed still holding onto the punting pole. Most of the chaps in the college had done likewise at some time, and I wondered when it would be my turn, although my 'open' punting stance was more stable than the more common 'closed' one. On Wednesday, 18 May, Trish and I had a meal at a place up the High. It was only 6 pence more than the College evening meal, and it was quite a pleasant change to eat out occasionally. Back in my room, Ken Tite called in to ask if he could borrow some of our slides to show Harry Weldon the next evening. He had coffee with us and took us into the old library of the College to show us fascinating old prints of the College.

On Thursday, 19 May, we had a delicious meal and most enjoyable evening with Jim and Helen Furber at their home at Headington; we had met them at the Garrett party. Jim was in his early 30s, a gynaecologist from Sydney working at the Churchill Hospital. Helen was from Adelaide and was Michael Salter's sister. The Furbers had a little girl. On Sunday, 22 May, after working all day in

Trish's room while she made a petticoat on her new sewing machine, we went to evensong at St Michael's, Summerton – a congregation mainly of elderly women.

Before Mr and Mrs Keith Wilson and their daughter Elizabeth came to lunch with Bill Williams, the Warden of Rhodes House, on Monday, 23 May, he tapped me for information about them. He said he imagined that any woman who was an MBE and chairman of the standing committee of the Victoria League in Australia was one to be shied clear of!! I, in fact, enjoyed meeting them again that afternoon at a tea party given for them by Mrs Haldane and Lady Allen, and had a long talk with Elizabeth. Joy Walters was there, and she told me she, Den and the baby were going to Nigeria for three years in August.

In the evening of Wednesday, 25 May, in fine, mild weather, we took the Furbers punting. Jim Furber was 'a very likeable chap – fairly quiet, but friendly and sound, though, like many medicos, his range of interests (was) narrow'. He tried his hand at punting, but zigzagged from side to side and frequently left the pole behind. We had our supper with us. 'It was the sort of evening one wishes would never come to an end'.³⁴ Next evening, we had an excellent dinner cooked by Graham Jeffries in his comfortable flat. His DPhil thesis had been accepted, and he would be returning with Elizabeth after the summer to live there.

At the end of Eights Week, I had a long chat down at the river with Dr and Mrs Grenfell Price, who were staying for the week-end with the Magdalen president, Mr Boase. That evening, we drove to Tudor Hall School for the school dance, taking with us Norman Blake, Derek Bairstow (one of my rugby friends in the College), and Ian McConville, a teacher from the Dragon School whom we knew through the Thwaites. Their role, which they did very well, was to keep the young mistresses on the staff happy. Norman, Derek and I climbed over the College wall at 2am after a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Next day, we had a delicious lunch with the president, who revelled in this sort of occasion. His other guests were the Prices, Sir Carleton and Lady Allen (the Williams's predecessors at Rhodes House), and Kevin Magarey who was shortly going to an English lectureship in Cape Town. In the evening we went to a barbecue to celebrate the christening of the Furbers' daughter.

On Tuesday, 31 May, Ken Tite took me for a picnic lunch with his family in a blue-bell wood owned by the College, about 6 miles away. In parts, the wood was a mass of smoky-blue flowers – a lovely sight. Unfortunately, Trish was not with us; she was teaching. On our return to the College, I took them out on a punt. The Cherwell was fairly swollen, but there were no mishaps and all of us, particularly the Tite boys, really enjoyed it. On Friday, 3 June, Trish and I had a very successful party for Graham Jeffries for about 17 guests in his flat. We had coffee, plenty of food and drink, and, on loan from friends in the College, a pick-up and records so people could dance. On Saturday, 4 June, Graham Jeffries took out his degree togged in his red and blue DPhil robes. At 4.30pm, I took his photo, he had tea with us, and then we went punting. In the evening, Trish and I baby-sat for the Tites. For the second night running, I climbed in well after midnight.

34 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 31/5/55.

On Sunday, 5 June, the Wilsons came to tea in my room in College, we all went to chapel at 6pm, and then they took us to dinner at the Mitre Hotel. After punting on the Cherwell until about 9.30pm, we drove to Trish's room where we looked at a few of our coloured slides and some taken by Mrs Wilson in Scotland. Elizabeth Wilson stayed the night in Trish's room. We had enjoyed their company. Mr Keith Wilson, a member of the Australian parliament, was a particularly pleasant person. He was Leigh Wilson's uncle. We found Mrs Wilson at times a little inflexible and stiff. Their son Ian was the 1955 Rhodes Scholar for South Australia. He had been in my house, Da Costa, at St Peter's College, but I did not know him well. He was coming to Magdalen next term to read law. It seemed almost as if his mother was checking us all out before Ian came!

On Thursday, 9 June, my mother's long-standing friend Rosa Matters invited Trish and me to dinner at the Ross Hotel, where she was staying with her travelling companion Miss Miller. She was in excellent form and brighter than I had ever known her at home. Afterwards, I gave them a conducted tour of the College and a cup of tea.

Trish came to coffee in my room with one of the Tudor Hall mistresses on Saturday morning, 11 June, and in the afternoon to tea with Pat who was staying with the Thwaites. Hector Brooks's parents called at my room on Sunday, 12 June. After showing them round the College and climbing the Tower, we drove to 'The Trout' for lunch, had a walking tour of a few of the colleges, and had tea in my room. I commented to the family: 'Though they take up time, people from home are always very welcome'.³⁵

On Monday, 13 June, I had an extended tea in my room, chatting with my friend John Silvester from Kenya and Denis Robinson from South Rhodesia, a star rugby full-back. Both were reading law. I had to get up at 5.30am next day to finish an essay for a 9am tutorial! That evening, Duncan had about twelve of us in his room for a riotous bucks' night for Graham Jeffries two days before he left for the United States to get married. On Thursday evening, 16 June, Ken North, our other New Zealand Rhodes Scholar friend, came punting with Trish and me. After the Withered Lilies game on Saturday, 18 June, the last day of term, Ken Tite invited Trish and me to supper and to spend the evening with Margaret and him. Again, we thoroughly enjoyed their company. Ken had a good collection of classical records, some fascinating ones of music by Villa-Lobos, and of guitar music being played as a classical instrument. Ken himself played the guitar.

Especially now that Trish was living by herself, I had spent as much time as I could with her, particularly at the week-ends. On the evenings she returned to Oxford from school during the latter part of each week, I would meet her at the station and we would often eat together. Trish was due for her holidays on about 23 July, when we planned to go north. I was given permission to continue living in College until then – anticipating that this way I could get some work done with a reduction in the inevitable round of social activities of term-time, and a cessation of College sporting activities.

³⁵ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 14/6/55.

THE SUMMER BREAK

On Sunday, 19 June, we drove to Shotover Edge near Oxford to have lunch with a teacher from Tudor Hall School, Miss Ebbles and her sister. They were friendly, bright people. I, in fact, had my final tutorial with Dr Madden on Tuesday, 21 June. In the afternoon, I played tennis with a Canadian and two New College chaps at the New College sports ground. On Wednesday, 22 June, I had a ticket to Encaenia, the conferring of honorary degrees in the Sheldonian Theatre. I really enjoyed a 45-minute organ recital by the organist of New College before the ceremony at noon. One of the people receiving an honorary degree was Sir Lewis Namier, a historian whose work I had admired. It was a very colourful occasion, although I was interested to see how many of the dons were in first-degree, not doctoral gowns. I took some photos (not with a flash) to record the occasion. One aspect did not impress me. Not a word of English was spoken or printed in the program: it was all in Latin, which I thought a rather silly affectation.

Very few people were left in College. I played tennis a few times with Ken North. Often late in the evening chaps called in for a drink and stayed even later. On Thursday, 23 June, Trish and I had a meal at 'The Lantern' in the High, and we worked in my room until 10pm. She was setting exam papers. Next day, we saw a very good American film, 'Bad Day For Black Rock'. The College Lodge closed at 10pm out of term, so I was frequently having to climb in after spending time with Trish. On Saturday, 25 June, we were visited by Barbie Madeley, a friend of the Necks at home, and her friend Margaret. They were both from Sydney. I had booked them in at a bed and breakfast place where the Thwaites stayed when they first arrived in Oxford. On a mild summer's evening the four of us walked around Addison's walk and we showed them the College in the gathering dusk, rather than wait until next day when the place would be crawling with tourists. Next day, they had lunch with an Australian doctor at the Radcliffe Infirmary, had tea in my room, went to chapel at 6pm, and had a meal with us at 'The Lantern'. The previous night I was saved the bother of climbing in. The president happened to be unlocking the dons' door in the wall as I was approaching the lamp-post! He had just been to a show with Duncan. He kept regular contact with everyone in the College, either by having them to a meal or by taking them to shows, plays, etc. He was unmarried and must have enjoyed the company. Certainly he was a charming companion in any company.

On Thursday, 6 July, Trish and I saw 'Don Pasquale', a very polished performance by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, but were disappointed by the performance of 'La Bohème' the following night. On Saturday afternoon, 8 July, we drove Ken and Margaret Tite and the two boys to Uffington on the Wiltshire Downs to see the famous prehistoric white horse carved out of the turf on the hillside. We had a picnic tea overlooking the Downs, and looked inside the Uffington village church. In the evening, we had supper with the Tites and listened to a broadcast of 'Don Giovanni' from Glynebourn, some of the finest opera in Europe. The orchestra was the London Philharmonic.

In the summer, the city's most notable buildings were floodlit, to good effect.

I had a couple of games of squash in early July with a chap from Leeds who was also still living in, but it was not really squash weather. It was a heat-wave, with very high humidity. At one stage, an international conference on administrative science was centred in the College, which filled it with prosperous-looking civil servants from many nations. On Wednesday, 13 July, I said goodbye to two of my American friends, Norman Bradburn and Guido Calabresi. As had been expected, Guido had procured a first, with only a formal viva. I had particularly liked Guido, and hoped we would ‘meet again sometime – either in America, or at home – who knows?’³⁶ Another American friend, Paul Remmy had also graduated, but I had not seen him to say goodbye, so had written him a note. In his response, he explained he had intended to see me after his viva before catching the train out of Oxford, but the viva ran late and he only just caught the train. He wished to keep in touch in the coming years, and gave me his parents’ address in Philadelphia, but I now regret this did not happen. He had just been called to active naval duty on the North Atlantic. He wished me luck in my work, and wrote, ‘I’m so glad you have found such a wonderful girl as Trish and know she will be a wonderful wife. I bet you can hardly wait.’³⁷

On Thursday, 14 July, Trish and I had a home-cooked roast on Ken North’s invitation. He was sharing a flat with a couple of other New Zealanders. An English chap and a couple of Americans with whom Ken was touring the Continent came later. We listened to a superb performance of ‘The Barber of Seville’ by the Glynbourne Opera Company. On Sunday, 17 July, Trish had lunch with me in my room and we had to tea the Thwaites, Peter Wilson, who was teaching at Cheltenham under Pentreath, and Bob Scott, a dentist studying for a postgraduate degree. Bob and Peter came to chapel with us at 6pm. The Thwaites had to attend a function at the Dragon School. In the evening, we drove Harry Weldon and David Stout to the Tites for supper.

It was very pleasant indeed. Good food, a pleasantly warm night, and stimulating company. After eating we sat out on a lawn, surrounded by many-coloured blooms, particularly roses. The roses have been magnificent over these last few weeks. Also the delphiniums, of all shades of blue, growing to tremendous heights.³⁸

I spent the afternoon of Tuesday, 19 July, with David Dunn, John Watson (also from Adelaide), and two young women doctors, taking them up the Tower, showing them a few of other sights of Oxford, followed by tea in my room. In my last letter from the College, before we left to go north, I wrote:

The thought of not being able to live in College any longer is a little saddening, but of course living out will have its compensations. It had been fun living almost a hermit’s existence in the College over the past few weeks. It is a beautiful place in the twilight when the tourists are gone and all is quiet.³⁹

36 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 13/7/55.

37 Letter, Paul Remmy (at Hampstead, London) to John Lawrence, undated.

38 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 20/7/55.

39 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 20/7/55.

LETTERS FROM HOME – AND ABROAD, JANUARY TO JULY 1955

The weekly correspondence between me and the family had continued, apart from the first week in July, when I had had little to write about apart from my getting on with my reading and spending time with Trish when I could, sometimes with us both working either in her room at Beechcroft Road or in my room in College. From 2 January to 17 July, 1955, my mother wrote 31 letters. In addition, I received 4 letters from my sister Marg, 3 from my brother Jim and from John Laurie, 2 from Sheila, (Jim's new wife), and single letters from Noel and Brian Stonier, Leigh Wilson, Allister McLeod, Catherine Berry, Auntie Nina, Moira Ellis, Jean Tregenza, Betty Wilson, Amy Wheaton, David Dodwell, and Rod Davies.

Brother's Wedding

The letters from my immediate family were full of information about Jim and Sheila's wedding on 9 February – the preparations and the event which went wonderfully well.

My mother's letters enclosed a list of the wedding presents, newspaper cuttings, and a copy of Jim's speech. We eventually saw some excellent wedding photos, some taken professionally and others by family members, Dr Wall and Unc. Jim described for us: the pre-wedding parties; the family dinner party at the Walls; the overwhelming presents; the service in the school chapel conducted superbly by Rev Red Ray; Murray Gordon at the organ and the music he played; the atmosphere in the marquee at the reception for about 100 guests on the lawn at the Hamiltons; the magnificent flower decorations; the beautiful dresses of the bridal party made by Mrs Hamilton and our mother; Mr Berry's toasting of the couple; their departure by taxi to save the Hamilton car which they borrowed for the honeymoon; their first night in NanNan Barker's house at Encounter Bay; their drive to Lorne on The Great Ocean Road in Victoria; their most successful 'communal honeymoon' at Erskine House, where five Adelaide couples who all knew each other well happened to be staying at the same time; the stay over-night in Melbourne with Unc and Auntie Mabel, and their visit to Brian and Noel Stonier's new home; and on the way back to Adelaide, an over-night stay at Portland, a look at the Princess Margaret Rose caves on the Glenelg river, a visit to Auntie Kit Pick and Broomfield,⁴⁰ and Sheila's first view of Mt Gambier and its associated lakes.⁴¹

Sheila's letters thanked us for our wedding present and gave us an account of their very happy life together with the Bennetts, in the house they were sharing in Walkerville. They particularly enjoyed now being able to entertain people and reciprocate hospitality they received from their many friends. We had given them a coffee set of modern design and had taken a chance that they would like it eventually even if at present they were in a very traditional setting.⁴²

40 Old Mr Pick was very sick.

41 Letter, Jim Lawrence to Trish Berry and John Lawrence, 27/2/55.

42 Letters, Sheila Lawrence to Trish Berry and John Lawrence, 28/3/55.

Brother Jim

In July, Jim reported they had become increasingly fond of the coffee set and were now very proud of it. It would fit even better next year when they would have a modern flat. The Hamiltons had decided to make their house into two flats, in preparation for Ken's retirement, and Jim and Sheila would be renting one at a very reasonable rate. It would be very convenient, if Jim scored an Adelaide Hospital appointment. He envied the remarkably full social life we had achieved. Their's had been reasonably full, but not as varied or as interesting. It was fun playing football again. He trained once a week and played about 2 weeks in 5 for the Cs. In his work at the Children's Hospital he had to work two or three nights a week which did not leave him much time for reading. He had recently joined the BMA, and was reading 25 back-copies he had received of the journal. His letter also included observations on the Australian cricketers' success in the West Indies, the 'jackals of the English press', Wimpy McLeod's stepping down from the captaincy of the University football team, and a couple of Sturt games that he had seen. A mild attack of chicken-pox had given him the opportunity to write at some length.⁴³

John Laurie

On 16 February, John Laurie gave me details of his travel plans to his engineering job in Quebec in Canada. He regretted not having more time in England, but he had had to borrow some money to make the trip and wanted to pay that off before considering getting married. He hoped that after a year he might be able to bring Dymphna Fox over to marry in Canada after she had finished her social science course at the end of 1955.⁴⁴ He mentioned the torrid time he had had defending the Fox property from very bad bushfires in January. John wrote an enthusiastic letter of thanks after his brief time with us in Oxford, and said,

Though I imagine that at times you get very brassed off with Oxford and wish you were back in Australia, don't forget ... that you are very fortunate to be able to study in such a place, and that there are thousands who would gladly be in your shoes. Still, I know you realise this full well.⁴⁵

He was on the ship *Empress of France*, but was now longing to get to Montreal and start working.

Sister Marg

Marg was surprised by her excellent result in Leaving Honours English, but decided to stick to her idea of concentrating on history and economics and not take up an offer from the English school at the University to admit her to the honours school of English.⁴⁶ In May, she was spending some of her holidays

43 Letter, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 5/7/55.

44 Letter, John Laurie to John Lawrence, 16/2/55.

45 Letter, John Laurie to John Lawrence, 1/5/55.

46 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 17/1/55.

preparing for an economics exam. 'I never dreamt that it would be such a difficult subject; still, it's probably worth it'. The French school was 'in a shocking state'. The course was not at all interesting and students were dropping out.⁴⁷ In July, Marg reported that she had at last settled down to doing her work. It was about time she stopped going out so much. Her exercises in French were now at a credit standard. She was unsure how she was going in education, because they had only had one essay. Her history was 'most disappointing', however. She was awarded only 45 for her first-term essay. Her interpretation of Cromwell apparently did not agree with the tutor's. She had thought of doing honours history, but was now not so sure. John Grant had suggested to her that she might do honours economics. She had gained second credit in the economics 1 mid-year examination. 'I find the subject extremely interesting so if my results continue to be satisfactory I think I might give it a go'. Marg had been asked to stand for the student representative council.

I have decided not to. The SRC crowd don't interest me in the slightest and I'm sick of organising things and having no time to myself after last year. ... there are loads of others who are mad keen to do the work so it seems far more sensible to leave it to them.⁴⁸

A keen member of the University basketball team, Marg wanted to go to the intervarsity competition in Queensland. She was having about 22 people at a buffet before a fund-raising basketball dance.

Relatives and Friends

Noel and Brian Stonier wrote in January, full of beans in their new little house in Camberwell, after a wedding described by Brian as 'a magnificent success', and a honey-moon in Manly in Sydney and a visit to Canberra on the way home. They had found NanNan Barker 'in pretty good form' when they visited her in Adelaide in early December shortly before the wedding, which her ill-health prevented her from attending. Noel hoped that I might be offered 'lots of wonderful jobs in Melbourne' when we returned. They fully recommended marriage to us.

Leigh Wilson had just started his sixth and final year of studying medicine. He had had a long summer holiday which included motoring with John Jose to Surfers Paradise to stay with Hugh Fraser who was in their year of medicine. They had taken a couple of friends as far as Sydney and had enjoyed night-clubs and surfing there. He gave me news of his family (his brother John at Renmark, his sister Rosemary who had just spent 6 months in Perth, and his parents), and of mutual friends and acquaintances, including Jill Pellew who was teaching in Melbourne for a while.⁴⁹

Allister McLeod, writing from St Mark's College, said he had been promising me his letter for twelve months and if he did not write before term started

47 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 19/5/55.

48 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 7/7/55.

49 Letter, Leigh Wilson to John Lawrence, 22/2/55. Jill and he later married.

it would be promised for another twelve.⁵⁰ He rightly assumed I had heard last year's football news from my 'folks'. Football practice had started and the University team looked like having a good year. He had failed a couple of subjects, but had achieved top credit in mining and second credit in surveying, his two main subjects.⁵¹ In the vacation he had worked at Kalgoorlie – 'the first time I have worked at home for several years, and thoroughly enjoyed it'. He told me news of marriages and engagements of various mutual friends and acquaintances, most of which I had already heard.

Auntie Nina

I had written a note to Auntie Nina from Cornwall in April. In reply she told me she had spent the last month at Bournemouth, 'a well laid-out town with beautiful surroundings, good shops, gardens, entertainments and various amenities'. She described the surroundings and her different outings, including 'a glorious day touring the Isle of Wight ... larger and lovelier than (she) had thought'. She was returning to Ipswich that week. There was no indication of any apprehension at the prospect.⁵² In mid-June, my mother asked if I had heard anything of Auntie Nina. Her relatives in Melbourne had not heard anything since January.⁵³

David Dodwell

David Dodwell's letter, from the English department at the University of Adelaide, informed me of his coming to Magdalen and welcomed any advice on getting lodgings, for rooms were not yet available in College. He had had a few organ lessons with John Horner and wondered if I had kept up my organ playing. He described the organ playing of Jack Peters, the new organist at St Peter's Cathedral – 'a very precise and controlled technique; he uses baroque registrations, you should hear the way he whizzed through the Bach trio sonatas'.⁵⁴

Amy Wheaton

Amy Wheaton's letter⁵⁵ started on a sad note. Her life had been so crowded that 'although we often speak of you none of my unofficial correspondence has been attended to for so long that I have lost all my friends'. She had carried the airletter in her bag for months intending to re-establish communication.

While you are having the experience of your life, we go on in much the same way in Adelaide. ... However, there are better times ahead. The Sub-Committee of Council has proved a blessing and its interim report has given both University staff and Council some insight into our departmental lacks and difficulties.

50 Letter, Allister McLeod to John Lawrence, 23/3/55.

51 J. K. A. McLeod was president of the Australasian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, 1978, 1993, *Who's Who in Australia*, p. 985.

52 Letter, Nina Bell-Jones to John Lawrence, 26/4/55.

53 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 19/6/55.

54 Letter, David Dodwell to John Lawrence, 28/6/55.

55 Letter, Amy Wheaton to John Lawrence, 20/6/55.

She was now a senior lecturer, and increased staff was likely to be urged, but this would 'not create qualified people of high enough calibre to lecture at University level'. During a session of the committee, she had mentioned me as a possible recruit and members had asked her to write to see if I would consider directing a school of social work at some future date. She retired in three years.

The person in charge of a School should have knowledge of the fields of social work and be equipped to lecture in one course and to conduct research studies. He need not be a practical social worker. Sydney has appointed an educationist as Director.⁵⁶ You might be interested in Social Organisation; when we raise this to degree level we shall need to plan a more analytical course that includes some comparative studies.

One of the professors thought I should try to get some university lecturing experience in England first; it was harder to get such experience later.

Amy concluded the letter by wishing me the best possible news when the examinations results were announced that month. What were my plans now? She obviously did not realise that I had only been in Oxford for five terms and needed another year to complete my degree in PPE.

In my response to Mrs Wheaton, I acknowledged the very great debt social work in Adelaide owed to her, I clarified when I would be finishing at Oxford, and I described the dilemma I faced between working flat-out for a first and taking full advantage of what else was on offer while I was in England. I told her I still did not know what I was going to do, although her letter had given me food for thought. I found the idea of directing a school of social work attractive; it would be stimulating and fruitful work. I would enjoy a job that was administrative, dealt with people, and had academic content. Something more practical than a purely academic position was definitely required. However, I asked and observed: how soon would the appointment be made, and what was the likelihood of being appointed when the time came? Such positions were rare in Australia, and I did not want to close the doors on other avenues of appointment such as the civil service, external affairs, and education, where opportunities would not be as limited. The rules of my Free Passage from the shipping companies meant that I had to leave England before the end of July. Would lecturing experience somewhere in Australia be considered adequate training for me, or is the 'overseas experience fetish' persisting? Lecturing under Australian university conditions would be better training for work in this particular field. Should I try to get a grant for Trish and me to spend a year of two in the United States, after we are married in Australia in September, 1956? Would it matter if I did not get a first? ⁵⁷

I, in fact, did not receive an early reply to this letter⁵⁸, perhaps because of Mrs Wheaton's mistake about my graduation date. Her letter had come out of the blue, and the timing was premature from my point of view. Obviously

⁵⁶ Dr Morven Brown

⁵⁷ Letter, John Lawrence to Amy Wheaton, July 1955 (undated). Not surprisingly, I kept a copy of this letter.

⁵⁸ See p. 338.

I needed relevant professional experience if I were to aspire to being head of a university department, especially of a professional school like social work. Later, I was sharply critical of Sydney University's appointment of a director who did not have at least a qualification in social work.

My Mother

My mother's letters indicated that, additional to all of the activities associated with Jim and Sheila's wedding, my parents and Marg were leading an active existence during these seven months, Marg, in particular. Marg, with her friend Meredith Michell, had a boring repetitive job in Myers before the university year started at the end of March. She went to a fresher's camp at Christies Beach, and thoroughly enjoyed a constant round of balls and parties in the first half of the university year. She was in the University's A basketball team. At St Columba's church, she was one of the key people in a very imaginative passion play produced by Dean Rowney. In June, she started her music again with Mrs Hyde.

Guests at a Radford party right at the end of 1954 included the Disneys (Mr Disney was the headmaster of Scotch College), Mr Mander Jones, the director of education for South Australia, Mr Ketley from St Peter's College, and Professor Stretton and his wife (Paul Radford had taught him at Scotch College in Melbourne). As my mother had anticipated, my parents and the Radfords had become good friends. They visited my parents one week-end when they were having a couple of weeks' holiday in April at NanNan Barker's house at Encounter Bay. Their son began university at the same time as Marg, and Marg and he went to fresher events together. The Radfords and the Lawrences sometimes went to films and church together, and my mother always shared my news with them. When, in June, Pauline Dick showed my parents the colour slides she had taken with us in Oxford, the Radfords were nostalgic about their time there. Paul Radford had told my mother when I was standing for the junior common room presidency, that there were always those few who resented Rhodes Scholars and members of other countries at Oxford. This may well have been the case, but I was not aware of them in my own experience in Magdalen.

Other neighbours – the Michells, the Thompsons and Mrs Gill, and the Necks were also in regular contact. My mother frequently visited Mrs Berriman, the next-door neighbour who had a terminal illness. My parents' friendship with the Lauries, and Mrs Martin and Gerry continued especially once the football season started. At Easter, my parents went to successive race meetings at Oakbank, with the Thompsons and the Lauries – a very rare occurrence for my mother. John Laurie had just told his parents that the course mapped out for him in Canada was likely to take three years instead of two, and that he now knew what work was, they did not have time to lift their heads. John wrote to my parents in June about his visit to us in Oxford. 'Both looked very well and have not changed one iota.' He was now very happy in Canada and was finding the work, though plenty of it, very interesting.⁵⁹

59 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 26/6/55.

Right at the end of 1954, John and Mary Barker and their four daughters took my parents for the day to 'Wingfield Willows', the property which Trish's parents had purchased at Forest Range, about 27 km east of Adelaide in the Adelaide Hills. Dad was amazed at the changes since the week-end he had spent there with Dean Berry some time before. Mrs Berry was delighted with the new property but was frustrated by a viral illness which prevented her from doing more at the property. NanNan Barker also had ill-health. My mother kept in regular contact with them and occasionally visited them. She did the same with Trish's Grannie and Maudie Berry. According to my mother, they were counting the months to our return. On a visit to Wingfield, Dean Berry showed her his flourishing vegetable garden, and how well the young trees were growing on Trish's block. (This had been divided off from the main Wingfield property as part of Trish's inheritance.) Dean Berry invited my father to the Adelaide Club for lunch. Mr Cameron was there, and asked after me. Many people were asking my parents, and Jim and Marg, how I was getting on, and wished to be remembered to me. I had no sense of us being forgotten, thanks largely to my mother's letters.

On my birthday, my mother wrote: 'It does not seem 24 years ago since my John arrived but what joy he has brought me!'⁶⁰ The feelings were mutual. As I have indicated in this account, I could not have wished for a better mother. When I wrote about standing for the junior common room presidency, she wished me luck 'and also in the decision you make about you work. I feel your own sound judgement and sense of duty will decide for you.'⁶¹

In mid-June, Bruce Boundy drove my mother and Kath Boundy, his mother, to Noorootpa to see the Nobletts, old friends from Mount Gambier days. 'Nobbie' had been transferred in the Education Department to be headmaster of Noorootpa High School. My mother's social circle continued to include Kath Boundy, Kate McBain, Mrs Opie, Mrs Sutherland, Mrs Hyde, and Mrs Dick. On 24 June, my mother entertained all the old Lydians Singers to say 'bon voyage' to Edna Dunn, who was departing for England on 4 July – a fun evening of reminiscing. Earlier in the year, John Horner had announced the end of the Lydian Singers as a group. My mother had been asked to sing at Stow Church for a couple of services and had quite enjoyed the experience, but said she would not want to return there permanently 'although it was refreshing to listen to Mr Goss's two sermons, he is a modern ... rational thinker.'⁶²

TRAVELLING NORTH

We left Oxford in the car on Friday, 22 July, headed for Scotland. Some miles past Banbury, the car was very sluggish going up hills and we were thinking it was not what it used to be when suddenly smoke poured out from the hubs of both front wheels. The brakes were stuck on! An AA garage at Banbury sent a breakdown truck. The rubbers in the main cylinder of the brakes were

60 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 24/4/55.

61 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 5/6/55.

62 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 14/6/55.

perished. It was a disappointing start to our trip, but by 8pm we were on the road again, and in fact it was the only car trouble we were to experience, apart from a broken fan belt. Doug and Jean Giles were expecting us for the night at Whilton. They had a very spacious flat with a lovely rural view in the Old Rectory. Whilton was a sleepy little village. The Giles seemed very happy together. They asked us to come and stay with them for two or three weeks from 3 September.

Yorkshire

Our next stay was at Elland, where John Orton and his girl-friend Joyce Alinson lived. We arrived there at 5.30pm on 23 July. The further north we had driven the grimmer and more industrial became the towns. Elland was quite industrial and grimy like the rest, but was now overshadowed by the much larger Huddersfield and Halifax. We had tea with John and his parents and Joyce. After a walk seeing the local cricket ground and school, we had a meal and chatted with the Ortons, two of their friends, and Joyce. John's father, like mine, worked for a bank. Trish stayed the night at Joyce's home which was in walking distance of John's, where I stayed.

On Sunday, 24 July, after going to communion with John and his parents, we went in the car with John and Joyce to Bolton Abbey, about an hour's drive away. We had soon left the grime of industry behind and were in the very pleasant undulating country of the Yorkshire Dales. The Abbey ruins were set in a fine position beside the River Wharf. In the nave of the Abbey, still used as a parish church, was the painting Magdalen had as the altar-piece in its chapel. After a meal at the Devonshire Arms, we visited the Strid, where the river narrowed into a deep, treacherous, rushing stream. The trees of the river valley were particularly full and magnificent. We visited Linton to see a small old parish church, Grassington where people were bathing in the river, and then Fountains Abbey where we made tea. The very extensive Abbey ruins were beautiful, set in green sloping lawns in a valley beside a river. We walked a long way along the valley where there were lakes and gardens set out in the 18th century. On our return to the Alinsons via Harrogate and Bradford, we had a late meal there and sang around the piano until 1am, which Mr Alinson in particular thoroughly enjoyed. The Alinsons were Methodists, and Joyce showed me their new large church organ the next morning. We had lunch at Harrogate, a favourite watering-place, and spent the afternoon wandering – looking at shops and gardens. After a meal at the Ortons, we saw 'Rob Roy' at the pictures, and had coffee at the Alinsons'.

We left our Yorkshire friends on Tuesday, 26 July, and drove to York via Leeds. The stained glass windows in York Minster were extremely beautiful – lovely deep, rich colouring. A highlight at the Castle Museum at York was an early 18th century village completely reproduced. York itself, with its winding, narrow streets was a most attractive place and the shops were good. We set off north through Thirsk and Darlington. At Riding Mill, we stopped at a Manor House and had a drink with one of Trish's pupils and her mother. The road ran high along a ridge with views of tree-less, attractive hills on both sides.

Scotland

Crossing the border at 8.30pm, we had a lovely first view of Scotland in the late evening light – fine, undulating hills very rich in soft colours. We stayed the night in 16th century Ferniehirst Castle, now a youth hostel. I shared the large dormitory with a chap from Melbourne.

Next day, 27 July, we visited three ruined Abbeys – Jedburgh, Dryburgh, and Melrose. The ruins at Jedburgh were particularly impressive. On the road to Peebles we ate lunch beside the River Tweed. Generally, the undulating countryside was fairly prosperous-looking. We arrived at the youth hostel at Edinburgh at 6pm. It was some distance from the city. I had had a bad headache the day we arrived at Edinburgh and did not feel well during our stay there. I had acquired chicken-pox. There were a few cases at Trish's school just before the end of term, and she must have been a carrier. Fortunately, at no stage was I incapacitated and when I wrote from Dornoch on Thursday, 4 August, the spots were disappearing. However, to avoid leaving a trail of infection at youth hostels, we bought little tents and li-los and were camping, a more than adequate alternative in fine weather, and so far the rain had kept off, although it was much cooler. I asked the family to read Trish's diary which she was sending to her parents for details of the previous few days, including our time in Edinburgh. Charles Ackers and his daughters had asked us to visit them at Kinloch Hourn in the Highlands where they were holidaying, but unfortunately the chicken-pox prevented this. In response to Trish telling him we could not come, Charles expressed regret, said everyone seemed to be enjoying it all (fishing, bathing, climbing), and 'we should all be so pleased to see you both at Huntley again, anytime you can fit it in.'⁶³

I enthused about some of the mountain scenery after we left Edinburgh, and said its beauty was unsurpassed by anything I had yet seen. The Trossachs, Lochs Lubnaig and Earn, the run through the mountains from Crieff to Amulree, the rich river valley from Dunkeld to Pitlochry, the mountainous run from Aberfeldy to Loch Tummel, the drive along this Loch to Pitlochry, then the run to Braemar which became more lovely the further you went until you turned from the Glen Shea to tackle the Devil's Elbow at Cairnwell mountain, wild and remote in its beauty – 'these are two days of motoring whose scenery would move most people, especially when seen under the condition we saw it, with the heather out and the sun shining in a blue sky made interesting by strange cloud formations'. The run to Aberdeen and from there across to Inverness was flat and lacking in scenic interest. The scene of Culloden Moor (1746) where Prince Charlie was defeated by the Duke of Cumberland was not far from Inverness. The site was marked by the mass graves of the Highland dead with tomb-stones bearing the individual clan names. Scattered throughout the country were castles, battlefields, occasional Stone Age ruins, and ecclesiastical ruins, all bearing witness to Scotland's varied and active past. Whenever we had contact with people they were friendly and helpful. The ease of manner of many of the Scots contrasted with many further south.

63 Letter, Charles Ackers (at Kinloch House) to Lawrence, 4/8/55.

Our camping spot at Dornoch was delightful – between some ancient golflinks and a wide sandy beach, where we had a chilly, invigorating swim. We spent a day at the beach waiting for the Highland Gathering for the County of Sutherland at Dornoch the next day, Friday, 5 August. We thoroughly enjoyed the Games, which included what seemed to be continuous bag-pipe playing and dancing, and tossing of the caber, a very long log of wood.

My next letter to the family was on Friday, 12 August, written at the end of our time in Scotland, from Crawford only 40 miles from the English border. We had been up to John O’Groats, the northern-most point of Scotland, 874 miles from Land’s End in Cornwall, had gone across the lonely top of Scotland and then back down the west coast to the small remote town of Ullapool. The North Atlantic Current, a branch of the Gulf Stream, warmed Ullapool’s climate and we were amazed to see there a garden full of rhododendrons, like the ones we had seen with the Richards in Cornwall. My first favourable impressions of the Highlands had been many times reinforced. Very rarely was the colouring dull and uninteresting, even in gloomy weather, and the multitude of lochs and mountains with occasional wild desolate moorlands were a scenic delight. The roads generally in Scotland were of good surface and well engineered, but in the lonely north-west the few roads there were of one-car width with passing places and often the surface was very poor indeed. The scenery in this fairly inaccessible part of the country was magnificent. Some of the grey-rock mountains were some of the world’s oldest land. Further south, the mountains were occasionally tree-clad and did not have the wild untouched look about them.

We had been most fortunate with the weather. Only one night it rained all night, but we had still slept and our things inside our tents were relatively dry. I was clear of my chicken pox spots and we were both well and flourishing. ‘Trish had recovered the roses in her cheeks and the sun had resuscitated the golden colour of her hair.’ Occasionally I swam in lochs, both fresh and salt. It was usually chilly, but exhilarating. I reported to the family:

One of the joys of camping is the flexibility of one’s itinerary. The country is abounding in camping sites, and fresh water is never difficult to obtain even in this one of the warmest and driest of summers.⁶⁴

In both Edinburgh, on 28 July, and Glasgow on 11 August, we collected letters from home, which kept us connected with our families, but in the isolation of the north-west of Scotland, there were times when we felt rather detached from everyone else. While in Scotland I bought two Harris tweed sports-coats for my ‘trousseau’, and found out how I could get one for Jim for £4/17/6, once I knew his measurements and that he wanted one.

The Lakes District

We had two days in the beautiful Lakes District. Generally it was a placid beauty composed of mountains, lakes, and rich, green foliage. The District was

⁶⁴ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 12/8/55.

only about 35 miles square which made it a walker's paradise. It was renowned for its rain, but while we were there the weather was fine. At Grasmere, we saw Wordsworth's grave in the local churchyard and the cottage where he lived during the early most fruitful period of his life. Grasmere itself was a delightful winding village. Ambleside, on a larger scale, was equally attractive. The local grey stone used for most of the houses and walls was fitted together to give the appearance of free-stone.

Wilmslow

We stayed two nights with Rod and Beth Davies at Wilmslow, a few miles south of Manchester. We knew them from when we were at Adelaide University and had reconnected with them at a function in London. Rod had an excellent job at Manchester University, where he was lecturing and writing a PhD thesis on radio astronomy. On Sunday, 14 August, he took Trish and me over their establishment at Jodrell. A huge radio telescope was in the course of construction. Astronomy had been revolutionised by this new technique. Rod was very wrapped up in his work but still found time to be a lay Methodist preacher. The Davies had two children. The youngest was just a few weeks old, but Beth was coping very well.

Oxton

On Monday, 15 August, we drove through Liverpool to stay the night with Denis and Peachy Whereat, seeing its interesting modern Cathedral on the way. The Whereats were delighted to see us; as we were to see them. They were very old friends of Trish's family. Uncle Denis had been the long-time rector of the Anglican Church at Victor Harbour, but had returned to England to be rector of a parish at Oxton, near Birkenhead. They had only moved into the large vicarage a week ago, and we were their first guests. We helped with the shifting of furniture, measuring for carpets, and unpacking. The attractive church building could hold about 700. It was in a pleasant residential area, which had once been one of the most affluent areas in England, a favourite for wealthy Liverpool merchants and tradesmen.⁶⁵ In the evening, we all went for a drive to a park and visited Woodchurch where Bishop Robin was before coming to Adelaide.

Wales

On the way to nearby Wales we looked at Chester, a city old in character and rich in tourist interest. In Wales, we visited a few of the famous castles – Caernarvon, Conway, Harlech. Snowden was situated in fine mountain scenery. The University city of Aberystwith was our furthest point along the south coast, before going inland to the Wye Valley, where we camped our last night. We decamped in very heavy rain. On the way back we saw Hertford Cathedral, Ledbury, the lovely Tewkesbury Abbey (almost completely Norman), and twisted through the Cotswolds, visiting Upper and Lower Swell, Upper and Lower Slaughter, Stow-on-the-Wold, and Bourton-on-the-Water.

⁶⁵ See Wikipedia article 'Oxton, Merseyside'.



RJL posting letter home, near Farnborough



PDB in the snow, near Farnborough



Addison's walk under snow



Frozen pool besides Addison's walk



Oxford under snow – from Magdalen Tower



Above: Torpids, Magdalen boat-house



Right: PDB & Helen Thwaites, off to see Queen in London – steps, Walton Street flat



St Ives Harbour, Cornwall



Jimmy Tancock, PDB, Ambrose, and Anthony - St Ives



Yvonne Tancock, PDB, Mary Tancock, and Ambrose



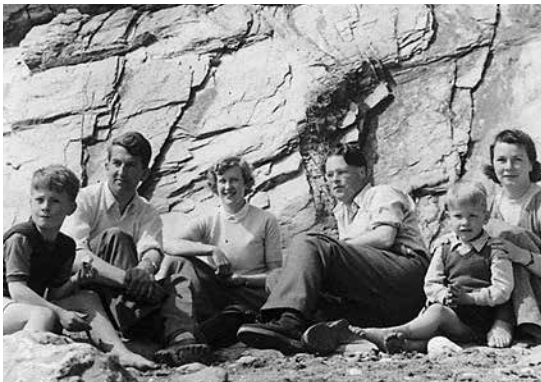
Armored Richards, PDB, and Ida Richards - Kynance Cove, Cornwall



Kynance Cove



PDB, The Pandora Inn, Restronguet



Above: Peter Tite, R.J.L., PDB, Ken Tite, Philip Tite, and Margaret Tite - Noss Mayo beach, Devon
 Right: PDB's new digs - 24 Beech Croft Road, North Oxford





John Laurie, open-air pulpit, accessed from RJL's room



John Laurie and PDB in the High (note bicycles)



John Feltham cox, Magdalen crew, Eights Week – Isis



PDB and RJL – Magdalen Pavilion



Magdalen College Cricket Team 1955 – front row, Jim Harper, John Orton, RJL (captain), Charles Castles (secretary), and Duncan Anderson



Fritillaries, Magdalen meadow



Oxford University Encaenia – Tom Boase (Magdalen president), silver-haired figure in procession (almost everyone in Oxford MA gown and hood)



RJL in gown – Magdalen cloisters



Rhodes House



Magdalen deer park



University sermon preached from Magdalen open-air pulpit



PDB, Berkshire Downs



Joyce Alinson & John Orton – The Strid, Yorkshire Dales



Firth of the Fourth Bridge, Scotland, British battleship



A Scottish loch



Scottish mountains with heather



Camping



Throwing the caber – highland games, Dornoch



PDB, John o' Groats, farthest north



Loch, north-west coast of Scotland



Denis Whereat's parish church, Oxton, near Birkenhead and Liverpool



Wye Valley



Cotswald village



PDB, Cotswald stone wall



Austin 7, Doug Giles's pride and joy – picnicking, PDB, Doug, and Jean Thompson

*Chapter 8***Oxford – Final Stretch
and Trip Home****IN DIGS**

Back in Oxford on 18 August, 1955, I moved into ‘digs’ at 24, Beech Croft Road, North Oxford. Everything fitted in well in my new room, which faced north on the top floor of the Ames’s three-storied house, opposite Trish’s room. It was going to be so convenient and enjoyable having Trish so close. On 28 August, I reported we were really enjoying living in the same house (‘we have to be careful how we put it, otherwise it sounds immoral!’). I had had my nose in a book so had not been much company, but it was satisfying knowing the other was about the place near at hand. Trish’s cooking was admirable, thanks to her experience living with the Thwaites, where she had shared the cooking.¹

On 19 August, we had dinner with Graham and Elizabeth Jeffries. Elizabeth was a lovely person, whom we liked immensely. To this day, she and Graham have remained our good friends, although we have lived in different parts of the world. Graham was working very long hours at the Radcliffe Infirmary and getting very little time off – the usual housie’s story. On Sunday evening, 21 August, we invited Ken and Peg Thomas for coffee and some slides. They were from Bristol. Ken was a traveller and was keen to go to Australia. They lived on the second floor of the Ames’s house. We had the Walters family (Den, Joy and Penny) for tea on Tuesday, 23 August. They were leaving for Nigeria in September. Den brought many of his colour slides and one of our Scotland films had just been returned. On Thursday, 25 August, Robin and Marie Ames, and Nigel, a keen mountaineer who knew many of the districts we had visited, came up for coffee and slides. They were most appreciative, and wished to see our next two films when they were processed. On Saturday, 27 August, we saw ‘South Pacific’ at the New Theatre – ‘the most absorbing show of its kind that I had ever seen.’ The remarkable summer weather continued. Trish’s room got very warm during the day; mine, facing north, was much cooler. Being at the top of the house and away from main roads made it relatively quiet for working. It was strange at first no longer having the traffic noise of the High as I worked.

1 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 28/8/55.

A lot of The Edinburgh Festival was being broadcast. I was not impressed by some of the critics, and enjoyed an article in the *Manchester Guardian* by Sir Thomas Beecham on 'this peculiar variety of pompous creature'.

We get the 'Manchester Guardian', which I think is an excellent paper. The only other two which are not sensationalist and cheap are the 'Daily Telegraph' – very Tory in its sentiments – and 'The Times' – rightly famous, but inclined to stodginess.²

Tragic News

On Monday, 29 August, I received a shocking letter from Jocelyn Bell-Jones telling us that Auntie Nina had died.

... Auntie Nina has been enjoying this beautiful summer and swimming practically every day. On Sunday she went with some friends to a spot, and thought it was so much like the Bay she loved so much at home, that she returned to swim there the next afternoon, and was caught in the tide run and drowned. ... she had only said Saturday evening that she would have to be thinking of going home soon, as one could be away from one's own country too long. ... We had Nina cremated, and will have a stone or cross erected so any of her Australian friends may visit her in the Garden of Remembrance.³

I wrote to my mother immediately. This sad news came as a tremendous shock. She had always had a very special place in our affection, and we in hers.

I will never forget the afternoon she unburdened herself to me while we strolled round the Water Walks. It was not what she said that mattered, it was the fact that she felt quite free to talk so frankly, clearly because she was with a member of our family. ... Her keen appreciation of all that was beautiful has I think certainly influenced Jim and me at least, and all PLC girls I have met had nothing but affection and admiration for her. ... Perhaps in the long run this is the best thing which could have happened. Nobody knows, but it's hard to think Auntie Nina is no longer with us. ... Before we return to Australia, we will pay our last respects to this very dear person, and I will feel that I am representing you, Dad, Jim and Marg. ...⁴

The news about Nina came as 'an awful blow' to my mother.

Mrs Bell-Jones has given the impression that it was accidental and I like to think it was but I'm afraid at times other doubts arise. However nothing is to be gained by such thoughts and if the poor dear was unhappy and lonely perhaps it was all for the best, but we always planned to do things together in our later years when she had retired and my family were grown up and settled. I know she always had a dread of a lonely old age and I had assured her there was always a welcome in our house. ... I did appreciate your thought in going to Ipswich to pay our family's tribute.⁵

On Tuesday, 30 August, Meg Hamilton⁶ and a New Zealand friend paid

2 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 28/8/55.

3 Letter, Jocelyn Bell-Jones to John Lawrence, undated.

4 Letter, John Lawrence to Lucy Lawrence, 29/8/55.

5 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 6/9/55.

6 She was now Jim's sister-in-law.

us a brief visit just before Meg returned home via South Africa where she was visiting relatives of her mother. We went for a short tour for them to take a few coloured photos, ending with an ascent of Magdalen Tower. She was enthusiastic about the Victoria League Hostel in London, where apparently everyone mixed together wonderfully well. Joan Creswell had had the same experience. In the evening of 30 August, Graham and Elizabeth Jeffries came to dinner. Graham had become engaged to Elizabeth two years before when she was in Oxford for a summer school, only five weeks after meeting her. 'If he had had years, he could not have chosen more wisely', I commented to the family.⁷

Brian Ellis had been awarded his BPhil and was now job-seeking. While waiting for a job, he was getting the occasional article published. He came to lunch with us on Thursday, 1 September, and afterwards we went to see Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons in the film 'Footsteps in the Fog'. Next evening, we paid our last visit to Den and Joy Walters before they left for Nigeria. They had us and a couple of their other friends to coffee, after which we looked at Den's then our slides of Scotland. We now had all the shots of our trip and were pleased with them, apart from a couple of bad exposures.

On Saturday afternoon, 3 September, before driving the 40-odd miles to Whilton to stay with Doug and Jean Giles, we called in at the Tites to show them our slides. Ken, Margaret, and the boys were all very brown after their holiday. They had just bought a pup – a collie of some description. I had written to Ken at Noss Mayo, asking when we might safely make a booking to return to Australia, bearing in mind the usual timing of PPE vivas. No P & O ship was leaving in the last fortnight of July, 1956, and there were only two Orient line ships – the *Orion*, leaving on 17 July, and the *Otranto*, a week later. We much preferred to come on the *Orion*. Being one-class like its sister ship the *Orontes*, the *Otranto* was sure to be crowded. I had a first-class passage, and thought it would be a new experience travelling first-class on the *Orion*. After doing some checking immediately on his return to Oxford, Ken advised us to book on the *Orion*, for it was customary for viva voce examinations to have begun by then, and I could apply for one near the beginning of the list.

Ken wrote to me from 'The Rest', Noss Mayo:

We're glad the chickenpox didn't spoil the holiday, and very much looking forward to seeing your photos. (I hope you've included a train for me – they go very well with a nice background of rugged grandeur.⁸) I got the same thing last year at Noss, and found its after-effects lingered somewhat; I think it often pulls one down lower than one thinks. ...

This typical English summer had tempted me into the Atlantic, a phenomenon of rare occurrence, like a typical English summer. Peter has even learned to swim, all in a sudden spurt of 48 hours. ...

Pity you didn't get a typical Scottish summer – you'd have jettisoned a tent very quickly and huddled for warmth, like the natives. Matter of fact, I'm keen on Scotland, and propagating Margaret, who isn't; maybe the photos will help.⁹

7 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 6/9/55.

8 One of Ken's hobbies was train spotting. See p. 170.

9 Letter, Ken Tite to John Lawrence, 25/8/55.

Whilton Again

Our two weeks with Doug and Jean in their flat in The Old Rectory at Whilton went all too quickly. It was a lovely peaceful place where I found I could work well during the day, while Jean and Trish enjoyed each other's company and did a lot of sewing together. Doug returned to his work at the British Thomson-Houston (BTH) engineering company in Rugby on Monday, 5 September. Each evening the four of us played croquet on the broad front lawn. We went blackberrying; attended the local village church next-door; went to Rugby in Doug's Austin 7, to see 'Doctor at Sea', and to a small party of BTH people; we sang hymns with me playing the village church organ while Doug pumped; we had tea with the Shaws who were the very friendly owners of The Old Rectory, and played carols on handbells; we looked at Doug's coloured slides of their trip to France and Switzerland, but the Ilford film he had used was not as good as the Kodachrome which I always used; two Australian girls stayed a couple of nights, and took Jean and Trish to Cambridge for the day in their old car; we saw in Daventry on different nights, 'The End of the Affair', an excellent, provocative Graham Greene film, and another absorbing film, 'Magnificent Obsession'.

On Friday, 16 September, Doug had the day off work, and drove us in his little old car to London. We needed to see about our passages home, and Jean had organised a PGC old scholars' luncheon. Trish and I spent most of the afternoon in the National Portrait Gallery. I particularly wanted to see the 19th century portraits and their accompanying descriptions. In the evening, the four of us managed to get tickets for standing room to see 'The Boy Friend', a very successful musical comedy. We arrived back at The Old Rectory at 2am, very weary. In the evening of Saturday, 17 September, Mr Shaw brought their friends the Stalkers, who had been in college in Oxford, to come and see our slides, and they stayed till midnight. He had been the organ scholar at Brasenose College. On Sunday, 18 September, we had a chop picnic near the site of the Battle of Naseby in the Civil War (1645), and then helped at a car rally held by the overseas league of the employees of BTH in Rugby. Doug excelled in his little car in the driving tests at the rally, held in an old disused aerodrome. That evening he worked on his car and thought it would hold together for another eight months when he and Jean were returning to Australia. On our last night, the Shaws brought an Australian who was teaching maths at a school in Northampton, to meet us. Trish had had a very pleasant surprise when she found out that only one of her girls had failed in the GCE exam – a great confidence booster for her teaching in the coming year. The Giles asked us to come for Christmas when they were having a bit of an Australian party, but we thought Graham and Elizabeth might wish to spend the day with us.

On the first Saturday we were staying at Whilton, we drove to Birmingham for the wedding of Chris Snoxhill, the very pleasant geography mistress at Tudor Hall School. We took and brought back to the School, Mrs Joan Malhuish, the school secretary. The wedding was in Chris's parish church and the reception in the church hall. We then all drove to the bridegroom's

father's rectory at Stourbridge, where we drank tea and chatted. Chris and her husband were going out to Sierra Leone to live, and there were a few people from West Africa at the wedding. It was a very happy affair in fine weather. In the last week of our stay at Whilton, the fine weather of the summer at last broke with a lot of drenching rain.

When we returned to Oxford on Tuesday, 20 September, we anticipated this time we would be staying for some months except perhaps for a weekend with the Civils before they left for Australia. We had Johnny and Helen Thwaites to dinner and looked at slides afterwards; they had some excellent ones. Helen was looking very well and very big with her baby. (Marie Ames was having another child, but was feeling very seedy.) Quite by chance the Thwaites had met Auntie Nina in Ipswich. It must have been shortly before she drowned. She looked well and happy, and was eagerly telling them places of beauty in the surrounding countryside. They had a photo with a figure in the background walking towards the camera. This figure turned out to be Auntie Nina. Helen said she did not seem at all strained. I was pleased to be able to pass this on to my mother.¹⁰ On Thursday, 22 September, Brian Ellis came round for a chat in the afternoon.

Next morning, I had my first, and last, game of golf, with Trish at the nearby North Oxford course.

It was great fun. We only played nine holes. Occasionally I missed the ball altogether, but I did one hole in 2 and another in 3! On both occasions my drive landed on the green – beginner's luck.

In fact, strangely I have never played golf since. I have always preferred getting my exercise quickly from squash and have been reluctant to tackle golf, I suspect partly because I have feared that I might get 'hooked' like some of my friends, and I did not want to give up the amount of time that would be required to play it.

On the Friday evening, Ken and Margaret Tite came to eat a delicious roast dinner cooked by Trish. Ken in particular loved his food, and so I thought did most of the members of the senior common room judging by their appearances. The next day, we baby-sat for them so that they and Margaret's parents, who were staying with them, could see the late afternoon session of 'Punch Review' at the New Theatre. We had recommended it to them. After the show, we all had a late supper and chatted. On Sunday, 25 September, we went to evensong at yet another church, this time in Linton Road, a completely Norman-style modern church. As was so often the case, the congregation was mainly old and mainly female.

Trish started teaching at Tudor Hall on Monday, 26 September, leaving me with a large stew to make sure I eat decent evening meals while she was away. As before, she stayed on Monday and Tuesday nights, then returned on Wednesday and went back and forth on Thursday and Friday, having Friday afternoon off. During the week in term-time, I had lunch in the College, and often also my evening meals there when Trish was staying at the School.

¹⁰ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 28/9/55.

On his birthday on 27th, Brian Ellis invited me to tea in the afternoon and we chatted, or rather discussed various topics, until 7pm. On Thursday, 29 September, a sunny day, we played tennis together on the Magdalen courts. At the College, I met Duncan Anderson and he returned with me for an evening meal. Tom Skidmore and a Swiss friend of his then joined us for an evening projecting slides – Duncan’s of the Orkney Islands, Guernsey, and Southern France, and Tom’s of France, Switzerland, and a very interesting series of both West *and* East Berlin. On Saturday, 1 October, Trish spent the day at the School picnic, and joined me at the Tites’, where we baby-sat for Ken and Margaret while they dined with the College president, Tom Boase. The next day, Brian Ellis and David Dodwell came for tea and supper and chatted through the evening. David had just come to Magdalen to read a B.Litt. He knew Trish from Cathedral days in Adelaide. He was very fond of music and had learnt from John Horner for a while. On Monday, 3 October, Bob Porter, who had just moved into digs almost opposite, came over for a drink. He had spent two months with the YMCA in Paris. For the rest of the time I was working. Trish arrived home on 5 October looking like a drowned rat, but we were both pleased it was Wednesday evening again.

MICHAELMAS TERM 1955

The College had quite a few new Americans, and had taken half the batch of incoming Australian Rhodes Scholars – Bruce Kent (Victoria), reading PPE; and Ian Wilson (South Australia), and Cedric Hampson (Queensland), reading BCL. Bruce, a clergyman’s son, was quite a character with a whimsical sense of humour. He was headed for an academic career, teaching history. Ian was headed for a career in legal practice, before becoming a federal politician. Cedric later became a QC and president of the Bar Association in Queensland.

Work

Term commenced with a 3-hour collection exam on Saturday, 8 October. During the term David Worswick was my tutor in *Economic Organisation*, and Ken Tite my tutor in my second special subject, *The Social and Economic History of Britain since 1760*. I also attended particularly lively and interesting lectures on British economic history 1760 – 1914 by John Habbakuk.¹¹ When I wrote to the family on 15 October, I was finding that there just were not enough hours in each day. We were both back at work with a vengeance, although Trish was finding the going much easier than previously.

A year before, I had a term on *Economic Organisation* with Frank Burchardt and now another term with David Worswick on his return to tutoring.¹² My essays for Ken Tite were on the following topics:

11 He had been appointed Chichele Professor of Economic History and professorial fellow of All Souls College in 1950, at the age of just 35. In 1967, he was principal of Jesus College, and served as vice-chancellor of the University 1973–77. See Wikipedia article, ‘John Habbakuk’, on the internet.

12 See pp. 240–1, for the tutorial essay topics in the subject apparently spread over the two terms.

- Was the increase in the population in the late 18th century and early 19th century due to things external to the economy?
- How reliable is our information about real wages?
- The short – and long-term effects of limited liability.
- Do you consider 1931 the most important date of the transition from free-trade?
- The development of the English banking system up to 1919.
- Would the trends in world trade in the years to 1914 have remained unbroken whether the world war came or not?

At the end of the term, I wrote:

Term ends this week and it will be a relief not to have to churn out two essays a week. The constancy of this requirement becomes a bit over-shadowing after a while.¹³

On Friday evening, 1 December, the PPE students had their president's collection. Both Worswick and Tite said I had done a good solid term's work, although Ken Tite said that perhaps I had left it a bit late. When I baby-sat for the Tites the next day, I asked Ken about this. He thought the road ahead – in terms of work to get through – was very tough indeed. I could, he said, get a second standing on my head now. I wrote to the family:

The whole thing is a challenge, but I feel that I want to get through as much as I can for it's extremely interesting work, irrespective of what sort of degree I get at the end of it all.¹⁴

With term over, I hoped I would get an unbroken run at tackling the tremendous pile of books which had to be read within the next few months. Term had been filled with a variety of activities.

Raleigh Club

At the Raleigh Club on 16 October, I handed over the presidency to Astra Kirtisingha from Ceylon. The speaker was a likeable but ponderous civil servant who had been commissioner for Nigeria. Peter Herbert from Uganda, the Club's new secretary, came to my digs afterwards for a hot drink. The weather had become wintry, and our electricity meter was eating up the shillings! At the Club meeting on 20 November, the members heard the high commissioner for Ceylon give a very interesting talk on 'Ceylon and the Commonwealth'. The final meeting for the term was on Sunday, 27 November, and it was a very memorable occasion. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lennox-Boyd, spoke on all of Britain's colonial problems. He was first-rate – a 'big' man in every sense of the word. The Club was swollen to about twice its normal number by people who were invited from the Colonial Institute. The Club's senior members were out in full force. As was the custom of the Club, everything said by the speaker was 'in camera'. Consequently we learned a lot

13 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 28/11/55.

14 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 5/12/55.

of off-the-record stuff. His handling of the questions put at the close of the talk was excellent. Bob Solomon, a Rhodes Scholar from Sydney came to the meeting as my guest. He was reading geography, apparently to the derision of many of his friends.

Social Activities and Visitors

On Sunday, 9 October, John and Helen Thwaites invited us to a delicious roast lunch. Trish stayed on while I returned to my room to prepare for my first essay. It was back to writing two essays a week. On Wednesday, 12 October, Ken North came to dinner in fine form. He was trying to get into the University rugby team; he already had his athletics blue for pole-vaulting. On Friday evening, 14 October, our first-rate American friends Jack Love and Poss Parham ate with us. They were also great friends of the Jeffries. Afterwards, Trish and I rode our bikes to the Thwaites for a celebration of Johnny's 30th birthday. Most of the Dragon School staff were there, including Dick Potter, who originally came from Melbourne and spent many years teaching at St Peter's College in Adelaide, where he coached the football and tennis teams. We were keen to entertain Dick and John Feltham. John was thoroughly enjoying life, and was also doing well at his work. He had a great sense of humour.

On Sunday, 16 October, Johnny Thwaites called to say Helen had produced a son, Johnstone William, the previous evening. Next morning first thing, I dropped flowers and a note for Helen at the Radcliffe Infirmary. Johnny and Helen were absolutely thrilled with their off-spring. This son was to become a most successful state government politician. He was deputy premier of Victoria 1999–2007 in the Bracks labor government. In a letter Helen wrote to my mother thanking her for a jacket she had knitted for Johnstone junior, she mentioned they were engaged for over two years and that was quite long enough, 'so they (Trish and John) must be heartily sick of it'.¹⁵

Astra Kirtisingha and David Stout came to dinner on Wednesday, 19 October. David had just won an open economics scholarship. He had spent the last holidays touring Europe working on a United Nations economic project, and had met all the 'big shots'. I commented to the family, 'I have rarely met anyone with so much drive for their work, not even among medical people'.¹⁶

On Trish's birthday, we had dinner with Elizabeth Jeffries at the Café de Paris, and called on Graham who was snowed under with his work at the hospital. Trish had a large pile of presents for her birthday. My mother's parcel included her usual wonderful fruit cakes and shortbreads. The once-a-term get together of the Australian Club was at Balliol on Sunday morning, 23 October. In the afternoon, we went to the very well-attended annual tea party of the Dominions Fellowship Trust at Rhodes House. On Wednesday, 26 October, we had Dick Potter and Charles Symon to dinner and they stayed until almost midnight. Dick had a large collection of coloured slides, most of them taken in Australia, including an interesting series of St Peter's College. It was superb to

¹⁵ Letter, Helen Thwaites to Mrs Lawrence, 2/11/55.

¹⁶ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 24/10/55.

see the country again. Charles Symon was teaching at Saints with Dick, and was now at Worcester College reading for a diploma in education. On Sunday, 30 October, Norman Blake invited us to tea in the afternoon at Headington. In the evening, we had John Feltham and John Croome to dinner. The following Sunday, we invited Bob Porter across for tea. He was taking Schools next year, so was working very hard.

On Thursday, 10 November, I baby-sat for the Tites while they went to the pictures. Trish stayed the night with Helen Thwaites for Johnny was away. After the Warden's Beer Party at Rhodes House on 12 November, Colin Apelt (Queensland and Balliol), and John Silvester came to the digs for coffee. Next day, Trish and I had tea in Duncan's room, meeting his brother Bruce and his sister-in-law (they lived in Jersey), and then went to chapel at 6pm. We had to get our car's batteries charged during that week. A friend towed it to a garage for me. I wrote that it was hard to know what to do with the car in the winter, for we did not have much cause to use it.

On Tuesday, 15 November, I had lunch with Helen Thwaites and minded the baby while she and a friend went for a wander through the shops and colleges. The following evening I stayed at the flat. Johnny was away on a tour of schools and was not keen for Helen to be by herself with young John. Trish stayed the night with Helen on 17 November, and Trish and I stayed the next night. A drink before dinner at the Worswicks on 18 November was a very pleasant occasion. David and Sylvia were very likeable people, and I was really enjoying the occasional squash game with David who was an accomplished squash player. On 20 November, I went to a sherry party thrown by David Stout and Duncan Anderson. John Orton and Norman Blake came to dinner on Wednesday, 23 November, and stayed until almost midnight. Jack Love and another American Don Olvey threw a party on Saturday, 26 November, which we greatly enjoyed. A warm punch was poured out of an enamel jug all the evening. Graham and Elizabeth were there. Graham was now at the Churchill Hospital and was seeing much more of his newly-wedded wife. On Sunday, 27 November, I and a few other Rhodes Scholars were invited to tea in the George Restaurant by the Conservative Association. Lord Lloyd and a couple of MPs were there, but the only purpose seemed to be to express goodwill.

After the school bazaar on Saturday, 3 December, Trish joined me in the evening to baby-sit at the Tites. She had finished her reports and was looking forward to the end of her term on 16 December. The christening of Johnstone Thwaites junior was on 4 December. His godparents were John Feltham, Dick Potter, and Pat White. Afterwards was tea at the Thwaites's flat, and most of the Dragon School staff were there. Ken and Judy Inglis were also there. Ken had been appointed to a lectureship at the University of Adelaide from July, 1956, and I described him as 'an excellent chap in every way', to the family.¹⁷

¹⁷ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 5/12/55.

Sporting Activities

I did not play rugby, confining myself to squash, which was short and energetic. My squash opponents during the term included: Norman Blake, James Graham (he was reading Greats; his father was head of one of the public schools), David Worswick, and David Stout.

On Trish's birthday, 20 October, I was teaching Cedric Hampson to play squash. He took a wild swipe at the ball and missed it but not my mouth in his follow-through. I had to get it stitched at the Radcliffe Infirmary. Trish's main complaint was that I couldn't smile for a while. In preparation for the Oxford – Cambridge Australian Rules football match on 19 November, Charles Symon, Gus Sinclair (an economist from Melbourne) and I had a most enjoyable training run on Friday, 28 October, although my right leg was stiff as a board afterwards, from the kicking. Four of us had a run on Thursday, 3 November – again great fun, although it was a bit wet. Only five of us were at a run on 10 November, just nine days before the match. We had one more at our final run on 17 November. I had thoroughly enjoyed these outings and was sorry when they ended.

At 9.30am on Saturday, 19 November, about 25 of us went by bus to Cambridge. There was mist and rain on the way, but it cleared and it was dry for most of the afternoon. The ball was pretty slippery, however, making overhead marking and drop-kicking extremely hazardous. We had lunch at Trinity College. The match was watched by quite a crowd; many of the faces were familiar. Bob Griggs and I were the respective captains of the Cambridge and Oxford teams. Since we were short we had to get a few ring-ins, as did Cambridge. Our ring-ins, who included Doug Giles, played very well, while the other sides, although being name players – Dowding, Le Page, Harbison – were out of condition. We won by about 11 goals to 8 in a very enjoyable game. I stood Harbison for most of the game and enjoyed it. Dick Potter was the umpire and did an excellent job. I received the trophy, presented by Collingwood to the winning side, from Sir Thomas White the Australian high commissioner, and said a few words. Australian beer then flowed for a while. Trish and I and a few others had sherry in Bob Griggs's room. At 6pm was an excellent dinner at which the high commissioner spoke. Bob and I chatted to Commander Parker, an aide to the Duke of Edinburgh. The festivities continued at the Mitre Hotel until we left at 10.45pm, arriving in Oxford at about 1am.

The Theatre and Films

On Wednesday, 26 October, Trish went with the school to see 'Macbeth' at Stratford. Keith Michell excelled as Macduff. She went backstage afterwards and he was apparently bemoaning the fact that none of us from Oxford had been up to see him for a long time. He had bought a cottage in Stratford especially to have people. He was going into British films shortly, when his season with the Oliviers was finished.

Trish and I saw the Peter Brook production of 'Hamlet' in the New Theatre on Friday, 11 November. Paul Scofield's Hamlet was a sensitive, rather neurotic

interpretation, extremely well done. On Wednesday evening, 16 November, Trish again went with the school to Stratford, this time to see ‘Twelfth Night’, and was delighted by it.

THE CHRISTMAS BREAK

On Sunday, 4 December, we went to evensong at St Aldate’s, a parish church just opposite Christ Church’s Tom Tower. It was a very well-attended ‘people’s’ service, an interesting contrast with the College chapel service where the choir was the vehicle of the congregation’s worship. On Wednesday, 7 December, on Trish’s return from school, we rode our bikes over Magdalen Bridge to a theatre to see an enjoyable film ‘Escapade’. Trish spent time with Helen Thwaites on the week-end of 10–11 December, helping her to pack. The Thwaites were leaving Oxford on Wednesday, 15 December, and the country on 23 December.

Uncle Ralph and Auntie Addie called in to say goodbye on Sunday, 11 December, their last Sunday in England. It was a very chilly, dreary day of rain and gloom, dark before 4pm. The sunshine in Australia should work wonders on them both, we thought. We had not seen them for some months; they both looked older. After a good chat over tea and seeing some of our slides, they said goodbye at about 6.30pm. They could not have been more welcoming when we had arrived in England, and we had appreciated getting to know them. After the Civils left, we rode to the flat for a farewell dinner for Johnny and Helen. John Feltham and a chap from the Dragon School ate with us, and afterwards a number of masters from the School called in for a drink.

On Thursday, 15 December, Trish drove the car to school. It was the last day of term and she was returning latish in the evening. Although the car was very hard to start, it performed well for her. Heavy thick fogs cleared before she came back. On the week-end 17–18 December, Bob Griggs and his girl-friend Pat, stayed with us at the digs. Pat was from Sydney studying textile designing at Birmingham. On the Saturday we showed them over Magdalen and went to a play, a farce starring Robertson Hare. I slept on one of our camping air mattresses. On the Sunday, we showed them the sights on a fine chilly day, Bob and I had a game of squash, and we looked at slides and talked. It was a joy to run around again on the squash court; Bob was even less fit than I was. Next morning everything was white with frost, but Bob managed to get his very thirsty, clapped-out Humber started. They were spending Christmas with a family in Hampshire, arranged through the Dominions Fellowship Trust.

The Reades

Erica and Peter Reade came to see us on Tuesday, 20 December, for lunch and a short tour of the colleges. Peter was a dentist studying for his FRDS, and Erica a physiotherapist working part-time at a children’s hospital. They were good friends of the Gordons. We all sent a cable to Anne and Murray Gordon who would be arriving from Australia on 3 January, telling them to come and stay with the Reades at Croydon, a town on the southern outskirts of London. They had a large flat, with plenty of spare room, and we decided it

was better – cheaper and more convenient – if we all stayed with them rather than at the ESU (English Speaking Union), where we had booked. Croydon was close to the countryside and about 25 minutes in the train from Victoria station, and was cheaper to live in than London itself.

Christmas 1955

On Christmas Eve, as guests of the Tites, we went in evening dress to Magdalen for carols by the choir in the hall, beginning at 9.30pm. After an hour of the first half of ‘The Messiah’, we had refreshments – mulled wine, savories and mince pies. From 11 till midnight the choir sang a delightful group of carols, with us lending voice in the better known ones. At midnight as the college clock’s last chime died away, the choir burst into an exhilarating ‘Gloria in Excelsis Deo’, and the full peal of the bells in the bell-tower began to ring. At the end of the singing, the president wished everyone a happy Christmas and set the loving cup circulating. It was a memorable experience. Trish and I did not get home until 1.45am, for we had coffee with an American couple and helped wrap up their child’s presents. An Austrian Peter Szabo was also with us.

Christmas day was fine and sunny. 8am communion at St Giles church, was followed by opening generous presents from home. My parents and Marg sent us money which we decided to use on table mats with Oxford scenes on them.¹⁸ We drove to Whilton for a delicious Christmas dinner among Australians – Doug and Jean Giles, Mrs Thompson (Jean’s mother who cooked the dinner), a Sydney couple, Ian MacCarthy, and Murray Andrews. Pat and Keith Le Page joined us later. We returned to Oxford to another most enjoyable dinner at 7.30pm with the Jeffries and Tom Skidmore who was staying with them. Graham had had to work at the hospital all day, and even during the evening I had to take him over there a couple of times in the car.

On Monday, 26 December, we had a drink with Robin and Marie Ames and friends they had staying with them, and in the evening showed them a few of our slides, which was much appreciated. On the morning of 27 December, I played squash with David Worswick, had a bath afterwards at his home, and had a drink of coffee and a very interesting chat with his family. His mother and sister were staying with them. In the evening we played cards at the Tites. Ken’s mother and aunt and Margaret’s parents were staying with them. The following evening was again spent with them seeing slides. On Friday afternoon, 30 December, I had a long chat with David Worswick, whom I had found to be a very likeable, extremely able person. In the evening we went to Ken and Peggy Thomas’s room in the digs and had coffee. They were soon migrating to Australia.

A Sad Visit to the Ackers

We drove to Gloucester to visit the Ackers on Saturday, 31 December. After another look at the Cathedral, we went on to the Ackers at Huntley. It was really good to see Evelyn, Turil, Lillesol and Mr Ackers again, but it was sad to

¹⁸ They are still in use.

see him trying to bring up the young children on his own, particularly Evelyn, the 14 year-old, who was passing through a difficult stage. Just after we arrived the house-keeper went to bed with 'flu, so Mr Ackers had to cope with even more than usual. We, of course, helped as much as we could and thoroughly enjoyed being with them all. Mr Acker's sister was also now living with them, but she was very old and crippled with arthritis. On Saturday afternoon, I drove Mr Ackers' Land Rover, with the children and Trish up a very rough section of country to the top of May Hill to obtain a very extensive view – 11 counties on a clear day. In the evening, the adults played cards.

1956

The Gordons Arrive in London

New year's day was quiet, with some card playing in the evening. At 10am, on Monday, 2 January, we drove to Croydon to stay with the Reades. Next day was the joyous reunion with Trish's sister Anne and her husband Murray. We collected them in the car from Tilbury docks. The Gordons were delighted with the flat, which they were now going to be sharing with the Reades. For both couples, this meant they could live in a first-rate place at a very reasonable price.

The Gordons had spent some time with Ian Wilson on the ship and liked him, although he talked a lot about his mother and tended to worry about things. I wanted to talk with him as soon as I could, to put his mind at rest about Magdalen. I had to work most of the time we were at Croydon, and Peter Reade was in the same boat. He was taking the first instalment of his FRDS in April.¹⁹ We did, however, take some welcome evening breaks.

On Wednesday, 4 January, we looked at the Gordons' and Reades' slides. On the Thursday, the six of us met Pat and Keith Le Page for dinner at Fortes in Piccadilly Circus, followed by 'Salad Days', a delightful show at the Vaudeville Theatre. The next evening, I collected Ian Wilson at the East Croydon station, and he and Brigadier and Mrs Oram (the landlord and landlady) spent the evening with us all looking at slides. I chatted with Ian about Oxford. He was considerably older than my recollection of him. The Orams were very friendly. He was a retired doctor; they had spent many years in India. On the Saturday evening, we went to the Cambridge Theatre in London to see 'The Reluctant Debutante'. The Gordons had their first taste of a British winter on the next couple of day, with substantial snow falling on Monday, 9 January. We returned to Oxford on Wednesday, 11 January, a fine day for travelling, but I then stayed in bed with a bout of 'flu until Sunday, 15 January.

19 In 1968, Peter Reade was appointed professor of dental medicine and surgery at the University of Melbourne. He became dean of the Faculty of Dental Science in 1978.

HILARY TERM, 1956

Work

My two 3-hour collection papers on Saturday, 14 January, at the beginning of term had to be postponed to the following Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning. On Saturday, 21 January, David Worswick gave me back my collection papers. On both I was 'within shooting distance'. I wrote to the family,

On present form, accidents apart, it looks as if I may manage to get a viva which isn't formal, and from then on it's a matter of talking my way into a First. Exams start on 31 May, which is alarmingly close. Fortunately the vivas start on 10 June, so the date of sailing fits in.²⁰

Trish went to a staff meeting at Tudor Hall on Wednesday, 18 January, with school starting on Monday, 23 January. During the term I was doing Moral and Political Philosophy with Harry Weldon, and Political Institutions with a young Manchester chap, Harrison, at Nuffield College.

I wrote to the family about the examination system:

Nothing, absolutely nothing counts towards the final result before you do your exams at the end of your course. Then you have 8 3-hour papers (each supposed to cover 1 subject, field, course or whatever you want to call it) usually in the space of about 4 days. Then there's a gap of a few weeks when you come before the board of examiners for an oral examination. This can't drag you down, but if you are on the borderline between classes it can drag you up. And that's the lot. I think it's little wonder so many break down. Just so much depends on those 4 days. Like other things here, the system is archaic but plausible reasons are found for its maintenance.²¹

On Saturday, 10 March, I had my last president's collection before Schools. Harry Weldon said I was always cheerful and very pleasant to teach. I was a very intelligent chap. He added that I was down to it now after leaving it fairly late. During the term my work had been coming up. He thought there was no fear of my health being affected if I worked right through from now on! His last comment was that I was in the running. Ken Tite reporting for Harrison said that the position was much the same in politics. I should not be light in weight if I kept it up, but they were not quite sure what my weight was. My comment to the family was:

At this stage, of course, the dons are always encouraging. All this ... means is that things aren't hopeless at the moment, but no-one can predict with any certainty. With luck my essay-writing days should now be over. Next term we spend on revision.²²

20 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 26/1/56.

21 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 10/2/56.

22 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 10/3/56.

Social Activities and Visitors

Anne and Murray Gordon stayed with us in our digs in Oxford, Sunday to Tuesday, 15–17 January – a bit of a squash but most enjoyable. On Monday, 16 January, Ian Wilson came to supper and we saw his and the Gordons' slides of their trip to England. Ian seemed to have settled in well. My friends living in the College had been very friendly to him.

On Friday, 20 January, Ken Tite collected me in his car to baby-sit for them. Trish had a lingering cold so I insisted she stay in bed. On my return I administered a stiff dose of Ken's whisky. On Saturday, 21 January, Astra Kirtisingha asked us and a charming girl from Ceylon, to tea. Afterwards, Trish and I saw 'To Catch a Thief', set along the Riviera, which we loved seeing again.

Anne and Murray Gordon again stayed with us the next week-end. They had just bought a new Austin A30 and were delighted with it, especially its petrol consumption of about 50 miles to the gallon. They were both well and happy although Murray was still waiting on news about a job with the BBC. We all got on very well together and I wished I had more time to spend with them. On Saturday evening, 28 January, we had Duncan Anderson and Ken North to coffee to meet our guests, and to look at some of Murray's slides. The next evening, Trish and I rode our bikes to have supper with Miss Jefferson, whom my mother had met when she recently visited Adelaide. Apparently she had received almost overwhelming hospitality in Australia.

Icy weather set in on Monday, 30 January. On 1 February, I checked to see how our car was faring. Much ice was floating in its radiator. I eventually managed to get it started and drove to the garage for more anti-freeze mixture. The car was permanently parked in the Botanic Gardens, just opposite Magdalen, and no-one seemed to mind.

In the evening of Wednesday, 1 February, John Croome called for Trish and me in his parents' car and took us to his and John Feltham's digs to have a very pleasant dinner. Both of John's parents were economic advisers to the British delegation to OEEC in Paris.

We had Edna Dunn and her travelling companion Miss Eileen Hogarth to an extended afternoon tea on Friday, 3 February. They were staying in Oxford for a few days. Edna was one of my mother's oldest singing friends. They were both members of the Lydian singers. Trish had not known Edna before and liked her very much.

On Thursday, 9 February, the president gave the traditional dinner for the junior common room committee. He also invited A. J. P. Taylor, 'a very amusing little man with a biting tongue',²³ and the author Peter Fleming. The dinner was held in the New Room, panelled and hung with portraits – with the College silver out and the candles lit. There were about 6 courses with suitable wines, followed by port and coffee. I had never tasted more delicious food. The evening wound up at about midnight. The president was his usual charming self. He told me he had been invited on a 3-month lecture tour of Australia, leaving at the end of June. Although naturally it depended on the program mapped out

²³ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 2/2/56. See p. 261.

for him, he said he would really like to be at our wedding in Adelaide in August.

Trish went shopping in London with Anne, on 10–11 February, and bought some very attractive clothes for her trousseau. On Sunday, 12 February, the Gordons drove her back to Oxford. They had had a radical change in their plans. Instead of getting a job Murray was now entering a BBC television school for a few weeks, they would tour for a few weeks, and return home before the end of May. Their boomerang tickets required them to go then or in February of the next year. Murray did not want to miss out on jobs going when the ABC television service started at the beginning of the next year. On Sunday evening, John Orton and Joyce, who was down for the week-end, came to eat with us. During the previous week, I received a sad note from Bob Griggs. He had not been well emotionally and was leaving for home the next day, his PhD uncompleted. I commented to the family. 'This sort of thing is depressingly common over here'.²⁴

On Tuesday, 21 February, was another terrific dinner in College. This time it was the junior common room entertaining the senior dean of arts, James Griffiths, the vice-president of the College, Dr Sinclair, and the College estates bursar, Dr Cook. It was held in the rooms of the president of the junior common room. Again we ate our way leisurely through six courses. Sherry, wines, port, and brandy accompanied the meal. Magdalen's chef, Butler, was renowned, and I could now see why. Ordinarily it was only the dons who benefited from his culinary gifts; the undergraduates were at the mercy of his assistants. This time our food included a huge pink-fleshed Scottish salmon, and a whole shoulder of lamb. We chatted till the early hours of the morning. James Griffiths was a huge man, keen on rowing, eating and drinking, and playing the 'cello – an excellent dinner companion. Dr Sinclair whom I met playing cricket in the previous year was fairly quiet, but with a gentle pervasive sense of humour. Dr Cook had once been the managing director of some firm; he was quite pleasant without being scintillating. There were six of us from the junior common room committee.

Charles Symon ate with us on Wednesday evening, 22 February. As part of his diploma of education, he was teaching maths at Radley, one of the better known public schools. Eventually he would be returning to teach at St Peter's College in Adelaide. We liked him immensely. He was interested in buying our car for touring on the Continent in the summer. On Saturday, 25 February, three Australian girls (two from Adelaide, the other from Geelong) called in to see us and stayed the night with us in their sleeping-bags. Trish went to the pictures with them in the evening and next morning had a look at a few of the colleges. Our car seemed quite respectable beside their 1934 Riley, although I had not looked at it under the trees in the Botanic Park for some weeks.

On Wednesday, 29 February, Gus Sinclair, a Victorian economist doing a DPhil, borrowed my football boots for a match in London the next day; he stayed for tea. In the evening, our American friends the Millers came to eat with us. During that week the prolonged cold stretch had at last broken and the weather was quite mild. The Gordons came to stay with us for the

24 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 16/2/56.

week-end on Friday, 2 March. Next day, the four of us drove to Witney. Lionel Barber, the groundsman of the Magdalen College sportsground, had given us an introduction to Mr Haley in the mills. He was extremely friendly and interesting. He gave us one-and-a-half hours of his time, showing us over the whole works. We bought excellent blankets through his account at a reduced rate. After Witney, we went in the rain to Blenheim Palace, then to evensong in the College chapel at 6.15pm (not one of the choir's better nights unfortunately). Sunday, 4 March, was a crystal clear day for photography.

In the evening of Wednesday, 7 March, Colin Peterson (JCR president) and Christopher Kirwan, came to eat with us. Both were English and Wykehamists, i.e. had attended Winchester College. On Friday, 9 March, Anne and Murray Gordon came from London to go to the Rhodes House Ball with us, after a drink in Ken North's room in College. Trish described it as my last fling before the exams.²⁵ A highlight of the cabaret show at the ball was an octet of men's voices singing in what was then called 'the negro spiritual idiom'. They were all American Rhodes Scholars and included our friends, Poss Parham, Jack Love, and Bill Miller. Murray was most impressed by their singing. Jack gave us a recording of the group before we left for home.

THE EASTER BREAK

On Sunday afternoon, 11 March, we had Ken and Margaret Tite and the two boys to tea and showed them the Gordons' Australian slides. I had a good lunch at the Mitre Hotel on Tuesday, 13 March, with Duncan Anderson, Bruce Kent, and Michael Moore (all from Melbourne). We were guests of an Australian lieutenant-colonel in mufti who was trying to get us interested in work that would be connected with Australian embassies, but not be part of them. He was vague about the exact nature of the work. I think he was sounding us out about joining Australia's recently established intelligence system. I was not interested. Duncan who went into Australia's foreign service, did have one further talk with our host in London.

The Gordons again stayed the night with us, on Thursday, 15 March, and took Trish to school the next morning on their way to the Whereats at Oxtou, and then visiting Murray's relations in Belfast. Berths on the *Oronsay* for the voyage home had now been booked. They called in for tea on the way home from the Whereats, on Sunday, 25 March. Next day they flew, with their car, for 12 days on the Continent before returning to London to live in a bed-sitting room, which was cheaper than staying with the Reads. On Tuesday, 27 March, John Orton paid me a visit in the late afternoon and stayed for a meal, dividing a curry Trish had left for me. On Saturday, 31 March, John and Joyce came for another meal, bringing a bunch of tulips, iris and jonquils. The wall-flowers in Trish's window box were showing signs of flowering, and blossom was slowly emerging on the bare trees, so it seemed that winter was almost over. On Easter Day, 1 April, we went to 8 o'clock communion at St Giles and later heard a

²⁵ Letter, Patricia Berry to Mrs Lawrence, 15/3/56.

sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

After the Thomases left for Australia, the room downstairs was occupied by a Pakistani couple, and then by a couple from Nigeria.

The Prests' Visit

On Thursday, 5 April, we had a wonderful, but brief visit from our friends Dave and Jean Prest. They stayed the night sleeping on the floor of Trish's room, after an afternoon and evening, looking at colleges, visiting Blenheim Palace at Woodstock, calling in at the Trout Inn, dinner and viewing slides. Trish joined us on her return from school at about 7.30pm. Dave had written in December just before their marriage and departure for England, inviting us to stay with them at Folkestone for a weekend as early as possible in the new year. 'Gosh it's a long time since we saw each other!'²⁶ I had invited them to visit us in Oxford instead, because of the pressure of my work. They came to see us during the school holidays in April. Dave was teaching at The Harvey Grammar School at Folkestone. He had written in February:

The school is very pleasant and quite interesting for one who has not studied or worked in a state-run place. I have a very well-equipped lab. for general science, a lab. assistant, projector, a very intelligent bunch of boys - in fact *nearly* all that one could ask for. The "nearly" indicates that some of the atmosphere of a Public School is lacking, but I am quite impressed with the way in which tax-payers money is being spent in this country.²⁷

He had just been informed he had been awarded a Rotary International Fellowship which enabled him, from August, to do a one-year diploma of education at one of the five universities he had listed for Rotary to choose from. Each ran a course particularly useful to a science-maths teacher. (Rotary chose Southampton University.)

Doug and Jean Giles, and Jean's mother, Mrs Thompson, called in to say goodbye at lunchtime on Saturday, 7 April. They were leaving for home in a couple of weeks' time. We had Mrs Thompson for tea on the Sunday. Doug and Jean had left her to see Oxford over the week-end while they visited Bath and Wells and Stonehenge, with Pat and Keith Le Page. Trish acted as a guide for Mrs Thompson on the Saturday afternoon.

The Blacks

On the evening of Tuesday, 11 April, I received a phone call from Barry Black, saying he and Airlie would like to come to Oxford the following day. They were about 60 miles away, and as yet had not found a pub, so I asked them to come straight away and sleep in Trish's room. Trish was in London shopping with Anne. The Blacks stayed two nights. On the Wednesday morning, they drove to Blenheim and to Stratford, returning for lunch with me in the High. I took them for a tour of the colleges in dismal weather for Barry's photography,

²⁶ Letter, Dave Prest to John Lawrence, 7/12/55.

²⁷ Letter, David Prest to John Lawrence, 22/2/56.

we cooked a meal at the digs, and looked at slides. They left early the next morning. My mother talked quite often with Barry's mother at St Columba's church. Barry was headed for engineering experience in Canada.

Trish rang from London on the evening of 12 April. She was in bed with food poisoning, which fortunately only lasted a couple of days. Shopping in London had been very successful. The materials for her wedding and going-away dresses, and for her bridesmaid's dress had been purchased, and she had found a dressmaker in London, recommended by one of the mistresses at Tudor Hall, who seemed quite efficient. The Gordons drove Trish back to Oxford on Sunday, 15 April, but returned to London after lunch and tea with us. They had had a very successful Continental trip, and Murray's television school was apparently going extremely well.

TRINITY TERM 1956 - MY LAST TERM

I sat for a 3-hour general philosophy collection paper on Saturday morning, 21 April, the first day of term. I received the subsequent comment 'Not at all bad', which was satisfactory for it was not a subject on which I was concentrating. The idea was to get high assessments in a few papers, and show reasonable competence in the rest.

Bulganin and Khrushchev Visit Magdalen

In the afternoon of 21 April, the Russian leaders, Bulganin and Khrushchev came to Oxford and spent some time visiting Magdalen. Only members of the College were allowed in the College grounds, but otherwise security precautions seemed to be practically non-existent. I have a photo of me with a suspicious bag slung over my back, standing a few paces away from Khrushchev, with Bulganin a few steps behind him. Curiously they were emerging from the chapel, amidst a straggly crowd of students and dons. I described them and their bodyguards to my family. Khrushchev had recently started a program of reform and destalinisation in the USSR.

At 5.45pm, on 21 April, Trish and I had sherry with Margaret Johnson, an Adelaide girl reading English, and another guest who was a curate from Sydney, who was posted at one of the Oxford churches. Afterwards we had for dinner Ken North and Ian Wilson, and later the Jeffries called in. Ian had photos of home and Graham of New Zealand. We enjoyed seeing them again, and regretted we would be leaving people like them soon. Ken had won the pole-vault against Cambridge with 12'9", and our friend Alan Gordon had won the mile in the record time of 4 minutes 6 seconds.

On Friday, 27 April, Ken and Margaret Tite called in to borrow our projector. Marie Ames gave birth to her second child at home, on Sunday, 29 April. Trish and I went down and visited them the next evening. It was apparently normal for women to have their babies at home after the first one. Trish had spent time in London the previous week. We had settled on a 'green wheat' Denby dinner set for ordinary use, but still had to find our best dinner set. There seemed to be a surprising lack of modern designing in Britain, compared

with the Continent. I had placed an order for a sportscoat for Jim from Oban in Scotland, and it had arrived. We liked its colour and thought it could fit well, because he had finally sent me his measurements. We did not go to the College for the 6am carols and dancing on 1 May. The only variety in my life at this stage was the occasional bike-ride to the College for revision classes. I was a bit behind on my schedule and now had no time to make up the leeway.

Trish paid another visit to London on Friday, 4 May; the dresses for the wedding were progressing well. The Gordons brought her back, stayed the night, and left early next morning to stay a few days with the Whereats. John Orton called in on the Friday evening with a wedding present from Joyce and himself – 3 ‘Prestige’ knives with bone handles – and stayed for coffee with us.

My Last Raleigh Club Meeting

My last Raleigh Club meeting, on Sunday, 6 May, was poorly attended – ‘Schools’ were close, and the attractions of punting on the river on a mild, balmy evening were great. Professor Arthur Smithies, a Fulbright Visiting Professor from Harvard, spoke on ‘Economic and Political Implications of the Sterling Area’. He was a Tasmanian Rhodes Scholar (Tasmania and Magdalen, 1929). Though rather halting in his talk, he was very stimulating. I commented to the family: ‘There is a certain directness which many Australians seem to have that is a distinctive feature of the sort of man we produce’.²⁸

Anne Gordon spent the next week-end with us, while Murray was attending a week-end school for organists and choirmasters. On the Sunday, 13 May, Trish and Anne dug Ian Wilson out of his room at College and gave him the honour of punting them up the river. Ian was apparently getting a bit worried because exams were 5 terms off!

On Saturday, 19 May, Trish spent the day in London with the Gordons (who were leaving for Australia on 24 May), and Jack and Deb Cane. They went to see Hatfield House, the home of the Cecils – north of London, on the way to Cambridge. It was still inhabited by Lord Salisbury, the Conservative Leader of the House of Lords. Hatfield House was one of the delights of Mr Berry’s life, and Trish was suitably impressed by it. On Sunday, 20 May, Trish and I had lunch with the president, together with another Australian couple (he was doing medical research), an English couple, and our New Zealand friend, Ken North. The president was as charming as ever. Oxford was crowded with sight-seers on this Whitsun week-end. It was glorious spring weather, and it seemed criminal not to be making use of it. Already most of the trees had lost their nakedness and the countryside had been transformed.

The Final Examinations

On Thursday, 31 May, I rode my bike to the examination schools in High Street where the university exams were held, wearing subfusc (dark suit and socks, black shoes, white shirt and collar, white bow tie) beneath my academic dress of the short commoner’s gown and a mortarboard. I had two papers each day for

²⁸ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 7/5/56.

three successive days, and then one on the following Tuesday, and the last the next day. I wrote to the family on Thursday, 7 June that I had not performed at all well:

My only chance of getting a first was if everything went favourably and this I'm afraid is not what had happened. Some of the papers were alright, but others, the Economics ones in particular, just did not allow me scope to use a tremendous lot of fairly detailed stuff I had gone to the bother to mug up. Each paper is set on such a vast field that this sort of thing is liable to happen, even though one is given a very wide choice. I seem to have concentrated on things in many fields which just have not found a berth in this year's exam papers. No doubt the knowledge is useful in the longer view, but still, by and large, these exams have been a disappointment, for I have worked harder in the last few months than I have ever worked before, and have given up numerous fruitful activities. Still, one mustn't whinge. The main thing is that the grind is over, and I can start living again.²⁹

Free At Last – Almost

A week later, I had been through most of my papers with my tutors. If what I could recall having written was accurate, with luck apparently there was still some chance of a serious viva for a first.³⁰ I thought of Bill Williams's written message to me of 'Best of Luck in Schools', and wondered if my luck might change to give me this final chance.

I had a very out-of-breath game of squash with Duncan Anderson on Saturday, 2 June, after our six papers straight and enjoyed it immensely. Duncan had done about as well as he expected to; he had not over-exerted himself in his work. He should manage a second, though at one stage his tutors said he was heading for a third if he did not eliminate some of his cricket activities. During the final weeks of revision, I had the occasional brief listen to the Australian cricket team playing against county sides. When they lost against Surrey on a turning wicket, I was thankful I was not living in College. On 31 May, after my first day of exams, Trish and I went briefly to a party for the Australian cricketers at Rhodes House, organised by the Australian Club. They were playing against the University team, but for a variety of reasons only four of them came to the party. We enjoyed chatting with many of the Australians in Oxford whom we had not seen for some time.

For the first time for the year, I was to have played cricket for the College on Friday, 8 June, but it was postponed because of rain. In the evening, we went to a party at New College Pavilion, thrown by four Australians, Rod Carnegie, Tony Gilder, Jim McLeod, and Vince Vine.³¹ We had intended going to London the next morning, but Felicity and Des Moore³² offered us a lift there after the party and we stayed the night with them, with me sleeping on their sitting-room floor.

29 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 7/6/56.

30 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 14/6/56.

31 Three of them were rowing blues.

32 Des Moore had been at Trinity College in Melbourne and was a friend of Duncan Anderson and John Feltham. He was now at the London School of Economics.

Shopping in London

We shopped very successfully the next day. At last we found a best dinner-set we liked, and this was our wedding present from my parents and Marg. It was Rosenthal china ('Domino' pattern) – plain white, except for the vegetable dishes and sauce boat which had charcoal sides. The plates were 'coup' shape (with no rims). With purchase tax off, and getting the set at a discounted price through Bakers, a wholesale firm, we paid about £26 for a dozen of everything. It seemed more sensible to get a lot while we could at these cheaper rates, than be worried by expensive replacements later. We also bought, with money given by NanNan, a dozen of each of six types of glasses, from liqueur to champagne. All were of French glass, on stems, and quite plain but of a most pleasing shape. We thought our cutlery, dinner set, and glasses would look well together. We did not like fiddly patterns; we much preferred things to be fairly plain but of a good shape, which many modern things were. With money sent by Mary for a wedding present we purchased two vases of Copenhagen china – one tiny, for violets, the other 8 inches high.

The PPE Schools Dinner

In the evening of Saturday, 9 June, was the PPE Schools dinner, attended by all the PPE students in College and the PPE dons.

It was a magnificent spread and the atmosphere could not have been more congenial. ... one could not imagine a happier or closer relationship between tutor and student than the one which exists in the PPE group in Magdalen. The evening continued in Harry Weldon's room and ended with the playing of squash in the early hours of the morning – very memorable.³³

Next day, after cleaning the car we went at 5.30pm to the Tites for a meal, looked at some of Ken's photos (he had just bought a projector), and went to the College to hear the choir sing madrigals and other work for an hour in the cloisters. The Tites had a charming, attractive Finnish girl staying with them for a few weeks.

The Raleigh Club Annual Dinner

On Monday, 11 June, Duncan Anderson and John Croome came before lunch to watch the Test match between Australia and England on the television downstairs at my digs. They stayed for lunch and saw a further spell of the cricket later in the afternoon. In the evening, I attended the Raleigh Club annual dinner at Christ Church. Professor Ken Wheare's speech was fluent, pithy and spiced with dry humour. Also present was an Indian ambassador, who had been at Peking and was just about to go to Paris. He was called upon to speak, and spoke with passion about the future of the Commonwealth. Our postponed cricket match against the Gloucestershire Gypsies on Tuesday, 12 June, started at 2pm and finished at 8.15pm, and was followed by a meal in the

³³ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 14/6/56.

Pavilion. They declared at 5 for 180, and at the close of play we were 8 for 140 (Lawrence 29). I described it as ‘glorious fun to get out and run around again’. On 13 June, I browsed in bookshops (Blackwell’s and Parker’s) and in a record shop read critiques of various recordings. Trish was giving me a radiogram as a wedding present and I was going to buy £10 of LP records before we left. The export scheme made these things much cheaper.

The Rhodes Scholars’ Going Down Dinner

On the evening of 13 June, I attended the Rhodes Scholars’ going down dinner given by the trustees. Trish and other women closely attached were also invited, though all couples were widely separated in the seating arrangements. I had an American professor on one side, Lady Elton (wife of the trustees’ general secretary) opposite, and Jos Reynolds on the other side. We had met Jos in Perth on our way to England.³⁴ He was on a year’s study leave, looking at the running of university residential colleges. The dinner speaker was the senior trustee, the dean of Christ Church, a former Canadian who was the first Rhodes Scholar to have been appointed head of his Oxford college.

An Enjoyable Cricket Match

The cricket match of the junior common room against the senior common room was held on Thursday, 14 June:

The weather was good and spirits were high throughout the day, in spite of the degrading failures of several dons to make bat hit ball. We unfortunately were rather too strong – most undiplomatic – and scored a comfortable victory. I retired after making a reckless 52; trying desperately to get out, but it was very difficult. As usual the lunch and tea intervals went on for almost twice the normal time. Huge strawberries, ice-cream and cream were a notable feature at lunch.³⁵

My Wedding Suit

When I wrote an extended letter to the family on 14 June, I also reported having at last purchased (for £23) a new suit, from Hector Powe’s shop in the High It was 3-piece, single-breasted, of a fairly long cut, and fitted well even though it was off-the-peg. The material was charcoal-grey worsted. I had decided I did not want to be married in a hired morning suit.

The Final Rhodes’ Dance

The whirl of social occasions continued. On Friday, 15 June, the Rhodes’ dance had great quantities of high quality food, an excellent band, and a cabaret act. Before it we had a meal at Gillian Kirkland’s flat with Gill, her fiancé Bob Solomon, Colin Maiden (a New Zealand Rhodes Scholar), and his fiancé Jennifer.

³⁴ See p. 161.

³⁵ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 14/6/56 (II).

I was bitterly disappointed when our match against the Withered Lilies was rained out on the Saturday. This was to have been my last game of cricket for the College. In the evening, Norman Blake had a meal with us, and we then went to a party in the College thrown by Frank Goodman, Michael Poole (fellow PPE students), and Christopher Kirwan. Norman was spending next year in Copenhagen studying Icelandic scripts preparatory to a research degree in Oxford. We had arranged for Sunday evening punting and eating on the river with Michael Moore and Noreen Ebells, a teacher at Tudor Hall, but instead ate in our digs and looked at a few slides, because of the weather.

The Commemoration Ball

Monday, 18 June, was the Commemoration Ball. Trish rested for a couple of hours after returning from school. Peter and Erica Reade arrived from London soon after 9pm and we went to the Ball at 10pm. Trish looked superb in a surprise, new yellow dress, and the red rosebuds which I had bought her.

The Ball Committee had done an excellent job. Everything that one could have wished for was laid on. There was a sit-down champagne supper whenever one felt like it, and a continuous buffet from beginning to end. Butler, Magdalen's famous chief chef, is rightly renowned. 'The Commem' is his 'tour de force', and his performance this year was superlative. The main dancing was done in a large marquee on the lawns in front of New Building, to music provided by Tommy Kinsman's band. In the middle of the nearby meadow was another floor on which closely-packed couples swayed to the rhythm of a West Indian calypso band – an interesting contrast. Daylight came surprisingly early and quickly. The last dance ended with defiant vigour at 6am. Trish had a bath and I drove her to the station for the 7.35am train for school to teach all day.³⁶

Margaret and Ken Tite, on our persuasion, came to the Commem, lasted well, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Most of our friends were there, so it was an extremely memorable occasion.

On Tuesday, 19 June, David Stout and his English fiancée, Margaret Sugden, stayed the night in our digs. With Trish at school, David and I slept in Trish's room and Margaret in mine. Next day the three of us punted up the river to have tea at the Pavilion of the sportsground, collected Trish at the station at 6pm, cooked a meal, and saw a French film. The children at Tudor Hall had given us a high-class pop-up toaster, and her most troublesome class had presented her with flowers.

I played cricket for the Barnacles against North Oxford, on Thursday, 21 June. Against weak opposition, I scored a rapid 87. Next morning, I watched the Test on the television. In the afternoon of Friday, 22 June, on Trish's final return from school, we went shopping, bought a cheaper suit of heather-coloured tweed, and had a drink with and said goodbye to David and Sylvia Worswick. David was about to go into hospital for an ear operation. As I have already said, I had liked him immensely. I decided, however, not to get an open

³⁶ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 21/6/56.

reference from him and the other two tutors. When I needed a reference for a specific purpose, they would willingly supply one in a short time. On the Friday evening the Australians in Magdalen had a dinner for the president and Professor Ryle, who were leaving shortly to visit Australia.

The Gaudy Dinner

On Saturday, 23 June, Mary Humble (Charles Symons' fiancée) and Bob Porter came to tea and we watched the Test on television, seeing Keith Miller score an entertaining 30. In the evening was the College's annual Gaudy Dinner, to which former Magdalen members of a certain vintage which changed each year were invited. A few of us from overseas who might never have the chance of coming to subsequent ones when our turn came around were invited. It was a fabulous dinner, perhaps the finest I had had, and that was saying something after the dining of the past few weeks. Sir Robert Boothby MP, and the president spoke.

Farewelling the Tancocks and Richards in Cornwall

We left for Cornwall in our car at 6.45am on Sunday, 24 June, arriving at St Ives at 4pm. Unfortunately Auntie Mary Tancock was ill, so we stayed only a couple of hours, instead of a couple of nights, with her, Uncle Jimmy and Yvonne. After saying our farewells, we drove on to the Richards at Mylor, near Falmouth. Deb and Jack Cane were also staying with Ida and Hedley, and Jennifer was home, looking very well.³⁷ We had a couple of very happy days with them all. On the Tuesday, we had a swim with Jennifer, listened to Australia's Test victory, and watched some movie films the Canes had taken. We drove the 270 miles to London on Wednesday, 27 June, pleased we had made the effort to see the Cornwall relations again.

London

We had arranged to stay the following night with the Reades, but they were out on the Wednesday, so we visited our friends the Rowlands who seemed delighted to see us and pressed us to stay the night. On Thursday, 28 June, we left the car and our luggage at the Reades' flat, met the Canes at noon, and went to Wimbledon. They had two lots of tickets, two to the centre court and two for standing room anywhere in the ground. In the course of the day, we saw most of the Australians play (Hoad, Rosewall, Anderson, Cooper, Frazer, Howe), and had half-an-hour watching Miss Gibson beating Miss Shilcock. After the Canes left for a show in the evening, we saw on the centre court Hoad and Rosewall playing Nielson and Ulrich in the men's doubles.

Folkestone

Next day we shopped successfully in London for clothes for me to take home

³⁷ Trish and I were shocked and greatly saddened when we heard that not long after this, Jennifer had died suddenly from pneumonia.

(a new overcoat, slacks, shoes), taking advantage of the summer sales. We then drove to the Prests at Folkestone, arriving at 8.30pm. On Saturday morning, the four of us drove to Canterbury to be shown over the Cathedral by a very likeable old canon. In the afternoon, I greatly enjoyed playing cricket with Dave for the masters against the boys of the grammar school, even though we did not perform well. In the evening, we chatted on a stony beach. On the Sunday, after attending morning prayer in a large Folkestone church, we toured in our car in the lush, green Kentish lanes and went to the pictures in Dover in the evening. We liked Dave and Jean a great deal and were very sad to say goodbye early on Monday, 2 July.

On the way back to Oxford, we came through Farnborough and found that Mr Wooff no longer had his garage business. As we came through Henley, the regatta was in progress. The car had behaved admirably throughout the trip. On my return, it was wonderful to read that Bob Porter, living opposite, had been awarded a first in physiology. He was delighted when I saw him next day. He had really worked for it, and it was against the odds for his tutors at Lincoln had not been up to much. On Tuesday, 3 July, I bought more clothes, and in the afternoon had my eyes tested by an optician. I had become more short-sighted and now needed glasses for normal long-distance vision. My first pair was obtained through the British national health scheme.

During the next week I had to concentrate on preparing for my viva, while Trish did most of the packing. I did, however, watch the Wimbledon men's singles final on the Ames's television on Friday, 6 July. We sent off our luggage for the ship on Monday, 9 July – 18 pieces between us, retaining a couple of hand-cases, Trish's sewing machine and a box of breakables.

A Formal Viva

Early on Tuesday, 10 July, I was given only a brief, formal viva, which meant that, although the official results would not be published until the 25 July, I knew that I had a second. Before we left Oxford, Ken Tite gave me an envelope containing my results in PPE, not to be opened until we were on the ship. The results confirmed that I had achieved a good second, but there was insufficient first-class material to warrant a serious viva for a first. My best results were in political history, political institutions, and the British Commonwealth.

After my viva, we had morning coffee with the Grays, and lunch with Frank Goodman and Raymond Barker. We thought Frank, a very bright American philosopher, had achieved a first in PPE, and Raymond had his viva the next day. In the afternoon, we went to numerous second-hand car dealers, but their yards were full of old cars, the market was glutted, and none would take any car earlier than 1939.

At first I was keenly disappointed not to have had the chance to talk my way through to a first which my tutors had genuinely considered a possibility. I also thought of all the cricket and other things left undone over the last few months. On reflection, however, I decided it had still been worth having had a shot even if I had not attained a first.

Harry Weldon quoted Dr Johnson at me – 'Consider, sir, how trivial this

will seem a year hence'. He assured me that Schools results did not make any difference to the sort of reference he and the other two dons would give to chaps who were job hunting. Trish and I went to say goodbye to him immediately after the viva. The final parting was a sad and moving moment. Harry was in his 60s. Short holidays in Switzerland worked wonders with his health which was not good, but which he never allowed to interfere with his hearty eating and drinking habits. I feared soon these holidays would lose their effectiveness. David Worswick was still in hospital after his ear operation. He had been threatened with almost complete deafness.

Farewelling the Tites

On Wednesday, 11 July, Trish and I drove to the Tites for a meal, and said goodbye to Margaret and the boys. As usual, we enjoyed being with them and it was hard to realise this was the last time. The next day, we called into Ken's room in the College, collected a wedding present from them (a most entertaining cookery book put out by 'Esquire'), and took our farewell of Ken. As will have been obvious from this account, the Tite family had become good friends. Since politics was my main interest in PPE, and Ken was the politics tutor in the College, Ken was a major influence on my academic development, but I had also enjoyed him as a many-sided, friendly, highly intelligent, no-nonsense person. His university lectures on 19th century political history were a superb series, and I was sorry they never appeared in published form. Although he did not allow it to interfere unduly with his various activities, Ken did not enjoy good health and sadly was to die relatively young.

In the afternoon of Thursday, 12 July, Keith Dunstall and Raymond Barker, fellow PPE students, came back with me to my digs to watch the Test match on television. In the evening, we had dinner with Colin Maiden and Jenny, his fiancée, and later collected Elizabeth and Graham Jeffries to spend some of the evening with us. Graham was on surgery at the time and was hopelessly busy. We hoped we might see them, and in fact all of our friends again fairly soon. Many resolutions for keeping in contact were made. We took our leave of Oxford on Friday, 13 July. 'I indulged in one last moment of sentiment as I took a final lingering look at Magdalen tower.'³⁸

London

We had decided to try to sell the car in London, although four of our friends in Oxford had offered to sell it for us if we were stuck. The Reades had us to stay for our last few days in Britain. On Friday afternoon, Trish, Erica Reade and I went to nearby Lords to see the Eton-Harrow cricket match. It turned out to be more of a fashion parade for the spectators than a cricket match. On Saturday, 14 July, I spent some time at the Commonwealth Bank, and had my first view of the interior of St Pauls Cathedral, but was unmoved by it. We rang various second-hand car dealers, but all would not consider a pre-war vehicle. I then rang Barry Rowlands to see if he had any suggestions. He promptly

38 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 19/7/56.

offered us £25 for the car, which we accepted. The only alternative was selling it for scrap, yet it was still performing well. Barry and Joyce Rowlands, and their young son, were without a car and were rather tickled by the idea. They knew how much fun we had had from the car. After seeing an entertaining show, 'Hotel Paradise', starring Alec Guinness, we had our last drive in the car that had served us so well, depositing it at the Rowlands and saying our goodbyes. They sent us a 'Bon Voyage' card just before we sailed, urging us to write to them when we were settled. The day before, 'Gertie' (the affectionate name we had given to our car) 'went beautifully' for their trip down to the river.

A Visit to Ipswich

On Sunday, 15 July, I kept the promise I had made to my mother that on behalf of the family I would visit where Auntie Nina's ashes were buried. Her brother Ted met Trish and me at the Ipswich station at 12.30pm, a 2-hour train trip from London. Before lunch, we went to the churchyard with Jocelyn his wife to place pink and white carnations on Auntie Nina's stone of remembrance. I had a long talk with Jocelyn, during which I asked her bluntly if she thought there was any connection at all between Auntie Nina's illness and her drowning. Jocelyn said she thought there was not. Nina had been very much better when the accident occurred. I told my mother, 'I don't think anything has been held back from us.'³⁹ Jocelyn and Ted treated us very well, indeed. It was a lovely lunch and after it Ted drove us in his Rover to various lush spots of Suffolk. We caught the 5.30pm train back to Liverpool Station. In the evening the Reades drove us around London. Many of the buildings were floodlit and looked most impressive.

Erica Reade, Trish and I went to Hampton Court on Monday, 16 July. Its rooms were endless and no different from state rooms in other palaces. The environs of the place impressed me most. On the way back from Hampton Court, Trish and I visited the Futtters at Clapham Park. They were in good form, and insisted on taking us back to the Reades' in their newly-acquired second-hand Rover, which was in excellent condition.

Tuesday, 17 July, was our embarkation day. In the morning, we paid a brief visit to the National Gallery, and saw a state procession for King Feisal of Iraq. The boat-train left St Pancras station for Tilbury at 3.08pm. The journey to Tilbury went through mile after mile of drab, monotonous housing, then very flat wasteland. Our embarkation was smooth except that Trish had to pay £13 for excess luggage.⁴⁰ We left the dock at about 6.30pm. The English Channel was completely smooth sailing.

LETTERS FROM HOME - JULY 1955 TO AUGUST 1956

We were on our way home, at last. The letters from home had continued to flow from July, 1955, keeping us reasonably informed of what was happening

³⁹ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 19/7/56.

⁴⁰ She had all of the china crates etc, for the sake of customs at the other end.

there.⁴¹ In the period from 24 July, 1955 until I arrived home in August, 1956, I received from my immediate family 31 letters from my mother, 2 from my father, 7 from my brother Jim, and 6 from my sister Marg. Trish's two grand-mothers also wrote – NanNan for my birthday, and Grannie Berry a joint letter to us on 28 June, telling us she and Maudie were now counting the days to our return (they had greatly appreciated the many visits my mother had paid to them, always with flowers, jam or fruit). Various other letters came from Australia – from Ron Corney, Mrs Wheaton, Rev. Brian MacDonald, Dave Prest, Lindsay Cleland, Leigh Wilson, Brenda Russell, Kate McBain, Ted Pockock, the Vollugis, Dick Bennett, and Ken Fitch. In addition were the letters from people nearer at hand – from Charles Ackers, Ken Tite, Jocelyn Bell-Jones, Natalie Scott Thompson, Bob Griggs, Barbie Madeley, Sam Amarasuriya, Auntie Addie, Eric Gray, Ida Richards, Charles Symon, Miss Macdonald of Sleat, Mary Humble, Katharine Mathews, and the Rowlands.

Sam Amarasuriya

In November, 1955, I heard from Sam Amarasuriya in Ceylon.⁴² I had written to him after our tour of Scotland in the summer. He had happy memories of his time at Cambridge and he also had had a tour of Scotland – by coach. His father was forming a corporation to export Ceylon tea, and he was hopeful of opening up trade relations with Australia. He was on a sudden visit to Sydney and had left Sam 'to shoulder the family business and keep his social engagements'. Also religious engagements took up a considerable amount of time – being assistant secretary to the World Fellowship of Buddhists, assistant editor of its monthly journal, and secretary of quite a few Buddhist organisations in Colombo. 1956 was of vital historical significance to Buddhists⁴³, so he would not be able to leave the island, but he was determined to take a holiday in 1957 which might include Australia, if time permitted. Trish and I hoped we would see him on our way home.

Auntie Addie

Auntie Addie regretted that it had not been possible to have us at their home again. They were due to leave for Australia on the *Orontes* on 13 December; she had not been at all well since her earlier operation. They were 'playing safe'. They were going to let their house at Farnborough furnished for two years, in case they wanted to return.⁴⁴ Uncle Ralph had to collect a few of his office things in Oxford, and she hoped she would be with him, so she could tell my parents how we were both 'wearing'. That visit occurred on 11 December.⁴⁵

41 See pp. 284–90, for the correspondence in the earlier part of 1955.

42 Letter, M. P. Amarasuriya to R. J. Lawrence, 8/11/55.

43 It was the 2500th anniversary of Buddha's passing away.

44 Letter, Adela Civil to John Lawrence, 10/11/55.

45 See p. 313.

Mrs Wheaton

Mrs Wheaton's two letters were widely-spaced. In November, 1955, she reported she had made copies of my letter for the special committee when they were considering recommendations for more staff. However, the matter had been delayed. She was too late to get me considered for social history, for Professor Stretton had already transferred Miss Woodrooffe to this. She had asked that I might be considered to teach social administration (the old social organisation), as a lecturer was needed to bring it up to degree status, but this depended on getting through the new degree course in social studies, and more money. She feared that all they would get for the present was an extension of the diploma course to three years, with specialisation in medical social work, which would call for one new lecturer qualified to teach this. 'Next year we shall have to get to work once more on the degree course.' She would write again as soon as she had more information. Her advice was to go all out for a first, and then try to get experience overseas. There was a great shortage of teaching staff in the social work field, all over the world. The director-general of the Commonwealth Department of Social Services, Mr Rowe, had asked her to sound me out about a job in his department. Social administration was a section of social work which was becoming increasingly important, and the experience in his department would stand me in good stead should I apply later for her job.⁴⁶

Mrs Wheaton's next letter, written on 5 June, 1956, said she was looking forward to hearing my results. 'I know you have done well, as I know you!' She also asked if I could attend the Third Congress of the International Association of Workers for Maladjusted Children at Fontainebleau 5–9 July. Mr Clarence Lewis, secretary of the Children's Welfare and Public Relief Department, had suggested the University might be interested in sending someone.⁴⁷ This looked interesting, but with a viva on 10 July, it was not feasible.

Brenda Russell

Brenda Russell's letter in January, 1956, sent greetings from the staff of the probation branch of the state child welfare department for a happy and successful year. Miss Curtis, who had asked her to reply to a Magdalen Christmas card I had sent to them, added a hand-written note:

Best wishes to you from the P. Os (Probation Officers), who still remain faithful to CWD and whom you knew whilst working a while with us, and of course from myself.

Brenda Russell had herself recently visited England and Scotland for about six months with her father and sister. She gave me interesting news about developments in probation work in the Branch. A couple of years before, Mr Glastonbury (my placement supervisor) had been appointed the first adult probation officer, attached to the police and supreme courts, and had made a great success of the work.⁴⁸

46 Letter, Amy Wheaton to John Lawrence, 17/11/55.

47 Letter, Amy Wheaton to John Lawrence, 5/6/56.

48 Letter, Brenda Russell to John Lawrence, 10/1/56.

Lindsay Cleland

In December, 1955, I heard from Lindsay Cleland, who was now in Indonesia.⁴⁹ He told me he had just heard that Jim Forbes was the endorsed LCL (Liberal and Country League) candidate for Kingston. Before leaving Adelaide, he had dropped in to see Mrs Wheaton to collect some sociology notes, and ‘she had quite a bit to say about her getting on and wanting you to take over in the department. What do you expect to do John? Personnel officer with a firm or a step toward the A. P. Rowe line of business?’ Lindsay had left Adelaide in mid-August to work under the scheme for graduate employment in Indonesia. External Affairs paid the fare to Djakarta and the return also after a period of usually two years. Once in the country he was the concern of the Indonesian Government and was employed by them on the same rates of pay as similarly qualified Indonesians. The salary was just enough to live on, and this avoided some of the obstacles of Colombo Plan people who lived and worked in a world apart. He was employed by the ministry of education chiefly teaching English in the educational faculty nucleus of a regional university that would gradually grow, but he hoped to get into more direct academic work in the history field. He was located at Tondano on the northernmost tip of the island of Sulawesi (formerly Celebes). It was in the mountains and amongst a few active volcanoes. The people were ‘very poor by our standards but a happy lot, unique in being 100% Christian in the half-million population of the area’ (Minahasa). The country was ‘a fascinating, exasperating, rapidly changing, variegated complex place and completely interesting’.

Leigh Wilson’s letter contained news of his graduation in medicine, his experience as a locum (he had just delivered his first baby), his location at the Adelaide Hospital in the coming year, and the forthcoming marriage of his sister Rosemary to Angus McLeod. He asked me not to lead his cousin Ian astray too far, but felt the three years away would do him a lot of good if he could break out.⁵⁰

Eric Gray wrote, thanking us for our Christmas card.⁵¹ He hoped we were still about in Oxford and would be coming to see them when we had the chance – ‘and show us some more colour slides, please!’ ‘We are all wondering what adventures you and Patricia have been having since we last saw you’. He had been travelling abroad – in the Near East – for five months, but had contrived to fly home for a family Christmas.

Wedding Plans

It would have made a lot of sense to be married in England just before we returned to Australia, so that the trip home could serve as our honeymoon. We agreed, however, this would be unfair to our respective families. Instead, we decided to have it just a week after our arrival – rather to the surprise of our families. The first and obvious reason was that the sooner the better, as far as we were concerned, but apart from this the arrangements would have had to be

49 Letter, J. L. Cleland to R. J. Lawrence, 12/12/55.

50 Letter, Leigh Wilson to John Lawrence, 29/12/55.

51 Letter, Eric Gray to John Lawrence, 7/1/56.

made before we arrived home, whether it was a week or a month. We realised this was putting a burden on our families, but did not think the difficulties were insuperable, even though we would have to discuss the wedding only by letter. Trish's dress would be made in England and she would have just the one bridesmaid, Anne Fullerton (Fully). We could buy our clothes in England before we returned, for they were cheaper there. I could buy a good suit, which could serve as my wedding suit. Trish would be well rested after the weeks on the ship and should not get tired out by the few pre-wedding parties. The longer we lived in our respective homes on our return, the harder it would be for all concerned when we left them. In addition, the sooner we were settled, the sooner I could get a job of some sort even if it meant doing labouring work for a while. There would be plenty of time to see our friends in due course. We had been offered 37 Alpha Road temporarily, paying normal rent. The honeymoon (at NanNan Barker's house at Encounter Bay) was already fixed.

I would have liked to have had the wedding in St Peter's College chapel, but it was Trish's decision and she preferred to be married in a church which she usually attended – St Peter's Cathedral, where her father had been a warden for so many years. We had seen quite a bit of Brian MacDonald, the School chaplain, when we were in Adelaide and wanted him to marry us. This also made a link with the School, and Denis Whereat said he could think of no-one better to take his place.

Brian MacDonald

I received a very welcome letter from Brian MacDonald in November, 1955, saying taking our marriage was really something to look forward to. He had made the appointment for us with the Cathedral, and had checked with the principal registrar that he could give him our notice of marriage signed by us a few days before the wedding. He was coming to England in January for a couple of weeks and was hoping to see us if his schedule allowed it. 'Rest assured that everything will be well and truly teed up as far as the service goes. There is nothing more for you to be concerned about in that direction until you arrive.'⁵²

On Thursday morning, 19 January, 1956, Dick Potter brought Brian MacDonald round to arrange a time to see us. Brian MacDonald came back at 6pm, had dinner with us, and chatted till after 9pm. It was the first really long talk we had had with him, and after it we felt we could not have chosen a better man to marry us. He was candid, sincere and intelligent. We covered a host of topics, and his ideas were surprisingly close to ours. He rang my mother some time later telling her of his visit to us. She wrote:

He spoke beautifully and feels he got to know you so well it will be a lifelong friendship. He was impressed with the set-up of your present conditions and is thoroughly satisfied that you have done the right thing over there and feels you are wise not committing yourself to any particular job at this stage. I agree with you that you have chosen wisely in getting him to marry you.⁵³

⁵² Letter, Brian MacDonald to John Lawrence, 18/11/55.

⁵³ Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 2/4/56.

Brother Jim

In October 1955, Jim accepted my invitation to be best man at the wedding. He felt quite strongly that we should not be married too soon after arriving back, because from his own experience there was a good deal to be arranged, and also many people would want to see us and this would be preferable before rather than after the marriage. 'If you can wait to be married before coming home you probably could wait a little longer. However, it is for you to decide and I will be quite happy to organize the arrangements for which you as a groom will be responsible'.⁵⁴ Nearer the time, he in consultation with Leigh Wilson and Dick Bennett, whom I had asked to be ushers at the wedding, organised a 'buck's night, the Friday night before the wedding.

Jim's letters⁵⁵ included news of mutual friends, the Hamilton family, his work and thoughts on his future, his reading, their social life, and our mutual sporting interests in cricket and football. A feature was the spate of pregnancies and new arrivals amongst his friends, and he and Sheila were delighted that they themselves would be having their first child in August, 1956 – at about the time we would be returning. Meg Hamilton, whom we had seen in Oxford, had returned in December. By February, she had settled in quite well in her new, interesting job. In July, however, she left the Hamilton household for Canada to marry Richard Wilson, a South African engineer whom she had met in England. In June, 1956, Jean and Tim Wall had returned and were based at the Hamiltons while they looked for a house in Sydney. Tim had been appointed a Senior Lecturer at the University of Sydney. By then, Jim and Sheila had at last moved into the flat being built onto the Hamilton home at 72, Finnis Street. 'Builder trouble' had delayed the completion of the flat, but fortunately Miss Allnut who returned from England in February was very happy for them to stay where they were, and at a reduced rent, until the flat was ready. Mr Hamilton, in his retirement, had built them a magnificent kitchen. They themselves had done much of the painting.

On the work front, 1955 had been a happy but busy year at the Children's Hospital, especially in the last couple of months when they were short staffed and he also did some locum work. He thought that perhaps he might consider paediatrics as a specialty when he managed to get the 'membership' (of the college of physicians) behind him. In February, he began in the pathology department of the medical school of the University of Adelaide. His great friend and colleague, Dick Bennett, was three floors below him in the medical school in the anatomy department reading for his fellowship primary. Jim found the job very satisfactory and enjoyed working with Phil Hodge with whom he prepared a joint paper. Work for the department kept him fairly busy, but he also had to work hard for himself to build a sound scientific background on which to base his effort for the 'membership' and thought most probably he would not have as suitable job as this one again. Professor Robertson had involved him in a research project that was giving some trouble. In March, they

⁵⁴ Letter, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 19/10/55.

⁵⁵ 19/10/55, 27/12/55, 8/2/56, 22/3/56, 16/4/56, 11/6/56, 25/6/56.

urgently needed an essential dye not available in Australia, so he suggested Jim contact me to see if I could arrange for it to be sent to the professor by airmail from a firm in London. (Through normal channels it would have taken three or four months.) In June, Jim wondered if I could obtain from any medical book-seller, the fifth edition of *Diseases of the Nervous System*, by Sir Russell Brain. It was not yet available in Australia and the price of medical books in Australia was exorbitant.

After what Jim described as ‘a glorious spree’ in the previous year, he was finding in March, 1956, he had to severely ration his reading for pleasure – although he was then finishing two large-volume Penguins of Greek mythology and legend, translated and interpreted by Robert Graves. In April, he had almost finished and appreciated the very large book on Tolstoy we had sent for his birthday. Chris Ketley had given up his university course and was now working in Preece’s bookshop, which Jim found as a mixed blessing as it was now even more tempting to pop in and buy the odd Penguin. Jim regretted that Chris had decided to play football for Walkerville, instead of the Old Scholars, who needed to attract decent chaps like him to play for them.

Comment about sport – tennis, cricket and football – was scattered through the letters. For example, Jim felt the effort he had made in coaching and playing for the University ‘C’ team in 1955 had been worthwhile, both for him physically and as a way of repaying his debt to the University Football Club, but did not continue the next season because of his work. He was excited by Adelaide University beating Melbourne University in the 1956 Interschool Football in ‘a really superlative performance’. ‘The present side must be one of the most talented of all time and is playing together superbly.’⁵⁶ George Tilley, still the coach, was thrilled. In June, Jim thought life must be fairly difficult for any Australians in England because of the poor performance of the Australians in the cricket Test matches. He and many other Australians, including my parents, were keen listeners to the radio broadcasts.

Jim observed in June, 1956, that our sister Margaret seemed to be taking a full and active part in university life and seemed to be benefiting. Lindsay Cleland wrote in December 1955, ‘Saw a bit of Margaret at the University earlier this year. She’s a young woman now and following the R.J.L. tradition in Social Science’.

Sister Marg

Marg was very excited by the prospect of going to Brisbane for the basketball interschool competition in August, 1955. ‘I’ve been looking forward to an Interschool for years and now at last it’s come.’⁵⁷ On the way there, she and Bev Dunning⁵⁸ would be visiting Auntie Mabel’s for lunch in Melbourne and she would also be seeing school friends in both Melbourne and Sydney. She had been busy on essays and preparing for a French phonetics exam, but had ‘made up for it’ on procession day, which she described in some detail. With

⁵⁶ Letter, Jim Lawrence to John Lawrence, 11/6/56.

⁵⁷ Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 10/8/55.

⁵⁸ Daughter of John Dunning, headmaster of Prince Alfred College.

her friend Betty Lewis, who was a St Anne's student who lived on the West Coast, she collected money for the Crippled Children's Association on the back of the Med 1 float. The Day was 'colossal fun, everyone being in a terrific mood, although dog-tired'.

Her next letter was written in the course of her exams in November. 'I just can't wait for them to be over'. History that morning had been quite a good paper and she had had a better result for her second essay, although it was still not very satisfactory. She had no idea how she had done in French phonetics and dictation; she could not bear the thought of having to do it again next year.⁵⁹ After the exams, Marg worked in John Martins and several of her customers – Jean Wadham, Mrs Dowding, Mrs Bowman, Mrs Murrell – asked to be remembered to me. Some of the older people at St Mark's had approved of Ted Pocock's selection as the 1956 South Australian Rhodes Scholar, but a number of other students had favoured their own chances. Marg commented: 'I guess a little bit more modesty might be welcome!'

Ted Pocock

I had known Ted Pocock, and his good friend Bob Moore, at the University of Adelaide, because they were a couple of years after me studying political science in Professor Duncan's department. I wrote to congratulate Ted on his Rhodes Scholarship and hoped we might see each other again before I left Oxford. He was 'really very pleased indeed' to receive my letter, and was keen to hear any ideas, hints, warnings, etc I might have to offer, but he would not be getting to London until 10 August and our ships would cross. We would be missing each other in Aden by just a day. Professor Hugh Stretton had been a tremendous help and he had decided on a BPhil in politics, with the emphasis in the optional subjects on international affairs. Ted had been accepted for the diplomatic service in 1955, and would probably come back to it.⁶⁰ Bob Moore had been awarded an Overseas Arts Scholarship (as had Brian Ellis earlier), and was travelling in the *Himalaya* with him, but was not yet sure where he was going.⁶¹ Ted was headed for Balliol College, Stretton's former college. He asked me various questions, including whether the scholarship allowance was nearly enough – there were so many things he was looking forward to doing.⁶² In a letter from the *Himalaya*, he thanked me warmly for my written response. He had seen quite a bit of Anne and Murray Gordon before he left, and was

59 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 14/11/55.

60 Ted had attended Mount Gambier School and Adelaide High School. After completion of his BPhil at Oxford, he had a year at Princeton on a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship, entered the Department of External Affairs in 1959, had a further year at Oxford 1960–61 completing a MPhil (Pol.), and returned to his diplomatic career in the department, where he rose to ambassadorial appointments which included the Republic of Korea, Belgium, and France.

61 Bob Moore joined the ABC in 1960 after studying at the University of Oxford and training with BBC current affairs, where he worked for the Panorama series. He made his reputation as reporter and executive producer of 'Four Corners' and then became widely acclaimed as host and moderator of 'Monday Conference', which ran for seven years 1971–78. Between these two programs he had studied television in the USA on a Harkness Fellowship. He died suddenly of a heart attack in 1979. See Ken Inglis's book on the history of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

62 Letter, Ted Pocock to John Lawrence, 18/3/56.

going to be staying with the Reades in London on his arrival. The ship was very quiet – ‘average age must be about 130 or so, and there’s not much doing.’⁶³

Sister Marg

Marg was impressed by a rehearsal of the University Review which she had seen. It was the last year Brian Bergin would be having anything to do with it. Before the rehearsal, she had been to an ‘absolutely painful’ social science cocktail party. Mrs Wheaton annoyed her immensely, but she supposed she would have to get used to her.⁶⁴ Marg asked my advice on whether she should do honours economics. I responded:

Of course, it’s your decision entirely..., but don’t forget a couple of considerations. Mrs Wheaton is an obvious irritant, both academically and personally, but from a wider point of view it is the work, or rather the type of work she is doing which you must assess. Also, from a long-term point of view, which type of knowledge do you think will stand you in better stead to understand what’s going on around you ... ?⁶⁵

By 2 February, Marg had definitely decided to do social science, ‘despite Mrs Wheaton and the crowd doing it’, and would do honours economics as well. Although it would mean a lot of work, it had just become feasible to do this in four years, which was as long as the Commonwealth Scholarship people would allow.

Actually Mrs Wheaton seems to improve the more one has to do with her. I guess she just rubbed me up the wrong way by introducing me to everyone as John’s sister – not that I’m remotely ashamed of the fact but it is nice to be treated as myself occasionally. The group of girls doing Social Science at the moment are a nice enough crowd and I’ve got some good friends among them but they seem a terribly irresponsible scatterbrain group, nothing like the kind of people that I thought Welfare Work demanded. Anyhow I’ve met quite a few younger ones who will be starting about the same time as my practical work begins and they seem more suitable people.⁶⁶

It was, in fact, Mrs Wheaton who had told Marg at the social science cocktail party that she thought she was mad not to do honours – ‘so, I began to think more seriously about it because I like the subject very much indeed’.

When Marg saw Mrs Wheaton about her subjects on 8 February, Mrs Wheaton told her about her plans to make social science a four-year degree in which I would take a new social organisation course. This was ‘just to get you in on things so that when she retires you will be ready to step into her place. I don’t know whether you get any say on the matter!’⁶⁷

Marg’s letter in mid-April, with birthday wishes, indicated heavy work

63 Letter, Ted Pocock to John Lawrence, 28/7/56.

64 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 18/12/55.

65 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 26/1/56.

66 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 2/2/56.

67 Letter, Margaret Lawrence to John Lawrence, 8/2/56.

pressure. One of her subjects, history IIB, the economic history of Britain from 1750 and of Australia, was very detailed, with a weekly seminar on transport always using original sources. The lecturer was Dr Kent from Cambridge. Professor Stretton thought it was quite equal to a third-year subject. Marg now did not think she would do the honours economics, although she did not have to decide until the next year, as the honours work was closely concerned with the course in second year, and she was going to do it anyway. A highlight of Marg's social life was 'the big Deb Dance of the season' at Henry Rymill's property at Glenalta, attended by 400 people. The last dance was at 2.20am. Marg left when the band left for her first basketball match for the University was on that day, which they won. All the other teams lost, but by narrow margins. They had only two weeks' practice and were fielding an extra team that year, so they were pleased. Also they had managed to get a male coach who helped with the state team, and were hoping he would produce some improvement in the sides. (Marg was now the secretary of the basketball club.)

Dick Bennett

I was relieved to hear from Dick Bennett that he had seen Bob Griggs since his return and that he now seemed decidedly better. His fiancée was due back in Sydney shortly, and I thought this should help him. We had enjoyed getting to know them when they came to visit us. Dick and Enid Bennett were now well settled in a flat on Fitzroy Terrace after 'an extremely happy year with Jim and Sheila'.⁶⁸ In July 1956, Dick wrote enthusiastically about married life, and he and Enid were very glad our time of waiting was nearly over.⁶⁹

My Mother

My mother's weekly correspondence never flagged. She said that writing to me, usually on a Sunday, was a valued part of her life. The general pattern of the content continued much the same – comment on my most recent letter, and then family and other news, which always included some sporting news. In the football season, the progress of the University and Sturt teams was always described. My father continued as a vice-president of the AUFC, and maintained an active enthusiastic interest in the current team. He was also a vice-patron of the Bank team in 1956. My parents often continued to go to the football with the Lauries, or with Mrs Martin. In 1956, Gerry Martin played for Sturt in the South Australian Football League, and we were all delighted when he was named in the best players in one of the early-season matches. Marg's basketball matches for the University were often before the football, so my mother could see both. Appointed basketball club secretary in April 1956, Marg was apparently playing well enough to be best player in one of the games the University lost on 12 May. Generally the team did well, and so too did all of the exceptional number of teams they were now fielding.

Various letters from my mother indicated that Marg had embraced university

68 Letter, Dick Bennett to John Lawrence, 6/5/56.

69 Letter, Dick Bennett to John Lawrence, 4/7/56.

life. She had learnt to work hard, and had passed all of her first year subjects, and looked forward to second year. Her work in economics was good enough in the exams for Professor Karmel to encourage her to do honours in the subject, but she had had to work out how feasible this would be in combination with social science which she still wanted to do, despite problems in that direction.⁷⁰ She was happy with the lecturers in second year but soon realised she had to work consistently to succeed. My mother reported in April, 1956:

Marg and Jim had a terrific argument about some English and History. He still thinks and treats her as a schoolchild and he gets a shock when she begins to assert herself. She said, 'These medical and science students think they know everything. I will be glad when John comes home. He will understand the "Humanities" side.'⁷¹

On May 17, Marg's birthday, she had been told by Dr Kent in economic history that the paper she presented was excellent, and that she should have no difficulty with the subject.⁷²

Jim began lecturing in pathology in March, 1956. Some of Marg's friends told her he was 'beaut'.⁷³ Jim and Sheila stayed briefly with my parents early in March after Miss Allnut returned and the Hamilton extensions were delayed. Jim had begun, however, to work intensively for his MRCP, and this was not easy located back at home. They were very grateful when Miss Allnut said she would be happy for them to return renting the space in her home until the Hamilton flat was finished. Polly Allnut was a good friend of Margaret Berry, Trish's aunt, and had spent time with her in England. Sheila, pregnant with their first child, looked radiantly happy. Fortunately, she produced Richard my parents' first grand-child shortly before we arrived home, so could come to our wedding. Enid Bennett had her first child at about the same time, and could also come. We were delighted.

My parents' social life was full and rewarding – an interesting mix of old Mount Gambier friends, neighbours (some of whom were also church friends), school and football friends, the Bank senior officers club, the Bank wives' group, my father's friends that congregated at the Majestic Hotel, and the Hamilton and Berry families.

My mother kept in touch with Unc (her youngest brother), and Auntie Mabel in Melbourne, and they had come to Jim's wedding. Auntie Addie and Uncle Ralph whom we had sadly farewelled in England passed through Adelaide on 13 January. Addie had written when they were in the Red Sea. They were having a wonderful trip and both seemed to have a new lease of life. They all had a great day in Adelaide. They gave our families a glowing report on how well we both looked. My mother thought they themselves both looked very well indeed, although she did not know what England had done to Addie's voice! My mother asked Kath and Shirley Boundy, Mrs Hamilton and Mrs Berry for lunch with them, and Dad joined them coming home from the Bank.

70 See p 338.

71 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 29/4/56.

72 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 20/5/56.

73 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 25/3/56.

Sheila stayed and helped Marg with the lunch. Ralph showed them some very interesting coloured slides, but said we had some magnificent ones. The Civils also stayed for dinner because the *Orontes* departure was delayed. Addie and Ralph loved the peaches and apricots from the garden. In Melbourne, about 30 attended a welcome for them.

A letter from Addie in early April said she had found the heat particularly trying but Ralph had enjoyed it. As soon as there were signs of winter, they would be going north to Brisbane. As the Civils had told us, they did not sell their home in England in case they decided to return there. My mother felt that Addie was missing her English home and friends. 'Much can change after being away 23 years'.⁷⁴ Later in April, Addie wrote they were not yet decided on where to settle.

Another family social contact which my parents greatly appreciated was a visit on 29 September by Uncle George Sutcliffe, Dad's cousin, from Canberra. He had flown to Adelaide that day and returned the next. As usual he was most interested in all the family doings. Marg played the piano for him and he enjoyed singing to her playing. In June 1956, my parents received a letter from Uncle George saying he would be 'very interested indeed to know what John goes to. He may of course have something in mind but if he has not there are possibly one or two introductions which I might give him. Perhaps he would write to me if he thinks anything useful in this direction is possible'.⁷⁵ He was a member of the Commonwealth Public Service Board. In the Birthday Honours in June, 1956, he was awarded the CBE.

Alan and Nan Clarkson spent the evening with my parents on 20 July, 1955. Alan had bought a medical practice with the residence next to the Colonel Light Gardens picture theatre. Education of their children had made them sell the Port Lincoln practice. 'It was fun talking about old times and hearing how Alan built up his practice at Cleve.' On 6 October, they went to the Clarksons' to see colour slides of Alan's trip abroad in 1952. Their new home had been completely done up and was now really lovely.

The Clarksons had spent nine years at Cleve before moving to an established medical practice at Port Lincoln. Their son Tony, born at Cleve in 1939, was to become a medical colleague and good friend of my brother Jim, who 'successfully lured him into training for the relatively new specialty of nephrology'. Appointment as the founding director of the renal unit at the Royal Adelaide Hospital followed his training under Jim at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. Tony was an outstanding footballer, playing for Sturt when it won three successive premierships, 1966–8, and also played in the state team.⁷⁶

Just before Christmas, 1955, my mother went to Nan Clarkson's for a 'most enjoyable' reunion of Mount Gambier friends, but did not mention who they were. It was Nan Clarkson that my mother invited to join her at a lecture for Musica Viva members on French renaissance music by Dr Elliot Forsyth, on

74 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 8/4/56.

75 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 24/6/56.

76 See Prof Randall Faulk, 'Anthony Russell Clarkson AM, MB BS, MD, FRACP, FRCP, 1939–2011', *MedicSA*, March, 2011, p. 17; and Obituary in *Adelaide Advertiser*, February, 2011.

15 March, 1956, when Mary Berry was unable to come. Nancy Hunt and Ben Hunt and his family called in on Sunday, 1 April, 1955; Nancy spent the day with them. The Hunts were 'down for Oakbank', the traditional horse racing carnival in the Adelaide Hills on Easter Saturday and Easter Monday. In the afternoon, Kate McBain and Mrs Turner took my parents for a lovely drive in their new Vauxhall car. Jim and Sheila joined them for dinner in the evening. My mother continued to see her old Mount Gambier friend Kath Boundy fairly often. Kath and her adult children, Shirley and Bruce, moved to a new house in September 1955. Bruce became engaged to a particularly pleasant nurse, which greatly pleased my mother. 'He needed to get away from that household'.

Very positive interactions with neighbours were often reported in the letters – with Frank and Geraldine Thompson and Mrs Gill who lived with them, the Necks who lived at the back, with Mrs Michell whose daughter Meredith was one of Marg's good friends, with the McBrydes a couple with a young family next-door, and especially with the Radfords. Others in the district, particularly Mrs Opie and Mrs Hyde, were also sometimes mentioned.

My parents had various involvements with the Radfords. They had the Radfords to supper after seeing 'The Student Prince' together. The Radfords took my mother to the University Oval when their son Anthony was playing rugby nearby. (He was vice-captain of the state junior rugby team.) On 15 August, 1955, they invited my mother to meet Graeme Salmon, the 1955 Tasmanian Rhodes Scholar on his way to Merton College to do postgraduate work in physics. My mother went to an afternoon party held by Mrs Radford for Mrs Ditters, the fruit and nut people, to meet the neighbours. The Ditters were living in the Saunders house. Mrs Radford and my mother dressed puppets and made cakes for the St Peter's College Mission Fete on Saturday, 15 October. The fete and associated activities went close to raising the £10,000 target. My mother reported,

The grounds were looking really beautiful and I met so many of my old friends who were really pleased to see me and all inquiring after you – Mrs Gordon, Mrs Dowding, Mrs Duncan, Miss Millington etc. ... I do love that school and always feel thankful my sons enjoyed its privileges.⁷⁷

The Radfords took my mother to the visiting day on 26 November, 1955, at St Michael's, the Church of England Seminary at Mount Lofty. She had a long talk with Mr Ketley who wanted to hear all the news of me. Brian MacDonald told her he hoped to see us in England (he would have either 8 days only or 3 weeks depending on his ship's sailing), and that there would be no difficulty with any residential requirement with us wanting to be married so soon after our return. My parents heard a recording of Handel's 'Messiah' at the Radfords. Mr Swann, the much-loved rector of St Columba's was also there and was delighted to have received a Christmas card from us. (We had sent a batch of completed cards earlier in December to my mother so she could address them for us and send them on.) Christmas Day finished with a visit to the Radfords.

⁷⁷ Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 16/10/55.

Tony Radford came to stay a couple of week-ends when his parents were away. In March, my parents went to a Radford barbecue celebrating their daughter Ann's 21st birthday. 'Robin Millhouse is very keen', reported my mother. In June, Robin and Ann called in 'both radiantly happy'. They had just announced their engagement. 'He is very fortunate to get such a nice girl and I think she will do him good.'⁷⁸ In April, Marg and my mother went to the passion play at St Columba's. 'The Radford family ran the whole affair and it was quite good. However, Dean Rowney's influence was sadly missed and we were not nearly as moved as we were after last year's...'⁷⁹ In May, Mrs Radford had my mother and their new neighbour Mrs Fotheringham to meet Mrs Hosking whose husband was the Bursar of Scotch College. The Fotheringhams had a property at Myponga, but had come to town so that their daughter could go to PGC. They were in the Berrimans' house and were looking after Mr Berriman, which seemed a very satisfactory arrangement.

In September 1955, walking back from the shop she met Mrs Opie, who came in for a cup of tea. She was very happy having a dental student boarder. Brian, with his wife, was keen to return to Australia. Rod was very happy in his work and hoped to be ordained that year. Their relative Roger Opie was being married shortly to the daughter of the very wealthy and very Anglican man with whom he was working in England. In April 1956, Mrs Opie called in with photos of Rod in his clerical garb. Brian and his wife were coming to Australia as migrants. He had a job as a mercantile engineer with BHP awaiting him, although it was not very well paid.

In September 1955, my mother was a guest of Mrs Hyde at a Musica Viva concert by the Koechert Quartet. She described it as 'absolute perfection and a musical experience I shall never forget'.⁸⁰ After a heart attack while visiting a daughter in Melbourne⁸¹, Mrs Hyde sold her Adelaide home and asked my mother to sell her grand piano for her. She sold it for £350 to a man from Mount Gambier, whose daughter was a promising pianist. My mother had valued her relationship with Mrs Muriel Hyde and would miss her. She had been an exceptional piano teacher for my sister Marg, and she always took an interest in my activities, including reading the diary I had kept of our Continental tour – 'she did enjoy reading it, she is always eager for news of you', reported my mother.⁸²

My mother's letters always included accounts, and sometimes critiques, of the various orchestral concerts she attended usually with Mary Berry. For her birthday on 23 March, the Berrys gave her a generous gift of a seat for the Orchestral Concert Season and Mary would continue to go with her. In April, she wrote an enthusiastic description of two Musica Viva concerts by the Pascal Quartet. In July, Mary was not able to come to a Musica Viva concert

78 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 3/6/56.

79 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 2/4/56.

80 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 11/9/55.

81 This would have been the younger sister of Miriam, for Miriam lived in Sydney where she worked as a composer, recitalist, teacher, examiner and lecturer. She attended the Royal College of Music in London from 1932 to 1936. See 'Miriam Hyde', Wikipedia article on the Internet.

82 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 31/7/55.

by the La Salle Quartet, but instead her father turned up, which my mother thought was wonderful of him – ‘as you know he is not interested in music, but he sat it out and I think quite enjoyed it’.⁸³ In December 1955, my mother again helped Stow Church by singing in the choruses of the ‘Messiah’, replacing Rita Watson who was doing the solos. She went to the Carol Service at St Peter’s College, sitting outside on a lovely night. The singing was delightful, accompanied only by a piano played by David Merchant, the Prep music master. In March, she was asked to sing at a function at St Columba’s. ‘Marg played beautifully for me and it seemed quite a fair effort’.⁸⁴ In July 1955, my mother saw the opera ‘Carmen’, with Mary Berry. A year later, in July 1956, Jim took her to see ‘The Magic Flute’, in place of Sheila, while Dad and Marg watched the Test cricket with Sheila who was confined to bed at Jim’s. We sent my mother a biography of Kathleen Ferrier for her birthday, a singer whom she admired, and this was greatly appreciated. In January, Marjorie Horner visited my mother. John Horner and she were taking very seriously the up-bringing of David, a gifted child who was rather handicapped by an abortive attack of polio. John Horner was away on a caravan trip with David and a friend.

In July, 1955, my mother visited Mrs Berry and NanNan at Wingfield. The health of both seemed much improved. My mother mentioned a cabinet Dr Edgar Brown had given to Dean. ‘One of the loveliest pieces of furniture I have ever seen. You will see many beautiful additions to Wingfield when you return.’⁸⁵ Mrs Berry drove my mother home in their station-wagon and brought ‘the electric hostess’ for her to use for a buffet function for Marg’s friends before a dance. My parents played bridge with the Hamiltons at the George Murray Hall at the University after the buffet. On 3 August, my mother had Mrs Gordon and Anne to lunch. (Mrs Berry was to have come but had a fall the day before.) Anne and Murray were planning their trip and Mrs Gordon would have liked to be going back again. On 21 August, Mrs Gordon had Mrs Berry, Sylvia Brown and my mother to lunch.

On 5 September, Mrs Berry rang my mother as soon as she heard the tragic news about Auntie Nina’s death from a letter from Trish. She was not well enough to come and visit her as Trish had suggested, but invited her to come to Wingfield for lunch with her, NanNan and Mary. ‘They were their usual kind selves to me and I felt much better for the visit.’ She returned Trish’s diary of our summer trip and showed them my letter about our visit to the Whereats. In mid-September, Mary Berry won two third prizes for her goats in the Adelaide Show. Mrs Berry had a few days’ break in Melbourne in the third week of September. She was so interested in goats now she would enjoy the Melbourne Show, besides seeing Noel and Brian Stonier in their own home. My mother visited Wingfield on 10 November to get some measurements for a set of under-clothes she was making for Trish’s trousseau. NanNan and Mrs Berry both looked extremely well. Grannie Berry and Maudie gave her a great welcome when she visited them on 16 November – with a bunch of

83 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 1/7/56.

84 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 25/3/56.

85 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 24/7/55.

Dad's pink carnations. My parents and Marg enjoyed a party for Anne and Murray Gordon at Wingfield on 27 November, and my mother gave Anne some political science notes for me. Bowls of lovely cherries from the Berry farm were a feature. In the evening of 22 December, the Berrys called in and gave my parents a book on Oxford for Christmas. Reg Seedsman, who had cut himself off from everyone for a long time, surprisingly was also there. A trip to New Zealand seemed to have made him want to mix with people again. My parents visited the Berrys at their farm on Wednesday, 28 December.

The Berrys had a 14-year old Indian girl, Karmal Dasture to stay in January, and my sister Marg helped by taking her shopping. On 24 January, Mrs Berry brought Karmal out for lunch. Marg, Meredith Michell and Karmal went out on the front verandah while Mrs Berry and my mother stayed inside. She seemed more rested now NanNan was in a home of her own. They chatted about the wedding arrangements and my mother commented, 'As usual everything Mr and Mrs Berry can do for your mutual happiness is being done it seems to me.'⁸⁶

On 4 February, NanNan asked Miss Hooper to drive her to see my parents. They were 'delighted to see her so wonderfully bright and active, quite her old self again.'⁸⁷ She offered them her house at Victor Harbour (Encounter Bay) for a fortnight from 14 February. Mrs Berry had a chat with Dr and Mrs Grenfell Price at Barry Black's wedding on 10 February. They said how they had enjoyed seeing us at Oxford. She thought we both were looking well and very happy. Dr Price said the president of Magdalen had a very high opinion of me, and Mrs Price said she thought I was such a well-balanced person. My mother wrote: 'We were delighted to hear that.'

While at Victor, my mother had an excited phone call from Mrs Berry. Murray Gordon was doing a BBC television training course. This was his big chance; his future with the ABC should now be assured. It also meant Anne and Murray would be home for our wedding, and Murray could play the Cathedral organ at the wedding. My mother and Marg had two weeks of wonderful beach weather for their holiday, enjoying every minute of it while Adelaide sweltered in excessive heat. Dad was there at the weekends and Jim, Sheila and Meg came for one weekend. Others who also stayed for a while were Kath Boundy and some of Marg's friends, Jeannie McEachren, Jenny Cashmore, Ian Adamson, Marg Cowan and Betty Lewis. Mrs Berry posted the list of wedding guests to my parents while they were at Victor. My mother thought we seemed to have covered pretty well everyone, but mentioned just a few who might also be considered depending on whether the numbers would be alright with the Berrys. No difficulties arose in reaching a final list, despite doing all of this at a distance. We invited Mrs Martin and Jerry, but as my mother anticipated the Catholic Church would not allow them to enter a non-Catholic church to see us being married! Although my parents would have liked to have had George Sutcliffe at our wedding, it was thought wise not to ask him because Dad had many more cousins and asking just the one

86 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 29/1/56.

87 Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 5/2/56.

might cause problems. Trish and I later regretted not having asked him, for he and Auntie Trice became our good friends.

Mrs Berry called in on 10 March, on her way to Victor for NanNan's birthday. Trish's good friend Anne Fullarton (Fully) was now living with them at Wingfield. My mother thought this would be good for Mary. Mrs Berry was doing weekly pottery lessons. After one, on 14 March she took my mother to Wingfield for lunch and to talk about the wedding. First they fed all of the goats, 'quite a business'. Wedding plans were well in hand, although what they should wear was not solved yet. On 19 March, Mrs Berry took Mrs Reed, Mrs Dawson and my mother to a mannequin parade at Myers. She enjoyed it, but did not get inspiration on what to wear at the wedding. 'Their lovely slim figures were quite a different proposition to mine.'⁸⁸ On the evening of 26 March, the Berrys came out to see my parents, while Mary and Marg went to hear Mosevitch. They brought them a case of delicious apples, and showed them the wedding invitation we wanted. ('I do like the black printing instead of the silver') My mother offered to make the wedding cakes.

On 10 April, Mrs Berry took my mother up to Blackwood to see the flat they were keeping for Trish and me to live in. (With their change of plans, the Gordons would now be in 37A Alpha Road.) The Berrys owned a house at Blackwood which had been divided into two flats. It was in the Adelaide hills, but was near the railway station. My mother reported that although it seemed a long distance from the city, many people were building up there and others living there would not move. My mother thought we should be very comfortable in the flat. Nice flats were extremely hard to get and were very expensive to rent.

NanNan had Grannie Berry, Maudie and my mother to a delicious lunch cooked by 'Aggie' (Miss Hooper) complete with wines on 19 April. All were in very good form. They saw NanNan's outfit for the wedding, and heard what Grannie and Maudie were planning to wear. 'NanNan is continually planning and thinking how she can help people.'⁸⁹ Mrs Berry called in on 5 May. She was having lunch with Dr Edgar Brown, who had received a letter from Mr Williamson-Noble with a glowing report about Trish's eyes. Next day my mother visited Grannie and Maudie. They were delighted to have just received a letter from Trish and especially the end where she said she was longing to be home again.

My mother was at Wingfield for Anne and Murray's arrival home on 17 June and was pleased to hear such first hand news of us both. Murray told my mother he had never known anyone to work so hard, how much I had matured, and how much was to be gained in years spent at Oxford. My mother observed that Murray's experience abroad had also broadened him and equipped him for something bigger in the ABC. On 28 June, my parents had dinner at Wingfield to finalise the wedding list with addresses. Afterwards Anne and Murray showed some of their slides, including ones of Oxford.

In her letter of 19 July, my mother mentioned that Grannie Berry had told

⁸⁸ Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 25/3/56.

⁸⁹ Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 22/4/56.

her that Dean had new life with Anne being home and the thought of having Trish with him again. 'We are all like that I think.' My father was taking his holidays from 13 August so he would be free to welcome us and enjoy our home-coming. My mother's final letter, on 5 August, told us everything was going smoothly for our wedding arrangements. Jim and Leigh had organised a bucks party of about 20 in the Napoleon Hotel on the Friday night just before the wedding, which meant Brian Stonier and John Thwaites, who were coming from Melbourne, would be there. My mother was taking the cakes she had made to be iced in the coming week, she had collected her new dress and coat from the dressmaker, she had finished a velvet coat for Marg, and Dad had collected a new charcoal grey suit.

On 5 August in her final letter before we arrived on 17 August, my mother wrote with great excitement that Jim and Sheila had a son that morning. It was my parents' first grandchild. On 29 July, my parents, Marg, Jim and Mr Berry had gone to a lecture by Mr Boase on 'Art of the 19th Century' in the Mawson Theatre at the University. They all enjoyed it so much that they went again, with Murray Gordon, on 31 July to hear him talk on 'Contemporary Art'. 'What a charming man and what a wonderful sense of humour'. The first lecture was well attended; the second was crowded out. My parents had already received an invitation from Mr and Mrs K. C. Wilson to call and meet him on 11 August, and were very much looking forward to it but only wished the Berrys were going with them. They, however, had been invited to the Prices on the Tuesday before. (Other guests at the Wilson cocktail party for the Magdalen president on 11 August included: Mrs Wilson's parents Sir Lavington and Lady Bonython, Sir Philip McBride, Dr and Mrs A. Grenfell Price, Mr and Mrs C. E. S. Gordon, Mr and Mrs J. A. Dunning, Mr and Mrs Kenneth Milne, and Mr and Mrs George Dodwell, David Dodwell's parents.)⁹⁰

My parents had regular contact with Joan and Rob Laurie, and not only during the football season. In August 1955, at the University football game, Joan showed them snaps taken by John in Canada; he now seemed very happy with his work. The next Saturday, they and their son Christie came for tea after the game. Christie went to a dance at Saints while the rest played bridge. John and his flat-mate had been invited down to the USA by some visiting engineers. In November my parents had tea and in the evening played scrabble with Joan and Rob Laurie. Dymphna Fox was going to Montreal in February to be married to John on 3 March. Barrie Black and Wally Fotheringham, and their partners, were also young engineers going to Canada.

On 5 February, in the middle of a heat-wave, the Lauries took my parents, Marg and Meredith Michell for a swim at the beach. My parents had 'a lovely evening' with them on 17 March, when they brought John's slides and a projector. John's slides of Oxford were particularly good and my mother thought the ones of Trish and me were excellent. 'Trish looks absolutely beautiful in them and you don't look any different.' 'You will feel sad leaving such beauty and culture. I did not realize how wonderful it was till I saw those pictures.' The Lauries were waiting for pictures of the wedding. There was a tape recording

90 'Cocktails for Oxford president', *Sunday Mail*, 11/8/56.

and also 100 feet of movie film taken. On Anzac Day, 25 April, Rob and Joan Laurie took my parents for a drive on a lovely sunny autumn day to Barossa Valley. They took them to a University game at Woodville on 4 May, and Rob Laurie drove them home from the football on 17 June. On 29 June, the Lauries asked them to go to Saints to see an impressive production of 'Toad of Toad Hall', and then back to the Lauries for supper. John and Dymphna were doing very well in Canada. John had been given another rise and Dymphna was earning 'a big salary' in her social science work.

My mother's writing in this last year, from July 1955 to August 1956, had the extra stimulus of our approaching return and she appreciated our decision to wait and get married at home:

We were glad to hear both your passages were booked and I feel you are both very good to wait till you get home to be married. The date you said does not give you much time after you do return but Mrs Berry feels confident that she can cope with the arrangements for that day so I am sure it will be alright.⁹¹

My mother was very grateful that I had Trish with me in the final few months when I had the exceptional work pressures, and she was full of admiration for the way she was looking after me. My mother's letters were a model of understanding and support during the final few months. In her letter of 19 July, she wrote:

We all felt very keenly for you about your disappointment over your 'Schools' after having worked so hard but really John I have always been told and also read a good degree in Oxford is a 'first' or 'second' so we are more than delighted. I feel sure your tutors would not have raised your hopes if they did not think you were capable. For want of a better word 'luck' was just not with you. When we thought of just what you have gained not only academically but in your games and the friends you have made, besides many other things that make life worthwhile, we felt you have spent a very fruitful time at Oxford. I rang Mr Gordon at Saints and he said to tell you he was disappointed for your sake but speaking as a man who collected a third the longer he lives he realizes he got just as much out of Oxford as if he had a first or second. He was going to write but I told him you had left England so he asked me to give you the message and tell you not to be at all worried, it was foolish. He was looking forward to seeing you when you return like many others of your friends at Saints.⁹²

THE TRIP HOME

We encountered a fairly heavy swell in the Bay of Biscay, but after retiring very early neither of us had any further trouble with the ship's movement. Trish was sharing her cabin with the head groom of the Australian horses at the

⁹¹ Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 2/10/55.

⁹² Letter, Lucy Lawrence to John Lawrence, 19/7/56.

Olympic games.⁹³ Our table companions were a couple of grandmothers from Brisbane who had ‘done’ England and Europe, a young couple Barbara and Geoff Sharman, and the first officer John English, a cheerful character, fairly young to be in such a position. Geoff Sharman was going to lecture in zoology at the University of Adelaide. Chris Hurd Wood, whom we had got to know on the *Orontes*, was now the senior assistant bursar on the *Orion*. Beth Fry, whom we had known in Adelaide, was on board, and also SEK Hulme from Magdalen. There were ten Victoria Cross winners on board returning from celebrations in London.

We spent almost three hours ashore in Gibraltar wandering up and down the main street making a few purchases from shops kept open especially for the ship’s passengers. The *Orion* left the rock in shining moonlight soon before midnight. At a gala dance on 21 July, we spent most of the time with the Sharmans whom we had come to like a lot. We were forming a relationship that was to continue throughout the rest of our lives. Quoit tennis, a game of cricket, and swimming in the pool now filled with sparkling clear Mediterranean water made me feel considerably better after the pressures of the recent past. On Sunday, we went to 7.30am communion and also to morning prayer taken by the ship’s captain.

A Day-Tour from Naples

We spent the day in Naples on 23 July. Since we saw only the city last time, Trish and I booked on a 7-hour coach tour to Pompeii, Amalfi and Sorrento, and Barbara and Geoff Sharman came with us. The ruins at Pompeii were very extensive but I was surprised to find how far they were away from Vesuvius. The sun was warm and penetrating; I realised how much I had missed such a sun. Our drive to near Salerno was mainly upon a fairly flat heavily-trafficked road which passed through a number of villages. From near Salerno we began 40 miles of amazing road perched precariously high upon beetling cliffs and steep mountains dropping sheer into the very blue Mediterranean. Our Italian driver, with the help of a two-toned blaring horn, skilfully negotiated over 3,000 bends most of them not allowing two vehicles to pass. The views were similar to those we experienced on the Cote D’Azure two years before. Amalfi, where we had a 4-course Italian lunch, clung in a colourful, Moorish-looking cluster on the mountains’ side. Positano, a favourite haunt of artists, was particularly colourful. At Sorrento, we bought a delightful coffee table of very beautiful wood. (Jim and Sheila had asked us to get something we liked for their wedding present to us.) Back at the ship, Geoff and I had a delightful 11pm swim, while Trish and Barbara went to bed early. It had been an interesting day.

On 26 July, I wrote that we had become fairly friendly with the likeable first officer, John English. He was keen on keeping fit and talked a lot. I was gradually getting my weight down (I was 13 stone 5 in my sports clothes at one stage in Oxford), and hoped to be more my normal weight by the time we arrived home.

93 The equestrian events of the 1956 Olympic Games had been held in Stockholm in June, five months ahead of the rest of the Summer Games in Melbourne, due to Australian quarantine regulations.

An International Crisis

Ashore at Pt Said on 26 July, we found the atmosphere strangely much less hostile than when we last passed through. We began our convoy up the Canal at 11pm and emerged at Suez about 5pm next day, so we saw much of the Canal in daylight – mostly parched desert, with occasional irrigation areas. While we were in the Great Bitter Lake, right in the middle of the Canal, we heard of Nasser's decision to seize the Canal. Much to our relief, however, we were in no way delayed. On 29 July, when we were well clear of Suez, we heard that Nasser was enforcing payment of hard currency from ships passing through. We were, of course, incredibly lucky to have got through the Canal when we did. We had not considered in the planning for our wedding that international events might delay our arrival home. Our families who had done most of the preparations for the wedding must have been very anxious when they first heard about Nasser seizing the Canal and relieved when they heard we had got through.

Some Political Fellow Passengers

A fellow passenger Mr Parsons, a Victorian farmer, asked me to have a drink with Mr Bolte, the Victorian Premier, on 28 July. I found Bolte fairly unimpressive – a farmer not very broad in his outlook and lacking knowledge which I thought would be necessary for any serious-minded politician in the present age.⁹⁴ I felt I was with men of a different generation. Much of what they said was perhaps applicable 20 or 30 or more years before but was rather irrelevant to deal with present-day problems. I can recall Bolte had travelled with him a senior Victorian civil servant whom I was impressed by. Senator Pearson was another politician passenger and made himself known to me. He was a friend of the Wilsons. Later in the trip, on 14 August, he and his wife invited us for a drink before lunch. He was a former farmer from near Port Lincoln, who knew the Clarksons and Burnards quite well.

In the aquatic sports on 28 July, I was vanquished in the final of a contest where the object was to knock an opponent off a slippery pole into the pool with a wet bag. The Red Sea race meeting in the evening was an elaborate set-up on the sun-deck with women acting as jockeys winding horses on a string.

A group of us spent a couple of hours in the streets of Aden near the ship in the late evening of 30 July. I bought a Remington electric shaver (for £7/10/0), a large thermos, and a few toys. The letter from my mother at Aden told me they would be meeting Mr Boase at the Wilsons' function for him. I was glad, and wrote, 'He takes a bit of getting used to, but I think that underneath the continual flow of easy charm lies something solid'.⁹⁵

On 31 July, I was joint winner of the men's quoit tennis and received £2. That

94 Henry Bolte, a rural Liberal, became the longest serving Premier of Victoria, 1955 – 72. He was the last Victorian premier not to attend a university. A Wikipedia article on him states: 'His populist attacks on the trade unions, intellectuals, protesters and the press won him a large following.'

95 Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 4/8/56.

night we hit a monsoon which persisted for a couple of days, and caused us to delay a small celebration of our third engagement anniversary. On 4 August, we had for dinner in the ship's restaurant the Sharmans, Judy and Peter Slack (Peter was going to work with the New South Wales agriculture department), and John English. A couple of days before, I had been sitting in my bathers beside the pool when John English, fully clad in his first officer's uniform tried to throw me in by catching me unawares. As I felt myself going in I grabbed John's legs and brought him in too, much to the amusement of all onlookers and subsequently of John himself. On 2 August in a cricket match, Australia versus England, we won in spite of the recent news of Australia's overwhelming defeat in the Fourth Test. A week or so before, a team of us picked from the passengers defeated a ship's officers team. In the riotous fancy dress dance on 3 August, Geoff Sharman dressed as a sheik, and Barbara, Trish, Anne Schwartz, and I went as his harem. I was dressed for the part in veils and rich saris by Raja and Sula De Silva, Ceylonese friends.

Colombo

The *Orion* arrived at Colombo at 6am and left at 8pm on Sunday, 5 August. Our day was not very exciting. I had written to Sam, but he only had the morning free. He took us in his new Mercedes Benz to Mount Lavinia, a picturesque bathing resort about 6 miles from Colombo where we sat and chatted with a couple of his friends. One worked for the Colombo Plan; the other was the youngest member of parliament in the newly-elected Ceylonese lower house. We paid a short visit to the shopping centre after leaving Sam, returned to the ship by launch for a late lunch, and did not go ashore again. In the early evening, the passengers were entertained by a group of Kandian dancers and a snake charmer and magician.

The day before we reached Fremantle, I wrote; 'This trip seems to have been never-ending. It's hard to realise that at last Australia, and all that goes with it, is within reach'.⁹⁶ For some days after leaving Colombo, I had had a stomach bug which had been going around the ship and, with the ship's pitching and rolling had not been feeling very well. However, my spirits were now high again; the more so because Trish did not get the bug.

During the stretch between Colombo and Fremantle, we heard some excellent classical music, because we had become quite friendly with a number of the ship's officers and at least three of them had gramophones and a collection of long-playing records. Trish was giving me a superb wedding present of a radiogram. It was in a wooden crate in the hold. Other wooden crates contained our two dinner sets and our glasses. Trish's customs form indicated she had 18 pieces of luggage; mine that I had 11. They varied greatly in size and weight, but we were certainly not returning home empty-handed, and we looked forward to being able to entertain friends and family in our flat at Blackwood.

⁹⁶ Letter, John Lawrence to Lawrence family, 12/8/56.

Fremantle

We berthed at Fremantle at 8am on Monday, 13 August. Ken Fitch told us by letter that he was witness in a Supreme Court Case and had a ward round in the morning, but suggested we met him at the Royal Perth Hospital at 2pm. He took us for a short drive round about, we saw Peter Tunbridge who was on duty in casualty at the Children's Hospital, and then he drove us back to the ship which left at 5pm. Ken was in great form. He had come second in final year medicine in 1955, and had played some excellent football with the University team since we last saw him. Peter Tunbridge had also enjoyed his League football in Perth and Ken had told us Peter was now a father.

Home

Our great overseas adventure together ended, when we met up with our families again at Outer Harbour on 17 August, a day of great excitement. We received unexpected assistance with all of our luggage from one of the wharfies, 'Udder' Murray, who had played football for Exeter and was a fellow-member of the 1951 state team. Until our wedding on Saturday, 25 August, Trish went to live with her family, and I went to live with mine.

What Now?

My brother Jim had written in June, 1956: 'You and Trish must be looking forward to the next few months with very mixed feelings. No matter how happy Australia will be, it will be difficult to end a very happy era.' He was, of course, right, but we were more than ready to move on to the next stage of our lives. We were aged 25 and still not married, although we had made a permanent commitment to each other many years before. I had no clarity about what path my career should take. Apart from the social science diploma, which was a deliberate but very under-developed preparation for work as a qualified social worker, the rest of my university qualifications were not vocationally-oriented, however enlightening and educative they may have been. I was the beneficiary of a liberal arts education which would stand me in good stead for the rest of my life to have at least some understanding of myself and the social, political and economic environment in which I was living.

I was very aware, however, that even though my learning opportunities had put me in an unusually privileged position, every one of us is a work-in-progress, moulded by what we make of our opportunities on an on-going basis. The account given of my early life has indicated how fortunate I was in my family, social and educational context. Clearly I had had plenty to enjoy, be stimulated by, and be thankful for, but as a young adult I was still to take on the responsibilities of making a contribution to society through earning a living and bringing up a family. The Rhodes Scholarship had obviously delayed this, but it had been an educative, productive delay, not just for me, but for Trish also.

The next volume of this autobiography tells the story of the next phase of my life after these first 25 formative years. It was to be a time for getting a career under way and establishing a family with my life partner.



Bruce Kent, Duncan Anderson, and David Dodwell



Interior of Magdalen College Chapel



Addison's walk in Autumn



Christmas 1955 – Elizabeth and Graham Jeffries, PDB and RJJ



Haystacks



Winter view from RJJ's room in digs



Above: Magdalen Bridge and Magdalen Tower



Right: Anne and Murray Gordon – New Building, Magdalen



Visit to Magdalen by the Russian leaders, April 1956 – bottom right-hand corner, College president Tom Boase, Nikita Krushev (First Secretary of Communist Party of USSR); in middle of the three behind Krushev is Nikolai Bulganin (Premier of USSR); bottom left, RJL and Elizabeth Jeffries



RJL – off to Schools (final exams)



Margaret Tite, Duncan Anderson, PDB, RJL, and Gul – Magdalen Commem. Ball



Graham and Elizabeth Jeffries-Commem. Ball



PDB after Commem. Ball



PDB, Hedley, Ida and Jenny Richards, Jack and Deb Cane – farewell visit, Cornwall



Farewelling Tite family, Old Pound House, Oxford – Peter, Margaret, Ken, and Philip



On board Orion – approaching Gibraltar



Geoff Sharman, PDB, and Barbie Sharman – ruins, Pompeii; Vesuvius in background



The Orion at Port Said



Colombo Plan worker, PDB, Sam Amarasuriya, and new Ceylonese MP – beach near Colombo



PDB and RJL on the Orion – middle of Indian Ocean

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The foundation of the author's learning and social and cultural awareness came during his early years - from his birth in a country town in South Australia in 1931 at the height of the great depression, to 1956 a decade after the end of the Second World War. Originally from Victoria, his parents settled in Adelaide in 1935 where their three children were educated in a state primary school, private secondary schools, and the University of Adelaide. John did well in sport and music, reflecting his parents' interests. At university, he combined an honours BA degree in history and political science with a professional diploma in social work, a rare choice at the time for a male straight from school. As 1953 South Australian Rhodes Scholar, he read PPE (philosophy, politics and economics) at Magdalen College in Oxford. His fiancée Patricia Berry accompanied him overseas, sharing Rhodes House activities and holiday touring experiences in Europe, England and Scotland, while living in Oxford.



John Lawrence has taught social policy for thirty years, taking a special interest in the ethical justification of policy and professional intervention. He is a graduate of the Universities of Adelaide and Oxford, and the Australian National University. Australia's first Professor of Social Work, he headed the School of Social Work at the University of New South Wales for fourteen years, chaired the University's Faculty of Professional Studies, was a member of the University Council, and was directly involved in the development of its Social Policy Research Centre, a national centre directly funded by the Australian Government. A former federal president and life member of the Australian Association of Social Workers, he served on its National Ethics Committee. For eight years, he was an elected member of the Executive Board of the International Association of Schools of Social Work. He has had membership of the governing bodies of community agencies, including a vice-presidency of ACOSS (Australian Council of Social Service). He is a firm advocate of international experience, and has spent almost seven years away from his native Australia, studying, researching, teaching and acting as a consultant in England, the United States, Canada, Thailand and Sweden. This has been assisted by various awards – a Rhodes Scholarship, Fulbright senior awards, the Moses Distinguished Professorship at Hunter College in New York, and a Canadian Commonwealth Fellowship – and university study leave and exchange arrangements. He is a member of the Order of Australia.