School Annual of the I.B.V.M. in Australia

December, 1958
LORETO

in which is incorporated

Eucalyptus Blossoms

(1886—1924)

School Annual of the I.B.V.M. in Australia

"Tâche. toi. d'être vaillante et bonne — ce sont les grandes qualités des femmes."

—Fénelon.

Volume 14

December, 1958
Picture of St. Luke’s Madonna
Venerated for Centuries as the Special Madonna of the I.B.P.M.


**Editorial...**

The year 1958 was made notable for us by the visit of Reverend Mother General (M. M. Pauline Dunne), from Loreto Abbey (IBVM), Rathfarnham, Dublin.

In the six years that had elapsed since her previous visit, our schools had grown in size and in numbers. Every House had some improvements, which Reverend Mother was quick to notice.

There are seventy convents in the Generalate under her jurisdiction and, as they are scattered over four continents and visited every five or six years, Reverend Mother leads an arduous life.

She spent six months in Australia, and each House has happy memories of her kind, gracious personality. As she was in Mauritius last year she had a freshly stored supply of anecdotes which she recounted with verve and humour.

She did not obtrude her worries, but in conversation with her one could feel her deep anxiety about the Loreto Foreign Missions in India, South Africa and Kenya. We recommend these intentions to our readers, and hope that Loreto in Australia will never be one of her anxieties.
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Original Anecdotes from our Schools are scattered throughout.
The Loreto Federation of Australia
SECOND BIENNIAL CONFERENCE

Among the people to deserve special congratulations on the organisation of this Conference is the Old Scholars' Association, Marryatville, Adelaide. Delegates from Loreto convents in all the States of Australia have been unanimous in praising the hospitality of the Adelaide Executive, and of the Mother Superior and Community of Marryatville.

The conference opened in Adelaide on Saturday, November 9, 1957, when at 11.30 a.m. Official Delegates and the Executive Committee were invited to the South Australian Hotel to meet the members of the Press. Luncheon was then served; and in the early afternoon we gathered in the Convent Assembly Hall at Marryatville for the first session of the Conference. The President of the Federation, Miss Rice North, welcomed all visiting delegates and past pupils attending the Conference.

His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, wrote a gracious letter from Sydney, which reads in part: "I congratulate you most enthusiastically on your initiative, and, in particular, on the theme which you have chosen for the Conference: The Loreto Girl in the World Today. The Holy Father himself has lately spoken to a group of women gathered at the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Loreto and emphasised, as he has done in the past, the very same theme." . . . "Very Conscious of the mind of the Holy Father in these matters, I congratulate you also on the choice of topics to be discussed." This letter was received with great pleasure at the first session of the Conference.

Except for the second session which was held at the Graduates' Centre, University, North Terrace, Adelaide, all the sessions were held at the Convent, where a general Communion was held on the Sun-

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In the evening a buffet dinner was held at the home of Mrs. Overton in Rose Park. It made an enjoyable ending to a stimulating day. Another pleasant social gathering was held the following day, when, all the sessions being over, we went for a drive through the Adelaide Hills to the home of one of the members, Mrs. E. O. Kirby at Aldgate, where we enjoyed her delicious afternoon tea. We had made arrangements to have our photograph taken at the convent when we returned to Marryatville that afternoon, but several were unable to come, being obliged to drive straight to their homes. For a glimpse at our informal group, we refer you to the picture.

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SECOND ROW: Mmes. J. Dynon (Toorak, Vic.), Miss J. Maloney, Mrs. G. Mattel, Mrs. F. Kelly (Normanhurst rep.), Mrs. J. Pianto (Marryatville President), Mrs. M. Cotter (Normanhurst), Mrs. G. Smith (Brisbane), Miss M. Murray (Brisbane rep.), Mrs. B. Rofe (W.A. rep.), Mrs. V. Britten Jones (Mary's Mount rep.), Mrs. D. Coles (Toorak rep.), Mrs. J. Lambrell.
FRONT ROW (seated): Mmes. P. Gordon, M. Tandy, A. Rice North (President Federation), Mrs. V. Hart (Kirribilli rep.), Mrs. K. Oglesby (Treasurer Federation), Miss C. Wright (Loreto, Ballarat).

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LORETO ABBEY, MARY'S MOUNT, BALLARAT, VICTORIA

(See Names, page 53)
ABOVE—Second, Third and Fourth Generations of Loreto Children.


FOURTH ROW: M. Smith (R. Fraser), M. Jens, K. O'Callaghan (Davey), M. O'Connor (N. Barwick), F. Jens, Julie O'Callaghan, L. Holmes, A. Sparks (V. Lucas), P. Hayden, L. Podger (N. Burke), J. Coghlan.


INSET: FOUR GENERATIONS.

1st Generation: Bridget Cullen.
2nd Generation: C. Wilkins.
3rd Generation: N. & M. Barwick.

AT LEFT—SCHOOL PREFECTS.
(Left to Right): M. Burchell, J. O'Callaghan, C. McSwiney (Head of the School), M. Holligan, C. Rice.

LORETO ABBEY, MARY'S MOUNT, BALLARAT, VICTORIA
LORETO ABBEY, MARY'S MOUNT, BALLARAT, VICTORIA

TOP—FIFTH & SIXTH CLASSES AND JUNIOR SCHOOL


BOTTOM—KINDERGARTEN

IN FRONT: J. Thompson, S. Noonan.
MEMORIES FROM MARY’S MOUNT

1957.

23rd August: Production of “The Pied Piper”—honoured by the presence of His Lordship Bishop O’Collins.

25th August: Repeated “The Pied Piper”—attended this time by the Mayor of Ballarat and most of the boarders’ parents. Our thanks to Miss Maureen Chris­

9th November: Sports Day—the rain held off until afternoon-tea time.

10th December: Loreto Day! Congratulations to our Jubilarians, Therese Lechte, Margaret O’Loghlen, Finola Joyce, Julienne Tweddle, Annette Doney, Sandra Hayes, Joan Faulkner, Elizabeth Fraser and Helen Powell. They had the honour of being crowned by Mother General. The day passed all too quickly with a picnic to Lal Lal Falls, a concert by the Leavings, a grand party, and the film “Quo Vadis”.

1958

11th February: Back to school. We welcomed Mother M. Andrew from Toorak but were sorry to hear Mother M. Mark had gone to take her place.

28th February: Mother Superior announced the Prefects—Carolyn McSwiney (Head of the School), and Maureen Holligan, Joan O’Callaghan, Margaret Burchell and Carmel Rice. Congratulations to all!

8th March: Loreto, Dawson Street, came for the afternoon to play vigoro; enjoyment keen, when we won.

13th March: Grand match with Clarendon out on the Softball oval while tennis was played at home.—Victorious again.

27th March: “A” and “B” matches today and yesterday against Queens—a draw!

29th March: One of the year’s big events—Loreto, Toorak, came up for the day. A wonderful day—especially as we won both softball matches. Our last view of the bus “streaming” away!

10th April: The Y.C.S. Mission Group had a small fete which raised over £20—all in less than an hour!

17th April: Second matches against Queens in Soft­ball—we won this time, cheers!

20th April: Fr. Dynon, S.J., showed us films of the works of the Jesuits—our missionary zeal was increased greatly.

26th April: Head of the Lake! A perfect day.

30th April: Fr. J. Moloney gave us a very interesting account of Lourdes and his trip there while he was a student at Propaganda College.

1st May: Fine weather for our procession.

2nd May: Father McMahon spoke to us on his recent trip to Rome for the Ordination at Christmas, in which twelve ordinands were Australians and one was a brother of our old girl, Janet Halloran. In the evening we enjoyed “Song of Bernadette”, especially after Father Moloney’s talk.

SECOND TERM, 1958.

12th June: With blue and gold streamers, we lined the drive to farewell Mother General and wish her a safe return.

16th June: We were delighted to hear that our former Mother Superior was now Mother Provincial.

17th—21st June: Annual Retreat given by Fr. W. Dumphy, C.S.S.R.

25th June: Vital match against Clarendon—our “A” basketball team still unbeaten!

28th June: The Matriculation Class greatly enjoyed “The Rivals” produced by the Ballarat National Theatre Company.

3rd July: Having weathered the 1st round undefeated in the Basketball, the second round began with victory over Girls’ School.

5th July: We were honoured by the Apostolic Delegate, who said Mass here and afterwards, spoke to us.

ANNE SAUNDERS and
WENDY PRITCHARD,
(Matriculation), Mary’s Mount.

LORETO DAY, 1957

The weeks before Loreto Day were filled with anticipation and rumours. At last a time-table went up on the noticeboard and everyone’s curiosity was satisfied. A picnic to Lal Lal Falls was the main attraction and also a long film, “Quo Vadis”.

After a Missa Cantata, everyone filled into the senior study where the Jubilarians had the honour of being crowned by Mother General, while the rest of us gave vent to our spirits in “Jubilantes in Aeter­nam”. Breakfast, with the nine Jubilarians enthroned at the top of the refectory, was soon over, and we watched the finals of the school tennis championships. The next move was upstairs to change into sports tunics ready for the picnic. Assembly in the quadrangle, groups formed, sweets collected, and at last—off to the three waiting buses, where everyone soon found a place. The last of the “cargo” was loaded, the gears screamed and we were off on the Geelong Road to Lal Lal Falls!

Everyone was so excited—we just sat wide-eyed and couldn’t even think of anything to sing! However at last someone started to render, “A White Sports Coat” and the ball was set rolling. After about twenty miles of smooth roads, we came to a gate. We were the first to arrive! A tour of exploration began immediately. As our area of ex-
THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE’S VISIT

On July 4th, thirty of our seniors took part in a Catholic Action Conference at the Cathedral Hall, which was presided over by His Excellency, Archbishop Carboni. The Apostolic Delegate had arrived in Ballarat the day before to begin his official tour of the diocese.

The Cathedral Hall was filled with a large audience of members of different Catholic Youth organizations and over the brightly-lit dais was the motto, “A New Youth to Build a New Australia”. His Excellency accompanied by Bishop O’Collins and Monsignor Eiscalini arrived at about 8.30 p.m. Father Volony, the enthusiastic Catholic Action organiser in Ballarat, welcomed the Apostolic Delegate and opened the Conference with a short talk on the need for Catholic Action in the Diocese. After the Diocesan secretaries of the N.C.C.G. and Y.C.W. had given reports on the tremendous work their movements are doing here, I was asked to give a report of our work on behalf of the four groups of the Young Catholic Students’ Movement in this Diocese. We were proud to note that of these four groups, two are at Loreto schools.

We were deeply moved by the simple and sincere way in which His Excellency stressed that we have a duty to live full lives as Apostles and to take part in organized Catholic Action which “collaborates and co-operates with the Church’s hierarchy”. After this interesting address, His Excellency went down into the hall and asked to be introduced to each individual boy and girl.

The next morning we were privileged to have His Excellency to say Mass in our school chapel. Archbishop Carboni thanked us for the psalms we sang during the Dialogue Mass, honouring us by saying that they had helped him to say his Mass.

After breakfast, His Excellency came into the senior study to speak to us informally. When I presented him with a copy of the report I had read at the Conference, he thanked me, praising our work and promising that this report would be sent to Rome to the Holy Father.

As we walked back to the school after watching the car go down the drive, perhaps the main thought in the minds of thirty privileged seniors was, “You are not members of Christ’s Church—you ARE His CHURCH.”

CAROLYN McSWINEY (16 years),
Mary’s Mount.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

“Hamelin Town’s in Brunswick, in Brunswick,
Hamelin Town’s in Brunswick, by famous Hanover City.”

Once on the stage, we forgot our nervousness (except, perhaps the Pied Piper and other principal characters) and threw ourselves wholeheartedly into making a success of this production. All went well—even the rats behaved and arrived on time, acting altogether in the way well-trained rats should. Our guest of honour that evening, was His Lordship, Dr. O’Collins, Bishop of Ballarat, and the hall was packed with an appreciative audience of parents, friends and relations.

The opera over, we all sang, “Queen of Loreto”, making it a prayer of gratitude for the success of the first night.

As many of the girls’ parents lived a long way from Ballarat, and so were unable to be present on Friday night, we presented the opera again on the Sunday afternoon—this time to a larger audience still. This afternoon was honoured by the presence of the Mayor of Ballarat.

Maybe the highlight of the whole opera was the second Act, which showed the children in the mountain with the Pied Piper—they sang and danced to the music of his pipe, until drowsy with happiness, they were lulled to sleep by the song of the beautiful Dream Lady. The toddlers from the kindergarten “stole the show” in this scene—the little boys were dressed as soldiers, armed “to the teeth” with guns, and their chivalrous attitude to the little “lady-dolls” won the hearts of all. One little soldier ceased to be “the gentleman” and became too soldierly during the Bishop’s speech on the Friday night. This young warrior apparently grew tired of listening and aimed his gun at the speaker—much to the Bishop’s amusement. Noticing this threat to his life, His Lordship could not refrain from commenting on the care with which the “assassinator” was sighting his weapon!

And so another performance was over successfully—now we can relax and enjoy the fruits of so many practices, by listening to ourselves on the tape recorder, with no stage-fright!

MAUREEN HOLLIGAN (16 years),
Mary’s Mount.

(Continued from page 9)

exploration was rather large, and dinner time was approaching, it was arranged that at a blow of a whistle we had to return to “camp”. However, before that happened we managed to see a wallaby, and also someone slipped into the creek—unharmed! We returned at a gallop at the sound of the whistle—it was half-past twelve.

Our next exploration was of the Fall itself. This was managed by traversing a narrow path cut in the face of the cliff. The falls were beautiful—and noisy!

A detour along the creek followed—some luckless one tried to cause a tidal wave, by slipping on a wet rock.

We left at about 4 o’clock—with more songs—and arrived home for the Jubilarians’ Concert, given by the Leavings. Another party followed—this time, tea, and a grand one. And that leaves me no space to describe the film which we enjoyed to the full. The end of a perfect Loreto Day!

JANET BOLLEMAN (Intermediate),
Mary’s Mount.
DATES WITH A DIFFERENCE IN NORMANHURST, 1958

1.—A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

25th March

Our minds go back to the 25th March, 1858, just one hundred years ago. At a little town, Lourdes, in the foot of the Pyrenees in France, lived a peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous. On the 11th February, Bernadette had been collecting firewood with two other children, when our Blessed Lady appeared to her. Bernadette had no thought at all about the identity of her visitor. To the simple, rather ignorant child, the heavenly Lady was just "a beautiful lady" —the most beautiful she had ever seen. After having seen the "Beautiful Lady" more than fourteen times, Bernadette, accompanied by thousands of onlookers, saw the Lady again on the 25th March. At this apparition, Our Lady made the profound statement: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Surely it was no mere coincidence that the 25th March is the day when we honour the feast of the Annunciation when the angel Gabriel hailed Our Lady as "full of grace." And now we have the same truth from our Blessed Mother's own lips, that she is full of grace, without trace of sin: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Because of all this we chose the 25th March in this, the centenary year, 1958, to celebrate the feast with a torchlight procession at Loreto, Normanhurst. Many parents and friends of present pupils, as well as several Past pupils gathered in the darkness at 7.30 p.m. to take part in the procession. It was a beautiful warm evening, and the sky shone brilliantly with stars. A wonderful spirit of faith was shown by all. As the convent grounds are extensive with many paths lined by trees, the route of the procession was lit by electric lights festooned from tree to tree. All the lights were turned on in the convent building and in the novitiate, and every pupil carried a small torch. As we got into our places outside the chapel, we were pleased by the picture the novices: made holding lights in pale blue lantern shields. The novices with their calm, prayerful faces looked like angels.

During the procession we sang hymns to our Blessed Mother and recited the Rosary. It was a most inspiring evening. The procession ended in the chapel where we said another rosary led by Father Cruikshank. The evening ended with God's blessing at Benediction. As we dispersed, the choir sang Our Lady's praise: as the Morning Star, in the tuneful hymn, "Stella Matutina," which has come down to us from the Middle Ages.

BERNADETTE McPHEE and FRANCES O'NEILL, (For the Fourth Year).

2.—A VISIT FROM MAISIE WARD

21st April.

We were pleasantly surprised one evening lately, to hear that Maisie Ward, the well-known English writer, was in the house visiting the nuns and that she was willing to have a talk with us. We senior boarders felt that our seniority was, on this occasion, a distinct advantage to us, as we walked into the reception room, to be presented to our distinguished visitor, who in private life is Mrs. Sheed. She is a partner in the publishing firm of Sheed and Ward. Her partner in business and in married life is the famous Australian-born Frank Sheed, who has written so much in defence of the Catholic Church.

As we settled ourselves in homely fashion on the carpet before Mrs. Sheed, we listened eagerly to all she had to say. Her sparkling smile and amazing art of conversation, won her immense popularity with all the girls. She spoke about many things and many unusual incidents that she and her husband had experienced, particularly in their work for the Catholic Evidence Guild. It is well-known that many people have been converted by their interesting talks on the Catholic Faith. When one of the nuns present remarked to her that we were all glad when her husband received the degree of Doctorate of Theology from the Pope, Mrs. Sheed's expressive face lit up with pleasure and pride. And she had good reason to be pleased and proud, as Dr. Sheed is the first layman to receive this great honour.

Another topic of conversation that evening was a country's capacity for good literature: and it was at this point that we received a favourable impression of Australia's desire for better books. We laughed a great deal in between the stanzas when Mrs. Sheed recited from memory G. K. Chesterton's poem, "The Back of the Cover Will Tell You the Plot". Later, she told us that it was to the nuns of the I.B.V.M. that she owed her love of reading, as she was educated with Mary Ward's pupils at the I.B.V.M., Cambridge, where Mother Salome was her teacher.

Mrs. Sheed kindly autographed several of her books which we produced from our library. This pleasant evening will long remain in our minds.

K. JAGO, K. MCNEILL,
J. GATES, E. BEERWORTH
(For the Fourth Year).

3.—DIALOGUE MASS

1st May.

I will go unto the altar of God.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart last year, encouraged by Father Kenny, S.J., we had our first Dialogue Mass. I think nearly all the senior girls realised it was a great grace, for with it came a deeper understanding of what the Holy Sacrifice really means. It made the Mass our own, and every time we join with the celebrating priest in this way, we gain more of the treasures of the Mass, which is the centre of our life. "The People's Mass" it can be rightly called; but until recent years it has not been appreciated by crowds of Catholic people, who knew little about the great Mystery of the Mass.

In a Dialogue Mass, the congregation makes all the responses, besides saying in unison the Gloria,
the Credo and the Preface. It is inspiring to hear the whole congregation say aloud these lovely prayers in Latin. It has been arranged at our school that when we have a Dialogue Mass—and that occurs every Saturday and feast-days—the Senior girls occupy the back seats in the chapel, and read, in English, the Epistle and Gospel which the priest reads in a low tone in Latin. A senior girl remains in the front seat, and, facing the congregation, she stands and reads in English several of the prayers. It is a great honour to be drawn so closely into the Mass, though we all feel very nervous when our turn comes for this.

The Dialogue Mass reminds us that we, with the priest, offer Jesus Christ to His Father, just as the great Sacrifice was made on Calvary. We actually join with Christ in His Sacrifice, saying, “Accept O Holy Father this sacrifice which we offer to Thee.” The whole congregation sends forth this petition to their heavenly Father—“your Father and My Father”, as Our Lord called Him on earth, when speaking to us in the persons of His disciples.

One of the great feasts which we celebrated with the Dialogue Mass was the feast of St. Joseph the Worker on May 1. This feast has been established by the Church on this day as a corrective to the hate-inspired Communist festival of May Day. The Church wishes to draw men’s hearts to appreciate the dignity of work. St. Joseph worked with and for Christ, and thus labour received a divine seal. As we read in the Epistle of the day: “Whatever you do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.” If all men had this attitude to work, charity and peace would prevail in the world. Our hearts were full of this desire as we read the Epistle aloud in the Dialogue Mass for the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker.

ANNE WALSH,
(For the Leaving Class).

4.—UNIVERSITY LECTURES

17th June.

POETRY

One of the most enjoyable mornings of our school year was a most interesting and instructive lecture from one of Australia’s foremost scholars, Dr. George Russell.

Until this year Dr. Russell was the Professor of English at the Queensland University, after his Post-Graduate Research work at Cambridge. He is now on the staff of the Sydney University. At the moment he is collaborating with Professor Mitchell in bringing out a new edition of Langland’s great epic poem, Piers Plowman; but this is only one of his literary interests. Knowing these facts we all felt greatly privileged to be allowed hear Dr. Russell’s talk.

Taking Poetry from a negative point of view, he illustrated the heresies that have grown up round poetry. Some people consider that everything written in verse is poetry, and that all poetry must be written in verse. Such people think that any jingle is a poem, so long as there is rhythm and rhyme as in, say, “Twinkle, twinkle, little star”. Obviously, a poem has to contain some certain elevated thought, with a metre suited to the theme and inseparable from it. Likewise the language used should be inseparable from the idea.

Poetry is meant to give pleasure to the reader by being beautiful and edifying, the ideas developing with the lines as in Shakespearian poetry. Shakespeare, the greatest of all poets, chose his language from that in common usage. Taking essentially debased words, he developed them and, weaving them together, made them appear in an unusual context. From a passage chosen almost at random from Shakespeare’s “Troilus and Cressida” there was unfolded to us the genius with which the poet chose his images. We saw this particularly in the image of time depicted as a dirty beggar gathering scraps into a bag on his back, and the force of the concluding words, “monumental mockery.”

Other examples of imagery, which form the richness of the poems where they occur, are John Donne’s poems, Milton’s “Paradise Lost”, and, coming to light lyrics, Herrick’s “Daffodils” and “The Tiger” by Blake. Speaking of Donne, Dr. Russell said that he employed a strange kind of imagery. Being slightly mocking, it was always more intellectual than visual.
These few points are by no means an adequate summary of Dr. Russell's lecture. As a general survey of poetry the talk was most interesting, and all of us are very grateful to the lecturer for being so kind and helpful to us in our studies.

CHRISTINA MILLER and MARGO O'CONNOR,
(For the Fourth Year).

27th June.

THE GREAT PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

We had a very pleasant hour listening to a lecture by Mr. Dunlop, a lecturer in English at the Sydney University. He took as the theme of his talk, Shakespeare's "Idea of Tragedy". In developing this, the lecturer dealt with the great tragedies: Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Anthony and Cleopatra.

Shakespeare did not formulate a theory of tragedy; he did not write with fixed ideas, nor did he write psychological text books. He did not write to manufacture an abstract idea, and he never wrote a play about an abstract noun—he wrote about men and women.

The philosopher, Aristotle, composed a theory of tragedy from Greek dramas; he did not, however, define pity and terror. Pity is the result from human contemplation of human suffering. Terror is the feeling of a spectator when he sees what it is that brings about human suffering. Tragedy is not the result of an accident; it is a struggle between the forces of goodness and evil. This is particularly true of Othello.

But our reaction to these great plays is that of elevation rather than sorrow. Chaos never prevails in Shakespeare's plays. Chaos is the upsetting of order and what is morally right. Our lecturer led us to see that at the conclusion of Macbeth all chaos has fled. Macbeth is dead, the rightful monarch is restored to the throne and Scotland is liberated. We saw also that in Anthony and Cleopatra order is restored after chaos. There is always, in Shakespeare's tragedies, the ultimate triumph of good over evil.

PATRICIA CRIMMINS and MARGARET HANSEL,
(For the Fourth Year).

DIARY FOR 1958, LORETO BRISBANE

Feb. 5th: Return to school. Many new faces among the nuns and girls. Mother M. Xaveria sadly missed and welcome to Mother M. Juliana, our new Mistress of Schools.

Feb. 11th: Centenary of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. At eleven o'clock the whole school attended Mass and received Holy Communion. Celebration in the evening took the form of a candlelight Procession through the grounds.

Feb. 19th: Brisbane school children welcomed the Queen Mother to the Sunshine State (in drizzling rain). We are sure she noticed us in our blue raincoats.

Feb. 20th: Queen Mother gave a holiday for all.

Feb. 24th: Great activity on Junior School playground—ground levelled, ready for turfing.

Feb. 25th: Saw the inauguration of Y.C.S. for this year, with a controversial discussion on "Divorce".

March 7th: Mission Evening given by the Junior Publics; great success. M-m-m those Eggburgers!!

March 8th: Carmel Hakendorf, world famous violinist, and past pupil Marryatville played for the boarders. We were awed by the simplicity combined with her great talent.

March 9th: "Archibald" presented by Sub-Juniors. Most entertaining. Producer Gael Rudwick has done it again.

March 17th: Hail Glorious St. Patrick. The audience appreciated our vocal prowess at the St. Patrick's Night Concert in the City Hall. Mr. Grice prepared us for the occasion.

March 19th: Feast of St. Joseph, our special patron. Everyone admires his statue at our front door.

March 25th: Feast of the Annunciation. Procession followed by announcement of Prefects. Congratulations to Mary Josephson (Head of the School) and Helen McClausland, Carmel Ryan, Judy Ahearn, Mary McAnulty, Rosemary Willet, Elinor Nowell, Dorothy Owen and Patricia Hickey.

April 2nd: Easter Vacation.

April 8th: School resumed.

April 14th: Term Examinations. We have never seen so many books.

April 22nd: Loreto Ball. Debs arrived at school with their partners, carefully scrutinized by the present pupils.

April 24th: End of Term: Deo Gratias (from teachers and pupils).

May 14th: Return to School. Mother General and Mother Francis arrived a few days ago. We entertained them with songs. How happy we were that our lovely grey and blue iron gates were erected in time for her welcome. Mother General spoke to us about the Loreto Missions.

The class rooms have been painted sky blue—Incentive to aim high, no doubt.

May 15th: Ascension Thursday. Seniors went to see the "Ten Commandments"; Middle School spent the afternoon hiking to White's Hill.

May 18th: Youth March through city street's terminated with Benediction at the Cathedral. Some favourable remarks heard on route.

May 19th: Science Display.

May 21st: Mother General's departure. Colourful send off. Blue and grey streamers held across the drive were broken as the car drove through. We bade Mother "Au Revoir".
May 24th: Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. Holiday transferred to June 2nd. Groans from teaching staff: "What, more holidays!"

May 27th: Xavier Concert in City Hall. Our items: "Ten Little Steps and Stairs" and "The Hawkers", Australian poems sung to Dom Moreno's music, suited the Australian occasion-The celebration of the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians.

May 28th: Our singing was definitely appreciated last night. His Grace Archbishop Duhig today presented us with two exquisite paintings of a Jacaranda and Poinciana tree. We felt like celebrities after a first night success.

June 16th: Corpus Christi. A wonderful demonstration of faith at the Exhibition grounds.

June 19th: Mother M. Juliana's Feast celebrated by extra recreation and the Middle School Dramatic Society gave an entertainment. Elementaries and Form I sang Folk Songs. Form II and Form III presented a "Midsummer Night's Dream".

June 20th: No less than three films today. First the "Snowy River Scheme" and then Father Dynon, S.J., showed the film of the Australian Jesuits in India, and the one of the training of a Jesuit Brother.

June 21st: Feast of Saint Aloysius. Boarders had a party.

June 23rd: Father Dando addressed us on the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association of the Sacred Heart.

June 24th: Anne Winship excited about arrival of nuns tomorrow from Melbourne.

MOIRA FINNIMORE,
SANDRA MORROW.
Junior Public.

A TALK ON JAPAN

On 5th June, our Seniors attended a meeting of the Catholic Women's Social Guild, held in the Oddfellows Hall at Portland. The main item on the afternoon's programme was a talk on Japan given by Mrs. Jackman, who had recently returned from a trip around the world. She said that Japan was the last of the thirty countries she and her husband had visited and she told us that of all thirty, Japan was the country that had made the greatest impression on her in every respect. Her conversational way of speaking was very pleasant.

A relation of hers is a missionary in Japan and so when she and her husband arrived there, they were met by Good Samaritan nuns and Jesuit priests. The captain of their ship had warned them to take the number of the quay and name of the ship and all other details in Japanese, in case they were lost. They were perhaps more fortunate than other tourists, as the nuns had secured a car and a guide for them and so they saw more than they would otherwise have done. Mrs. Jackman said that she had never seen worse roads. The Americans had built them during the war, and since then they had never been repaired. There were holes several feet in depth everywhere. The roads were crowded with millions of people.

They stayed at an American hotel, but they had most of their meals at the Convent. The nuns provided a true three-course Japanese meal. Chopsticks were used and they squatted with their legs under a low table. They made their own drink at the table. A raw egg is broken into a glass, followed by wine and the so-called stew juice. These are all mixed and the drink is ready! The next course is another egg—in appearances only. Its shell was painted a different colour to distinguish it from the other. It is the only meat ever tasted in Japan—a chicken the day before it is hatched. The third course consisted of rice.

Everything in Japan is hand-made, or seems to be. Mrs. Jackman said that they expected to see everything carelessly and cheaply done, but to her surprise all that she saw was done with great ability. She illustrated this by showing us some very fine crockery which she had bought in Japan. She told us that she bought one piece of crockery from an old man squatting on a river bank. In other countries, the sand is taken away and manufactured somewhere else, but in Japan the actual thing is done where the material is found. The most popular decorative theme seemed to be the mountain Fuji Yama. Many of the articles she had brought back with her from Japan were made of bamboo, such as writing pads and envelopes.

She further told us that in Japan there were only two classes of people—the very rich and the extremely poor. Land is bought in six foot squares, where in Australia it is bought by the acre.

Mrs. Jackman concluded her talk by stressing that whatever is given to the missions is always worthwhile. The missionaries, who are labouring in foreign lands amid strange customs, need a great deal of help and will be eternally grateful.

JOAN GURRY,
Portland.

STREAMLINING THE PROGRAMME

Illiterate eight-year-old: I asked Mummy to let me leave off spelling, but she wouldn't.

PARADISAL TRANSPORT

Little pupil (on hearing that Adam and Eve "were driven out of the Garden of Paradise"): Oh, did they have cars in those days?
The first term of the year is always a favourite with us, as then we go for so many swims. These are very refreshing, especially when we have had a hot and hard day in school. Of course, all the boarders think they are excellent swimmers and even the Juniors like going out to “our” special rock on the side of the breakwater. Fancy strokes are also practised and water ballet was a craze for a time during the swimming season. We have our private bathing box, which was once unfortunately used as a tool shed for the men working on the breakwater. The girls wildly protested about this, and there were even threats of writing to the Town Clerk. Although these threats were not carried out, we are now in peaceful possession of it again.

Recreation time in the Second Term is mainly spent going for walks, either to the bush or along the cliffs. On Saturday afternoons we generally go to the bush where we sometimes boil the billy. Everyone likes this special treat, even though we come home with blisters from toasting our sandwiches. Small accidents occur when our sandwiches drop off our “modern” toasting forks into the fire. However, the sandwiches are generally rescued from the ashes and are eaten before anything else happens to them. Some of the brave girls also have dessert when we boil the billy. This dessert consists of roast apples which are black on the outside but delicious inside.

Blackberrying is another favourite recreation, when, of course, not all the big black berries that are picked go into the baskets. Some brave girls even scramble through the brambles and thorn-searching for them.

Recreation in the Third Term is a mixture of walks and swims. In the evenings after school we often set off for our favourite walk around the block, but generally end up by walking around many. Sometimes we go along the breakwater and watch how many fish are being caught.

ANGLIA CARROLL.
Portland.

The highlight of our school sports activities is on the first Saturday of third term. You can imagine the zest with which we prepared for that day. Many were the groans that issued forth from the “sedate” members of the school—the Leaving Class—as they prepared for the Age Races. Every one wished she was as fleet of foot as Jenny Brophy, who at 13 years of age, had been School Champion for two years.

The end of the day was as usual the March Past. It was a wonderful sight as white sandshoes rose and fell in one accord and the setting sun glowed on Red, Green and Gold satin ribbons. Gold, captained by Kathleen Dwyer, gained the highest marks for the March. Green, captained by Bernice Gaffey, carried off the Sports Cup.

The School Tennis Championship was won by Dorothy Whitely (in a beautifully played match against Anne Edgar). On the same day, Mr. Stan Edwards, our esteemed Coach, held a beginners’ stroke-making display, which was enjoyed by many of the parents.

The new school year opened with great concentration on tennis. Teams were entered for Inter-School State Tournaments. Our joy knew no bounds when we carried off the much prized Slazenger Cup. To add to the happiness of the victory, Mother General very kindly came out to congratulate us when we returned to the Convent. On the following day the West Australian displayed a photograph of the team: Dorothy Whitely, Anne Edgar, Judith Quinn and Anna Christine Healy.

This season the girls of the N.C.G.M. have kindly arranged Basketball matches between the schools. Four of our teams have entered and though we are not doing brilliantly, we are having very pleasant games with the other convent girls. We appreciate all the trouble the N.C.G.M. girls have taken and thank them sincerely.

ANNE EDGAR (Sports Captain).
Nedlands.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

One morning at assembly, Mother told us that there was to be a fancy dress ball at School. You could almost see the great minds grinding into action as the problem of “What to Wear” presented itself. We had some time to prepare, but one likes to get these things settled and out of the way as soon as possible. My friend Judy and I decided to go as a pair, which is on the whole, usually more fun, but as to the nature of our costume, we had not the slightest clue. After a good deal of pondering and puzzling, a thought struck me! I remembered a Pantomime I had once seen, where two people had dressed up in a horse outfit and had looked very comical as they gambolled around the stage.

The very next week, we went on a Geology excursion to the Museum and, as the shop was in a small arcade over the road, Judy and I called in on the
way. It was only a small room, yet it was crammed with rows of multi-coloured costumes. A very old man, almost as ancient as some of his wares, informed us that he had such an outfit and would keep it reserved for us. In what seemed no time at all, the few weeks passed, owing I think, to the fact that the exams started the week of the dance. The day I collected the costume I walked in utter misery down the main street, the grotesque horse-head clutching under my arm. Stares, sniggers and giggles followed my every footstep.

The next day, the day, Judy came home with me after school and when we had partaken of a small snack, which substituted for our proper tea, owing to our highly nervous condition, we got ready. Judy had agreed previously to be the back and self-consciously leading us they saw we arrived, we sneaked in the hall. On the stage sat Mother Superior, the Community and parents. The piano played “We'll Go!” and amid much mirth, we did a dance. Well, from then on we had a wonderful time. Brownie, the Convent dog, was mystified at the horse—he eyed it with interest but when it began to walk he kept his distance. As a climax to the evening, we won the first prize.

JACQUELINE RIDDLES, Claremont.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DRAMA

“Tis passing sad, too sad maybe” and “Aye, what indeed!”—These were the current sayings of the Sub-Leaving Class of 1957, when we performed the play “St. Thomas More”. It was a drama in four acts, reaching its climax in the death of Thomas More.

Much enjoyment was had by those who took part and when the night of production arrived we all eagerly looked forward to the “Iin Scene” and several bottles of Lemonade for which we had all contributed.

Henry VIII was the object of great amusement when his beer mug loudly emitted strains of the “Harry Lime Theme.” He was obliged to add a few impromptu lines to his speech when, after splashing his costume with lemonade during a toast, he called loudly for “A handkerchief!” Unfortunately nobody had one.

Anne caused great surprise to many with her Recorder solos—especially when the noise continued from behind the stage after she had stopped playing!

Barbara made rather a novel entrance when she tripped over her sweeping skirts and clutched frantically at the curtain.

There were no more serious mishaps, except for a small voice chiming in with “Aye, what indeed!” at the wrong times.

In the more serious scenes the acting was very well done and received many compliments from the audience.

As well as giving us a deeper insight into the life of St. Thomas More, I think all agree that the play gave much enjoyment to both cast and audience.

HELEN LOCKYER, Claremont.

“OSBORNE” TRADITIONS

A Tradition is something which gives a school a warm and homely atmosphere. Here at “Osborne” we are surrounded by traditions, some of which we consider unique.

The feast of Our Lady of Lourdes we keep in a special way. After Holy Communion in the Chapel, the nuns and girls go out to attend Mass celebrated at the foot of the Grotto under the gum trees. As well as being devotional and picturesque, this lovely celebration helps us capture the spirit of the day.

After the Consecration of the Sodalists of Our Lady at the end of the year, we hold a big party for all the members of the Sodality. Apart from the telling of ghost stories, there is a tradition which we call the Vocation Flower. Every girl is given a posy, but the girl who finds a rose in hers, is said to have a religious vocation.

Another fancy which took our Leavings, I don’t know how long ago, is the fashion of the Blue Bows. On the Friday of the second long week-end in the Second Term, the Leavings appear before the school adorned with large blue bows. This performance is repeated on the Friday before study week at the end of the year. Although no one can quite remember how or why this custom started, it is loyally carried on each year.

Sports Day Tradition is mainly provided by the Almighty, for no matter the season nor the date, we are resigned to the fact that it will rain. Year after year the same thing happens: nuns, girls and spectators are seen running in all directions for shelter. This occurs not only in between, but also in the middle of most events. The special feature which we provide is the Overlander, a relay race which extends over most of our grounds, and is the crowning event of the day. Even if the sky falls in (and it nearly does), the Overlander must be run!

One of our most time-honoured traditions is the appreciation we show our Head Girl. Apart from the applause she receives when her name is announced on the day of the election, the pleasure of the girls is expressed as she walks into the dining room at dinner time by a very warm and expressive ovation.

There is even a tradition for Old Girls. Those who have left school the previous year come as débutantes to show themselves to the Nuns and girls. There is always great excitement on those nights, when the boarders stand in an admiring throng round those almost unrecognisable young ladies in their fairy-like frocks.

CAROLE DUNPHY (Leaving). Claremont.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

When it was proposed that the Intermediate Class of 1957 should produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream", we put our hearts to it and all the energy and enthusiasm we possessed. Parts were allotted and Valerie Walsh was named producer. Valerie knew what costumes were available, and which ones had to be "created". She also knew what it was to memorize long pieces of prose or poetry. Many of us did not! But goodwill was not lacking. It was finally decided to produce THE WHOLE PLAY, at Puckish speed and impishness. The choice of the "Dr.Cam", WP put our larvarls lo it and all the Pnergy knew what l'.Ostu1111s were available, and which ones hurried affair; wholly ardently agrli'ed that Sandra hlower. Puek eaus1· caused much controversy and, it was m; for the part", and that she had tlw oval. Tlw setting was idC'al. the lwggin of Third Term, on our newly memorise long piece" of pro" or poetry. Jlanv of had to be "create1r·. She aho knC'w what it was to part of a fairy, the wi(kst hail tlw part of trumpet their sock;; and football hoo.ts and ,,a!'ks. AthC'nian craftsmwn certai1·v defiC'd the weather in moments ( ( lurs 1·anH· lat Pr!). The lirt" performance Athenaian eraftsmcn lid not cause anv heartache'. The time drew near; the producer had her anxious

The tallest girl in the class was chosen to act the part of a fairy, the widest had the part of trumpet blower. Puck caused much controversy and, it was wholeheartedly agreed that Sandra Power was "made for the part", and that she had the power of appearing at any moment, from anywhere, and that, with Puckish speed and impishness. The choice of the Athenian craftsmen did not cause any heartache. Mary Louise H. was chosen for Quince and, of course, all Bottom had to do was to learn his part!

The time drew near; the producer had her anxious moments (Ours came later!). The first performance was to be for the nuns and the boarders; the second for the whole school. Sunday was chosen for the first show, and the whole of the morning was given to preparation of Titania's bower. Dinner was a hurried affair; we scrambled into costumes and were ready for the make-up girls when—I don't know who brought the news—RAIN—the type of rain that lasts! We all rushed to the oval—kings' queens, lovers, fairies, dukes and lords, transported the scenery to the hall. We were not beaten! The Athenian craftsmen certainly defied the weather in their socks and football boots and sacks.

The make-up girls worked at double rate, and we were ready for the first curtain. Act I, Scene I, went off beyond our expectations. Applause was deafening. My own greatest moment had arrived, and I felt all the absurd feelings of a new born star. I do not know whether Bottom was meant to stumble, and fall headlong on to the stage, but that was what happened. What with sore feet, a bruised head and shoe-polished face (tan, of course!), I certainly was no oil painting.

Helena and Hermia acted wonderfully. They and their lovers received much applause. Puck was superb. Oberon was played in fine style.

It certainly was a DREAM! The Wednesday performance was more serious; but, judging by the laughter, both actors and audience enjoyed the play on that wet Sunday afternoon. Thanks to M.R. whose wonderful idea it was; thanks to Valerie, who never failed us, and thanks to Janet McMananay, our Assistant Director!

BARBARA DORIAN (Leaving). Marryatville.

ST. JOSEPH'S GROTTO, MARRYATVILLE

At the beginning of 1957, the news that a grotto for St. Joseph was planned, was enthusiastically received by us all. The nun in charge of proceedings (M. R.—for it was her idea) set up her little "shop" near the Grade Seven Room—a place where many highways meet! Her religious objects were attractive and novel; profits were small but quite steady. "Surprise packets" and "bargain" sales sent the red line upwards. By the way, what was the "Red Line?" For her own encouragement and ours, M. M. R. had drawn on cardboard a graduated column. This was marked weekly in red, showing just what funds we had in hand, and what were yet required.

The statue arrived and was unpacked; next came the design for the grotto and the choosing of the "best position" in the grounds. The architect's drawing was a thing of beauty; but we had to wait for the dark rough stone for the base of the grotto. From the school verandahs and balconies (even from school windows!), progress could be watched. Early in 1958 the statue was placed in position.

There was excitement when we heard that, the very next day, St. Joseph would be in his new home. We had seen the statue of white marble mounted on black and we loved it. It now stands in a pillar box house and, on the piece of stone on which the Christ Child stands, pliers and some nails are carved. The Child is on tip toe with his small arms around the neck of His foster father. St. Joseph's arms are round the Christ Child symbolising that, even when busy he could afford a few moments with Jesus.

In the spot selected between the trees, the grotto can be seen from the near-by class-rooms. Often we can glance through the window and see the image of the dear Saint, who looked after Jesus and Mary and made sure that they were warm and comfortable. We can see it from the playing fields too, and ask him to watch over us while we continue to play.

As St. Joseph was a carpenter at Nazareth, and he worked hard in his little shop to make enough money to keep his little FAMILY comfortable, therefore, he is the Patron of Workers. He will watch over us as we do our school work—if we ask him.

Some classes make little pilgrimages to this small shrine. The prefects chose to have their photographs taken in front of our new Grotto.

JANET MCANANAY (Leaving) VIRGINIA ANGOVE (Grade VII) Marryatville.

In 1956 at Marryatville the Junior School Sports had to be postponed because of heavy rain. The new date coincided with the Olympic Games! Photographs were taken as usual and these were eagerly awaited.

A week later, crowds of juniors round the notice board, where some photographs were displayed!

VOICE (expressing extreme disappointment): "Don't look at them. They're not us. They're only the Olympic Games pictures."
A TUDOR EVENING

"This evening we should like to present for your entertainment some aspects of the Tudor period . . . "

These were the opening words of the paper read by Helen Shannon as she seated, in our name, the nuns and senior girls who were our guests.

For her theme, Margaret Doyle chose Edmund Campion, one of the "immortal diamonds" of the Church.

"Rain, rain on Tyburn tree
Red rain a falling"

and so flowed on the lovely lines of Francis Thompson’s poem "To the English Martyrs", spoken by twenty girls from Intermediate (A) Class.

Michele Doherty told of Margaret Clitheroe’s life, her work for hunted priests, and her martyrdom.

This was followed by Gerald Manly Hopkins’ poem "Margaret Clitheroe".

Maurice Baring’s skit “Alexander’s White Horse” was introduced by Philippa Richards. Henry the Eighth was played by Gay Treloar, resplendent in red beard and moustache. Leslie Fielder made an excellent Catherine Howard, elegant, ob-stinate and submissive—just in time!

Four papers were read on the life of St. Thomas More, one dealing with his family life, the others with his learning, holiness and death.

Two songs concluded this Tudor evening, "Where the Bee Sucks" (words by Shakespeare and music by Thomas Arne) and “Early One Morning”. Our guests joined us in singing Queen of Loreto and they were most enthusiastic about our efforts.

MARGARET DOYLE (Intermediate).

Marryatville.

TIME OFF AT MARRYATVILLE

THE INTERMEDIATE CLASS ON OVAL

(Poetry Too!)

SOFT VOICE: "Look at those lovely willows".
No response.

We all LOOKED—BUT—THEY were Poplars!
"Theirs not to make reply" you know!

LEAVING CLASS, 1858

A member of the class writing sympathetically about the second trial of Charles Darnay:

"When Lucie heard that her husband was to be beheaded for the second time, all she could think of was his happiness."

COMMENT: A doubtful joy—even if he did have a head to spare. What do think J?"

LEAVING CLASS

"Macbeth" Enthusiastic reader—Science girl too!
"Cast physics to the dogs. I’ll none of it."
An “a” does make a difference, Louise.

LEAVING HONOURS CHEMISTRY

"Long Prac.” periods had just begun in earnest. Someone thought she had “a special gas” coming off! It was only her wooden holder going up in smoke!

PREFECTS

"Each Prefect should have her finger on the pulse of the school” so we read.

Our Honours girls excelled themselves when they rushed about the playgrounds taking pulse counts! BUT, it was only a bit of Prac. work for Mrs. McCarthy—their Physiology teacher!

Bone-collecting seems to be their special hobby. We also note that all space is well used in the Honours Room—even book shelves!

SCHOOL DIARY, LORETO, TOORAK

1957 Third Term:
20th September: Excursion to Art Gallery.
6th October: Senior and Middle School Sports. Rain.
9th October: Remainder of Sports.
13th October: A perfect day for the Kindergarten Sports. The parents sat in brilliant sunshine, whilst their infants competed proudly in the events.
18th and 19th October: Art of Speech Examinations.
27th October: First Communions.
8th November: Junior School Sports.
13th November: School examinations began.
17th November: Retreat for those leaving school—five were received into the Marian Sodality.
19th November: The final fling before “Swot Vac”. Twenty-four jubilarians were crowned amidst great festivities.
4th December: Display Day—all the parents and visitors who came to see the display were delighted.
Annual Kindergarten Concert was packed out at both performances.
8th December: After weeks of practice the Nativity Play proved a fitting climax to the year. Before the play, a short entertainment of Ballet was given by the Middle School. The night was fine, and to the hundreds who watched, the play was very moving.

12th December: Prize giving. Goodbye to forty of our classmates.
12th February: Return to school full of enthusiasm. The new summer uniforms provided a colourful contrast to last year’s summer frocks. The new library was much appreciated.
25th February: The Mothers’ Club was given a preview of our new school uniform. The new slacks and bags with crest on were two unexpected but welcome additions.
1st March: Ten Matrics attended a concert in honour of the Queen Mother, at the new Olympic Pool.
3rd March: The Sixth Grade went to the Children’s reception at the Melbourne Cricket Ground for the Queen Mother. Also the Retreat for the Second Division began, and on Wednesday, 5th, the First Division Retreat began. The Retreat was conducted by Father Dunphy, C.S.S.R.
5th March: Mother General arrived amidst much excitement.
9th March: Family Rosary Crusade in honour of Lourdes. It finished with a Lourdes Pilgrimage and Benediction. About three hundred people attended.
12th and 15th March: Swimming heats held for our first swimming sports. Y.C.S. Leaders announced.

15th March: One hundred girls proudly represented the “Royal Blue” in the St. Patrick’s Day march through the city.

17th March: Mass was sung for Mother General. Blue had a decisive victory in the Swimming Sports. The Boarders had a party and a novelty dance evening.

25th March: Song of Bernadette.

28th March: The First Division went to the United Nations’ Meeting, where a very interesting talk was given by the U.S.A. Consul-General, Mr. Hall.

29th March: Matrics and softball teams spent an enjoyable day at Mary’s Mount.

30th March: Mass was sung at St. Peter’s, Toorak, for Palm Sunday, by the Special Choir.


11th April: The Debutantes came up to school before going to the Ball.

12th April: First victory for the “A” and “B” tennis teams who defeated Sacre Coeur.

25th April: Anzac Day was commemorated by Dialogue Mass at midday.

26th April: Children’s Party—raffles, train, merry-go-round, stalls, fairy floss and many willing helpers all combined to make the day a wonderful success.

27th April: Members of the Marian Sodality took part in a general meeting at Xavier College.

1st May: May Day-The annual procession and crowning of Our Lady’s statue in the grotto took place.

4th May: Youth Sunday—the First Division marched with other school children through the city to St. Patrick’s Cathedral, where we said the Rosary, listened to a sermon, and Benediction was given.

12th, 13th and 14th May: Quarante ‘Ore—The Mass on Wednesday was sung by all as a fitting climax to the First Term. Holidays.

4th June: We came back this Term to see a remodelled Junior School.

13th June: Feast of the Sacred Heart, Dialogue Mass held at midday and prayers of the Mass were read in English, and the Psalms were sung. For this effort we were highly commended by Mother General.

15th June: Y.C.S. Leaders Training Day at Kildara, was attended by several of our leaders.

16th June: Queen’s Birthday holiday. The School suffered a great loss with the departure of Mother M. Dympna but we realise that the field of her influence will be much wider in her new office.

18th June: The First and Second Divisions were given a recital by the String Quartette, it was enjoyed by all.

25th June: Philippa McClelland was chosen as Head of the School in place of Elizabeth Wimpole who did not return for the Second Term. The new Prefect was K. Jens. Congratulations.

29th June: The Annual Mission Picture Night was held; the film “The Colditz Story” was a great success and £140 was raised for this worthy cause.

5th July: Boarders’ Weekend!

12th July: The Mary’s Mount girls came for the annual Basketball matches.

18th July: The Junior School Mission Fete was a great success.

21st July: Y.C.S. Week commenced with Dialogue Mass. Each group is doing its part to make the week a success, and it was concluded with a Y.C.S. Social Evening opening with a high tea and a debate against St. Kevin’s. The topic—Australia is a Pagan Country. The evening concluded with Benediction.

THE JOURNEY

“The Blue Bird of Happiness”, sighed the tramp. “Oh, for the Blue Bird of Happiness!” He had travelled far and wide for what he really believed existed.

“Some day,” he muttered, “I shall continue on my journey . . .”

He tramped up the winding mountain road. The wind was blowing that dry, brown-gold dust into his rough, unshaven face. It was hot, and his journey was long and rough.

He had been a tramp for several years; but he had not forgotten that honesty and prayer brought him half way to finding his “Blue Bird of Happiness.”

As he was walking, a gust of wind blew a handful of dust into his eyes, with the result that he tripped and fell, hitting his head hard against the rocks at the edge of the path.

Fiction

“THE BOYS’ WONDERFUL BONFIRE”

At last the great night had arrived, the fifth of November, Guy Fawkes night. The poor little urchins of the slum area had been looking forward to this night for days and now it had come.

Every day after school they had met in the local sweet shop and discussed what sort of a bonfire they would have. “A real bighun that would blaze and last for ages, that’s what we want,” said one little red-head, who was apparently the “boss” of the gang.
They had collected all the firewood they could lay their hands on, and Joey’s father had bought “Two-bob’s worth of penny bungers” to add to the noise and merriment. All this fuel had been piled up in Old Sam’s backyard which ran on to a narrow alley, and it was here that the great bonfire had been built.

Suddenly, there was a mighty outburst of flames! The faces of the children lit up with glee. They shouted to one another and ran round and round it. Bang! went a cracker. Bang!

The fire sizzled, and the flames leapt up, lighting up the usually dark alley. The air was filled with innocent happiness, or so it seemed, when without warning, there was a shout: “Look out, everyone of you, there’s a cop after us.” Almost as quickly as a curtain falling after a concert the urchins disappeared down the alley.

Only a little three-year-old cripple was left beside the fire. His eyes still shone as the flames that were gradually dying away. He was unaware that everyone else had gone and that a policeman was watching him closely. Suddenly, his eyes closed and his head drooped forward. He was sound asleep.

MARIA LIGHTFOOT (15 years).
Toorak.

“MATTHEW FLINDERS”

The scene lay before me as far as my eye could see. It was dusk and the sun had just left her position poised above the horizon, and dropped into the green depths of the waiting sea.

The sea had turned a dusty green, the sky was mauve, and along the horizon burned the red of the sun. Blue and grey clouds floated wistfully across the sky. The sand was topaz, and the foam of the waves silver. I felt strange as I left the cliff top and walked along the soft cold sand.

The red and mauve had left the sky and stars began to twinkle one by one. The grey cold sea was still tipped with silver.

I was so absorbed in the beauty of my surroundings that I was completely taken aback to see the figure of a man walking towards me. He walked slowly, thoughtfully, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent low.

He was dressed in tight grey breeches and long black boots, his coat was a dark blue velvet. The collar stood high about his neck and was decorated like his cuffs with gold livery, his white silk cravat, perfect. I saw the mark of the English Navy, but surely of a century ago. I coughed, hoping to make my presence known. Somehow, I felt like an intruder.

I was relieved when he looked up; his eyes were large and soft. He smiled, “Good evening, sir.” His voice was deep and commanding, but friendly. I was confused. “Good evening to you, sir,” I replied. “Lovely evening for a walk.”

I tried to keep the conversation going, as I was determined to find out who he was. “Yes,” he answered, “it is many, many years since I have walked this beach; it is very beautiful. I wish Anne could see it; but forgive me, sir, I reminisce; let me introduce myself.”

I leaned forward to take his hand, but something stopped me. He looked almost ghostlike and he hardly touched the ground. I felt almost afraid. “My name,” he stopped—“is Matthew Flinders.” I was completely overwhelmed. Not for one moment did I doubt him. I knew now why he looked so strange. “I am so pleased to meet you, sir,” I added feebly. “Do stay awhile, I am so lonely and crave your company,” he asked. So we sat together on the beach. It was quite dark and the moon was climbing: I was cold, but fascinated.

We spoke of many things, his adventures, his Anne, his love for my country, Australia. I found he was not a boastful man, but deeply humble and I loved him for it. We spoke also of the ungrateful people who never knew of his work and suffering, when I told his present fame, he laughed incredulously.

Suddenly, he rose quite effortlessly. “I must go,” he said. “I am sorry, I have loved being with you, but time goes so quickly. Good-bye.” He turned and was gone, and I was left alone on the dark silent beach with my dreams.

For was he only a dream?

JILL McNAMARA,
Toorak.

THE WIND

Brown and strong, the girl rowed the dinghy with firm, sure strokes, towards the jetty. It was growing late and she had a long way to row. She thought how dark it had become; then she felt it, a little wind stirring her hair and making the dark water rough and choppy.

The girl rowed more swiftly for she knew she would have very little hope in a dinghy if the storm came from the East. She recalled her old Uncle’s words, “If the wind blows from the East, lass, the waves on the river can equal those on the sea”.

A grim little smile came to the girl’s brown face. She was weary and frightened and the wind was much stronger. If only I can reach the steps, she thought, then I will beat you, wind.

Now the waves on the river were becoming bigger; the wind moved dark, vague shapes on the shore and tangled the girl’s tawny hair. Soon they would begin to look for her, the men in their large motor boats; and the girl felt happy and less alone at the thought. She knew if the rain came the wind would die down. “Why don’t you rain, Storm?” the girl thought. But there was no rain.

Up rose the dinghy, supported on the crest of a dark wave; now the girl’s oars were useless. Down
fell the boat to be cracked by water which had looked to the girl, a terrifying long way away. The girl was wet, tired but very determined. Then she saw it, the small sheltered opening that leads to the steps.

Now the girl felt wild and free like the storm. She was very proud as she skillfully turned the boat into the sheltered channel. It had been a hard fight, the girl and the boat against the storm and the waves. Indeed, the girl felt almost as if the wind was her friend. "I have beaten you. Wind," she thought.

JOAN PALMER (Matriculation Class)
Toorak.

THE STOCKMAN

The heat had settled on the earth like a heavy, colourless blanket. There was no noise to break the stillness—except the occasional raucous cry of a crow, or the buzzing of a fly.

I was standing high up from the plains, and when the man, horse and dog entered my stage, I could see them straight away. They came slowly up to that clump of coolibahs. The man got off his horse—a tall, lanky chap and sat on his haunches, rolling a cigarette.

Suddenly it struck me. There was something unusual about those three—something neither mystic nor impossible, but something that was timeless. As each waited there motionless, it seemed to me, that time had stopped for them.

Then he stood up again—but this time he seemed far away, as if some misty curtain was closing in upon my stage. He mounted the dusty horse and I saw him signal to his dog, who streaked out after him—a faint black figure in that maze of shimmering golden red.

And time moved on again taking with it the world, the stars—and the man. Amongst that blurred, receding train of thought, I saw a younger man sitting there, his lean youthful body moving in rhythm with the saddle. He turned to call a dog, I saw his face—it was the grandson.

And then it was all gone, and I was left cold and alone. Resolutely I turned from my scene, and began my long trek down the mountain of Nothing, back into the Valley of Time.

WENDYANNE GUNSON (Leaving Class),
Toorak.

JOURNEY

The wheels grind . . . quickening, leaving the station. Along the unwinding ribbon of silver rail . . . Away—away chanting as it rolls, Poor people, weary people, where are you going? What do you know? Asking, always asking, tell me before you go. The bright lights shine as we pause and pass. Life’s like that as the train goes on, The express of now, or the train of life, Filled with dulled people who smile . . . but not with their eyes.

And a thousand eyes
That search and gleam in the darkness,
Bland eyes, hooded eyes, liquid eyes that haunt the night,
Eyes that are washed a faded blue with sweat or uncontrolled tears.
They are all men alone in a terrible night
A night that goes on even after the dawn
Just as the train goes on . . .
Beneath the shining stars that glimmer in the vast blackness
Like a thousand eyes, are they lost?
Or just stumbling? Where to? Where from? What do they know?
The light shines through the smoke.
They stare at each other ashamed.
But the train goes on, time does not stop . . .
Not for a man who is running away,
Or a loveless woman, afraid,
They dream of glorious sunlight or overpowering love.
But oh! the sky is black above them
The earth is hard below,
Follow them, Where to? Where from? Which way did they go?
Numbed, dreamless people, Where are you going? What do you know?
Answer, answer, answer, tell me before you go!

E. FINLAY (Leaving Class).
Toorak.

THE EXTRAORDINARY TAXI DRIVER
(As told by William Jones)

The other morning I set out, as usual, for work. As far as I know I did not feel or look any different from usual. I went down the steps and then looked up as I heard a motor stopping. Expecting the bus, I received a great surprise when I saw a shiny black taxi with a well-dressed driver.

"Taxi, sir?" he asked. I wished to say no, but felt myself compelled to say yes. So I got in. I thought it very strange at the time that the driver did not ask where I wished to go; and when I tried to tell him, I did not seem able to make a sound of any kind. I sensed something, something strange, when suddenly the driver broke the silence by saying:
"You were in a severe train crash two months ago, were you not?"

"Yes," I said. "I suppose you read about it in the papers?" He gave a weird laugh at this which sent shivers down my spine. I tried to look out of the car window but they were all misted up. There was a sense of upward movement. I felt frightened, then terrified, as the motion continued.

"Where are we going," I cried in panic. A horrible feeling was beginning to overpower me. The driver turned round and smiled. "Do not worry," he murmured, "I am taking you to heaven. You were supposed to die in the train crash, but there was so much wreckage, the Angel of Death could not find you. We are on the Golden Stairway, and . . ."
"You can't do this to me," I yelled. "Take me back
to earth at once!" He looked at me in amazement.
"Do you really want to go back there?" "Yes,"
said heartily. The driver gave a shiver and then
looked ahead of him for a while. There he turned
round and said: "There is one chance for you to get
back, but only one."

"Tell me quickly," I said, grasping the back of the
redplush seat in front of me. "Well," he said, "I
don't know if I should tell you." "Listen! you have
to earth all over!" He looked at me in amazement.

He looked straight ahead again and gave that
weird laugh, and I felt myself getting drowsy, drowsy
... "Tell me, tell me!" I cried, trying to pull my­
self together. "Listen!" he said, and there was silence
except for the frightened beating of my heart and a
slow, ticking noise in the distance. "Can you hear
a slow ticking noise?" he asked. I nodded. "When
I have finished talking, count two of the ticks, and
then open the car door and grab the Rose of Life."

"But I can't see anything out of the windows," I
said wildly, "only mist." As I finished speaking
the first tick went. "That is the chance you have to
take," he murmured. The second tick went and I
pushed my hand out of the window and grabbed.
I could feel nothing. My heart sank with overwhelm­
ing despair, and I saw, in the mirror the driver's
triumphant smile. Suddenly, I was determined to
return to earth. I flung open the car door and
jumped. The last glimpse I had of that extraordinary
taxi driver was his alarmed face, as he threw back
his arm to grab me.

I started to run in the swirling mist, but found
there were steps, so that I fell; and in doing so, threw
out an arm to save myself. I felt my hand closing
round something. It was a rose. After that I re­
membered nothing, until I found myself at home in
bed while the mists about me seemed to clear.

There was a crowd of people around my bed
and although they looked happy, their faces looked white.

"What's the matter?" I asked, and my voice
sounded weak. I could not make it out. Then I
noticed our doctor. He came over and felt my pulse.

A week later I was completely well. I found out
from the doctor and my wife that I had almost died
as a result of an injury received in the train crash.
They had found me unconscious at the foot of the
steps, and it was thought I had no hope of living.
But I had suddenly revived.

I have never told them how I saved myself.

KATRINA JENS (Leaving Class),
Toorak.

A DATE IN APRIL

Louis Hastings owned a comfortable home in one
of the outer suburbs of Montreal. He was a
commercial traveller for a large firm and his wife and
he decided to take their annual holidays at Easter.
A town in the States was chosen, and he rang to book
accommodation for a week beginning on the 14th
April. He was surprised to find that he was con­
ected with a well-known funeral parlour in the
town. The undertaker laughingly asked him if, per­
haps, he had the wrong number! He shared the joke
with his wife, reported the error to the exchange,
and a second call enabled him to secure rooms at the
desired hotel. His mistake became a standing joke
with everyone who knew him. In fact, it even
reached the local paper which featured it in their
"Odd Spot" column.

Meanwhile the vacation time drew near and, on
the morning of the fourteenth, Louis Hastings and
his wife made an early start. Their car was one of
thousands spinning along to the South.

When night fell, they were still fifty miles from
their destination and Louis was rather weary. In
fact he was so tired that he had to make his wife
keep talking to him; he felt that he would fall asleep
at the wheel. The lights of the town were welcome,
but neither Louis nor his wife knew the exact loca­
tion of their hotel—or at least, how to reach it. They
drove through the dark streets looking for it. They
came to an intersection, and, although Mrs. Hastings
shouted, Louis saw the truck too late. It was a bad
collision. Hastings was killed outright and his wife
suffered serious injuries—a tragic opening to their
holiday; but here is where the uncanny comes in:
the accident had occurred outside the very funeral
parlour where Hastings had mistakenly asked for
accommodation. Not only that—his body was placed
in his coffin there on the fourteenth of April. The
funeral director had hooked a place for my unhappy
friend.

We were rather inclined to doubt this story until
some weeks later the visitor showed us two news­
paper clippings. One was the amusing account of the
man who rang the undertaker by mistake. The
other gave the tragic story of Louis Hastings’ death.

PAMELA PRIDHAM (Leaving),
Marryatville.

THE SHEPHERDESS

(Thoughts on reading Hans Andersen’s story “The Shepherdess and
the Chimney-Sweep”)

In dainty pink and light-blue gown
Accompanied by a crook,
Her hair as light as thistledown;
With such a charming look,
She’s as dainty a wee shepherdess
As you could wish to see,
With one tight-plaited silken tress
A-resting on her knee.
No matter, though, how sweet her face,
Quite still she must remain,
For, though she shows such charming grace,
She’s made of porcelain.

1956. JOANNE CLARKE (11).
Normanhurst.

CALLING ALL HORSES!

Written comment after a lesson on Renaissance sculp­
ture:
Verrocchio discovered the secret of making a horse
stand on three legs.
LORETO

Stella Matutina

LOURDES CENTENARY IN AUSTRALIA

The year 1958, Centenary of the Apparitions of Our Lady of Lourdes, gives us a unique opportunity to declare in word and deed our love for our Heavenly Mother and to honour her in a very special way.

Our Lady, who herself once experienced the joys and sorrows of family life, takes particular interest in each individual home. The children could erect a small shrine in honour of the Immaculate Conception, where the family rosary could be fervently recited. We could offer a Novena of Masses in preparation for the big feasts of Our Lady, especially for the great feast on 8th December.

Regular attendance on Saturday mornings at Mass, because it is specially dedicated to Our Lady, involves personal sacrifice; but even small acts of self-denial will be richly rewarded.

To commemorate Our Lady's last apparition, which coincides with the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, what better way is there than to profess our love of Our Blessed Mother by having an open-air procession with each one participating in the Rosary and hymns, and each member of the family attending evening Mass.

Then as the year draws to a close, we will realise in the light of its abundant graces, our own great need of help from her who is "suppliant omnipotence". We shall be able to repeat the concluding words of Crashaw's beautiful poem:

"... and when
Our weak desires have done their best
Sweet angels come and sing the rest."

MARY McANULTY (Senior Class). Brisbane.

A NEW HEAVEN

Rise, myriad questionings,
My God, and King of Kings,
Rejecting Heaven and Self-savouréd bliss
Doth seek out new delight
Upon this wonder-night,
In radiant Mary-smile and Mother-kiss.

What wizard arts are pressed
To woo Thy Advent blest?
To Heaven's charms opposed what counter-charms?
Is't hope of sweeter rest
(As birdlings seek the nest)
In fold and fondling of her longing arms?

Sing Angel hosts abroad
The splendour of their Lord;
Spills vainly out their Heaven-harmony?
Songs sweeter has earth found?
Have love-taught notes so wound
A spell about Thy Heart and ravished Thee?

"I lie in cradled ease
Not seeking earthly peace
In sense delights, nor fleshy comfort's bliss.
An armoured soul unmarred,
Inviolate, virtue-starred—
This—all my glory, all my Heaven is."

M. X.

THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY

At Loreto, Osborne, as at other Loreto Convents, to belong to the Sodality of Our Lady is considered to be a great privilege, of which all Sodalists try to be worthy. This year there are twenty-six girls in our Sodality, under the spiritual guidance of Father Flynn, S.J. Since this is the centenary year of Our Lady's apparitions at Lourdes, we have set out to honour her in a special way.

Our activities include visits to Catholic Institutions. We have been to Glendalough Aged People's Home, where we sang to the old folk, and to St. John of God Hospital, where a visit to the babies' ward was a highlight. At Christmas time we go to St. Joseph's Orphanage with sweets for the children. These visits help us to realise the marvellous work being done for unfortunate people by our nuns and brothers. We have also arranged socials with the Sodalities of neighbouring Boys' Colleges.

Of special interest to all Sodalists is the American Sodality Magazine "The Queen's Work," which arrives regularly each month. This is eagerly perused by all Sodalists, and many new ideas have been gained from it. This year, the Council is: President, Eve Calder; Vice-President, Margot O'Neil; Secretary, Beverley Burgin; Treasurer, Patricia Brocken; Consultants, Margaret Dodd and Margaret Connolly.

EVA CALDER,
Claremont.
MARY

Oh sanguine heart, whose burning rays of love
Flood all our petty being
With peace of soul, compassion for mankind,
Stoop down O Virgin maid
To bless the paths of chastity you trod.
Lift us we pray, who stumble,
Fall; lift us from the mess of dormant souls
To be your handmaids.
Hu whom you fondled on your knee
We crown with flowers now,
As lifted you were to the heights of favour
And crowned with titles rare.
How can we try to reverence thy name
Immaculate, unscarred.
A prayer, a flower, little more and yet
Your heart spills out
Its love to form in stained sinful souls
God’s tabernacle.
Always I find you waiting, waiting there
In hollow, niche or shrine
Smiling soft smiles which fill our troubled hearts
With peace, always peace.
Mother, familiar title and so fair,
One who waits and comforts
Trivial wants and woes and weariness.
Dear work of grace stretch out your arms
And fold me in your hallowed clasp.
HELEN McCLAUSLAND
(Senior Class).
Brisbane.

TO HONOUR MARY

This year being the centenary of Our Lady’s apparition at Lourdes, our Christian Doctrine class decided to make a project in her honour.

It was decided that we should each make a shrine to Our Lady. We were all very enthusiastic and worked hard at them. The class was busy for several weeks, with budding sculptresses carving suitable statues from soap or plaster of paris. In the course of a few weeks, the shrines began to take shape, and at last the day dawned for our display.

Although there were thirty shrines, we were proud of the fact that only two were duplicated, and the treatment of each was so different that the duplication was really not apparent. Most of the well-known titles of Our Lady were in evidence, and quite a few newly-created ones, such as Our Lady of the Bells, Our Lady of Space, and Our Lady of Levant marble. Each shrine was accompanied by a short composition explaining its spiritual significance, and much valuable information was gleaned by all during the research period.

JUDY GOODWIN (14 years).
Form III, Brisbane.

THE LADY CHAPEL AT ST. MARY’S CATHEDRAL, PERTH

A visitor to St. Mary’s Cathedral, Perth, would be wise to allow himself plenty of time to fully admire the many outstanding features of the Lady Chapel.

Approaching the chapel, one’s attention is immediately drawn to the central panel above the altar. This panel holds a copy of Murillo’s famous Immaculate Conception, which was presented to the Cathedral by the late Pope Pius XI.

The stone of the altar is a rare and costly one. It is golden onyx from Algeria and was selected by the first Archbishop of Perth, the late Dr. Clune. The altar rails are in keeping with the altar and the golden inlays and carving are exquisite.

Enthroned under a golden onyx canopy is a statue of the Virgin in pure white marble. Set in the altar’s centre panel is a mosaic copy, made in the Vatican studio, of Raphael’s masterpiece, the Madonna Della Sedia.

The walls of the Lady Chapel are panelled with Siena marble to a height of five feet above a skirting of Levant marble. A three foot mosaic of flowering lilies on a blue background surmounts the Siena panels. The floor is very rich and was designed and made by Salviatti of Venice. The four windows, by John Hardman, represent the ANNUNCIATION, THE VISITATION AND THE HOLY FAMILY.

This is a chapel worthy of Our Lady and worthy of St. Mary’s Cathedral, one of the most beautiful in Australia, situated on a hill overlooking the city and the Swan River.

GERALDINE O’LOUGHLIN,
(Junior Public).
Claremont.

DAYBREAK IN A CHURCH

The altar is majestic and beautiful, but the candles are not as yet lit for it is grey, early morning. The Sanctuary Lamp’s red light shines on the silver vases and candlesticks.

Here is silence and peace from the cares of the world, distant from noise of the outside, an oasis of peace in a desert of many trials and tribulations—an oasis, where earthly things seem puny and small.

Now the light of dawn tinges gently the stained glass windows bringing the many colours to a rich new life. The yellow light overflows the grey ledge and streams on to the polished floor; then, in joyous ecstasy at being in God’s House, lights up the church as beautifully as it can; moving slowly along the nave, it rests finally on the gleaming Tabernacle door.

Morning has paid homage to its Maker!

URSULA RAINE (14 years)
(Dawson Street.

OUR EFFORT

We were told that a statue was needed for our new classroom, and so five children decided to have a little fete to raise money towards the statue.

It was great fun getting everything ready. Our mothers made us cakes, and we made sweets, and the nuns made trays of toffee apples. Then we collected all the odds and ends we could find to put into lucky bags which we sold for sixpence each.

We had a raffle with three prizes: a basket of fruit, a pumpkin, and a box of stationery. Also we had a little spinning wheel and ran penny spins.

We had to hurry because we had it in the lunch hour after we had eaten our lunch.

Everyone was surprised when we counted the money and discovered that we had made £10.

MARY CONNELLAN (10 years). Portland.
LEFT—PREFECTS
STANDING: Mary Taffe, Pauline Grace, Angela Re.
SITTING: Joan Kerrin (Head Prefect), Margaret Cooke.

BELOW—SENIORS

LORETO, DAWSON STREET, BALLARAT, VICTORIA
LORETO, DAWSON STREET, BALLARAT, VICTORIA

TOP—MIDDLE SCHOOL


ABSENT: K. Lorensini, C. Prunty, M. Ratcliffe.

BOTTOM—JUNIOR SCHOOL


THIRD ROW: M. Dobson, P. Woodford, J. Bryant, B. Scott, B. Flynn, B. O'Loughlin, A. McInerney, I. Culbis, S. Schepis, G. Cann, P. Bowler, B. Hulett, G. Keating, C. Beecham.


ABOVE—Ready to leave for the Youth Sunday March.

TOP LEFT—JUNIORS
ABSENT: J. Loftus, G. Smith.

AT LEFT—SENIORS
(See Names, page 33)
I have been honoured by a request to write something about Missions for the children of Loreto Convents. Three of my sisters were blessed with vocations to the Institute and I have heard much about the various activities of the children on behalf of the Missions.

First of all I would like to assure these dear children that their good prayers and their contributions through the years have been a source of great encouragement to Missionaries in many lands. They will only realise when they go to Heaven themselves how wonderfully they have helped to bring the priceless gift of faith and ultimate salvation to countless souls who would otherwise have been lost. That realisation will be a joy forever and part of their eternal reward.

Our Divine Lord Himself insisted on the necessity of Missionary activity when He gave a special commission to His Apostles “Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature”. Mark 15. The “Foreign Missions”, as they are called, constitute the very “Front Line” of the Christian Apostolate and all catholics are expected to share in that work, as the children of Loreto are doing.

The Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was founded by Father Jules Chevalier at Issoudon, France, and came into being on December the 8th, 1854, the day on which the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was proclaimed.

On another great Feast Day of Our Lady, the 25th of March, 1881, the Feast of the Annunciation, His Holiness Pope Leo the XIII commissioned the Society to take charge of the Vicariate Apostolic of Melanesia and Mieronesia. It was a most difficult assignment for the young Society, involving long hazardous journeys and dangers of all kinds, as the Papal rescript indicated. Father Chevalier did not hesitate to obey. Remembering the date of the Commission from the Holy Father he concluded his reply by quoting Our Lady’s final words to the Archangel Gabriel: “Be it done unto me according to Thy Word.”

After incredible hardships and enforced delays, the first group of Missionaries arrived at their destination, New Britain, in 1882, and Father Verius offered holy Mass for the first time in Papua on July 4th, 1885. Recruits began to arrive and Bishop Navarre, the first Vicar Apostolic of the Mission was consecrated on November 30th, 1887.

In July, 1887, four Sisters arrived, Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, a Religious Society also founded by Father Chevalier. Thus began the Mission Work in Papua, which has since become part of Australian Territory.

Climatic conditions, the sheer revolting paganism of the Natives, their barbaric customs and the inaccessibility of their tribal centres, all combined to make this Mission one of the most difficult imaginable. Father Dupuyrat, M.S.C., whose book on Papua won an Academy Award in Paris, wrote thus: “Poor little Papuan Mission ... the last of them all. Little in personnel, in means, in prospects for the future and in human glory . . .”

Doctor Lambert in his book “A Doctor in Paradise” pays this tribute to our Papuan Missionaries: “They were understaffed and hideously overworked; in faces round the table I could see the look of men who were not going to last much longer. They were short-lived because they followed their incessant work without considering illness or the demands of a difficult climate . . . I take off my old white helmet to the men and women of the Sacred Heart Mission. Hereditary Methodist though I am, I honour them as the best Missionaries and the best hosts in New Guinea.”

I had the pleasure of meeting Beatrice Grimshaw when travelling from Port Moresby to Rabaul not long after World War I. In her book “Papuan Adventures” she sums up her impressions: “For the Priest, the Brother, the Sister, Papuan Missionary life means hard work, hard living, danger, sickness, poverty; the giving up of all things that men and women hold most dear; the laying down of every personal ambition, of every thought of self for ever. The Hidden Life is theirs, as it was with Jesus and Mary; the life of sacrifice and service. Each body and each mind in the Mission gives all it can. Each coin that comes to the Mission does the utmost work that a coin can do. Nothing is spent in splendour, nothing in luxury, nothing in all but the barest needs.”

May I mention a few names, where all have surely qualified for the “Roll of Honour”: Bishop Henry Verius, the Cause for whose Beatification has been introduced in Rome and of whom Pope Leo XIII said: “Today I have met a Bishop who is a Saint.” Bishop Alain de Boismenu, a French Count, so gracious and charming of manner, of whom that great Administrator, Sir Hubert Murray, said; “He has done greater things for the people of Papua than anyone else.” Father Leo Bourjade, one of the greatest of French Airmen, who was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honour, who carried in his plane a pennant of the Sacred Heart and of St. Therese of Lisieux; who was later Ordained as a Missionary of the Sacred Heart and went to the Papuan Mission where he served for a worthier cause and with greater courage and zeal than when he was the idol of France.
It was my happy privilege to spend some years in our Mission in New Britain after each of the two World Wars. Preliminary difficulties made the establishment of this Mission almost impossible and it was not until 1888 that any real progress was made. Since that time, despite wars, volcanic outbreaks and earthquakes, the development of this Mission has been little short of miraculous.

Not long after by arrival in Rabaul I visited a place that is held in veneration by every Missionary of the Sacred Heart, St. Paul's Mission Station in the Baining mountains. 

Father Rascher, the Superior of this Mission had demonstrated with a native there about his evil ways. This native gathered together a band of ruffians and planned to murder all the Missionaries. On Saturday, August the 13th, 1904, the massacre occurred. Father Rascher had celebrated holy Mass as usual and was reciting the Divine Office in his room; he was suffering from an attack of malaria. The leader of the murderous gang fired a shot through the window and killed him instantly. That was the signal for the others to attack. Sister Anna was shot and stabbed with knives. Brother Bley, working in the basement was shot and his head bashed with clubs. Sister Sophia, who had been working in the Hospital, was beaten to death. Brother Schellenkens, laying the cement steps of the church, was struck on the head and killed. Brother Plachtaert was found in the church yard covered in blood, his pencil and yardstick still clutched in his lifeless fingers. Sister Agatha was killed in front of the Convent. Sister Angela was found dead, half-kneeling, half-lying on the Altar steps. Sister Agnes died in the porch of the Convent. Father Rutten was killed in a village nearby at the same time.

The cause of the Beatification of these Missionaries has already been introduced in Rome and we ask you, dear children of Loreto, to unite your good prayers with ours that one day, please God, their names will be inscribed on the long list of glorious martyrs who have sacrificed their lives for the faith.

I have had many conversations with the sole survivor of this tragedy; one of the Sisters who had gone to the beach with some girls. I have the impression that her chief regret was that she was not privileged to accompany her dear Sisters to Heaven on that fateful day. However, Divine Providence had other designs for her. After long and arduous years of work for souls she was to share in the living martyrdom of the Missionaries as Prisoners of War.

There is an old saying that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" and the truth of this has been marvellously demonstrated by the growth of the Mission after the Baining tragedy. Churches, schools and hospitals were multiplied and many more Missionaries arrived. Tens of thousands of the natives became catholics. It was the "Golden Age" of the Mission.

* Fr. Hyland was a Chaplain with the Australian Army overseas in both World Wars.

Then came the Japanese invasion that threatened the total extinction of this Mission, one of the best organised in the whole world at this time. The Missionaries were all interned. Many were killed outright and many more died of illness and starvation. Altogether the Mission lost about one quarter of its personnel. Mission buildings that had been erected during more than half a century of laborious effort were practically all destroyed. The material damage was estimated at close on one million pounds.

After repeated warnings to the Japanese to evacuate non-military personnel, our Airmen began bombing Vunakanop, the Mission centre which the Japs took over soon after their arrival. Months of stark terror followed for the Missionaries in their barbed wire enclosure nearby, where they were forced to remain and dig shelters for themselves. Their courage never faltered. Later on they were removed to a deep valley several miles away at a place called Ramale, which they called the “Valley of the Sacred Heart.” That is where I found them.

I met the first group of rescued Missionaries at Lae, New Guinea, where they had been brought to await transport to Australia for hospital treatment. Their condition was pitiable. They were starved, gaunt and fever-ridden after their three years of captivity under the Japanese. Still, their courage and cheerfulness amazed everyone. We had a grand reunion there. Bishop Scharnach flew over from Rabaul, Bishop Wade arrived from the Solomons and Monsignor Hannan came from Australia. Four young Australian Missionaries of the Sacred Heart were there for a while before proceeding to Isquinot Bay, New Britain. It was there that Fr. Edward Harris, M.S.C., one of our young Australian priests, had been killed by the Japanese for assisting our Troops to escape. He had insisted on remaining with his parishioners, though he knew well what his fate would be. Two more Australians, Father David McCullagh and Brother Brennan, lost their young lives in the same way. They were all martyrs to duty and brave beyond words.

While still in the Army I was able to go to Ramale for Christmas, 1945. Christmas night at Ramale with caves and carols and the direst poverty, and Angels surely hovering there. Was there ever anything on earth more like Bethlehem? I shall never forget their welcome and their manifest joy in their deliverance. Danger and hardship were forgotten by those gallant Missionaries. Most of them, Sisters and all, were garbed in khaki supplied by the Red Cross. I thought how fitting that was, after their truly heroic endurance under “Front Line” conditions during those three years. We talked long into that tropic night and I heard heart-twisting tales of their “Gethsemanii,” with brave smiles through their tears as they recalled some amusing incident. What faith! What wonderful confidence in God! What shining courage they showed in their adversity!

Then came the truly amazing sequel to what seemed to be hopeless disaster. Fresh recruits arrived to fill the gaps in the ranks. New buildings sprang
up like magic. Churches, schools, hospitals, convents, presbyteries and finally a wonderful Cathedral.

Conversions were multiplied and the Catholic population rose to over 78,000. A new Vicariate, Kavieng, has been established recently. Our Divine Lord has set the pattern for all Missionaries. Their work is simply intended to be a continuation of His efforts and so it involves sacrifice and suffering. This is God's Master-Plan for bringing souls to Heaven.

[Actually, we asked Father Hyland for an account of his own life. How neatly he has dodged that request! No longer young, he answered the call of his Order last year to go to their Mission at Alice Springs. The accompanying picture, showing him with his First Communion Class at the "Alice", was given to us by one of his sisters, M. M. Gonzaga (Normanhurst). One of the happiest days in his life must have been his visit to another sister, M. M. Eulalia, I.B.V.M., Darjeeling, India. A few years later he was saddened by the news of her death. Another sister M. M. Eulalia, I.B.V.M., is in Nedlands, W.A. A fourth sister is Sister Basil, of the Sisters of Charity, Tasmania.

—Editor, Loreto.]

COORAWARRA

Coorawarra listened to the birds of the air who told him of places where the trees grow tall and water is deep, with ferns surrounding it. And seeing his country was hot and bare Coorawarra took his throwing stick and his boomerang, and went walkabout. (And came to the desert) Where he slid down sand dunes, that seemed like heaps of the sun's ashes, left recently to cool; While he watched black night push bright sun from the earth, He heard the dingo's cries, and followed them to a spring that trickled gently to a pool on the hushed sands (And went on to the grasslands and light scrub) And once, a great smoke filled the air And then, came rushing across the plains, many camp-fires joined together

With goannas, snakes and kangaroos Fleeing in terror from the flames. Coorawarra entered the-land-of-the-trees-that-are-tall He watched the lyre-bird in secret, Listened to the mopokes call And watched with wonder while the platypus played hide and seek Under the overhanging bank of the cool creek. Once, pausing by a billabong Surrounded by gums, old and white, Coorawarra heard a sudden laughing and glanced around in fright Expecting to see a bunyip, Instead, he saw two birds and joined in their merry laughter.

K. JEANS (Leaving Class),
Toorak.
THE DROUGHT BREAKS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Day: turned into weeks and weeks into months and no hopeful clouds appeared in the burning sky. Daily the gaze of the graziers turned to the horizon: but hope was dead. Daily cattle and sheep were dying of thirst, the waterholes were dry and the ground was parched and cracked. There was a listlessness about my father's walk that I had never seen before.

One morning a little fluffy bundle of clouds climbed the Southern horizon: gradually, as the day wore on, the bundle expanded and soon there were hundreds of tiny white clouds lightly moving across the sky. There was beauty about it all but little hope.

Sunset brought deceiving glory as brilliant pink deepened to orange and passed into glowing crimson. Here and there were small patches of azure blue, and, as evening turned to night, the curling masses became grey. We tried to rest in the stillness of the humid night. Towards morning a south-east wind sprang up, sweeping, as other winds had done, clouds of fine red dust before it. It was hard to breathe. Dawn brought blazing colours, but, as eyes turned heavenward, an expression of immense relief passed over many of the sunburnt faces. In the far south, the sky had turned from deep cobalt to dark blue to grey: but it was that dark heavy mass, fast covering one section of the sky that brought hope. The air was now still and the humidity almost unbearable; but the great moment was drawing near.

A bank of clouds began to roll along, the tops of the guns rustled, the great dark mass rolled overhead as the wind sprang up again. Would it pass over? It was an anxious time. Nearer and nearer came the great dark masses and, when all hearts were about to burst with excitement they were just above us, lower and darker. Thunder muttered and rumbled, followed by blinding flashes of lightning. Then, as though a great grey veil had been dropped over us, the rain poured down in torrents, and continued for two hours. We ran down to the creek to find it running a banker. We were wild with excitement and joy, so were the dogs, and the horses and the ducks.

The rain ceased for about an hour then continued far into the night. Early the next morning, the traveller was turned on only to hear the jubilant voices of graziers announcing their total rainfall: we measured ours—three hundred and fifty points—and thus the four years' drought was broken.

That night many prayers of thanksgiving were sent up to heaven. Worried faces that had grown to look ten years older during those trying years, now had childlike expressions. Faces glowed with excitement, joy, relief and thanks. We slept well that night. The drought had lifted: a new life lay ahead.

JUDY MCLURE (First Year).
Marryatville.

DARWIN AND THE NEVER NEVER LAND

Those of you who have read We of the Never Never know some of its secrets and its charms. It is my country for which I have a special love, and, in writing this little article I like to shut my eyes and see it; then, I try to make you see it as I do.

The further North I go the more civilised the natives become. Around Muckaty Station, their homes are merely cut branches of trees. The natives live on berries, yams, goanna, snake, witchetty grubs, sugar bag and lily roots. They collect the food in "Coolamans"—hollowed-out branches. Picnics are carried in larger "coolamans" under the arms of their mothers.

In many of the rivers of the North East, crocodiles are found. These are dangerous to the cattle that come to drink and a source of great loss to stock owners. Crocodiles are in great demand. They are usually hunted by night, for their red eyes show very plainly in the rays from a spot light.

There is a good market for crocodile skins and also for buffalo hide. Buffaloes are hunted in the Pine Creek district. We are now in the mining region of tin, gold and uranium. The main source of uranium is at Rum Jungle.

In Darwin the natives are permitted to attend the local open-air theatre on Wednesday nights, when a cowboy film is usually shown for their entertainment. They show their approval and enjoyment by screaming and whistling, for they follow the story from the action only and not from the speaking. The majority of the natives are cared for at Bagot which is a native reserve: but permits can be obtained for natives to sleep on the premises of their employers.

At Bagot, the natives have their own hospital and school, and also a playing field, for they are very enthusiastic about all kinds of sport, mainly basketball and football. Many of the educated natives own their own cars or motor cycles. The natives also play cards, and women sit alone for hours playing patience. When there is a group, unfortunately their wages do not last very long.

I must not forget the coroboree. The music for this is supplied by a "didgeridoo" and the sticks. The natives sing monotonous songs and clap their hands on the ground. The only article of clothing worn by the natives on this occasion is a "lap-lap". The natives also ground coloured stones, mix the powder with water and paint their bodies with the mixture.

After a strenuous day's work, one may see smoke coming from a little group of men, who are playing cards and smoking one pipe. The pipe would be a large crab's claw. The women sit and chew tobacco. They store it for convenience between their toes. The women are always "Missus".

It is a most interesting country with promise of a great future—this front door to Australia and I am proud to call it "My Country".

COLENE LUNN (Intermediate).
(Marryatville).
OLD SHIPS

This year, the North-west lost two of her coastal ships. They were the Koolinda and the Kybra, ships which have served Western Australia for thirty years.

Both ships were familiar and well-loved along the two-thousand mile coastline of the North-west. In the coastal towns, their names were household words. Whenever they met on the ocean they greeted each other with siren blasts.

The aboriginal word "Koolinda" means a "Rain Horse Lizard." The four-thousand ton ship has been sold to the Phillipine cattle trade. During the war the Koolinda went up and down the coast, taking evacuees from North-west towns. By day the ship hugged the coast, and when night fell, it went quickly ahead.

While in Broome last year, I was told of a rumour concerning the Koolinda's safe passage up and down the coast during the war. In the Japanese Cemetery at Broome is a large stone monument, erected to one hundred Japanese, who were drowned when a cyclone swept down on the pearling fleet in 1938. The Koolinda picked up the survivors, and the rumour went that the Japanese Emperor, to show his thanks, ordered, during the war, that the Koolinda go unmolested.

On its last North-west trip, the Koolinda was farewelled from Carnarvon, its final port of call before Perth by the sad strains of the Maori Farewell coming from the loudspeakers on the mile-long Carnarvon jetty.

"Kybra" is an aboriginal word meaning "Small One." The nine hundred and fifty ton ship has been sold for use on the China Coast. During the war the Kybra was used as an asdic training ship for the submarine school in Sydney. As the Kybra left Fremantle for China, its only farewell was three siren blasts from the Koolinda.

LORRAINE RYAN,
Claremont.

WHITE SISTERS IN A BLACK MAN'S LAND

Mother Mary Margaret, one of Broome's oldest and most beloved inhabitants, has many fascinating tales to tell of her experiences in the North. Among these, is that of her arrival at Beagle Bay in 1905 when, with three other sisters, she came straight from Ireland to the remote coastal Mission, separated from the pearling port of Broome by eighty miles of thick untouched pindan scrub.

The Pallottine Fathers at the Mission had been looking forward to this great occasion for months, but were rather nervous about the reaction of those four Irish sisters to this wild land and its primitive black people.

When the big day came, the priests assembled all the Mission folk and searched out the lightest skinned boy amongst them to welcome the newcomers, thinking that they might be alarmed at a very black face. They chose a half-caste boy called Jackie, now an old and well-respected Broome resident, who often laughs about the way he welcomed the first sisters to Beagle Bay.

Everyone at the Mission was up early and dressed in the cleanest clothes. An excited Jabber from over the Mission sandhills rang through the morning air. A lugger had entered the Bay and was already making its way towards the shore. Men, women and children ran down to the water's edge, and young Jackie was given last minute instructions.

The boat had come in as close as possible, and been anchored just beyond the gentle breakers. Young Jackie waded manfully into the water to greet the nuns and help them to the beach. "Welcome sisters, welcome," he cried, bowing up and down as he came towards the boat.

Meanwhile four harassed sisters hastily debated in soft anxious tones whether to keep their shoes on and get them wet, or whether it would be too undignified altogether to take them off and wade to the shore barefoot. "This worried us more at the time than whether the natives were black, white or brindle," Mother Margaret laughs.

Eventually they took off their shoes and waded, but so great was the heat, that their stockings and long habits were dry within minutes.

Mother Margaret says from that day to this, she has never wanted to live anywhere else than amongst the coloured people who welcomed her so warmly and have loved her ever since.

ROBIN MILLER (Leaving). Nedlands.

REFUGE

Far away,
Far over the windswept plains,
There lies, bleak and desolate.
An old, old cottage.
Its windows are long since fallen in;
There are still remnants
Of shattered glass.
Its rotting door hangs listlessly
Or bangs to and fro,
To and fro,
In the forceful wind.
Its roof, once neatly thatched,
Sags, torn and moulded.
Where a paved path wound its way,
Grown o'er with wild green.
Now lie deep in the moss.
No fences. They were so hackled,
So shaken by the wind
That their once-bright palings
No longer can be seen.
Now lie deep in the moss.

There lies, bleak and desolate.
Only he could do these things;
Who casts the aspect of gloom!
Who has torn down the roof
And shattered the windows?
Who is left here?
Someone dwells here.
Who casts the aspect of gloom?
Who has always dwelt here?
Who has rotted the wood
And shattered the windows?
Who has torn down the roof
And grown the green grass o'er the path?
Only he could do these things;
It is despair.

Claremont
Margaret Rose Dunphy (14)
BINDOOH HILL

At the end of the long dry summer, 1957-58, the Christian Brothers at Bindoon Boys’ Town found that they had no water for their sheep, and lambing was about to begin.

The Bindoon Hill is large and flat-topped and it carries the best pasture. All the water for stock is on the lowland where the food is very scarce because the congregation of stock soon eat out the pasture. On the top of the hill during the war, the R.A.A.F. constructed an emergency air-strip with a bitumen surface, about three-quarters of a mile long, and a hundred yards wide.

The Principal of Boys’ Town conceived the idea that if the rain water which runs off the strip could be collected into tanks just below the level of the strip, he would have plenty of water for his stock. The water could be run off in pipes to the places where it was required. Troughs would be made so that the sheep would not have to walk far for water.

A surveyor was called in to take levels of the strip and he found three depressions not visible to the eye. At one of these he put low earthen walls, coming to a point at the lowest level. There a concrete sump with a pipe leading into three 25,000 gallon concrete tanks were erected.

Early in May there were four inches of rain at Bindoon and the water which ran off the enclosed portion of the strip filled the tanks. Now there is plenty of water high up on the hill and more can be collected when more of the strip is enclosed and more tanks constructed.

SUSAN WALLWORK (Junior Class).

THE KANGAROO

Under the burning heat on the Great Australian Plain, the graceful mother Kangaroo sits and nibbles the withered grass.

Her face is gentle and finely lined and her great dark eyes watch the slightly undulating plain in silent Australia. There is a whiz, bang, crack, snap, and out of the bushes appears a little native boy.

The long, snake-like tail turns, the marsupial is off, leaving a cloud of dust, and the footprints of her strongly developed hind legs, behind her.

At last she stops and out of her pouch a young, little face peeps, with a thin little ear and pink paw dangling, swinging to and fro.

When all is quiet again, little junior snuggles down for the warmth, while Mother rests her weary legs, in the quiet of the dim twilight.

MARGARET O’BRIEN (15 years).

PIER IN A STORM

The mighty billows waved and curled
Like some strange vessel—sails unfurled—
Come sailing in from sea.
The pier so straight, so black, so tall,
Stood firm against the sea’s strong call
I knew it would not yield and fall
Forever lost to me.

Alone it stood, all framed in spray,
I watched that fight with deep dismay,
The struggle of a well-loved friend
Against a solitary end,
Within the turbulent foam.

The pillars stood like legs apart
Braced against each fresh attack
Surely, surely, they’ll not crack,
Surely they will loyal stand,
Supporting with their sturdy limbs,
Raised to Heaven like praising hymns
The load of its long sleek back.

Many a time have I travelled its length,
Many a time relied on its strength.
Now I felt in its hour of need
I’d be a sinner to pay no heed
To the desperate struggles of such an old friend
Gallantly fighting against its end.

SANDRA POWER (Leaving).

Marryatville.

A NIGHT OF WONDER

A deer stooped down to drink of a river full of stars. The night was dark and eerie. Owls hooted and circled into the cold atmosphere. Everything was hushed and enveloped in a somber enchantment. The moon-beams played on glistening dew-dropped grass as though a fairy had dropped her coloured wand. All was quiet. Yes—except for an occasional rustling and a pitiful cry. Was it a lone deer? Yes! behind a huge towering tree it stood. Suddenly it slipped out trembling, from behind the tree, it’s small body enveloped by the green foliage. It stopped again spellbound beside a rippling, silver stream, reflecting the motionless stars in its clear, blue water. It drank of the water, stopped, looked up; but, as though aware of danger, crept silently further into the wood.

Suddenly, shots rang out. The deer, blinded, staggered, swaying and moaning in anguish, suddenly fell with a resounding crash. In the wood there remained a deep silence.

C. BROWNE (12 years).

BRISBANE.

PORTLAND, VICTORIA (See Photo Page 27)


LORETO CONVENT, NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

TOP—FIRST DIVISION.

FRONT ROW: D. Poirrier, A. Keating, P. Felton (PREFECT), J. K. Green (PREFECT),
SECOND ROW: K. Miller, A. Walsh, D. Prendergast (PREFECT), P. Basha (PREFECT), K. Cheeseman (PREFECT), C. Glass, P. Beardon
(HEAD OF SCHOOL), M. C. Streber (PREFECT), A. Dyon (PREFECT), A. Hansel (PREFECT), A. Crimmins (PREFECT), M.
Hansel, C. Streber, B. McPhee,
THIRD ROW: M. Burch, S. Lenehan, C. Miller, P. Conduit, J. Laing, P. Crimmins, J. Harris, M. Dalgarno, L. Curran, K. McNeill, M. O'Con-
BACK ROW: K. Richardson, A. Viton, M. Jago, E. Beerworth, J. Ireland, P. Jasprizza, J. Gates, M. E. McRae, G. Kearney, S. Siegworth,

ORCHESTRA:

FRONT ROW: J. K. Green, G. Kearney, C. Streber, K. Richardson, W. Rowe, A. Hall, K. Hartigan, J. Loneragan, A. Drake-Brockman, R.
O'Brien.
Haseler, B. Black, E. McNamara, S. O'Ryan, J. Dowling, H. Richardson.
LORETO CONVENT, NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

SECOND DIVISION


ABSENT: E. Wilds.

THIRD DIVISION


LORETO CONVENT, NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

TOP-GRADES III AND IV.


ABSENT: M. McQuellan, P. Horan, J. Merkel, C. Desmarchelier.

BELOW-INFANTS.

FRONT ROW: P. Conduit, B. Zielhke, A. Gamble, M. O'Reilly, A. Schroeder, J. Hall.
LORETO CONVENT, NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

Inset below: Back from Picnic. Below: VIGORO.
My Home Town

DALBY, QUEENSLAND

The fertile plateau of the Darling Downs was discovered by Allan Cunningham in 1829. It is a rich agricultural district with Dalby as its centre.

I live in the town of Dalby, on the Myall Creek. This creek is a tributary of the Condamine River. It rises in the Bunya Mts, which are some miles from the town and gets its name Dalby from the tribe of blacks which dwelt there. The Bunya Mountains are said to be extinct volcanoes and the fertility of the soil is attributed to the thousands of tons of lava ejected by these furnaces during their eruptions. Of course, the view is magnificent and with the aid of binoculars, the city of Toowoomba may be discerned at a distance of about seventy miles.

It is only recently that Broadwater has entered into the limelight. It has been discovered that the conditions there are ideal for water skiing. Recently, in fact during the May holidays, there was a Monster Aquatic Carnival held there. Champion water-skiers from all over Australia took part and their display was wonderful.

As well as these, there are several secluded picnic spots at various points along the Myall Creek and Condamine River. A very enjoyable day may be spent there and, if there is sufficient water, it is possible to swim.

Besides the attractions of the bush, there are various forms of entertainment in the town itself. Naturally the most popular of these is the Olympic Standard Swimming pool. Dalby residents are extremely proud of their pool and were honoured by the visit of the Empire Games' Team, who gave a very favourable report on it. The town is also equipped with a good football oval, a racecourse and cricket grounds. In the last few years, about eighty tennis courts have been erected as well as a cycling track. Undoubtedly, water-skiing will be well established by next summer.

But—life is not all play! We have had to work for our joys. The majority of the country folk are concerned with their wheat crops, but some of them produce sheep and cattle.

Harvest time, which occurs about November or December, is the busiest time of the year for the wheat farmers. Just before harvesting it is lovely to drive past the fields of golden grain and see the heavily laden stalks swaying in the breeze. Recently I flew over the town and it was picturesque to see the acres below looking like hopscotch squares.

Just last Christmas there was much celebration for the opening of the new bridge. It had taken three years to construct. The Premier was the first to drive over it and immediately the jollity began. When dusk fell there was dancing on the bridge.

ANNE WINSHIP (Junior-Public).
Brisbane.

PORTLAND

Portland is a very small coastal town, situated in the south-western corner of Victoria. It has a population of about six thousand, which is increased by an estimated extra five thousand a week, during the holiday season.

There are a few factories in Portland at present, but with the completion of the new breakwater and docks, it is hoped that new factories will be opened and therefore that the population will increase.

At present, Portland makes its own gas and generates its own electricity. However, preliminary arrangements have been made for the S.E.C. to supply Portland and district with electricity, within the next eighteen months. The Wool Appraisal Board, the Harbour works, the Shell and Plume works, and the Freezing works are the main centres of employment in Portland. Borthwick's Freezing Works is said to be the largest meat works in the Southern Hemisphere. There, then, is a Butter Factory which obtains its cream and milk from surrounding farms, which are generally mixed in nature. The cream is made into butter and the milk into powdered milk.

Many ships call at Portland for exports—mainly of butter, meat, hides, wool, condensed milk, cheese. Ships also bring imports, mainly petroleum products and coal for the Electric Supply Company.

Portland's water supply comes from bores, and, at present the supply is not sufficient for the growing needs of the town. At present more water is being bored for, so that there will be sufficient and even excess, if possible, not only for present needs but to allow for future expansion.

As Portland is a country seaside town, many people come from the large cities, from inland and around the coast, to spend their holidays quietly here. A safe swimming area makes the beach an ideal playing place for children, and the shopping centre is handy for their mothers. Hard tennis courts, cricket pitches and a golf course, are available for those interested in these sports.

On days when it is too cool for the beach, there are many lovely drives quite close and these are much appreciated by city visitors who are able to see how different country life is from city life.

BEVERLEY LOVELL,
Portland.

THE EMPIRE GAMES

At present it seems very probable that Perth will become the venue for the 1962 Empire Games. Following much debate, Perth was recommended (ahead of Adelaide), as the site for the Games, should they be held in Australia. And as no other Commonwealth country seems likely to press a claim for the Games, Perth people should enjoy the honour.

To stage these events, Perth will have to provide many facilities which are at present lacking. This
vital need will stir from their apathy, many who have preferred to sit idly by and “wait for something to turn up”.

Perth people will benefit by receiving an Olympic pool, cinder tracks and many other much needed facilities—all of which will help to produce healthier and better sportsmen and women in the future.

An Empire Games village will be provided and this will help fill another need when it will be used to provide housing for many hundreds of families.

The large number of people who will visit Perth will help publicise our city as a tourist and holiday attraction, and so bring to us many visitors who come to Australia, but tend to ignore the isolated capital city of this continent.

CATHERINE O’HALLORAN, (Junior Public).
Claremont.

MY ISLAND HOME

On the equator is a tiny island with an area of two and a half square miles. It is my home. Its name? “Ocean Island”.

This picturesque island is fringed with a reef which has only a few breaks. The two main ones are harbours. Many fruits, including mangoes, coconuts, paw-paws, guavas, grow on the island, but there are no wild animals.

I live in a small village called Tapiwa. Our home is surrounded by palm and mango trees. These trees shelter us from the roasting sun. After a great deal of rain it is impossible to see our house from the main road, as all the shrubs grow into leafy bushes. We have a long coral-dust path leading to our porch.

The population of this islet is 2,744, by far, the majority being Gilbertese and Ellice natives. These natives have a wonderful skill at handwork. They weave mats and baskets and make lovely fans.

Even though Ocean Island is so tiny, it is of great importance to the world. This is because it produces the purest phosphate in the world. The phosphate is mined in rock but it is put through a giant crusher, which makes it very fine. Lately, a canteen has been constructed and it loads one ship in eight to nine hours.

I think Ocean Island is the loveliest home one could have.

MARGARET CONNELL (13 years).
Portland.

MOLINO DEL PALLONE

I was born during the war, in a small village in the mountains of Northern Italy—Molino del Pallone. The land there is about 2,000 feet above sea level. Not very long after I was born, we had to move further into the mountains where the land rises to 4,000 feet, because the troops were moving in and it was not safe to stay there.

Molino del Pallone is not very big. There are only about fifty houses, a church, a school and a few shops. Chestnut trees grow over large areas. Before the war, chestnuts were used in great quantities.

They were placed over the fire to dry, then ground and exported to other countries as sweet flour, which was used for making cakes. During the war, this was the only food obtainable.

The River Reno flows through the village and in summer the children fish and play along its banks. The village is quite important, as the train passes through it on the way to the city of Florence. In summer, the railway lines are covered with bright red poppies.

The land is covered with snow in winter. We children used to enjoy ourselves, making snowmen and having snow-fights. During the long evenings, some of our neighbours would call in, and we would all sit around the fire, chatting and eating chestnuts. Perhaps one day I shall be able to go back to Italy and see Molino del Pallone once more.

LOREDANA EVANGELISTA, (Sub Junior).
Claremont.

MY ROUTE HOME FROM SCHOOL

After a day’s work at school I am glad to sit in the tram or bus, which I catch just outside my school, and relax, looking out of the tram’s mud-covered window on to the now familiar scenes outside.

For a short while I travel by tram along one of the main roads leading to the city. As it is nearly peak period there are many means of transport winding their way home. Everywhere is the scene of bustle; no one seems to have time to greet another because so intent on closing their shop or getting home.

Getting out of the tram and crossing the busy street is a hard task and I do not have time to notice much, except when a police escort and a grey ambulance screams by. The cars instantly give room for this emergency and pedestrians run for their lives.

Once safely on the bus I settle down for the six-mile trip to Brighton. The bus passes along the road with its many “Terrace houses”. Down side streets I can see mothers, aprons on, calling their children in to tea. At this welcome cry, the children leave their old board that they were using to play cricket.

Then the bus comes to better houses. I can see lights in the windows here, and sometimes a wife comes out to welcome her husband home. The sky is getting quite dark now and the bus moves quickly, only making brief stops, here and there shedding a few passengers.

My street looms ahead and I step off the bus to start my walk towards the beach where my home is. I walk quickly along the first half of the long street, noticing how quiet and still everything is. Then, turning a bend I see a wonderful sight, for there over the bay, the setting sun is in all her glory, throwing magnificent, if dying, rays of gold and bronze all over the gentle waves and making the nearby homes look like palaces of gold.

Everything is still, transfixed in beauty except for the continuous lapping of the waves on the sea wall.

SUE RESCH (Intermediate Class).
Toorak.
At the Jubilee Mass offered by His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy in the Convent Chapel.
His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy, Father Casey, S.J., and Father Barrett, with the Senior Schoolgirls.
LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI, N.S.W.

THE JUBILEE CONCERT IN THE SCHOOL HALL

Scenes from the musical comedy, Zureka, produced by the pupils of Loreto.

TOP: The Ballet performed (l. to r.) by H. Crampton, I. Palotas, E. Bartlett, A. Loughland, J. Cashmore, C. Inglis, L. Regan.

CENTRE: The Gypsy Dance.

BOTTOM: The Cast.
LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI, N.S.W.

(See Names, Page 88)
LEAVING CLASS

M. ANDERSON
M. BELLHOUSE
M. A. BORTHWICK
M. BRADLEY
S. BURKE
R. CASEY
S. CHAPMAN
S. CLAPIN
M. CLARK
H. CREIGHTON
M. DONNELLY
M. FITZPATRICK
H. GANNON
M. HANSFORD
T. HENDRICKS
J. HENRY
A. BUCKLEY
J. KING
A. MARSHALL
M. PERROTET
M. PRENDERGAST
H. RITCHARD
M. RITCHARD
D. ROCHE
E. SEAGRAVE
P. SHERWOOD
A. SMITH
M. TRACY

FOURTH YEAR

D. ALLEN
J. ALDIS
R. BARRETT
R. BATEMAN
J. BEATRICE
C. BERKE
M. BURNETT
J. BURKE
C. DAVISON
A. DEVINE
M. DIAMOND
J. B. ELLIOTT
K. FORREST
J. GUNN
M. E. HORAN
J. HARDY
P. HARDYMAN
R. HENRY
J. BIRD
C. HOLT
S. HYDE
A. M. JOHNSTON
G. LEAUCH
L. McCOLL
M. MOONEY
J. MULLADOR
H. MURRAY
A. MCDONALD
M. SCHOFIELD
G. SHELDON
I. SHELS
H. SMITH
C. SMITH
M. WALSH
L. WANGMAN
A. WILLIAMS

SECOND YEAR

V. BAGOT
H. BEATON
M. C. BECKMAN
T. BOLAND
N. BURKE
S. BURKE
R. CURTIS
A. CURTIS
T. CLEGG
D. CLEGG
J. DAVIES
S. DAVIES
R. DAVIES
H. DAVIES
D. DENT
D. DOWNEY
S. DONAGHOE
S. DUXEY
E. EBBE
M. EBBE
F. FLEMING
M. FLEET
M. GANNON
A. GREGORY
A. GREGORY
G. HICKIE
J. JOHNSTON
P. LEWIS
C. MAGEE
J. MCDONAGH
M. MCDONAGH
G. McKEE
M. McKEE
K. McKEE
F. PRENDERGAST
M. PRENDERGAST
R. RIDGINGTON
R. ROWE
G. RYAN
C. SARKS
G. SHERNOW
P. SHERLOCK
L. SHEPP
J. SHIELDS
D. DOWNEY
E. SIMPSON
D. SIMPSON
P. SHELTON
P. SHELTON
J. STINSON
K. TRACY
H. VERSON
P. WALKER
J. WHEATLEY

FIRST YEAR

M. ALLAN
A. BOWE
E. BUCKLEY
L. BURKE
S. BURKE
C. BURKE
C. CAHILL
C. CAMPEY
J. CLOUGH
E. CLARK
M. COURTENAY
R. DRAIN
G. HELLMICH
J. CROAL
M. DIXON
C. DIXON
A. DIXON
J. FORD
J. FORD
J. FREEMAN
D. HINSON
P. HOLMES
G. HERBERT
A. HOOVEN
K. KEARNEY
M. KIDWELL
J. MADONALD
C. MALONEY
E. MATTHEWS
S. MULLETT
P. MURRAY
R. MURPHY
K. NAGY
D. O'DONELLEN
M. O'REILLY
M. OWEN
A. PARMENTIER
B. REILLY
J. SCOTT
P. SCOTT-JOFGREN
E. SHAW
E. SKINNER
E. SPIES
E. STEPHENS
B. STRONG
J. SMITH
G. SUTHERLAND
E. SHANNON
J. THOMSON
M. WILLIS
J. WALSH
P. WATSON
R. WATSON

FIFTH CLASS

C. ARMSTRONG
P. BISH
J. BARRETT
M. BUCKLEY
M. BURKE
J. CAMPEY
S. CATTLE
C. COURTENAY
D. DEAKIN
M. DE LA FAYE
P. DONNELLY
J. GAIN
J. GALLAGHER
K. GODDARD
P. GODFREY
S. HIND
A. HOLDEN
H. HOLMES
E. HOMAN
C. LIEUTENANT
K. GING
H. LUBRANO
H. MURPHY
M. MURPHY
B. NEUMANN
M. NEWMAN
A. PERRY
R. PLASCO
M. PURCELL
K. RYAN
B. SCOTT
F. SIDAWAY
S. SKINNER
C. SLATTERY
G. WALL
M. WILLIS
J. ZAHALKA
R. ZANIELI
HOLIDAYS NEAR MULLEWA

The vast difference in climatic conditions and the nature of the vegetation was very noticeable in my recent visit to a sheep station near Mullewa, situated nearly three hundred and fifty miles north of Perth.

Having spent most of my holidays in the South West, I was quite unprepared to find the red and dusty soil, the stunted tree growth in a district with an average rainfall of eleven inches.

My first impressions were not of the best. I feared it would be too hot and dusty to be enjoyable, but how wrong I was! Disappointed I retired to bed.

Next morning I was out early in the paddocks to see the sheep. After the dry season it was necessary to be sure they had plenty of water from the bore. Then the lambs had to be inspected. This proved to be my morning routine and the afternoons were spent in visits to various spots of interest in the neighbourhood.

One of the outstanding outings was to Tardin, where the Christian Brothers have a School Farm for orphan boys. A magnificent building was almost completed — out in the bush, miles from a town. One of the boys proudly showed us the rooms with their lovely modern colourings. The dining room is especially attractive, with its huge windows the full length of one side. The supporting pillars are each of a different shade — tables and chairs match the various pillars. Nearby, is an annex of single rooms where Past Boys may spend a happy holiday.

All good things come to an end, after two weeks of this carefree life, we left for Perth — en route, we were almost put off the roads by the heavy downpour of rain, which was making a river of the track.

MARGARET FURLONG (Junior Class). Neldlands.

THE MURCHISON RIVER

During the May holidays we went to the Murchison River, situated about four hundred and thirty miles north of Perth.

This is the season when the cyclones come down from the north, and when a “blow” arrives all the boats have to move into a sheltered part of the river. If they did not they would be shattered by the wind and rain. The weather in these parts changes very rapidly and so does the tide.

One day while we were there an incident occurred which showed how treacherous the weather can prove. The crayfishing boats go out to sea daily — leaving just after dawn and returning mid-afternoon. This particular day they started for home earlier than usual. We counted the boats as they came through the narrow rip. There was one less than usual and it was not in sight.

Gradually at first, came squally gusts of wind and the sea was very choppy. Then we sighted the missing boat rounding the rocks which separated the next bay. It approached the shore riding through the breakers which crashed over its decks almost swamping the small boat. In order to enter the river, the boats have to come close to the shore, then turn quickly and go through the rip. This time when the boat came to the shore on a breaker and attempted to turn, the waves broke over it and it was forced on to the beach where immediately it was filled with water. As the water was shallow the men jumped out carrying their precious catch of crayfish. They hurriedly began to bail out the water, a task made extra difficult by the lashing rain.

Soon helpers arrived. One man came in his “Land Rover”. Quickly a strong rope was tied to the Land Rover and to the boat. The car was steered, other men who came to help pulled at the boat, her engines had been flooded and could not start again. Then a small boat with a very strong engine arrived, met the injured craft and towed it through the rip safely into a sheltered bay.

ANNA CHRISTINE HEALY (Junior Class). Neldlands.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE

It was a wet and cold Friday morning when we were told the taxi had come to take us to the wharf. Arriving there, we boarded a very small boat called “Karratta”, which was to take us to Kangaroo Island, ninety miles off the coast of South Australia.

We left, feeling excited, but our spirits were dampened on hearing a radio signal stating that all the big ships had been held up for twelve hours because of ferocious storms in the Bight. Here were we out in the middle of it! Everyone was seasick and only three out of the crew of fifteen had dinner. After dinner Dad saw the Captain and asked him where we were. The Captain said, “I think we are doomed; the radio has broken down; we can usually see land all the way and we haven’t sighted it for three hours.” When Dad told us we were very anxious to think that even the Captain did not think we would get through. There was a fifty mile an hour wind and thirty-foot high waves dashing against the sides of the boat. I prayed that day more than I have ever prayed before! We were meant to get in at 3 o’clock and it was then 7.15 and still no sight of land. Two feet of water covered the floor of the cabin!

At 9.30 that night we arrived, wet through. We had had nothing to eat since breakfast at 6.15 that morning.

JILLIAN COGHLAN (11 years). Mary’s Mount.
A WORKING HOLIDAY

Who does not want something new at Christmas? I did. I wanted a radiogram, so I found myself beneath the lights of the cosmetic counter in W . . . . . . Everyone, young or old, rich or poor, comes to W . . . . . . and, not a day passed that something of interest did not occur. These are some of the experiences I had with customers:

MONDAY, 23rd DECEMBER. A middle aged lady wanted some nail polish. She took some time to decide on a particular kind of nail polish. Having chosen the colour, she asked for permission to try some on; she then proceeded to paint all the nails on her left hand, and she did not cease talking for a moment. She automatically turned to her right hand and, still talking, she painted on, put down the bottle, expressed her satisfaction and, without a word, turned on her heel leaving me gasping behind her.

In addition to cosmetics, we sold books. These were at the far end of the counter.

FRIDAY, 27th DECEMBER. I noticed an old man who had been reading a book for some considerable time. I made my way to him and, in a half-apologetic way, I said, “Are you waiting, Sir?” He peered at me over the top of his old-fashioned spectacles and replied, “No, no. I’m just looking.” and he calmly thumbed his way down another page.

SATURDAY, 28th DECEMBER. I really met this day with daring and quick thinking.

The shop was crowded and we were all rushed. Suddenly I, and the girl beside me, were being presented with a large box of chocolates. A young man with a dashing appearance and a flashing smile put it down before us with a bow.

With his compliments still ringing in our ears we were rudely awakened by the arrival of the shop detective. I must explain that opposite us is the sweets’ counter. The detective had been summoned to deal with a shoplifter, and here we were with the stolen goods still in our hands! Fortunately, our customers had seen the hurried presentation and our astonishment, and their explanations were accepted and the goods returned to the opposite counter. Was it a dare or a piece of quick skin-saving?

TUESDAY, 7th JANUARY. Christmas over, the days passed more slowly and I amused myself in a variety of ways in slack moments. I had just found a large sign “Display Only,” and I pinned it on my left arm while I moved the ladder—or steps—to a position from which I could just reach high enough to set up the display sign. At a critical moment in walked some youths (evidently not yet over Christmas celebrations). They sauntered up to the counter and one said, “What’s for sale?”

“All you can see,” I answered.

“You too,” said the smart one of the party.

I laughed and showed the sign still pinned to my left arm. They responded wittily enough and moved on.

FRIDAY, 10th JANUARY. Up came a tall, straight, thin woman with the face of a shrew, who literally snapped out her order for “Four dozen pegs.” To save time, we had previously counted the pegs and sorted them into bags containing two, three or four dozen lots. The bags were marked. The woman would not accept this however. She wanted to “see” each peg put into the bag and check the counting. I turned with relief to a gentleman who, while he waited, had been watching the scene with enjoyment. He wanted wire. We sold this in rolls of sixty feet. Imagine my horror when he asked me to measure the wire. I looked at him quickly and, unable to contain himself any longer, he laughed, and I knew that he was showing up the “peg-woman.” With his wire under his arm, he went off smiling.

VIRA TURSKY (Leaving).
Marryatville.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMB

The sun gradually rose above the farther hills, and sent long shafts of radiance through the mists, as we started out on our mountain climb. The clouds, on the morning sky, glittered with a carpet of liquid gold, cast from the molten ball. The air was crisp and sparkling. Silently, the wings of dawn turned from pearl to roseate hue.

Our route lay along a narrow track, that wound in a long curve, from the green valley, to our goal, Mount Peel. We numbered five all told. All of us were in high spirits, ready and eager to walk for miles.

The scenery we passed was softly beautiful, vistas of the most freshly green hill-sides, vivid, lively green willows, and pencil-grey, white-stemmed gums. Here and there we caught glimpses of placid streams, or leaping, tumbling rivulets. Soon the ever-winding bush track gave way to grey rubble like rocks.

Then there followed thirty-five minutes of stern climbing, over an ever-loosening surface of rocks. Although these were small, they clattered and grated harshly underfoot. Knee joints ached from the strenuous climbing. Lungs gasped for air, as we climbed the mountain, which dared us to conquer it.

Once again, the countryside became idyllically lovely, a picture not even an artist could possibly capture. The disused tracks were lined with brilliant hued shrubs, while graceful but towering trees, waved their leafy, flowered branches to and fro, in the invigorating breeze.

Our route wound down by a dancing mountain stream, which lurked among rocks, then cascaded hurriedly on its way.

LEIGH NOUD (15 years).
Brisbane.
Y.C.S. SUMMER SCHOOL, JANUARY, 1958

As we stood at the front door watching the car disappear down the curving drive, carrying the rest of the family away towards the beach, we heard the bell clanging through the Convent, and we exchanged very apprehensive looks—what was the Summer School going to be like?

After a few minutes, the door swung open and we were greeted by the smiling nun who took us up three flights of stairs to our room, which we were sharing with two girls from “Marryatville”. After unpacking, we set out to explore the Convent and grounds of “Sacré Coeur”, where this “school” was being held. On Sunday, we were all taken by buses to Mt. Dandenong and on the way we made the acquaintance of many of the other girls, although before I spoke to anyone I had to examine her nametag! On the Sunday night, Father Chamberlain gave us an opening talk explaining Y.C.S. throughout the world.

Each morning we had a dialogue Mass, made our beds, and then came down for breakfast. There were no fixed tables for meals, and we sat at different tables with various companions, and sometimes with one of the Priests. After breakfast, there were the chores to be done and at 9.30 a.m. those who were coming daily arrived, and the first lecture began. After each talk, given by different priests, we divided into small groups to discuss the lecture. Later, each group would report on its discussion (This was the worse part of the week!). We had four talks with discussions every day and these showed us how to tackle our work as Y.C.S. Leaders.

In between lectures our time was our own, and the Wednesday afternoon was free. At the “school” we had quite a few visitors from Western and Southern Australia and also from New South Wales. On Thursday afternoon a small group sitting talking to the Priests were televised and later we all had our photographs taken. We held a tennis tournament and I am proud to say that it was won by one of my Loreto room-mates from Marryatville.

On the last night of the “school” we had a concert which proved to be quite amusing as many of the items were prepared very hurriedly. On Saturday, there were all the “Good-byes” to new friends and the Summer School was over.

JOCELYN WILLIS (16 years).
Mary’s Mount.

CARAVANNING

Every one loves holidays, but when there is a large family, getting away for a holiday becomes quite a business, and a very expensive one. To enable us all to get away for holidays, my father bought a large caravan, and we have had many enjoyable trips. We sleep on bunks in sleeping bags, and the baby has his own little bed in the car. We are very comfortable as it is just like a house on wheels.

One of the advantages of this method of holidaying, is that we are able to stop whenever we feel like it. If a certain spot appeals to us, then we stay there for the night or as long as we wish. In this way we have been able to enjoy many places not usually frequented by holidaymakers.

Another advantage of the caravan is that it makes travelling for children very much easier. There is no longer any necessity for us to travel long distances without a break; even when we are travelling only as far as Melbourne, we now take two or three days, and so we arrive fresh and friendly, instead of cross and cranky.

We have enjoyed lovely places. Mount Gambier, Glenelg River, Ballarat, Warrnambool, Port Fairy, The Grampians and many others. I know that in the future there are many other such places for us to enjoy, and as we grow older, I hope we will travel further afield, and so come to learn and know about our own country.

ELIZABETH CONNELLAN (12 years).
Portland.

SEARCH FOR OIL

During the May holidays the man in charge of the Geophysical Survey in the search for oil in Portland rang Dad and asked him to dig some holes with the tractor and posthole digger.

Dad and I went in the Utility. My brother, Max, went over with the digger. When the holes were dug, one man placed a plugging of gelignite at each hole. Another man put a detonator connected to a piece of fuse wire, into each plug of gelignite, placed it in the hole and covered it with earth. He then connected all the wires to a cable that went to a Land Rover some distance away on the road. There was also another special cable run out along the road parallel to the holes that transmitted any vibrations through the geophones to the control van where they were registered on photographic film. These geophones were so sensitive that a vehicle coming nearly half a mile away caused an interruption, so we had to wait till it passed and had gone far enough away before the men could go on with their testing.

When everything was ready to set off the explosion we went to the Land Rover, to the man who set off the expulsion. We had to keep very still and not talk or move. The man counted three and on the “three” he pressed a button and all the gelignite went off with a terrific bang and we felt a great vibration. Then we went and had a look at the place where the holes had been dug, and all the ground was torn up. Smoke was still coming out of the ground.

The terrible shock that we had felt would be registered on film and later developed as a guide and help to the discovery of oil in Portland.

SHIRLEY GALVIN (12 years).
Portland.
**TOWER HILL**

Our family was looking for a quiet spot to have a picnic and an enjoyable afternoon. Someone suggested going to Tower Hill, which is not so very far from our home, and which, we decided, would be a wonderful place, for our outing.

Tower Hill is about two miles from Koroi, a town situated in the south-west of Victoria, approximately one hundred and seventy miles from Melbourne. It lies between the town and the coast, some miles away. It is an extinct volcano, considered by geologists to have erupted a little over a thousand years ago and so it is one of the latest volcanoes to erupt in Australia. It was a very fierce volcano and a gigantic eruption blew the top off the mountain and left a vast hollow. Some small craters raised their heads in this hollow before the volcano finally died. Looking down on it today from the parts of the rim still left standing, you can see steep hilly islands surrounded by picturesque lakes. The highest of these peaks is seven hundred feet.

It was on this hill we stopped and had our lunch. When that was finished, we decided to have a look at some of the bird life abounding in the vicinity. It would be almost impossible to walk around Tower Hill as the perimeter is about ten miles. However, we set off and noticed that pine plantations and bracken were the main types of vegetation and that occasionally the bare rocks had no covering of soil.

Many wild ducks were swimming in the broad expanse of water at the top. We saw the swans which nest in the reeds of the mud islands. Other birds which we saw were cranes, plovers, herons, ibis, gulls, water hens, diver ducks; and occasionally we caught sight of a pelican. The birds were particularly quiet, especially the gulls, which we fed on bread.

We packed up and went home after we had seen almost everything and looking back on the mountain we saw a picture of exuberant beauty. Driving home we pondered over the fact that the district around Koroi produces such good potatoes and onions because that beautiful volcano had covered the land with lava a thousand years ago.

**JOSEPHINE FITZGERALD.**

Portland.

**THE GEELONG WOOL SALES**

During the Christmas holidays, I had the interesting experience of seeing thousands of bales of wool being sold at Geelong. On the morning of the sales, my father, mother and I went to the wool stores. Dad was given a catalogue in which the wool from each property was listed and numbered. Our wool was recorded and in our own catalogue the average price was written beside the number. There were about 20,000 bales of wool in the store; some had already been sold and were awaiting shipment to Japan, others were to be offered that day. Each bale was opened at the top and there was also a cut in the side, so that the buyers could see what type of wool was being presented. I felt quite excited when I saw bales bearing our brand, “C.L.” over Carron Park, Merino. The buyers handled wool from various bales until they found a type to their liking. Then their secretaries made a list of the number of the bales and the prices they were willing to pay.

That afternoon we went to the sales. All the firms sell at the same place. Each has an auctioneer who sells for about two hours, then the next firm takes over, so that in one afternoon three different firms may operate. Every bale of wool is averaged to bring a certain price and the auctioneer starts selling a few pence below that price. Most buyers signify they are bidding for the wool by calling out or raising their arms. The buyers come from many different parts of the world, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Eastern Europe and U.S.A. The wool is sold by the pound at a certain number of pence. The auctioneer demands complete silence so that he can concentrate on the business on hand.

When we heard the auctioneer offering our wool, we listened intently and hopefully. After some brisk bidding it was sold at a satisfactory price. On other occasions, my parents had attended the wool sales during term-time. How glad I was that at last I had been able to accompany them and see our wool being offered to buyers from all over the world.

**FAY LUEHMAN (15 years)**

Portland.

**A STREET SYMPHONY**

As I stand on the corner of a busy street, and listen to the many sounds the traffic and people make, I am reminded of an orchestra.

In an orchestra you will find violins, cellos, violas, double basses, drums, trumpets, a piano and other smaller instruments.

All the noises you hear in a street, illustrate an orchestra: A baby wailing for its mother would sound like a violin; the honk of an old horn would sound like a trumpet; and the tooting and hooting might sound as though it was a trombone playing. You might even hear a person having a piano lesson, which would add a piano to our Symphony.

There is usually a conductor who, as you probably have guessed, is the policeman, waving his hands madly trying to control the traffic.

Then there is always the time when the traffic seems to have stopped. Then the chiming of the clock in the tower brings a more musical note to our Symphony, and men using drills sound like very fast drums.

**KATHLEEN WILLIS (11 years).**

Brisbane.
MY VISIT TO LOURDES

The road to Lourdes took us through the green foothills of the Pyrenees with the quaint houses with slate roofs nestling in the valleys. My brother, Peter, who had been driving all the way from Paris, took us off the beaten track through a pleasant country lane, that opened up many cheerful vistas which we would have missed on the direct route.

Lourdes, we found, was as busy as ever with its streams of coaches and trains pouring in pilgrims and taking them away. Our hotel, The Ambassadeurs, was practically at the entrance to the religious park, and only the Gave de Pau separated it. The Ambassadeurs, was one of those nineteenth century hotels which had preserved its original atmosphere completely. The lift answered automatically to every bell push at once. The result was, that if one succeeded in catching it, one would be at the mercy of whoever pushed the bell.

At the side of our hotel, the busy Boulevarde de la Shrine echoed the footsteps of thousands of pilgrims making their way to the Shrine from early morning until late at night. All nations were represented and the battle of tongues, even at our hotel, was something to be remembered.

As we walked through the park leading to the main Basilica, we noticed much evidence of the preparations for the centenary this year. The builders were well under way with the construction of an underground Basilica which it is hoped will hold thirty thousand people.

As we took up our position along the side of the park to watch the procession, we were amazed by the number of people surrounding us—some wealthy, some poor, others crippled or disease-stricken; but all with one desire: to be cured, if not in body, perhaps what was more important—in soul.

The complete devotion and the strong trust of these people in the Blessed Virgin would surely humble, to some extent, even the most bigoted atheist.

Lourdes is unique in the world—something that must be experienced to be understood—much less to be appreciated.

ROSEMARY GREEN (Leaving). Marryatville.

THE MIST

Nobody can see through a mist,
I couldn't even see my shopping list,
You see, I was going to the shops.
As I was going I gave skips and hops,
And I bumped into a man.
With a watering can.
'I'm very sorry sir', I said,
'I can't see through the mist,
And I was trying to see,
What was on my shopping list'.
'I'm very glad you're sorry', snapped he
'You nearly knocked my hat off me'.
The fog has lifted right up now
I wonder why it did and how!

MARIE THERES JENSEN (Grade IV). Nedlands.

THE BREAKING OF THE DROUGHT

The sun pierced down from a clear blue sky, scorching the plains which lay motionless under its blaze. My favourite pear tree which I had so carefully mothered, was now a brittle stub of dry, brown twigs. The animals moped around with drooping heads and dull coats. Dead carcasses littered the fields. The harsh cack of the crows could be heard. They looked so sleek and shiny.

Everywhere you went you heard the refrain, “Do you think it will rain?” The main topic was the drought, nothing but the drought. I was weary to death of it because I knew glum faces and glum speech would not hurry the rain. Daddy, when he came home from a long day's work in the paddocks, would make a hee-line for the wireless to hear the weather report, but it was always the same: “Storm clouds rising in the east, rain expected within a fortnight.” He was used to it by now, and knew what to expect. Some people were becoming quite bitter, and thought the rain was never going to come, while others, at the least sign of rain would pass the good news around the countryside, raising hopes which were to be disappointed.

This particular day was just like any other of the drought, but there was something unusual in the atmosphere. Daddy went about his usual tasks. He began to oil the house windmill. I went along with him. He climbed to the top of it, and just as he reached the summit, a sudden gust of wind swished the windmill around unexpectedly, and swept Daddy off his feet. He was now swinging by one hand just under the blade of the windmill, which just scraped past his hair at every turn. His other hand was pinned down by a board and he could not get his footing. I screamed for help, but all in vain, for I couldn't be heard. The wind blew like a hurricane and daddy seemed lost. I raced up the ladder to him, reaching him in the nick of time. Just as we reached the ground, there was a loud clap of thunder. Lightning flashed across the sky and down came the rain in torrents. Daddy and I were thrilled. He gave me a big hug and said: “Well, my poppet, you have saved my life, and the rain has come to save our farm!”

BETH MEEHAN (Sub-Leaving). Claremont.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are grateful to the firm of E. J. Dwyer for a donation of £5 in place of the advertisement which arrived too late for insertion in the 1957 LORETO magazine. (See advertisement in this issue.)
TOP LEFT: May Day Procession.
TOP RIGHT: Sub-Leaving.
LOWER RIGHT: Leaving Class in the Library.
LOWER LEFT—PREFECTS
FRONT ROW: P. Brocken, M. Connolly, M. O'Neil (Head of School), E. Calder, M. Dodd.

LORETO CONVENT, CLAREMONT, W.A.
LORETO CONVENT, CLAREMONT, W.A.

TOP—SUB-JUNIORS  CENTRE—JUNIORS  BOTTOM—FORM III

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MARY'S MOUNT: INTERMEDIATE, LEAVING AND MATRICULATION CLASSES


IN FRONT: P. Pull, M. Creati, A. Sparks.

SUB-INTERMEDIATE AND FIRST AND SECOND YEARS


IN FRONT: G. McGrath, D. Ramsden. ABSENT: M. Keating, M. Buckley.
Interesting Experiences

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN PERTH

Gay patches of colour dotted the Oval, made by the uniforms and bright gym tunics of the many schools making up the living map of Australia. At last we found the other girls in blue who were to form New South Wales and we joined them. There was already an air of excitement about the Oval as snatches of song from the choir of 1,000 voices floated out to us and a voice from the Public Address system gave directions.

Slowly, the map began to take shape—first the boys and girls in white tennis clothes took up their positions round the coastlines and borders. Then came our turn to fill in New South Wales. We took up our positions but found that the cool, soft, inviting green of the grass was deceptive and we were sitting on the hard cricket pitch of a kind of cracked, dry mud.

After waiting a while for the map to be completed, filling in the time watching the shadows of the planes flying overhead, presumably taking photos, we began to practise our cheering and waving, when the States were mentioned in the speech to be read.

At last the waiting was over. The Queen’s large black car was turning into the Oval. In spite of craned, eager necks, very little could be seen or heard above the forest of waving hands and the shout of welcome that went up. Every eye was on the Queen Mother, as she was escorted to the grandstand. Presentations over, the Choir sang two Australian songs accompanied by a military band. Then the speech was read by the girl representing the children of Australia—a speech of welcome to W.A. and farewell from Australia. Each State having responded to the roll-call, at last in front of the map was placed the final message formed of children—GODSPEED!

Now came what was, for us, the highlight of the afternoon. Her Majesty was to drive around the Oval in an open car. The map dispersed; units of Tasmania stood side by side with units of Queensland and Western Australia. The position of the car was announced by the waves of cheering and waving which advanced slowly but steadily round the circle of children. Tiptoe and expectant we waited, the mounting noise and excitement grew louder as it grew nearer. The large black nose and streamlined bonnet of the car appeared then, so quickly our gaze was fixed on the figure of the Queen Mother standing in the car, responding to the enthusiasm of the excited children with waves, not mechanical but looking as if she really enjoyed it, a spontaneous smile that gave almost everyone the same impression—“She smiled right at me”.

Sweet of expression, kind, gay and with all that queenliness which made our hearts go out to her in honour and reverence. There was nothing formal about her, she was perfectly natural and gracious, and it was with great regret that we saw the car disappear with the regal figure. It was such a short, fleeting glimpse!

PAM ROBINS (Sub-Leaving). Nedlands.

BALLARAT VISIT ROYAL HIGHLIGHT

The Queen Mother told the Premier (Mr. Bolte) that her visit to Ballarat for the Begonia Festival last Sunday had been one of the highlights of her Australian tour. She declared that it was the nicest place she had visited since leaving London.

Mr. Bolte said this at a civic reception tendered to State Cabinet yesterday by Ballarat council.

He said members of the Royal tour staff had also been impressed by the Ballarat visit.

The Mayor of Ballarat (Cr. Chisholm), welcoming Cabinet members, said some Ballarat people were “still up in the clouds” over the Royal visit.

Cr. Chisholm said the city felt proud that Mr. Bolte had spent much of his youth in Ballarat and still lived in the district.

—The Melbourne Age, 7/3/58.

TREE PLANTING CEREMONY

It was on Tuesday, 24th June when, at the top of the stairs, that Robin Miller and I were each handed a mysterious looking letter. Robin, being Head, was naturally used to receiving letters addressed “Loreto Convent, Webster Street,” but to me it was an unusual event.

On opening mine, I was greatly surprised to see the Mayor’s signature at the end. By the time I had finished reading the contents, I was fully convinced that someone was playing a joke on me. Robin was also puzzled because her letter was the same.

After much speculating with the other girls, we decided to show them to Mother. She assured us however, that they were perfectly authentic, and we were to go to Swanbourne Beach at 10.15 on Saturday morning—for a tree planting ceremony.

Not being exactly sure to what part of Swanbourne Beach we had to go, Robin and I left home early and were the first “tree planters” to arrive. We were both apprehensive at that stage, seeing the twenty-two holes, trees and spades, and began to wonder if we would have to spend the whole week-end planting “Rotnest Pines”.

We need not have worried because, after some time, more people arrived. We were privileged in being given the first two trees to be planted, and we, with the other twenty children, were each given a stake on which was a plaque displaying our names, schools and the date.

After a little address given by the Mayor, we began planting the trees, and it was with a certain pride in our hearts that we pushed in beside the plant, the stake displaying our names.

When the task was finished and we stopped admiring our handiwork, we turned our backs on what will live and bear names most probably years longer than we ourselves will live.

MARY JOYCE (Leaving). Nedlands.
THE HIROSHIMA PANELS

When I walked into the Perth Art Gallery to see the Hiroshima Panels, my first sensation was one of awe. I had been looking forward to seeing the panels for a long time, but although I had read about them and had even seen photos of the work, I had formed no idea of their size and grandeur.

Each panel measured twenty-four feet by six feet, divided into three feet scrolls hung from bamboo rollers. There were eight of these panels and they completely filled the upper room of the gallery.

Confronted suddenly with a work of such immensity, I felt as though I myself had been hit by the fatal bomb. In a flash I was transported from the hum-drum atmosphere of Beaufort Street, Perth, W.A., to become a living and suffering participant with the people depicted on the walls. Even the clothes I wore seemed to become suddenly ridiculous and tawdry. I felt I should rip off my coat and throw it as an offering to these helpless, stupified, writhing, dazed and naked creatures; no more deserving or prepared for the calamity that fell upon them out of a quiet summer sky in August, 1945, than the people I had just passed in the street.

After a little while some of the first shock left me, and I started to examine the work in more detail. I began to derive a sense of peace and enjoyment from the beauty of the paintings themselves. The oneness that God Himself must feel for the whole human race emerges from these paintings. One loses sense of seeing "the Japanese" in or after a particular disaster and simply experiences the sensation of looking at Mankind, anywhere or at any time.

The paintings have a weird and strange beauty of their own. Looking at them with half-closed eyes one can see (whether it came about consciously or unconsciously, I do not know), an intermingling of old classic Japanese landscape with the modern western medium of expression. The figures themselves are grouped, in some instances, to resemble a big landscape rather than separate human forms.

The Hiroshima Panels have now left Perth to be shown in other parts of Australia and the world. Wherever they go, they will throw off radio-active waves to those who see them—but the "fall-out" from the Hiroshima Panels is not destructive. It challenges the future, and has made out of past devastation a work of art "which will continue to have meaning long after the Atomic and Hydrogen bombs have been outlawed by mankind."

PERPETUA CLANCY (Leaving).
Nedlands.

THE OPENING MEET

The Opening Meet is always an exciting occasion. Preparations begin weeks before—early in April the huntsmen begin hardening up their horses. Contessa, my own horse, was brought in at the commencement of the holidays. She had been spelling at a lovely paddock at Kalamunda. Firstly, she had her teeth filed, next she had her coat clipped and finally she was shod.

Every morning I rose at six o'clock—five, if I was feeling particularly energetic—and exercised Contessa in the bush. She loved the early morning ride as much as I, and many a time I nearly met the earth as she gave a playful buck. Almost every afternoon we practised jumping. Contessa had only just begun but was already clearing four feet. The weeks flew by and at last the great day arrived. I did not ride that morning but groomed instead. Two hours later, Contessa's coat was gleaming like satin. After breakfast I returned to the stables and plaited the mare's mane.

At one thirty p.m., the float arrived. I was feeling very smart in new Jodphurs, coat and helmet. Contessa was all saddled and ready, covered with a new red dust-coat. On arriving at the kennels, we found several hundred people there already. Everyone tied his horse up in the yard and had afternoon tea. At three o'clock we all mounted and began the parade. It was a very colourful sight. The men were all dressed in olive green coats with red collars and gold buttons.

At last we set off. Contessa was prancing and shying excitedly. One of the whips was thrown, as his horse bucked with fear at the sound of the hounds. He was quickly up again however, none the worse for his fall. We were soon galloping through bush after bush. It was wonderful to hear the hounds baying and the whips cracking. The beagles soon lost the scent but before long had picked up another.

After a thrilling afternoon of fast riding, it began to grow dark. To my delight and the huntsmen's disappointment, we had not made a kill. We then made our way back to the kennels, everyone talking and laughing together, the horses now walking quietly. Before long we were home again. I unsaddled Contessa, rubbed her down, then left her feeding contentedly after a very happy day.

ANN HARRIS (Sub-Leaving).
Claremont.

THE FEMININE TOUCH

City-bred child: Feminine of Colt? Frilly.

LUCKY DOG

From the weekly essay: Another fine Gothic building is the Dog's Palace in Venice.

EAU DE NIL

Cleopatra was self-willed and self-scented.
LORETO CONVENT, NEDLANDS, W.A.

TOP—LEAVING CLASS


CENTRE LEFT—SPORTS DAY
Monsignor Moss with Captains and Vice-Captains.

CENTRE RIGHT—PREFECTS
J. Boyd, M. Joyce, P. Clancy, A. Grave, R. Miller (Head of the School), A. Edgar, D. Whitely.

BOTTOM RIGHT—SPORTS DAY
Little Visitors Race.

BOTTOM LEFT—SPORTS DAY
AT RIGHT—FORMS II & III

LOWER RIGHT—SUB-JUNIORS
FRONT ROW: C. Brophy, A. Colbert, R. Williams.
BACK ROW: S. Edwards, V. Wilmink, S. Lucas.

BELOW—JUNIORS
FRONT ROW: M. Donaldson, A. McMullen, A. Worner, T. Elliott, C. O'Hara, A. Sheridan, S. Wallwork, C. Fountain.

LORETO CONVENT, NEDLANDS, W.A.
ABOVE—GRADERS II & III
INSET—WINNERS OF THE SLAZENGER CUP, 1958, with their coach, Mr. S. Edwards.

ABOVE—FORM I
BELOW—GRADE I

ABOVE—GRADERS IV & V

LORETO CONVENT, NEDLANDS, W.A.
CHOOSING A MAST

This mast, new-shaved, through whom I rive the ropes,
Says she was once an oread on the slopes.
Graceful and tall upon the rocky highlands,
A slender tree as vertical as noon.
And her low voice was lovely as the silence
Through which a fountain whistles to the moon,
Who now of the white spray must take the veil
And, for her songs, the thunder of the sail.

I chose her for her fragrance, when the spring
With sweetest resins scented her fourteenth ring
And with live amber welded you young thews:
I chose her for the glory of the Muse,
Smoother of forms, that her hard-knotted grain,
Grazed by the chisel, shaven by the plane.
Might from the steel as cool a burnish take
As from the bladed moon a windless lake.

I chose her for her eagerness of flight
Where she stood tiptoe on the rocky height
Lifted by her perfume to the sun.
While through her rustling plumes with eager sound
Her eagle spirit, with the gale at one.
Spreading wide pinions, would have spanned the ground
And her own sleeping shadow, had they not
With thorny fragrance charmed her to the spot.

Lover of song, I chose this mountain pine
Not only for the straightness of her spine
But for her songs: for there she loved to sing
Through a long noon’s repose of wave and wing—
The fluvial swirling of her scented hair
Sole rill of song in all that windless air
And her slim form the maid of the stream
Afloat upon the languor of its theme.

And for the soldier’s fare on which she fed
Her wine the azure, and the snow her bread;
And for her stormy watches on the height—
For only out of solitude or strife
Are born the sons of valour and delight;
And lastly for her rich exulting life
That with the wind stopped not its singing breath
But carolled on, the louder for its death.

Under a pine, when summer days were deep.
We loved the most to lie in love or sleep:
And when in long hexameters the west
Rolled his grey surge, the forest of his lyre.
It was the pines that sang us to our rest
Loud in the wind and fragrant in the fire.
With legioned voices swelling all night long.
From Pelion to Provence, their storm of song.

It was the pines that fanned us in the heat.
The pines, that cheered us in the time of sleep.
For which sweet gifts I set one dryad free—
No longer to the wind a rooted foe,
This nymph will wander where she wants to be
And with the blue north wind arise and go.
A silver huntress with the moon to run
And fly through rainbows with the rising sun:

And when to pasture in the glittering shoals
The guardian mistral drives his thundering foals.
And when like Tartar horsemen racing free
We ride the snorting fillies of the sea.
My pine shall be the archer of the gale
While on the bending willow curves the sail.
From whose great bow the long keel shooting home
Shall fly, the feathered arrow of the foam.

ROY CAMPBELL.
Anyone, familiar with the houses of our Institute, must have observed a picture or statue of St. Michael: perhaps, in the garden or entrance lobby, or at the approach to the chapel, to the classrooms and dormitories. Since the early days of our Institute over three hundred years ago devotion to the Angels, and particularly to St. Michael the Archangel, has been fostered among nuns and pupils.

The direct help of St. Michael to our house in York, England, in 1696, was witnessed by a crowd of secular people standing on the opposite side of the street, and the incident is part of the traditional history of the city of York. The foundation of the convent of the I.B.V.M. had been made in York by Mother Frances Bedingfield in 1682, in the exact spot occupied still by the convent, the first convent boarding-school founded after the Reformation in England. It stands just outside the walls of York at Micklelegate Bar (or gateway): hence the well-known name of the Bar Convent. By 1696 the school was flourishing, but anti-Catholic prejudice, having for long hindered the establishment, made one last effort to wreck it. We transcribe the incidents as told in the *Annals of York*:

"The more fanatical protestants of York had resolved on the complete destruction of the house, and for this end stimulated the anti-Catholic prejudices of the unreasoning multitude by the circulation of no-popery watch cries. The religious had, however, secured many kind friends outside the Church, who carefully watched the actions of their enemies, and fully prepared the community for the impending peril. Every precaution that prudence could suggest was taken to reduce the number of those upon whom it seemed the approaching blow must inevitably fall. The children were conveyed in parties to the houses of various friends. The chaplain's safety was provided for; the most precious treasures, such as relics, etc., were committed to trustworthy keeping; and the religious, full of confidence in God, yet unprotected by human aid, awaited the coming of the storm. Rev. Mother Bedingfield ordered a picture of St. Michael to be hung over the front door, and solemnly placed the convent under the protection of this glorious Archangel and all the Heavenly Host. This was scarcely accomplished, when a mob of hundreds of infuriated men, armed with weapons of destruction, surrounded the House. She, availing herself of the permission she had received for cases of emergency such as this, took from the tabernacle the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament, and placing it in her bosom knelt in the midst of her religious sisters in the passage leading to the street door; and, whilst the street without resounded with the shouts of their enemies, she calmly and confidently thus addressed her Hidden Treasure: 'Great God! Save Yourself, for we cannot save You!'

"A TALL PERSONAGE ON A WHITE HORSE"

"Suddenly all was still. As if they had been ordered by someone in authority, the mob began to move off in a body, without even touching a brick or breaking a pane of glass. Many persons had gathered together to watch the issue of their proceedings, and some gentlemen of credit among them afterwards assured the religious, that no one was heard to give a word of command or even seen to make a sign to the mob to disperse; but that they saw them suddenly desist from their purpose, and turn their steps quietly through the Bar into the City. The persons however who lived in the house opposite the Convent, which remains almost unaltered to this day as it then stood, declared that at the moment of the threatened attack they saw over the Convent a tall personage on a white horse brandishing a sword, whose appearance appalled the crowd and caused them to retreat; and an unbroken tradition to this effect is still widely circulated in the City. The religious of course at prayer within saw nothing of all this; for them the reality was ac-
PERPETUAL ACT OF THANKSGIVING

As a perpetual act of thanksgiving to Divine Providence, Mother Frances Bedingfield established the devotion that has since spread to every convent of the Institute all over the world. On the eve of Michaelmas Day (in September), the picture of St. Michael is taken from its place over the front door, and placed in the hands of the youngest child in the school. The two next in age walk, one on either side, carrying lighted candles, while the rest of the school walk through the house in processional order to the chapel, where the sacristan receives the picture at the rails of the sanctuary and places it near the altar on a pedestal prepared for its reception. Here it remains during the octave of the feast. As the procession enters the church, the full notes of the organ and the voices of the religious are raised in the *Tibi Omnes Angeli* (from the Te Deum).

THE LAST STIRRING OF PERSECUTION

Even as late as 1748 the penal laws in England could still be put in force, and in York the “Ladies at the Bar” had one more persecution to face. They were given orders by the Prebendary of York to quit their convent. Though a religious minister, he had great power in secular affairs, and hoped to stand well with the anti-Catholic Government in London. He felt that the expulsion of the nuns would further those hopes. The Mother Superior and Community “united in fervent prayer for light and strength to act prudently, and appealed with all the fervour of their hearts to the intercession of St. Michael and the Angelic Choirs.” When the Prebendary desisted in his attempt, the nuns, “congratulating one another and blessing God for His singular mercy towards them,” went to the chapel to sing the *Te Deum*. As a perpetual acknowledgment of gratitude to St. Michael and the Heavenly Host for their protection, it was ordained by the Superior that the devotion practiced on Michaelmas eve, should also be practised on the eve of the 8th of May, the feast of the Apparition of St. Michael. And thus it is done in every house of the Institute, since that day.

—N.

Hugh Dormer’s Diaries

BEATING CURFEW IN GERMAN OCCUPIED PARIS, 1944

We got out at the Gare du Nord, and mingled with the crowd as it passed through the barriers. It did not pay to loiter on railway stations, as they were always closely watched. Outside there was a row of taxis, but, as I was not positive some were not private cars and as I did not want to risk any unnecessary conversation with my accent, we made for the Metro. I went up in the queue to the window to buy a book of tickets. I thought they cost eight francs and had a ten franc note in my hand, but when the man asked me for thirteen francs I had to grope wildly in my pocket, spilling out notes all over the counter and finally finding nothing smaller than a thousand franc note. I felt everybody’s eyes on me and the man behind the counter shot a penetrating glance into my face. I seized the tickets and almost ran down the stairs, but it was the same in the Metro. We could hardly have looked more English: the blacking had worn off my Army gym. shoes, and I saw several people staring at them. The only thing was to stare back, until they shifted uncomfortably too, nearly everybody in France today has some skeleton in the cupboard.

We got out at the Rue Montmartre and went round to our first safe house—a business address—only to find it had just closed. This was a blow, and it entailed our taking a train out of Paris, and time was getting on. It was after seven and curfew was at midnight. Anybody found on the streets after that would be arrested. We took the Metro again to the Gare St. Lazare, and changed on to the suburban railway. After half an hour’s journey we got out at
Sevres, and I asked an old woman for our street. As it turned out, she directed me to the wrong one, there being two of the same name. So when we arrived at the right number and I gave the password to the woman who answered the bell, she looked at me blankly—it clearly meant nothing to her.

Now we were in a desperate position—lost in Paris, with nowhere to go for the night, and only two hours left before curfew. We had had nothing to eat all day and were very thirsty. The time was nearly ten o'clock and the streets were already deserted. After all our tribulations (as commandos pursued by German bloodhounds through the forests, on the previous night—Ed.), this was the end. I tried one or two small hotels in the street for rooms, but no one would take us in ... In our desperation I promised silently that, should we ever escape, I would never refuse shelter to a beggar for the rest of my life.

We walked quickly to the Metro at Sevres a mile away. B's foot was hurting and we were both parched with thirst. By hurrying we just caught the last train of the night back to Paris. I remembered a hotel where I had stayed a night on my last journey three months ago. We had been strictly warned in London not to go near it, as it had been known by Mme C, who had subsequently been arrested by the Gestapo, but this was our last hope and I decided to risk it. We came out of the Metro at Levallois after forty-five minutes. The streets were now pitch dark and empty. It was half an hour before curfew and, except for an occasional gendarme standing at the street corners, we were the only people out at that late hour. I did not know the number of the house, but relied on recognizing it from the outside. I remember that it had stood on the corner. We hurried along the street till we came to an open window. Inside the lighted room I could see eight people having supper round a table, and I was sure I recognized the face of one of the women as belonging to the family who ran the hotel I was looking for. So I banged on the street door till someone opened it. I suppose they thought we were the police or desperadoes, for the man's attitude could not have been more hostile. He asked me what I wanted, and I said a room for the night. He said he had none, and tried to shut the door. I was desperate, as I knew this was really our last hope, so I stuck my foot in the sill. I was still standing outside in the dark of the street, and I thought that perhaps he had not recognized me, so I tried to push my way in. There were other people crowding behind him in the lighted interior of the passage, so I could not be explicit. I said surely he remembered me staying there three months ago, but he only threatened to call the police, unless I left immediately, and began to shout; so I withdrew my foot and the door slammed in my face. As it turned out, my imagination must have played a strange trick on me, for I had mistaken the wrong hotel in the dark. Yet there was a mystery somewhere, because I swear I recognized that woman's face through the lighted window.

We continued along the street to the next corner, where stood another hotel, the right one, but probably the Germans had seized it since my last visit. I left B in the street and rang the bell in some suspense. While we listened to the footsteps on the other side, I prayed wildly to the Little Flower* to save us, for I was tired and hungry and frightened again, and had no desire any longer to be a martyr.

The door opened and we passed into the dimly lit courtyard. It was an old coaching inn and the proprietor was a typical Frenchman. He could barely see our faces in the dark, but I whispered in his ear asking him for help, reminding him I had stayed there three months ago, and that we were English. To my unspeakable joy he recognized my voice and we were home . . . .

* Hugh had a special devotion to St. Therese—a devotion built on the solid foundation of Catholic Faith received from his parents. His mother, an old girl of Loreto, Normanhurst, gave the nuns a fine statue of St. Therese in memory of Hugh, whose diaries have been translated and published in several languages, after their first publication in London by Jonathan Cape.—Ed. Loreto.
RICHARD O'CONNOR
(From the Catholic Weekly)*

Richard O'Connor was born in Sydney on August 4, 1851. Seemingly, the taste for politics was in his blood. His father, whose name he bore, was an authority on Parliamentary procedure and practice. His grandfather, General O'Connor, was in the French Army and took part in Hoche's expedition to Ireland in 1796.

He did his schooling, like many another great Catholic man in our history, at the famous old Benedictine school, Lyndhurst College, and also at Sydney Grammar School. He went on to take his B.A. degree at Sydney University in 1871 and completed his M.A. degree two years later.

In 1876 he was called to the N.S.W. Bar and went on to build up a large and successful practice, acquiring a high reputation as a skilful and conscientious advocate. In 1896 he was made a Q.C.

Debating was always one of Richard O'Connor's favourite activities. In his younger days he was a leading member of the Sydney School of Arts Debating Club, in which some of the most famous men of the age learned their public speaking—men like Edmund Barton, George Reid, Judge Heydon and others.

In 1887 he accepted the offer of a seat in the Legislative Council—by Henry Parkes. Parkes always said that his appointment of O'Connor to the Legislative Council was the best appointment he ever made.

He threw himself into the movement for Federation, working closely with its major leaders, Edmund Barton and Henry Parkes, but his Federal political career ended in September, 1903, when he was appointed one of the first three Judges on the High Court of Australia at its foundation—a post he retained until his death on 18th November, 1912. He was thus the first Catholic to become a High Court Judge.

O'Connor did not enjoy good health for some years in the closing stages of his life. Shortly before his death he went to Europe in an endeavour to regain his failing health. But he was unable to resume his seat on the High Court Bench and, after a period at Moss Vale, entered St. Vincent's Private Hospital, where he died.

He was a fine, upstanding man of large stature, more than six feet tall. He was transparently honest, modest in his attitudes, consistently courteous in his behaviour and of dignified bearing. He had no great distinction as a public speaker or platform orator, but it was said of him that his oratory was loaded

with wisdom and reasonableness. He was an eloquent and engaging conversationalist, and was a logical and profound thinker.

It was traditionally said of him that his remarkable face mirrored the innate goodness and sincerity that were always associated with his name. He was regarded always as a model Catholic who earnestly abided by Catholic principles in every phase of his life. He was renowned for his generosity to the poor and needy and to many other worthy causes. He remained always an extremely modest man, who never sought honours for himself. He twice declined a knighthood.

* In the series "Australian Catholic Men of Mark" by Brian Doyle.

WALTER FITZMAURICE BURFITT
(From the Journal of the Royal Society of New South Wales)

Walter Fitzmaurice Burfitt, who died on 1st June, 1956, at the age of eighty, after a long illness, had been a member of this Society for fifty-eight years. He was born at Dubbo, N.S.W., and educated at Riverview College and later at the University of Sydney, where he had a brilliant academic career, being awarded almost every prize and scholarship for which he was eligible to compete. He graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1894, with Honours in Mathematics and First-class Honours and the University Medal in Geology. His early interest in geology, fostered by his association with Professor David, for whom he had a profound admiration, was maintained throughout his life. Entering the Faculty of Medicine, he graduated M.B. and Ch.M. in 1900, with First-class Honours and the University Medal. While doing his medical course, he also graduated Bachelor of Science in 1898.

After a year as Resident at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, he entered private practice in Glebe, and shortly before World War I moved to Macquarie Street, to become one of Sydney's leading surgeons. For many years an honorary surgeon at Lewisham Hospital, he was Senior Honorary Surgeon and Chairman of the Honorary Staff there at the time of his retirement in 1939. He was a member of the British Medical Association, and a Foundation Fellow of the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons.

He maintained a lifelong interest in University affairs, and was Chairman of the Council of Sancta Sophia College within the University. In 1925 he made a gift of £1,000 to the University for the establishment of a scholarship to be awarded in the Faculty of Science for proficiency in Physics or Chemistry. This was but one manifestation of his
practical concern for the careers of young research students.

This Society has cause for holding him in grateful remembrance. He endowed it with a gift, later supplemented by his wife to £1,000, to found the Walter Burfitt Prize for published research work. Competition for this coveted award is very keen, and some of Australia’s foremost scientists have been the recipients of the prize.

In addition to his zeal for the advancement of science, Dr. Burfitt was a man of wide human sympathy and benevolence. He was also characteristically modest and retiring, and never courted but rather shunned publicity. In 1932, at the meeting at which the Burfitt Prize was being presented, he was asked to speak, and was obviously embarrassed and almost apologetic.

In 1908 he married Esmey Mann,* and of their family of two sons and three daughters, three have followed their father’s profession.

* First boarder at Loreto, Normanhurst.—(Ed. Loreto).

JOAN HAMMOND AND MARRYATVILLE

Joan Hammond on the verandah at Marryatville.

The Opera Season was to open in Adelaide during the second week of November, 1957. Booking was very heavy, and after the opening night it was almost impossible to obtain seats for any Opera. Imagine our excitement when, on arriving at school one Monday morning, we heard that Joan Hammond was coming to Marryatville to see the nuns. Secretary Lolita-Marriott had rung the night before. She gave no name, as she wished to surprise the nuns who had known her during school days at Loreto.

Toorak. It was she who received the surprise, for her voice was recognised.

We all hoped to see the great singer Joan Hammond. Several days later the prefects told us that Miss Hammond had arrived. They had been speaking with her in the garden and had taken photos. It was lunch hour so there was a rush to the school verandah, which commands a view of the front drive. There stood the station-wagon in which we knew she travelled throughout Australia. Someone remembered that it was sodality time for the Blues; so, off we went with one great hope within us! At one o’clock we rushed downstairs. There she was saying goodbye to the nuns. Girls were everywhere. All the cameras in the school had been produced. The car door was closed, and we waved enthusiastically as they drove slowly away.

For some of us it was not “good-bye”, for we had booked seats for the last night of the opera season. As is usual on “last nights”, the audience was tense and responsive, enthralled with the beautiful music of Puccini’s “Tosca”. So spellbound were the listeners that, as the strains of the wonderful Aria, “The Stars are Brightly Shining” filled the air, the scene became real, the air still and silent and the dark sky was studded with stars. It was Tosca herself who created the spell. It made me realize how she moved that Russian audience as she sang to them (in Russian) in the Bolshoi Theatre—the world’s largest opera house. No wonder she was invited to go back. I wanted the singing to last forever. The last curtain came all too soon. Tremendous applause called the artists back time and again. The producer addressed the audience, introducing Joan Hammond. She came forward and spoke, and her few sincere words impressed us all.

After the Opera we went back-stage and saw Joan Hammond in her dressing room (the word “Loreto” is an “Open Sesame” to her Secretary). Crowds waited in the narrow passageways outside the dressing rooms, and near the stage door. In spite of the confusion, after an exhausting performance, Miss Hammond had time to speak to each one.
The nuns met Joan informally. Most striking was the ease and the simplicity of one, who has been applauded by more than half the world. It was not of her achievements that she boasted, but of the glory of her incorporation as a Catholic in the Mystical Body of Christ.

The spiritual joy of that triumph has enriched the timbre of her voice with a glorious resonance. The nuns were given an autographed microgroove, and they say that the lovely liquid notes, young in their maturity, reach right down to the heart. Joan Hammond praises God for her gift. Wistfully, she envied the prayerful atmosphere of the convent and there was sincerity in her simplicity.

ANNE McINERNEY and JENNY GLYNN (Leaving)
Marryatville.

Views and Opinions

EXPLORATION

If I were an explorer, I think I would not explore mountain ranges and hidden passes, but rather search for ancient cities. For example, I would go to Central America, taking besides the necessary equipment, a helicopter to explore the surrounding land. Perhaps I would find the crumbling walls of dead, decaying and deserted Indian village, perhaps ravaged by the Spaniards when they first arrived. If I were exceedingly lucky, I might find a totem to the sun or snake gods. This I might piece together by these and their buildings, their contents such as kitchen utensils, household furniture, ornaments, writings of various sorts—the lives of these people, and perhaps find the reason why they had left their homes and cities, the work that had taken so long, and by which they had lovingly cleared the virgin bush that surrounded them.

Perhaps after two or three years, when most of my important work had been done, I would leave behind some assistants to continue the excavations, and set off for Spain and later the Dordognes to see the paintings on the walls of the caves drawn by the early men who lived in these caves during the Ice Age and filled in their spare time by drawing on the walls of their homes. I may even be lucky enough not only to see these caves, but to discover others, as rich or richer in traces of Pre-historic man and beast. I might find an ancient axe which was used to cut mammoth steaks at some stage of its existence, to ward off the mammoth and its mate beforehand, and to hew roots to accompany the tasty dish. Maybe it had been a family heirloom passed down from father to son for generations. Perhaps hidden somewhere in a corner of a cave I might find an ivory needle used by Pre-historic woman to sew the skins which were her husband's clothes.

If I was extremely fortunate, I might find the skull of this world-renowned figure, and thus insert another link in the chain of facts which evergrowing takes us back aeons until all is obscured by the mists of time.

After I had presented my pieces to a museum or scientific society, I would set forth towards Mesopotamia, where I would visit the excavations at Ur and Babylon, and later I would go to Persepolis to see the triumphal monument of Darius the Great. I should like to see the city upon city upon city, and below eight of these layers, the eight-foot thick layer of soft sand left by the Great Flood (the Biblical story of Noah's Ark thus being proved), and the three cities below that again!

By this time, I would be so compelled by the fascination of such explorations that I could never leave it and would probably devote my life to Archaeology and Anthropology, and enjoy myself much more than my friends at home, who might perhaps think I was leading a queer kind of life, not realizing that I was furthering the interests of Science, but my own as well.

CHRISTINE BODEKER (Sub-Leaving)
Nedlands.

1812 OVERTURE

We are all familiar with the historic figure of Napoleon and of his Russian Campaign—how he captured the burning city of Moscow, only to retreat because of lack of shelter and supplies.

Years after the event, a great musical masterpiece was composed by the Russian, Tchaikovsky, in remembrance of this historical event. This work is called the 1812 Overture and was written for the consecration of Moscow's Temple of Christ.

The Overture opens with a hymn "God Preserve Thy People", and continues with the first few bars of the Marseillaise interwoven with the main theme, signifying Napoleon's advance into Russia. The climax comes when amidst the roar of canons, and the joyous ringing of the bells of Moscow, the Russian national anthem triumphs over the Marseillaise.

ANNE WORNER (Junior Class)
Nedlands.
TEA

The shaven head bowed low before the incensed altar to the great Buddha. To all outward appearances it seemed that the saffron-robed monk was deep in meditation, but inside him was a turmoil as body and soul fought to overcome each other. For the hour was late and his body was ready to give up all for sleep while his soul urged a longer communion with his master. Finally, in a desperate rage, he pulled off his eyelids—the root of his trouble. In time, where they had fallen, there grew up a plant which today is known, the world over, as tea.

In the civilised west, tea-drinking is only regarded as a stimulant or a relaxing tonic, to be taken with meals. When it was first introduced into Europe in the 17th century by the Dutch, the high cost of tea made it a luxury indulged in only by the richer classes. However, tea is now drunk by more than half the human race.

Although there is disregard for tea-drinking as an art in western countries, South America has developed this art in a way peculiar to the continent. Their tea is not the common type, drunk every day by millions, but a special maté or Paraguay tea which, though nauseating to the uninitiated, is delightful to all South Americans who drink it by the unique method of sucking it through a tube, with a strainer attached, to one end.

The origin of tea was in India, but the Japanese took it entirely for their own, making tea and the art of drinking it the centre of their culture.

The emperors of the early civilisations literally “set the fashion” by building small circular “houses” in their gardens. Lavishly ornamented and painted on their outer walls and domed roof, these “houses” inside were bare except for perhaps a carpet of traditional design or a single flower, beautifully but inconspicuously arranged. These tea-houses soon became such a part of Japanese living that no respectable home was without one.

The art of tea-drinking has become such a ritual that, when a Japanese hostess entertains, a whole afternoon’s entertainment is the mere drinking of a cup of tea. In more aspiring establishments, the way to the tea-house is often over a bridge spanning an artificial lake filled with goldfish. Before entering it is necessary to remove shoes in the “ushering-in” or ante-room. In the main room, guests sit cross-legged in a semi-circle, while the hostess follows a set pattern of conversation, handed down from generation to generation. Then, and only then, may the actual drinking begin. The tea-cups are, in reality, more like soup bowls, having no handle, and are embroidered with some aspect of Japanese home life. The tea is not black as we know it, but a thick soup-like liquid, green in colour. The whole afternoon may be spent in sipping and discussing one cup of tea but sometimes many different blends are sampled, according to the hostess’ fancy.

THE MIGRANT IS MY NEIGHBOUR

During the Second World War, Australia realized the relative emptiness of the country, and the need for maintaining a white outpost of civilisation on the fringe of the Asian World. People felt guilty at the sparse population of the Northern Territory, so close to overcrowded Java and Sumatra.

After the war was over, plans were made by the State and Commonwealth Governments, which provided for the rapid influx of British and European migrants. In spite of difficulties, it was estimated that Australia could receive 200,000 migrants a year.

The problems of receiving and absorbing such a large number of new Australians are considerable. Too often the Australian is inclined to resent them, or blame them for many of the difficulties of everyday life. This gives them the impression that they are not wanted in their new country.

We Australians forget that these migrants are human beings like ourselves, even though many of them may speak our language with a peculiar accent. The anti-foreign attitude in Australia is extraordinary, because we often think that the migrants ought to be given all the difficult jobs, such as construction work, unskilled labour in the cities, or pioneering work in the outback.

The New Australians find the task of beginning a new life after being uprooted from their native country in Europe a difficult one. They are often without friends and the comfort of a warm welcome. Then they are taken to a migrant camp and there the real difficulties for them begin.

As well as learning our language, they have to become accustomed to our newspapers, our trade union system, our ways of eating, our Church going, our political struggles, in short all our customs. They must find a position to be able to support their families and make a secure future for their children.

Too often the Australians forget that the migrants bring with them mental luggage, as well as suitcases. They are frequently more interested in music than in the Melbourne Cup. Others have brought their poetry, while some have brought their arts. They should be allowed to use these talents to the full, but they are often hindered. We Christians, in a free land, should try to make the heavy burden of the migrants lighter. Failure to do this, will result in the migrants forming groups of their own, which would prove disastrous to both the migrants and the Australians. To remedy this, a “New Citizens Association” has been formed, with the object of helping the new settler to become a better Australian.

KAY BARRY (Sub-Senior), Brisbane.

DIAAN STUART, (Sub-Senior), Brisbane.
IF I WERE A PILOT

"If he has not considered the vastness of the sky, nor looked down upon the moods of earth and sea, as through the eye of an eagle must he fly."

Haunted through many an hour by these words from Horace my thoughts have wandered to far-away skies. Within me well a longing to be aloft in an aircraft of my own with the clouded sky my city and the roar of an engine for company. I long to see the rugged, red country below me and to fly to no routine, to be caressed by the warm air of Kimberley skies. Within me wells a longing to be aloft in a aircraft of my own with the clouded sky my city and the cold of the South Pole. I long to fly at dawn and on through clouds of red and gold as the sun rises to meet me, to warm me, blind me, to shine the whole long day and sink in glory behind the hills at evening.

I love the sky in all its changing lights, but most of all at night with a moon to light the waters far below, all there to sink in its magnificence, leaving from Horace my thoughts have wandered to far-away routine, to be caressed by the warm air of Kimberley skies. Within me wells a longing to be aloft in an aircraft of my own with the clouded sky my city and the cold of the South Pole.

A JUST-SO STORY

HOW THE GIRAFFE GOT HIS NECK

Long, long ago, when you were not even thought of, there lived in New Zealand a Giraffe, named Dimples. He didn't live in Opotiki, or Wairoa, but he lived in the adventurous place of Te Kuiti. He had two very short ears; a little stump of a tail with five very short hairs at the end; four very long legs with which he could run very fast; two large beady eyes and last of all a very short neck. He hated this neck, however, because when they had a competition of picking the highest leaves, he always came last.

One morning there was great excitement in Te Kuiti, as a great magician from over the sea was coming there. He sold all kinds of magic things like "Powder for making noses shine", and "Medicine for growing long, long legs", and to Dimples' delight, he also sold pills for growing long necks.

He at once went to Mr. Toppe-Hatte (for that was the magician's name), to buy some of the magic pills.

Mr. Toppe-Hatte was in a bad mood that morning, and when Dimples asked him for a small bottle of pills, Mr. Toppe-Hatte gave him rather a large one, (that was because he was so grumpy). Dimples thought that Mr. Toppe-Hatte was very kind, to let him have a large bottle for the price of a small one, and he swallowed all the pills in one gulp. Now, certainly, that would be all right if the bottle had been a small one, but, as it was a large one, his neck gave a sudden "whoosh" and went straight up into the air for about ten feet.

His five short hairs at the end of his stumpy tail quivered in fright, and he ran right out of Te Kuiti to Ektahua, where he stayed for the rest of his life.

Have you thought about the Giraffe? As you know, the Giraffe never utters a sound, and that is because he wishes he never, never, never had such a long neck.

THE ART OF BECOMING A BOOKWORM

For the sake of those whose wish it is to acquire this art, I outline here the easiest method.

The first step is to obtain a huge Dictionary, such as the Oxford Version. By committing a larger part of this to memory, you will gain an extensive vocabulary. Thus you can, at least, attempt to understand what you will read.

Of course, a bookworm always wears glasses, which should be horn-rimmed for preference. If they slip down to the tip of the nose, so much the better. It gives such an intellectual appearance.

Next, find some really "heavy" books, such as "Milton's Complete Works" or "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (in Six Volumes) or maybe "Habits of the Ornithorynchus", secure a desk, a large one and much littered, and surround yourself with these ponderous volumes. Open one of them, rest your head on your hands, and try to read. Little by little, some of the matter will take root.

Many intellectuals are rather casual in their dress; so ruffled hair and twisted skirts do help a great deal. If one is completely engrossed in one's art, one has no time for such trivialities as tidiness!

So, as practice becomes habit, more and more pleasure will be derived from the pursuit of this hobby, and mankind in general will regard the bookworm with awe and respect. However, infinite patience is necessary to acquire a taste for reading, and this taste can only be won by those whose privilege it is to be endowed with abnormal intellects. This, I know, will dash to the ground the hopes of many aspirants, but let them persevere; and perhaps some talent will be discovered.

And now for the Tenth Volume of "Encyclopaedia Britannica"!

CHRISTINA FAUCUS (15 years),
Mary's Mount.

PAULINE ALLEN, (Form 1),
Brisbane.
WINNERS OF THE C.G.S.S.A.
TENNIS SHIELD, "A" GRADE
1957

BACK ROW: M. Bennett, P. Lonergan.

HONOURS & LEAVING CLASS
ON WALL AT RIGHT: J. Green, H. Joseph,
BACK ROW: L. Moore, B. Dorian, S. Parish,
M. Harbison, M. Bennett, D. Keats, C. Doyle.
THIRD ROW: E. Culshaw, V. Curtin, J.
FRONT ROW: J. Glynn, V. Tursky, E. Barnett, L. Hanna, C. Moriarty, R. Green,
P. Priddam, E. Webb.
ABSENT: D. Isenstein.

PREFECTS (Right)
SECOND ROW: V. Curtin, W. Springbett, M. Harbison, C. Doyle.
FRONT ROW: S. Parish (Head of School).
ABSENT: E. Isenstein.

HONOURS & LEAVING
(See Names, Top Right)
LORETO CONVENT, MARRYATVILLE, S.A.

68
GRADE VII

GRADE VI
FOURTH ROW: J. Freeman, C. Hart, C. Shannon, M. Murray, B. O'Donohue, M. dalle No gare, R. Cappalutti, S. Starrenberg.
FRONT ROW: S. Byrne, P. Gluyas, C. Whitford, C. Kiley, E. Perdelwitz.

GRADE V
BACK ROW: K. Barry Murphy, M. Pierce, J. Skeffit, A. O'Grady, V. Bevera.
FRONT ROW: N. Palmer, C. McCarthy, R. Evans, A. Packham.
ABSENT: J. Brown, C. Peters.

LORETO CONVENT, MARRYATVILLE, S.A.
ABSENT: M. James, L. Rodighiero, A. Morkunas.

CENTRE PHOTO:
GRADE I, GRADE II, BOYS

GRADE I, GRADE II, GIRLS
(Continued on Page 72)
Loreto’s Victories in Tennis

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA:**
Marryatville won the “A” Grade Tennis Shield in the C.G.S.S.A. at the end of 1957. See page 68.

**WESTERN AUSTRALIA:**
Nedlands “A” Grade won the Slazenger Cup, 1958. See page 58.

**SYDNEY:**
Kirrihilli “A” Grade carried home the Cardinal’s Cup. Team: Mary Ritchard, Roslyn Barrett, Patricia Sherwood, Helen Ritchard. (All Daughters of Past Pupils).


Normanhurst “C” Grade won the Monsignor Picrse Cup. Team: The players who later won the “B” Grade, except that Kerrie Moroney was the fourth. (See page 37).

Loreto in Sydney thus holds the three available Cups in the inter-convents competitions for 1958.

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**A TENNIS TOUR—OVERLAND**

I rose to start my journey of over 3,000 miles to Sydney at 4 o’clock in the morning of Wednesday, 18th December, 1957.

A party of twelve Junior tennis players, comprising five girls and seven boys, had been chosen by our coach, Mr. Stan Edwards, to make the overland trip to Sydney, to compete in major tennis tournaments there. Loreto was also represented by Anne Edgar (Nedlands) and Anne Holbrook (Osborne). Thanks to Mr. Edwards, the whole expedition was most enjoyable and helpful.

The fast uneventful trip of 453 miles to Norseman took us through farmlands and the Eastern Goldfields. As we continued from Norseman, we left the bitumen road and we struck many bad patches before reaching Cocklebiddy, about 270 miles from Norseman. We were well prepared for the 750 miles of dry country between Norseman and Madura Pass, having three bags of oranges, an orange squeezer, flasks and a plastic container of water.

After passing through Eucla, we ascended the great plateau, and as we continued, having crossed the W.A.—S.A. border, the road was very dusty, and by the time we reached the Nullabor Homestead for lunch, we were tired of dust and saltbush. The next day, we travelled 291 miles from Ceduna to Port Augusta, the first place of any size since we had left W.A., and it was very refreshing to see the sea and the bitumen. On the way we saw Iron Knob and the Flinders Ranges.

We pushed on to Nurioopta via Pt. Pirie and Kapunda. From there to Mildura the land was very green and the vineyards a delight to the eyes. We crossed the Murray by punt at Kingston and Renmark. We continued on the Sturt Highway, crossing the Victoria—N.S.W. border, then on to Hay, still passing through green fields and orchards.

During our last day of travelling, we passed West Wyalong and Grenfell where the N.S.W. and Australian Junior Champion, Jan Lehane lives; then on through Cowra, Bathurst, the mining town of Lithgow, climbing higher and higher, till we came to Katoomba. As we ascended the Blue Mountains, we could see the valleys becoming deeper and the mountain tops ever so much higher. At one stage we were up 3,285 feet and could see the blue haze over them. It was a wonderful sight. As we descended, the scenery became prettier and greener. We could smell the damp timber as we drove along the winding roads.

We reached Sydney and crossed the Bridge for the first time. It was raining hard as we crossed—the first rain for about three months.

We were given a very warm welcome by Mr. Vic. Edwards at his home in Roseville. Then we went off to our quarters at the Seswell Guest House in Edgecliff.

During the first weeks, we competed in the Manly Grasscourt and the N.S.W. Hardcourt tournaments; then Lorraine, Don and I left the W.A. juniors and joined the W.A. Wilson Cup team at Hotel Imperial, King’s Cross. Although we did not win the Wilson Cup, we gained much experience from playing.

**DOROTHY WHITELY** (Sub-Leaving). Nedlands.

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**GRADES I and II GIRLS, MARRYATVILLE (Continued from Page 71).**


**FIFTH ROW:** S. Buckley, M. Cray, L. Jordan, S. Darwent, C. Anderson, K. James, C. McNamara, H. O’Loghlin, D. Evans, K. Coombe, J. Buchanan, G. Brady.

**ABSENT:** M. Brady, S. Dalsiel, K. Vaughan, E. Lynch, C. Allan.
Any well-informed person must be pleased to see a girl becoming a nun, provided she is free to become a nun and fit to become a nun and has the right intention. The nun wears a ring on her finger, and anyone who knows why she does so will realize that the nun’s state of life is the highest that it is possible for a woman to embrace; for the ring on her finger means that she is the bride of Christ. This spiritual espousal to Our Lord is the privilege of all nuns, and fortunate indeed is a soul that is called to it. No girl can ever be really worthy of being called to such a state, but such is the goodness of Our Lord that very ordinary girls may with the help of His grace embrace it. However, when a girl has made up her mind that she wants to be a nun the problem still remains—and it is sometimes a difficult problem—to decide which order of nuns to join. The purpose of this article is to help such a girl to make a decision—yes or no—with regard to the Loreto Order, to set forth its special characteristics so that she may have an opportunity of reflecting prayerfully over them and considering whether or not she can best serve God in the Loreto Order and do most for the salvation of her own soul and the souls of others.

The organization that is popularly known as the Loreto Order has for its official title “The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary”,‡ which could be translated into simple English as “the organization planned to honour, imitate and rely on, the Blessed Virgin Mary”. Relying on Mary’s help the nuns try to do just what Mary did at Nazareth, that is, to live with their eyes always upon Jesus and devote their lives to the task of protecting, providing for, and instructing the Child Jesus. I say “instructing” for although Jesus knew with His Divine Mind all that is capable of being known and had as man infused knowledge of all that it became the Supreme Lord of Creation to know, yet He wished to learn His prayers and all the other lessons of childhood as any other child learns them. Mary’s great work at Nazareth was to care for Jesus and to teach Him, and that, too, is the work of the Loreto nuns. It is true that they may have to teach a class of over thirty children and undertake the running of a school of several hundred children, but the Loreto nun’s ideal is not to herd a flock of children but to see in each one the Child Jesus, knowing that whatever is done to one of the least of His little ones is done to Him. Whether wayward or willing, bright or dull, Catholic or non-Catholic—the child has God for his Father and Mary for his Mother and is, or is meant to be, another Christ grafted on to Him through grace and living with His Divine Life.

A NAME AND AN IDEAL
Scarcely less expressive of the spirit of the order is the name “Loreto Nuns”, which the nuns commonly use and by which the people know them. The name represents an ideal. The nuns call the buildings in which they live “Loreto Convents”, because they have always tried to live in the Holy House, once sanctified in Nazareth by the presence of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and now reverenced at Loreto in Italy. The various orders of nuns, each following the guidance of the Holy Ghost, imitate the life of Mary in various ways; some go on visitation from door to door, caring for the poor, aged and infirm; others gather the sick into hospitals; but the Loreto Nuns go into the Holy House and live there with Mary, and with Mary they work for Jesus in the Holy House. Wherever they go, they build a holy house. Others seek Jesus by the wayside; others seek Him in the sick, but they do their work within the walls of the convent, the Holy House of Loreto. In times of epidemics and emergency they may leave the convent to tend to the stricken, but always their ideal will be to draw to themselves and into the Holy House of Loreto those children for whom they work.

We have spoken about imitating Our Lady in the work of Instruction; this imitation can have many forms. For instance there is the wonderful work done by the motor-mission nuns who gather children into instruction-camps for a fortnight and then move onto their next camp. This excellent apostolate is extensive in character. The Loreto apostolate is, on the contrary, intensive, and the Loreto nuns seek to imitate Mary in the perfection of her work of in-

* Written for PALM LEAVES (Calcutta), whom we thank for permission to use.
† Founded by the Venerable Mother Mary Ward (1585-1645).
PROFESSION DAY:


BELOW: Novices on their way to the Chapel.
struction. For in a simple and homely way Mary gave to Jesus the most perfect training in the things of God that a child can have. No less perfect was the training she gave Him as preparation for His position in life, which was the humble position of a carpenter's apprentice and subsequently of a carpenter. While the training in his trade belonged to Saint Joseph, Mary gave Him the training in following the simple routine of an orderly household. In imitation of Mary the Loreto nuns try to give the children in their care the best possible training for life, which of course is in the case of these children modern life with all its complexity. It is important to grasp this fact clearly, because it is one of the determining factors in the Loreto way of life; I might say—in the Loreto way of carrying the Cross. For of pious indolence can never survive acquaintance with the notoriously exacting work of education. All religious life is a response to Our Lord's call:

“If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me”. (Luke 9, 23).

The notion that nuns are women who live a life of pious indolence can never survive acquaintance with the nuns of any order, but it is particularly absurd when applied to nuns such as the Loreto nuns who give themselves, and give themselves so devotedly, to the notoriously exacting work of education.

IGNATIAN OBEDIENCE

The ambition to use their talents to the full in the service of God and their neighbour has a marked influence on the Loreto way of life and even on the spiritual life of the nuns. Their Rule (which is founded on that of the Society of Jesus) frequently reminds them that their object is to strive for the “greater glory of God”, and the accent is on “greater”. If a Loreto nun is able to do more for Our Lord by getting a university degree, she will set herself to get it; if she can do more for Him by getting to work at once without that degree, she will do so. Some Loreto nuns will, then, study for high university degrees; some will work in the most efficiently equipped of modern schools, others in a struggling mission-school; some will follow their natural bent and teach music, others will undertake the more prosaic task of teaching arithmetic. How, then, can a nun called to take part in such varied work be sure that she is doing God's Will and not merely her own? Only by imitating Mary, who was the little handmaid of God waiting just to hear His Word and to do it. In other words, it is natural that obedience should have a very big part in her life. And it does play a big part in the life of a Loreto nun. The Jesuit rules on obedience and even St. Ignatius' famous Epistle on Obedience find their place in the Loreto Rulebook. The Loreto nun looks to her Superiors to manifest God's Will to her not only in the general programme of her life but in its daily routine. Nor is she guilty of make-believe in accepting their guidance as from God. They have authority from God to guide her, as the Rule says “in all things which carry no appearance of sin”. Every convent has its Mother Superior, every Province has its Mother Provincial, and the whole order has its Mother General. All these Superiors are appointed in the manner approved by the Church and all receive their authority from God through the Vicar of Christ. This is true of all religious orders, but one of the chief characteristics of the spiritual life of the Loreto nuns is the fostering of faith in the loving guidance of God of their daily life through human superiors. Loreto nuns give a full and exact obedience to their superiors not because they have to but because they want to. They do not wait for orders; as soon as they know what the Superior wants them to do, they are to do it. “They must have before their eyes God, our Creator and Lord, for whose sake obedience is paid to a creature, and must take care to act upon a principle of love ... ” It is this last principle that makes the difference between Loreto obedience and military obedience. The soldier does what he has to because he has to; the Loreto nun does what her Superior wants because God wants it and she loves God. “The principle of love” holds for the Superior, too; it is always the Mother Superior, and it is the ideal of Loreto superiors to have the convent governed by the “Mother” rather than the “Superior”.

Here, too, Loreto nuns take their inspiration from the Holy House, where Jesus was “subject” to Mary and Joseph. Indeed, the Holy House is no less a perfect model of a religious house than a family home; for every member of it was a virgin and Joseph governed the family as its superior, not by right of physical fatherhood but because he was the man designated by God. It may well be objected that beautiful as this ideal of obedience is, it will mean in practice a constant abandonment of one's own preference in deference to someone else's will and at times of facing a daily routine of uncongenial tasks and even accepting for one's whole life all the humiliations that go with the position of subordinate. There is no answer to the objection other than to admit its truth or rather to embrace it. When Mary said: “Be it done unto me according to thy Word”, she made a complete surrender of herself to God's Will, even though it meant the piercing of her heart with a sword. The Loreto nun, too, offers herself as a complete sacrifice in obedience and subordination; and just as worldly people are always out to get the things the world values—wealth, independence and a position of importance—so the Loreto nun, who has renounced the world, tries to follow Jesus, who chose to be poor, to be subject and to be ignored. Above all, she tries to have that “mind that was in Christ Jesus . . . ” He “humbled Himself becoming obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross”. Any girl may well doubt her ability to attain to this ideal; indeed it is beyond the range of human nature and can be achieved only by God's grace; but unless she wishes to have the desire to make such a complete oblation of herself and is willing to pray to God for the grace to do so, she should not enter the Loreto Order.

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THE NOVITIATE, LORETO CONVENT, NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

Novices on their weekly excursion to the Bush.

SCENES IN
THE
NOVITIATE
LORETO CONVENT,
NORMANHURST

LORETO CONVENT, NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

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The grace will not be denied if she asks for it; for by His obedience unto the Cross, Our Lord won for us the Grace to bear the Cross. It is, then, in the mighty power of the Cross that the Loreto nun trusts and trusting in it faces the life of sacrifice courageously. On the crest of the Order, you will see the words:

"Cruci dum spiro fido"
They may be translated into simple English as
"While there is breath in my body,
My trust will be in the Cross".

APOSTOLATE OF REFINEMENT

There is one more characteristic of the Loreto life and apostolate which should be mentioned. It is one the Loreto nuns share with all nuns and especially with those who devote themselves to intensive education. For want of a better name I shall call it the “apostolate of refinement”. Just as “education” can mean, and in Soviet countries does mean, indoctrination in falsehood, so “refinement” can mean “worldliness”—a foolish pre-occupation with society etiquette and fashionable way of doing things. But just as it does for education in general, so Christianity provides the true forms for refinement in particular. St. Paul lists them as follows:

“Charity is patient, is kind. Charity envieth not, dealeth not, perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own.”
“Let all things be done in charity.”

True refinement, whether it be in intercourse with others or in giving beauty of colour, sound, and form, to life in the home, is always an expression of charity. It found its most perfect expression in the Holy House, where every word and action flowed from the abundance of the most loving Hearts the world has ever known and where was found the most beautiful thing known to art—the Madonna with her Child. The refinement of the Holy House is very discernibly reflected in the Loreto Convent. The girl who would enter the Loreto Order no matter how well-bred she may be, will go to the novitiate to be trained in this refinement founded on charity, and not the least of her tasks in later life will be to impart it to others, striving courageously to keep her apostolate of refinement free from the worldliness that will never cease to tempt her so long as she has a human heart. To teach girls to be in the world—to take their place in a society with grace and dignity—and yet to be “not of the world” is indeed a difficult apostolate but it is also a very important one, on which the salvation of many souls depends. In this apostolate, as in every phase of her life, the Loreto nun is “to choose the most glorious Queen of Heaven, as the chief co-operatrix to the redemption of mankind” as her special Patroness and Mother and “not only love and reverence her with all her strength” but also “with filial confidence to fly to her in all . . . necessities.”

One thing I have asked of the Lord, this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.—(Ps. 26.).

St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in the snow. Door to the right: Loreto Convent.
LORETO MISSIONS IN AFRICA

AUSTRALIAN LORETO CONVENTS HELP

Extract from a letter to them from Mother General:

"... I wish to thank those who are responsible for having aroused the children's interest in our Missions, and in collecting money for their needs. Without the financial help from the Australian Province, the new chapel at Loreto, Kiambu, Kenya, could not have been built.

I wish you could have been present at the opening and blessing of the chapel last February, and could have witnessed the joy of our Sisters and the hundreds of native children under their care ..."

At the Opening of the New Chapel, Loreto Mission, Kiambu, Kenya.

1. KENYA.

Besides the big day and boarding-schools in Nairobi, the Loreto Nuns have several Native Missions throughout Kenya. One of these is at Kiambu, where the work in the Catholic Mission centre is in charge of the Holy Ghost Fathers. The Loreto Nuns have there a school for girls and a Training College—both are for the education of African natives.

Last year when Mother General from Rathfarnham was visiting Kenya, she was happy to be at the opening of the Kiambu church, built at the expense of the Loreto Nuns, whether in Ireland or Australia.

When His Grace Archbishop McCarthy of Nairobi arrived at Kiambu for the opening at 9 a.m. on the 9th February, there were many people to greet him. The ranks of the Loreto Nuns were swelled by members of other Loreto Missions in Kenya. Then there were the missionary priests, among whom was the Supervisor of Schools, glad that for at least one Mission building he did not have to raise funds.

And of course there were the Natives themselves—men, women and children—not only of Kiambu, but from other centres in Kenya. It was a day of great rejoicing. After the Archbishop had blessed the church, the Native students in the Training College performed a play—The Sign of the Cross. One of students writing about it said: "When we began doing the play some people were very much surprised to see that some of us were dressed like the Roman people long ago. The play went on until it was finished. The Archbishop and the Fathers were surprised to see us acting like that. The films were taken from the beginning till the end of the play."

One of the Kiambu community writes of the blessing of the new church dedicated to the glory of God, under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary. After the blessing of the outer walls, all present entered the church ... "One noticed then one of the beauties of Africa: the silence of the movement of four or five hundred bare feet."*

2. THE TRANSVAAL.

We have written several times in our Australian LORETO of the work of the Institute in the day and boarding schools in South Africa, in Capetown, and in the Transvaal, where in Pretoria big schools are flourishing. We have also given occasionally accounts of the Native Mission out on the veldt at Glen Cowie, where our nuns are training a Native Sisterhood—The Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. There is also a large hospital for Natives with 220 beds. Lately, two extra wards have been opened for T.B. patients, male and female. "Thanks to modern drugs, good nursing, wholesome food and the sunny dry climate, patients are discharged in from nine months to a year, free of the disease."*

* Extracts from Loreto Missions, 1958.
In the year 1896, not long after the Loreto Mission at Ranchi, India, had been opened, four courageous Indian girls at the mission-school asked the nuns to allow them to help in the work of teaching their fellow-Indians. The famous Jesuit missionary, Father de Smet, then stationed at the Jesuit mission at Ranchi, encouraged them in their desire of dedicating their lives to God; but he was practically alone in his encouragement, as the other priests at Ranchi thought it rash to allow girls of the first generation of Christianity to aspire to the Religious life. Further, their parents were bitterly opposed to their daughters’ plans. A long struggle ensued, repeated offers of marriage were made and rejected by the girls who declared that if they could not be nuns they would remain with the nuns all their lives, and help by teaching in the school. Finally, the girls achieved their aim, though they little thought that they were the foundresses of a new Congregation among Religious Orders: their name—The Daughters of St. Anne, probably the first Indian Sisterhood.

The four girls, who had persevered so heroically, were received as the first postulants. They had a few simple rules given them, said their prayers in common and dressed alike: a white sari with a black border, white girdle and a large rosary. By 1901 and when they were ready to pronounce their vows they were given a medal of St. Anne and a ring. By this time a set of new and more complete Rules and Constitutions was drawn up and printed. On that happy profession day in the Novitiate at Ranchi, four Bengali girls from Moropai were admitted as postulants. Father de Smet was at that time in Moropai, and he showed his faith in the new Congregation by encouraging the Bengali girls to join.

When the Ursuline nuns from Belgium took over the Loreto Mission at Ranchi, the new Congregation continued with its mother house at Ranchi; but that branch is not now under the direction of the Loreto nuns, who however, taking the four Bengali novices with them to the Loreto Mission in Moropai, established there the Bengali branch of the Daughters of St. Anne. With its novitiate at Moropai, it remains under the direction of the Loreto Nuns. The eighty members of this branch, as well as those in Ranchi, are doing magnificent work, and the priests of the missions give them great praise.

From the Mother house at Moropai, filiations have spread throughout that part of Bengal—in each place they are directed by the Loreto nuns, who, however, look forward to the day when the Daughters of St. Anne will be strong enough to stand alone, making their own foundations and plans. Whether in charge of training schools, boarding-schools, orphanages or dispensaries, they show themselves skilled women and fervent Religious.

—M., Sydney.
Top: First Division.

LORETO CONVENT, TOORAK, VICTORIA

Bottom: Second Division.
LORETO CONVENT, TOORAK, VICTORIA

Top: Crafts, Leaving Class.

Bottom: Domestic Arts Class.
A corner of the Library.

LORETO CONVENT, TOORAK, VICTORIA

Prefects in the New Library.
Top: Junior School, Infants.  LORETO CONVENT, TOORAK, VICTORIA  Bottom: Kindergarten.
LORETO
LORETO CONVENT, TOORAK, VICTORIA

ROLL CALL, 1958

SENIOR SCHOOL
(FIRST DIVISION)

MATRICULATION
K. ADGER
K. BATES
L. C. BRENNAN
R. CALDER
L. CURRIE
P. CURTIS
D. DELOFFRE
M. DITCHBURN
M. DOYLE
H. DYER
L. FEDERICO
T. FLETCHER
B. GRAHAM
M. GRUPP
M. MURPHY
P. MCGEELAND
P. MCGUINESS
L. PALSMA
J. PETTY
E. WIMPOLI

LEAVING
G. ACTON
G. BRENNAN
G. BRODERICK
M. DEVINE
J. DOYLE
A. DUGGAN
M. EDGEWORTH
L. FERGUSON
E. FINLAY
M. FEDERICO
J. GILBERTSON
H. GRIMES
W. GUNSON
S. JAOUCNOT
K. JENKINS
K. KELLY
C. KUTTLAVANN
E. LEE
J. LEONARD
A. LYNCH
M. MAY
C. MELVILLE
K. MURPHY
G. MURPHY
K. MCKINNEY
P. MCKINNEY
L. MCKENZIE
P. O'GEE
D. O'BRIEN
R. ROBINSON
A. RYAN
G. RYAN

INTERMEDIATE I
S. BARRETT
D. BARRETT
B. BURKE
M. DUCK
A. EAGAN
J. FAKHRY
M. FINSHER
S. GLICHERST
V. GLOVER
S. GUEST
M. HARDY
S. HOPPE
C. JONES
M. KEEGAN
M. LIGHTFOOT
J. MARSH
H. MURPHY
A. O'REILLY
M. PAPPA
L. PITT
A. SINTON
H. STOKES
Y. VAN HARTEL

INTERMEDIATE II
J. ALTSMAGGER
J. ANDERSON
S. ARMSTRONG
M. BRYCE
A. BURNS
M. CLANCY
A. CORBIS
G. FARMER
J. FEELEY
M. GIBBON
R. JOHNSTON
S. KEEGAN
S. KNOWLES
J. LARKINS
D. LEWIS
M. LEWIS-WILLIAMS
M. MCCUNE
E. MCEwen
J. MCNaMARA
M. MAGGIO
S. MAGGIO
S. MREDLIC
C. MULQUIN
S. MUSI
J. SULLIVAN

(SECOND DIVISION)

SUB-INTERMEDIATE
B. ALESSIO
R. ARNO
P. BOLLEI
M. BUSHWALTER
J. CALLI
R. CALLI
R. CORBY
J. COLEMAN
M. COSTIGAN
E. CURTIS
A. DELAHAYE
B. DUCK
G. EMMERT
R. FARNELL
S. FORSYTH
G. GREEN
K. GROBE
M. GRAHAM
W. GREEN
M. HARR
P. HOPPE
E. IRELAND
L. LEIGHTON
J. LEE
L. LYNCH
C. MANNING
L. O'BRIEN
H. O'DOHERTY
M. O'OEILCE
J. O'REILLY
B. PEARSON
R. PINNOCK
M. ROBBIN
C. ROSCOE
A. SLATTER
R. STEVENSON
D. WELLS
D. WILSON
M. WILLIAMS
M. WIGG
M. WALLIS
R. PITI
A. RAHCHEE
P. SIMMONS
M. SCOTT
V. TOLMIS
J. TOWNSEND
M. VIRGINA

FIRST YEAR I
J. ADAMS
R. AHERN
M. BOLLEI
J. BOWDEN
S. BURKE
C. CALLI
A. CARROLL
G. CLAYTON
L. CROSBIE
S. FLANNAGAN
D. GARDNER
D. DAY
E. HAMILTON
E. HURICH
C. KEARNEY
S. KELLY
M. LYNCH
J. MAGGS
V. MORRISON
A. MCCOY
A. MOORE
Y. O'DAY
O. O'GRADY
F. STEWART
M. SWIFT
S. SYMMONS
T. TYNDELL
C. ZIMZIN

FIRST YEAR II
R. BINSING
D. CLANCY
E. EDGERTON
A. FIELDS
P. GABLEY
P. GILBERTSON
J. GUEST
A. HOLLAND
M. KEEGAN
A. MIDDLETON
M. MILLER
M. MCGELLAND
C. MCNAMARA
M. MCCORMICK
E. STEWART
F. SINO
C. SIMMONS
R. THOMAS
G. VIRGINA
J. WALSH
A. WOODWARD

(THIRD DIVISION)

SECOND YEAR
S. ACTON
C. ANDERSON
E. BURKE
E. CALHAN
E. DAILY
P. DOWLING
M. FLANNAGAN
P. FETHERSTON
J. GILLOX
S. GODFREY
E. HAYDEN
S. HODGE
A. HUGHES
J. JOHNSTON
A. KENT
J. KEOCHY
K. KOUCH
L. KOKKOS
M. LASSON
K. LEE
C. LEWIS
M. LINCOLN
M. McCALL
M. McDONALD
M. McNAIR
A. MIKOS
J. MOLENE
A. MORRISON
A. MULLOW
L. NOLAN
L. O'DOHERTY
P. O'MARA

GRADE V
J. ADAMS
G. ANSLEY
S. BURKE
E. BURKE
J. CALLI
A. CARROLL
G. CLAYTON
L. CROSBIE
S. FLANNAGAN
D. GARDNER
D. DAY
E. HAMILTON
E. HURICH
C. KEARNEY
S. KELLY
M. LYNCH
J. MAGGS
V. MORRISON
A. MCCOY
A. MOORE
Y. O'DAY
O. O'GRADY
F. STEWART
M. SWIFT
S. SYMMONS
T. TYNDELL
C. ZIMZIN

GRADE IV
M. ALSTON
J. BELL
A. BLEECHMORE
A. BUSHWALTER
S. CHAPMAN
E. CALDRE
J. CHAPMAN
E. DOYLE
M. EAIN
V. ELLIOTT
H. FETHERSTON
S. FLETCHER
V. GEEBER
C. HALL
J. HODGEKINSON
C. JOHNSON
C. JOHNSTON
J. KEARNEY
P. KNOWLES
M. McCAFFREY
M. MCARDLE
M. MCCALL
J. MCMANUS
E. MCCOY
E. MCINTOSH
A. MULROW
J. MULROY
E. O'BRIEN
J. O'GRADY
A. PENNIFER
K. SCALL
J. SEAR
C. SKINNER
H. VALL
C. WILKINSON

JUNIOR SCHOOL

GRADE VI
M. ALSTON
J. BELL
A. BLEECHMORE
A. BUSHWALTER
S. CHAPMAN
E. CALDRE
J. CHAPMAN
E. DOYLE
M. EAIN
V. ELLIOTT
H. FETHERSTON
S. FLETCHER
V. GEEBER
C. HALL
J. HODGEKINSON
C. JOHNSON
C. JOHNSTON
J. KEARNEY
P. KNOWLES
M. McCAFFREY
M. MCARDLE
M. MCCALL
J. MCMANUS
E. MCCOY
E. MCINTOSH
A. MULROW
J. MULROY
E. O'BRIEN
J. O'GRADY
A. PENNIFER
K. SCALL
J. SEAR
C. SKINNER
H. VALL
C. WILKINSON

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GRADE III

GRADE II A (BOYS)
M. HARRETT  B. BUSHWALLER  L. COLEMAN  P. M. Dwyer  D. GARRELLY  P. GARDEN  L. LYNCH  A. McCAULAY  G. McKENNIE  J. McKEE  M. OSWALHINISSY

GRADE II B (BOYS)

GRADE II A (GIRLS)
A. REID  J. RYLAND  D. ST. ELLEN  J. SKENE  A. SMITH  A. SMITH  S. STEWARD  H. TIERNAH  K. TIMAR  S. WALKER  S. WALKER

GRADE I (GIRLS)

GRADE I (BOYS)

JUNIOR SCHOOL, KIRRIBILLI (Photos on Page 43)

Front: GRADES III and IV.

Centre: PREPARATORY, GRADES I and II, BOYS, KIRRIBILLI.

Bottom: PREPARATORY, GRADES I and II, GIRLS, KIRRIBILLI.
ABSENT: S. Manchoua, C. Manchoua, M. Kennedy, J. McNamara.

LORETO
LORETO CONVENT, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND

TOP—SENIORS AND SUB-SENIORS
SECOND ROW: C. Cleary, J. Cleary, E. Doyle, H. McCausland, L. McCosker, S. Chapple, R. Willett, S. Cooper, S. McCarthy, P. Holmes.

INSET: PREFECTS.
SITTING (from left): M. Josephson (Head), P. Hickey, J. Ahern, D. Owen, M. McAnulty, H. McCausland.
STANDING: E. Nowill, R. Willett, C. Ryan.

BOTTOM—JUNIORS AND SUB-JUNIORS
LORETO CONVENT, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND

TOP—FORM III.

THIRD ROW: C. Ahearn, M. Bowes, T. Parer, A. Monaghan, E. Ruddick.

BOTTOM—FORM II, FORM I, AND ELEMENTARY CLASSES.

GRADES II, III AND IV.

JUNIOR SCHOOL, 1958

INFANTS AND GRADE I.

LORETO CONVENT, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND
Among Our Old Girls

QUEENSLAND PAST PUPILS REPORT

Our present committee has been in office six months. The previous committee, under the presidency of Mrs. M. Lewis, was very active, both in bringing the Past Pupils together, and in raising money for a special project, the furnishing of the library in the new school building. Our committee has continued with this project as its money-raising effort for its term of office.

Our New Year opened with a reunion of Past Pupils at the Convent. At this meeting the programme for the year was discussed. As a special project we decided to take up a request from Fr. Carroll, of the Catholic Migration Office, to assist with the visiting and religious instruction of migrants, and with the packing and despatching of parcels for the Missions. Also, at this meeting, a playreading group was formed.

Our big social function for the year was the Loreto Ball on Tuesday, 22nd April. Thirteen debutantes were presented to His Grace Archbishop Duhig.

The Annual Mass and Holy Communion for members, and the breakfast afterwards, were held at the Convent in May. Happily for us all, Reverend Mother General was in Brisbane at this time so we were all able to meet her afterwards.

Our social functions have continued with a Picture Night at which films of India and Africa were shown by Mr. and Mrs. Bridge, and a Bring-and-Buy Morning Tea at the home of Mrs. Lanannah Sweeney. A Jubilee Sale was held in June.

During the second half of the year we are planning to hold our Annual Retreat in August and a Cup Day Party on the day of the running of the Melbourne Cup.

MARIE DOOLEY.

LIST OF FINANCIAL MEMBERS IN 1958

ADAMIR, R. B., 118 Cairns Street, Cairns.
BRAUN, Mary, Mrs., 9 Paramount Terrace, Morningside (L/M, Normanby-St.).
BRIDGE, Norine, Mrs., 118 Holland Park Rd., Holland Park.
BROAD, G., Mrs., 129 Kedron Park Rd., Wooloowin (L/M, Normanby-St.).

The sixth Annual Meeting of our Association was held at Loreto Convent, Toorak, on 16th February. Reverend Mother Superior of Loreto, Toorak, was present, also Mother M. Nuval, Mother M. Francis, and Mother M. Brigid, and about one hundred and eighty members of the Association.

Mrs. John Dynon was in the chair, and she reported the activities for 1957, and the success of the second Biennial Conference of the Loreto Federation of Australia held in Adelaide from 9th to 11th November, 1957.

BROWNE, Mary, Mrs., O'Harway Street, Holland Park.
BRYAN, Sybil, Mrs., Iverness Street, Ascot.
CAHILL, Joan, Mrs., 12 James Street, Redcliffe.
CARRICK, Ann, Mrs., 129 Arnold Street, Holland Park.
CASPER, Colleen, Box 527, Ayr.
CATO, Joan, Mrs., Stafford Street, Greenslopes (L/M).
CONWAY, Ann, Mrs., Jimbour via Dalby.
CRAWFORD, Kath, Mrs., 227 Cavenleigh Rd., Coorparoo.
DAME, Edith, Mrs., 227 Herston Rd. (Herston) (Merrylands).
DILLON, Denise, Mrs., Saratohn, Alpha.
DONOHOE, Cecile, Mrs., 499 Sandgate Rd., Alston Heights.
DOOLEY, Marie, Mrs., 14 Arundel St., East Brisbane.
DRURY, Joan, Mrs., 184 Park Rd., Wooloowinlba.
ELFRED, Marie, 566 Old Cleveland Rd., Camp Hill.
FITZGERALD, Kathleen, 9 Dunnela Street, Sherwood.
FITZGERALD, Geraldine, 9 Dunella Street, Sherwood.
FLANAN, Helen, St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne (Normanby-St.).
FULLAGER, Joyce, 56 Knowles Street, Coorparoo (L/M).
GALLAGHER, Madeleine, Mrs., 61 Davies Rd., Ashgrove (L/M, W.A.).
HAYES, Doreen, 88 Hamilton Rd., Moorooka.
HICK, Mary, Mrs., 10 Aplin Ave., Seven Hills (Toorak).
KELLY, Margaret, Weyburn Crescent, Coorparoo.
KELLY, Patricia, Weyburn Crescent, Coorparoo.
KENNEDY, Kathleen, 10 Via Lc Street, New Farm.
LENNOX, Elaine, Kitchener Rd., Ascot.
LEWIS, Mary, Mrs., 273 Hawken Drive, St. Lucia.
LOUGMAH, Jill, Mrs., P.O. 205, Townsville.
LOVE, Paula, Mrs., c/- Athol-leigh Rd., Holland Park.
MACFARLANE, Margaret, Mrs., 9 Hendham Street, Mt. Gravatt.
MOORE, Monica, 1745 Logan Rd., Upper Mt. Gravatt.
MORROW, Joyce, Mrs., 64 Kirkland Ave., Coorparoo.
MURRAY, Doris, Mrs., 82 Annesley Ave., Morningside (Normanby-St.).
McCAPPERTY, Loreto, Mrs., 52 Barney Ave., Chigeldale.
MCKINNON, Betty, Mrs., 4 Galaham Street, Morningside.
NOWOTNY, Pat, Thompson Street, Greenslopes.
O'ROURKE, May, 101 Alexandra Rd., Ascot.
OSULLIVAN, Paula, St. Lucia Rd., St. Lucia.
OWEN, Doreen, Mrs., 89 Golda Ave., Salisbury.
OWEN, Margaret, 89 Golda Ave., Salisbury.
PARER, Carolyn, 99 Heath Street, East Brisbane.
PARER, Sheila, 39 Heath Street, East Brisbane.
PARKER, Billy, Mrs., 173 Charnwood Rd., Coorparoo.
RHOADES, Elizabeth, 145 Crescent Rd., Hamilton.
RHOADES, Roslyn, 40 Crescent Rd., Hamilton.
ROSSLER, Mary, Mrs., 25 Down Street, Kedron.
RUTLEDGE, Ruth, Mobile, Qld.
SHANAHAN, Beverley, Mrs., 97 Northdown Street, Enoggera.
SMITH, Alma, Mrs., 1 Leitchworth Rd., Coorparoo (Perth).
SMITH, Jean, Mrs., Stratfordon, More, via Culcairn, N.S.W. (L/M).
STEWART, Shirley, Mrs., 5 Moreton Street, Clayfield (L/M).
STEWART, Mary, Criterion Hotel, Brisbane (L/M).
STUART, Nathalie, 80 Holland Park Rd., Holland Park.
SWEENEY, Lomah, Mrs., 14 Loundale St., Ascot.
SYKES, Marjorie, Mrs., McCool St., Taringa.
TERRY, Thomasina, Mrs., Paluma, Stanfard.
TULLY, Ann, Mrs., Ray Station, Queensland.
TUILLY, Mary, Mrs., Conne, Queensland (L/M).
TURNER, Helen, 68 Marriot Street, Coorparoo.
WETHERELL, Jill, Mrs., c/- Agricultural College, Wanga, N.S.W.
WILKINSON, Joan, Mrs., 57 Duke Street, Ascot (Kirkhill).
WILLIS, Mary, Mrs., 7 Mackay Street, Coorparoo (L/M).
QUINN, Denise, 11 Reeve Ave., Clayfield.

TOORAK

At this meeting it was decided that the proceeds from the Annual Ball this year would go to the Loreto Convent Toorak Building Fund. This was a unanimous decision given by our Association after consultation with the Loreto Free Kindergarten Committee.

The following officers and members of the Committee were elected:

President: Mrs. Leslie Smith; Vice-President: Mrs. A. M. F. England; Hon. Secretary: Mrs. W. Bowden; Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. F. Knowles; Committee: Mis-
LORETO

Mother Superior thanked Mrs. Dynon for her wonderful work and achievements during her two years as President of the Association. Mrs. Dynon in her reply thanked everyone for their assistance, and introduced the incoming President. After the meeting, afternoon tea was served, and then prayers were said in the Convent Chapel.

The Annual Ball this year was held on Friday, 11th April, 1958, at the Royal Ballroom, Melbourne. A record number of one thousand and ten guests attended the Ball, which was a great success, both socially and financially. The proceeds—£891/7/4—were donated to the Loreto Convent Toorak Building Fund.

Thirty-four Old Girls (nine from Mary's Mount, Ballarat, and twenty-five from Loreto, Toorak), made their debut at the Ball, and were presented to the President of the Association. They wore individual white frocks, and carried trailers of gardenias, white nerines and carnations, with pink ribbon streamers. They were trained by Miss Eileen Brenan.

The official guests included representatives from Mary's Mount, Dawson Street, Loreto Convent Toorak Parents' Association, Loreto Free Kindergarten, and from Past Pupils' Associations of Sacre Coeur, Genazzano, Kildara, Catholic Ladies' College, Vaucluse, Presentation Convent, Windsor, Xavier, Assumption College, Kilmore and St. Kevin's.

The Ballroom was beautifully decorated in a colour scheme of white, pink and gold. These decorations were carried out by the Committee on the morning of the Ball. Large bowls and white wrought iron stands contained gilded flax leaves, with pink and white gladioli, lilies, hydrangeas and pink and white dahlias. The tables were decorated with sprays of pink dahlias, and attached to the pillars in the Ballroom were large clusters of pink balloons. The debutantes' table was tastefully decorated with pink tulle and pale pink rosebuds. The Loreto flag was also prominently displayed.

PATRICIA SMITH.

MARRYATVILLE

Debutantes at the Old Scholars' Ball in the Adelaide Town Hall.

Our Association began its activities this year with much enthusiasm after the Federation Conference last November. So many of our members were able to attend the various sessions that its influence has been widespread. One of the first matters brought before the new Committee enabled us to carry out one of the resolutions of the Conference: to take part in the affairs of the Community and to emphasise the true significance of Easter. The Association accepted an invitation from the Flower Day Committee to have an exhibit on North Terrace on Flower Day—the day Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, arrived in Adelaide. The Exhibit, which was arranged and erected by three Old Scholars, was of an enormous stained glass window with the Easter Angel and the words "Christ is Risen". Two beautiful urns of white flowers were arranged in front of the window.

Our Annual Ball was held this year in the Adelaide Town Hall. A record crowd of over 600 saw 27 debutantes presented to the Minister of Education, the Hon. Baden Pattinson, M.P. We were delighted to
have amongst our debutantes, the niece of our Mother Superior, M. M. Anthony. Before Mr. Patterson left the Ball he was presented with a copy of *Love is a Light Burden*, as a memento of the occasion.

In making this presentation our Treasurer, Ann Scantlebury, told Mr. Patterson of the wonderful achievements of the Loreto nuns in the field of education in Australia and how proud we all are of these achievements.

We were privileged to have Rev. Mother General as our Guest of Honour at our Annual Reunion and Garden Party in April. We greeted our guest in warm sunshine which showed the playing field and gardens at their very best. We invited the mothers and sisters of all those from South Australia who have become members of the I.B.V.M., to meet Mother General. After meeting them, she spoke individually to nearly every Old Scholar present and amazed many with her remembrance of meeting them previously. Our gift to Mother General was a book of reproductions of Hans Heisen's drawings and watercolours.

The Office-bearers and Committee for 1958 are:—

**President:** Miss Rita Rice North; **Vice-President:** Miss Helen Devitt; **Secretaries:** Misses Margaret Murray and Winifred Laing; **Treasurer:** Miss Ann Scantlebury; **Committee:** Msesmeses B. Rofe, F. Boylan, V. A. Hart, K. Harman, H. Kennedy, A. Walsh, J. Glynn, L. Brilly, A. Anderson, P. Brooks, R. Kenihan and D. Hannon; **Treasurer:** Misses J. Holland, M. Sykes, M. Henzenrodes, C. Lawrie, M. Landy, A. Izenstein, P. Shanahan, J. Brady and R. Moore.

**THE CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS OF DEBUTANTES**

*A Talk (Abridged) given to Old Scholars, 1958*

Surely even the most unimaginative amongst us, can conjure up, with very little trouble at all, visions of a “Deb. Ball”. The spotlight and soft music, a crowded Ballroom, the Deb. emerging through a decorated doorway, down the length of the floor, to be presented to some person of high civil ranking, then the lovely “Deb. Waltz”.

You may be rather surprised then, to learn that the Debutante is no modern innovation, for the “Coming Out” Ball originates from the primitive tribes of the world.

The primitive Debutante must have found life wretched in the extreme, for it was the custom among many savage peoples, to lock the young girl away for several years. She was confined to a small hut, or even a cage, until she reached a marriageable age.

During this seclusion they were instructed by their mother in the duties of married life and motherhood. When the girls reached a certain age, they “Came Out” of their huts, and were offered in marriage, either to the highest bidder, the best hunter, or to the man betrothed in infancy, according to the custom of the people.

The coming out of the hut symbolised to these people the putting away of the old life of childhood, and the taking up of the new life of young womanhood and its responsibilities. Great ceremonies, feasting and dancing accompanied this exciting phase in the native girl’s life.

Debutantes came into vogue in our way of life in 19th century Europe. It became the custom for the daughters of the nobles to be introduced to the head of the State. In England, the qualifications for being presented at Court are not so restrictive, but it is necessary for the Deb. to have two women sponsors who have themselves been presented at Court.

No matter where we live, one’s debut marks the transition from childhood to adult status—the Debut is an occasion necessary to make a young girl feel part of the adult social life—she is no longer a schoolgirl.

There are many customs and traditions that have come down through the years as regards the actual presentation. For instance, the Deb. always wears white, and, linked with this, is the rule that her hands must always be covered. The back is never turned on the person to whom the Deb. is being presented, regardless of their social position. Needless to say these customs are passed on from Royal presentations. The curtsey has the same origin.

Finally, I would like to mention a tradition that is very strong with Loreto Debs.—and popular elsewhere—that of visiting the nuns on the night of the Deb. Ball. It is fitting that a girl’s formal entrance into social life should be by way of her school, where she received her training, and where the nuns have watched her grow from childhood to maturity.

HELEN DEVITT (Old Scholar).

Marryatville.

**“WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOUR?”**

As visitors to Loreto Convent, Marryatville, enter the reception room, they pause and say: “What a beautiful room!”

Those who knew it in the far off days before it became the property of Loreto say: “Oh! this is lovely! It is like stepping back into the past.”

Those who knew it at various stages in between say: “So you have transformed the reception room. What a lovely carpet.” As they look at the French period carpet, the old rose velvet curtains, the lovely old suite of furniture re-upholstered in beautiful French brocade, the nuns say: “God bless the Old Scholars who do so much for us.”

On the evening of the thirteenth of June, 1958, members of the committee sipped coffee from elegant china patterned in delicate blue, pink, green or gold. There were four sets—their gift to Mother Superior on her feastday. On a table at the end of the room,
The Headquarters of the Loreto Federation has moved to Sydney where for the years 1958 and 1959, the Past Pupils of Normanhurst and Kirribilli will form the Executive: President, Mrs. T. Bateman; Treasurer, Mrs. Bowyer; Secretary, Mrs. J. Coolahan; Assistant Secretary, Miss Olga Basha.

FROM CALIFORNIA
As usual I have to thank you for those most interesting magazines, each of which has been given to friends after I enjoyed reading them. It was so good of you, but most of all am I grateful for "Loreto", that splendid issue that tells of the fine achievements and successes of your great Order in Australia. It is delightful and the photographs enchanting! How I have enjoyed seeing, for the first time, with clarity and in detail your habit! Marion always said it was the most beautiful she ever saw and now I fully appreciate what she meant. Are you in the Marryatville garden party scene, Mother? What fine convents and schools you have throughout, and such representative, distinguished pupils!

I have loaned "Loreto" and it has made such a great impression not only as to your Order but also as to Australians.

DOROTHY PEACOCK.
California
2nd February, 1958

EILEEN JOYCE BACK AT SCHOOL

"It isn't Eileen, is it?"

Eileen Joyce's former music teacher could not be quite sure as her now-famous pupil walked through the door at Loreto Convent to-day.* It was more than 20 years since they had last seen each other. Mother John was out of the State when Miss Joyce was here on a concert tour 10 years ago.

"Eileen was very sweet and charming—she'd changed a lot and got much thinner—but she was just the same essentially," said Mother John afterwards.

This call to her old school was the first made by Miss Joyce to-day.

(Continued from Page 94)

I wish you full days my children,
Joy of all seasons in the years turning,
To live in confidence and humbly age
In hand with learning.

I wish you open seas
And friendly skies and the far, clear view
That you may find new truths in older lands,
Old in the new.

I wish you joy of work
For night's composure and the day's esteem.
I wish you time for needs of fellow men,
And some to dream.

I wish you love of God
And quest of truth and zeal of causes just.
I wish you laughter and the green touch to quicken
Some barren dust.

Perth, 1957

MARY DURACK.

*A fine organization. The members are so interested, active and united . . ." This statement was made by one of the visitors from another State during the Conference in 1957.*

Somehow I find myself re-echoing those sentiments as, on behalf of all the nuns, I say:

"Thank you, God bless you," to the Old Scholars.
And to each Loreto girl in Australia, and from Loreto overseas, I now say with pleasure:

"Will you walk into my parlour?"

A. NON!

* See page 5.
HONI SOIT

Somewhere in the University, at the top of Science Road, is a little alley called Gosper Lane. When one has advanced past the parked cars and the monstrous vehicles that lumber up and down, and under the archway and over—or under—the huge truck that takes up the whole lane: and, after one has fallen over pipelines and down open trenches and has climbed over other such, a vista opens to the eye such as is not seen anywhere else under Heaven: three solid little offices housed in a white-painted hut standing indignant, as it were, at the passers-by: little steps leaning despairingly to the ground amid the splash of interminable puddles.

I am concerned only with the first of these. Never let it be said that I had anything to do with the fourth office round the back, which houses N.U.A.U.S. or the third one in the front which houses the current remnants of the Students’ Representative Council.

It is this first office which sees the weekly birth of the University newspaper Honi Soit. This is always somewhat of a miracle, and somewhat of a mystery. From various piles of copy on Friday, a red, a blue, a green pencil, glue, a razor blade, a type gauge and a type-book, appears a newspaper, as it were, out of the very walls of the place. The stories of the frantic rushings round and despair of the Editor are traditional, the Assistant Editor meanwhile, wading calmly through copy with a blue pencil in one hand and a sandwich or a typewriter in the other. The paper comes out on Thursday, and very rarely is all copy got down to press, set and laid out by Monday, and rarely are all the proofs out by Tuesday morning. Stories, headlines and sometimes cartoons are hastily created amid the clashing of the Linotypes and the slow emergence of a newspaper on the compositor’s tray.

Journalism, on a paper like Honi Soit, is to be regarded at first as frankly terrifying. I was finally pushed into it by a persuasive friend who had had no small dealings with the paper himself. I staggered out of my first encounter with a junior, and very new, staff member, shaken and disillusioned, but with enough courage left to return that afternoon to start in on what they called “sub-editing”, which I was thereupon taught by the vigilant Assistant Editor. It was hopeless at first, almost farcical. I wandered miserably through a typebook with a ruler without the faintest hope of finding a type or the faintest idea of why I had to find one.

It is months later now, and in my present position as Features Editor, which I am not sure how I acquired, I look with a hardened and cynical eye at the splash of University people passing by.

* Schoolgirl’s explanation of the title: It comes from Honi soit qui mal y pense, meaning “Evil to him who evil thinks,” as the queen said when she broke her garter.
The Honi Soit office has, in my memory, taken on a diversity of aspects. When it is covered with early morning, and is totally uninhabited, it is something cold and depressed, where even the ghosts of yesterday's merriment may not wander. There is not a soul to be seen, anywhere; only the sound of typing from the third office betrays the assiduous secretary working there.

Copy goes to Press.

More often are the times of merriment when the brains of Gosper Lane gather around the table and two typewriters, the copy baskets and the glue, that constitute the office; and wit and discourse flow like a procession of orators before the Temple of Athena.

The one-time Director of Revue and the Director of Student Publications tussle over some minute point of philosophy, with acid observations from the Director of Comm. (among other things) and infallible disagreements from the Editor and staff.

In more serious moments, business creeps along its way at an unjournalistic rate. Hither and thither flies the Editor, copy clutched in one hand, telephone in the other (Honi Soit boasts a telephone), leaving trampled junior staff in his wake; hither and yon flies the Assistant Editor, following exactly the reverse path of the Editor, and occasionally throwing him out into Gosper Lane.

Acting on the orders of these two is the junior staff, myself included—I think so, anyway; I cannot decide whether I am junior or senior staff. My first post, which I held for some months when I started, and which I hold whenever I contradict the Editor, was Deputy-under-assistant-messenger to the junior copyboy.

Being foolish enough to saunter up Gosper Lane after a somewhat tedious lecture, I am ensnared by the Editor, who is on the verge of going distract, and ordered down to press—"and take this with you and bring back the page proofs!"

Obviously, I must go down to press, and, having extracted a shilling from the Editor for the benefits of the good public transport, I arrive at the grey monumental building that is the "Herald" and step out of the lift at the fourth floor into a room of machines and steady noise and immeasurable tables of lead and people walking to and fro and the creation of newspapers.

At the tables where Honi Soit is being prepared, a paragraph of skit material needs to be written to fill out a page: Heaven only knows what inspires a mind creating skit material: imagination, I suppose is the only thing you can fall back on.

I will not go into technical details: those who are familiar with the making of newspapers and magazines need only their knowledge and imagination to fill in the story; those who don't would have no interest in it. I have much to learn myself.

Around the Honi Soit office they speak longingly of the "old days"; and such stories as I have heard of them make me think we are not such an important generation after all. Stories float back of the time when the N.U.A.U.S. office was used for H.S., as it is known in the letters page, and when the staff was composed of intelligent and sometimes brilliant people. A few of these are still around, writing, acting, office-bearing, talking, bringing back to me no ghosts, because I do not know their past.

There is a joie de vivre in associating with these people: mostly they come from high years in Medicine, Arts, Law and so on, and there is never lack of scope for discussion, whether it be Anglo-Saxon with a third year Arts man, or Palestina with fifth year medical students, or complete nonsense with a Law graduate.

As these and I talk, the light is going, and the lane, inhabited by all the rubbish imaginable that could accumulate anywhere, takes on an aspect enchanted in which the lamplight spills into a thousand pools, and a heap of old chairs against a wall becomes a mass of human forms struggling ghost-like under dark buildings. In a sudden slit where the top of the high wall joins the sky there is a second of light and an era of darkness. The place is a thousand forms and lines of light and a brilliance in the wet blackness.

The Junior staff is browbeaten.

Many times I have looked out upon this from the thoughtless humanity going on inside the lit hut, and listened to the drip of walls and watched the light hanging on the rain. The coldness and greyness of the next dawn seem unimaginable; and the lane is but a ghost until the lamplight again makes images out of the familiar objects of the daytime.

Second Year Arts,
Sydney University.

VENETIA NATHAN
(Past Pupil, Loreto, Normanhurst).
1. Retrospect.

It is as if I had come from a great darkness
Into the kingdom of light.
It is as if I had been through the coldness of dying
To come to the unfolding of life.
It is as if, through the grey desert spaces of exile,
I came once again
As on a light morning of Spring, into the House
of my Father,
Into the abiding mansion of His love.
And so it is that I would attempt to fathom,
To send my line down deep into this most mysteri­ous
dark of the way that I came
So obscurely, travelling an alien, to the land that
I did not know.
So it is I would return once again
Along the way of darkness I have gone.

2. Joseph, the Boy.

Perhaps it was the point of my departure so long
ago,
This, the loneliness; that I was not among
My brothers as if I were one of them, for I was always
The dreamer always it was I was absent from the
circle of the hearth-light,
Shivering outside the circle of their talk,
The beardless boy among their darkened faces. I
Had not put on their man's experience.
They spoke
Of the sheep and the pasture in the far hills and
the springs there
Where I had not been.

The first step on my way was this,
That I must sit among my brothers and be yet
so very far away.

3. Joseph's Vision. (Genesis xxxvii, 6-11.)

And yet, by a knowledge profounder and deeper
than their halting experience, I
Had travelled alone into the darkness. I
knew even the virginal springs of the future —

Should I sit by their fire
Who must go by the dark way to grandeur,
The infinite cavern of night and the singing of stars?
Through all the day of their words
I could hear the wild shining of stars in the dark
That were burning in one, the Infinite Fire.
In order to see
Angels moving so gravely in gold
In the light like the flowers of infinite fields
I had to endure —

Oh but it was imperative, this enduring —
The leap into mystery out of their stream,
Out of the ever-burdening current of circumstance
there
They would be binding on one.
In order to be
I had to journey beyond their frontiers.

Was it

In fear or in reverence they said I must die?

4. His Brothers Try to Murder Joseph.

In the desert, descending,
Being hurled in the noon-time like a stone
Into the well of the darkness of failure.
How
There went howling the wind of my loneliness there
Looking upwards, to see the faces of my murderers
Were my brothers' faces.

Wind crying out
For my failure there ever to have given meaning
in their hearts to this,
My inmost splendour.

Never
To have touched them.

Never
To have shared with them.

Never
To have spoken so they might come in to this in­
eritance,
This wealth I hold and I have always held within my
depths of darkness
And I would have given them.
They would not share.

Not there,
Not with me, the younger brother falling there
And dying, as it seemed,
Slipping away forever from the sunlight and the
lightness of a brother's touch
And their familiar speech,
Dying now, as it seemed, in the darkness.

5. Joseph Sold Into Captivity.

Always it is:
They were for killing me, they,
My brothers, sons of the same Father of my love,
Even they were for killing me.
Always it is:
He who soars too high,
He whose plumage is bronzed with the fire of the
sun,
He has to die
Lest they grow afraid, these smaller people,
Lest their hearts go winging like fire,
Like arrows of fire,
Lest they desire their infinite selves.


It is now, looking back,
After the long time in the prison,
After the long winter time of captivity,
It is now it is possible to understand
The plan darkly forming,
That had been darkly forming during my captivity.
As it were, the pattern, slowly growing as the light
does from the darkness of the prison wall.
Indeed,
It was a long time growing in the hidden womb of
night.
It is only now, looking backwards,
It is possible to say that he, that younger brother
that I was,
Had to die, the boy with the fair hair,
In order to become the man who should administer
the kingdom of the last.

7. Meeting with his Brothers.
Always it is thus,
Forever under the compulsion of the power that
has borne me
Here. For I had then to be broken open like the
seed,
I had to be for them the way to the kingdom,
The way that had to be broken open,
That they might go through me into this, the most
abiding kingdom of abundance here
Not of their own country,
Not of their world, Oh my lonely, hungry brothers
in your desert country
Come into this kingdom beyond the darkness of
my dying.

Have been deep in the darkness
That we might be one,
Over all the lonely expanses of deserts and the
sea intervening,
The meeting and parting and killing and loving
That we might be made into the one continent,
That we may be one
Through your being made lonely
And coming at last to me who have been broken
open,
After the Winter,
After the darkness of Winter and all its dying.

8. Reunion With His Father.
And so it was that I came
With my heart thrown open
To be waiting with the doors of my palace thrown
open
To be waiting for my Father when He should
return,
When He should choose to come across the desert
to my loneliness,
Still attentive, Father, till You come,
Who have been knowing me and holding me
And only waiting till I grow to love
For all the distance I have gone.
You are the end as You have been for me beginning
and I wait
Expecting You for all You have been hidden in
the night, my Lord.
It was
As if I had come from a great darkness
Into the kingdom of light.

Was glimmering. The Nile
Was glinting like the sword that I must bear through
all the dark.
It was as if I had been through the cold of all the
night
Into the unfolding of the flower of my life.

Toorak

(Our readers will see, as the poet means them to see,
that the life of Joseph of Egypt is symbolic of the life
of Christ.—Ed. Loreto.)

AMONG THE STUDENTS AT ST. MARY'S HALL, MELBOURNE

From a series of articles on University Women's Colleges, published in the Melbourne Herald.

St. Mary's Hall, started in 1918 by the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary—everyone calls them the Loreto nuns—is affiliated with Newman College. It has 41 students this year.

President of the students' club at St. Mary's Hall, Melbourne University, is Collette Christie, a girl who obviously likes work—she's already done a law course, is now doing her articles with a city firm. She still qualifies as a student because she's tackling arts now, for her B.A. as well as her LL.B.

Collette is a real "Loreto" girl—she comes from Ballarat, where she was educated at Mary's Mount, the Loreto Convent there.

Margaret Biviano, of Geelong, is another graduate who's still also a student. She graduated in arts, and is now doing her Dip. Ed.

Many of the Hall students come from country homes. One is Margaret Slattery, of Morwell, who matriculated from Yallourn High School and is an arts "fresher". Another is science student Rita Devaney, from Chinkapook, in the Mallee, who was at School at St. Mary's College, Bendigo.

Kristina Cesna, a Lithuanian, who is doing second year arts, is specialising in languages. She's studying French, German and Russian. Kristina was educated in Albury.

Traditions are hard to break—but attractive student, Jenny Gorman, of Bendigo, is breaking them right and left. She's studying law—and she comes from a medical family!

Both her parents, and her two brothers are doctors, and so is her sister, Jocelyn, a former St. Mary's Hall girl, who did brilliantly in her recent finals.

(Continued on Page 101)
ST. MARY'S HALL, UNIVERSITY, MELBOURNE, RESIDENT STUDENTS, 1958

FRONT ROW (L. to R.): Annette McSwiney, Margaret Riggall, Betty Lenaghan, Betty Mulcahy, Betty Hoy (Member of General Committee), Colette Christie (President of the Students' Club), Jane Ahern (Member of General Committee), Rita Deveny (Member of General Committee), Helene Wood, Judith Walsh, Denise Flaherty, Frances Welch.

MIDDLE ROW: Mary Moiriss, Marion Knowles, Margaret Slattery, Judith Kent, Margaret O'Loghlen, Hazel Hansford, Geraldine Grace, Annette Doney, Kristina Cesna, Carmel Moorhead, Toni Regan, Marie O'Rourke, Faye Fallon.

BACK ROW: Margaret Biviano, Marie Drew, Marie O'Brien, Joan Ryan, Carolyn Adams, Mona LaReux, Jenny Hoy, Joan McAlpine, Moira Lombard, Moya Farrell, Mary Doolan, Christine Whitehead.

ABSENT: Janet Byrne, Margaret Coleman, Jeanne Gorman, Felicity Wakefield.
AMONG THE STUDENTS AT ST. MARY’S HALL, MELBOURNE (Continued from Page 99)

On the other hand, BETTY LENAGHAN, whose home is near Ballarat, is keeping in tradition by doing medicine—following in the footsteps of three medico brothers. And another med. student is HELENE WOON, who’s in her final year.

MARGARET O’LOGHLEN of Lae, New Guinea, probably lives further from Melbourne than any other student, but before going to the Hall she spent 11 years as a pupil at Mary’s Mount, Ballarat, so she’s no stranger to Victoria. Margaret, who is doing arts, is a daughter of Sir Colman O’Loghlen, a N.G. magistrate.*

Law student, JANET BYRNE, a former president, brings a touch of romance to the Hall. She’s engaged to Geoff Torney, who was president of Newman Students’ Club last year. He’s now finished his law course, but Janet still has her finals to do.

* Nephew of M. M. Francesca, I.B.V.M., Mary’s Mount.
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