

As the Pope was carried in procession the selected priests had the obligation to remind the Pope of the reality of life. Carrying burning oakum and proceeding the Pope they would cry out 'HOLY FATHER - SO PASSES AWAY THE GLORY OF THE WORLD'.

The recognition that we come into the World with nothing and we leave it in the same state is a strong reminder to all of us. No matter what we may do or how important we may think we have become during our life these material things will not be transferred into the next life. The frightening thing is the possibility that the baggage of the good and bad we have shown others whilst in this life will undoubtedly be all that will go with us into the next.

Robert Menzies became Prime Minister on my Mothers birthday April 26th 1939 when she was aged 36. Only a few months later on September 3rd, Menzies followed England and declared war on Germany thus involving Australia in World War 11.

Pig Iron Bob (as Menzies was called) became the first of our Wartime Prime Ministers.

By 1939 my parents were still trying to recover from the Great Depression and an earlier loss of business they had conducted at the town of Jervois, located on the lower section of the River Murray. It is hard to believe that a tent city was set up along the river Torrens in Adelaide with thousands of people dependent on food rations and charity soup kitchens just to survive.

Many men were out of work during the Depression but the greatest burden lay with the women at home who were trying to keep the family fed and clothed with the little available. My mother's great friend was Edna Connell who gave birth to one of her children a few months after I was born. Edna shared the struggle of life at that time with my mother making every effort to cook, sew and work at any task to keep each family together, just trying to survive. Both were very poor, they only survived by sharing a great many things.

Mum had a woollen singlet and it was not respectable in those days to go to the Doctor without wearing a vest. Edna and Mum had different Doctors and each woman ensured their appointments were at least one day apart so they could share the important underwear.

My mother would go and see Dr Boyd Turner and when she returned home the singlet would be washed and in damp conditions the garment would dry over night on the oven door in time for Edna to use the singlet for her appointment the next day. Wool was not as fine in those days and garments made of the fibre tended to be heavy, thick, cream coloured and inclined to be matted.

They both had very difficult times financially but had even more difficulty with their husbands who were attracted to an assortment of women and when they were not pursuing that particular hobby often drank down the sorrows of the time with the 6 pm. swill. Ted Connell and my father Allan Lockwood were abstract husbands towards what went on in the home...somewhat in line with the men of the time. Apart from the fault of having an occasional eye for the attractive woman they drank too much played cards and liked horse racing.

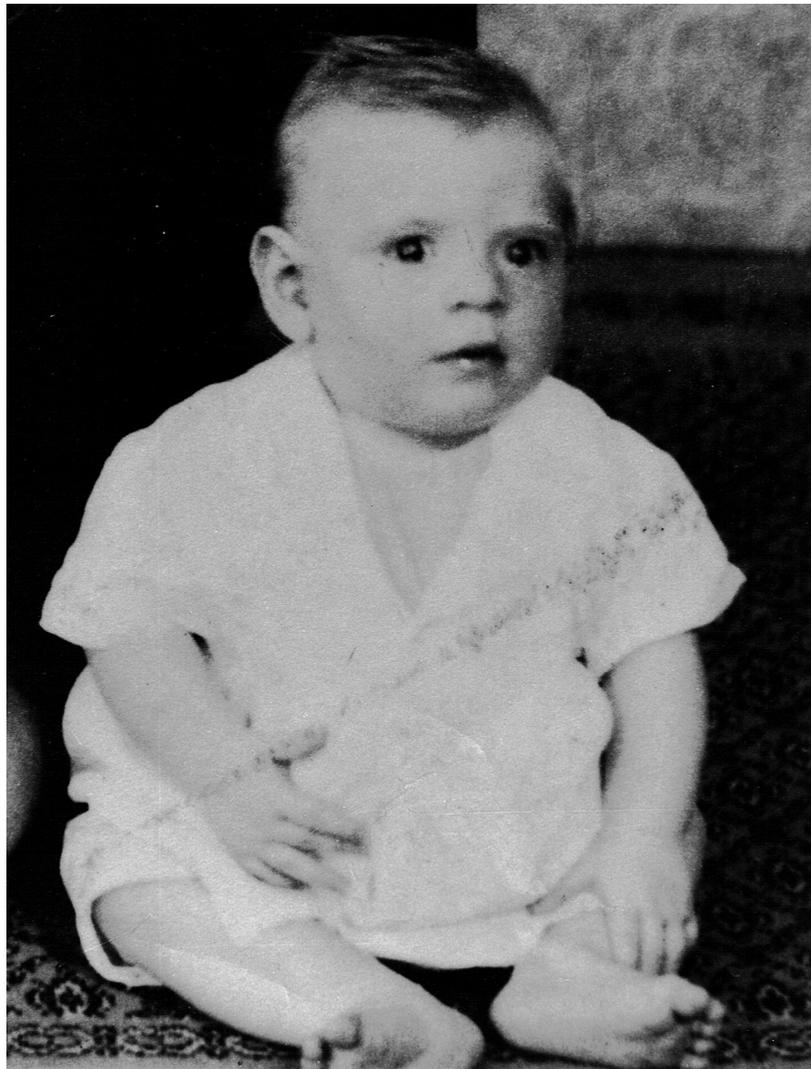
Despite difficult times the men were smartly dressed and photos of the time show men wearing well cut quality garments accompanied with attractive dapper hats. They also had the manners to go with the attire. My Father had a beautiful Irish tenor voice, played the piano and really knew how to entertain a group of people. The blue eyes complimented the tall attractive entertainer and he found he constantly had a group of beautiful admirers.

Meanwhile, these two young mothers had a considerable and a constant struggle to bring their husbands into line whilst working hard to secure a worthwhile life style for their children.

Edna was 92 in 1998 and died about a year later. On a visit to Edna's home – my mother decided I should no longer have a dummy – it was decided that Edna's ducks would get the blame 'those ducks took dummy' but despite this tragedy I stayed in close contact with my mother's closest friend over the years until she died. She was a convert to the Catholic Faith and comforted my mother after an incident at Church when my mother was ordered out of the Mass by Rev Fr O'Connell. I was responsible for this event as Mum had made a great effort to get to early Mass on a Sunday morning and prior to the Canon of the Mass I started with hiccups which must have been loud enough to upset the Priest. In those days the Priest said Mass in Latin and faced the Altar with his back towards the people. Father O'Connell turned around from the altar and yelled to my mother "Woman, take that child out of the Church".

The curate or assistant Priest Fr Redden was shocked when he heard about what had happened during Mass and came around to comfort my mother, something she always remembered with great appreciation. Perhaps it was at this early age that I learnt to cope with members of the clergy who could shatter one's faith from time to time.

The Church would always be seen in its holy state by me...however, it would never prevent me from seeing the organisational wing and some of its ordained clergy departing from their basic servant's role, and like all of us at times let the side down. The Irish clergy were very important in the development and growth of the Catholic Church in Australia but it is sad that some of the clergy ruled their people with an iron fist, terrifying many members of the congregation.



Gary – aged eight and half months old

My mother and father had a healthy respect for most of the Priests who came into our lives but clearly exercised a forceful view about those who attempted to go into an area of their lives out of step with their sacramental role.

Dad accepted a position with Farmers Union at Naracoorte in the South East and that saw the family of 5 living firstly at Naracoorte, shortly after moving to Nairne in the Adelaide Hills. By September 1942 we had moved to Mt Barker and it was at this town that my younger brother Lloyd Francis was born.

Earlier in March 1941 Premier Thomas Playford called a fresh election for the State Parliament and the Liberal Country Party won with 21 seats, Labor 11 and Independents 5. On the national level Robert Gordon Menzies resigned as Prime Minister in August 1941 temporarily replaced by Country Party Leader Arthur Fadden but the destiny of Australia during war time would be in the hands of another.

Probably Australia's greatest leader was called to form a Government on October 7th 1941. John Curtin set the seal on realism for Australian Foreign Policy by declaring on December 26th of that year "*Australia looks to America, free of any pangs as to our traditional links of kinship with the United Kingdom*".



John Curtin – Australia's great World War II leader.

By February 1942 Curtin would go against Churchill's wishes and insist that the 6th and 7th divisions of the A.I.F. be withdrawn from the Middle East to defend Australia from the Japanese. After winning a stunning victory (Aug 21st 1943) whilst in power and conducting the War with the dedication of a Martyr, John Curtin died in office on July 5th 1945.

In years to come when I hope Australia will become a Republic I hope this nation of ours, in its maturity, will find a way to give due honour to one of our really great heroes. I was too young to remember anything about Naracoorte, Nairne or Mt Barker and then moved to the town of Springton in the heart of the German community, where my only memory of our stay at Springton was the ginger beer that my mother made and stored in very large earthen pots placed in a large chimney.

Byron, my brother, was one of the few students at school who could not speak German and many students had difficulty speaking English as it was not the language spoken at home. It was a very cold place, almost every room in the house had a fireplace but I do not think it was a particularly happy home and I think my father continued to visit the local hotel on a fairly regular basis.

Dad worked at the Butter factory.

There is a possibility that my father, being a drinker, may have been a wife basher when drunk. I have no doubt that my mother would have in general dealt with this issue in a forceful way but I do however remember leaving Springton and there must have been a very strong reason for her action, perhaps even an affair.

One morning as soon as my father had left for early morning shift work my mother woke us all and insisted we dress in what was called in those days 'our second best clothes'. It was obvious my mother was on a mission, she had secretly packed and we were soon out the door, on our way to catch the bus. My mother was a very strong and determined person and obviously she had decided to move out and to go to the city to find a new home, with or without her husband.

To the City

We were soon on the first bus going to the City of Adelaide. Byron missed school and looking back it was as though my mother was at war and she had a single task ahead to complete. The Country itself was at war at the time and there were considerable regulations and restrictions on tenants and people trying to occupy property. The person prepared to pay the right kind of 'key money' had a distinct advantage.

I am not sure how my mother quite did it, but she took over a house at McKinnon Parade, Lower North Adelaide. It seems that as someone moved out my mother was on the spot and she moved in with all four children and occupied the place. We slept on the floor that night, mum was in possession, we were squatters - we could not be removed.

Opposite our new home was a playground and it had a fence consisting of 3 wire strands. One day I went over to the playground but in my attempt to get through the fence I somehow became twisted upside down with wire in a figure eight around my neck. I was choking to death saved fortunately by a soldier who was walking in the park who recognised I was in distress.

My father in time joined us in Lower North Adelaide being employed by A.E.Hall and Co which was the makers of 'Strath Butter'. The factory was located in the city at Hall's Court behind Waymouth Street in the City. Always the business woman my mother saw the opportunity to take over and run a two story apartment house located in Morphett Street Adelaide on a site that the Buffalo Lodge now has as its headquarters.

There were established boarders at the house when my family moved into our quarters. The people staying there were very kind to my two brothers and me and in a way we were quite spoilt with a special treat here and there.

In some way our standard of living had greatly improved even though we were in the middle of a war and rationing of goods was now in force. One Greek man, named Chris had lived at the apartment house for many years and worked in Hindley Street as a hairdresser.

I remember another boarder by the name of Mrs Ash who was also very kind and attentive to us as children yet she is imbedded within my memory for another reason. As Dean and I were well removed from being identical twins my mother had long given up on dressing us alike, we were not alike in fact we were quite different in appearance.

My twin brother was much taller than me, was darker in complexion with curly hair and small blue eyes - he was a pretty baby and an appealing little boy.

I was not attractive, looked more like a little old man, big eyes with almost a bald look because the light coloured hair was lost by the dominance of rather larger ears.

I did not have the same instant appeal to doting mothers as my twin brother and seemed to have almost the same hair style for most of my life.

Mrs Ash gave a photo of a Collie dog to Dean and I resented this greatly, once again I missed out and yes, even to this day I remember the lady who gave me nothing. A few months later we were at the Adelaide Railway station to see one of the giant steam trains arrive from Melbourne. The train driver alighted from the engine with a Christmas stocking, he saw the two young children, guess to whom he gave the stocking, it wasn't me but once again to the child who had the appeal won the day.

Jealousy would overtake me in due course and I am sure that some of these experiences contributed to a developing personality with sneaky manipulative 'qualities' obviously leading me to enjoy the art of Politics later in life. One day, following the Mrs Ash and Christmas stocking affair I implemented a Solomon solution to the Collie dog picture issue by cutting the picture in two, I took the top half and I left Dean with the bottom half.

Living at Morphett Street was memorable but, sadly, one young boy living with his family at our home contracted diphtheria and died a few days later. It reminds me of the terrible infectious diseases that are no longer dominant in our modern society thanks to medical research and immunization. Everyone had to be swabbed and vaccinated and it was a great shock to all when it was discovered that my father was a carrier of the disease even though he was perfectly well within himself.

Trendy mothers who try to avoid having their children protected would change their mind if they saw the tragedy of such a young death.

Dad had to be isolated for ten weeks and could not work in the food industry until fully cleared. It took the health authorities about two weeks to catch up with me and carry out the swabbing and immunization required. As soon as I saw the authorities approaching our double story home I could escape out into a back industrial lane. I was small enough to fit under very heavy locked metal factory gates and there I would go, safely out of harms way.

This escape route was almost my undoing as I often rushed out of our own property by squeezing under a locked cyclone gate and failed to look out to see if any traffic was coming along. On three occasions I ran out on to the lane at knock off time resulting in me being run over by men riding home on their push bikes.

Dean had a far more serious accident at the corner of Franklin and Morphett Street when a truck knocked him down when backing out of Balfour's, the then location of the famous Adelaide Bakery. After a short stay in hospital having suffered mainly cuts and bruising he returned home, lucky not to have been killed.

Our adventures led to another disaster. We decided to go down into the cellar located in the apartment below the dining room. Armed with matches Dean and I carefully opened the hatch door to descend into the 'no go' area. We had rolled up newspapers as an alternative to candles and when the flame came close to our hands we dropped the burning paper.

The cellar caught alight and we fled. Smoke filled the lower area of the house with the fire burning through most of the floorboards of the Dining room causing considerable damage. I can't remember how we were dealt with on that occasion but I do remember a very stern fire officer waving his finger at us. The nearby Light Square was our special playground even though the square had been dug up for Air Raid shelter use as a war precaution. I loved playing under the large Moreton Bay fig trees still located near Currie Street in the Square.

I was always fascinated that the man on the statue at Montefiore Hill had his burial place right in the middle of the Square that was named after him. I believe that the location of Col. Light's grave should be a far more dominant and spectacular monument. It should dominate the skyline when coming over the Morphett Street Bridge.

1944

It was during this time of my life that my Grandmother Margaret Ryan died (18th August 1944). Margaret Rehena Ryan had lived at Tailem Bend and I still remember this white haired lady dressed in a long black dress finding a barley sugar for me on the mantle piece. As we went to the train and waved goodbye I recall the tears that flowed down her face when we kissed her goodbye, she did not want us to go and perhaps she knew she would not see us again.

My grandmother was diabetic and had to give herself insulin injections.

Apparently she had a very bad attack of Gall stones and became very jaundiced after having an operation at a Royal Adelaide Hospital. My Mother had to look after and feed her in the hospital as the Hospital Staff were on strike. Mum realised my grandmother was not recovering and had her transferred to Wakefield Street Private Hospital where she underwent a further operation but never recovered. Margaret Rehena Ryan (nee Kiely) who was born on December 18th 1876 died.

Michael Kiely came out to South Australia with his wife Mary Ann Ryan in the ship 'Emerald Isle' – they left Portsmouth England on 11th October 1853 and arrived in Adelaide on 16th January 1854, a 3 month voyage. Seven of their eight children may have been on the voyage, Daniel, Timothy, Honora, Bridget, David, Margaret and my great grandfather John.

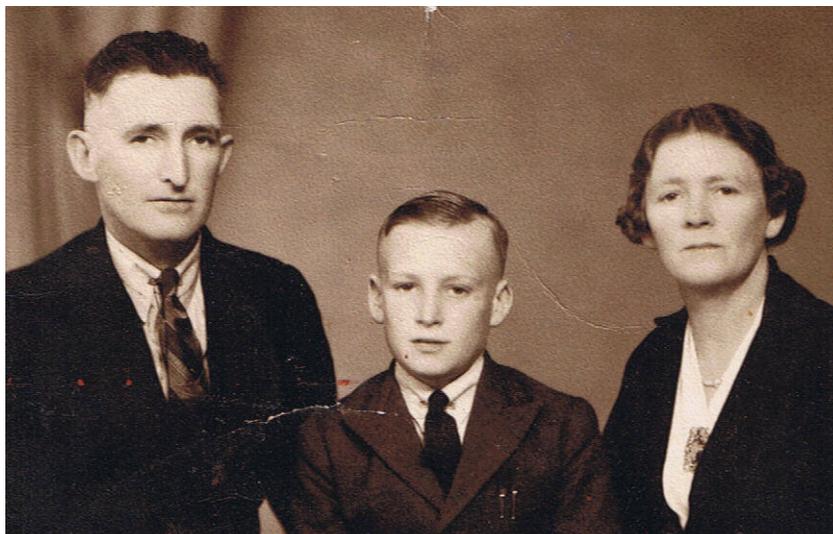
My Grandmother was the only daughter of John and Ellen Kiely (nee Lloyd of Rose Green Tipperary Ireland) and they were married at Salisbury SA on 14th June 1863.

John Kiely born in Clonaulty, County Tipperary and left Ireland in 1853 (aged 10) with his family in the ship 'Emerald Isle' and reached Adelaide in 1854. His parents had taken up land at Woolshed Flat.

After his marriage at Salisbury, Great Grandfather Kiely purchased a farm at Hoyle's Hill near Halbury, where he lived the rest of his life. My grandmother married Michael Ryan on the 31st October 1895 just under the age of 19.

Grandfather Michael Andrew Ryan's father came to Australia in 1854 (aged 14) having sailed to Australia in the ship 'Osceola' embarking from Plymouth England on the 11th October 1853. My Great Grandfather, also named Michael Andrew Ryan, married Margaret Callery at Kapunda on the 27th February 1862 and they had nine children with my grandfather being the eldest of the nine.

Whilst my grandmother was seriously ill and in hospital my mother was fully occupied looking after her needs and visiting the hospital. Dean and I were sent to stay with Uncle Frank and Auntie Eileen Ryan at Jervois on their dairy farm. Grandmother died while we were with our relatives – I went to the funeral from their home/farm.



Uncle Frank, Auntie Eileen with their only child Desmond in 1940

The funeral was conducted with Requiem Mass at Murray Bridge Catholic Church and I still remember walking down the length of the church to place a small bunch of violets on my grandmother's coffin. I have always had a soft spot for the simple bunch of violets.

I never knew either of my paternal grandparents and my maternal grandfather Michael Andrew Ryan died aged 66 almost 10 years before I was born. The Kiely – Ryan Irish background had the major influence on my earlier life. Michael Ryan was born on the 17th Nov 1862 and was married to Margaret Kiely on the 31st October 1895 with John Francis being born in 1896, my mother Eileen May in 1903, Thomas Michael 1906 and Winifred Margaret in 1908.