

Loreto

AVE MARIA.



MARIAN YEAR

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December, 1954



Loreto

in which is incorporated

Eucalyptus Blossoms

(1886—1924)

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

*“Tâche, toi, d’être vaillante et bonne—ce sont les grandes
qualités des femmes.”*

Vol. 10

December, 1954



Picture of **St. Luke's Madonna**

Venerated for Centuries as the special Madonna of the I.B.V.M.



MARY WARD (1585-1645)

Foundress of the I.B.V.M.

EDITORIAL . . .

The picture, known as St. Luke's Madonna, is the familiar frontispiece of our magazine. It has been so retouched in reproductions (even the anachronistic book) that ours bears little resemblance to the elongated Byzantine picture, in Santa Maria Maggiore, which Mary Ward chose as the special Madonna of her Institute. The basilica of St. Maria Maggiore (St. Mary Major) was her favourite place of pilgrimage during her sojourns in Rome; and it was appointed by Pope Urban VIII as the church where the religious ceremonies of our Institute should be carried out. Postulants there received the habit, and novices were professed. That was in the early half of the seventeenth century.

But the story of St. Luke's Madonna goes back many centuries before that. One of the most interesting incidents in its history may be read in an ancient chronicle which tells how, during the plague that raged in Rome in 590, Pope Gregory the Great carried the picture in a penitential procession. As they passed the huge marble edifice, built as a tomb for the Emperor Hadrian in 136, the processionists saw the figure of St. Michael sheathing his sword; angels were singing; the plague was over. Hadrian's mausoleum was renamed Castel Sant' Angelo — the emperor giving place to an angel.

From that day the Madonna became an even more tenderly cherished possession of the Romans under the title, SALUS POPULI ROMANI, a title by which she is known to this day. Our Lady is not only the "Health of the Roman people," she is the health of a world sick unto death; and we are not surprised to hear that the picture is the centre of special veneration during this special year of Mary. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, holds it in life-long esteem, and when he was ordained to the priesthood in 1899 he said his first Mass at its shrine.

The Marian Year is of deep import for all Loreto girls, trained as they are in schools dedicated to Our Lady. Perhaps the greatest grace we can ask through her (besides the priceless gift of peace) is a generous and courageous heart that we may give back to God souls who will love Him for ever.

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Silhouette on the Cover was drawn by Beverley Dobson, of Marryatville.

Opening of the Marian Year in Rome

One of the most popular and well known piazzas in Rome is Piazza di Spagna, principally for its immense flight of steps, colourful with the flower-stalls at their base, and seeming to touch the heavens with the church of Trinita dei Monti at the top. But there is another striking feature here which, owing to the rectangular shape of the Piazza, and the jutting of the houses, does not get its fair share of attention — except on one day of the year. This is a column supporting a statue of the Blessed Virgin, erected by Pius IX in 1854 in honour of his definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Every year, on the 8th of December, this beautiful column is decked with flowers, and the people of Rome come in processions, lay their wreaths and sing hymns of praise to Mary.

It was my good fortune to have been here on the 8th December that opened the Marian Year — a day of great rejoicing and happiness, particularly in the Convent of the I.B.V.M. in via Nomentana, where every feast of Our Lady is a special occasion. On the eve of the great day, while walking home at about 7.30 down via Nomentana, I saw many people gazing up at our walls from the opposite side of the street. Coming nearer I saw the reason — high up on an angle of one of the buildings was a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin with an illuminated halo and surrounded with flowers and lights. It caused many exclamations of admiration, and shone there all night like a beacon of peace and hope to passing travellers.

The Sisters had made our chapel more beautiful than ever and we had Midnight Mass — and so our Marian Year began. The school children had their special Mass at 9 o'clock, after which teachers, nuns and children set off in Pullman buses for Piazza di Spagna. To avoid traffic and crush we went through Villa Borghese and arrived, by the famous Pincian hill at the top of the steps near the Church of Trinita dei Monti. The children had wreaths for Our Lady, and walked in procession down the steps and through the Piazza. What a beautiful sight it was! The morning was fresh and sunny, and the foot of the column was a blaze of colour. There was

a barricade round the base of the column, and inside it small Boy Scouts took our wreath and arranged it carefully among the other flowers. The children sang hymns — with some difficulty, because from inside the Spanish Embassy (Palazzo di Spagna) Gigli's voice from a record singing the Ave Maria came floating out through the open windows. The atmosphere of lightheartedness and happiness mingled with the Italian people's devotion and love for the Madonna was wonderful to experience.

The great interest for the afternoon was the Holy Father's programme. He was to drive to Piazza di Spagna at three o'clock to lay his wreath of yellow and white orchids, and from there go to the Basilica of St. Mary Major for the ceremony of Benediction and the opening of the Marian Year. Of course all the streets on the route were lined with people, and outside St. Mary's Major the crush was intense.

We had not long to wait before we heard in the distance the cries of Viva il Papa! and knew the Holy Father was coming. The Palatine Guard, looking magnificent in their black and scarlet uniforms, escorted the Holy Father, followed by Cardinals and Archbishops, as he entered the Basilica. The ceremony was amplified to the crowds outside and, as darkness fell, the whole outside of the Basilica was lit with thousands of small lamps, and the column to Our Lady in the Piazza was floodlit. Then came the great moment when the Holy Father appeared on the upper storey of the portico of the Basilica: a beautiful wide balcony with mosaics on the back wall. It would be impossible to describe the feelings of peace and spiritual happiness one experiences listening to the strong, youthful voice of Pope Pius XII and receiving his holy Benediction. With him we recited the prayer for the Marian Year — and we heard Christ's Vicar on earth invoking the blessings of Mary on all the children throughout the world: you, in Australia, my countrymen in Ireland and the people of this wonderful city of Rome — all so far apart in miles but united in faith.

MARY C. HOGAN (Member of the Teaching Staff).

I.B.V.M.

Via Nomentana, Rome.

I.B.V.M. AT ST. MARY MAJOR'S:

The Borghese Chapel is the special goal of the Marian Year pilgrimages. There, is to be seen the special picture which Mary Ward chose for her Institute — St. Luke's Madonna. Every evening there is a Holy Hour here from four to five. One day a week this is intended specially for nuns, and the necessary singing is done by various Institutes in turn. On the Monday in Holy Week the lot fell on the I.B.V.M. Arrangements were complicated by a bus and tram strike, but Rev. Mother procured a fleet of cars belonging to relations of our pupils: so we all arrived at the Basilica. It would have been

an hour's walk -- not the best preparation for singing.

When we arrived we found the chapel full of a rather touching pilgrimage of blind people, organized, apparently, by the Salesians. When they left, their places were quickly taken by Religious of various Institutes. The Blessed Sacrament was already exposed amid a blaze of candles and almost a bank of carnations, pink, white and red. Above, the picture was also exposed and illuminated. We sang *Ave Verum* in plainsong. Then there was a sermon and the rosary. We sang the litanies, the

(Continued on page 9)

VOCATIONS EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, 1953
 STALL ARRANGED BY LORETO ABBEY (I.B.V.M.), RATHFARNHAM



6

Stall of the Irish Branch of the I.B.V.M. depicting the apostolate of the Institute.

Centre Panel: The Crest. An alabaster statue of our Blessed Mother. The Holy House of Loreto carried by Angels. Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham. Names of the seven Provinces.

Left side—1st Panel: The child arriving at school about the age of five years. Text: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." 2nd Panel: First Holy Communion. Text: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life." 3rd Panel: A class of children with a nun. Text: "They that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." 4th Panel: The children go out into the world and practise Catholic Action. (Nun praying for the children). Text: "For them do I sanctify Myself." (These four panels are duplicated in the reverse on the opposite panels.) 5th Panel: Vocation to Religious Life: Ceremony of Profession. 6th Panel: Vocation to state of Matrimony: A Wedding Ceremony. Text for both: "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord."

In front of the stall is the model of an Indian village, done by a craftsman, showing the work of Loreto nuns among the Natives.

The materials used for the stall were pewter and white wood. The panels and centre piece were in pewter metal work and were executed by two of the nuns.

Many Loreto pupils from all over the world visited the Stall, and showed their love, loyalty and interest in Loreto. One said, "Mother, I have not been faithful—pray for me."



The School Orchestra in the Concert Hall, Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham.

Mary Ward Countryside: Yorkshire



The three scenes on this page were photographed last year by Mother M. Imelda, I.B.V.M., of the Bar Convent, York, who kindly sent them to us. We know that they will strike a homing chord in the heart of every child of our Venerable Mother Mary Ward, whose childhood was spent in these parts of the Yorkshire countryside. She died at Hewarth some miles from the city of York on January 30, 1645, having spent a life of heroism in perilous journeys and undertakings in Flanders, Germany and Italy. Ten years after her death, one of her faithful companions, Winifred Wigmore, finished writing the first biography of her whom Pope Pius XII has called, "that incomparable woman." The opening sentence of the biography reads: "Our dearest Mother, of happy memory, Mrs. Mary Ward, was eldest daughter of Mr. Marmaduke Ward, of Givendale, in the county of York. Mulwith and Newby were manor-houses of his." (How our little pictures are touched by a ray of history!) The names of Mulwith, Newby and Givendale still survive in the neighbourhood of Ripon. The Wards of Yorkshire figured in the history of England from the time of William the Conqueror when seven Ward brothers came and settled in the North. In the days of the foundation of Fountains Abbey, the Wards figure as benefactors. In an old manuscript book of heraldry, now in the British Museum, the arms of the Wards are described as: "Azure, a Cross Patonce." Loreto girls everywhere must be familiar with the crest which is often seen worked into stained-glass windows of Convents of the I.B.V.M. Visitors to the Ripon Cathedral may still see it where it has been since about 1459.

MULWITH

The banks of the River Ure have doubtless taken on many new meanderings during the centuries that divide us from the days of Mary Ward's childhood at the end of the Sixteenth Century. But the

river is the same, and the trees still are mirrored in its clear stream as other trees were reflected calmly, or trembled in its wavelets when Mary rode beside it on her spirited little pony. The old home, the manor house of Mulwith, is no longer in existence; the actual house where Mary was born was almost completely destroyed by fire when she was about ten years old.

RIPON

The left-arm of the sign-post in our picture points to Ripon. It is now chiefly important as possessing one of the finest Cathedrals in the Early English style. It was one of the first Gothic Cathedrals to be built in England, and, thanks to the work of restoration by Sir G. Scott, visitors can now see it as it must have stood in all its beauty in medieval times. Generations of the Ward family contributed generously to its erection, as we may see from their coat-of-arms sculptured on the stone choir-screen in the Fifteenth Century. Of course it suffered during the anti-religious robbery of the Reformation, but during Mary Ward's girlhood days she often passed it and admired, as we admire to-day, the lovely western facade with its two lofty towers.

GIVENDALE

There is no mention in any biography of Mary Ward that she ever lived in the mansion of Givendale, though it was certainly, during her girlhood, one of her father's properties. We are told in an old biography that it stood on the east bank of the River Ure, about three miles below Ripon, commanding beautiful views up and down the valley. It has long since been demolished, but records of Yorkshire in the 18th Century tell that "when the foundations were disturbed in the croft between the road leading to Newby Hall and the present farmhouse of Givendale", several stones bearing inscriptions showed that they were stones of the early mansion owned by Mary Ward's father.

NEWBY HALL

Our picture shows us Newby Hall as it stands to-day, having been rebuilt (on the original foundations) in 1702. It has the typical architecture of a country house of that era, when the Renaissance style had become firmly rooted in England. The rusticated corners of the wings and the balustrade round the roof make us feel that the front porch is certainly flanked by Ionic or Corinthian columns if we could only see over the hedge.

Newby Hall was the home to which the Wards moved after fire had destroyed the old manor-house at Mulwith when Mary was about ten years old. She loved this home in its lovely grounds, but her sojourn there was all too short. Her father was far too important as a citizen, and far too honour-

able as a Catholic to remain unnoticed during the years of the Elizabethan persecution; so, after a few short years at Newby Hall, he had to take his family and flee to the more inaccessible county of Northumbria, where his relative, the Earl of Northumberland gave them shelter. Thomas Percy (later to be involved in the Gunpowder Plot) often visited Newby as he was married to Mrs. Ward's sister, and was manager of the nearby estate, Topcliffe, which belonged to his uncle, the Earl of Northumberland.

How the heroic, tragic figures of that far-off world step quickly into our circle, evoked by three names on a sign-post beside a road winding over the Yorkshire Moors!

— N.

I.B.V.M., Australia.

ITALIAN GIRLS THINK OF MARY WARD

Several times God proved her, but she never failed. Her great joy in seeing the schools flourishing sank afterwards when she saw those schools closed. She had to suffer material pain and she never complained. She was put into prison — for the second time — in Munich, as “heretic” and she was not discouraged.

But what is wonderful to see in Mary Ward's life is not only this superhuman strength, but how joyful, cheerful, peaceful her spirit always was in every danger, in every sorrow, until the last day of her life. Thinking of Mary Ward we are moved, and with all our hearts we cannot but exclaim: “O Jesus, deign soon to glorify Thy humble servant.”

DORETTA PERAZZOLI.

(Prize-essay, Fourth Course.)

Mary Ward's life is really worthy of being known, venerated and imitated by all. She was a woman whose faith never failed, who gave joyfully all that she possessed to God and mankind. Her

exceptional moral strength and courage, characterized by much tried humility, and obedience, have been rewarded by the Lord, Who has made her work endure and prosper after her death, to His glory, and to make her memory in the world eternal.

CLARA RAPISARDA.

(Prize-essay, Third Course.)

When she died she had accomplished her mission fully — she only then “knew” that what God wanted from her was exactly what she had done.

LUCIANA BORRELLO.

(Prize-essay, 2nd Course.)

[In a letter covering the above excerpts, the students' English mistress explains that they are from the winning essays of the competition, held every year for Mary Ward's birthday. Some hundreds of adult students pass through the classes arranged for them at the I.B.V.M., Via Nomentana, Rome. Mary Ward once trod their streets, and loved their fountains.—Ed.]

ORDINATION OF THE REV. JOHN BARRY, O.S.B.

John was ordained at Miltown Park, along with seventeen Jesuits. I cannot tell you what a joy that was for his mother and me: our son, a priest! He celebrated his first Mass the following morning at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, assisted by his novice-master, Fr. Athanasius, O.S.B. Five other monks sang during the Mass, after which the whole community received John's blessing. We were then entertained to a splendid breakfast. Mother General came in; we were introduced, and she chatted for a while. We indeed owe a lot to the Abbey with which we have had such a long connection . . . I was forgetting to mention that the Coadjutor Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Simonds, met us while we were at the Abbey, and knelt to receive John's blessing.

JOHN BARRY.

(nephew of the late Rev. Mother Gonzaga Barry, National Bank, Wexford. I.B.V.M.)

[Fr. Barry has two nun-sisters, one in Carmel, the other in Rathfarnham.—Ed.]

AUSTRALIAN JESUIT IN ROME:

Our Old Students' Association had a very interesting address from Fr. Smith, S.J. He spoke of the methods of Catholic Schools in Australia, chiefly of course about the one where he himself had taught. Many of the audience were teachers, so they were much interested and asked many questions. He also told some highly appreciated stories of surfing and volunteer rescue parties saving people from sharks.

—M.M. I.B.V.M.

Via Nomentana, Rome.

(Continued from page 5)

real choir of the chapel giving the invocations — the rest of us answering. Then, a plainsong *Tantum Ergo*. Of course everyone said the Marian prayer together. At the end the real choir sang a *Stabat Mater* in parts. It sounded very well.

—M.M. I.B.V.M.

Via Nomentana, Rome.

LORETO ABBEY, MARY'S MOUNT, BALLARAT, VICTORIA

**MATRICULATION, LEAVING
AND INTERMEDIATE
CLASSES**

Front Row (L. to R.): A. McSwiney,
D. Flaherty, N. Maher, H. Baker.

2nd Row: A. Bolger, C. Conlan, B.
Doering, L. Hicks, G. Rice,
P. O'Bree (Councillor), Janet
Hayden (Head of the School),
M. O'Halloran, P. Rinaldi
(Councillor), M. Sullivan, C.
Liston, H. O'Brien.

3rd Row: I. Rinaldi, C. Hager (1st
Councillor), M. Podger, K. Shea,
S. Gudgeon, J. Condon, P. Jess,
A. Vaughan, N. Sheahan, J.
Besemeres, M. Hayden.

Back Row: J. Barker, A. Doney,
P. Byrne, D. Hoare, K. Hanrahan,
M. Bourke, M. Holmes, J.
Matthews, P. Broad, M.
O'Callaghan.

Absent: G. Joshua, C. McMahon.



GRADE VI TO GRADE I

Front Row: P. Summons, T. Parkinson,
A. Rowlands, H. Hager,
A. Hardy, J. Bilson.

2nd Row: B. Hayden, H. Bilson, M.
A. Geraghty, A. Sparks, M.
Smith, M. Jenkins, A. Bell, J.
Coghlan, M. Dunn, K. Jackman,
A. Gibson, R. Salt.

3rd Row: S. Joshua, G. Landy, M.
Nunn, M. O'Connor, L. Podger,
L. Jenkins, M. Creati, P. Hayden,
J. Powell, S. Bateson,
M. Rowlands.

Back Row: P. Hayes, H. Lechte, G.
McGennis, M. Jenkins, G. Slee,
E. Bunning, E. Besemeres, E.
Ryan, A. Faulkner, F. Faulkner.

Absent: G. Fordham, M. L. Crowley,
M. Schneller, M. Sennett, A.
Conlan.

**SUB-INTERMEDIATE, 2nd
YEAR & 1st YEAR CLASSES**

Front Row (L. to R.): L. Holmes,
G. McGilp, J. McGilp, J. Carroll,
J. Gibson.

2nd Row: J. Hurley, C. Carlile, A.
Saunders, C. McSwiney, M.
Besemeres, J. Rubino, R. Fulton,
J. Tweddle.

3rd Row: S. Hayes, H. Monkivitch,
C. Keating, T. Lechte, J. Faulkner,
F. Joyce, H. Powell.

Back Row: J. O'Loughlen, S. Mac-
Kenzie, M. O'Loughlen, C. Rice,
A. Doolan, J. Carracher.

Absent: E. Fraser, W. Pritchard.



JOTTINGS FROM A JOURNAL, LORETO ABBEY, MARY'S MOUNT

JUNE (1953):

21st.—We sang the Hymn to St. Aloysius with zest — a holiday with the traditional party in the evening. We had a good laugh at "The Egg and I".

27th.—It was good to learn so much about our land from the film, "Australia of To-day".

29th.—Girls from Dawson St., and from St. Aloysius', Redan, came to enjoy the film, "The Vatican" — a wonderful production in technicolour. As a result, the most popular book is "The Vatican" from the Lady Coghlan Memorial Library.

30th.—We celebrated Mother General's Feast day.

JULY:

3rd.—With great regret we heard of the death of Mrs. Max Nunn — "Miss Frizelle" — our dancing teacher.

21st.—We joined the Novices in St. Cecilia's Hall, where we listened to a most interesting talk by the Reverend J. Phillips, S.J., Professor of Sacred Scripture at Corpus Christi College, Werribee.

22nd.—Mother Superior's Feast Day.

25th.—During study all the lights went out — great excitement — candles everywhere. Tea by candle-light — most romantic! No study (Alas!) "To bed — to bed". Suddenly all the lights went on!

31st.—An Orchestral Concert for Mother Superior. We congratulate Mr. Keith Young, Conductor of our orchestra and school choirs. We also thank him for his interesting illustrated talk on Queensland.

AUGUST:

1st.—Basketball teams came from Dawson St.

8th.—We had sunshine for our journey to Melbourne. A glorious day at Loreto Convent, Toorak.

10th.—Y.C.S. Week opened with a dialogue Mass.

13th.—The Y.C.S. informal concert was most enjoyable. That afternoon we played Clarendon College, but our Basketball teams were seriously depleted. It was dressmaking day!

15th.—Feast of the Assumption. A lovely quiet holiday. "Early Tea" was followed by the film "A Queen is Crowned".

2nd.—Lovely First Communion Ceremony. Seven girls sat for the Shakespeare Examinations.

THIRD TERM.

SEPTEMBER:

15th.—Return to school. On the sixteenth we went to the Regent Theatre to see "The Miracle of Fatima". We all loved it; there were few dry eyes.

20th.—With great regret we heard of the death of Mrs. Arnel. We went to Requiem Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral and later formed a Guard of Honour for her. We offer sincerest sympathy to Mr. Arnel.

21st.—A.V. told Mother Judith to "**BE SURE**" to get the film, "Odette". A wonderful film and left us thinking hard.

25th.—We have a new lawn mower for the miniature Golf Course and Running Track. Mr. Doney shows us how.

OCTOBER:

4th.—"Old Boys" and friends came to Ballarat in hundreds for the Opening of the new Memorial Chapel at St. Patrick's College. The majority of us went through the Chapel in the afternoon and came away enthralled by its beauty.

5th.—The new building begins. There is much to watch and sigh about. The Music Cells are moving; we watch that with interest. The trees have been felled; we sigh about that — Farewell, lovely old **pin**es, we all regret your passing.

10th.—Lorna Doone in technicolour.

14th.—Grim silence reigned in the vicinity of St. Agnes'. Music examinations had begun! Mr. L. Biggins was our examiner this year. Twelve Fifth Grade candidates in one morning! There was more variety in the afternoon sessions.

20th.—Splendid music results. Cheers!

21st.—Perception Examinations. Opinions varied! Later we found there was no need to worry.

24th.—Violin and cello students face examinations.

25th.—Sunday — Feast of Christ the King. We joined in the Eucharistic Procession at St. Patrick's College. His Lordship, Dr. J. O'Collins, gave Benediction at the conclusion of the Ceremony. That night we saw the film "The Happiest Days of Your Life".

26th to 30th.—Mr. F. O'Brien and his son could be seen with Mr. E. Doney preparing the putting green for Sports Day. Please accept our gratitude for this and all other help so generously given.

31st.—SPORTS DAY. The weather was fine.

NOVEMBER:

4th.—The Manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. kindly sent demonstrators to teach us the use of all the "gadgets" — "usually left in a little box in the drawer". We were amazed at the "simplicity" of it all; but it was quite another matter when we tried it.

13th.—The Annual Dance for Mission funds — a quiet function this year, as examinations loomed.

17th.—Reverend P. Downes, our Chaplain, gave a helpful talk to the Seniors who are leaving school.

DECEMBER:

1st.—The Examiners arrived to examine weaving, decorative needlework and dressmaking. The good news came later.

5th.—"Loreto Day" in traditional style.

13th.—Rosary Crusade Day in Ballarat. We were privileged to form part of the Living Rosary. Twenty-five thousand people came from all parts of this wide-spread Diocese and from other parts of Victoria. The scene was a never-to-be-forgotten one. Father Patrick Peyton's simple, heartfelt talk went direct to every heart. We all realized the great need for family prayer; "The family that prays together stays together." Arrangements and organisation were perfect. Congratulations to Reverend J. Shelley. Many went home with parents on the afternoon of the 13th. For those who were leaving school, farewells were not easy.

1954

MARCH:

5th.—The Begonia Festival opens. Ballarat is in holiday attire — begonias and bunting by day; coloured lights and fireworks at night.

6th.—From the lovely Tudor gates at Mary's Mount, flags and bunting are fluttering in the breeze. People have been gathering since dawn. School children are massed together in the City Oval, for to-day Ballarat is to welcome Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, and the Duke. From the specially prepared stands in Sturt Street, children had a satisfactory view of the Royal Pair. Her Majesty's gracious ways won all hearts.

7th.—All enjoyed the half holiday and the film "The Winslow Boy".

11th, 12th, 13th.—Quarant'Ore. The weather was sunny and the Altars even lovelier than ever.

14th.—Music for the People in the Gardens. The Seniors and the Musicians went.

15th.—The Begonia Festival ends.

22nd.—Our generous Tennis Coach, Mr. Cyril Bass, arranged with Mr. Colin Long for an exhibition of tennis on our courts by Rex Hartwig, Ashley Cooper, Keith Rogers and John Turner. We were thrilled to see such well-known players in action — and almost equally thrilled with their autographs. We are grateful to Spaldings Ltd., who made the visit possible.

23rd.—The Organ Recital given in our Chapel by Miss Agnes O'Keefe, famous Melbourne organist, was much appreciated.

24th.—We all agree that the film "Where No Vultures Fly" is one of the best we have ever seen.

25th.—Lady Day. Our first Marian Hour took the form of a series of tableaux, spoken poetry and hymns in which all joined.

27th.—Teams from Loreto Convent, Toorak, visited us for Soft Ball and Tennis. We hope that they enjoyed the day as much as we did.

APRIL:

2nd.—Visit from Father Philip Crosbie, of Korea. We shall never forget his lecture.

15th to 22nd.—Easter Holidays.

24th.—Lamentations! Head of the Lake Day! St. Patrick's College Crew lost by less than a quarter of a length.

27th.—Orchestral Concert for Schools by the A.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

30th.—Several Mary's Mount girls made their **debut** in Melbourne at the Loreto Ball. Reports make us proud of you, Nanette, Colette, Helen, Moya, Kathleen and Brenda.

MAY:

3rd.—As the first of May fell on a Saturday, the Procession and Crowning of Our Lady were postponed until Monday. Never has the School Altar looked lovelier. After the Act of Consecration, the Head of the School — Janet Hayden — crowned Our Lady. Congratulations to Janet, and to the newly-made Councillors — Clare Hager, Patricia Rinaldi and Patricia O'Bree.

5th.—There was a shadow over Mary's Mount to-day when we heard of the death of our loved Mother M. Catherine.

JUNE:

1st.—Second Term opens.

5th.—We enjoyed the film, "The Queen in Fiji and Tonga".

8th.—Our annual Christian Doctrine Examination by our Diocesan Inspector, Reverend J. Shelley. We were glad to repeat our Marian Hour for him; and we thank him for his gracious words of appreciation.

9th, 10th, 11th.—The Retreat was loved by all. The Director was Reverend Father H. Scanlon, C.S.S.R.

19th.—The Leaving Class went to Black Hill for a Geography Excursion.

20th.—Children from St. Aloysius School, Redan, and from St. Joseph's, were our guests at a Marian Hour. All joined in the singing of the hymns.

As we go to press, we take a glance at the new building. It has reached the second storey. This time next year we hope to be "quite used to it".

There are great preparations for the Feast of the Assumption and for the close of the Marian Year. Details are reserved for "Loreto" 1955.

A. VAUGHAN and PAM BYRNE.

SYMBOLS OF PROGRESS

Among the decorations for the Royal Visit, hung high across Sturt Street were huge paintings ten feet by six feet, depicting stages in the progress of Ballarat. The first was a painting of the new White Swan Reservoir surrounded by pine trees in fresh verdant country, typical of that around Ballarat. Some will recall that in 1855 water from Lake Wendouree, then Yuelles Swamp, was sold at fifty gallons per £1.

The next painting showed the Welcome Nugget, which was found on June 9th, 1858, at Red Hill Mine. It was an irregular lump of waterworn honey-combed gold about twenty inches long, thirteen inches broad and eight inches thick. The miners exhibited the nugget to raise money for charity, and finally it was sold to Witowski Brothers for £10.050. Another of the paintings was the Arch of

Victory, the western gateway to Ballarat which leads on to the Avenue of Honour planted with elm trees to honour the Ballarat men who fought in the 1914-1918 War. A little further was a painting of a miner at work on his claim, typical of a scene one might have seen on the goldfields in the 1850's. The next painting showed Ballarat as an agriculture centre — people turned to farming as the gold ceased to be profitable; so Ballarat did not become a ghost town as did many other boom towns when the gold ran out.

The private houses along the route were bedecked for the occasion, but many of these were hidden by the children on the stands set up by the Ballarat Builders. These twenty thousand children were Ballarat's greatest symbol of progress.

YVONNE ASHKAR (Intermediate Class).
Dawson Street.

Stella Matutina

OUR LADY

The love of Our Lady has filled men's minds through all the history of the world. To every age she has fulfilled a topical need. To Our Lord she was mother, to His tiny Church refuge and inspiration. God gave her to the world in the hour of His Agony, and she has been its courage and protectress.

In the Middle Ages, Our Lady was the pattern of chivalry; and in the Renaissance she became the ideal of the greatest artists the world has ever known. As the Madonna she is seen most often holding Our Lord in her arms, or worshipping Him in the crib. Whatever her title, she has been to all generations and civilizations: Mother of all men.

The world is more wicked now than it has ever been. Persecution is more persistent, scientific and cold-blooded. We are living in this darkness, and it seems more hopeless to us than other Dark Ages, and darker than any future history shall appear. Coldness and neglect of God are all around us. The face of the world flayed twice over by the brutality of war, is mortally scarred by fear, jealousy, industrial turmoil and the bitterness of agnosticism. Yet this is called the Age of Mary. At Fatima Our Lady, appearing to little children, spoke the last message of hope and salvation, the desperate offer of mercy which her prayers had wrung from God.

To us the Mother of God is no longer the Mistress of a holy chivalry, nor the sweet-smiling Madonna. She is someone strong; a burning purity in the blackness and bloodshed: the Queen of Martyrs.

"Help of the half-defeated, House of Gold.

Shrine of the Sword, and Tower of Ivory;

Splendour apart, supreme and aureoled.

The Battler's Vision, and the World's Reply."

To be a Catholic now, one must fight for the faith. Belloc spoke for us all when he cried to her:

"Mother of Christ.

And Mother of me

Save me alive

From the howl of the sea."

Sometimes in thinking of Our Lady's own youth, it seems strange that now she should understand and help us so perfectly, when the world is utterly changed. She lived very quietly, at a time when the hope of a Saviour was the inspiration of her country, and when the Jews were proud to be called God's people. We imagine her life, as much as we know of it, from the first miraculous spring when she travelled across the mountains to St. Elizabeth, to that true spring when the world woke to life through the death of Our Lord. We can see her at sunrise on Easter Sunday, when the "Son of Justice" rose into eternity, though not even St. Luke has told us of that meeting with her Son, glorious in His Divinity.

She possesses in perfection every virtue. Apart from her great humility, she had what St. Francis of Assisi called "pure simplicity," the ability to concentrate utterly and confidently on God, and to seek Him in every action and at each moment. The search for Our Lord, lost in Jerusalem, could symbolize for us the perfection of His Mother's life, spent for God.

"Steep are the seas, and savaging and cold.

In broken waters, terrible to try,

And vast against the winter night the world.

And harbourless for any sail to lie.

But you shall lead me to the lights, and I

Shall hymn you in a harbour story told.

This is the faith that I have held and hold,

And this is that in which I mean to die."

(Belloc.)

JOCELYN DUNPHY (Matriculation, 1953).

Toorak.

ANNUNCIATA *

The day is done.

Now, through the banners of a rose-stained cloud
A messenger comes forth, whose mission proud
Is to announce the choosing of a Queen
Unto the fairest soul which God has seen:
His chosen one.

She kneels in prayer.

Her purity of heart glows in her eyes:
She lifts her face to God, and now she sighs
"Oh, that His lowly handmaid I might be!"
A sound, a breath of wind; she turns to see
An angel there.

"Hail, full of grace!"

Thus, as he stands in heavenly light arrayed,
He reverently salutes the humble maid,
"The chosen Mother of our King". He kneels;
And for a second in her arms she feels
A child's embrace.

"How can this be?"

Uncertain, filled with awe, she thinks aloud.

Gabriel answers, and her head is bowed.

That God should send to her! Her heart is still

And then — she lovingly consents: "His Will

Be done to me!"

There is no fear.

The pain, the aching loss, the martyr's palm

Are all accepted, and her mind is calm.

Her face is radiant as the vision fades,

And his voice re-echoes through the twilight shades —

"Ave Maria!"

JOSEPHINE DUNPHY (Sub-Leaving).

Claremont.

* This poem was the winning number of the Marian Year verse competition conducted at "Osborne" in honour of Our Lady. Josephine's sister is a postulant at Mary's Mount, with the name S.M. Annunciata.

OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE

One Act Play

(Dramatization of "Roses For Mexico," by C. Eliot)

NARRATOR: These apparitions of Our Lady were at the time of the Spanish Invasion. Many of the Spaniards looked down upon the Aztec Indians, treating them more or less as animals, and they believed that they had no souls. This race, however, was highly cultured, and so, at the time when they were being persecuted. Our Lady chose one of them as her messenger.

His name was Juan Diego and when he was on his way to Saturday Mass in honour of the Blessed Virgin, he had no idea of the encounter that awaited him on the rocky summit of the hill Tepeyac, three miles from Mexico City. He had been baptised by the Franciscans and for six years his faith had deepened and ripened. But, even so, he could hardly have guessed that his journey was to be fatefully interrupted and diverted to an interview with Bishop Juan de Zumarraga in his palace, and that, from the light shining on that hill-top, the sick would be healed and roses would grow in December.

Because of his complete loyalty to what he saw, the vision has reached thousands upon thousands of others, from the time he made the journey in the sixteenth century down to our own day.

SCENE I

(Juan Diego walking along the roadway hears beautiful music and looks up puzzled. He sees a beautiful Indian maiden of about fourteen standing on the hill near which he is standing.)

OUR LADY: Juan—Juan—Juan Diego. My son, Juan Diego, whom I love and esteem as my dear little child. Where are you going.

JUAN: Noble and dear Lady, I am on my way to attend Mass. To-day being Saturday, the Mass I go to see shown will be in honour of the Blessed Virgin. She is the Mother of our Saviour yet a Virgin most holy.

OUR LADY: Littlest and dearest! It is in my honour the sons of Saint Francis offer their Saturday Masses. Listen well and remember all I say to you. I am the ever-Virgin Mary—I am the Mother of the true God—Who created all things—Who sustains all things—Who is present in all places—He is here with us on this knoll. (Pause.) Look at me, my son! Stand up! I want a church built here, little son. It will be under my protection—named in my honour. My desire is to show myself a mother to you and your people; but it will be necessary to carry my words about it to your Bishop in Mexico City. Tell him it is I who have spoken to you of the matter. Repeat this promise to him, exactly as I now give it to you—"No one who seeks me here with a genuine need or affliction will turn away unconsolated. No tear will escape my pity. No smallest sigh will go unheard . . . You yourself, Juan, in reward for your part in obtaining the church to be built, will have my gratitude always. Go in peace now, while my prayer accompanies you." (Curtain).

SCENE II

NARRATOR: Juan hurries from Tepeyac on his three mile journey to the Bishop's Palace. He makes the journey quickly and is thinking joyously of all that has happened to him. On seeing the Bishop's Palace he quickly and quietly makes his way towards it. A few guards are idling around the gate and do not notice Juan's approach at first. (Curtain).

GUARD I: Hola! Where do you think you are, idiot? Keep back! This is the Episcopal Palace. Keep away from this part of the city, or we'll set the dogs on you.

JUAN (gently): It's not YOU I wish to speak to. It's the Bishop. Just tell me where he sits in this beautiful, great house and that will be the end of my presence among you.

GUARD I: The Bishop will be in his Oratory. He prays for an hour after Mass. He makes long thanksgivings. Would you be willing to wait until he has broken his fast?

JUAN: Where is this oratory? Will someone take me there? I have a most important message for the Bishop.

GUARD II (scornfully): Are you by any chance a friend of His Excellency's? Perhaps your message is from the King of Spain!

JUAN: The Bishop does not know me, but he knows Who has sent me. I bid you farewell. (Juan moves forward.)

GUARD I: Stay where you are. If you move we will beat you. Tell us your name and what you want with the Bishop.

JUAN: My name is Juan Diego and I have a most important—

GUARD II (contemptuously): Juan Diego. So you are a Spaniard! That's good!

JUAN: I am baptised. The Fathers gave me that name. My Indian name you could not pronounce. Where is the oratory? Is it that door, or that? There are so many doors here.

GUARD I: We'll have to let the beast wait. His Excellency has only himself to thank. (To Juan). We'll show you the way when the time comes. But what do you want with the Bishop? What's the message? Who is it from?

JUAN: I cannot tell you. Messages are between two people. The one who sends and the one who receives. I speak only of the etiquette of my people; but the Fathers tell us that good etiquette with one people may be bad etiquette with another. I did not mean to rebuke you.

GUARD I: Good God! It's like a parrot talking. A wonderful bird the parrot. It gives you goose flesh.

JUAN: Yes, He is a good God, in very truth. We thought Cortez was the only good god we ever had returned to give us another chance. Even those of us who are still in darkness know we deceived ourselves about the white conjuror, and were fools. But those, who, like myself sit at the feet of the Missionary Fathers to learn from them, worship the One and only True God, as you do, and know that He is indeed as good as He is powerful. We praise His Holy Name.

(Enter Guards 3 and 4)

GUARD 3: God's Mother! An Indian dog! In the Palace itself! Is there any limit.

JUAN (reverently): God's Mother! Yes. Mary most holy! Her name is also to be praised. Let us praise it together.

GUARD 4: God's Blood! What goes on here. Is he crazy?

JUAN: God's Blood! Shed for us! Because He loved us so much. Did any other God ever do the like? No. Never. It was our blood that false gods thirsted for. Our blood was their drink. The true God gives us His own Sacred Blood to drink. God's Blood is our life.

GUARD 4 (exasperated): God's Wounds!

JUAN: God's Wounds! Yes indeed, it is a good reminder, friend. Let us kneel. Let us pray! My Lord and my God. Your wounds are our proof. (Pause) Hail Mary. Hail, Hail! Smile on your children. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—

ENTER PRIEST: Hush! Not here. Come with me and we'll find another place more private.

GUARD I: He pushed right in here without a by-your-leave and demanded to see the Bishop. We said that the Bishop was at his prayers, and the savage said, who cared about that, he was going to see him anyway. It was enough to start anyone swearing! Holy Mary! Excuse it, please, but His Excellency himself wouldn't blame us. Good God—

PRIEST: The Bishop certainly blames you, and very severely; I do more than blame you, I utterly despise you. (To Juan) Come with me. I'll find a quiet place where you can wait till the Bishop can see you. It is too early yet—much too early, but I am his secretary. Perhaps you needn't see the Bishop at all. We'll see.

SCENE III (Outside Curtain)

NARRATOR: The priest tells Juan that he will take him to another room. Juan tells him that he can tell no one but the Bishop of his message, but suddenly there is the sound of horses. The secretary has to leave Juan when he is told that it is the Spanish Governor. He bids Juan stay in an alcove where he will not be seen and soon after leaves the palace. Juan waits for several hours for the priest to return till at length the Bishop's page enters the room. (Curtain).

PAGE: Fool! Why are you standing there?

JUAN: I am waiting for the secretary Father who is going to take me to the Bishop.

PAGE: What do you want with the Bishop and do you not know that his secretary has gone out with the Governor?

JUAN: I am waiting for the good Father's return and I am sorry but I cannot tell you the important message I have been given to deliver to the Bishop.

PAGE: If this message is as important as you say, I will take you to His Lordship.

JUAN: I assure you that it is most important and I will be very grateful if you would take me to the Bishop. (Curtain Opens. Scene—room in palace.)

PAGE (to Bishop): Excellency. There is an Indian outside who says he has a very important message for you. He has been standing in the hall since early this morning. His name is Juan Diego.

BISHOP: Bring him in here.

PAGE: Yes, Excellency. (Juan enters).

BISHOP: Good afternoon, Juan, and what brings you on this long journey to my palace?

JUAN: Excellency! I have very good news for you. On my way to Saturday Mass this morning, I heard unearthly singing and then—(Curtain Closes).

NARRATOR: Juan tells his story to the Bishop who paces up and down the room with a troubled expression on his face. At length he turns to Juan and sits down. (Curtain Opens).

BISHOP: You have eaten since you came to the Palace, I presume.

JUAN: No, Excellency, I have not.

BISHOP: Do you mean to tell me you have been offered nothing since you came here?

JUAN: I have been offered nothing, Excellency.

BISHOP: And Juan, had you been fasting when you were on your way to Mass?

JUAN: Yes, Excellency, I had been fasting from about six last night.

BISHOP: You say it was early morning?

JUAN: That it was, Your Excellency.

BISHOP: Do you realise Juan, that long fasting and walking in the early hours of the morning combined, often make people inclined to imagine things.

JUAN (standing up): But I didn't imagine it, if that is what you mean. Our Lady really appeared to me. I saw her as well as I can see you now. She asked me to have a church built on Tepeyac. If we hurry we may have it ready for her Son's birthday. It is in less than two weeks.

BISHOP: I am afraid, Juan, that I cannot act on what you have told me. Ask your Lady to give me a sign to prove who she is.

JUAN: But, Your Excellency, Our Lady—

BISHOP: I am sorry, Juan, but I cannot listen to you. Go now, and return to me in a few days' time with the sign I ask for. (Curtain).

SCENE IV

NARRATOR: Juan leaves the Palace feeling very unhappy. He thinks he has failed Our Lady, and makes up his mind to ask her to send someone else, someone more worthy, not an ignorant Indian like himself. He meets Our Lady on his way home and tells her what the Bishop asks. Our Lady tells him that she has chosen him as messenger and, if he will come on the following morning, she will give him the sign.

He awakens next morning and hears a great commotion. He is told that his uncle is dying. He quickly rushes to his uncle's hut to attend to him. He sends one of the Indian boys to the Mission; but, without his knowledge, the boy's mother prevents him from going. Then Juan makes his decision—he would go to the Mission, there was little hope of arriving in time but he would try.

He hurries towards the Mission: but, as he passes the hill Tepeyac, he dares not look up in case Our Lady is there: but he finds he cannot but do so. Sure enough the Virgin is there, but Juan hurries on past her. Since he will not go to her, she comes down to him and stands in his pathway.

OUR LADY: Why did you not come to me this morning, and why are you in such a hurry?

JUAN: Dear Mother, please do not keep me, for my uncle is dying, and I must get a priest for him. I am more than sorry that I have failed you; but you must understand that I could not leave my uncle.

OUR LADY: Do not worry about your uncle, little son, he is safe and is at this moment sitting up asking for you. I do understand why you did not come to me this morning, and you need no longer worry about that. I will now give you the sign I have promised, and you will take it to the Bishop. If you walk to the rocky summit of this hill you will find roses growing there. Pick them, and bring them back to me.

(Juan gathers the roses and brings them back to Our Lady.)

OUR LADY: Hold out your tilma, my son, while I arrange the

roses. Now, show these roses to the Bishop, and do not allow them to be disarranged. Go now, little son, my blessing upon you.

JUAN: Dearest Mother! I promise you that your wishes shall be fulfilled and I will try my utmost to please you. (Curtain.)

SCENE V

NARRATOR: While Juan was hurrying towards Mexico City his uncle recovered from his illness. This was a great surprise to the people there; but, when everyone went out of his hut, there was a far greater surprise to come; for, when he looked up, he saw a beautiful girl standing before him. He knew who she was by the unearthly light that surrounded her. (Curtain Opens).

OUR LADY: Juan Bernadino, I want a church built on Tepeyac, and I want the image of myself on the tilma of your nephew, Juan Diego to be called Saint Mary of Guadeloupe. Juan knows my wishes about the church, but not about its name. I could not instruct him concerning that, without spoiling the surprise I have planned for him, when he arrives at the Bishop's Palace to show him the roses.

UNCLE: Holy Mother! What has made two humble Indians worthy of your great privileges?

OUR LADY: Little son, my Son died for you, and, in His eyes and mine, you are no lower than any other race in the world. (Curtain).

SCENE VI

NARRATOR: Juan makes another journey to Mexico City. He arrives at the Palace to find the same guards on duty. He is more confident of himself as he has already met them before. However, the guards are not pleased to see him, especially as the Bishop told Juan not to return in less than three days' time. (Curtain opens. At gates of the Palace.)

GUARD 2: Hey! Look at him.

GUARD 1: You again! What do you think you are doing? You were told to return after three days, not two. His Excellency has enough to do without Indians wasting all his time.

JUAN: I know that; but I have reasons to come again, and—

GUARD 2: All right (sarcastically). Do not bother to tell us, you demand an audience with the Bishop, for it is affairs of state you have come on, and the matter is most urgent! You are not exactly a stranger in these parts, you know, but we missed you yesterday. You were well, I hope?

JUAN (gently): Yes thank you, I was very well; but my uncle was ill and required my attendance. It is true that the matter I have come on is really important. I need to see the Bishop immediately.

GUARD 1 (pointing at Juan's tilma): And what have you there? Special Indian produce for His Excellency's private table! He hasn't one, dear prince, but the mistake is pardonable, and if you will just hop around to the kitchen and dump that filthy bundle, we will think about letting you in. Get along before I lose patience.

(Juan pretends to make for the kitchen and escapes to the Reception Hall.)

GUARD 2: Here! What do you think you are doing? (Curtain).

SCENE VII

NARRATOR: Juan hurries to the Hall hoping to get to the Bishop with his precious bundle, but unfortunately there is another guard and the page who has befriended him before, is there. (Curtain opens).

PAGE: What are you hiding in your tilma, old fellow? Let us have a look.

JUAN: Keep your hands off. You helped me before, please take me to the Bishop. Tell these others to make way for us. (All laugh. Then Guards push the page away and open Juan's tilma.)

GUARD 1: ROSES!

GUARD 2: He's been robbing the Governor's garden!

GUARD 1: Fool! They don't have Castilian roses over there, and goodness! Ours don't blossom for months.

GUARD 3: Are they wax?

GUARD 2: They are sewn on. I just pulled at one and it stuck there. (Bishop enters quietly.)

BISHOP: What is going on here?

GUARD 1: Excellency, this—

GUARD 2: Yes, Your Excellency—(secretary enters).

BISHOP: Be quiet, please. What is this odour—this perfume? It is like incense only keener—much keener, sharply sweet. Where does it come from? What is it?

SECRETARY: Perfume or incense—one is as unlikely as the other, I should say.

JUAN: Excellency! Excellency!—

BISHOP: Juan—do you smell this perfume?

JUAN: Yes, Excellency.

BISHOP: What is it? Do you know?

JUAN: It is the odour of her sanctity. You know of whom I speak.

BISHOP: Yes—yes, I know. But have you seen her again?

JUAN: Yes, Excellency, I have. Twice since I left you. The second time my uncle was dying and I was on my way to the Mission; but she told me to come here first and to do her message.

BISHOP (sternly): Do you expect me to believe that she sent you here before you went to the Mission? This is no odour of sanctity, hers or anyone else's.

JUAN: God answered her prayer and my uncle is perfectly well and does not need the last Sacraments, Excellency.

BISHOP: But, how do you know that? Have you been back to make sure?

JUAN: I don't understand you, Excellency. Of course I haven't been back. She sent me here. But, Excellency, your servants were curious and have seen the roses.

BISHOP: Roses, Juan! Is that what you have in your tilma? Show them to me. Where did you find them? You should have told me the perfume was that of roses.

JUAN: Our Lady told me to go to the summit of Tepeyac and pick them. I did so, and then she arranged them with her own hands. She told me to show them to no one but you.

BISHOP: Open your tilma, Juan, and let me see the roses.

(Juan spreads his tilma and to everyone's surprise, imprinted on it is a lifesize image of the Blessed Virgin. Juan, unsuspecting, stoops to pick up the fallen roses.)

BISHOP: No! Stay as you are!

SECRETARY: Stop! Leave it as it is!

(All kneel reverently. Juan is puzzled. They gaze for some time at the beautiful image.)

BISHOP (slowly): This, He has not done for every nation. (Stands up). Not for every nation. (The Bishop unknots the tilma and holds it up for Juan to see. Juan kneels and gazes with great joy at the image of Our Blessed Lady. (Slow curtain).

JULIENNE TWEDDLE (13),
Mary's Mount.

THE MARIAN YEAR

1. To the average intelligent person of to-day, it is evident that our so-called modern, up-to-date world, is sadly lacking in the true spirit of Christianity. All around us we see examples of this: the very atmosphere of living is permeated with evil influences — our books, our conversations, our movies, and indeed our every aspect of life. This is the problem to which there is a solution. It is clear from its very nature, that human intervention will avail little, and in most cases nothing at all, for a change of heart is needed. So we turn our minds to higher things, and there the Holy Father points to the solution — “*Ad Jesum Per Mariam.*”

Of course our minds turn to God first, but we remember Our Lady's power as illustrated at the Wedding Feast of Cana, nearly two thousand years ago. Therein lies the answer. We must turn to Our Lady, and seek her invaluable help. This is the purpose of the Marian Year — it is a special appeal to Our Lady for help, one that if we do our best to honour, and spread devotion to Our Lady, cannot fail to reach her heart. The deep and far-reaching effect of the Marian Year does not depend only on the efforts of the bishops and clergy, but rather on the lone efforts of each and every Catholic in the world. No matter how insignificant our role may seem, how weak our prayers, and small our sacrifices, the whole worth of the Marian Year depends on these individual efforts.

It is exactly one hundred years since Pope Pius IX proclaimed that Mary ever Virgin, was free from sin from the first moment of her conception. This decree, Our Blessed Lady herself confirmed, when four years later she appeared to St. Bernadette at Lourdes and said: “I am the Immaculate Conception.” With such an immaculate model to imitate, the first duty in our Marian Year efforts lies in reproducing that sinlessness in our own lives. This means that we strive by prayer and self-discipline, and to plant in our souls those virtues which the study of Our Blessed Lady will reveal to us. In this way we are sure to find that Mary is becoming a part of our daily lives, and we shall delight the

heart of her Divine Son, by our growing resemblance to her. This in turn will have a profound effect on society in general.

Each one who contributes to the realization of this aim, will be filled with a deep consciousness of the Divine approval. For shall we not be fulfilling in this chaotic world of ours, the very advice that Our Lady gave the waiters at Cana: *Whatsoever He Shall Say to You, Do Ye.*

PENELOPE MAGEE (16),
Brisbane.

2. When we came back to school in February, the girls were earnestly talking about the Marian Year. On the notice board we saw a list of the activities that had been planned for the year's work.

First came the poster problem. Each girl had to decide how she could best portray Our Lady. After many battles with paint, brush and water our work was completed, and on May 1st, Father Wilkins, S.J., presented prizes to the winners. As Father pointed out to us, each child, whether a prize winner or not, did her best to do honour to Mary who would herself give prizes to all competitors.

In second term we are having a poem competition and now instead of battling with paints and brushes, we are involved in the difficulties of rhymes and metres. If the poems are as good as the posters Our Lady will be pleased with our efforts.

For third term the Seniors are writing essays, and the Middle and Junior schools are doing project or note books. The Seniors may choose any one of Our Lady's titles that appeals to her, and many have already nearly completed their work. Judging by the numerous holy pictures and magazines we see about the school, the project books will be works of interest.

At the end of the year there will be a display of our Marian Year interests. Posters, poems and projects as well as the articles we made at crafts and needlework for the Missions.

But the most important effort of all our Marian Year activities is the big Pageant which is to be

FILM STRIPS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT

As part of our Marian Year celebrations, we have been screening, on alternate Saturdays, a series of film-strips on the Old Testament, which is the history that led to Our Blessed Lady, the Morning Star, and Her Divine Son, the Day Star.

The films are from the first series of a set called "The Alliance with God." The "Maison de la Bonne Presse," Paris, made the set. So far we have seen fourteen of them:

A Small People of the Orient (a link with secular history); The Beginnings (Genesis); In the Time of the Patriarchs (Genesis continued); The Ways of Providence (Genesis continued); The Great Epoch (Exodus); The Betrothal in the Wilderness (Exodus and Numbers); The Wars of Yahweh (Josue); Troubled Times (Judges); In the Time of the Judges (Judges and Ruth); The Prophet and the King (Samuel); The Shepherd Who became King (I & II Samuel); Triumphs and Tears (II Samuel, I Kings); Solomon the Magnificent (I & II Kings, I & II Paralipomenon); The Splendours of the Worship of Yahweh (Exodus and Leviticus).

Booklets containing commentaries accompany the film-strips, and we are fortunate in having for most of the films a fuller script written by Rev. Father J. A. Phillips, S.J., Professor of Sacred Scripture at Corpus Christi College, Werribee.

Different aspects of the story have impressed the various members of the Senior Christian Doctrine Class. Here they are:

"The film-strips have given me a lesson in patience and humility, and a greater love of God. I am able to understand His ways better."—J.B.

"They showed me how great the love of God was for the Israelites and how some showed their ingratitude and unfaithfulness to Him."—J.H.

"It is much more interesting when you are reading passages from the Old Testament if you know something of the history of the period.—The Israelites must have had great faith, because all the people around them were pagans, and they did not have all the help we have to-day in the Sacraments and the Mass."—C.L.

"I have really liked these film-strips because they have given me a much clearer insight into the stories of the Old Testament, and with Father Phillips' interesting commentary the Old Testament has become vivid and attractive to me."—A.V.

"I have seen how completely the Israelites depended on God and how completely we do too. When they took matters into their own hands and thought they did not need to rely on God any more, they always came to great trouble."—M.O'C.

"I have now a greater knowledge and appreciation of the Old Testament."—D.H.

"The Patriarchs realised that with God everything is possible."—M.H.

"They have shown me what a struggle these people went through to remain faithful to God."—M.O'H.

"My knowledge of Bible History had become rather hazy, but now I have seen these film-strips I know I will not forget the many difficulties the Chosen People had to pass through, and how the omnipotent God came to their aid."—P.R.

The film-strips are giving me a deeper insight into the significance of the Liturgy. When we hear the "Popule Meus" on Good Friday, the Reproaches hit home harder when we have watched Yahweh's deliverance of His People from the power of Pharaoh.

(Continued on page 18)

THE NATIVITY

On a frosty night in a stable poor,
An ox and ass stood by the door,
With radiant light from a star a-shine
Which the prophets had said was the Heavenly sign
Of Our Saviour born.
The Mother Mary humble and mild,
With Joseph watched o'er the Heavenly Child
Who in a manger peacefully slept,
While angels of glory their vigil kept,
From night till morn.

JULIE D'ARCY (16 Years).
Toorak.

GOLD FOR OUR LADY

We read in "Footprints of our Catholic Pioneers", by Francis Mackle, that in 1854 the miners of Australia sent one hundred ounces of gold to Pope Pius IX just at the time when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was being defined and that the Pope had the gold struck into medals of the Immaculate Conception. As Ballarat was literally built on gold, we feel that this action of the miners gives us a special claim on Our Lady.

THE INTERMEDIATE CLASS.
Dawson Street.

(Continued from page 16)

presented at the end of second term. It is called the "Joyous Pageant of the Holy Nativity" and the Choir, Orchestra, and Players are all working very hard. Proceeds from the Pageant are to be devoted to the Missions, as we are not having a fete this year.

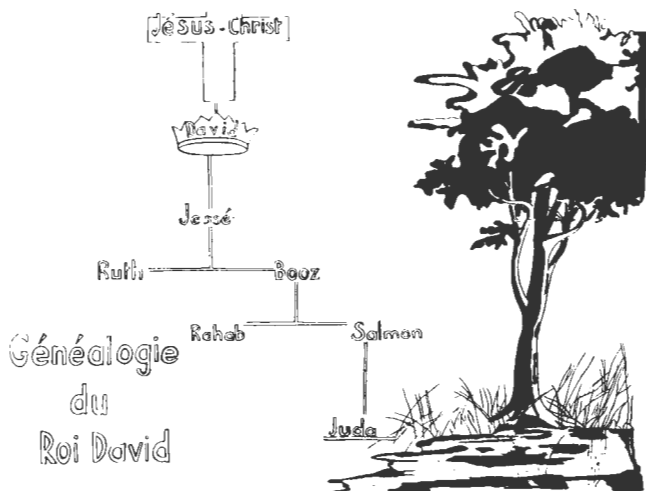
This year we have tried in many ways to give special devotion to Our Lady. The boarders will always remember the Marian Year prayer which we say at Visit each night. We have had processions

at the beginning of each term in honour of Our Lady, and most beautiful of all was the May Day Procession. The climax was the crowning of Our Lady in the Grotto by Carole Bowen, the head of the school. We are doing our best to make the Marian Year, a year in which with Our Lady's help, we may be able to fight by our prayers and acts of self-denial for the conversion of the world.

VIRGINIA WAKEFIELD-KENT (2nd Year).
Toorak.

In the Litany of the Blessed Virgin we call Her, "Ark of the Covenant." The Ark of the Covenant was the holiest place on earth, in the Old Law. How fitting it is to give this title to Our Blessed Lady who carried for nine months Our Lord Himself, the Maker of the New Covenant — the Light of the World, Emanuel.

In "The Prophet and the King" we saw Samuel anoint David, Jesse's youngest son. Then we saw this unusual genealogical tree, going upwards, and beside it, a tree planted by a water-brook.



A pen and ink sketch reproduces with difficulty the radiant light at the top of the tree. God knew what a masterpiece of creation the Mother of His Divine Son would be. And I have this in mind as I sing with zest:

"Purer than snow or lily fair,
Mary, thy radiant beauty shows,
O Virgin Stem from Jesse's root,
O Israel's Mystic Rose."

So we are grateful to Our Blessed Lady that her Year has launched us on a study that is deepening our appreciation of our Faith and of the riches of the Liturgy.

P.O'B. and M.J.
Mary's Mount.

! *STELLA MATUTINA: Under this heading we gather some of the reports of the Marian Year, sent in from our Australian houses. A choice had to be made, and we hope that those who miss their work in-print will lose their disappointment in the joy of the general good. Indeed, there was such a note of joyousness in all the reports, that, as we read them, we thought of Our Lady very specially as the Morning Star of Australian girlhood. It will encourage all who read these pages (both in Australia and overseas) to know that Mary Ward's spiritual children are going out into the world, with courage and joy to fight for all that is healthy and good, under the banner of Our Lady. STELLA MATUTINA.—Ed.]

BOOKS FROM THE I.B.V.M. OVERSEAS

1. TEACHING AS A VOCATION, By M. Pauline Parker, I.B.V.M. (London: Burns Oates)

It has given us pleasure to read this book and to hear that it has sold so well in Australia. It is an interesting thesis for anyone to read and discuss, though Mother Pauline modestly expressed the hope that it would be used in training colleges.

There are only six chapters, and their bare titles give no hint of the spirituality, learning and cheerfulness with which the author has set forth her views on education. The chapter-titles are: "Behold, I have given you an example," Lord and Master. The Purpose of Education, Foundation of the Curriculum, The Formation of the Teacher, The Pupil.

The author shows, in discussing the purpose of education, that she has thought long and deeply on this matter. That does not prevent her from stating her findings with verve and humour. In a paragraph discussing the claim made by some that education is to make good citizens, she writes: "The priest and the Levite did not fail in their public duty as citizens. They may even have given notice to the due authority that the road to Jericho was dangerous. They failed as men, in the relations between man and man." Step by step the author leads us on until she has us ready to accept the real purpose of education: "Man must be educated for an immortality passed in the presence of God."

We recommend this book to all our readers. Parents will find it consoling and inspiring, for Australian Catholic parents are bearing a heavy financial burden. They deserve the encouraging vision of a system of education which aims at making their children "morally and intellectually apt for the Beatific Vision."

2. MARY WARD, for the Very Little Ones, By Mother Margaret Mary, I.B.V.M., illustrated by Mary Taylor. (London: Sands & Co.)

This is a really charming book for any little girl who is being educated by nuns, who all owe a great deal to the heroic life of Mary Ward. In the troublous times of the sixteenth century, she lived as a little girl in Yorkshire. The artist in this book has depicted a scene in those early days, while, on the opposite page, the author has this typically cheerful verse:

In Yorkshire where the moors stretch brown and wild
There once grew up a little English child;
Her brothers and her sisters used to say
That Mary Ward was always bright and gay.

On the last page we read:
But the great work which she had once begun
Lived on, although her earthly life was done:
In almost every country there are nuns
Of Mary Ward to teach the little ones.

M.O.

I.B.V.M., Australia.

The Royal Visit

We would like to preface this schoolgirl symposium with a quotation from the allocution delivered by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, on the 18th January to His Excellency Sir Douglas Howard, Minister of Great Britain to the Holy See, on the presentation of his credential letters.

In the course of the allocution, the Pope said:
 “. . . . Scarcely three years have passed since we had the happiness of receiving Her Majesty in these very halls; but in that brief time what heavy cares have entered into her life. The Lord of all, in His wise providence, has placed the burden of empire on her youthful shoulders and she has accepted the burden with a courageous simplicity and unselfish spirit of devotion that have at once won the admiration and affection of her peoples throughout the British Commonwealth of Nations.

vantage point we had an unrivalled view of Sydney Harbour.

The day was clear but hot. However, nobody complained for all were intent on being the first to see the *Gothic*, the Queen's yacht, enter the Harbour. The decoration flags flapped gaily around us on the tower and the air was filled with a sense of excited waiting. Everywhere we could see crowds of people waiting, even on roof tops, looking out to sea. A helicopter which circled over the tower caused much excitement and all watched with admiration as six jets flew over in formation. Some of us had binoculars and these were eagerly passed from hand to hand. The avenue or guard of honour* of sailing boats, launches and other little boats waited patiently and important little police boats kept all in order.



We ask you to convey to Her Majesty the expression of our esteem and the assurance of our prayers that God, Who has blessed her with the sweet joys of a happy family life, may grant to her reign the precious blessings of prosperity and peace ”

[With all our hearts we say, Amen, to that. His Holiness has spoken for us all.—Ed.]

SYDNEY: THE WELCOME

It was the morning of the 3rd February, 1954, and we, boarders of Loreto, Kirribilli, had risen extra early, for our Queen, Elizabeth II, was coming to Australia — into Sydney Harbour — for the first time. Mass was half-an-hour earlier than usual, and at breakfast all the boarders were in a state of excitement. Immediately after breakfast we all went to the tower to see the Queen arrive; for from this high

At 8 o'clock a single canon salute was fired from Farm Cove, telling us that the *Gothic* had entered the Harbour. Then, after what seemed an eternity, the longed-for moment arrived. “There she is!” many voices cried. It could be no other, for the Royal Standard was gaily waving from the mast and crowds of small boats accompanied her. Behind the *Gothic* came two warships, and the aircraft carrier, *Vengeance*. But these drew little attention as all eyes watched the white, orange-funnelled liner slide into the Harbour and anchor.

At about 10 o'clock, after the Queen had been welcomed on the *Gothic*, she left in a launch to go to Farm Cove where she was to be officially welcomed. At this moment great tooting broke out in a certain recognizable rhythm, but all the toots from

the boats, big and small, made a deafening, though enthusiastic, roar. This was Sydney's first big welcome to her Queen, and we all felt we had a part in it. The moment Her Majesty set foot on Farm Cove the tooting ended, and the royal salute of twenty-one guns echoed proudly across the Harbour. So our Queen had arrived, and we, full of anticipation of seeing Her Majesty, and greatly thrilled, left the tower. We shall always remember that day.

* See picture on page 19.

THE QUEEN PASSES BY

(As a Day-Scholar saw the Scene)

After much discussing and working out where would be the best place to see the Queen, we finally decided to go to Parramatta Road. My brothers, Harry and John, and my sister Treesje, were with me.

Already the streets were crowded. Policemen walked up and down keeping order among the crowds and preventing them from passing the barricades. Treesje and I cast despairing looks at each other. We would never be able to see the Queen in such a crowd. But just at that moment we spied a tiny space through which we managed to squeeze. Sitting on a small stool, we joined those thousands of people who lined the route in order to catch a glimpse of the Queen.

At such a time the smallest incident will make the whole crowd cheer to relieve their feelings. I remember one such incident that struck me as being very humorous. The soldiers who were to line the route marched past in groups amid the cheers of the crowds. When they were out of sight everyone settled down again to wait. Suddenly, we could hear cheering coming from the left. We wondered what it could be. Then the cause of excitement became evident. One poor soldier for some unknown reason was marching on his own down the centre of the road, and the people, for lack of anything better to do, were wildly cheering him as he gallantly paced "left-right-left-right!"

By now it seemed that the Queen would never come. However, at last, it was whispered that she was coming. Already we could hear the crowds in the distance. Excitement mounted as the Royal car came nearer and nearer. Then storms of cheering burst forth, as the seventeen policemen on cycles came past, followed by the mounted police, their helmets glittering in the sun and their horses' heads held high.

Then, at last, came the great moment! Slowly, the big, open car drove past, the Queen smiling and the Duke waving to the cheering crowds. It was all over in a minute. The moment for which we had waited so long passed in a flash. But we were happy, for had we not seen our Queen and in that short moment perceived in her smile some of that charm and dignity which has made so many hearts love her? And we said with all our hearts "God Save the Queen."

DECORATIONS IN THE CITY

In the City, the streets were filled to overflowing with a gay, jostling crowd. The small flags people waved added even more colour and the Queen and the Duke must have been impressed by the magnificence of it all. For miles during their long drive through the city and adjacent suburbs, the scene showed the same enthusiastic efforts to express the warmth of welcome by means of decorations.

Sydney was an even more brilliant spectacle at night when hundreds of lights were switched on. This sparkling display made the city a fairyland. Every possible corner was illuminated with coloured lights. One of the most picturesque scenes was Hyde Park where the trees were lit by Chinese lanterns of every colour. The Sandringham Garden, grown for the occasion, was floodlit.

Arches of all descriptions crossed the streets. Boomerangs were the most popular and effective, carved aboriginal motifs adding an artistic touch to them. A large arch of fruit was also prominent, and the sheep and wool industry was in evidence in many bales of wool. The largest arch, in Martin Place, reached from four corners of the crossroads, and was topped by a mighty crown.

AT THE CENOTAPH

Shortly after mid-day, Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, and His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, paid their tribute to Australia's fallen of the two World Wars, when they placed a wreath on the Cenotaph in Sydney.

About fifty thousand people witnessed this memorable event. Among the people were many quiet groups of men and women who had lost sons, fathers, or husbands at the war. They had gathered long before dawn, to see their Queen pay tribute to the fallen. The crowd also included thousands of the young and the light-hearted whose sole purpose was to see the Queen and the Duke.

At 8.15 a.m. more than ten thousand people were packed around the Cenotaph area. After 11 a.m. thousands of people rushed down Martin Place from Macquarie Street, where they had seen the start of the Royal Progress. As they packed into the already crowded square around the Cenotaph, the enthusiasm and excitement of the waiting thousands mounted. As the crowd grew, the soldiers on guard in Martin Place closed their ranks.

At noon police motor-cyclists who led the procession began to arrive. Then in the third car rode the Queen and the Duke. The Royal Couple stepped from the car in George Street. The crowd cheered wildly and waved thousands of flags as the beautiful Queen and her Consort walked to the Cenotaph. The Queen, who had been smiling, became serious as she grasped the heavy heart-shaped wreath, of red and white chrysanthemums and gladioli. It stood four feet six inches high. A small, black-edged card bore the inscription: "From Elizabeth, R., and the Duke of Edinburgh." As the Royal Couple stood before the Cenotaph and the Duke saluted, the crowd grew still.

For one minute the Queen with bowed head shared a solemn silence with her subjects. The silence came as a dramatic contrast after the cheers marking the Queen's progress.

This incident of the laying of the wreath at the Cenotaph is one of the many engagements which the Queen carried out on her Royal Tour of Sydney. It is also one of the numerous occasions on which Her Majesty impressed everyone with her dignity and personal charm which have won for her the affection and admiration of her subjects.

FIREWORKS

That night the Harbour became a fairyland of coloured lights: rockets, star shells and many other beautiful fireworks were fired from Fort Denison, Clark Island and some of the warships which had formed the *Gothic's* escort that morning. These warships were also outlined with lights, thus adding to the brilliance of the scene.

A portrait, in fireworks, of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, was the main feature of the evening. This was set up on Kirribilli Point so as to face Government House, where the Queen was watching the fireworks.

During the intervals when a new batch of fireworks was being prepared, about fifteen searchlights, fixed at different points around the Harbour, were switched on. An aeroplane then flew over and the searchlights focussed on it and followed it around the Harbour, thus making one of the most brilliant displays Sydney has ever witnessed.

This magnificent fireworks display attracted thousands of people to vantage points all around the Harbour. Many people who owned homes along the shores of the Harbour held parties.

Sydney Harbour itself has never been more gay and beautiful. As the fireworks went up into the air, all the brilliance of their reds, greens, blues, golds, mauves, and silver was reflected in the water, thus making one mass of brilliant colour. Clark Island was also lit up with red, white and blue lights, and a firefloat in a vast mass of spray, coloured by ever-changing lights, patrolled the Harbour during the greatest fireworks display in Sydney's history.

THE OPENING OF THE STATE PARLIAMENT OF N.S.W.

On the following morning, Thursday, the fourth of February, I was fortunate enough to see again our Monarch, queenly and dignified as she drove with the Duke of Edinburgh to open an Australian Parliament. The Queen and the Duke arrived at Parliament House to the cheers of 35,000 people who crowded into Macquarie Street. Once again we were all thrilled to see that white-gloved hand go up in a simple, friendly gesture to her people.

The Queen and the Duke alighted from their car and the cheers turned into a deafening roar as they stood there on the edge of the pavement for the sole purpose of letting the people see them. I saw for myself the joy as the people cheered and waved to Queen Elizabeth II, as she stood there in front of them quite motionless, dressed in a beautiful

gown of golden lace across which lay the splendid blue sash of the Order of the Garter. A diamond tiara glittered on her head in a way I had never thought it was possible for jewels to glitter.

While the Royal Couple were still standing, there came a roll of drums from the band of the Royal Australian Air Force, and, at this, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, quickly saluted. The strains of the National Anthem started and simultaneously that great crowd took up the words. The Anthem never sounded so beautiful to me as it did then as I watched the lovely young Queen standing there and heard those thousands of voices begging God to watch over their Queen whom they loved so much.

At the conclusion of the Anthem, the Queen turned and walked up the red carpet, with that slow, regal step that we came to know so well in a few days.

The ceremony was amplified to the waiting thousands outside Parliament House over which now proudly fluttered the Royal Standard, and the crowd hushed as the commentator described the scene inside. "The Queen is grave and composed as she walks down the aisle of the Council Chamber," we heard. Then, later, there was a thrill of excitement as we heard the Queen begin to speak.

AT THE SHOWGROUND

Yes! It was Friday, the fifth of February, and what a glorious day! It seemed strange to be so excited on a school day, but this day anyone would be excited if she were going to see the Queen. To ten of us at Kirribilli it was to be a very memorable day. We were chosen from the Fifth Year—the ten who were longest at the School.

With Valerie Brown as our official in charge, we set out. We caught a train at North Sydney, then a bus at the Town Hall; and it was not long before we were at the Showground. We were pleased to see that our reserved place was in between the two tracks.

The hour or so that we had to wait slowly passed and when the time arrived we all arose to see the Queen standing on an elevated platform. By this time all were waving their flags and cheering with all their hearts. At last the cheering died down and the Queen gave a most moving speech. As soon as she had ended, the cheering broke out again and continued all the time the Queen and the Duke were in the ground.

At the end of the Queen's speech she and the Duke were escorted to a Land Rover to begin their drive around the ground. The car travelled very slowly, and as the car came closer I could feel my excitement getting greater. The Queen looked beautiful; her radiant smile is something that I shall never forget.

HELEN FLYNN, JETTIE HENDRICKS,
DEIRDRE BRAY, CATHERINE PENNINGTON,
LOUISE RITCHARD, MAUREEN HOGAN,
MAUREEN BEESLEY, MARIANNE McMILLAN,
JENNIFER ORCHARD.

Fifth Year Class (Kirribilli).

FROM PORTLAND TO HAMILTON TO SEE THE QUEEN

Destination London? No, not this time, for Friday, the 26th of February, was to see the Queen at Hamilton, and the whole of Loreto Convent, Portland, gathered at Hamilton to see the Queen! Of course the weather had to be just right for such an occasion, and as we set out on our sixty-five mile journey we thanked the good Angels that preside over the Heavenly Weather Bureau.

A light breeze caught our banner, made specially for the great day as we stood outside waiting for the order to move. One interesting part of the process was being "tagged." According to instructions each child had to have her name and address on every article that might possibly become detached from its owner. Even the lunch parcels were tagged, though it was universally felt that no one would be easily detached from such an important item.

The arrangements for the thirteen thousand children were really remarkably efficient. Though the whole group did not meet till the early afternoon, each line knew exactly what to do when the children stepped from the trains provided for the occasion. In all one thousand children travelled from Portland in order and comfort.

MARGARET HUDSON (15).

Excitement mounted high as we approached the Melville Oval. The Queen and Duke were due at four o'clock and it was not yet noon. However, the time did not seem too long as we listened to the various instructions in preparation for the great moment.

Its arrival was announced to us at first only by distant cheers and then — the royal car appeared, driving slowly, to the official dais. After the address of welcome the Queen herself spoke and, as the formal presentations were being made, all the feminine members of that huge group drank in greedily the details of her dress.

Even this was forgotten, however, when the royal couple stepped into the Land Rover that was to take them up and down the ranks of the children. Her gracious Majesty waved and smiled and more than one girl noticed the special bow and smile she gave to a young and proud father who held out his little baby towards her.

MAUREEN LOVELL (13).

The journey home after such an event was as enthusiastic as the departure. After months of waiting and eager desire to see Her Majesty we had had our wish. And in this case realization measured up to expectation. Each of us felt a deeper loyalty and admiration for our Queen.

NOLA UEBERGANG (13).

Portland.

INTO THE SETTING SUN THE FAREWELL: PERTH

For "Osborne", April 1st, 1954, was an unforgettable day. Our beautiful Queen, whom we had all grown to love in such a short time, was going to leave our shores for her home. The nuns and girls at "Osborne" determined to make the most of that last glimpse.

As the royal car approached from the top of the hill, and we could discern Her Majesty, we all shouted our good-byes and "come again." The Duke, smiling at our enthusiasm, turned towards us and gave us a special farewell wave. All too soon the great moment had gone — that moment which we shall always remember — and the royal car had disappeared below the hill.

The procession back to afternoon tea was a dejected one, and many biscuit plates actually remained untouched.

Radio "operators" had the wireless tuned to perfection, and we rushed to the study hall to hear the farewell, broadcast from Fremantle. It was very stirring, and we felt as though we were present, sharing the sentiments of those who sang "Auld Lang Syne" on the wharf. As the ship pushed off, there was a scramble for the top dormitory. A certain member of the Leaving clan provided her corner room for the occasion, and the Leavings enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the Harbour, while the less privileged stood on toppling chairs on the balcony, waiting for the "Gothic" to push her bows into view.

The scene was a glorious one. The Fishing Fleet, escorting the Royal Yacht, stole the show; and myriads of other gaily decorated river craft surrounded the "Gothic." The stately escort cruisers were stationed outside the harbour, while Jets and Neptunes flew overhead in perfect formation.

The boarders kept rushing from the wireless to the dormitory — thirty-six steps away — to get a peep at the ship's progress. The less energetic were content to follow her movements over the air. As we watched, we listened to Her Majesty's farewell speech. We were all deeply moved.

As the Queen's last words died away, we looked out towards the sea, and saw the majestic Royal Yacht sailing into a beautiful Western sunset. Our Queen had travelled throughout the great land of Australia, and our last impression of the Royal Visit was the snow-white ship sailing into the setting sun.

JOSLYN HAYES (Leaving Class).

Claremont.

[Lively accounts of their part during the Royal Visit came in from all the schools, but we had to make a choice.--Ed.]

School Vignettes

NORMANHURST SCENES

I. TRIPTYCH

(a) A CHURCH IS BUILT:

How still and quiet the school was after the last rattling truck had disappeared out the back entrance, and how regal the new church looked rising from its dusty surroundings! No more cement mixers busily churning; no more orders ringing out from the conscientious foreman, and no more stuffy classrooms — the result of closing the windows to block out the work-a-day noises!

It was nearly two years ago that we gradually became accustomed to the terrible noises of the bulldozer, eating into the land and preparing it for the laying of the foundations of the new classrooms and church. From that moment the school became a busy, noisy abode for some of the strangest building vehicles that we had ever seen, and — worst of all — each made an entirely different noise.

Geometry theorems were learnt to the churning of the cement mixer; Botany to the rasp of the saw; English poems to the colloquialisms uttered by the skilled craftsmen (the metre being taken from the constant banging of hammer to nail), whilst at sewing, the needle would fly to some quick melody, sung by a promising "Caruso." All this became a part of the school, and as the building grew brick by brick we began to realise what a huge task lay in front of these builders in erecting a house of God.

Their very best effort had to be exerted and this they did, so that on March 20th, with the sun shining brightly and reflecting in the newly glossed windows. His Lordship, Bishop Lyons, graciously consented to preside at the solemn blessing and opening of our new school chapel.

(b) THE BLESSING:*

As I stood in the guard of honour on that beautiful sunny day (the 20th March, 1954), I faced the new Church. My thoughts were soon interrupted by the arrival of His Lordship, Bishop Lyons, who, after alighting from his car, went inside to don his episcopal robes for the blessing of the Church.

It was then that the beautiful and historic procession, consisting of clergy, began. As I watched this small procession make its way around the exterior of the Church, I was thrilled to hear the chanting of the choir of Jesuit Scholastics from St. Canisius' College, Pymble. In plain chant they sang Psalms, litanies and other prayers. I realised that this Church was being blessed with every form of ritual and beauty.

After the blessing of this new House of God there were speeches to be made, and among the speakers who interested all was Monsignor Vecch. He made everyone realise the necessity of paying for the "bricks and mortar."

Fr. A. Kelly, Provincial of the Jesuits, also

* Pictures on pages 24, 25.

spoke in an attractive manner. It was inspiring to hear the way he referred to Nuns who have helped to build up this school. Special mention was given to Mother Elizabeth Forbes -R.I.P.—a great educationalist and holy nun; Mother M. Kostka Barry** and Mother Dorothea Walker, who are still living and who are deeply interested in Normanhurst.

His Lordship, Bishop Lyons, replied most graciously to speeches of welcome made by Father Nolan, Mr. Firth and Mr. Maddocks-Cohen. His Lordship then thanked the number of priests who had probably made sacrifices to be present at Normanhurst on this lovely afternoon.

Ceremonies over and speeches completed, it was now time for afternoon tea; then for the guests to look over additions to the school.

The hard work we put into polishing and cleaning these additions was now worn away by sightseers; but the day of the blessing of the new Church to house the Blessed Sacrament will not be worn away in my memory:

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House
— and the place where Thy Glory dwelleth."

(c) IMAGINED RETROSPECT:

The old book was battered and torn. Almost an antique, Sue thought, as she pulled it from the old box, shaking away the dust. "Why! It's a photo-album!" she exclaimed, opening it with the eager fingers of her years.

The first page was dated 20th March, 1954, and the picture was one of girls in a pleated uniform forming a guard of honour down a drive. With a thrill of excitement, Sue realised it was over fifty years old.

Sue, with her fair hair, was a favourite of the old lady; so it was a look of surprised pleasure that crossed her face as she entered. "Yes dear?" she questioned in her soft old voice . . .

The old lady took the book from the extended hand with the tenderness that belongs to a memory. Seeing the picture, the memory of the day flooded back to her . . .

It was taken on the day of the opening and blessing of the new chapel by Bishop Lyons. She remembered it all so vividly: the guard of honour they formed down the drive, the Bishop's arrival and blessing of the chapel. How proud they were that day of their chapel and how impressed by the reverence, dignity and concentration of the ceremony.

The old lady's mind returned suddenly to the questioning, upturned face of the child, and she said softly: "That picture is a memory that will never grow old."

(a) DENISE BULL; (b) MARILYN MATHA;

(c) ELLEN DOUGHERTY (Fourth Year Class).

Normanhurst.

** News of the death of Mother Kostka at Marryatville has just been received (August 10). R.I.P.



Scenes in the Convent grounds when the Most Rev. Dr. Lyons blessed the new Chapel.



THE CHAPEL

2. SAINT MICHAEL

As soon as you enter the front gate of Loreto, Normanhurst, your eye is attracted to a graceful statue* at the top of the driveway — Saint Michael the Archangel faithfully guarding our church and school. Everyone who comes up the flower-fringed drive cannot help being impressed by this dominating white statue — the spear aimed with deadly accuracy at all that is ugly and displeasing to God.

Some may ask, "Why has Saint Michael's statue been chosen in preference to those of the other Saints?" The answer to this is a very beautiful story: "Many years ago, after the Reformation, the Convent of the Institute at York was the only Catholic teaching convent still existent in England. One day this convent was attacked by anti-Catholic soldiery. The nuns went to the chapel. 'Great God,' prayed the Superior, 'save Yourself, for we cannot save You.' Suddenly, the noise outside ceased. The nuns waited, not knowing what was going to happen next. Then some of the townspeople came to them saying that an angel carrying a flaming sword had appeared above the convent and that the soldiers had fled in terror."

After this incident the devotion to Saint Michael, already fostered in the Institute, increased. A promise was made that on each Saint Michael's eve there would be a procession in each house — the youngest child carrying the picture of the Archangel and all singing "Tibi Omnes Angeli."

That is one special reason, but there are others too. Right back in 590 A.D. when Rome was ravaged by a plague, the great Saint Gregory led, through the streets of the stricken city, a procession in which the picture of St. Luke's Madonna was carried. As the Pope approached Hadrian's Tomb he saw the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword. The plague ended and the edifice was henceforth called "Castel Saint Angelo." But farther back still, before the beginning of the world, there was a pestilence in
* See page 44.

Heaven — war — and it was Saint Michael who rallied the loyal angels. "Quis ut Deus" — that is the meaning of the name Michael. So he is God's champion. No wonder he is our patron!

This lovely statue in the grounds of Loreto, Normanhurst, was presented by the mother of one of our nuns. It was solemnly blessed on September the twenty-ninth by the Parish Priest. As we pass this statue we are reminded of our Baptismal vows — to be true to God. Let us ask Saint Michael to help us to attain this end and to be true to our motto: "Cruci dum spiro fido."

— DIANE McCARRON,
Normanhurst.

3. KING FOREVER

A crowd of jeering faces met Him —
Jesus of Nazareth passing by —
Weighed beneath His Cross of Sorrow
On His way to Calvary.

Thrice He falls and thrice He rises,
Beaten by the soldiers' blows;
Cut and bleeding, weak and weary,
On towards Calvary's hill He goes.

Clear Autumn skies — peace prevails,
Bird-songs in our garden ring;
Almost two thousand years have passed;
But Jesus is still the King.

Reverent heads bow low to greet Him —
Jesus of Nazareth passing by —
Present in the golden Monstrance
Shaded by the Canopy.

Children strew His path with petals,
Voices rise to God and sing,
Praise be Jesus Christ Our Saviour,
Praise be Jesus Christ Our King!

ELIZABETH CLIFFORD (Fourth Year Class).
Normanhurst.

—Feast of Corpus Christi.

D I A R Y JULY, 1953 — JUNE, 1954. LORETO CONVENT, MARRYATVILLE.

JULY:

2nd.—Boarders have long week-end. Seniors go to Rostrevor dance.

19th.—Y.C.S. Day of Recollection held here, conducted by Father Gleeson. Boys and girls from all Catholic schools in Adelaide.

AUGUST:

1st.—"A" basketball team lost against Cabra, but the "B" team was victorious.

14th.—Fancy Dress Ball, exciting and gay.

16th.—Boarders went to a Procession at the Seminary.

27th.—Broke up for the September holidays.

SEPTEMBER:

14th.—Boarders returned for 3rd term. Many new resolutions to work hard (after last term's report).

19th.—Fete; in spite of rain there was a huge crowd.

NOVEMBER:

3rd.—Melbourne Cup. Sweeps held for the Missions.

14th.—Finals held on C.B.C. courts between St. Aloysius and Loreto. Loreto, victorious.

27th.—Girls who received their Broad Blues: C. Krause, M. Mullins, B. Thyer, P. Greenslade, B. Clarkson, B. Dobson, A. Heffernan, M. Honner, A. Robertson, M. Spain and E. Molony. Congratulations to Jubilarians G. Coulter, L. McLoughlin, C. O'Donnell.

28th.—Second Year went down to St. Ignatius' fete.

29th.—Rosary Rally by Father Peyton. Thousands of people there.

30th.—Eurythmics display on lawns in front of school.

DECEMBER:

1st.—Exams. started; most of us did them at Norwood Town Hall. Very profitable for the shops!

9th.—We broke up for the Christmas holidays, prize distribution and holiday hymn. One whole school year had passed. That night the Mothers' Club gave us a dance in the Norwood Town Hall. The ballroom was gaily decorated in the school colours of blue and gold. Three unexpected, but very welcome guests, were Father Bachelor, Father Perrot and Father Dando. Thus the 1953 school year came to an end.

1954.

FEBRUARY:

8th.—Boarders return. Usual commotion in the dormitory, and book-binding activities.

9th.—Mr. Hearney showed us slides of Fatima — a fitting beginning for our Marian Year.

14th.—Off to St. Ignatius for the Annual Lourdes Procession.

15th.—Election of Sports Captains. Congratulations to all.

MARCH:

3.40 a.m., **Our earthquake!!!** General excitement in dormitories. Plaster spread over beds; dressing table ornaments spread across dormitory floors.

17th.—Most of the fifty Seniors who attended St. Patrick's Mass at the Cathedral went on to the pictures. Those left at home were taken to the beach. The boarders' concert proved a great success.

18th.—To Wayville Oval to practise our display for Her Majesty.

19th.—Royal progress through Adelaide. Saw the Queen and the Duke. Holiday and free week-end for boarders.

22nd.—To Wayville once more for a Dress Rehearsal. The actual performance the following day was in itself a memorable event.

26th.—Another free week-end.

APRIL:

1st.—The nuns visiting their home-folk in Australia called on their way back to India.

10th.—Went down to St. Ignatius Sports. A few days later two Columban Fathers visited us and showed us some interesting films of their missions.

14th.—We were privileged to have a visit from His Grace the Archbishop.

25th.—Old scholars' Garden Party. Boarders had a glimpse of latest fashions and were glad to meet their friends who had left school last year.

26th.—Rostrevor Sports provided an outing for Seniors, and all enjoyed themselves at the C.B.C. Dance.

MAY:

1st.—Loreto Sports Day.

2nd.—First Communion Day. Were there any dry eyes in the Chapel? The First Communicants were — Erica Perdelwitz, Shirley Byrnes, Madeline Brazzale, Anne Baulderstone, Christine Whitford, Patricia Gluyas, Katherine Hakendorf, Rosa Cappelluti, Jill Properjohn, Susan Cashmore, Helen Campbell, Beth McInnes, Therese Jordan, Susan Mill, Christine Smith, Jill Johnson, Peter Kennedy, Quentin Brown, Peter

Holdcroft, John Muldoon, Paul Rofe, Kym Wilson, John Doyle, Billy Riches and Peter McCusker.

3rd.—The May Day Festivities were postponed. The 1st of May was a Saturday. The Altar was even more festive than in former years as some good time-exposures testify. Judy Bennett, Head Prefect, crowned Our Lady, and after Father Costello, S.J., read the Act of Consecration, we had Benediction.

6th.—Broke up for May holidays, but most of the Leavings got back to see the lovely Debutantes.

25th.—Second term: We have a film projector.

27th.—Ascension Thursday; went to Morialta for a walk.

28th.—Carmel Hakendorf gave us a wonderful violin recital in our hall.

31st.—Mission Day, a great success, thanks to Margaret Honner. The Orchestral Concert was much appreciated by all — even the non-musicians.

JUNE:

11th.—Film: A Queen is Crowned. Much enthusiasm.

13th.—Everything from a pony to an ant was well represented at our successful Pet Show. Congratulations, Bev., on winning the prize for the dog most like its owner.

16th.—Three-Day Retreat given by Father Phillip. Hope everybody keeps resolutions.

20th.—Film: "Don Bosco." All loved it.

22nd.—Destiny cake provided much amusement in the refectory. Margaret Honner, mother of 10; Merry, a nagging wife.

25th.—Practice match with Girton College — Victory to Loreto. Well done, A's and B's.

26th.—Defeated Cabra in the Shield match.

ONLY A HUMAN

It was time for rehearsal in the Junior School drama:—

Small Boy: "All the others want to be camels, so I suppose I'd better be Joseph."

MEDIEVAL HABITS

Q. What was a Manor-house?

A. A place where Middle Aged people lived on strips of land.

HEAVENLY BEAT

Small Boy: When I get to heaven I'm going to tell my grandfather on you. He's dead now, but he was a policeman.

APPRECIATIVE INFANT:

Question time in the Infant Room the day after a lesson on the Last Supper:

Teacher: "What special thing did Our Lord do to show His Apostles that He wanted them to be kind and helpful to everyone?"

Smallest Infant (with emphatic appreciation): "He washed they dirty feet."

Y.C.S. ACTIVITIES

1. GROUPS:

This year the Y.C.S. Leaders' Group at Marryatville consists of thirteen enthusiastic leaders, with Judy Kennedy as President. The Y.C.S. totals 80 girls, from Second Year to Leaving Honours. There are six activity Groups — Missions, Dramatic, Music, Art, Discussion, and Sport.

The Music Group, under the leadership of Margaret Mullins, Marie Spain and Carola McAuley, proved very popular and had to be sub-divided for the gospel discussion. The Groups combine for the activity part of the meeting. The members discuss the lives of famous composers, and records illustrating their work are played. They also discuss modern music and its influence on the younger generation of to-day.

All the "distinguished artists" of the Senior School, with Beverley Dobson and Anne Isenstein as Leaders, constitute the Art Group.

The Sports Group, with Meredith Sykes and Therese Jungfer as Leaders, have discussed sport in every aspect, but as the Sports equipment is always in perfect condition, their services have not yet been required.

Although the number of members in the Mission Group has decreased, enthusiasm has not abated. Congratulations to Margaret Honner!

The Dramatic Group, under the leadership of Anne Robertson and Bidy Clarkson, is preparing the play, "The Woodcutter and the Princess", for production later in the year.

Last, but not least, is the Discussion Group, under the guidance of Judy Bennett. Many interesting topics are discussed including many of Father Daniel Lord's pamphlets, "The Pure of Heart." "Shall we Abolish the Chaperone?"

2. SUMMER SCHOOL.

On January 16th we arrived at the Sacre Coeur Convent in Melbourne where we attended our first Y.C.S. Summer School. The 141 girls representing schools from five States were warmly welcomed by the Nuns.

There were four lectures daily and we gained many new ideas and information on the Y.C.S. After each lecture we formed groups and commented on the previous lecture.

We were pleased to meet four other Loreto girls. Two from Western Australia, and two from Mary's Mount. In between lectures we played in the tennis tournament. Marie and Anne Vaughan, two of the Abbey girls, reached the semi-finals. Janet Hayden and Judy, by some stroke of fate, were defeated very early in the tournament. We Loreto girls certainly had fun together and became firm friends even to the point of writing once in every three months!

TOO CLEVER:

Our past pupils who have achieved their Dip. Soc. Stud. find good positions as welfare officers in Australian cities. Their work is interesting, often grimly humorous. One was telling us lately

On Friday, January 22nd, the Y.C.S. Summer School came to a close. We appreciated the kind hospitality of the nuns. The Leaders benefited by all that they had learnt and hoped to be better Y.C.S. Leaders in the future.

MARIE SPAIN & JUDY KENNEDY (Leaving).
Marryatville.

3. THE MISSIONS:

At the Y.C.S. General Meeting the Missions stole the show with a skit on stamp collecting. Torn stamps, blue-tinged stamps, common Australian stamps walked sadly around the stage receiving scornful abuse from the whole perfect foreign, and valuable Australian varieties such as the Crocodile, worth 2/-. Congratulations, Beverley, on such a wonderful reproduction. Witty dialogue which ended in reference to Father Sheridan caused amused applause. We regret Father's departure to the East, and miss his enthusiastic talks on stamp-collecting.

Father O'Donoghue, an American Jesuit from China, gave an inspiring and somewhat frightening picture of modern persecution in China.

We realised the tragedy of the destruction of all the Chinese mission settlements when early this year Father McGlynn showed us wonderful films of the Columban Foreign Missions.

First-hand news of our own Loreto Indian Missions was given us by two Australian nuns visiting their native land after many years spent in India. Sixteen Leavings decided that day to devote their lives to the Missions, but so far none have shown any immediate signs of packing.

Black babies are the most popular babies at Loreto. One enters the various classrooms and finds occupying a third of the board appealing notices, such as, only 2/5½ needed to finalise another black baby.

Mission Day this year raised £84. Thanks to girls and their mothers for generous contributions to the Missions, especially to the Tuck-Shop. Thanks too, to the Art Class for the beautiful enlarged reproductions of stamps for our "Stamp Act" in 1953.

MARGARET HONNER (Leaving).
Marryatville.

FASHION NOTE:

New Girl, writing home after her first dress-making lesson: "I had to cut out something from a pattern marked *bloomers*; but they looked just like *pants* to me."

NOT SO CATTY:

Little Cathy (to a loved Sister in charge of the refectory): "You call me *Catty*, but I don't mind what you call me — 'cause I like you."

of an incident at the law court where she had to attend:

Judge (to witness): "How did you know the woman was mad?"

Witness: "She was always quoting Shakespeare."

OSBORNE REVIEW (1953 - 1954)

JUNE:

June marked the beginning of the debates with St. Louis. "The spoken word is more powerful than the written word." Loreto proved that it is. "Should flats be banned?" Our team proved that they should. The pride of St. Louis suffered a double fall.

Father Forro, S.J., a Hungarian priest, showed the girls films of the Church in Hungary.

Basketball was a feature of the second term. Loreto scored several well earned successes against Nedlands and St. Joseph's.

An air of mystery pervaded the school at the thought of the Fancy Dress Ball for the Missions.

JULY:

Miss Hodges conducted the larks of the school in the annual Music Festival. Loreto gained second place. What a flutter!

Annual Retreat. Father Keohane, O.M.I., increased our fervour and devotion to Our Lady. Knitting grew conspicuously larger!

Western Australia's pride, the Kwinana Oil Refinery, was visited by the girls. They were among the first outsiders to visit it.

The annual St. Louis Dance was a great success. We were there.

AUGUST:

Sports Day brought the second term to an exciting close.

SEPTEMBER:

Confirmation was the highlight of this first week.

OCTOBER:

The Missions profited from the Fete.

Groans from the Junior and Leaving candidates, for the French Orals were upon us. "Mais non." "Mais oui." "je ne sais pas!" filled the air.

DECEMBER:

Max Bonner and Dinny Pails gave a breathtaking exhibition of tennis. We were also honoured by a visit from the Indian Davis Cup players who further stimulated tennis enthusiasts.

The parents were delighted with the display of talent and art at our "At Home" on the last Sunday of the school year.

Loreto Day was wonderful, as usual. A movie in the afternoon and a concert crammed full of fun in the evening.

The Parents' Association sponsored a School Mission Dance. The Myola Hall was packed with laughing faces, catchy music and gay frocks.

FEBRUARY:

Back to school! Patricia McHenry, the expected Head. Pat represented the school at the Women's Reception to welcome the Queen. Lucky Pat!!

Jocelyn Dunphy (Sister M. Annunciata) came to say good-bye before entering the Novitiate at Mary's Mount.

The lovely sunken garden in the University was the setting for "Antigone," and among the audience were our Leavings and Sub-Leavings.

MARCH:

The election of Prefects made Margaret Troy, Yvonne Dymond, Leonie Peterson, Sarah Curran, Elizabeth Handley, Helen Webster and Marcia Dwyer the elite of the school.

On St. Patrick's Day the boarders went to Rockingham in two buses. Swimming, sun-burn and refreshments were the order of the day. Happy, tanned faces bore witness to a well-spent outing.

APRIL:

"Osborne" in gay flags and bunting witnessed the many passings of Her Majesty between Perth and Fremantle. Of course, we saw the Duke too!

MAY:

May Day was a unique event this year. A procession was held through the grounds with parents and friends participating. Father McCarthy, O.M.I., delivered a moving address on Our Lady, and we all felt the honour of being children of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Osborne.

Y.C.S. NOTES

Y.C.S. Week, 1953, brought out much talent in the school. The Debating Group supplied an interesting debate on "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Handwork was well to the fore in the Missions Group Display.

Early in December, the leaders from all schools met at the Convent of Mercy, Victoria Square, for a Conference. The day began with a Dialogue Mass and ended with a beautifully sung Benediction. Dr. O'Sullivan gave interesting discourses on faith, love of Our Lord, the work of a leader. A leader from Santa Maria, Attadale, gave us the benefit of her extra knowledge obtained at the January Summer School. We are grateful to the Community of Victoria Square for their kindness and hospitality.

Loreto, Claremont, was represented at this year's Summer School in Melbourne, by Patricia McHenry and Margaret Walsh. On their return we held a meeting here for all W.A. leaders; and leaders who had been at the Summer School attempted to pass on all the knowledge gained.

The highlight of last term was the meeting featuring a Fashion Parade conducted by the leaders. We are sure that the clothes displayed had an enlightening effect on the audience, who appreciated that one can be modest and still be in the fashion.

We think that in our Y.C.S. work a definite step forward has been made. We are gradually learning how to increase our influence as leaders by deepening our own spiritual life; and this has had an added effect on our activity groups.

PATRICIA McHENRY (Leaving Class).

MARGARET WALSH (Sub-Leaving).

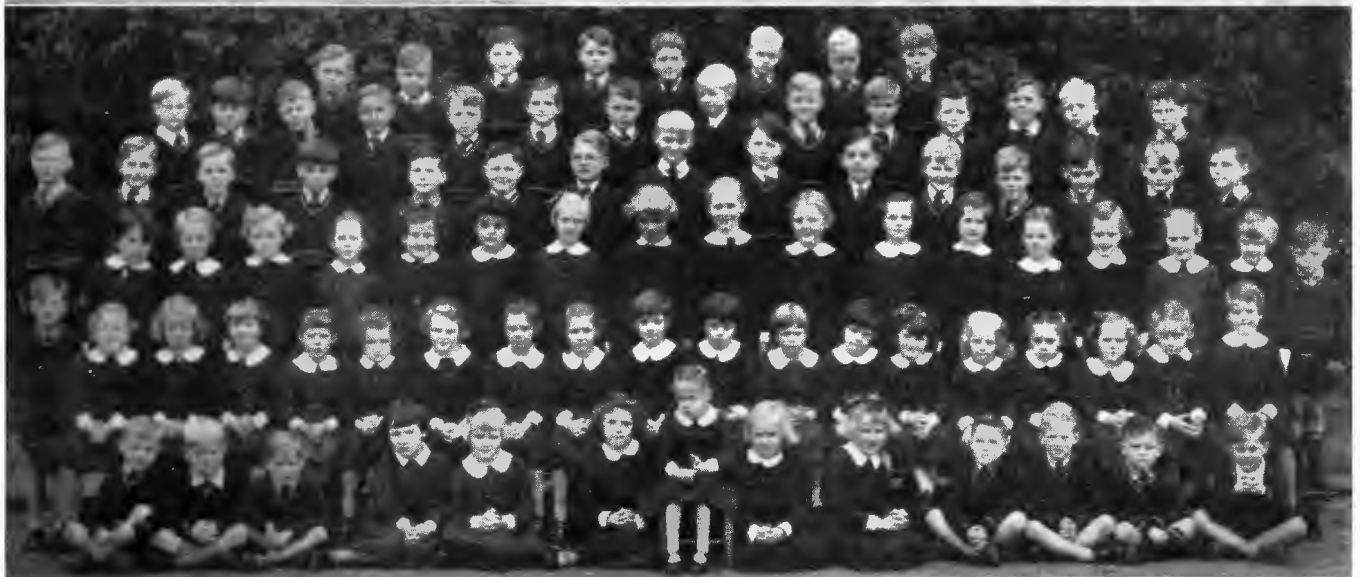
Claremont.

LORETO CONVÈNT, DAWSON STREET, BALLARAT, VICTORIA



SENIOR SCHOOL, PREFECTS, TENNIS TEAMS. (See opposite page for names.)

LORETO CONVENT, DAWSON STREET, BALLARAT, VICTORIA



PREFECTS

H. Nolan, P. Tuppen, M. Murray (Head), M. McArdle.

A and B TENNIS TEAMS

A. Sutherland, P. Brown (Ballarat Schoolgirl Champion, 1954), A. Opie, M. Bergin, L. Gemmola, M. Murray, E. Davies, N. Donnelly.

SENIOR SCHOOL

Front Row: L. Butler, N. Donnelly, M. McArdle, A. Sutherland, A. Guy, M. Meeny, H. Nolan, E. Taffe, M. Pierce, A. Davison, A. Opie, M. Vanina.
 2nd Row: F. Dynon, J. Nicholson, E. Davies, C. Grace, M. Elliott, A. Sheridan, C. Cooke, P. Quinlan, P. Brown, J. Hayes, M. Callaghan.
 3rd Row: M. Reidy, K. Hayes, M. Barry, P. Coswello, K. Power, Y. Ashkar, B. Emery, C. Parrot, M. Murray, D. Keogh.
 Back Row: J. Kerrins, M. Martino, D. Muller, M. Murphy, P. Tuppen, M. Bergin, T. Tuppen, H. Salter, B. Klein.
 Absent: L. Doble.

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Front Row: A. Tobin, D. Skinner, J. Diamond, D. Doble, D. Taylor, S. Upmalis.
 2nd Row: M. Cooke, B. Walshe, F. McLeod, C. Prout, M. Stapleton, J. McArdle, E. Cunningham, M. Taffe, M. Cummins, C. Callaghan, J. Findlay, L. Gemmola, M. Tuppen, R. Pittard.
 3rd Row: M. Morrison, F. Callaghan, N. Sheehan, M. Comrie, N. Ruigrok, V. Bogner, T. Jansen, D. Paddle, K. Hobby, V. Kincade, U. Raine, B. Najim, M. Cooke.
 4th Row: A. Re, C. Werts, P. Webster, P. Webster, D. Mezaks, M. Mezaks, H. Bryans, K. Strachan, P. Callaghan, B. Adamsons, M. Sheehan, L. Palumbo.
 5th Row: M. Cooper, B. Millington, S. O'Neill, I. Upmalis, C. Duggan, K. Coughlan, B. Cham, M. Scott, E. Kennedy, C. Strachan, D. Gemmola.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Back Row: D. Hickey, D. Pell, M. Pitzen, T. Cann, P. D'Arcy, M. Green, R. Scott, P. Spring.
 5th Row: J. Pontefract, R. Najim, J. Taylor, R. Re, P. Ratcliffe, D. O'Neill, P. Jones, M. Martin, E. Bryant, A. Reynolds, T. O'Donnell, G. Strachan, P. Ruyg, G. Torpy.
 4th Row: K. Davison, A. Scott, G. Healy, K. Gurry, R. D'Arcy, D. Kerin, D. Scott, N. Jansen, F. Millington, S. Hutchinson, F. Gallagher, A. Green, T. Wertz, T. Williams.
 3rd Row: G. Muir, F. Cook, M. Diamond, M. Healy, M. Bongiorno, M. Pittard, C. Ruyg, L. Hay, R. Adamsons, M. Nicholls, S. Morris, M. Quinlan, B. Porter, R. Birch, H. Pittard, C. Tobin.
 2nd Row: P. Tobin, P. Harman, M. Duffy, D. D'Arcy, C. Birch, J. Gabell, P. Ryan, R. O'Neill, S. Nicholls, S. Martin, G. Brooks, F. Cook, H. Brooks, G. D'Arcy, M. Torpy, J. Russo, R. Williams, M. Bedford, F. Jones.
 Front Row: N. Gavan, P. O'Donnell, A. Hulett, K. Lorensini, J. O'Loughlin, N. Russo, L. Raine, G. Lorensini, P. Hanrahan, B. Kerins, J. Powell.
 Absent: K. Skinner, M. Dobson, J. Lynch, S. Howard, B. Cummins.

LEAVING CLASS

LESLEY ADAMS
 MARY ARMSTRONG
 MAUREEN BEESLEY
 ROBYN BLAND
 DEIRDRE BRAY
 MARGARET BROWN
 ANNE BUCKLEY
 PATRICIA CORBETT
 PAULINE DAVIS
 ANNE DESMARCHELIER
 HELEN FLYNN
 JETTIE HENDRIKS
 ADRIENNE LEONARD
 JANICE McENCROE
 ELIZABETH OBRINCSAK
 CATHERINE PENNINGTON
 JANE RAPER
 LOUISE RITCHARD
 HELEN RYAN



PREFECTS 1954

Back Row: Maureen Beesley, Jettie Hendricks (Head Prefect), Anne Buckley, and Louise Ritchard.

Front Row: Anne Desmarchelier, Patricia Corbett, Mary Armstrong, Helen Flynn, Jane Raper.

FOURTH YEAR CLASS

HELEN BYFIELD
 ELIZABETH BYRNE
 BARBARA CHAPMAN
 JANET COOPER
 CAROLYN CREAGH
 SUSAN DONEGAN
 PATRICIA DUNNING
 BARBARA EAGLES
 KAY EGAN-LEE
 JANICE GILLAN
 GAIL GLASER
 ANGELE GRANT
 MARGARET HINE
 ANNE HEGERTY
 MAUREEN HOGAN
 HELEN KENNY
 MARIANNE McMILLAN
 JENNIFER ORCHARD
 PATRICIA PERROTTET
 BARBARA RYAN
 KERRY SHIELS
 BEATRICE TAYLOR
 JEANETTE THOMAS
 DENISE WEDDERBURN



LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI, N.S.W.



INTERMEDIATE



**FIRST
YEAR**

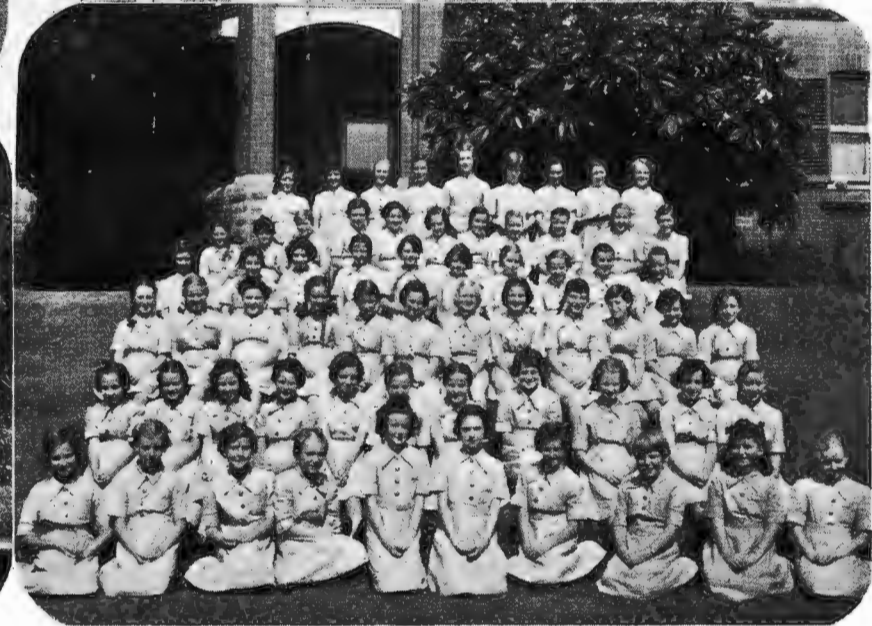
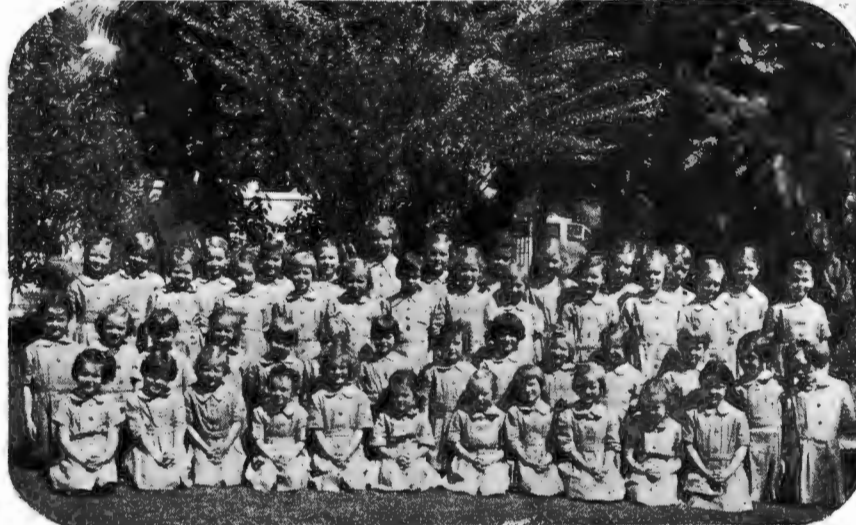
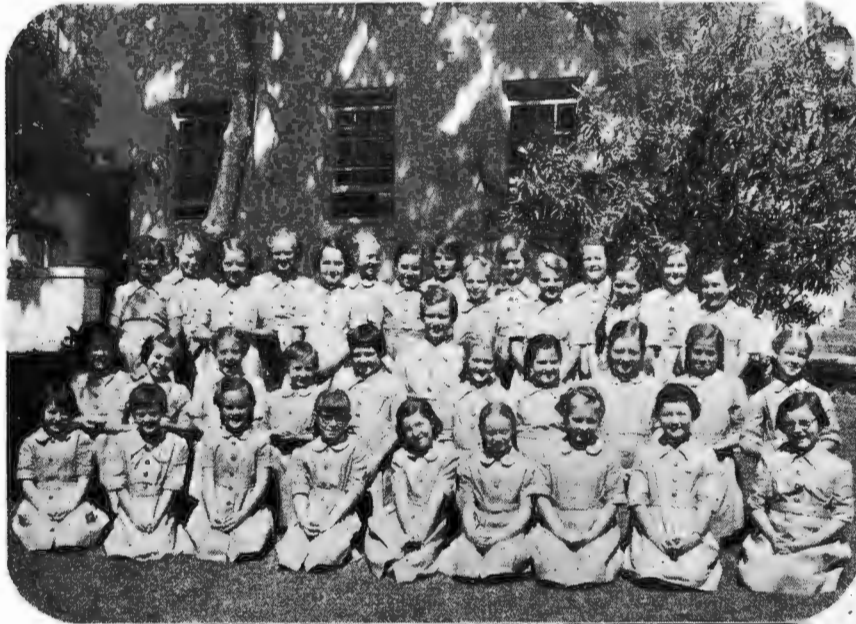
SECOND YEAR

For names see page 35.



LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI, N.S.W.

LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI, N.S.W.



Top Left: Classes III and IV.
Top Right: Boys.

Bottom Left: Classes II, I and Infants.
Bottom Right: Form I and Elementary.

For names see page 35.

LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI

INTERMEDIATE CLASS

DENISE ARRAND
SUSAN BALDING
HELEN BALL
PATRICIA BARLOW
MARGARET BARRETT
TONI BARRETT
LORETTA BECKETT
FRANCES BURKE
VIRGINIA BURNS
BIDDY BYRON
VIRGINIA BRADLEY
JAN CASEY
JACQUELINE COLLET
KERRY COLLINS
STELLA COLLINS
JAN COMRIE THOMSON
GERALDINE CRAMPTON
LYNETTE CRONIN
ANNE CROWLEY
JENNIFER CUNNINGHAM
MARIETTE DWYER
SUSAN EATHER
ROBYN FLEETING
JOAN FORD
JUDY FRASER
CAROL HULLS
ELIZABETH KEANE
CAROLYN KELLY
YVONNE LAMERAND
FAY LIVERMORE
GAI McEVOY
PATRICIA McGRATH
MAUREEN McCAFFREY
MARGARET MONAHAN
JUDITH MURRAY
KAY NEVILL
MARY-ANNE O'GORMAN
LOUISE PETERSEN
ANN PULLEN
JAN PURCELL
PATRICIA ROCHE
JILL RYAN
JILL SHAW
JENNIFER SIMPSON
GAIL STEWART
MARY SULLIVAN

SECOND YEAR CLASS

ANNE-MARIE BAKEWELL
SUSAN BEESTON
SALLY BELLAIR
JUDITH BERGIN
MARGARET BOND
BARBARA BRAY
MARGARET CAVANAGH
MARGARET COLLINGRIDGE
CAROLYN CUDMORE
PENELOPE COOK
MARGARET DIVER
LANEKE DUSSELDORP
MAUREEN EGAN-LEE
GERALDINE FERGUSON
VERONA GREENAWAY
KAY HARRISON
MARCIA HEATHCOTE
AMANDA HELLMIRICH
GAIL HOCKEY
DEIRDRE HOLAHAN
PHILIPPA KELLY
SUSAN LARKIN
ROSEMARY LEACH
ROBYN LUND
CAROLYN MORRIS
FAITH MULLER
SUZANNE MAGNEY
BERYL McENCROE
HELEN McGOWAN
BEVERLEY POWER
EVELYN PURCELL
DENISE REGAN
ELIZABETH SHIEL
PATRICIA SKEHAN

MADELEINE STRANGMAN
ANJE STUBBS
JANETTE SULLIVAN
MARIE-LOUISE WALES

FIRST YEAR CLASS

BARBARA BAIN
JANET BALDING
ROSLYN BARRETT
MARIS BELLHOUSE
MARGOT BRADLEY
LEONORE BROWN
CLARE BRYANT
SUE BURKE
ROBYN CASEY
SUE CHADWICK
SUZANNE CLAPIN
MAUREEN CLARK
BRIGITTE COLLET
MARY DONNELLY
ANNE FITZGERALD
MARIE FITZPATRICK
JUDY HAMILTON
TRESSJE HENDRIKS
JULIETTE HENRY
ANNETTE HOCKEY
GAI HOGAN
ANNE MARIE JOHNSTONE
JUDY KING
NOELA MADDEN
ANNE MARSHALL
ANNE McDERMOTT
PATRICIA MORATH
MARGARET O'DONNELL
JUNE O'GORMAN
MARGARET PERROTTET
GABRIELLE PIROLA
BARBARA POWER
MARY PRENDERGAST
HELEN RITCHARD
MARY RITCHARD
DIANA ROCHE
JILL RUTHVEN
VIVIENNE SARKS
JACQUELINE SEAGOE
PATRICIA SHERWOOD
ANNE STAYNER
KAYE TATE
MARGARET TRACY

FORM I

JILL ALDIS
KAY BARLOW
ROSALIND BATEMAN
CHRISTINE BURKE
JULIE BYRNE
CATHERINE DAVIDSON
LYNETTE DUNCAN
MARGARET DURACK
PATRICIA EARNGEY
JULIA HARDIMAN
PAMELA HARDYMAN
CELLIA HAYES
ROBYN HENRY
SUSAN HYDE
MARGARET LAWS
ANNE MAREE MADDEN
DENISE McCAFFREY
JEANETTE McCOLL
MAUREEN MOONEY
DANIELLE O'BRIEN
PAULINE PRENDERGAST
JENNIFER ROWLEY
MARILYN SCHOFIELD
JAN TOOTH
MARGARET WALSH
LESLIE WANGMAN
ANNE WILLIAMS

ELEMENTARY

CATHERINE ALLEN
SUSAN ARMSTRONG
ELIZABETH BARTLETT

BEATRICE BATEMAN
DIERDRE BURKE
MARCELLE CLARKE
HILARY CRAMPTON
GENEVIEVE DEMEULE-
MEESTER
ANNE MARIE DWYER
PRUDENCE FLYNN
MARGARET HONNER
CHRISTINE INGLIS
ASTRID KELLY
ANNE LOUGHLAND
HELEN LOWERY
ANNE LEONHARD
HELEN MAGUIRE
THERESE McCAFFREY
DOROTHEA McCLEERY
VICKY McEVOY
GERALDINE McGRATH
BARBARA DE MEUR
MAUREEN O'HANLON
JOSEPHINE O'HANLON
MOYA O'MARA
ANNE PELLEGRINO
MARGARET POWER
LOUISE REGAN
PATRICIA REILLY
ANPOINETTE ROLFE
PHILOMENA PAPALLO
MAUREEN SCOTT
ELIZABETH SULLIVAN
ANDREE TIERNAN
BETTY WALSH
MARGARET WARD
ROSALIE WATTEL
MAUREEN GARGAN
LOUISE CLAPIN
JULIANNE O'NEILL
KERRY WILSON

CLASS FOUR

SUSAN BLEYER
NOELINE BYRNE
HELEN DWYER
ANNE DONNELLY
SUSANNE DURANT
CATHERINE EHRENBURG
GABRIELLE HICKEY
DENISE JOHNSTONE
PATRICIA LEONARD
CAROLYN MAGNEY
MAUREEN McGINTY
DIANA McMILLAN
PATRICIA O'BRIEN
VIRGINIA SARKS
PATRICIA SIDAWAY
ELIZABETH SIMPSON
KATHRYN TRACY

CLASS THREE

ELIZABETH BUCKLEY
CATHERINE CAHILL
CLOVER COLLINS
MARIANNE COURTENAY
CHRISTINE FERGUSON
CHRISTINE FLYNN
GAI HELLMIRICH
DIANA HEWITSON
PENELOPE HOLMES
MARGARET MARY KIDMAN
SYBIL LAWS
ELIZABETH MATTHEWS
MARGARET O'REILLY
MARGARET OWENS
CECILE SCOTT
PATRICIA SCOTT-YOUNG
ELIZABETH SHAW
ELIZABETH SKIPPEN
CHRISTINE STRONG
GAIL SUTHERLAND
JUDITH THOMSON
JOSEPHINE WALSH
MARY WILLIS

CLASS TWO

MARGARET ALLEN
GRAZIELLA AMERIO
PATRICIA BUCKLEY
SALLY CALLEN
THERESE CLARKE
CATHLEEN COLLINS
JUDY DWYER
SUSAN FEATHERSTONE
NANCY HARPER
MARGARET HAWKS
PATRICIA LEONHARD
NONIE LOUGHLAND
DIANNE MAGUIRE
CHRISTINE McCLEERY
ANNE MARIE McLUCKIE
MORNA NANCARROW
DENISE PLASTO
SANDRA STOKES
TONI ANN COMRIE
THOMSON
GERALDINE TRACY
FRANCES TULLY
MELANA HICKEY
JOHN CAHILL
RICHARD CARTER
MARK CRADDOCK
RICHARD CRAMPTON
JOHN FLYNN
NICHOLAS GREINER
THOMAS MITCHELL
JOHN O'DONNELL

CLASS ONE

MARGANN BUCKLEY
MARY BURKE
MARIA DE FINA
CLARA DUFFIELD
ALICE HOLDEN
BELINDA HOLMES
MARILYN JONES
JULIE MEREL
TONI PALMER
ELIZABETH PIERPOINT
ROBERTA PLASTO
MAUREEN PURCELL
FRANCES SIDAWAY
BRENDA SCOTT
SUZANNE SKIPPEN
KAREN DUSSELDORP
THOMAS BATEMAN
THOMAS BATHURST
BILLY BYE
PETER CAHILL
CHRISTOPHER GUNSON
JOHN KENNEDY
RICHARD LOPES
BRUCE McLUCKIE
PAUL SUTHERLAND

INFANTS

JANE BLEYER
ALISON COURTENAY
CHRISTINE DUSSELDORP
MARGARET HARDIMAN
CYNTHIA HOLMES
PHILOMENA HORAN
MARGARET FLYNN
COLLEEN McDONOUGH
TERESA O'REILLY
SYLVIA PETER
HELEN SIDAWAY
KAY TRAYNOR
ACHILLE AMERIO
CHRISTOPHER BALL
MICHAEL BARLOW
ROBERT EHRENBURG
PETER LEONARD
FRANCIS HOARE
GEORGE PARMENTIER

SMOKE-O

Baby Boarder (bush-bred) returning late to school on Sunday afternoon: "It's ages since I've had anything to eat. Have you had Smoke-O yet?"

DEAD TIRED

Question: Who are the martyrs?
Answer: The nurses who nurse at the Mater.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK IN FLORENCE:

I had to go to Florence lately, on business. While there I stayed at the English Convent (Poor Servants of the Mother of God). They had just read "*Love is a Light Burden*" and liked it very much.

— M. I.B.V.M.
Via Nomentana, Rome.

This Australia

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

*The air is abloom with the roses of morning,
Faint shadows fade with the coming of day,
And the bells of St. Mary's are calling, are calling,
The sweet bells are calling the people to pray.
O come all you people, arise: it is morning!
The sweet bells are calling: chase slumber away!*

*How the mind takes one back to old times, other
places!*

*The bells of old Shandon ring over the Lea:
And the bells of St. Peter's are singing, are singing,
They sing to the beautiful Star of the Sea.
Now the bells of St. Mary's -- O hearken, O hasten,
You lovers of God, wherever you be!*

*Look out of the window! O look how the people
Block the packed pavements, the choked
roadways jam!*

*From city and suburb they flock to St. Mary's
On foot and by bus, by car and by tram.*

*O hasten, you faithful, to crown the blest morning!
It is love that is calling: O haste to the Lamb!*

*Come to Mass, come to Mass, come to Mass they
are calling --*

*The bells in wild jungle caress and collide,
The candles are lit, the slow organ notes falling,
The high altar decked and the doors open wide.
O come to God's Mystery, you people, you people,
To the triumph of Christ, in the joy of the
Bride!*

*The bells of St. Mary's are calling, are calling,
The sweet bells are calling the faithful to pray.
From city and suburb the people are pouring
To welcome and worship the Lord of the Day.
O come, all you people, awake: it is morning!
O come, chase the shadows of sorrow away!*

Sydney.

— LYND NATHAN.

LIFE AT ALICE SPRINGS, NORTHERN TERRITORY

'Tis but a journey of one thousand miles which leads to home — "The Alice."

Some people seem to gather weird ideas of our township, but you have to spend a few years there before you can form an opinion of this rapidly growing town in the centre of Australia.

This part of Australia is very often referred to as the "Never-Never", whether it be because those who go there "Never-Never" want to leave, or whether it is before this they had "Never-Never" met such fine people as the Territorians. This however is left for the visitor to decide for himself.

Both the growth in population, and the expansion in size of the town is most surprising to the many tourists who travel to the "Sunny North" in Winter. Many find the Territory such an interesting place that they make this an annual visit. The situation of the town, the beautiful colourings of the hills, and the natural rock-formations, are among the most noted in the world, not forgetting the natural gaps, and the sandy gum-tree-lined creeks.

In spite of the Todd River (which runs once in a blue moon) water restrictions are common, just as one begins to admire his green lawns and flourishing garden. However, residents at "The Alice" have just witnessed the opening of a cement constructed swimming pool. Before this, anyone desiring a swim, had a journey of seven miles to go to the nearest water-hole, but to most people this was not a worry; for, you see, time means so little to those in the Territory. Citizens of the Alice often receive great sympathy from those living in the South for "being so far away"; but there is never anything wanting in the Alice.

There are two schools (a State school and a Convent); a new High School is almost completed. A good hospital serves the needs of both white and coloured population. Two picture theatres are the chief means of entertainment. The theatres, however, appear to be more popular in Summer than in Winter. Still, many people well "rugged-up" and some carrying hot-water bottles and up to three and four blankets can still be seen making their way to the pictures even on the coldest of nights.

There was a time when the coloured people kept to themselves; but to-day they play a great part in everyday life. Some are employed in different homes, others work in government positions, and many hold high positions about the town. They also take part in the sporting activities, and have teams to compete against the white teams. The children too, are provided with a good education by the Missions and reserves which are especially set aside for them.

In the Alice everyone knows everyone else's business, whether it be private or otherwise. Many incidents occur in these parts which one would never find in the city. If it happens to be the day of the Melbourne Cup, or perhaps the final day of the Test Cricket, you only have to be in the main street and can hear all the answers to your queries by the aid of a loud-speaker which a local shop-keeper has attached to the outside wall of his shop.

A weekly event to which everyone looks forward in the Alice, is the arrival of the "Ghan"; it is likely to arrive at any time between 4 o'clock

Saturday afternoon to 4 o'clock the following morning. Usually, if there is anything of importance on in the town, it is only about an hour late; otherwise, one can never tell at what hour it might arrive.

For children in the Alice, as for children all over the world, Christmas Eve is a great day, but somehow in the Alice the excitement is heightened. In most places "Santa" arrives in a streamlined car, or perhaps in an aeroplane, but in Alice he is welcomed into the midst of the cheering crowds seated high upon a "glamorous" camel. So you see not everyone is so fortunate as to experience events which take place in the Alice.

So far we have not considered those people who greatly assisted in the early development of the Territory — the pastoralists. Though nowadays they have not to put up with so much discomfort as of old, they still have to put up with a great deal during the "trucking-season", which extends from January to August. The trucking of* each pastoralist is preceded by months of anxiety and worry. The musters take all the station hands away from the station, consequently the station-owner worries whether everything will go right with "the wife and kids" at home. The droving is a family affair. Everybody sets out from the station about a fortnight before the trucking day. The women of the station drive the truck with provisions for the fortnight to the first camp which is about eight miles from the station, as the cattle can-

not be driven further than that each day. At night there is not a word spoken in the camp for fear of stampedes. Men take their turns on watch around the mob all night.

The black boys like this job because of the singing required to keep the cattle quiet. Usually one hears the strains of an ancient tribal song passed down through the ages.

Around the camp-fire the next watch sit and sing "hill-billies", a strange contrast to the tribal songs which played such a prominent part in the ancient rituals.

At last after days of hard work, the trucking yards are reached. The cattle are yarded into one big paddock. After this the "fats" are put into one yard and the "stores" in another. The "fats" and "stores" are terms for the cattle in excellent condition and good condition. The trucking takes about a day for 300 cattle. Just as the sun begins to set behind the colourful ranges, the train pulls out of the yard with all the pastoralists' hopes within it.

So whether one is fond of the social life of the town, or the "rough and ready" life of the out-back, he will find the life to suit him in the Alice.

MARILYN PARER, BEVERLEY TURNER.

(Intermediate.)

Marryatville.

[*Surely "by" would have been a more accurate word, closely though the pastoralists like to be identified with their herds.—Ed.]

ROCKHAMPTON UNDER FLOOD

This year when the February rains began to fall on Rockhampton — a town situated on the Tropic of Capricorn, nobody felt the least bit alarmed. This would be just like any other year, and rain was so badly needed by the farming and grazing districts outside the town. No thought of flood crossed our minds, when a strong wind blew over the mountains, bringing heavy rain.

As it continued to rain for several days, we all agreed that we had enough water to last until the following February downpour. But still there was no sign of the rain ceasing. Water holes and creeks began to fill steadily, until they had reached the height of previous years. The grass had already begun to change colour, from brown to green.

Meanwhile, further north where heavy rain had fallen too, the tributaries of our river, the Fitzroy, were rising. Soon we heard over the radio that the Fitzroy itself would continue to rise indefinitely, as it was being filled by its tributaries. People in low lying areas began to worry about their homes, and some were wise enough to go to higher ground with their belongings. Others remained, hoping that the Fitzroy would subside.

The Fitzroy now became a raging torrent, carrying down trees and logs and rubble in its course. The creeks along the river filled up, and began to cover low lying suburbs.

Those who had remained in their homes here, could only go out by boat, or remain there, and have food delivered by dinghy. Supplies were hard to obtain, as neither train nor transport could pass through from North or South.

The people of Rockhampton began to gather on the river bank, and watch the water swirl past, on its way to the sea, forty miles away. Near the bank where the current was a little less forceful, black and white boys dived from the railings of the old bridge into the water, and were carried downstream, until they could fight their way to the bank.

Buses had to stop running, as the water over the roads was over five feet deep in many places. Men going to work on bicycles pushed through water up to their waists. The only ones who enjoyed the flood were the children, as they could not go to school, and there was always plenty of water in which they could swim, if allowed.

We were all relieved when we heard that the Fitzroy had ceased rising. Still it was many days before the water went down, and the swampy areas could be inhabited again. Much had been destroyed in these areas, and it will take months to restore everything to normal. This is the worst flood in the history of Rockhampton, a city in which flooding is not an unusual event.

PATRICIA McPHERSON (18 Years).

Brisbane.

THE SNOWY RIVER HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME

TRAVELLERS' TALES:

1. In March, 1953, we made our home in Cooma, N.S.W., and very soon found friends, one family of whom, at the end of the first week, invited us for a drive up to the Regions. This is the local name given to the area in the mountains where construction work for the great Snowy River Scheme is being carried out. The executive body in charge of the colossal undertaking is known as the *Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric Authority*. Its headquarters are at Cooma.

We set out on our drive on a morning in early Autumn — you could even have called it, late Summer. The first town of interest was Jindabyne, about thirty miles from Cooma. Being surrounded by mountain ranges, the valley here is ideal for the building of a dam (*pondage* in technical terms) for which one wall has almost been made by Nature by the narrow neck at one end where the Snowy passes through. That whole countryside will soon be flooded with water, as an enormous reservoir will occupy the area where houses and farms now stand.* As we looked at the little stone Church on a hill, we found it hard to realise that in a few years the water will be twenty feet above its spire. The big reservoir will hold five times as much water as Sydney Harbour.

After we left Jindabyne we began climbing into the heavily timbered mountains of the Australian Alps. After about an hour we reached the first camp in the area, Island Bend. This camp is the first settlement on the new road, built by the Snowy Mountains Authority — S.M.A. or the Authority as it is briefly called. It is a fine road built to take a truck carrying a load of one hundred and twenty tons. The next settlement is Mungah, where a great power-house is being built. Situated on the Snowy it is surrounded by very steep mountains, covered with timber. The road is built on the edge of spurs of these mountains, and must have been very difficult to make. The power for the new power-house will be generated by water carried to it in a tunnel which begins at a dam higher up at Guthega.* We drove on to Guthega where another dam was being built. And at every dam there is to be a power house. Here again, the reservoir, the tunnel, the great pipes and the magnitude of the whole work gave an almost overpowering effect. All around us towered the mountains, small brownish patches of snow still clinging near the tops, although the weather was quite hot. I had a feeling of being very small indeed.

After we had clambered about and seen most of the work being done around the site, we got into the car and set off for home. However, just as we left the new road and joined the old Kosciusko road we came to the turn-off which leads to the highest point in Australia. Here, to our delight,

* See pictures on page 39.

our host turned the car and headed for the summit fifteen miles away. Along this fifteen miles there are a number of smaller works connected with the S.M.A. in addition to the sights well known to every Kosciusko visitor. The telegraph lines run along the ground, as overhead poles break under the weight of snow. The land is not as steep along this road as fields used for ski-ing stretch out on each side.

As we neared the summit of the mountain, the road narrowed and precipices abounded. From the top the view was breath-taking. The great mountains all around were turning blue, for it was late in the afternoon and a light mist shrouded them. The last rays of the sun streamed from a western sky, brilliant with orange and rosy colours. The chill in the evening air added to our feelings of exhilaration. But we could not linger; we had to face a long road home, and one likes to do those miles in daylight. But what a wonderful experience!

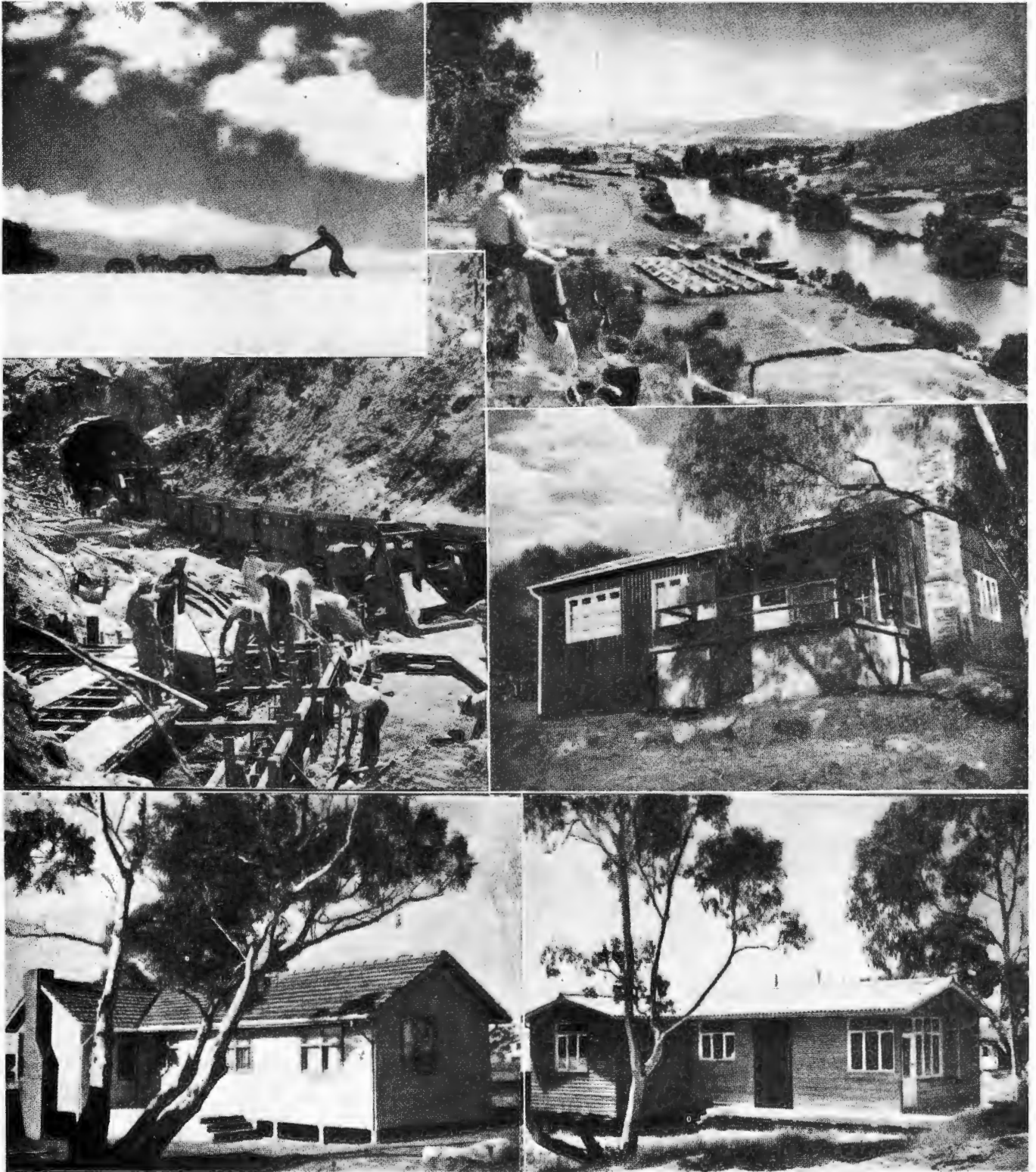
ROSEMARY FLYNN,

(Past Pupil, Kirribilli)

2. Cooma* Railway Station on a Monday morning! The train—the Kosciusko Mail—from Sydney has just arrived, and hundreds of people are pouring on to the platform in what seems an endless stream. Foreign languages criss-cross in loud, excited tones. These are workmen employed on the Snowy River hydro-electric scheme, and they have been to Sydney for the week-end. Judging by their faces and tone, most of them are from Europe, though, of course, the bulk must be Australian. Chief among the Europeans are Norwegians, Italians and Dutch; in most cases working as a unit for contractors from their respective countries.**

Among the passengers to Cooma was a Sydney journalist sent by his paper to report on the Snowy River project. Jostled about by this one and that, he felt that toughness would be the quality most needed when dealing with anyone in this colossal undertaking. He had at last edged his way to the ticket barrier, when a businesslike voice at his shoulder "presumed it was Mr. Livingstone", and, being on the right track, the speaker introduced himself as the private secretary of Mr. Hudson, the Commissioner of the Authority. The two Australians went out together to the station parking area, after the secretary had given the journalist an invitation to have breakfast with the Commissioner. An Authority car was waiting for them, and the two men were soon driving through Cooma to the Commissioner's home two miles from the Station. Mr. Hudson is a cheerful, home-loving man, displaying little of the burden he carries as the chief executive of one of the biggest concerns in the world to-day. After a hearty breakfast and friendly talk, an Authority car was ordered, and shortly after 9.30 the journalist with one of the Commissioner's staff, was off on one of the most pleasant trips of his career.

There was little to see in connection with the Snowy Scheme until they reached Jindabyne where



THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS SCHEME

Top: Dog team for emergency work in the snow. Snowy River at Jindabyne.

Centre Left: Entrance to Guthega-Munyang Tunnel. Houses built by European contractors for S.M.A. at Cooma.

Right Centre: Norwegian; Bottom, l. to r.: Italian and Dutch.

they saw the largest of the four dam-sites to be built on the Snowy River. A drive of about fourteen miles further on brought them to Island Bend, the next largest of the dam-sites, and also the site for a large power station. By this time they were indeed among the mountains, for, although it was summer time, snow was plentiful, and a cool, biting breeze left them in no doubt as to their altitude. After collecting all the information needed from Island Bend they pushed on to Munyang, four miles further up, all the travelling being done on the fine new road built by the Authority since they began work three years ago.

At Munyang they were greeted enthusiastically by a crowd of Norwegians employed by the Selmer Engineering Company for work in the snowbound regions. The men had apparently been informed of the tour, and were waiting with an American-style jeep to take the two men on a closer inspection of the tunnelling being carried out in this area. The visitors were escorted through the large power station and over the dam-site; lastly, clad in borrowed raincoats, rubber boots and tin helmets, they trudged through the first thirty-five yards of the Guthega-Munyang tunnel.**

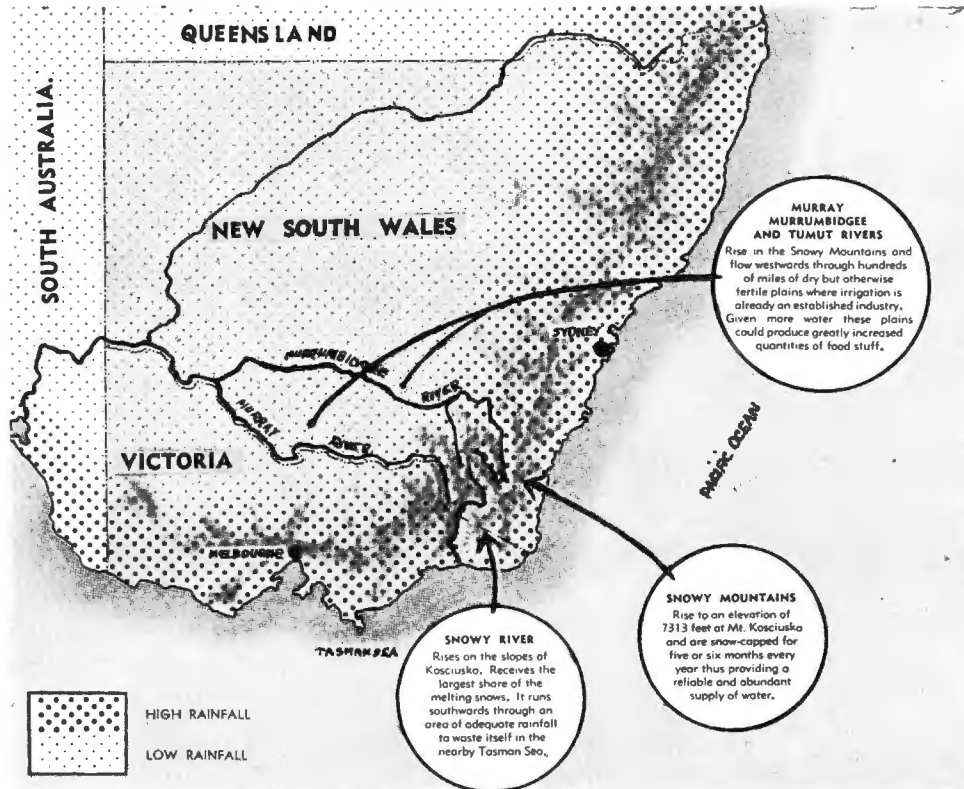
In April, 1954, the biggest contracts ever let in Australia have been let to the American Kaiser group of construction companies for work on the Adaminaby-Tumut section of the Snowy Scheme.

These hydro electric engineering contracts are worth more than £25,000,000; and the American constructors are to bore a 14½-mile, 21-foot diameter tunnel through the main range to connect the Eucumbene and Tumut Rivers, and build the 280-foot high arched concrete wall dam at Tumut Ponds and a pressure tunnel to the power station there. This gigantic job is to take 6½ years. But it is expected that by 1959 the Murrumbidgee River system (by the diversion of some 300,000 acre feet of water) will have such an increased water supply that the irrigation area in that region will be immensely extended. A big contract for a power station, to cost nearly £4,000,000, has been let to a French Company.

No longer will the Snowy waste its waters every year, flowing through country with a good rainfall and just tossing its precious water into the Southern Ocean. Now all its upper waters, fed by the melting snows, are being diverted to the west where lands, needing only water to make them rich, will receive the blessings of irrigation. The immense hydro-electric scheme will produce for N.S.W. and Victoria, huge quantities of electricity through the power engendered by the immense fall of waters passing through tunnels and shafts.

ANNE MONTAGUE, Leaving Class.
(Normanhurst)

* Cooma is Anne's home town.
** See pictures on page 39.



THE ERA OF EUREKA

It is interesting to recall events on the gold-fields towards the end of 1854 which culminated in the Eureka Stockade. Did the miners think Governor Hotham would redress their wrongs when they welcomed him so heartily in September? Big Larry, the Irishman with Raleigh-like politeness, not only assiduously planked over muddy spots for the Governor's wife, but sometimes carried her over portions of the ground and cleared the way for visitors. But the collecting of the licences was tightened up and occurred more frequently. Thirty shillings a month, if you were not successful, was a heavy burden.

An Italian miner who learnt English at the College of Propaganda, Rome, describes the collecting of licences: "I, Carboni Raffaello da Roma, had my rattling 'Jenny Lind' (the cradle) at a water hole down the Eureka Gully. Must stop my work to show my licence. 'All right!' I had then to go a quarter of a mile up the hill to my hole, and fetch the washing stuff. There again — 'Got your licence?' 'All serene governor.' On crossing the holes, up to the knees in mullock, and loaded like a dromedary. 'Got your licence?' was again the cheer-up from a third trooper or trap. Now what answer would you have given, sir?"

Many were the decoys practised to avoid the troopers collecting licences. One miner tells us that as he was returning to his tent where his unlicensed companion was preparing a meal, he saw a genteel young lady telling the police that her brother would answer their enquiries. On the disappearance of the police, the newly-acquired sister threw her heels into the air, cutting most unladylike capers around the table, declaring that in future her name would be not Joe, but Josephine.

The acquittal of Bentley, the murderer of James Scobie, by a corrupt magistrate aroused the miners to mass protestation. Monster meetings were a feature of the times. Inflammatory speeches led to a bonfire of licences, and when the men were seething with indignation another hunting raid for licences was made.

The miners elected Peter Lalor as Commander-in-Chief and swore under the "Southern Cross" Flag to stand truly by each other to fight and defend their rights and liberties. Their rebellion was not against British rule, but against British misrule. Thus the Royal Commission was called to inquire into the state of the goldfields decided, and swept away the licences and other forms of misrule.

While we were studying these events, we discovered that one of our classmates, Ellison Taffe, was the great-grand-niece of James Scobie.

THE INTERMEDIATE CLASS.

Dawson Street.

EL-DORADO

Silent a town in a valley is dreaming,
As it's dreamt in silence these long weary years;
Through slanting timbers the sun's rays are gleaming,
Lonely and eerie the scene now appears.
Here the Ghosts of the years far distant
Are watching still by this town long dead;
Encircling hills through its streets are sending
Echoes of my steady tread.
Here in the smithy the forge stands idle:
For years the bellows have ceased to blow;
There's rust on the tools and dust on a bridle.
And mice in the benches below.
Oh watchful Ghosts, shatter this dreaming:
Set throbbing with life this lonely old town;
Bring back its youth, smiling and gleaming,
Bring back its days of wealth and renown.

PATRICIA O'CONNOR (15 Years).
Toorak.

THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG

One day during the Royal Visit to Perth, as I was viewing the beautiful decorations which loyal subjects had erected to greet Her Majesty, my eye was caught by the Australian Flag. Of course I had viewed it hundreds of times previously and well knew the Blue Ensign with a large seven-pointed white star below the Union Jack and the Southern Cross — "four stars of seven points each and one of five on the fly." But what else did I know about the flag of my country? Very little, I had to confess; hence on my return home I made some enquiries and gained some information which to me at least was very interesting!

Soon after the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament it was decided that the Commonwealth must have a flag. The Melbourne "Herald" then conducted a world-wide contest for designs: the prize money was about £250. Many and varied were the entries received. The newly designed flags were displayed in a Melbourne building. In 1901 the Judges selected the design of Ivor Evans, a Melbourne schoolboy, as the chosen one.

In 1908 a seventh point was added to the large star to represent Commonwealth Territories. And so remains our national flag to-day.

CECILE DALY SMITH (14 Years).
Nedlands.

NIGHTFALL IN THE BUSH

The kangaroos have disappeared,
The magpie ceases calling;
The sky with golden darts is spread,
Australian night is falling.

The bush is still and silent,
And peaceful is the mere
Enclosed by gumtrees old and bent;
Australian night is here.

WENDY WILSON (10 Years).
Portland.

LORETO CONVENT, PORTLAND, VICTORIA



SENIOR SCHOOL

NOLA WARD
MARGARET MANNES
JOSEPHINE CARROLL
EILEEN GURRY
MARGARET GURRY

MARGARET HUDSON
NOLA UEBERGANG
WENDY KERR
MARGARET GASH
MAUREEN WALSH

MAUREEN DREW
SALLY LEIGHTON
MARLENE KEMPTON
MAUREEN LOVELL
LOIS MOSING

MARY COLLINS
JEAN DOYLE
LORRAINE PEACOCK
MARJORIE FOLEY
JOAN GURRY

JOSEPHINE FITZGERALD
CORAL BOURKE
LESLIE HENNESSEY
MAUREEN BUCHAN
FRANCES TOYE

ANN TURNBULL
TERESA CANNAPAN
MARGARET CUMMINS
KATHLEEN CORDY
FRANCES GASH

WENDY WILSON
LYNETTE MARTIN
JUDITH GURRY
MARY O'HALLORAN
DELLAS PREECE

JUNIOR SCHOOL (on opposite page)

ELIZABETH McCABE
TONI BENNETT
HELEN BREEN
ANNE MALING

JANICE MARTIN
HELEN GASH
LEONIE MIZE
SHIRLEY GALVIN

JANICE WOOLCOCK
BEVERLEY CAMPBELL
DIANNA STUTCHBERRY
MEREDITH KING

MARGOT McCABE
DIANNE FREDERICKS
WENDY BAKER
PAULINE FENTON

THERESE BOSTOCK
JAN OBORN
LESLIE PARKER
JULIE PREECE

CAROL MARTIN
GEORGIA SUTTON
SHARON NASH



LORETO CONVENT, PORTLAND, VICTORIA

THE BLACKBOARD TELLS A SECRET

All these years I have remained peacefully in this classroom, and, apart from the unpleasantness of having my face scribbled on every day, I have enjoyed myself very much. And now to think that this has happened!

The children of Grades Four, Five and Six say that they are having a play. The way education is these days I think that their life is all one big play! However, since I have seen them bustling about and moving all the desks out of the room I think it must be a special kind of Play, this time.

At last the great evening has come! The children are very excited, and I must admit, so am I. This really looks as though it is going to be good. Here comes Helen Breen dressed as a boy, a little foreign boy, I think. And there is that young Kathy Cordy pretending to be a grown-up lady. Whatever are they doing? Oh! now I understand. They are telling a story to all those people sitting down in the hall.

What is that noise? It sounded like someone

laughing close beside me — a nasty laugh too. Well, well, it's you, my dear Mr. Calendar. And you are laughing because I did not know that this is the eighth of the month and that the children are honouring Our Lady specially on the eighth of every month this year? Well, we can't all be as up-to-date as you are!

Now I understand. They are acting Scenes of Fatima and Lourdes to remind the audience of Our Lady's important messages to the world.

There is one, though, that seems to be a little bit different. One girl kneels down and reviews her day. On each side of her is another little girl. The first of these is Conscience, and the second is Tempter. Sometimes one seems to be winning the little girl's day for himself, and sometimes the other. But (I am so glad) Conscience wins in the end because the little girl tells Our Lady that she is sorry for ALL the wrong things she has done and Our Lady will take them all away.

FRANCIS GASH (11 Years).
Portland.

LORETO CONVENT,

PREFECTS

P. Roche, C. Nathan, A. Montague,
M. Hall.

Sitting: K. Shepherd (Head of
School), A. Cheeseeman.



THIRD DIVISION



Back Row: A. Walsh, P. Felton, M. L. Meacle, P. Jasprizza, P. Cheeseeman, A. Keating, J. Kennedy Green, J. Hickey.
5th Row: P. Reardon, G. McPhee, M. C. Steber, A. Dunstan, S. Jasprizza, D. Prince, H. O'Neill.
4th Row: J. Gates, M. E. Priebe, P. Connell, R. Partridge, J. Maddocks-Cohen, J. Laing, S. Seigworth, D. Kielkowska, P. Goodwin,
L. Kelly.
Third Row: P. Basha, A. Crimmins, A. Dynon, D. O'Brien, C. Glass, C. Taylor, H. English, A. Bull, M. Kelly, K. Miller, J.
Partridge, D. Berriman, C. Stevens.
2nd Row: S. Lenehan, L. Curran, I. Bach, L. Stephens, L. Ward, D. Stevens, S. Alsaker, D. Prendergast, K. Moroney, M. Burch,
D. Owens, H. Ewing, S. Neylon, A. Chan, D. Poirier.
Front Row: M. Cannon, P. Crimmins, H. Gannon, R. Wheeler, M. Meaney, K. Banks, G. Kearney, C. Miller, K. Rickard, K. Ireland,
J. Ireland, C. Steber.
Absent: B. Rohan.



FIRST DIVISION

Back Row (Standing): L. Wolff, V. Nathan, D. McCarron, M. Simmons, F. O'Brien, P. Pidcock, S. Koves, M. Nathan, P. Roche, E. Clifford.
 Middle Row: P. Moroney, H. Ziehlke, J. Hughes, M. O'Brien, E. Dougherty, A. Montague, M. Matha, L. Hill, J. Dynon.
 Front Row: A. Cheeseman, M. Cover, M. Gooden, L. Scullard, G. Mayger, B. Scullard, A. Binney, M. Weston, K. Shepherd, A. Symons, C. Nathan, M. Woodlock, M. Gaha, D. Morton, M. Hall.
 Absent: G. Ajar, J. Bull, D. Bull.

FOURTH DIVISION

Back Row: R. Burch, L. Burgin, J. Thoman, C. Henderson.
 4th Row: K. Hartigan, S. Watson, K. Morton, J. Cole, J. Green, J. Pearson, K. Cobby, A. M. Tome, S. Myerson, E. Lenchan.
 3rd Row: A. Madden, K. Keating, L. Curtis, L. Schroder, M. Parsons.
 2nd Row: J. Powell, P. Merkelback, M. Crowley, A. Stern, G. Stewart, B. Tiffin, T. Lawrence.
 Front Row: A. M. Deverson, G. Stevens, A. Parsons, J. Frank, M. Thoman, M. Spiers, N. Giblin, F. Maddocks-Cohen, M. O'Connell.
 Absent: C. and S. Turner, M. McQuellin, M. Williams, M. Dynon.



NORMANHURST, N.S.W.

SECOND DIVISION

Back Row: M. A. Borthwick, P. Maguire, D. Monroe, J. Jordan, C. Cattle, S. Cunningham, M. Mason, M. Firth, L. Purcell, F. Links, P. Cheeseman.
 4th Row: C. Morrissey, S. Hartigan, M. R. Lenehan, J. Passmore, J. Stevens, A. Morck, R. Lord, R. Mann, A. Hartigan, E. Kennedy, Green, V. Curtis, D. Ekman, J. Heathershaw, J. Ziehlke, B. Strain, R. M. Chan.
 Third Row: M. O'Keeffe, P. O'Connell, B. Roche, M. Lewis, L. Chan, C. Michael, J. Ireland, R. Hogan, A. Farah, T. Croft, J. Magney, G. Garnier, E. Toohey, B. Butler, M. Keogh, S. Ajar, G. Hill.
 2nd Row: C. Mason, S. Tilbrook, C. Dempsey, W. Hill, N. Gale, B. Noonan.
 Front Row: D. M. Bcoth, L. Boardman, L. Nicoll, J. Jasprizza, M. Dennett, J. Cunningham, M. McEvoy, J. Partridge, D. Hall.

TENNIS NOTES

KIRRIBILLI:

THE CARDINAL'S CUP

The modest report which appears below was all that was sent in from Kirribilli; but anyone who has lived in either of the Sydney Houses will know what an achievement it has been for them to win the **CARDINAL'S CUP**. Every Catholic Girls' Secondary School in Sydney hopes each year that their tennis team will at least reach the semi-finals. To be in the finals is the realization of an ambition of all the outstanding teams.

We congratulate the Kirribilli girls who took home to their school the coveted Cup, after playing the finals against the Sacred Heart Convent (Rose Bay).

The report reads:—

The 1953 Cardinal Cup team won laurels for themselves and for the school. They won by 5 rubbers to 1.

OTHER SUCCESSES

The Monsignor Meaney team reached the semi-finals, in which luck was reversed. The Father Pierce's team, emulating the example of the Seniors, emerged from the finals with a victory of 5 rubbers to 1, against Santa Sabina (Dominican). This same team have now reached the semi-finals of the 1954 Monsignor Meaney Cup and we are hoping.*

[* Stop Press: Yes, they won it, July, 1954.

Bravo!]

BRISBANE:

We are glad to see that 1953 was a good year in our Queensland House, also. They were the A Grade Premiers, having already enjoyed that distinction

in 1952. There was much jubilation when they took home the **ARCHBISHOP'S SHIELD**.

Their C Grade Premiers are also to be congratulated on carrying off the Vince Kelly Cup.

TOORAK:

With Noel Kelly as captain, good work has been done by the A team: Patsy McCormack, Janet Wimpole, Carole Bowen, Freddie Worch, Margaret Bergin, Ann Montague and Moya McCormack. The schools they have played are: Genazzano, Kilbreda, Sacre Coeur, Sacred Heart (Geelong), and non-Catholic Colleges: Lauriston, St. Catherine's, M.L.C., Toorak College, Melbourne Grammar.

MARRYATVILLE:

The outstanding remark in their report is the fact that two new courts are being constructed by the Fathers' Club. Dad receives any bouquets offered here to the Marryatville tennis teams. Daughters had their Sports Day as usual.

CLAREMONT:

The tennis teams were at their top for the Slazenger Cup, but tournaments were cancelled because of the "polio epidemic".

A note on the cricket from this school reads: "Our over-large "elevens" provided much amusement for passers-by on the Highway — including Mr. Lindsay Hassett!"

ANNUAL CATHOLIC SECONDARY SCHOOLS' TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, SYDNEY.

As the notes were being corrected on proof sheets, glowing girls arrived back at school at **NORMANHURST** and **KIRRIBILLI** having gathered

LORETO CONVENT, CLAREMONT, W.A.



FORM I. TENNIS GROUP

C. Jones, V. Mechan, T. Leslie, H. Downes, M. Payne, D. Page, D. Farley, L. McNamara, S. Dodd, J. Green, J. Connell, M. Slattery, F. Rumlh, A. Lennon, N. Ryan, M. Friedman, M. Ryan, A. Worner, A. Ventouras, S. Tomlinson, C. O'Halloran, C. Turner, B. Nihollas.



LORETO CONVENT, KIRRIBILLI

Winners of the Cardinal's Cup, 1953

Louise Ritchard, Deirdre Bray, Lorraine Hogan, Judith Ryan.

up between them *six* of the *ten* silver cups awarded this year. The winners were: P. Roche, G. Mayger, M. Matha, C. Cattle — for Normanhurst; D. Bray, G. Hockey, E. Shiel, R. Barrett, M. Ritchard — for Kirribilli.

THAT "SPECIAL" EASTER CHOIR!

In the course of school life there are occasions which recur annually to rouse everyone's interest: for example Inter-school rowing and Public Exams.; but one event which stirs me in a special way is Easter. It is not so eventful for everyone as for the members of the Special Easter Choir. These privileged people are the girls who volunteer to stay to sing for the Holy Week ceremonies. It has become a tradition here at "Osborne." We become the proud occupants of the organ gallery, while the rest of the "commoners" use the ordinary seating facilities downstairs.

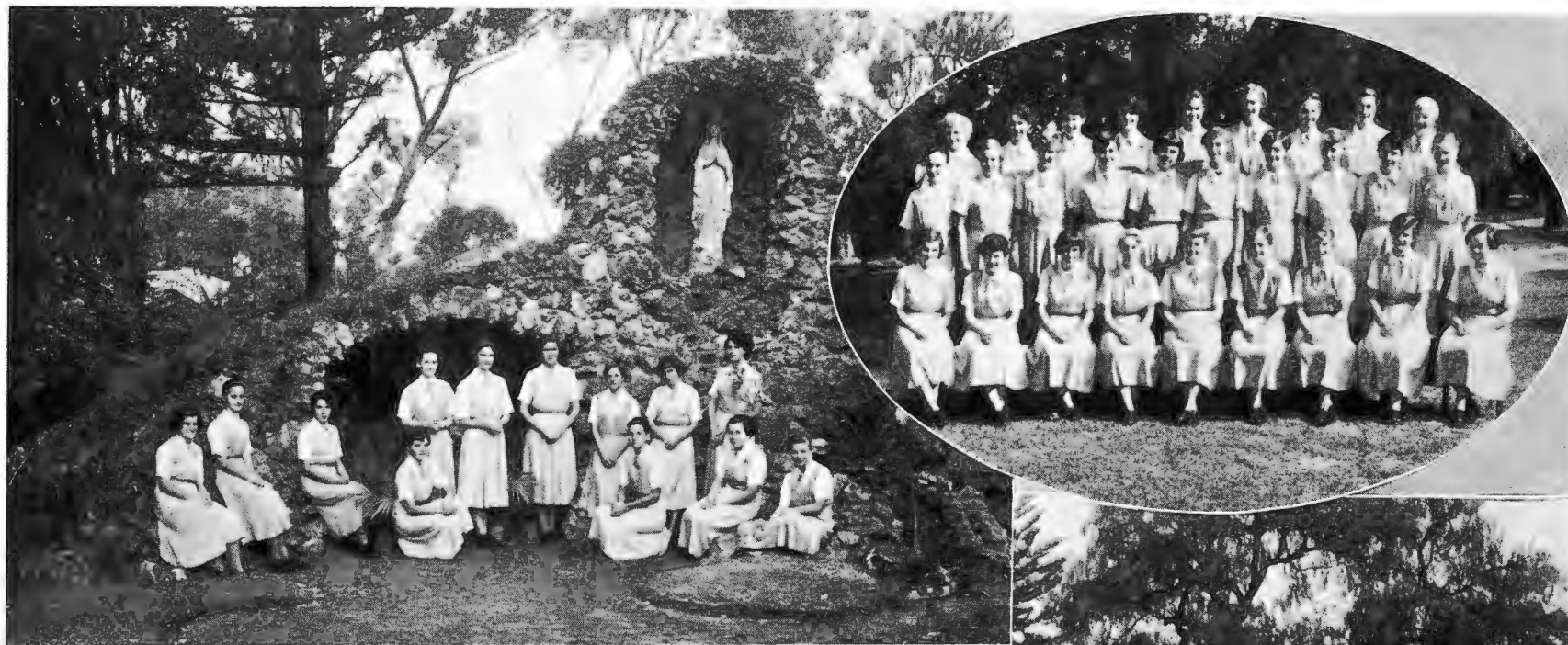
The Jesuit Fathers come over from St. Louis to celebrate the Mass and conduct the ceremonies, and are accompanied by the boys who are of general interest to all Loreto "Osborne" girls.

The climax to these three happy days is midday on Easter Saturday when we all go up to the organ gallery once again; this time to ring bells while the nuns sing the *Regini Coeli*. This is a very happy climax to our Holy Week celebrations.

SARAH CURRAN (Sub-Leaving Class).

Claremont.

LORETO CONVENT, CLAREMONT, W.A.



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SODALITY OF OUR LADY

Left to Right: E. Bartlett, E. Handley, J. Dunphy, B. Devane, S. Curran, P. McHenry, P. Jones, L. Peterson, P. Harris, H. Webster, Y. Dymond, M. Dwyer, M. Paton.
Absent: M. Troy.

Top Right:

LEAVING AND SUB-LEAVING

Back Row: V. Dodd, P. McHenry, G. Roberts, Y. Dymond, P. Jones, H. Boylson, P. Harris, J. Hayes, J. Robertson.
2nd Row: E. Handly, J. Drennan, D. Walsh, M. Walsh, J. Daly-Smith, M. Staples, B. Devane, J. Hadfield, J. Dunphy, M. Paton.
Front Row: E. Bartlett, M. Kennedy, H. Webster, Y. Murcott, L. Cole, L. Peterson, S. Gwynne, E. Thieberg, M. Dwyer,
Absent: M. Troy, S. Curran.

PREFECTS

Standing: M. Dwyer, M. Troy, P. McHenry (Head of the School), S. Curran, E. Handley.
Sitting: L. Peterson, Y. Dymond, P. Jones, H. Webster.





JUNIOR PUBLIC

Back Row: V. Sheehan, M. Vallentine, P. Kelly, J. Fontaine, S. Mallock, S. Watkins, A. Martin, M. Courboules.

2nd Row: C. Antoine, S. Lawrie, A. Slattery, C. Earle, M. O'Hara, C. Magee, M. King, J. Killerby, M. Horan, J. Stehn.

Front Row: G. Golding, M. Bonjolo, N. Sadler, J. Hunt, M. Butler, L. Antoine, E. O'Donohue, M. Kellond, N. Radford, N. Sprezzi, V. Williamson.



FORM II

Back Row: L. Hulls, G. Foss, M. Meehan, M. Weise, G. Fitzgerald, J. Gallagher, D. Kennedy.

3rd Row: M. R. Dunphy, J. Hogan, R. Wantling, C. Dobson, J. Biddles, A. Harris, C. Flynn, F. Ventouras.

2nd Row: J. Hanson, S. Taylor, P. O'Connor, V. Leeson, A. Shanahan, J. Piggford, J. Bull, S. Allan, J. Hartigan.

Front Row: C. Noble, J. Carmichael, M. Connel, R. Lorimer, C. Churchovich, P. Jones, M. Quinlan, M. Dimond, E. Trethowan, J. O'Loghlin.

SUB-JUNIOR

Back Row: J. Ettinger, A. Jones, C. Lloyd, S. Glynn, M. Noble, F. Burke, S. Meagher.

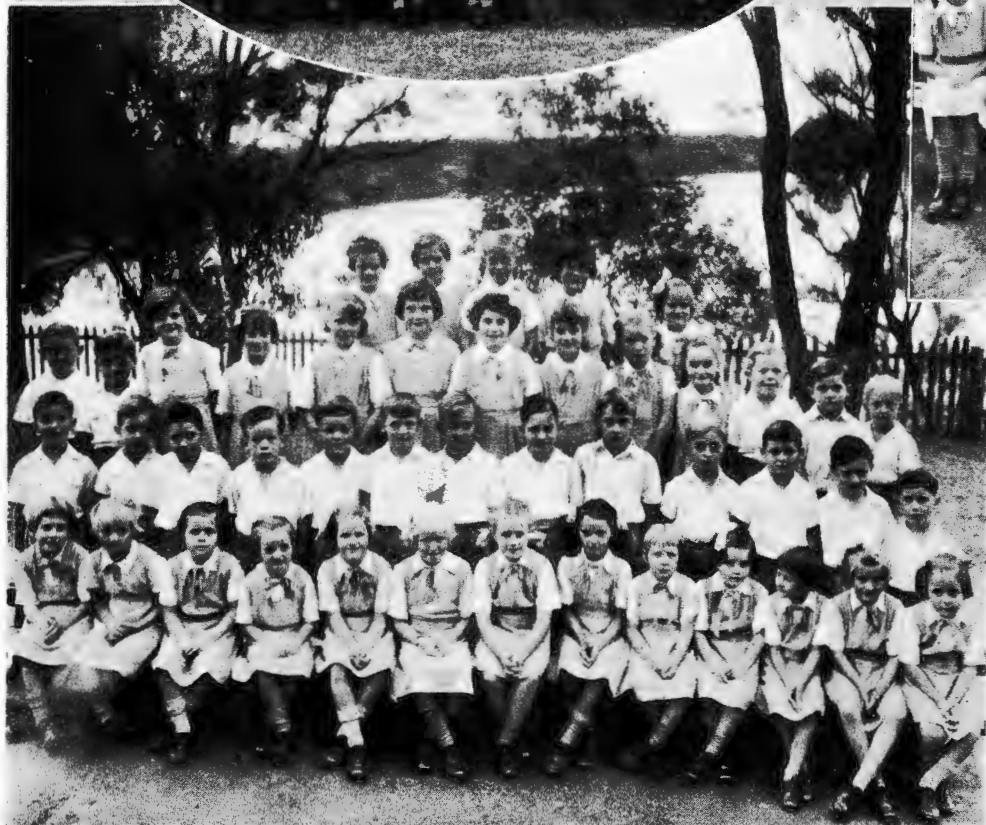
2nd Row: G. White, D. McPhee, S. Cranston, I. George, J. Gadsdon, S. Wratten, D. Ollivier, M. Thurling.

3rd Row: B. Ridley, J. Cullen, E. O'Connor, N. Gardner, G. Horsfall, A. Holbrook, E. Fitzgerald, G. Evans.

Absent: J. Evans, J. Shanahan.



LORETO CONVENT, CLAREMONT, W.A.



Top Left: FORM III.

Back Row: J. Haywood, A. Stanley, L. Hanzlicek, D. Clarke, C. Cunningham, A. Castinelle, H. Lockyer, H. Devane, J. Durack.
 3rd Row: M. Dodd, D. Hurst, S. Antoine, K. Vallentine, A. Ahern, D. Morrow, J. Gardiner, G. Grieve, J. Hopkins.
 2nd Row: M. Singleton, M. Connolly, L. Petterson, Y. Martin, K. Morgan, J. Agnew, C. Dunphy, H. Monger.
 Front Row: V. Jackman, N. Oberg, K. Lavan, L. Ryan, T. Fitzpatrick, E. Calder, P. Brocken, S. Noble, B. Bergin, M. Barden.
 Absent: S. Wood.

PREP. CLASSES 1 and 2

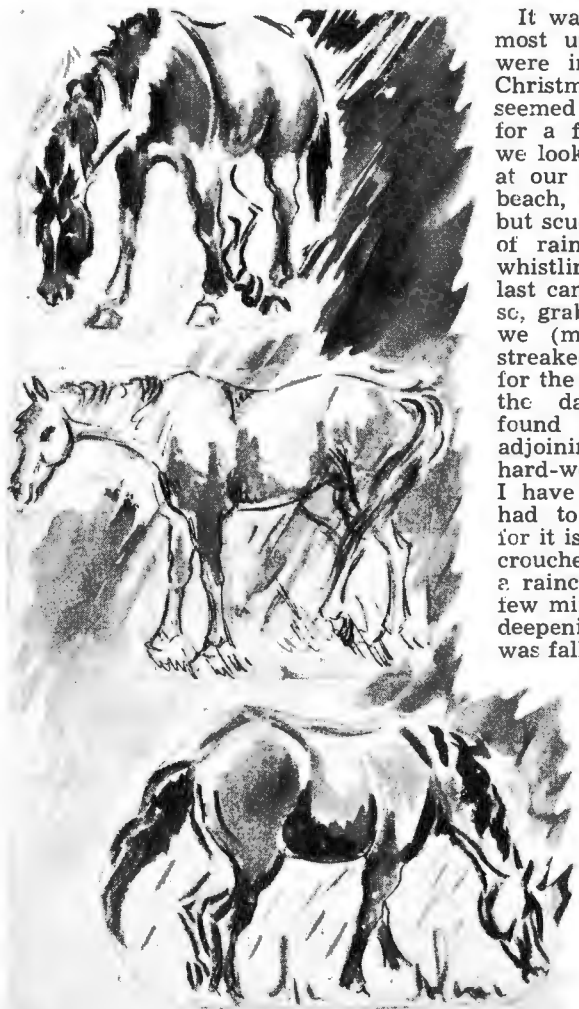
Back Row: M. Ladner, M. Ladner, D. Avery, R. O'Halloran, P. Hopkins.
 3rd Row: S. Killick, J. O'Halloran, M. O'Halloran, B. Bridge, J. Blazejewicz, E. Ahern, P. O'Neill, Y. Antoine, A. Killick, C. Clarke, P. Bull, K. Fitzpatrick, D. Ryan.
 2nd Row: J. Mahony, J. Lawrie, J. Sellinger, J. O'Connor, J. Tomlinson, S. Hadfield, J. Antoine, G. Hopkins, R. Dodd, R. Berthier, G. Green, M. Lennon, P. Mahony.
 Front Row: J. Meehan, D. Springthorpe, J. Hadfield, L. Ryan, J. Lavan, N. Collier, S. Hogan, C. Daly, S. Buxton, R. Orr, M. Hicks, M. Adams, J. Stokes.

Top Right: CLASSES 3 and 4.

(Boats on the Swan River in the background)
 Back Row: S. Wood, N. Clarke, C. Macdougall, M. Barrett, J. Keenan, T. Hughes, D. Cocks.
 2nd Row: E. Clarke, J. Ridley, B. Page, J. Lavan, L. Evangelisti, J. Lloyd, L. Logue, A. Bridge.
 Front Row: E. Ryan, A. Wheeler, L. Nettleton, R. Gannon, K. O'Loughlin, A. M. Baker, K. Parnell, M. Curran, T. Logue.

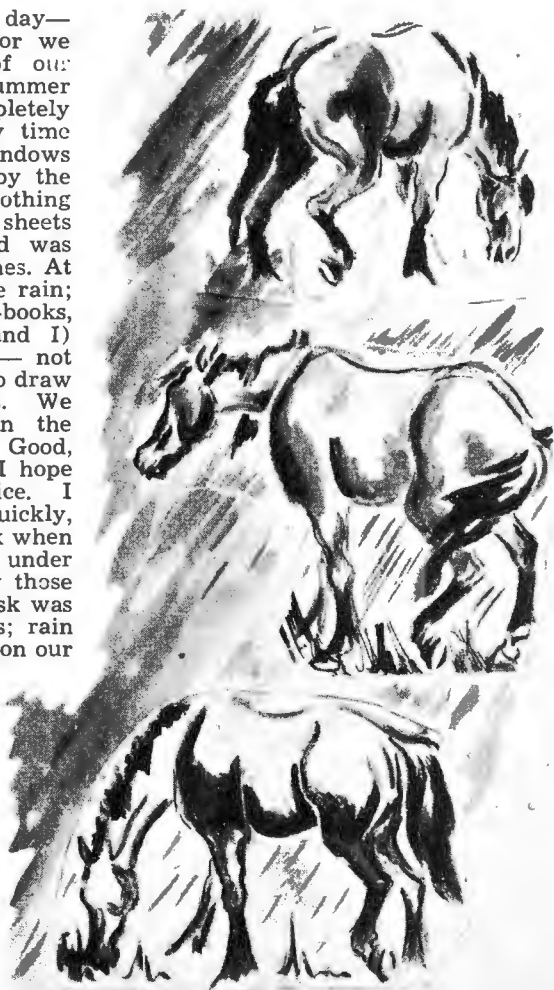
Scenes I Have Loved

HORSES IN THE RAIN



It was a grey, wintry day—most unseasonable — for we were in the middle of our Christmas holidays. Summer seemed to have fled completely for a few days. Every time we looked out of the windows at our holiday cottage by the beach, we could see nothing but scudding clouds and sheets of rain. And the wind was whistling across the dunes. At last came a break in the rain; so, grabbing our sketch-books, we (my two sisters and I) streaked for the dairy — not for the day's milk, but to draw the dairyman's horses. We found them grazing in the adjoining paddock. Good, hard-working fellows. I hope I have done them justice. I had to sketch them quickly, for it is not easy to work when crouched on the ground under a raincoat. How quickly those few minutes passed! Dusk was deepening into darkness; rain was falling again, and soon our feet were turned full speed for home.

Camilla Nathan.
(Leaving Class)
Normanhurst.



AUSTRALIAN SCENE

Dad had asked me to ride over to the bush gate of our top paddock to make sure the cattle could reach water. I rode up the lane and opened the top paddock gate. The cattle had only recently been put into this paddock as we had been spelling the paddock to allow the clover and rye grass to obtain a good hold after being top-dressed.

Dolly, my mount, and I started across the paddock. The bush grass and clover were knee deep, suffocating even the thistles. After about a quarter of a mile's journey, I reached the bush-gate. The gate is so arranged that the rabbits cannot get into the paddock. To go in and out of the paddock you have to jump a steel wall about two feet high. I

jumped Dolly over and then we stopped on the other side.

On my left was a wild grass paddock and next to a dead tree stump on the hillside I noticed a kangaroo. I cracked my whip and instantly three other kangaroos as well as the one I had seen, bounded leisurely off into the bush. A small dark brown wallaby followed them. From behind a tussock a fox's tail was poking out, the fox being quite unaware that he could be seen. A rabbit, sitting as still as a stone, was only a few yards in front of the tussock.

The creek was rippling gaily past at the bottom of a sloping cliff. Across the creek, a tree had
(Continued on page 53)

STANDING WITH RELUCTANT FEET

The red-gold flames crackled and leapt up into their fascinating "danse macabre." Their irregular rise and fall, their weird leaping rhythm, distorting even the most familiar objects, lent to the scene an atmosphere of unreality, conducive to reminiscence and anticipation. But there was something else: deep down in the smouldering redness of the coals lurked the haunting spirit of prophecy.

Softened and somewhat blurred by the voices of the juniors playing chequers, the seniors scoring at table tennis and the insistent drumming of rain on the roof, the message of the genii, dancing on their stage of burning embers, drew my gaze and all my senses. What was their message?

Six more months — only two more terms for me — dreamily I recalled the words of the popular song "But it's a long, long while from May to December." But was it a long, long time? Would those days between May and December linger as long as I should care to hold them or would they vanish like the flames before my eyes?

"And the days dwindle down" — so the song goes on. Yes and every second of those days is born and takes its flight to eternity. "To a precious few." I realize suddenly that these days are precious, that December sits on no far-away horizon, as I used to imagine in the Mays of my childhood. The difference was then that in May we always knew what December would bring; the long vacation, the joys of Christmas, the long, lazy days at the beach and then return for another school year.

Now, it comes home to me that these years have come and gone so swiftly and silently that I have paid no heed to their passing. Those school days have slipped away and now there is only May to December, those "few precious days" which I must make the most of!

The fire crackles on and the fire demons leap in their wild dancing; now, however, the spirit of remembrance appears more clearly. How many memories I carry away from me from Loreto: of the friends I have made, the walks out to Govey* and the Haunted House; of the games of basketball, the excitement of staging a play, the gay recreations around a roaring fire, and of the nights I have lingered at my window listening to the beating of the surf, and watching the white moon sail into the clouds, wondering if I shall ever look upon a scene more beautiful or more satisfying.

And what of Prophecy? What is his message from the depths of the red glow? After these last precious days, what then? And after another twenty years, what then?

"Where'er Thou leadest I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in Thy goodness Thou hast led me so."
I am not afraid!

NOLA WARD (16 Years).
Portland.

FLAMES

How kind, how warm the winter fire,
As sparkling flames rise higher and higher.
The golden flame, the scarlet flame,
Always dancing, never lame.
The hole in the root like a lighted cave,
It's eerie gold like a tinted wave.
The hiss of the wood when it is green,
Is like a spitting snake unseen.
While out in the cold the wild winds blow,
And rain begins a steady flow.
Pit-a-Pat-a on the roof,
We know the storm is no longer aloof.
Now the flames are smouldering low,
To grey soft ashes they soon will go.

ANNE McINERNEY (Grade VII).
Marryatville.

LAND OF SURPRISES

For the people who live in the large cities of Australia, names like Wittenoom Gorge and the Hamesley Range, mean nothing more than remote, inaccessible places in the vague far north of Australia. But for those who have seen this north west country, they mean the true Australian outback: a sun-baked land, rugged and dry; a land full of exciting adventures for those who seek, and find.

One of these surprises awaited me when I paid my first visit to Wittenoom early this year.

Driving across the dry spinifex country with its hot, glaring, red soil and stunted trees, on the top of the Hamesley Range, we crossed the deep V-shaped creeks carved out by the heavy summer rains. Suddenly we came to Dale's Gorge.

We descended, sliding, the three hundred feet to the bottom of the Gorge where we found ourselves in a different world. A deep creek flowed down the centre of the Gorge and ended in a great round pool. Clumps of water-lilies were scattered here and there on the water. Green ferns grew out of the damp, cold, rock walls, and hung softly down to the gleaming pool. Far above, in the tall, jungle like trees overgrown with vines, birds sang; below, the glistening green water reflected the steep, rugged, red sides of the Gorge. A waterfall gushed out of the rocks, and fell gracefully to the pool, agitating the surface.

When we spoke, the hills, as though resentful of our intrusion into this paradise, threw our voices angrily back to us, so that almost every word we spoke was repeated. Tiny miniature waterfalls cascaded over the smooth, mossy rocks, which were cut so neatly into steps, that we felt they were made just especially for us to step on.

This was truly an amazing sight in the dry north-west of Australia; but it was a surprise typical of this land of surprises.

JUNE HUNT (Junior Public).
Claremont.

* Government Reserve.

TREASURES FROM THE SOIL

1. APPLE FESTIVAL

Donnybrook lies 132 miles south west of Perth. It has become the State's third largest apple growing district and also the biggest stone fruit district outside the metropolitan area.

The decision to hold the Apple Festival was to provide a tourist attraction in the south west. It was the first of its kind to be held in Western Australia. The Premier opened the Festival at Egan Park, Donnybrook, on Easter Saturday.

The first two days were a success with many entertainments and novelties; but Monday, the final day, was the main attraction of the Festival. The Park looked lovely, with the pines in the background, and its gaily coloured flags.

Log-chopping, which was carried on all day, was a popular event, as also were archery and darts. The procession of the decorated floats was a striking feature. Bridgetown and Manjimup, two other apple growing centres, contributed their own floats. Several floats were artistically decorated with apples, while others were amusing.

One of the highlights of the whole Festival was the choice of Queen from the three districts. Several Perth business firms provided a week's holiday in Perth at their expense, for the winner; a free return air trip to Carnarvon; and also a complete travelling outfit. Everyone was pleased when it was announced that Donnybrook's Queen was the winner. The three Queens were then paraded around the grounds on the winning Bridgetown float. The crowning ceremony took place at the Apple Ball in Donnybrook.

GAIL GOLDING (Junior Public).
Claremont.

2. VINTAGE FESTIVAL

The street procession which I am going to describe is the climax of events which take place in the Barossa Valley, S.A., every year. After the season's grapes have been picked, the Vintage Festival to give thanks for the harvest, is held. Throngs of happy people gather to celebrate the harvest in the towns of Nuriootpa and Tanunda which are in the heart of the wine industry.

The town of Nuriootpa is transformed into a fairyland. Coloured lights are strung in every conceivable place. All traffic is suspended and young people dance gaily in the streets. Sideshows and novelties attract many wide-eyed children, while their parents watch an open-air concert. The smoke of a barbecue rises bright in the starry sky. Church Services are held in all the surrounding churches.

On the last day of a busy week the procession is held. Its route lies between the towns of Tanunda and Nuriootpa, a distance of about four miles. Each winery enters a float, and competition is keen, names such as Seppelts, Orlando, Yalumba and many more striving for first prize. Thousands crane their necks to catch a glimpse of a huge keg, drawn by horses, from which realistic-looking wine is pouring, or a queen seated on her throne, surrounded by small attendants. A castle on wheels comes slowly by, followed by a scene of a hundred years' progress in a winery. Bare-footed pirates swing by; they will pull that artistically arranged load of grapes four miles in the hot sun! On and on the procession rolls, a symbol of thanksgiving for a successful vintage.

MERYDITH SYKES (Intermediate).
Marryatville.

OUR DRAMATIC CLUB

Our Dramatic Club was inaugurated about a fortnight after we came back to school this year. As you may imagine we were all enthusiastic about the thought of acting in a real play.

At the first meeting there was a play reading of scenes from "Alice in Wonderland," after which ten of us were selected to take part in these scenes for St. Patrick's night. The two scenes were "The Mad Tea Party" and "The Queen's Garden."

From that time on all our "free" time was spent in rehearsing the play. I humbly confess that I was chosen for the role of Mad Hatter, and (so I am told) not solely for my acting ability either! The Mad Tea Party was the maddest possible and the other scene was also a great success. One incident occurred to liven up this part of the performance: One gardener in an excess of terror at the sight of the Queen threw his paint-brush down to the audience where it came to rest at the feet of Mother Superior!

Some of the Seniors are now learning their parts for a performance of A. A. Milne's "The Ugly Duckling" and we suspect the middle school group of preparing a play reading.

There is no doubt that a Dramatic Club brightens up school days. There is an eternal fascination in being somebody else for even a short time. It delighted our hearts to see one young lady of nine years solemnly acting the part of "a gentleman agnostic" during a Marian Hour. But this is not the only type of entertainment the Club affords! On Thursday nights one member — an enthusiastic day-scholar is invariably locked out; yet she always walks in on time! How do you do it, Wendy?

MAUREEN DREW (14 Years).
Portland.

(Continued from page 51)
fallen — still majestic, the giant gum, about four feet in diameter — blocking the paths to the creek. However, other tracks were noticeable. The heath was blooming, and the ferns spread a green carpet. The mistletoe lent a romantic touch to the scene. Gaily coloured tree-climbing birds were on the trees: robins and finches flittering about and following me, by hopping along the fence, as I rode back to tell Dad that all was well.

ANNE D'ARCY (16 Years).
Toorak.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

When our house in Hamburg was burnt down during the war, my mother and I went to live with my grandparents in Příbram, Czechoslovakia, near the famous Holy Mountain. It is very high, and on the summit is built a large Church and a Monastery for the Redemptorist Fathers. The whole beautiful building is dedicated to Our Lady.

Six hundred years ago a peasant ploughed up a finely carved wooden statue of Our Lady. He took it home, but the next day it appeared again in the field. This happened three times, until finally the farmer consulted the Parish Priest, who came to the conclusion that Our Lady wanted a Chapel built there. The Chapel was erected, and since then it has been enlarged until now it is a great building.

Every year hundreds of processions make their way to this Church. On the first day of May there is a Coronation of the beautiful statue. Thousands attend on this day. It is a colourful sight, when the villagers from Moravia, Slovakia and other countries get together in their gaily embroidered National costumes.

There are special trains from all parts of Czechoslovakia, from early Spring till late Autumn, but some pilgrims prefer to go on foot. They usually carry a large statue of Our Lady, and recite Rosaries and sing hymns on the way. Many of them walk for five or six whole days.

Beside the road up the side of the Mountain there is a long, sheltered staircase. The steps form a Rosary: ten steps for the Aves, then one for the Our Father. When you finish saying the Rosary you are just at the side of the main altar. Some invalids cannot say the whole Rosary at once; so they mark the steps where they left off with a chalk mark, and finish the next day.

In Winter no pilgrims come, but there is daily Mass and Benediction. When the doors of the Church are open, even those outside can see the priest. There is a big square in front of the Church, built to accommodate ten thousand people, and everyone can see the whole altar.

In the evening, there is a procession, and everyone has a lighted candle. The Lourdes hymn is sung, and at each Ave the candles are lifted high. Our lounge window overlooked the Mount and many a time my mother caught me creeping out of bed to look. The wind brought an occasional snatch of song, and the candles glimmered among the trees. I was only seven at the time, but can recall it as if it were only yesterday.

LIDA HANZLICEK (Form III).
Claremont.

HOLLAND

The climate in Holland is very different from here. In winter there is snow and ice and the children skate on the ponds and canals which are frozen. Because of the frost, the grass dies and the cattle are kept in stables and fed on hay and straw. But in Spring, when the climate is lovely and fresh, you will see tulips everywhere. They look beautiful.

Some people think that in Holland everybody wears old-fashioned clothes. But you only see them in Volendam and Marken, two fishery-places.

Something which is commonly known all over the world is a Dutch windmill. Many people believe that a windmill is used only for drawing water away, but that is not always so. A real windmill is used to crush grain into flour. That kind of windmill is driven by wind, as you may know. However, there are not many of those windmills left in Holland because most of them are driven by electricity.

The houses are all made of brick. This is to keep out the cold in winter and keeps the house cool in summer. It can be up to 85 degrees in Holland and then the schools are closed because the pupils cannot work in that weather. Nearly all of the houses are two storeys high.

Everyone in Holland has a bicycle because a car costs too much, the distances are short and the roads are flat. Every person rides a bicycle, even important people like the Queen and her ministers, priests and even nuns!

MARIA SAVENIJE (12 years).
Dawson Street.

STANLEY PARK, CANADA

One of the most beautiful Parks I have ever seen is Stanley Park in Vancouver. It was about four miles away from where we were living and one day Mummy decided to take us there for a picnic.

We went by bus and on arrival started to explore. The trees were alive with little tame squirrels who were friendly enough to take ice-cream cornets from our hands. There were lovely birds of many kinds, and we were fascinated by the elegant peacocks with their many-coloured fan-shaped tails.

The lovely Park is sheltered by giant Douglas Firs and Redwood trees, many of which are three hundred feet high. When one looks up at them they resemble the nave of a Church, and because of this, one of the walks in the Park is called Cathedral Avenue.

I am sure if you have visited Stanley Park you will agree with me that it has a beauty which you will never forget.

ISOBEL BRIGGS (12 Years).
Nedlands.

SOUTH-WEST GIANTS

Many Australians are familiar with the Gum, the Wattle, the Ti-Tree, but few people have seen the mighty Karri trees growing in the forests of the south-west. These forests extend over large areas and form some of the wonder lands of Australia.

One of the experiences which I have enjoyed most in my life was watching the felling process in the south-west country.

These Karri trees cannot be taken unless they are between 250-300 feet high to the first branch, and 100 feet in circumference. The fellers* start by chopping out a scarfe in the leaning side of the tree, and then, with a man on each side, the cut is continued with a "cross-cut" saw. When this cut reaches within a few inches from the other side, they draw the saw out, and a loud, echoing, and rather frightening cry of "Tim-ber" is heard. The tree falls with a terrific crash, taking everything with it in its path.

The next task is to saw the tree in even lengths with a "circular-saw." Each length is then dragged broadside by bulldozers with much difficulty. As it goes, it clears a path for itself, knocking everything out of the way and crushing the undergrowth. In this way the logs are pulled to a "landing" where they are rolled on to a train called a "rake." When all the trucks are loaded, the logs are taken to the mill some 20-30 miles away. This process happens hundreds of times a day.

GILLIAN EVANS (Sub-Junior Class).
Claremont.

[*An illiterate imp whispers to the Editor: "All jolly good fellers, I suppose?"]

GOOD FRIDAY AT BINDOON, W.A.

This year Good Friday was a very beautiful day and we all had been invited to go to Bindoon Boys' Town to attend the Stations of the Cross.

We started our trip about 10 a.m. and a little before half past two we turned off the main road at the gates of Bindoon. It was some miles before we reached Boys' Town itself. The main buildings are down in the valley. After parking our car we joined the crowd of other people, and at 3 o'clock the bell rang and the boys came out in procession.

The Stations are erected on the slope of a hill. The Stations are very big — eight feet high. The people walked reverently from Station to Station, the boys singing the Stabat Mater. The huge statue of Christ the King could be seen at the summit.

After the Stations one of the boys showed us over the beautiful dormitories, class-rooms and workshops — all made of stone and built by the boys under the direction of the Brothers. The little boys went out to the nearby paddocks to collect stones. Important men who understand buildings have described Bindoon as "magnificent."

Our guide was named Anthony and he showed us the grave of the much loved Brother Keaney (R.I.P.), who had made Bindoon such a wonderful place for the orphan boys.

The sun was setting and the statue of Christ the King was glowing in its rays as we left Bindoon with Anthony calling to us: "Happy Easter."

ANNA CHRISTINE HEALY (10 Years).
Nedlands.

From the Editor's Anthology

LINES WRITTEN IN SYDNEY

I said: This misery must end;
Shall I that am a man and know
That sky and wind are yet my friend
Sit huddled under any blow?

So speaking left the dismal room
And stopt into the mother-night
All filled with sacred quickening gloom
Where the few stars burned low and bright.
And darkling on my darkling hill
Heard through the beaches' sudden boom
Heroic note of living will
Rung trumpet-clear against the fight.

So stood and raised my eyes
Erect, that they might drink of space,
And took the night upon my face,

Till time and trouble fell away,
And all my soul sprang up to feel
As one among the stars that reel
In rhyme on their rejoicing way,
Breaking the elder dark, nor stay,
But speed beyond each trammelling gyre.
Till time and sorrow fall away
And night be withered up, and fire
Consume the sickness of desire.

CHRIS BRENNAN.

The last lines of Brennan's poem, "1897":
The gift of self is self's most sacred right:
Only where none hath trod,
Only upon my secret starry height
I abdicate to God.

LORETO CONVENT.

PREFECTS

Left to Right: M. Pannell, M. Wallwork, B. Fountain, M. Talboys, M. Dwyer (Head), E. Foley.

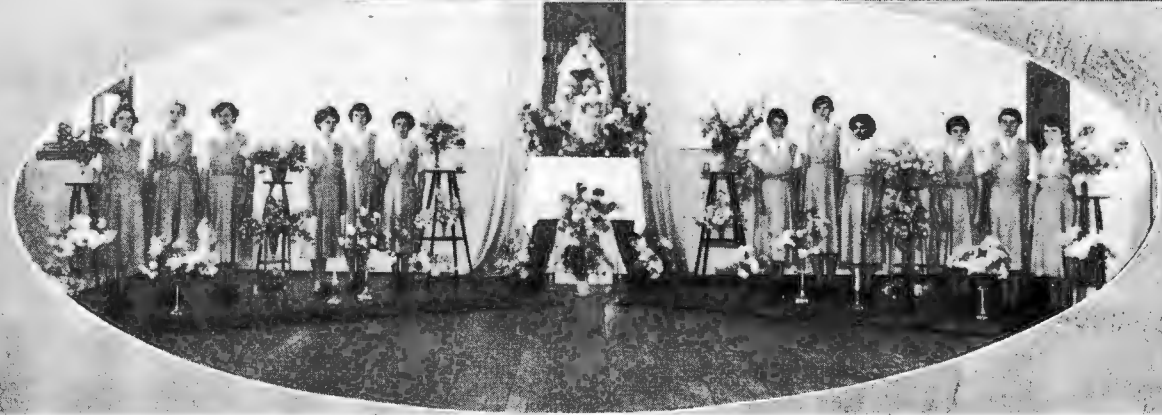
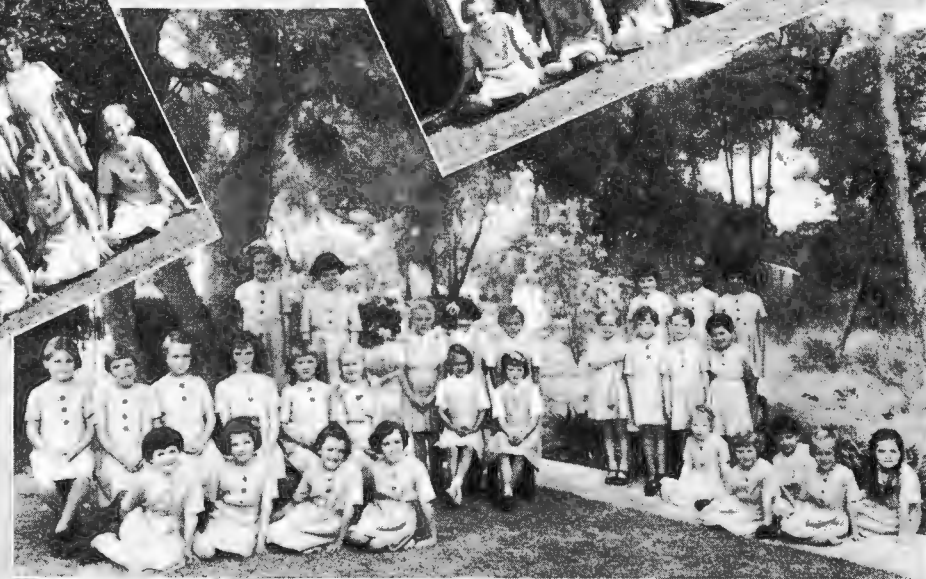
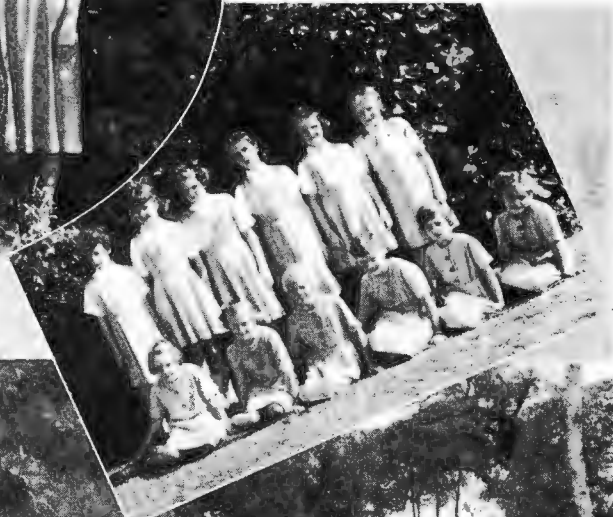
CLASSES III and IV.

CLASSES I and II.

For names see page 67.

CHILDREN OF MARY

Left to Right: B. Fountain, V. Guthrie, E. Connor, M. Talboys, E. Foley, M. Dwyer, M. Pannell, R. Harrington, R. Hanrahan, J. McComish, C. Mackie, M. Wallwork.





Top: SENIOR SCHOOL.

Centre: MIDDLE SCHOOL.

(For names see page 67)

INFANTS

Front Row: P. Beaton, J. Johnson, M. J. Hamilton Brown, B. Elliott, M. T. Jenson, J. Monck, J. Montefiore, M. R. Miller.

Second Row: J. M. Cullity, M. Sullivan, S. Sheridan, S. Beaton, B. Bruce, D. Elliott, R. Moore, K. Golding, M. Birmingham.

Third Row: J. Caro, C. Lorbeer, G. Cole, A. Montefiore, B. Smith, P. Snowball, R. Tate.

Up in tree: J. Dudley, C. Masters, J. Franetovitch, T. Collins.
Absent: M. Jenson.

LORETO CONVENT,

PREFECTS

Standing: E. Moloney, B. Clarkson, D. Condon, M. Spain, A. Heffernan, J. Kennedy, C. O'Donnell.
Seated: C. McAuley, M. Mullins, J. Bennett, B. Dobson, M. Honner.



LEAVING & HONOURS CLASSES

Front Row: B. Dobson, P. Clota, J. Elliot, A. Mallon, K. Crispe.
2nd Row: E. Moloney, J. Kennedy, M. Heuzenroeder, J. Bennett, C. O'Donnell.
Back Row: A. Robertson, D. Condon, N. Phillip, B. Thyer, M. Mullins, M. Spain, A. Pick, A. Heffernan, M. Honner.



INTERMEDIATE AND SECOND YEAR

Front Row: J. Meldrum, M. Jones, J. Hoffmann, J. Gleeson, P. Brazel, H. McCarthy, W. Jones, M. Moriarty.
2nd Row: A. Lawrie, A. McEwen, J. Stott, J. Brady, A. Halloran, M. Devitt, T. Jungfer, D. O'Loghlin, J. Phelan, M. Hogan, J. English, J. Tyler, C. Mahar.
3rd Row: P. Russo, M. Beerwirth, J. McInnes, H. McCarthy, B. Clarkson, B. Kennedy, M. McInnes, K. Swane, J. Mulqueen, G. Pick, M. Reilly.
4th Row: P. Shanahan, J. Heggie, D. Lahiff, P. Kildea, M. Woods, H. Goyder, H. Smith, A. Isenstein, M. Sykes, R. Kenny, A. Power, E. Dupuy.
Back Row: I. Laing, M. Foster, C. Harris, A. Koerner, J. Shanahan, J. Sykes, H. Pick, C. McAuley.



FIRST YEAR and GRADE VII

Front Row: R. Doran, H. Joseph, E. Barnett, A. McInerney, E. Culshaw, P. Vail, D. Henderson, A. Angove, P. Lonergan, H. Pitman, L. Moore.
 2nd Row: M. Gullotta, B. Brown, J. Fisher, P. Smith, M. Lonergan, J. James, J. Armstrong, P. Caught, W. Springbett, B. Kennedy, M. Pritchard, J. Green, J. Martin.
 3rd Row: J. Brooks, E. Webb, V. Curtin, S. Gun, G. Hamelin, A. M. Walsh, S. Scantlebury, G. Treloar, S. Steer, E. Woods, M. Connell, M. L. Hanna, B. Tanner, A. Burley.
 4th Row: V. Turksy, H. McDonald, D. Milaknis, C. Doyle, A. Kennare, S. Parish, E. Neagle, S. McEwen, R. Green, M. Harbison, R. Power.
 Back Row: P. Pridham, M. Jago, L. Rech, J. Sands, H. Doherty, O. Turksy, A. Banks, C. Moriarty, L. Fielder, M. Bennett.
 Absent: W. Gunson.

GRADES V and VI

Front Row: S. Milaknis, S. Tunbridge, J. Burke, M. Edwards, P. Brown; C. Connolly, P. Barnett, M. Baulderstone, K. Prescott.
 2nd Row: C. Daigleish, C. Goldie, A. McCarthy, D. Rofe, M. Mackie-Smith, A. Sexton, A. Siebert, M. Jolley, P. Stacey, J. Pritten, Jones, M. Moriarty, R. Hakendorf, M. Glynn, L. Tucker.
 3rd Row: C. Ryder, P. McLaughlin, C. Matthews, J. Stock, J. Brown, Mgt. McNamara, C. Sullivan, Mgt. Rollison, S. Doherty, A. McCusker, A. Morcom, P. Upton, Pam. Upton.
 4th Row: A. Griguol, Mgt. Beerworth, I. Glass, H. Shannon, S. Smith, S. Pierce, C. Walsh, Mgt. Doyle, C. Murphy, R. Glynn, C. Robertson, J. Thver.
 Back Row: G. Fitzgerald, R. Higgins, B. Prescott, J. Cashmore, H. Kennedy, M. Doherty, W. Dzierucho.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

**Girls. Preparatory Grade I and II**

Front Row: C. McCarthy, M. Brady, A. Laffan, E. Tolladay, V. Abbott, E. Schumann, A. Packham, S. Byrne, C. Hamlin.
 2nd Row: L. Martin, S. Keeley, E. Beach, M. Hakendorf, S. Mill, J. Johnson, J. Properjohn, Jan Properjohn, T. Jordan, F. George, E. Perdelwitz, S. Stock.
 3rd Row: C. Whitford, K. Hakendorf, S. Cashmore, A. Baulderstone, L. de Guisto, C. Smith, H. Campbell, G. Sowden, H. Cashmore, P. Gluyan, M. Brazzale, F. Minarelli.
 4th Row: A. Reilly, V. Burden, J. Brown, M. Regan, A. Kelly, M. Pierce, J. Sinclair, P. Neagle, J. Walsh, L. Jones, J. O'Loghlin.
 Back Row: J. Oakes, B. Mead, B. McInnes, C. Kiley, S. Holdcroft, S. Kelly.
 Absent: Carmel McDonald, J. Young, M. T. Fountain, G. Vaulty, M. Murray.

Boys. Preparatory Grade I and II.

Front Row: M. Richards, P. Blencowe, P. Behrens, B. Winchester.
 2nd Row: B. Doherty, J. Woods, J. Doyle, R. Gordon, B. Atkinson, P. Bird, B. Riches, J. Reid, B. Moore, P. McCusker.
 3rd Row: D. King, K. Wilson, P. Rofe, O. Brown, J. Muldoon, D. Cornwall, P. Holdcroft, J. Corcoran, P. Kennedy.
 Back Row: J. Springbett, J. Rollison, D. Walsh, J. Morgan, T. Anderson.
 Absent: J. Harrison.

JUNIOR SCHOOL



GRADES III and IV

Front Row: T. Griff, E. Matinkas, C. Abbott, P. Reilly, V. Angove, R. Tyler, N. Burden, M. Beach, P. Fried, J. Fried, P. Morcom.
 2nd Row: A. Regan, B. Bartels, Y. Bazzica, S. Springbett, J. Doran, C. King, S. Prince, M. A. McClure, M. Gordon, H. Nolan,
 E. Doherty, Y. Buckley.
 3rd Row: C. McEwen, D. Webb, Mgt. Madigan, P. Lane, Y. Spencer, P. Maynard, R. Hall, M. Texler, P. Madigan, P. Reilly,
 F. O'Loghlin, B. Quinlan.
 Back Row: R. Richards, Mgt. King, P. Ryan, J. Monks, M. Forsyth, M. Siebert, C. Shea, H. Naulty, C. Shannon, A. Riches.
 Absent: S. Ward.

THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCK

The first Sunday in March was uneventful. After Benediction we reluctantly parted with our books and went into study. Then after tea and a quick dance we went upstairs to bed.

For many hours the whole dormitory of girls had been asleep. Silence reigned and nothing except an occasional mumbled word from a sleep-talker broke the stillness, until after the Norwood Town Hall clock struck half-past three.

Suddenly there was an enormous rumble, followed by a sickening, shuddering lurch and the sensation of falling into a bottomless pit. The crucifix on the wall shook violently, beds danced into the passage-way. The movement went on for some thirty seconds and then — deadly stillness!

Someone moaned audibly and a trembling voice asked the voice nearest the light to please turn it on. For some seconds she refused to do so. Like the rest of us she was too much afraid to move. Then the lights went on. I peered from under the blankets not quite knowing what to expect. Had Mars invaded our earth or was it only the end of

the world? Perhaps even now the Angel was about to blow his trumpet!

Girls' frightened faces appeared at the openings of their cubicles and everyone asked the same question, "What on earth has happened?"

Dressing gowns and slippers forgotten, girls stood in the middle of the dormitory talking excitedly. Each one was telling what she thought it was. One bright child even thought the sun was hurtling down on us — it was very early in the morning! A nun appeared in the doorway to see if there were any casualties, and girls hastily slid into their cubicles to put on dressing gowns.

In the Chapel a huge light shade had been smashed to pieces. In the old building, much plaster had fallen; but, apart from several cracks, the new building remained undamaged.

After being allowed to talk for some fifteen minutes to get over the shock, we went back to bed.

Who would have thought that a night that had begun so peacefully, should have ended with a bang.

JANICE MULQUEEN (Intermediate).

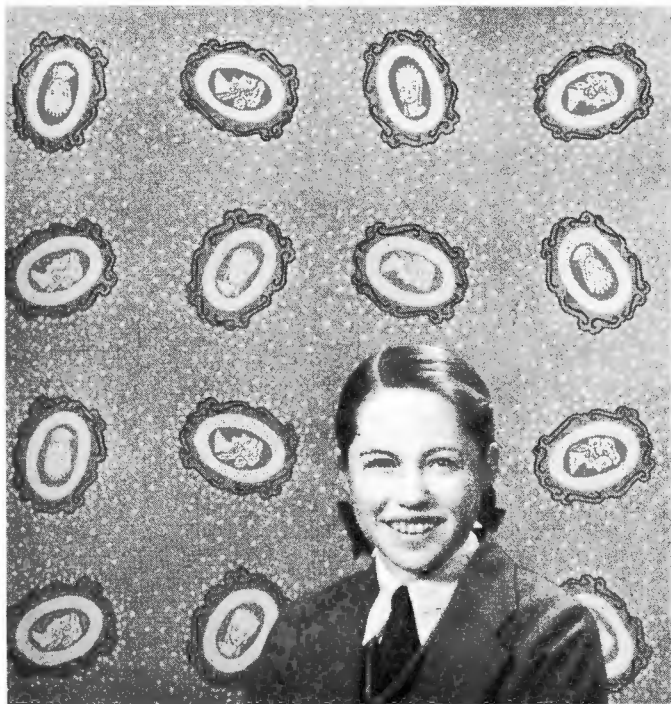
Marryatville.

In Hours of Leisure

GRAFTON TEXTILE DESIGN

September 21st was a great day for a fifteen-year-old girl of Loreto Convent, Kirribilli; for on that day she was publicly announced as the winner of the 1953 Junior Grafton Prize.

Perhaps you do not know what the Grafton Prize is. For the past three years the Grafton Textile Company in England has offered a prize of three hundred guineas for the best textile design in Australia. This competition, acting as an incentive to designing in Australia and a means of securing new designs for Grafton, was open to people of all ages. The Committee was so pleased with the senior work that it decided to inaugurate a junior competition for the best textile design for teenagers, with a prize of twenty guineas. However, the best



"Camec": Catherine Pennington's winning design in the Grafton Junior Award for 1953. (Inset: Catherine.)

designs for the past few years have only merited consolation prizes in the junior section and Catherine is the first one to win the award, and this she did from more than three hundred entries.

Catherine's joy was shared by her Class (the Fourth Years), and on Monday, the 21st, they all trooped into David Jones' Art Gallery for the formal opening of the Grafton Exhibition. After a few interesting speeches, Sir Charles Lloyd Jones and Grafton representative, Sir Ivan Mackay, announced the first prize winner — Miss Marion Fletcher, with her lovely design "Hieroglyphics" painted in two tones of blue. Then he announced Miss Catherine

Pennington as the winner of the Junior Prize. Imagine how proud the Fourth Years were of their classmate and how enthusiastic was the applause.

After the opening, reporters swarmed around Catherine, taking photographs and eliciting information:

— "Miss Pennington, I am from the 'Daily Mirror.' Could you tell me a bit about yourself, please?"

— "Now, Miss Pennington, I expect your ambition is to be an artist?"

— "Oh, no, I intend to be a librarian."

— "Now how about standing beside your mother and holding the design for her to look at? Ready? . . . Smile."

— "Miss Pennington, have you ever been in a competition before?"

These are but a few snatches of the conversation between Catherine and the Press. Then they escorted her into a room where she made a tape recording for the A.B.C., followed by another one for 2GB.

But the highlight of Catherine's win was on Tuesday afternoon, when the Fourth Years held a party at School in the Art Room (the scene of many happy, informal gatherings) with Catherine as the guest of honour, and wished her further success in the future in the field of textile designing.

ADRIENNE LEONARD,
(Kirribilli)

TOORAK'S SCHOOL JOURNAL

"Toorakanrooin on sale soon"! "New school paper out to-morrow"! "Don't miss first edition, 2d. each"! These and other such advertisements figured on our notice boards for weeks, preparing the school for the first and much-anticipated issue of its paper.

The idea of a school paper has been popular here among the upper classes for some time; so this year the persuasion and enthusiasm of the Matrics finally put this long-talked-of subject down in black and white. The Y.C.S. Current Affairs Group was given charge of the publication and united with the Poster Group for illustrations and advertising.

How to fill eight pages with news, which we hope will be interesting, is a major problem in the lives of the editors for a week before every issue. This week of worry usually culminates in final frustration on publication night in the Reading Room. It always follows the same pattern.

The Gestetner is dragged out, set up with blank sheets and switched on. Now the race begins: the climax for those noble and so often misunderstood characters — the editors — who spend their valuable study and recreation periods endeavouring to please.

Hours later, after the customary ink congestions and other mishaps peculiar to the Gestetner, the harassed editors catch the last sheet and survey the paper-littered table. The folding and stamping

follows, and we feel more relaxed as the pile of completed papers mounts up.

At 10.20 a.m. the following day, four rather dubious editors armed with money tins and bundles of papers distribute a few hundred copies of "Toorakanrooin" to wildly clamouring readers. All class lines are silent at 10.30 as each person walks up the verandah, her head buried in a closely printed manuscript. Nuns and Prefects bless the editors, as they disappear again with copper-filled tins. "Toorakanrooin" has again sold to the last copy.

JUDY HILL, NOEL KELLY, JANET WIMPOLE.

Toorak.

THE PET SHOW

Who would think of bringing a "wrigly" to a Pet Show? Such a pet, called P.K., soon found himself swimming round in a glass jar and being exhibited to many amused girls instead of enjoying the murky depths of an old tank. He could easily have said to the occupant of the next jar: "Dearest partner in smallness," for that young gentleman, arrayed in his shiny, black armour, was an ant. He got first prize for the smallest pet.

Birds of every shape, size and colour made a hard task for the judges. One prize was for the best singer, but how could any bird find the inspiration to sing amidst the terrifying meowing of cats and the incessant barking of about fifty dogs?

Big cats, small cats, pretty cats, fluffy cats, fat cats and skinny cats! One sensible cat escaped. When it was given up for lost its owner said: "O it doesn't matter, we've had him for ten years; anyway, I've got a little puppy."*

Have you ever seen a Great Dane and a Fox Terrier pup standing side by side? To our relief they were quite regardless of each other's presence. The judge must have been blind when he awarded a Golden Labrador the prize for good behaviour, for although well trained in some respects, that animal could not resist the temptation of making a sally upon every dog that came near. A little Preparatory boy had a dog given to him especially for the great occasion. This six-weeks-old puppy was dragged around on a lead, attached to a collar longer than himself. The troubled expression in his large faithful eyes and the worried frown of his velvety forehead were indeed pitiful.

Another dog was doomed to endurance that afternoon. He was a Cocker Spaniel wearing a pair of uncomfortable cardboard "glasses" (he's short-sighted, you know). He won first prize for being most like his owner, B.D.

Why didn't Paddy Brazil win the prize for the most popular dog? He visits the Convent every day and sits outside every Class. In short, he is everybody's dog. On the great day his mistress was in bed with the flu so he came uninvited and without a lead. Some of the boarders took charge of him and exacted penny votes for him as popular dog from as many people as possible. It says much for his popularity that the "uninvited guest" came second. An English Bulldog won first prize.

At last came the grand parade. Everyone received a prize and the winners were awarded special prizes and ribbons. The highlight of this presentation was the sudden disappearance of the winning Ant. His owner was called to receive her prize, but alas! The bird — I mean the Ant — had flown. After a desperate search of the jar, the owner found its occupant modestly hiding in the lid. By far the most popular pet, the biggest pet, and the most useful pet, was a sweet-tempered Shetland Pony, on whom the tiny-tots were given rides all the afternoon.

As the Pet Show was such a success we hope to make it an annual entertainment. We are grateful to Mr. Fitzgerald and the two Joshua girls for their help in organising it; to the Fathers' Club for the difficult task of judging; to Mrs. Oggolesbry and her assistants for serving afternoon tea; to Helen Devitt for running the Popular Dog Competition.

BEVERLEY DOBSON (Leaving).

Marryatville.

*[La donna è mobile.—Ed.]

MUSHROOMS FOR TEA!

Do you like mushrooms and steak for tea? We do . . . or I should say we did! Since our endeavours to supply sufficient mushrooms for tea the other evening our enthusiasm has waned.

The chosen morning was dark and cold. Everyone visibly wilted in the cold and many and varied were the excuses for the delays. Suddenly we remembered that we had forgotten the basket for our precious mushrooms. We returned and collected it, picked up my grandparents,* who also wished to share the spoils, and away we went towards Northam and Spencer's Brook. All the way we tried not to listen to father's ejaculations: "We'll not get any mushrooms to-day. It's not the right kind of day. It's far too dry." Nevertheless, arriving at our special little field in Speneer's Brook, we all tumbled out hopefully into the icy wind. At once we found a little patch of our treasures just near the road. Apart from that lucky find there were few in the spots which usually abound in them. We decided to drive back towards Northam and find a suitable spot for lunch.

When at long last, tired and utterly weary we reached home, it needed all the strength of will we possessed to prepare to eat mushrooms and steak.

BARBARA ALLEN (15 Years).

Nedlands.

[* Lilliputians?—Ed.]

UNABASHED:

Archbishop is questioning natives in a kindergarten in Africa. Black tot puts up his hand.

A. Well, my boy, what is the answer?

B. Ahdinno.

A. Then why did you put up your hand?

B. Ah was stretching maself.

"A VISIT TO THE COCA-COLA FACTORY"

By the courtesy of the proprietors of Coca-Cola, Grade VII was privileged to visit their factory.

The Company provided transport, and on arrival at the factory each girl was given a bottle of icy-cold Coca-Cola. After this we separated into two parties. Each party was escorted by a guide.

First we were shown over the garage. There we saw the latest type of vehicle, so designed as to be loaded quickly and easily in about twenty to twenty-five minutes. It is known as a Pallet Loader.

Then we moved to two tanks which purified the reservoir water. Added chemicals made the water quite pure, and tasteless. The next room was the Syrup Room where two large stainless steel tanks contained all the syrup. Each tank held 990 gallons.

We passed into the main part of the factory where the first step was the cleaning of the bottles. This was done by machinery. The bottles were placed on a rack and then put row by row, in small compartments. Here straws left in bottles were extracted. After that, they passed through jets of water which went right up inside the bottles and thoroughly cleansed them. The sterilised bottles then passed by the watchful eye of a man who took out any cracked or broken bottles.

After having seen through the factory, we were ushered into a room with seats and a screen at one end. Everyone was given a pencil, and a book about the origin of Coca-Cola. Then we were shown some pictures. One was a funny Bud Abbot and Lou Costello picture. The other one, in technicolour, was the history of Coca-Cola under the title of "Refreshments Through the Years."

Do you know that Coca-Cola is not touched by human hands, from the time the bottles are washed, till they are packed in crates and come to you as a delightful drink?

ANNE KENNARE (Grade VII).
Marryatville.

[Please, Anne, show this to your C—C hosts and ask them for a full-page advertisement for the magazine. One good turn deserves another!—Ed.]

THE QUEEN'S DANCE

Thirty-five of us were chosen to participate in the Senior Dance, one of the items arranged for the South Australian Display for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. We felt greatly honoured, but quickly realised that this, like all honours, was not easily gained. Being in the "Queen's Dance" meant, work! The interminable practice soon began and we came to dread that certain music played near a certain stretch of the playground.

Before we went home for the Christmas holidays in 1953 we were each given two yards of pale blue or vivid pink material and a sheaf of instructions as to how the tunics were to be made. We arrived back to be met with more practice, this time

under the combined direction of Miss Slane, our Eurythmics teacher, and Mrs. Laycock, the official organiser of our item.

As the Royal Visit approached we plaited and fringed yards of plastic for our belts and head-dresses. We had two practices on the Adelaide Oval. As both of these were held in rainy weather we soon became adept at making one square yard of plastic cover several square yards of girl.

At last the great day arrived and as we sat in our places on the Oval in comparative comfort and watched 93,000 non-participants squeeze into standing space around the Oval, we decided that our good position was worth all our practice. The Royal Car passed directly in front of us.

Everyone was entranced by the "Wattle Dance", yellow frocks, and the realistic kookaburras, emus, cockatoos, kangaroos and other Australian animals who ran amongst them. Her Majesty was obviously delighted when the aborigines "speared" a kangaroo and "cooked" it on their realistic camp-fire complete with smoke. After an excellent gymnastic display by the boys, came the striking "Hoop Dance." As we looked at the perfectly straight lines of multi-coloured hoops, we wondered how "our" lines would show in contrast. And then we were out on the grass. Finally, all the participants formed the Royal Standard and Cipher to the accompaniment of music of the combined school drum bands, and then it was over. Once again we cheered enthusiastically as the Land Rover circled the Oval and, as we strained for a last glimpse of the tiny, smiling figure in blue we realised, with a pang of sorrow that the Display was over and we were left with the memories of "the day we danced for the Queen."

JENNIFER ELLIOTT (Leaving Honours).
Marryatville.

ISLAND ADVENTURE

One day in the Christmas holidays a friend and I were invited to join an expedition to the Laurence Rocks. These Rocks cover fifteen acres and are five miles from the Portland Pier. They are a wild-life sanctuary, and, recently, some overseas naturalists visited them. It is only possible to land on the rocks on days when weather and tide are just right.

We set off at 10 a.m. for the fishing launch that was to take us to the rocks, in a party of twelve.

It took us an hour to reach our destination, but nobody found the time too long. The day being warm and sunny, we could choose between stretching out on the deck, or sitting up and dangling our legs in the water. Sometimes the boat would lurch after meeting a wave head on. Then the spray flew in all directions.

A small dinghy was attached to the stern of the boat and as we neared the rocks, this took us, three at a time, to the shore.

From the distance you would never think it possible to land on the rocks, so rugged and forbidding do they look. In reality they are not mere rocks, but two small islands, separated by a narrow strait. We landed on the larger of the two. After this came dinner.

Later, we climbed to the top of the rocks. The only vegetation was pig-weed and a low scrubby bush, but the sight that met our eyes as we gained the summit made us forget everything else. The scene was one of unforgettable beauty, conjuring up visions of the island kingdoms of story land.

Stretched far below us were lagoons, rockpools and caves. The sea was a vivid blue with little ripples of foamy spray breaking over the rock faces. In the kelp which surrounded the island, seals were busily playing, diving in and out of the seaweed. On the far side of the island were hundreds of gannets sitting on their nests, in some of which were fluffy babies. The birds did not fly away at our approach, so we were able to take excellent "close-ups" of these lovely things.

The whole side and top of the rock was a labyrinth of penguin nests and we were able to pick one little fellow up and take his photo. Every now and then a large Mother penguin strutted down to the water's edge for a swim.

The opposite side of the island held out new wonders to our admiring gaze. Wonderful rock pools were set in a long, flat rock ledge which surrounded the island. (For illustration see James' Intermediate Geography p.75!) Some of these pools were at least seven feet deep. Brightly coloured rainbow fish, starfish, large red crabs and crayfish swam in the pools.

At last it was time to leave this marine paradise. As the glowing summer sun sank down to the west we put out from the island, homeward bound!

SALLY LEIGHTON (14 Years).
Portland.

RODEO IN WESTERN QUEENSLAND

With bridles jingling and spirits tingling, the sun picking out the metallic rings and buckles on the saddles, the horses dance and prance their way on the Rodeo grounds. Behind them, comes very slowly a procession of floats, all very gaily decorated, depicting the various industries of the districts.

After much shouting and raising of dust, the long awaited Rodeo begins. Frisky steers are moved into the crushes, and, while they are standing hemmed in between two narrow rails, a confident young cowboy mounts. The gates swing open, and the enraged beast begins to kick and buck round the ring, to the accompaniment of shouts and the tooting of the cars parked about the rails.

At last the beast wins the tussle, and, while the dismounted cowboy swaggers back in his fancy chaps and glinting spurs to rejoin his friends, it gallops about bellowing madly.

After the bullock riding, comes the camp drafting, probably to the spectators, the most interesting item in a Rodeo. It consists in separating one beast from a mob, and driving it zig-zag fashion through a number of pegs. The competitor is given a certain number of minutes, and, to complete the feat, must have a very intelligent horse.

Buckjumping is usually the last event as it always thrills the audience into an expectant silence, a sure sign of interest. Buckjumping is rather nerve-racking to watch: A lone man in a big ring, on the back of a terrified horse which would willingly stamp him to death, causes immediate tension which ends only when the intrepid rider is safe outside the corral.

On the evening of the last day, at a Ball, the President of the Rodeo Committee enlivens the company with hospitality dispensed from a huge keg of beer. Two hours later, attired in their best suits, the cowboys, falling over their own feet, with bashful looks, receive their cups and prizes. When they retire very willingly, to the background, the President's wife announces the belle of the Rodeo Ball.

JANICE GOODWIN (16 Years).
Brisbane.

SHIPS IN HISTORY

1. SALAMIS

On September 20th, 480 B.C., when the hills of Salamis were tinged with red and brown; the pines a vivid green on the shores of Attica, and everything suffused with golden light from the rising sun, there arose the terrible clangour of a furious battle. Thousands upon thousands of oars churned up the blue water; galleys rammed and sank each other; the rowers screamed as they were crushed by their breaking oars; and on the galleys, the blades of Persian and Greek met and clashed and struck.

On the shore, seated on a golden throne, watching the battle, was Xerxes, King of the Persians. He saw his fleet overwhelmed and routed, and for the first time knew defeat.

Themistocles had proved himself right. His fleet of triremes, similar to the one I have drawn,* had won the day.

2. TRAFALGAR

When I go back to England, the first thing I am going to see is the "Victory" at Plymouth. Surely the sight of that noble old ship will bring back thoughts of that glorious naval battle in England's history — Trafalgar. The drama, the heroism, the death of England's greatest Admiral, Lord Nelson, the awful silence after the battle.

The other day we had a film on St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It showed Nelson's tomb and those of other British heroes; but the most glorious five seconds in the film was a brief sight of that great battle—just the hulls of three or four frigates, one of them firing at the enemy. It is of this I shall think when one day I shall look upon a ship that saw that battle — a ship upon which Nelson walked.

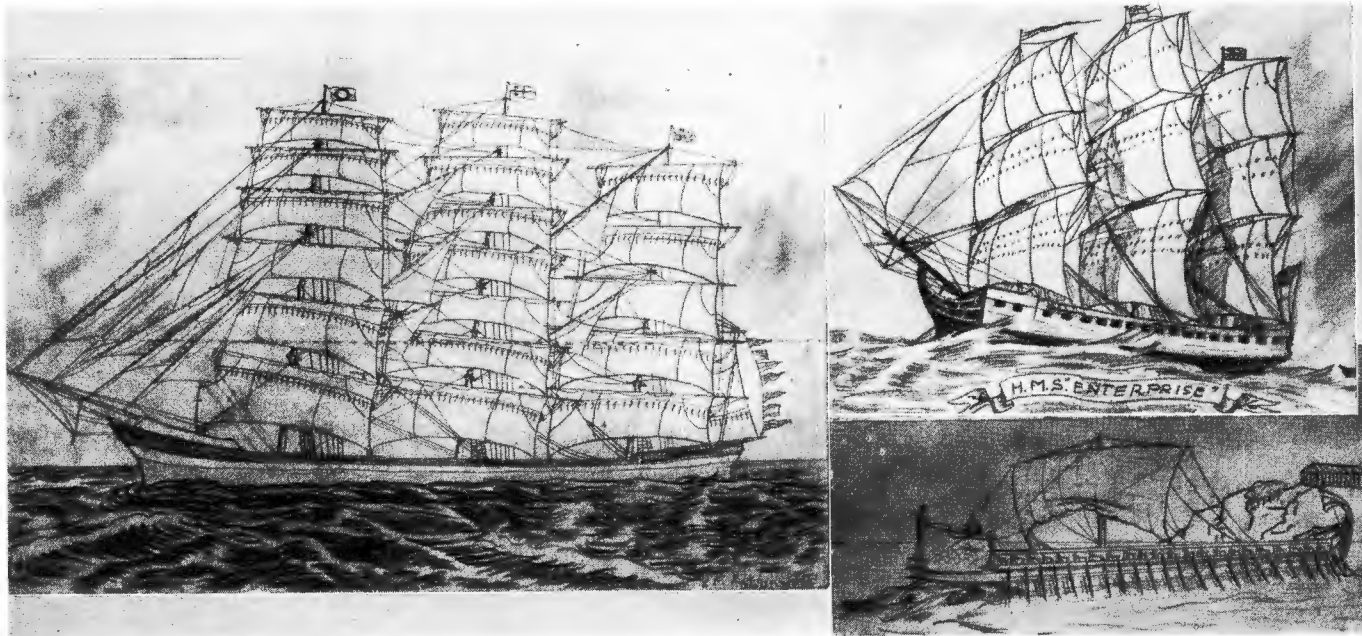
* See page 66.

3. TEA CLIPPERS

To me, a clipper is the most beautiful type of ship ever produced. These noble ships were the last sailing ships to be launched. They carried an extensive trade all over the world in the latter half of the 18th Century, and the early years of the 19th.

a wool clipper till her last three voyages, on the last of which she had the indignity of carrying coal.

To me, the most tragic event in the history of ships is the passing from sail to steam. But it was inevitable; and perhaps, in the centuries to come, in an age when ships are no longer ships, but jet-



Ships in History

Bottom Right: Greek Trireme of 4th Century B.C.
Left: Clipper*

Top Right: Frigate*
(Drawn by Venetia Nathan (15), Normanhurst.

There are clippers whose names will never die among us lovers of the sea. Perhaps the most famous is the "Cutty Sark." Still preserved in London, with some of her old crews still alive, she traded in tea, wool and wheat. The "Cimba" was * Drawn from memory.

propelled machines skimming over the water at an unheard-of speed, men will look back with longing to our steel leviathans, just as I look back with regret to those noble sailing ships.

VENETIA NATHAN (15).
Normanhurst.

SYMPATHY

The schoolroom was hot and stuffy, that March afternoon and the sun beat down on the galvanized iron roof. Through the door the child could see a heat haze rising from the yellow-brown hills with the drowsy little town at their feet. She looked about the room at the thirty small black bodies crowded together; at the tired white face of the teacher and the perspiration beading his glasses; at the dirty blackboard and its chalky maze of figures.

The child sighed. She cupped her little black chin in a little black hand, and her dark eyes filled with dreams. That morning, two weeks ago, the train had rattled on and on through the brown stretches of land. She herself had grown weary and irritable and her head ached. Would this journey never end?

They had told her often, so often, "We are going over a thousand miles away. It is a long journey, but you are lucky. You will see her."

A last jerk of its dusty carriages had announced the train's halt. So this was Adelaide.

The child's box was very rickety. She stood still, looking over the hundreds of heads. The crowd became silent — the voice from nowhere had asked them to be quiet. There was a wreath to be laid. The child understood that she must remember the dead soldiers; they had told her all about it.

Then she heard cheering, like a wave, the surge of sound broke around her, and still she watched the road down which they had promised "she will come."

Suddenly a car was moving slowly towards her. The man and the woman were sitting in the back. She was small, the child noticed, and she was smiling; a very little smile, as if she, too, were tired. Then they were gone.

ANNE ROBERTSON (Leaving).
Marryatville.

WATCHING THE PLAY* — OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE

Those of us who watched the play, "Our Lady of Guadeloupe," congratulate the Sub-Intermediate Class on their earnest, thorough preparation and able presentation of their play. Above all we congratulate Julianne on her skilful dramatization. Each character lived on the stage before us. Our Blessed Lady was simple, gentle and graciously tender. Juan Diego in his faded tunic and quiet-coloured tilma was earnest, humble, full of wonderment and childlike faith. The Guards were certainly imperious, sarcastic and scornful, as they stood beside the Palace gates. The Archbishop (in full regalia complete with ring and skull cup!) was courteous, dignified, encouraging.

I shall never forget the last scene when Juan Diego opened his tilma to reveal Our Blessed Lady's roses. There was her image, clear and beautiful, on the old woollen tilma. Juan Diego gazed in astonishment as the Archbishop, priest, guards and page-boy fell on their knees. The Archbishop prayed with bowed head, then rising he gently unknotted the tilma and held it before Juan Diego. With a cry of joy, he too, fell on his knees and gazed in wonder on the "Surprise" Our Lady had prepared for her "Little Son."

When all was over more than one asked, "How did they paint the picture on the tilma?" The answer was soon supplied. "Oh, that took much thought and discussion. We begged Sister to paint the picture of Our Lady as she is described in the book. We cut it out and just before the last scene we soaked it in water. It clung to the woollen tilma. That is why there was no rusty sound."

— A.N.

* See page 14.

Mary's Mount.



Some Normanhurst girls at school and on holiday

Barbara Gardiner visiting her cousin at Mary's Mount.

Drill Display under the oaks, Normanhurst.

A group with relatives at Kosciusko, last winter.

NEDLANDS (Continued from page 56).

SENIOR SCHOOL

Back Row (L. to R.): M. McDonnell, B. Allen, H. Cogan, N. Keogh, M. Rintoul, B. Fountain, J. McComish, M. Dwyer, M. Talboys, M. Wallwork, R. Hanrahan, R. Carroll.

2nd Row (L. to R.): D. Deary, M. Pannell, R. Carrigg, V. Guthrie, D. Durack, J. Clune, C. Mackie, A. Briggs, J. Markey, E. Foley, E. Connor, R. Harrington, B. Cranfield, M. Fels, A. Furlong.

Front Row (L. to R.): C. Daly Smith, P. Connor, C. Howson, B. Coffey, K. Dwyer, C. Lowe, P. Miller, U. Lorbeer, P. Hickey, J. Healy.

Absent: H. Durack, M. Collins, W. Keast, E. Johnson, C. Connell, A. K. Ferguson.

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Back Row (L. to R.): G. Angell, B. Magi, J. McDonnell, R. Miller, E. Stephenson, P. Clancy, A. Edgar, D. Perman, E. Novell, A. Shea, J. Johns, P. Robins.

Fourth Row (L. to R.): J. Miller, G. Slater, E. Cogan, J. Boyd, W. Harrigan, S. Trahan, L. Durack, C. Bodeker, R. Lorbeer, I. Brigg.

Third Row (L. to R.): D. Whiteley, A. Grave, J. Sinclair, A. McMullen, J. Quinn, D. O'Donoghue, R. Fogarty, M. Joyce, J. Howson, M. Durack, K. Riley.

Second Row (L. to R.): S. Wallwork, D. O'Donnell, J. Edwards, H. Stephenson, A. Sheridan, S. Ridge, F. Grave, P. Melvin, L. J. Crommelin, J. Randell, M. Donaldson, C. Fountain.

Front Row (L. to R.): J. Hennessey, T. Elliott, D. Healy, R. Ferguson, S. Ryan, M. Furlong, D. Epstein, J. Heenan, A. C. Healy.

Absent: V. Colbert, P. Membery, L. Logan, C. O'Hara.

CLASSES III and IV

Front Row: P. Ferguson, J. Castenelle, P. Membery, M. Burnette, W. Lillis, B. Ireland, J. Logan, D. Riley, K. Elliott, J. Baker, J. Slade.

Second Row: S. Franetovitch, D. Smith, S. Wells, P. Daly-Smith, L. Monck, J. Wells, P. Wright, E. Donnan, E. Collins, E. Palandri, J. Bonser.

Third Row: R. Wijeyekoon, S. Boyd, J. Broun, E. Keast.

Fourth Row: P. Adam, J. Brophy, C. Brophy, M. Adams, E. Membery.

Absent: H. Briggs.

CLASSES I and II

Left-hand Group, Front Row: A. Donnan, L. O'Donoghue, M. Grieve, G. Adams.

Second Row: L. Hackett, L. Barnett, P. Walsh, S. Somers, W. Baker, N. Montefiore.

Third Row: C. Keogh, K. Kee. Centre Group, Front Row: J. Trahan, J. Johns.

Second Row: C. Rogers, C. Wright, C. Bonser.

Right Hand Group, Sitting: J. Byrne, M. Monck, M. Colbert, C. Fuller, P. Healy.

Second Row: R. Elliott, S. Baker, D. Sheridan, B. Evans.

Third Row: M. Coffey, J. M. Seward, L. O'Hara. Absent: G. Stewart.



PREFECTS

Left to Right: Noel Kelly, Gerardine Carroll, Janet Wimpole, Patricia Boyle, Marguerite Davis, Joanna McClelland, Jillian Lambert, Margaret M. Collins, Carole Bowen (Head of the School), Eleanor King.

Above: KINDERGARTEN.



SENIOR SCHOOL

C. BOWEN
 J. WIMPOLE
 G. CARROLL
 J. McCLELLAND
 N. KELLY
 J. LAMBERT
 J. HILL
 F. WORCH
 S. TILLY
 L. DIVINEY
 B. QUINN
 M. DAVIS
 M. KELLY
 E. KING
 J. LIGHTFOOT

J. STEVENSON
 M. BARRET
 P. BOYLE
 K. CALDER
 C. CALLIL
 F. CASH
 P. COCKBURN
 M. M. COLLINS
 A. D'ARCY
 J. D'ARCY
 J. DITCHBURN
 J. FERNE
 M. FINLAY
 C. GOULDING
 S. HAYES

M. HIRSCH
 K. HOPPE
 C. KOSKY
 M. KUHLMANN
 G. LATTANZI
 A. LITTLE
 L. McCARTHY
 P. McCORMACK
 J. McDONALD
 A. McKENZIE
 A. MEEHAN
 P. MEEHAN
 C. NEED
 P. O'CONNOR
 E. PLANT

M. POWER
 A. RUSH
 V. SCHEEZEL
 C. SYNMAN
 F. WAKEFIELD-KENT
 C. WHITEHEAD
 A. WILKINSON
 J. ADAMS
 M. BERGIN
 D. BERKOWITZ
 D. BOWEN
 D. M. O'FARRELL
 D. GREVIS-JAMES
 B. HILL
 M. DOYLE

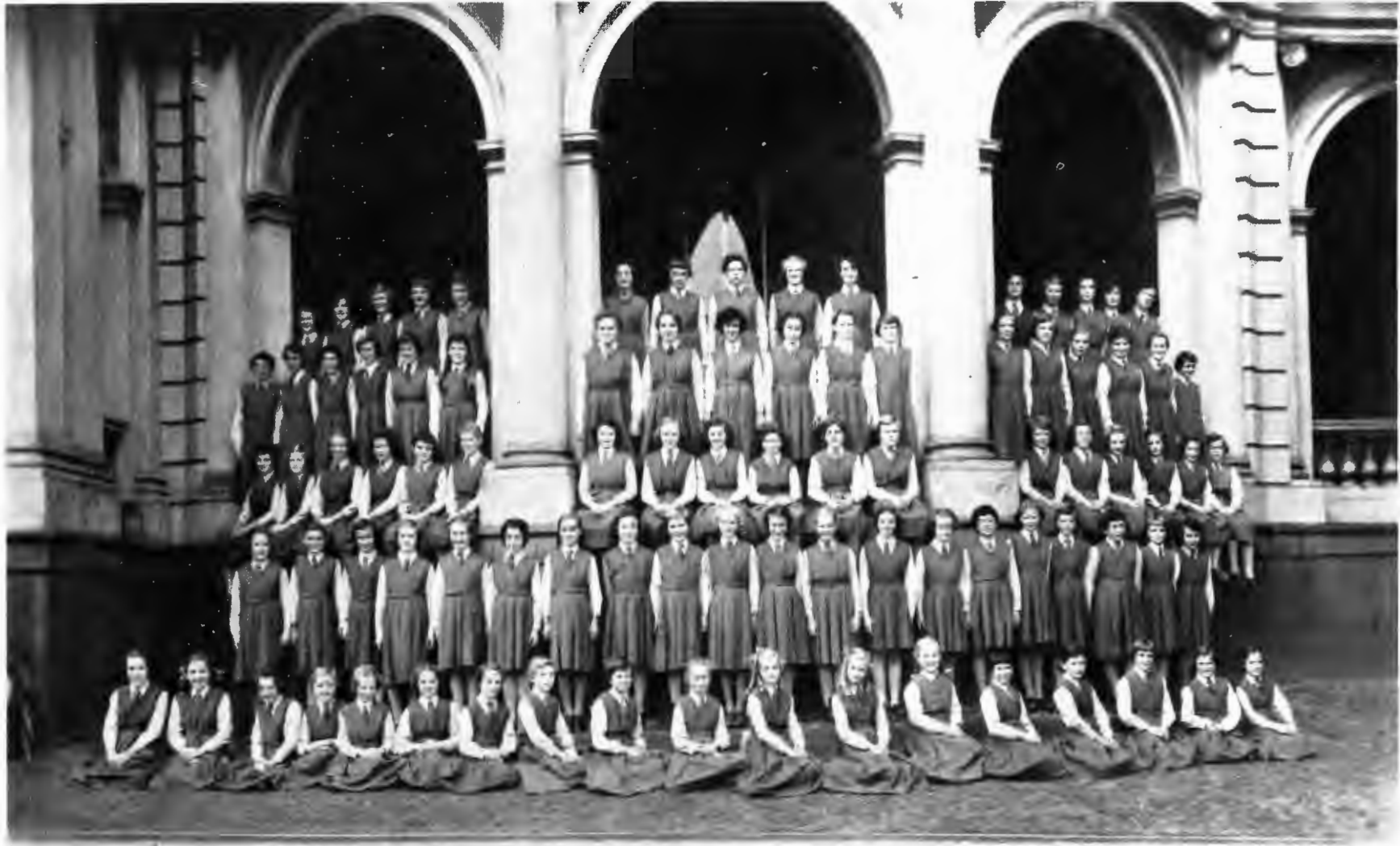
P. FLYNN
 A. GILCHRIST
 J. GOREY
 M. GOUGH
 R. HISKINS
 A. HOUSTON
 S. KEARNEY
 S. LOFTUS-HILLS
 C. LOUGHLAN
 D. MARSLAND
 M. McCORMACK
 A. MONTAGUE
 A. NORTHAM
 D. O'DAY
 J. OCCLESHAW

J. PEARSON
 C. RYAN
 M. RYAN
 C. SPENCER
 P. WARRY
 N. WEDGE
 A. WILLIAMS
 G. ADAMS
 E. BAILEY
 M. BARRY
 P. BAXTER
 J. BURKE
 J. CASHMORE
 E. CLOWES

L. CURRIE
 A. CURTIS
 C. DETHRIDGE
 N. DALEY
 J. DEVINE
 M. DOYLE
 M. DUCK
 E. FITZGERALD
 V. FEELEY
 P. FLYNN
 P. GOODCHILD
 J. GODSELL
 J. GOULDING
 A. HAYWARD

C. JONES
 D. KING
 D. LORD
 M. LYNCH
 G. MANNING
 M. REID
 S. ROBINSON
 P. McGUINNESS
 H. ROCHE
 M. SERONG
 S. SPRING
 M. WARRY
 E. WIMPOLE
 J. WRIGHT

LORETO CONVENT, TOORAK, VICTORIA



02

MIDDLE SCHOOL

L. BRENNA
S. BREW
L. BRODERICK
R. CALDER
Y. CALLIL
P. CURTIS
M. DITCHBURN
M. A. DOYLE
H. DWYER
J. EVERITT
E. FINLAY
L. FREDERICO
J. GILBERTSON
S. GOODEN

L. GOUGH
S. HARDY
M. HOLT
G. LAZARUS
H. McCAUSLAND
P. McCLELLAND
P. McDERMOTT
J. McNAMARA
J. MONTAGUE
F. MOORE
E. O'NEILL
A. PATTERSON
J. PETTY
C. RUSSO

V. WAKEFIELD-KENT
J. WHITEHEAD
G. ACTON
G. BRENNAN
D. BUSCH
M. DEVINE
J. DOYLE
A. DUGGAN
M. A. EGERTON
J. FEELEY
M. FREDERICO
H. GRIMES
K. JENS
S. JAQUINOT

C. KELLY
C. KUHLMAN
E. LEWIS
A. LYNCH
M. A. LYNCH
P. MAGGIA
S. MAGGIA
E. MALOUF
L. McKERNAN
L. McKAY
P. McINERNEY
K. McINERNEY
G. McHARG
D. O'BRIEN

P. OGGE
R. ROBINSON
A. RYAN
H. STOKES
H. WHITEHEAD
J. ANDERSON
D. BARRET
S. BARRET
M. BRYCE
M. BYRNE
A. DEVINE
M. DUCK
J. FAKHRY

K. GILCHRIST
V. GLOVER
S. GUEST
M. GURRY
M. HANLEY
S. HOPPE
T. JENS
B. JOHNSTON
M. KING
S. KNOWLES
J. LARKINS
M. LIGHTFOOT
J. MARSH

F. McGUINNESS
B. McKECKNIE
S. MORNEMENT
H. O'DONOGHUE
A. O'RORKE
M. PALFREY
L. PITT
E. PRENDERGAST
S. RESCH
C. ROCHE
A. SINN
Y. VON HARTEL
M. LEWIS-WILLIAMS



JUNIOR SCHOOL

D. ALESSIO
P. BOILEAN
A. BROGAN
T. CALLIL
R. CALLIL
J. COLEMAN
R. CORBY
E. CURTIS
B. DUCK
C. EVERITT
S. FORSYTH
S. GOREY
D. HOPPE
P. HOPPE
E. IRELAND
F. JENS
J. LEY
A. LYNCH
C. MANNING
T. O'BRIEN
M. OCLESHAW
I. O'RORKE
R. PEARSON
M. ROCHE

C. RUSSO
A. SLATTERY
A. STENSON
M. A. WALLACE
P. WATSON
D. WELLSTED
E. WEST
P. WILLIAMS
S. ACTON
C. ANDERSON
R. BINNING
F. BURRELL
C. CALLIL
M. CONNELL
E. DALY
H. DEVINE
P. DWYER
M. FLYNN
A. GALBALLY
S. GLOVER
G. HOGAN TAYLOR
M. JAQUINOT
K. JOHNSON
J. KELLY

E. KUHLMANN
K. LITTLE
L. LYNCH
L. MALOUF
J. McDAVITT
P. McCLELLAN
S. PERRY
K. SEAREF
R. PITT
M. St. ELLEN
P. SIMPSON
D. WILSON
J. ADAMS
J. BOWDEN
S. BURKE
S. BUSCH
A. CAROLAN
G. CLAYTON
E. EDGERTON
S. A. FLANAGAN
P. GILBERTSON
P. GALBALLY
D. GAY
J. GUEST

D. GARDINI
E. HAMILTON
A. IRELAND
S. KELLY
J. MAGGS
M. MORRISON
A. NOONE
P. O'DAY
C. SIMPSON
F. SINN
S. SYNMAN
A. WOODWARD
A. JENS
C. ZSIZSMANN
A. McCOY
B. ANDERSON
P. ASTLEY
M. COLEMAN
B. CONQUEST
A. LEES
N. EDGERTON
P. FETHER-
STONHAUGH

S. GODFREY
S. HORE
M. JENS
K. JOHNSON
A. JOHNSTON
M. McDONALD
K. MANN
A. MIKLOS
J. MOLONEY
A. MORRISON
B. NOLAN
A. MULVANEY
P. O'SHAUGHNESSY
M. M. PARKER
M. T. QUIGG
J. M. ROBERTSON
J. M. STAR
C. TONER
C. WIMPOLE
S. O'DONOGHUE
M. DALEY
M. MANN
G. WARE

J. ADAMS
P. ANSTEE
S. E. BARRETT
M. BROGAN
F. BRYCE
L. BURRELL
A. P. CALLAGHAN
D. A. COLEMAN
L. EDGERTON
M. JONES
C. M. LECHTE
S. LEY
L. LYNCH
N. M. LYNCH
E. McCANN
M. McCAULEY
C. MIKLOS
M. MORRISON
M. O'BRIEN
J. PARKER
V. ROBSON
A. M. SEARFF
P. SCHAEFER

P. STEEL
A. TIERNEY
C. WALKER
M. DARRY
C. RUSSO
J. A. TIERNAN
B. CAHILL
J. BEST
P. BOURKE
P. A. COOK
M. GAY
A. FLYNN
M. HOLLYWOOD
A. HOPPE
B. MAY
P. McGUINNESS
J. O'BRIEN
S. O'DONOGHUE
S. SINN
D. SMITH
F. VACCARI
K. WILKINSON
R. ZAHARA

KINDERGARTEN

FRANCES ANDERSON
SUSAN AREUSDEN
JOHANNA BELLI
JOHN BOWDEN
ELIZABETH CALDER
JOANNE CHAPMAN
IANICE COOK
SIMON CHAPMAN
FRANK CALLAGHAN
DAMIEN CODOGNOTTO
COLEEN CRAIG
MARK CRAIG
EDWINA DOYLE
PAMELA DEVINE
HUGH DWYER
JOHN DWYER
JANE FINK
JILL FLANNAGAN
CATHERINE HALL
RICHARD HOPPE
CATHERINE JOHNSTON
MONIQUE JAQUINOT

AMANDA JONES
PENELOPE KNOWLES
STEPHEN LYNCH
ROBERT MARSH
PATRICK McCAULEY
MARGARET McCARDIE
ELIZABETH O'BRIEN
NEILL OGGE
PAULINE PHILLIPS
MICHAEL RYAN
ELIZABETH SKENE
JOANNA SKENE
JOANNA SIMPSON
ELIZABETH St. ELLEN
EDWARD SINN
STEPHEN SMITH
JULIENNE STARR
PAUL TIERNEY
CHRISTOPHER TOMS
JOHN TRENCHARD
HEIEN VALE
ANGELA WARD
CECELIA WILKINSON



SENIOR SCHOOL

Back Row: C. Caspany, R. Gibbing, P. Parer, G. McPherson, B. Croft, H. Turnock, P. Hempenstall.
 Third Row: H. Salter, M. McAuliffe, J. McDonnell, C. Ryan, R. Rhodes, E. Green, E. O'Mahoney, M. Atkinson, J. Simmonds, B. Eisler.
 Second Row: M. Havill, D. Kelly, J. Haupt, R. Adair, J. Rowe, J. Claxton, M. Green, N. Stuart, P. Emerson, C. Cartwright.
 First Row: E. Johnson, P. Macgroarty, C. Parer, K. Petersen, P. McPherson, M. O'Sullivan, C. O'Donohue, E. Nowotny, P. Magee, M. Moore.
 Absent: D. Quinn.

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Back Row: P. Hickey, E. Nowill, K. Barry, M. Luddy, F. Cleary, E. Cassidy, J. Drum, C. Bowes, A. McCormack, M. Finnimore, P. McCormack, R. Kelly, E. Parkinson.
 Fourth Row: H. Parer, D. Owens, M. Beirne, H. Sumner, C. Kerlin, D. Redmond, S. Cooper, K. Noud, M. Aldridge, A. Jeffries, S. Morrow, A. Clanchy, J. Zacha, C. Cassidy, M. Roache, M. Owens, M. Edmondson.



INTER-SCHOOL TENNIS COMPETITIONS

Inset: Head of the School—Margaret O'Sullivan. First Prefect: Patricia McPherson, and The Archbishop's Shield — A Grade Premiers, 1952 and 53. Vince Kelly Cup — C. Grade Premiers, 1953.

Continued from page 72.

Third Row: M. Howley, R. Martin, M. Murphy, S. Chapple, J. Goodwin, R. Willet, M. Murdock, L. Midgley, P. Holmes, B. Stein, M. Hitzke, C. Cleary, M. Kent, P. Hamilton, S. Parer.
Second Row: L. Hancox, S. Parer, M. McAnulty, J. Ahern, S. Rushbrook, M. Hickey, M. Fogarty, M. Crawford, P. Simmonds, P. Hickey, E. Thomas, M. Josephson, P. Smith, E. Atkinson.
First Row: D. Roach, G. Casey, E. Dillon, A. Owens, H. Kiley, B. Prendegast, A. Steindl, M. Ahern, M. Houst, V. Barwick, M. E. McCormack, S. Cooper.

LORETO CONVENT, BRISBANE, QLD.



INFANTS GRADES, I and II

Back Row: P. Allan, K. White, A. Nelson, K. Bugden, E. McNamcc, G. Samson, K. McNcc, C. Douglas, S. Hegarty, P. Hurst, M. McNulty, L. Couchman.
 Third Row: C. Butts, A. Elridge, P. Corbett, C. Preston, K. Cumming, P. Gann, L. Kurts, M. Kelly, A. Harburg, P. McCormack, M. Nowill.
 2nd Row: F. Griffen, T. Kenway, C. Roache, B. Sydes, D. Hornick, K. Monaghan, S. McNulty, S. McDonald, C. Tessier, B. Kelleher, G. Condon, G. Guthrie.
 Front Row: M. Monaghan, S. Cleary, R. Guthrie, C. Hancock, B. Bugden, T. Stewart, D. Steele, F. Stewart.

GRADES III and IV

Back Row: M. Owens, L. Williams, C. Carter, M. Guthrie, P. Stewart, A. Healy, F. Drake, M. O'Sullivan.
 4th Row: P. Quinn, M. Cassidy, E. Griffen, F. Parer, A. Ward, C. Stewart, R. White, J. Gow, J. McCormack, N. Condon, M. Cashel, M. Roache, N. Josephson.
 3rd Row: P. Morrow, J. Kelly, M. Portley, G. Griffen, Y. Thomas, T. Neylon, K. Poulton, J. Broad, M. Bowes, W. Wilson, E. Atkinson, C. Dempsey, C. Browne.
 2nd Row: F. J. Fanning, M. Stewart, B. Simpson, S. Douglas, P. Hegarty, J. Martin, P. Andrews, R. Josephson, C. Kelly, C. Hooke, M. Griffen, J. Boyle.
 Front Row: M. Eisler, N. Hooke, D. Barry, R. Casey.

Overseas Contributions

MOTHER MARY POYNTZ AND THE I.B.V.M. AT AUGSBURG, BAVARIA

The city of Augsburg is mentioned very often in the tangled intrigues of European history, but for children and friends of the I.B.V.M. it emerges from its secular tangle as a place of hallowed memory, for it contains the oldest existing House of our Institute. Any of our friends travelling in Bavaria may call at the Convent in the Frauentorstrasse and be sure of a warm welcome. True, it will not be to the imposing pile of buildings that we see in our picture on page 76, for broken walls still show the damage done by incendiary bombs in 1944 during the War.* But recent photographs show new buildings in imposing-looking wings. There is still enough of the original house left to show its storied past. Here indeed you enter the portals of Institute history, for since 1686 the work of Mary Ward's nuns has gone forward here without interruption. The actual foundation was made by Mother Mary Poyntz, one of Mary Ward's first companions in the great enterprise of establishing, in the Seventeenth Century, an Institute for the education of girls, along the lines now so familiar to us; but at what a cost to Mary and her company!

THE TWO MARYS

As Mother Mary Poyntz lay dying in the Convent at Augsburg in 1667 (the Community moved into the present residence about twenty-six years later) her thoughts must often have lingered on that scene, nearly sixty years earlier, when she first met Mary Ward who had travelled down from London to Iron Acton in Gloucestershire to visit the Poyntz family. Mary Poyntz was sixteen years old; Mary Ward was twenty-four. The younger girl often told the story of how she stood at an upstairs window on a sunny May morning, watching her father and Mary Ward who had arrived the evening before and was now walking up and down the lawn with her host. The girl at the window looked out silently before turning to those within to say: "See, there she is, through whose instructions God will save me!" She then ran downstairs and out on to the lawn to give the visitor an affectionate greeting. Later in the day they had a long talk during which Mary Ward confided to the girl her plans for taking a few companions across to St. Omer in Flanders to open a school for the daughters of the English Catholic nobility, who were suffering almost intolerably under the Penal Laws rigorously enforced by the perfidious Stuart King, James I. Mary Poyntz heard, in the words of Mary Ward, God's invitation to leave all and follow Him.** She made up her mind immediately to join the tiny group of valiant women whose courage and intelligence were about to make history in the world of education. Within a few months they were settled at St. Omer. But that was only the beginning of the saga of the English Ladies, as people in Europe began to call them (*Englischen*

Fraulein in German-speaking countries; *Dame Inglesi*, in Italy). That drama cannot be rehearsed in these meagre pages; so we pass over the years, until, back in England in 1645, we again meet Mary Poyntz, who is about to say her final goodbye to her homeland.

FROM YORKSHIRE TO PARIS

Mary Poyntz had to go along the last stage of her journey in life without the sustaining friendship of her guide and friend, Mother Mary Ward, who died at Hewarth in Yorkshire on January 30, 1645. For a few years the little band of nuns, bereft of their foundress, maintained their small boarding-school with Mother Mary Poyntz as Superior. But the regime of Cromwell had new terrors for Catholics, so she was glad to accept a gift of money from her cousin, the Marquess of Worcester, enabling her to close the house at Hewarth and travel to Paris, where she founded a house, thus carrying out one of the dying wishes of Mary Ward.

(Among the interesting things to be seen to-day at the Bar Convent, I.B.V.M., York, is the deed of gift signed and sealed with the Worcester coat of arms.)

FROM PARIS TO ROME BY WAY OF MUNICH

In 1653 Mary Poyntz was summoned to Rome where the Superior-General, Mother Barbara Bapthorpe, was so ill that she had to resign from the position, after begging her Community to elect a new Superior-General. The nuns at Munich sent pleading letters to Mary Poyntz asking her to go to Rome by way of Munich. She needed little persuasion, for the Paradeiser Haus held a special place in her life since that day — how long away it seemed, now — when Mary Ward, in 1627, had placed her as Superior of the Munich House. When the nuns crowded around Mary Poyntz on her arrival from Paris, she had many things to tell them, the most sacred of all reports being her first-hand account of Mother Mary Ward's death. She told them every detail, for how could she forget anything of that death-bed scene? How Mary Ward had been like a mother to the end, telling them to love their vocation with a great affection; and how when she saw them unable to hide their looks of sorrow, she said: "O fie, fie! What, still look sad! Come, let us rather sing and praise God joyfully for all His infinite loving kindness!" . . . As Mary Poyntz revived those days, she barely restrained her own tears; the nuns who listened to her did not try to restrain theirs.

MARY POYNTZ: THIRD SUPERIOR-GENERAL

Mary could not stay long at Munich, as the elections in Rome were her chief aim on this journey across Europe. By Easter in 1654 all the voters had assembled in the House in Rome; their



**THE I.B.V.M., AUGSBURG,
BAVARIA**

1. Front view of the Convent and grounds, before World War II.
2. At the end of a garden path: Statue of Our Lady.
3. Chapel, dating from 17th Century, was the first in Germany to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart.
4. Looking across a corner of the vegetable garden, with storerooms, etc.

unanimous choice for Superior-General fell on Mary Poyntz. Although the Roman House continued as the Mother-house until well into the next century, the new Superior-General resided chiefly in Munich, for she felt, and felt truly as we now see, that it was in Bavaria that the work of the Institute could most firmly be consolidated. That work soon received a signal impetus by the foundation of a House in the Imperial City of Augsburg, at the personal request of the Prince-Elector of Bavaria.

THE I.B.V.M. IN AUGSBURG

This proved to be perhaps the most important foundation in the history of the Institute, because the friendship of the three most eminent Prelates in Germany undoubtedly led to the realization of Mary Ward's ideal — an ideal for which she prayed and wept and suffered for nearly forty years. We refer to the Confirmation of the Rules of the Institute by the Holy See, which took place on June 13, 1703. By that time, Mary Poyntz, too, had gone to her reward. Her grateful nuns in Augsburg wrote on her tombstone in Latin the inscription we give in a translation through which shines the exuberance of the prevailing Baroque. But the facts are there to touch us with their unadorned heroism. O brave English-woman! . . . (Following is the inscription):

Stay, O traveller

and listen to the troubled sighs of mournful England
beneath this stone.

Here lies buried Mary Poyntz of Iron Acton
of the noble race of the English Earls of
Derby.

When hardly sixteen years of age
she
out of love of God and her neighbour
left

her parents, her native country and the whole world
and chose

to live to God alone, her Spouse.

Always a virgin, not to say a martyr,
she began to live a life of glorious exile
on account of her forbidden Faith.

This life she led until her 73rd year.

Then, she hastened, as we may surely hope
to the country of the Blessed,
at Augsburg, on September 30th, 1667.

The Congregation of the English Virgins
while mourning for her
have erected this stone in memory of
their dearest Mother.

Now go on thy way, O traveller! and
congratulate the exile in reaching
her Father's home.

One of the treasures visitors to the I.B.V.M. at Augsburg may see to-day is the series of oil paintings known to all children of the Institute as the "Painted

Life." This is a collection of some fifty paintings, still glowing freshly in their colours, of the chief incidents in the life of our foundress, Mary Ward. They were painted within thirty or forty years after her death — some may even have been painted under her direction. Although painted in the Baroque era, they have a primitive austerity that recalls Giotto or even Masaccio with his composite panels. It is a unique record in the history of the Church.

Among the small treasures the Convent holds is the wooden work-box used by Mary Ward since the day when she packed it up at Babthorpe Hall as she put her things together before setting out to follow her perilous destiny. Mary Poyntz took it with her to Augsburg when she gathered up the precious belongings before she turned her back on England forever. Happy nuns at Augsburg! May God bless them, and long may they carry on the work and tradition of the two Marys!

— M.

I.B.V.M., Sydney, Australia.

* The whole library — in existence for three hundred years — was totally destroyed.

** In the I.B.V.M. at Nymphenburg there is a strange portrait painted in England at this time (1609). It shows the face of a young girl, beautiful on the right side, but with the corruption of the grave on the left. It represents Mary Poyntz who commissioned an artist to paint her thus as a gift to a young Catholic nobleman who wanted to marry her. It speaks its own lesson in mortality which was not lost on the suitor. After his first horrified recoil he was given the grace to turn his back on worldly love. He became a priest and confessor of the faith.

PAGES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE I.B.V.M., AUGSBURG, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY*

A short description of what strange things happened in the siege of Augsburg and afterwards until the departure of the French; which things we ascribe to the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

In the beginning of December, 1703, the French troops and those of the Elector of Bavaria, marched against Augsburg. On the 8th the greatest alarm, fear and disquiet reigned all day. Shooting was constantly heard, and all appeared as though the threatened bombardment was about to begin. Thus the Superior, Rev. Mother Anna Maria, deemed it advisable, with the Vicar-General's permission — to have the Blessed Sacrament — our Highest Good — brought out to the "garden room" which had been already prepared and arranged as a devotional little Chapel. The Chaplain, Rev. Sebastian Stoll then, brought the Blessed Sacrament there accompanied by all Ours** and the boarders, all carrying lighted candles with a very reverent effect.

The same night, between 10 and 11, the bombardment began, and soon after 11 a terrible fire broke out. Our house was in the greatest danger, especially as the cannonballs were flying over and by it.

OPENING OF THE MARIAN YEAR AT LORETTO TORONTO, CANADA

Our great day in 1953 was the 8th December, the opening of the Marian Year and the formal opening of our new Chapel. His Eminence graciously consented to honour the day with Solemn Pontifical Mass. The Chapel seats four hundred and fifty; but the Community and children occupy a good half even when closely packed. We had, therefore, to restrict our invitations to Alumnae and former pupils.

The vestments worn by His Eminence and his assistants were made in France and are of cloth of gold. They are a memorial to Rev. Mother Pulcheria, and were worn now for the first time. Among the assistant priests were Monsignor Callaghan and Monsignor Kirby.

Our music was never more beautiful. Monsignor Ronan, of the Cathedral Choir School, had composed special harmonies for the proper of the feast, dedicated to this occasion. It was an elaborate ceremony and yet so intimate and full of peace. The Alumnae (about one hundred and fifty of them) received Holy Communion, late though the hour was. It was expected that one of the priests

would give Holy Communion, but the Cardinal officiated here also — a kindness valued as a privilege by the communicants.

After Mass, His Eminence spoke in his simple, appealing way of the double reason for this event, and of what the Holy Father would expect of a group like this, already pledged to Our Lady, in this special year of prayer for the Church and the people in persecuted countries.

Breakfast was served in the Cafeteria to the Alumnae, while the Cardinal and priests dined in the parlour dining-rooms. The twenty-one seminarians, who came for the morning from St. Augustine's Seminary, dined in the school refectory.

Peaceful joy and cordiality marked every function that day. It seemed evident to all, as they talked over the happy celebrations, that it was indeed a heavenly day with Our Lady's gracious presence so evident.

— M.

Loretto, Abbey, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

[We are sorry that space compelled us to abridge a most interesting account.—Ed.]

(Concluded from page 77)

In this danger, anxiety and alarm, Rev. Mother and all Ours took refuge in the Sacred Heart, and with them all present, and at their desire Rev. Mother, with great trust, made a vow to the Sacred Heart to obtain help and protection. The vow was as follows: first, for a whole year from that time three of Ours should fast in turn daily, saying certain appointed prayers. Secondly a perpetual fast should be kept on the vigil of the feast of the Sacred Heart. After this vow we were all so much consoled that each felt an unshakeable security that the Sacred Heart would be our protector. Thus cheered and strengthened we all resolved in spite of the imminent peril, to remain all together, and even the boarders nearly all stayed in the house with Ours.

But on the last day, since it appeared that the town would be strongly assaulted, certain foreigners urged our Superior at least to send the boarders to a safer place. However, though she arranged with the Rector of St. Ulrich's, and the Chaplain, Fr. Egilhart, to provide for the children and such religious as were necessary to take care of them, in the evening when they were to go, no one wanted to leave the house, since no one doubted that the Sacred Heart would protect them. And as all wept and prayed, begging the Superior not to send them away, she decided to let them remain for that night, even though the beds, and whatever else was necessary, had already been removed. No sooner had this been decided than the news came in that a truce had been declared because negotiations for the surrender were to begin. The joy was indescribable. We thanked God with all our hearts because He

had so wonderfully kept us together and shown that He only was to protect us.

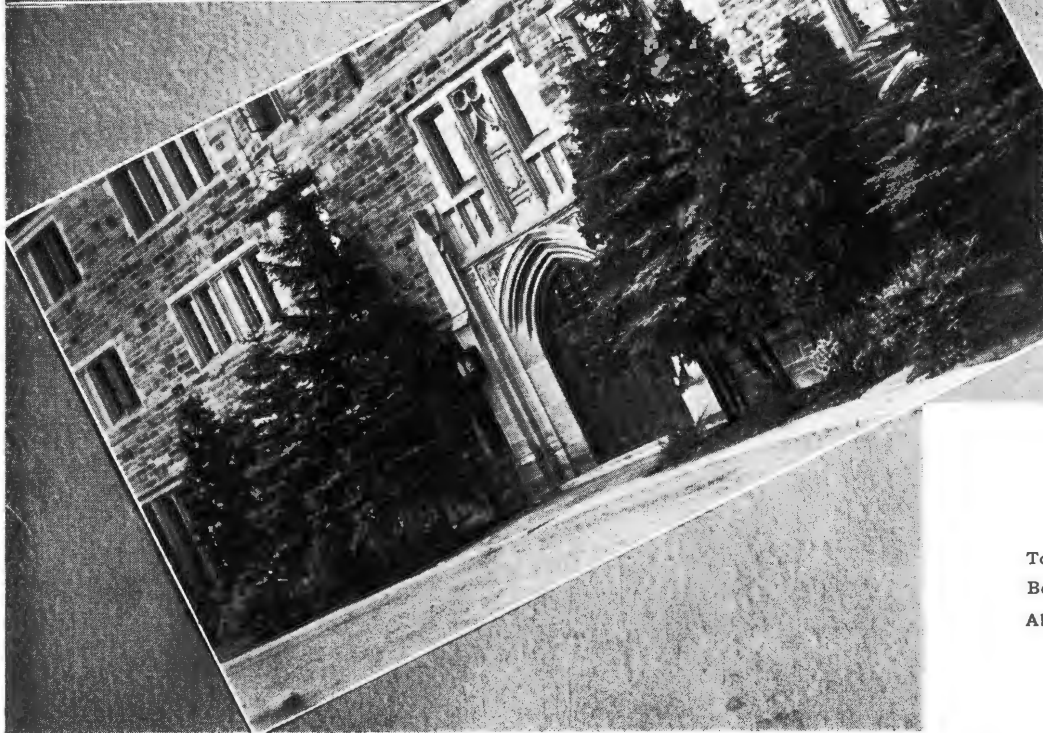
The bombardment lasted five days and nights. We kept up prayer in the Chapel all the time, and to every Hail Mary in the Rosary we added the ejaculation "O Mary, show thyself a merciful mother." But several in turn were always watching the courtyard and roof so as to observe the cannonballs and red-hot shot in case any fell there or nearby. And these gave evidence, with the most solemn assurance of truth, that they many times noticed the cannonballs flying over the house and being apparently about to fall on it but that, on the sign of the cross and the invocation of the Sacred Heart, they flew away as though driven back by an invisible power, so that all who watched were astonished. And Ours too, seemed rather to have the hearts of men than of women, which also we ascribed to the grace of the Sacred Heart. May He be praised and loved for ever. Amen.

POSTSCRIPT.

This venerable and venerated house and chapel on a winter night towards the end of the Second World War, fell sacrifice to incendiary bombs. But though only the blackened shell of the chapel walls stand, the divine protection which had always brooded over it had not failed. Of all the many, sick and old, who passed the rest of that night unsheltered in the snow, not one suffered, either in mind or body. The house has been already nearly restored, for our work must go on.

* Translated from the German by a member of the I.B.V.M., Augsburg, for our magazine. [Thank you, Mother.—Ed.]

** The Nuns.



LORETTO (I.B.V.M.) IN CANADA

Top Left: General view of Falls and Loretto, Niagara Falls.

Bottom: Front entrance, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Above: View of New Chapel.

WORLD PROBLEMS DISCUSSED AT A MODEL UNITED NATIONS SESSION

With the help of two Canadian Catholic papers, *Canadian Register* and the *Ensign*, both of March 6, 1954, we shall try to describe what must have been a most interesting session held in the large auditorium of *Loretto Abbey, Toronto*. All the Loretto Colleges of Canada seem to have sent along their best girl speakers.

The hall was set out with desks and name-boards (in the correct U.N. style) for each delegation, and the shield and flag of the United Nations. The students spoke fluently and confidently and with lively give-and-take, and the audience found two hours pass away unawares. The students represented delegations from twenty-six nations, and debated, with an astonishing amount of information and suitability to the country they represented, the three resolutions of the agenda: (1) the revision of the U.N. Charter; (2) the admission of the Chinese People's Republic to the U.N.; (3) the crime of genocide.

Each of the twenty-six girl speakers represented a member of the U.N., and it was noted by the audience how well the speeches were prepared, not only in diction and delivery, but also in intelligent comment. The girl-delegates seemed to have thoroughly studied the attitude of the nations they represented. The debates were most informative, and it was clear that the speakers had acquainted themselves with the actual speeches given at the

United Nations. This enabled them to present a most realistic enactment. The girl who represented the USSR must have had a difficult task, but she argued their case brilliantly. Referring to this and to other speeches based on similar ideas, Mr. R. K. Keyserlingk,* noted thinker and journalist, who was guest speaker, said that the audience had that afternoon been given a "good illustration of the present-day confusion of ideas and of how convincing a brilliant presentation of false ideas could be."

In the audience also was Mr. Charles Henry, M.P. (Canada), whose closing remarks apply to us also in Australia. He remarked on the encouraging fact of the students interesting themselves in the questions of the day, underlying Canada's growing role in international affairs. This role, he said, can only be carried out successfully if public consciousness and general knowledge increases.

Congratulations from Loreto in Australia to their Canadian sisters who have not been impervious to the ideas that come to them as part of their interesting proximity to Lake Success!

— C.

I.B.V.M., Australia.

[* Editor of the *Ensign*, Montreal, and one of the chief figures at the Fourth International Press Congress held in Paris in May, 1954; he delivered a report on the world situation of the Catholic Press.—Ed.]

ERROLLSTON, THE HOME SCIENCE SCHOOL AT THE I.B.V.M., ASCOT

As I am not setting out to advertise Errollston, because that is unnecessary, I trust the reader will forgive me if the following incidents seem trivial or irrelevant. I have first-hand knowledge of my own experiences only; for example, I was not present when one absent-minded student made a cake with twelve pounds of flour instead of twelve ounces.

I have been accustomed since childhood to immerse myself in hot water at regular intervals; however, it was a different matter when I first met a bath, so to speak, on equal footing. No longer a lady of leisure, but "as the maid that milks and does the meanest chores," I approached the bathroom almost respectfully. After applying strange scrubbing mixtures to the sides of the bath I was perplexed and disappointed to notice a large brown stain still confronting me. After hours of fruitless toil, during which I removed the painted water-level mark, the brown stain remained triumphant. In despair, I called Mother Magdalen to the scene of battle: I pointed accusingly at the stain. "It simply will not come out," I said.

"Really?" replied Mother Magdalen. She took a rag and touched the stain. Behold, it was there no longer. That was one of my first humiliations — the first, I may say, of many.

To any timid person who has never before entered a laundry, the room where our week's wash-

ing is done at Errollston, would present a strange and terrible appearance. Vast and cavernous, the boiler and the washing-machine lurk in one corner, while dazzlingly-bright electric irons seem to hang by their snaky coils from the ceiling. Most horrible of all, the electric wringer swings backwards and forwards, "seeking whom it may devour," gnashing its rubber rollers in an everlasting attempt to mangle unwary fingers. Wandering among these instruments of torture, lost in the dense steam belching from the boiler, the students concoct their potions, some white, some blue, for pillow-cases and face towels. These terrible mornings are usually succeeded by one calmer, though no less arduous, when Miss Arrowsmith paces up and down declaring, "I smell scorch," rather in the manner of Jack's giant; and the miserable culprit discovers a delicate gold-brown haze creeping up her pyjama legs.

The only place where mistakes are truly appreciated is in the kitchen. I can clearly recollect placing a large quantity of small cakes in the oven, and hovering in the vicinity during their incubation period, at the end of which I brought them forth in triumph to the light of day, and then watched in spellbound fascination while they slowly deflated like punctured tyres. Needless to say, my one desire was to dispose of the sticky lumps before Mother

(Continued on page 82)



**ST. MARY'S CONVENT (I.B.V.M.)
ASCOT, ENGLAND**

Playing Fields.

View of the Convent.

Glimpse of Chapel through the Trees.

Errollston: Home Science School. (See article
on page 80.)

LORETO (I.B.V.M.), LLANDUDNO, WALES

Probably none of our Convents is surrounded by such romantic beauty as the Loreto at Llandudno in North Wales. A few nuns in our Australian houses have been privileged to spend holidays in this fine Convent, to occupy a room with a view over the Irish Sea where the Isle of Anglesey stands out, sometimes clearly, sometimes mistily. As a rule the sea breaks gently over the beach a few minutes' walk from the convent. This strip of beach is a favourite playground for the pupils. It would be expecting too much of them to go into daily raptures at the thought that it was on this beach that were composed the lines:

*"Will you walk a little faster?" said the whiting
to the snail;
"There's a tortoise close behind me, and he's
treading on my tail."*

LEWIS CARROLL AND ALICE IN WONDERLAND

One of our pictures shows the Lewis Carroll Memorial where the White Rabbit is forever hastening to keep his appointment. In the background to the left of the statue may be seen the Gogarth Abbey Hotel where the author of *Alice In Wonderland* stayed while he was writing that masterpiece. The Memorial (unveiled by Lloyd George in 1933) stands on the edge of a pond, round which the Convent boarders have to walk briskly every morning for their after-breakfast exercise. Surely custom has not staled their delight in the entrancing characters in

Alice's Wonderland. As we see in this picture, a hill rises abruptly after allowing, almost grudgingly, just enough flat surface for a few streets near the beach. The hill is the Great Orme, and it is Llandudno's own possession.

SCHOOL EXCURSIONS

The girls at the Convent do more than gaze up at its rough, steep contours. They must have good leg-muscles, for they often climb to the top. The riding-class finds scope for many a canter along the beach roads. The whole school often enjoys picnics in historic spots that may be easily reached from Llandudno. The ancient fortress of Conway Castle is sometimes the goal of their excursions. This castle was one of the strongest feudal fortresses in Britain; and remnants of its grandeur may still be seen in towers and battlements. A wall, twelve feet thick, still surrounds it, and is still well preserved. Conway Castle was built by Edward I. in the closing years of the 13th Century.

REMINDERS OF PRE-REFORMATION DAYS

Our Convent stands on Abbey Road. Not far off is the Gogarth Abbey Hotel (already mentioned) and the Old Abbey Hotel. A fine monastery, Gogarth Abbey, once dominated the sea and beach and countryside from its eminence on the Great Orme. Up the side of the hill is still to be seen

(Continued on page 84)

(Continued from page 80)

Magdalen returned and perceived their deformity. I had little difficulty, as my fellow cooks (commonly known as the Bees) are never too busy to bear one another's burdens in this particular fashion. I may even add, I was later asked by an uninitiated C (one of those who have missed the joy and privilege of being a Bee) for the recipe for my cakes.

There is one word at which every knee knocks. That word is TESTS. For a whole week the air is impregnated with concentration; faces assume a harassed and intense expression. On one of these mornings, when I had just scrubbed the rubber floor of the bathroom, I stepped back to admire my handiwork before fetching Mother Magdalen to inspect it. I saw to my horror my pail of dirty water leering at me from the farthest corner of the room. What was I to do? Unthinkable to walk across my clean rubber floor (Alas! How many times in my youth have I walked upon Sister Angela's clean rubber stairs?) to retrieve the hideous object. Instead, I bounded lightly across the room, and should have come down approximately two inches from the bucket, but I landed, I regret to say, in the bath.

It is beyond my powers to describe a cookery test, for the simple reason that I never know what I am doing at the time, let alone afterwards. After beating hopelessly self-willed eggs and scurrying from oven to oven for three hours, I always feel that the only thing I have succeeded in cooking is myself.

Fortunately, the hour's preparation preceding a test is not invigilated — or I should certainly have lost more than fifty marks one evening when closeted in the laundry with a person hardly less insane than myself. After lighting the gas under an empty boiler, thereby running the risk of an immediate explosion, I turned the hose into it, and, as soon as my back was turned, the spiteful container overflowed and tried to flood us out. To add colour to the scene, my fellow-laundress emptied a basin of blue-water over the ironing table. But the reason I consider her lacking either in the barest charity or else in ordinary eyesight is that she actually watched me take off my skirt and glue-wash it without telling me I had nothing in which to walk downstairs.

F. HALL.

(Ex-Student, St. Mary's, Ascot, I.B.V.M.)



EXCURSION FOR GIRLS AT LORETO, LLANDUDNO

1. Memorial to Lewis Carroll
2. Conway Castle.
3. The beach facing Anglesey.
4. After the ride.
5. Up the Great Orme.

**LORETO NATIVE MISSION
AT ENTALLY
INDIA**



*“To love the poor, persevere in the
same,
Live die and rise with
Them was all the ayme
Of Mary Ward.”*

This epitaph of our beloved foundress reminds us of an aspect of her work often lost sight of, a Christ-like work

carried on equally to-day by her successors. As a means of preserving the Faith, the education of the upper classes was important — St. Paul had known *that* in the first Century and St. Ignatius in the sixteenth; York had cared for it through the seventeenth and eighteenth Centuries, and Rathfarnham in the nineteenth. Yet Mary Ward’s companions, and the poor among whom she died, followed a true instinct when they penned the above words. The poor had always been Mary’s pre-occupation, from childhood when she gave them her pennies, from the days when she donned servants’ dress to move among them more easily, to old age when she delighted to serve them with her own hands.

Side by side with the High Schools in St. Omer, Rome and Munich, the English Ladies had free schools for the cities’ poor. And side by side with every Loreto School in Calcutta — the city of palaces and of unexampled slums — exists a free school. That is one of the joys of the Indian Mission: in Calcutta alone we cater for about seventeen hundred poor children, and of these, some four hundred and fifty find a happy home in Loreto Convent, Entally.

In 1842 when we came to India, the poor were waiting for us: children of soldiers killed in war or mutiny, children of white men and women cut off by disease, children of Christianised slaves and ex-slaves, children of the flotsam and jetsam of Portuguese or Porto-Indian quarters of “black Calcutta”. Most of these types are with us to-day, increased by the unwanted little ones from lonely tea plantations, by the children of working mothers, by the many Anglo-Indian families of the lower class who have simply gone under in nationalised India. So from 1843 to 1952 Entally has been full to capacity.

Entally is a revelation. After a half-an-hour’s drive from Loreto House, Calcutta, you approach it through a crowded industrial area. Suddenly from the railway bridge you look down on its green lawns, peaceful lake, and great white buildings. You drive in to the Chapel which is as large as many a parish church — it needs to be, for its average congregation is five hundred. Over the altar you read the message “Come to Me all who labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you”, and you wonder in

(Continued on page 85)

(Continued from page 82)

the Monks’ Path, a strip of green grass. Tradition tells us that it owes its green freshness to the overflow from the monks’ buckets as they laboured up the hillside with their pails of water. Nowadays, at the top of the hill is St. Ludno’s Church. It seems to be now generally known that the Welsh never apostasized from the true Faith. They lost it because there were no priests left to care for them. It is good to know that the once-cherished Faith is returning to the Welsh countryside.

(Editor’s note: Interesting books on the modern Apostolate in Wales are, Frances Wynne’s “Eastward of All” and “The True Level.”)
I.B.V.M., Australia.

—M.

[The Novitiate house of the Irish Branch of the I.B.V.M. in England is at Llandudno, though the Mother Provincial lives at Manchester. We send our affectionate sympathy to the nuns in that province on the death of Mother M. Evangelist Kennedy, for many years their Mother Provincial. May she rest in peace.—Ed.]

how many ears those words have rung, how many thousands of old girls have turned tear-brimmed eyes back to that tabernacle and to the pictured face above it of Our Lady of Good Counsel. From the Chapel you may follow a "crocodile" of white-clad girls to the vast main building. The ground floor is a great dining hall where four hundred and twenty children have their meals. Following a duty-roster, "pantry-girls" lay the tables, serve, clear away and wash up. We learn from the Mother in the kitchen that it takes 840 pounds of rice to feed them, to say nothing of bread, meat, vegetables, and milk.

From one end of the dining-room, class-rooms stream on; classes go up to the Higher Schools Examination, finishing off then with a thorough business course, which enables the girls to step into well-paid jobs. The floor over the refectory has a large concert hall, an all-purposes room for drill, singing, indoor recreation. Over this again is the grandest dormitory you have ever seen, 90 beds in a great airy room where winds sweep through that have never penetrated to the surrounding slums. There are similar dormitories over the class-rooms on first and second floor; and dressing-rooms with shower-baths to correspond to each division.

But this big block is not the whole of Entally. The Kindergarten, class-rooms and dormitories, has a three-storeyed building to itself. Another homely little house is the Nursery, a self-contained dwelling for babies and toddlers. Here you find thirty small folk, from babes a few weeks old, and toddlers who play on the lawn, to the most advanced class of babes who, while living in the nursery attend "class" for a few hours daily.

The next building is a two-storeyed hospital, run by a nun and a trained nurse. Apart from the usual epidemics requiring segregation, school children in India suffer much from (malarial) fever. But on the whole there is good health, as there certainly are good spirits among Entally's four hundred and fifty; they hold their own in inter-Loreto matches and their annual "sports" is a delightful event. You might think, now, you had seen all Entally. Not at all: there are three more houses in view across the games field. One is another block of class-rooms — most classes have two divisions — one a teachers' block and the third devoted wholly to clothes. The clothes-room (making, mending, sorting clothes for four hundred and fifty children) might seem a full-time duty when I tell you that there are a thousand frocks going to the dhobi (washerman) weekly, and sets of clean clothes to be laid out for each child thrice weekly — yet a Loreto nun may find this just *one* of her duties, perhaps Mistress of House as well. Though the children do their own sweeping and dusting of school and Chapel, yet it requires still a staff of fifty servants — cooks, washermen, outdoor sweepers, gardeners, house-girls — to run this great girls' town.

You have been all round Entally now? Oh, no! You have seen only the European or Anglo-Indian department. On the far side of the compound, there is still the Bengali school, St. Mary's, which pursues its own Indian mode of life. Here the girls dress in saris, eat with their fingers, spread their bedding on the floor as they do in their village homes. But their studies are the same, through the medium of Bengali; and St. Mary's is a High School taking the Calcutta Matriculation and having a Teachers' Training Department. Its hundred and thirty boarders and as many day-scholars come from schools like Morapai, from St. Therese's day-school, Entally (another poor school, five hundred strong, run by a Loreto nun and a staff of Indian Sisters and teachers), and also largely from Dacca in Pakistan whose big Catholic population live, since partition, literally under two flags. In West Bengal, St. Mary's is actually the only Catholic High School for Bengali girls.

So there you are: a town in itself, this Entally. And only twenty-five Loreto nuns in the Community! Here is work for willing hands and tireless feet — work especially for loving hearts. What more beautiful vocation could you have than to mother these children so dear to the Heart of Our Lord, to "live, die and rise with them" in the spirit and in the footsteps of Mother Mary Ward.

— N.

SUNRISE OVER EVEREST:

We had a wonderful experience on the 15th October when eleven of us with six of the boarders went to Tiger Hill to see the sun rise over Mount Everest. People from all over the world come to Darjeeling to see this sight. We had Mass at 2.30 a.m., and at about 3.30 left by cars. The drive is rather a stirring one as the road is narrow, and at times we were a few inches from a drop of hundreds of feet. The stars were simply glorious, but the valleys below looked stern with their thickly wooded forests. We arrived at the usual stopping place at about 4.30, but we were by no means the first there: about thirty cars were before us; they had brought tourists from several parts of the world. At about 5.15 the sky began to change colour, growing more beautiful at each minute. The snows on the close ranges of mountains were tinted in rose and mauves. Then we saw Everest, its point bathed in rosy light. For a while we feared that the clouds beneath us would rise to obscure the actual sunrise. But, no. At 5.30 he came up in all his glory. . .

— M.M.A., I.B.V.M.,
Loreto, Darjeeling.

4/11/53.

[We received an interesting account of, perhaps, this same sunrise from Myrna Hirsch, a pupil of Loreto, Toorak, Australia. She will understand that having sent the above paragraph to press, we could not use hers. Congratulations, Myrna. We would like to use it next year. You are evidently an old girl of Darjeeling.—Ed.]



LORETO CONVENT (I.B.V.M.) DARJEELING, INDIA.

Nuns before the facade of the main building. There are eight other buildings on different elevations of this mountain, and, far below, a beautiful garden, often mistaken for the Botanic Gardens.

Inset: Pupils (left)—Ann Sein, one of the eight daughters of the Maharaja and the Mahadevi of Tawngpeng, Burma.

Three Indian girls whose graceful forms look quite capable of gliding over the roof tops. [We apologize to all for an unintended fantasy.—Ed.]

Among Our Old Girls

THE CHARM OF GENTLENESS

If you have ever held in your hands a tiny chicken or a small bird that has fallen from its nest, you surely remember the pulsation of its frightened little heart. It is a moving experience, and makes us realize the need that all helpless, tiny creatures have for our care. Perhaps throughout life we never think of the power that we have for giving happiness, merely by being gentle. Tiny children, suffering men and women, lonely old people, and even the people with whom we live and whose needs we do not know — all these beloved creatures of God — are asking us mutely to be gentle with them.

We shall never be sensitive to the wonderful beauty of God's creation that is shining round us for our delight — never be sensitive to it unless we keep our hearts gentle.

[From a message to Bavarian girls, translated from their magazine. It reaches our hearts also.—Ed.]

Bavarian Appreciation of M.M. Gonzaga Barry, I.B.V.M.

We take the following from a German Catholic paper. It concerns the book, "*Liebe Ist Eine Leichte Buerde*", a German translation of the Australian book, "*LOVE IS A LIGHT BURDEN*", by Mary Oliver, I.B.V.M. It was translated by M. Henrika Faltermayer, I.B.V.M., of Altoetting, and published by Pfeiffer in Munich, 1953.

An extract from the review runs thus:

"Not only in Germany, but in the outside world also, Catholic publications stress the pressing need of religious vocations. The problem of recruits for the Convents has become the problem of the great educational and social works of the Church.

"May we suggest that one solution would be to make girls and grown-up women familiar with the life led by nuns — of such a nun, say, as that described in '*Love Is A Light Burden*.' Here we are told the life-story of a member of the same Institute as the author and the translator. The Life of Mother Gonzaga Barry, who went from Ireland to Australia, accomplishing there a great work, is so near to our time that it should greatly appeal to young people. It shows that a cloistered life need by no means be a narrow life, but that there are ample opportunities for nuns to lead full and interesting lives, as they carry out whatever tasks the times demand. We recommend this book to all our readers."

—*Caritas-Dienst.*



PAST PUPIL I.B.V.M., BAVARIA

CARMEL HAKENDORF'S RECITAL

On the evening of May 28th, Loreto, Marryatville, contrary to its usual quietness, echoed to the sound of people's voices as they came to listen to a Violin Recital by our Past-Pupil, Carmel Hakendorf.

All enjoyed the programme and were entranced with her playing of "Chaconne" by Vitali, Sonata by Cesar Franck, Four Pieces by Josef Suk and Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso by Saint-Saens. Two of these pieces Carmel Hakendorf had played on Television in London.

The stage was beautifully decorated with a big bowl of Autumn leaves, artistically arranged by Mrs. Pianto. Miss Hakendorf wore one of the frocks of her tour. It was pale pink tulle, studded with sequins.

Eleven other Past-Pupils created much interest — the Debutantes, who acted as usherettes. Helen Devitt presented a bouquet to Miss Hakendorf, and Anne Scantlebury presented one to Miss Jessica Dix, the accompaniste.

(Continued on page 90)

A DAY OF RECOLLECTION IN COMPANY WITH MARY



LORETO CONVENT, NEDLANDS

Some of the "younger" Past Pupils who participated in the Day of Recollection on Passion Sunday in honour of the Marian Year. Spiritual Director, Father McCarthy, O.M.I.

Our Day of Recollection in honour of Our Lady was well attended by at least fifty of the younger Past Pupils who assembled at the Convent for Mass and a Morning Tea Re-union with old friends before the more serious business of the day began.

Father McCarthy, O.M.I., suggested the theme for the Retreat when he urged us in the first lecture to think well so that our lives be lived for a purpose. In later lectures he suggested practical ways by which we could prevent ourselves from drifting aimlessly; he stressed particularly the need to practise humility and charity with Mary as our

model. The day concluded with a talk on Our Lady; then, Benediction.

At afternoon tea which followed we had the opportunity of meeting Mother Provincial who was visiting Nedlands at the time.

To Father McCarthy and the nuns of Loreto, Nedlands, we wish to express our appreciation and thanks for this Day of Recollection, when we had time to think a little and pray a little and give some honour to Mary in the year of her greatest recognition.

VALERIE JOHNSTON.
(Ex-Pupil, Nedlands.)

RECENT HEADS OF THE SCHOOL, LORETO, NEDLANDS

Marian Dudley (1953). Loreto, Nedlands, misses her bright, spontaneous mirth. We wonder how she manages to look the part of trainee at St. Margaret's Children's Hospital.

Mary Dwyer (1954) is at the time of going to press a very active member of the school. Both in academic and sporting events, Mary is a born leader.

Iris Rodereda (nee Dudley). One of the members of the Dudley clan who have done so much for Loreto, Nedlands, since the early days of its history. Iris is still the quiet, unassuming girl we knew at school, and it is difficult to realise she is married and has a son.

Paddy Curran is back in Perth after completing her course in Social Science at the Sydney University. Paddy was resident at Sancta Sophia.

Dorothy Johnson (1948). Still a young lady of many parts. She is the faithful organist at Holy Rosary Church, Nedlands, plays pennant tennis and is teaching in the Lady Gowrie Kindergarten after having completed her course of training.

Edith Buck (1951) has evidently developed a great love for study as she is nearing the completion of her course at the Teachers' Training College.

Judith Holmes (1949) is still her informal self; possibly her artistic temperament is responsible for this. Having completed her four year course in Commercial Art she is continuing to move in arty circles and has reached the stage where she is passing on her knowledge to the next generation.

(Continued on page 89)

SISTER BRIDGET WRITES HOME

(A band of Irish nuns of the St. John of God Order have taken over the care of lepers in the far north-west of Australia. A visit to the oasis they have made of their hospital in the wilderness is an inspiring thing, as is the sight of white-robed figures taking a walk along the desolate, tide-swept foreshore beyond the heat-dazzled marsh.)

My dears,

The days pass quickly here
And never much time to write,
For when the work and prayers are done
There's keeping the patients bright.
Sister Matilda has trained a choir
And if you could hear them sing
You'd not be thinking this leprosy
Is such a terrible thing.

Indeed and it must seem to you
The end of the earth and all,
And sure, it's no grand house He has
Like the church in Donegal.
Only to think of it — glory be!
With the splendour He has in Rome,
That He still can honour our humble place
And very much at home.

It's sometimes in the afternoon
With half an hour to spare
I walk awhile with Mother Maude
Who comes from County Clare.
With dust so thick upon the road
In heaven knows what degrees,
We turn to where the jetty runs
To catch a breath of breeze.

You'll smile to think of me, I know,
Just idly standing there
While Mother Maude keeps calling out
That the jetty needs repair;
But it's then I have the prayer to say
That when He comes for me,
He'll take me first to Donegal
Before my Purgatory.

I'd not be asking more of Him
Than just to see again
A still Loch dreaming, heavenly grey
In softly falling rain.
I'll not be minding then at all
To face the holy fire,
If I can see the green once more
And breathe the air of Eire.

MARY DURACK MILLER.



SOME OF THE MORE RECENT HEADS OF THE SCHOOL

Back Row: Marian Dudley, 1953; Mary Dwyer, 1954; Iris Rod, 1946; Paddy Curran, 1947; Dorothy Johnson, 1948; Edith Buck, 1951.

Seated: Judith Holmes, 1949; Elizabeth St. John Kennedy, 1945.

Inset: Brenda Heagney, 1952.

LORETO CONVENT, NEDLANDS

(Continued from page 88)

Elizabeth Saint John Kennedy (nee Mallock). After having qualified to be an assistant to Miss Lily Kavanagh in the Art of Speech, Elizabeth decided to settle down and marry. She is now the proud mother of a very energetic young son, Robert.

Brenda Heagney (1952). Family arrangements made it necessary for her to continue her studies at Sydney University. Her performance in the title role of "Everyman" at Nedlands will long be remembered by all who witnessed it.

Shirley Costello (1950). Absent from the group because of her travels which have taken her to New Zealand. At the moment she is enjoying an energetic holiday on a farm.

Kathleen O'Hara (nee Foley). After completing an excellent course in Home Science she obtained a very good position in the Department as a teacher of Domestic Science. Her two young sons give her plenty of scope for training.

(A temperamental car was the cause of Kath's absence from the group.)

NORMANHURST NOTES

We record with affectionate gratitude the following gifts for our new Chapel: Marble altar from Esme Burfitt (Mann), first Normanhurst pupil; tabernacle from Sheila Kelly (Mann) and her sisters; bronze sanctuary gates from Mollie and Eileen Hollingdale; statue of St. Therese from José Dormer (Toohey), in memory of her son, Hugh; altar rails from the Old Girls' Association who are also giving the Stations of the Cross. In the cloisters: statue of St. Michael, by Fayette Hayek; statues of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady, by Sandra and Toni Croft. On the facade a statue of the Sacred Heart, by Pauline and Mary Mason.

Congratulations to Philippa O'Leary on graduating in Arts at the University; to Jeanette Cover on obtaining a Commonwealth Scholarship to the University; to Berna Hansen (Dowden) on her work as Producer of the Orange Dramatic Society; to Deirdre Browne and Toni Matha, who are now in the Novitiate in Mary's Mount; to Joan Mackerras who obtained a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music in London, and whose brother Charles has been appointed conductor of the B.B.C. Orchestra.

Congratulations: Since June, 1953, the following marriages have taken place: Deirdre Gibbs to Mr. A. Simpson; Joy Foley to Dr. P. Anderson; Moira Abotomey to Mr. J. Ogburn; Maureen Callaghan to Mr. J. Fliteroft; Mary Ryan to Dr. P. Kent; Doreen Breslin to Mr. G. Cannon; Ann Ryan to Mr. F. Deegan; Pat Wilkins to Mr. Meenan; Judith Wilkins to Mr. J. Gouvernet; Ann Hickey to Mr. T. Shanahan;

LEXIE GRIFFITHS

Lexie Griffiths, well-known Australian author of children's books, died on the 2nd July, 1954. She will be missed by a large circle of friends, among whom we number the children for whom she will write no more.

As Lexie Hcales she went with her two younger sisters to school at Mary's Mount in 1897. M.M. Michael Gibson was mistress of schools. Even then Lexie showed a flair for writing, and contributed to the school magazine, "*Eucalyptus Blossoms*," of that year.

During recent years she published two books of verse: "*Between Ourselves*" and "*A Little Bird Told Me*"; the words of two books of songs: "*Along The Track*" and "*Merry Rhymes for Childhood Times*" (Allan & Co., Melbourne); and three children's story-books: "*Richard The Rat*", "*The Cat Walk*", "*William Wombat Finds a Home*". (Robertson & Mullens, Melbourne.)

In 1953 her publishers offered a prize of five guineas for the best account of one of their publications for children. It was won by Mary Ellen Priche,* of the Junior School, Loreto, Normanhurst. Mary Ellen wrote about "*Richard The Rat*". Besides receiving her cheque, she had a gracious letter from the manager of the publishing firm. As Mary Ellen's parents only recently came with her to live in

Meg McNee to Dr. M. Leydon; Judith Wilkinson to Mr. T. Stone.

Congratulations are offered to the following parents and their babies: Mr. and Mrs. A. Jarvis (M. Gainsford), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. A. Inglis (M. Oxenham), a son — 3rd child; Mr. and Mrs. R. Tait (J. Keating), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. W. Conley (B. Considine), a son — 3rd child; Mr. and Mrs. L. Hansen (B. Dowden), a son — 3rd child; Mr. and Mrs. J. de Telega (R. Abotomey), a daughter — 3rd child; Mr. and Mrs. T. Abbey (P. Roche), a son; Mr. and Mrs. P. Goldrick (C. Purcell), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. J. d'Apice (M. Broderick), a son—5th child; Mr. and Mrs. A. Simpson (D. Gibbs), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. P. Schlesinger (J. Bowen), a son—5th child; Dr. and Mrs. J. Brassil (M. Brassil), a daughter—2nd child; Mr. and Mrs. L. Plasto (G. Purcell), a daughter — 2nd child; Mr. and Mrs. L. Garry (B. Millingen), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. E. James (E. Roc), a daughter; Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Wilson (C. Frost), a son — 2nd child; Mr. and Mrs. Cotter (M. McGrath), a daughter — 3rd child.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. J. Brettingham-Moore on the death of her mother; Mrs. J. Carter on the death of her husband; Mrs. M. Kelly on the death of her son (Dr. Lincoln Kelly), Mrs. E. Hughes, and the Misses C. and M. Curtin on the death of their sister (Mrs. Turner); Mrs. W. Conley on the death of her father; and to Frances Coolahan on the death of her father.

Sydney, they sent the news to the papers in their home town in U.S.A. Much enthusiasm all round!

Lexie's artist-son, Harley Griffiths, was the joint winner of the 1954 Dunlop Art Competition. During the last few years his name has been seen frequently in journals where his work as a restorer of valuable oil-paintings has been recorded. He works for the Melbourne Art Gallery and various English Galleries. His subject for the Dunlop prize was "An Interior" — a study of his own home at Bayswater, near Melbourne.

On this sad occasion of his mother's death, we send him our sincere sympathy; we send it also to Mother M. Loreto, of Normanhurst, who was consoled by the report of the happy death of her dear sister, Lexie, after she had received the last rites of our dear and Holy Church. R.I.P.

* See page 93.

(Continued from page 87)

It is no small compliment to her audience that Miss Hakendorf judged the school hall of her Alma Mater just as worthy of a celebrity programme as the Albert Hall, London. We are grateful to the Old Scholars' Association for arranging this wonderful recital.

MARGARET MULLINS.
Marryatville.

ST. MARY'S HALL, UNIVERSITY, MELBOURNE



**MUSIC, SOCIAL STUDIES
AND LAW**

Back Row (L. to R.): Patricia Kennedy, Judith Joyce, Colette Christie, Judy Murray, Patricia Coutts, Gwenda Bramich, Margaret Murphy.

Front Row: M. Sripicharn, Rosemary Tehan, Janet Byrne, Joan Morice, Margaret Tobin, Betty Mulcahy.



ARTS & EDUCATION

Back Row: M. Favalaro, M. McNamara, P. Caine, J. Pritchard, J. Connolly, H. Lombard, C. Yap, F. Byrne.

Front Row: Mary Quinlan, Aileen Jeffrey, Mary Jenner, Isabel Cornwell.



SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Back Row (L. to R.): Betty Lenaghan, Nanette Crameri, Anne Kennedy, Jocelyn Gorman, Patricia Joyce, Mary Conroy, Mary E. Calwell.

Front Row: Flora Lloyd, Judy Begent, Sophie Reid, Helene Wood, Patricia Hamm.

For the Juniors

Five frisky rabbits out at play,
 Ever so happy, ever so gay.
 One little rabbit caught in a net:
 A notice went up:

HOUSE TO LET.



House to Let: (Marryatville Ideas on Housing.)

CONVENT PETS

I am a little dog,
 And my name is Nippy,
 And I have a good time
 When the girls play skippy.

The cat's name is Ginger,
 He lives in this house;
 He loves to drink milk,
 But his favourite dish is mouse.

When we first met each other
 We didn't quite agree,
 But now we are happy
 And as friendly as can be.

JUDITH GURRY (9 Years).
 Portland.



Out for a Walk. (Drawn by Beverley Dobson, Marryatville.)

OUR NEW JUNIOR SCHOOL

For a long time we had been praying for a new Junior School. The old one had been built for over fifty years on the banks of the River Swan. But the rooms were too small for our big classes, so each day we asked Our Lady for a bigger school.

Nearly all parents and children have helped in many ways with raffles, school lunches and Bridge afternoons. Now at last the time has come for our Building to begin. This means that all the Junior pupils have had to move over the road to the Senior School, taking all their equipment with them. The boys thought this was a great game, specially invented for them, but they really were quite helpful carrying over the desks.

Every day we look through the picket fence to see how the building is progressing. At present it looks rather a muddle; but we all know that when it is completed, we shall have lovely bright classrooms looking out over the Swan River.

JANET LLOYD (Grade IV.).
 Claremont.

A BALLOON RIDE.

There once was a little black coon,
 Who went for a ride in a balloon.

It flew up so high,

That as he passed by,

He waved to the man in the moon.

MARGARET McNAMARA (Grade V),
 Marryatville.

Any reader who has been outback in Australia will appreciate Beverley's skill in capturing the fantastic shapes of some of our dead trees. The editor has a memory of childhood where a certain dead tree by a certain road looked anxiously at you as you passed; but when, after passing, you turned round to view him, he was grinning and waving goodbye to you. Australian humour!—Ed.



(Drawn by Beverley Quinn, Toorak.)

A few characters from the Nuns-priests' tale, as seen by Walt Disney: The Widow, Pigs, Mollie, Dame Pertolete, Chanticleer, Chanticleer's Dream.

CHAUCER IN THE NURSERY*

Once upon a tyme there was a poor old widwe who lived in a dear little cotage standinge in a dale.

Now this old widwe owned a very beautiful Cock whose name was Chauntecleer. He was so handsome with his burnisht gold feathers, coral pink comb, and jet black beak, that all the ladye hennes unanimously voted him Lord of the farmyard.

One nyghte when all the world was fast asleep Chauntecleer had a nightmare. He dreamed he saw a wicked fox who pounced on him and killed him. Pertelote, who was Chauntecleer's wife, heard him cry out in his sleep, and thinking that he was suffering from indigestion, told him to be sure to take his medicine when he got up.

However, next morning the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing so muriely, that Chauntecleer forgot his dreame and strutted up and down the farmyard on his "toon", while his ladye loves took their daily beauty bath in the dust. Little did he know that a horrible fate awaited him in the person of Russell, the sly old fox, who was lurking among the cabbages with a "boterflye" on his head.

Chauntecleer was very frightened to see the object of his dream, but being susceptible to flattery and guile, he agreed to sing for Russell. He

shut his eyes and opened his beak, ready to burst into song. But at this moment the fox seized Chauntecleer by the kneck and carried him off towards the woods.

Chauntecleer's undignified squawks attracted the attention of all the neighbouring farms, and soon all the farmers armed with pitch forks and accompanied by farmyard animals, set off in hot pursuit of Russell.

But Chauntecleer had an idea. He told the fox that it would be a sign of victory to shout back at his pursuers. Russell opened his mouth unthinkingly whereby Chauntecleer escaped and flew high up into the nearest tree.

Both the cock and fox admitted rather ruefully, that they had been very foolish not to realize that "Pride comes before a fall."

And so "heer endyth the Nonne's Preest's Tale." And heer also I must apologize to Chaucer for ruining one of his lovely Canterbury Tales, but it is an excellent device for sending young brothers to sleep.

JOAN LIGHTFOOT (16 Years).

Toorak.

* Juniors have a jig-saw puzzle, though Beverley did not so arrange it.—Ed.

RICHARD THE RAT

(The essay which won first prize of five guineas in a competition in 1953)*

I like the story of Richard the Rat, because it is very interesting. Even if you are cold you forget that you are. I think they are wonderful the way they get on the raft from the *Sarah Sands*. It is funny the way Richard the Rat gets his hand caught in Crusty the Crab's mouth, and the funny song that Crusty sings while she is laying her pearl. But most of all I like where they get away from the nasty old cat.

Where it says that Rosalind offers them a cracker is nice.

I think that the real adventure starts when they get on the *Sarah Sands*, and Richard sees the cheese but he does not know that it is a rat trap, and Raleigh, the first friend Richard ever had, told him

what it really was. And where Richard and Rosalind get on the little island, and where they write a little poem on a clam.

It is very funny where three of them met and had been on the same island all the time. I really think that Richard the Rat is a good book. I think your author can really write good books. I wish that you write some more books.

MARY ELLEN PRIEBE (9 Years).

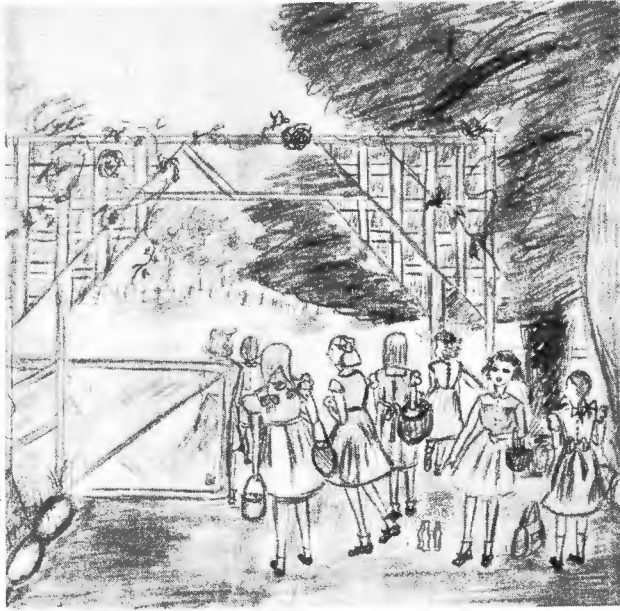
Normanhurst.

* See page 90.

JOCK'S CLOCK.

There was once an old man named Jock,
Who always carried a clock;
But the clock struck none because it was done,
Tickety Tackety Tock.

PATRICIA REILLY (7 Years).



The Juniors at Normanhurst going to the bush for a picnic.
(Drawn by Susan Koves)

THE RIVER

"Dismiss," cried the schoolmaster. A rush of water followed this remark as the little class of streams left the schoolroom. One of these was the future Burnett River which now flows through Bundaberg.

"Just a minute, Burnett," said the master, "I want you to go up to the top and start to run. The natives are in need of a river in this part of the land."

So up trickled the little stream to burst on the earth on a rainy day. "Oh, this is lovely," said the little stream, "to run freely here and there, twisting among the rocks with the sun dancing on my waves."

The rain poured down and the stream grew. It ran through woods and swept shrubs from the ground. On a rock sat two native scouts. They ran wildly back to their camp and soon the whole tribe was gathered on the bank looking at the water as it rushed by.

Soon other little streams joined it, and they all flowed down towards the sea, singing a happy song, "Gurgle! Gurgle! Splash! Splash!"

KAY BARRY (11 Years).
Brisbane.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday fun day,
Monday bun day,
Tuesday News day,
Wednesday spend day,
Thursday purse day,
Friday tired day,
Saturday matinee,
That's all my way.

FELICITY O'LOGHLIN (7 Years).
Marryatville.

PUPPIES AND PONIES

1. TINY GAY.

I am a tiny puppy,
My name is Tiny Gay,
I love to wander in the sun,
And bark and jump and play.

I love to chase the tabby cat
That loves to sleep all day,
But when I start to chase him
He runs faster all the way.

But, while I chase, a tree he finds,
And up he runs with all his might,
And while he sits up on a branch
I look a sorry sight.

ANNALISA GRIGUOL (Grade V).
Marryatville.

2. MAC.

I know a dog;
He's small and black;
He goes by the very odd name of Mac.
His hair is curly, his teeth are white,
And though he looks fierce,
He will not bite.

I used to take him for a walk,
And though he couldn't really talk
He used to tell me all he could
About his games in Bluebell Wood;
And how he'd run to catch a hare,
Although it really wasn't there.

Such times we had
Old Mac and me
Till it was time to go to tea.
And then we'd turn and make for home,
And Mac would go to his tea —
A bone.

PATRICIA SMITH (1st Year).
Marryatville.

3. MY PONY.

I have a little pony,
As frisky as can be,
His coat is sleek and shiny,
And he likes to follow me.
We go for merry gallops
In sunshine and in rain,
And when we're feeling very tired,
We canter home again.
An apple for my pony
And one perhaps for me,
Off with the reins and saddle
And once again he's free.
Goodnight my little pony
Sleep soundly in your stall,
To-morrow we shall have some fun;
So now goodnight to all.

FRANKIE MOORE (2nd Year).
Toorak.

O B I T U A R Y

NORMANHURST:

A number of our Senior Sisters have gone to their reward since the last issue of our magazine. In Normanhurst we lost Sister Austin Blake and Sister Gerard Cooper, two pioneer Sisters of the foundation, which owes to their heroic, generous lives more than can be expressed. Sister Austin was the first to go; she died after a short illness on the 30th August, 1953. In convent speech, she had charge of the parlours. How many dainty meals she must have served, and trays of afternoon tea she must have carried during thirty or forty years. Any member of her community had only to go to her pantry where everything was always in perfect order, to announce a late visitor or party of visitors, and ask for an afternoon tea-tray. She never showed impatience at any request — a triumph of charity, when her delicate body must often have been crying out for rest. We feel sure that the priests who enjoyed her hospitality over the years have remembered her generous soul in their Masses.

Her close friend and fellow-member in the Community for over fifty years was Sister Gerard who had charge of the farm and the workmen for the greater part of her life. To see her dealing with a "drunk" with firmness, yet with such kindness, was a lesson in how to approach the most forlorn of God's creatures. The rest of the Community sometimes trembled to see her approach a truculent "caller"; but the man must have seen in her eyes her wonderful charity, for not one ever raised his hand against her. Her parents were among the pioneering stock of Victoria, and they transmitted their strong faith and heroism to their children; a list of nephews, too long for mention here, would show how many priests among them are serving God, as far afield as Korea. All the nuns in her Community knew them at least by name, and there was general rejoicing over each ordination as it came along. Sister loved them as if they were her children. We offer to them all our sincere sympathy, and also congratulations. Her death occurred on the 23rd November, 1953, after a few days' illness.

KIRRIBILLI:

Mother de Sales Young and Mother Francis Xavier Brady died within a few days of each other: the 7th and 11th of November, 1953. They spent the last thirty years of their life at Kirribilli, where generations of pupils owe a great deal to them. Before she entered the Convent, Mother de Sales was a trained and accomplished musician, having pursued her studies after her schooldays at Mary's Mount. She was greatly liked by her pupils who appreciated not only her skill as a pianist and teacher, but also her unflinching courtesy.

Mother F. Xavier had already done almost a life-work before she went to Kirribilli. She was gifted in many ways and seemed to be able to teach efficiently any subject proposed to her. From her early days at the Dawson Street Training College, Mother Xavier was a student. She became an accomplished classical scholar, a mathematician; and she read widely in English literature. She was a most interesting companion in her Community,

and could tell a humorous story with much effect. If ever a nun used all her strength and faculties to serve the Lord, it was Mother Francis Xavier.

CLAREMONT:

A hidden life, marked by a good deal of suffering, came to an end when Mother M. Annunciata Malony went to her reward on the 1st December, 1953. She spent nearly all her religious life at Osborne—as the Claremont House is still familiarly called. After spending some years of her girlhood as a pupil at Mary's Mount, she entered the Novitiate in 1895. Although falling into delicate health early in religious life, she outlived her contemporaries. Because of deafness, Mother Annunciata was not a school nun; though when she entered the Convent she was a brilliant violinist. Her life of sacrifice developed in her great patience and cheerfulness; and who shall estimate what the Institute gained by her religious observance and prayer?

MARY'S MOUNT:

It must have seemed to generations of girls at Mary's Mount that there would never be a time when Mother Catherine Goddard was not part of the school. Her death on the 5th May, 1954, removed a unique personality — unique, and much loved. She was English by birth and education; and she was already an artist, trained at Kensington, when she came to Australia and entered the Novitiate at Mary's Mount. Her long years as a Religious were spent, first, at the Central Catholic Training College in Melbourne. After it closed in 1924, she returned to Mary's Mount, where she taught until the weight of years drew her from the teaching staff. Somewhere about 1914 she went with Mother Elizabeth Forbes to Western Australia to conduct for the nuns in that State a Summer School in Christian Doctrine, at the request of the Archbishop of Perth. In those days she was one of Australia's leading educators, and one of the most generous of colleagues to work with, sharing with others whatever they liked. The girls who had the privilege of studying in her Culture or Finishing Class at Mary's Mount received something precious for after-life in all the Arts.

PORTLAND:

Just as our magazine was going to press, news was received that Mother M. Ita Kehoe had died (July 10th). Her death came at the end of a long illness which was God's plan for rounding off a generous life of active service. The early years of her religious life were spent in W.A.; and it was a pleasure to read in last year's magazine Mary Durack Miller's appreciative reminiscences of Mother Ita's gentle efficiency as a kindergarten teacher in the old days at Adelaide Terrace. She was Superior at Portland for several years; and in later years when she fell seriously ill, it was a consolation to her to be sent back to Portland where she was nursed with affection and solicitude until her death. We offer our sincere sympathy to her brother and sisters, one of whom (Mother Brigid) is in the Community at Normanhurst.

May our dear Sisters rest eternally in the peace of God's love.

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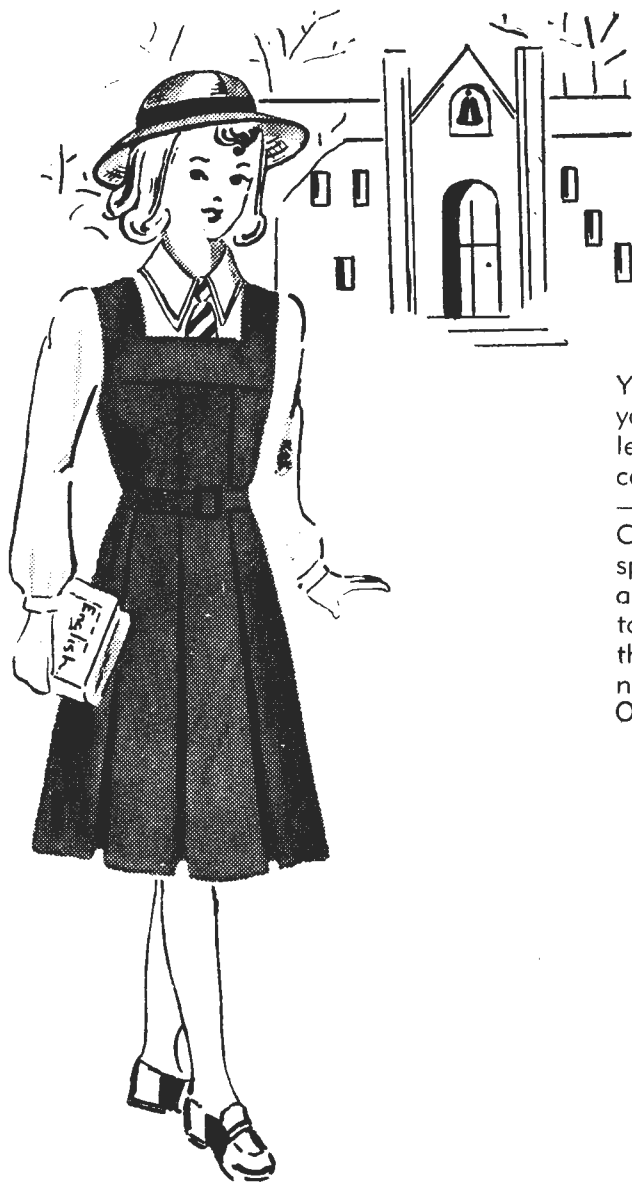
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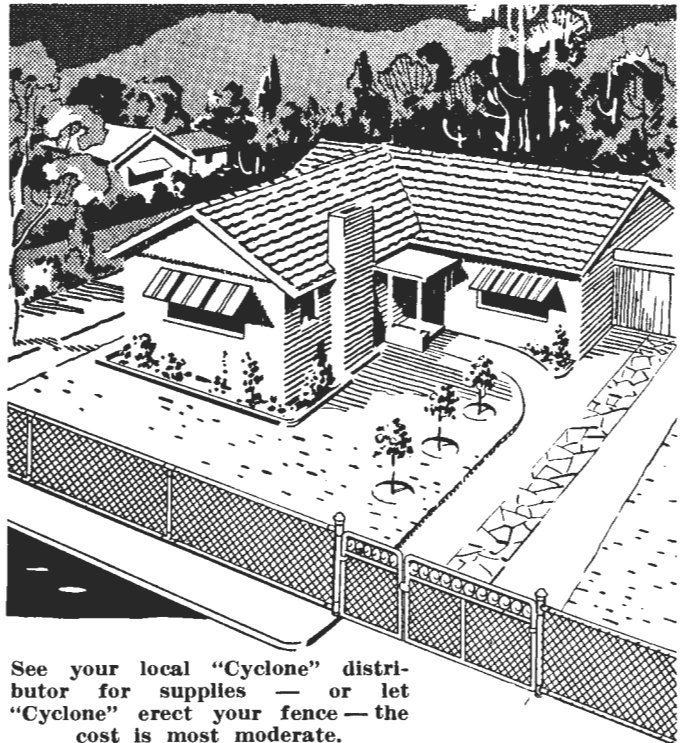
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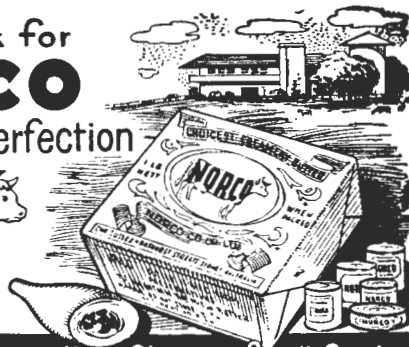
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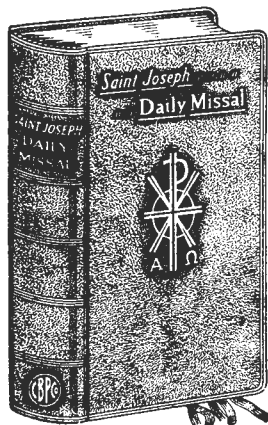
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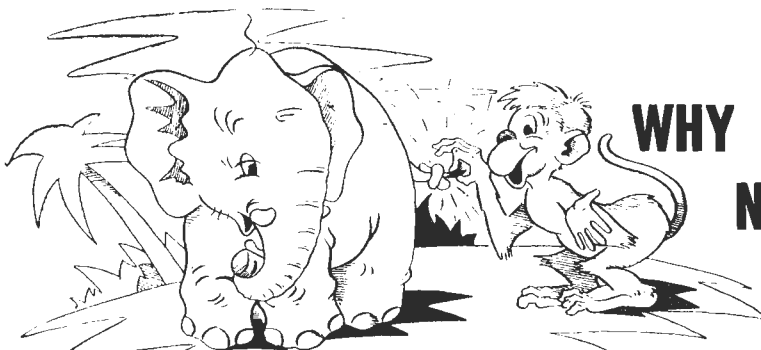
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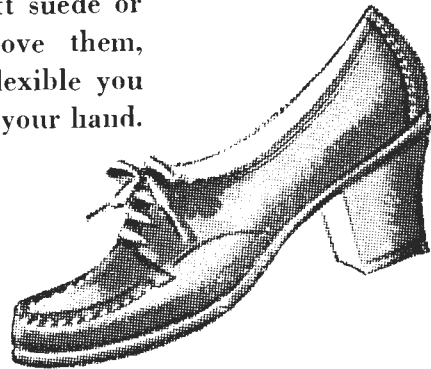
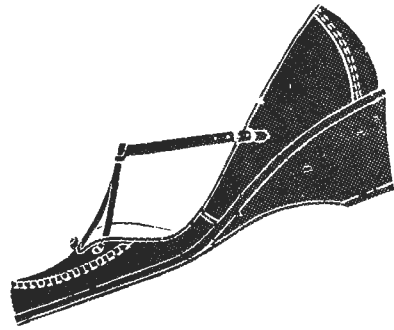
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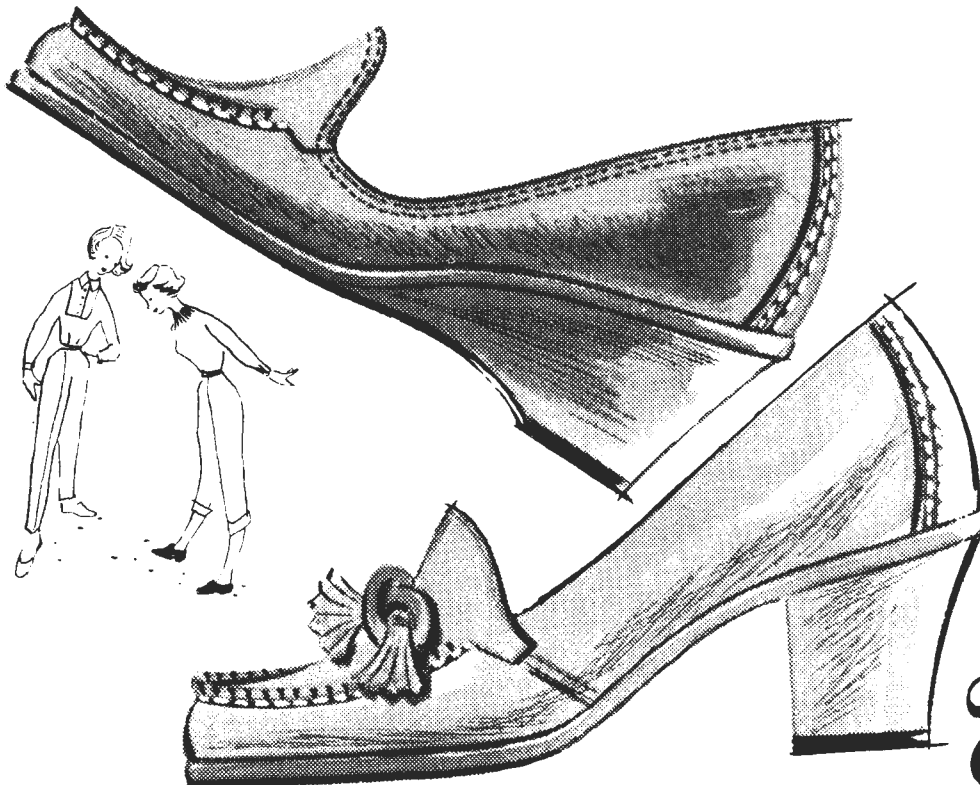
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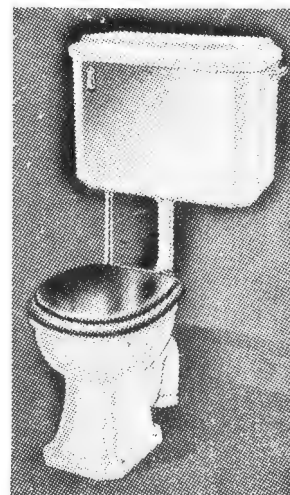
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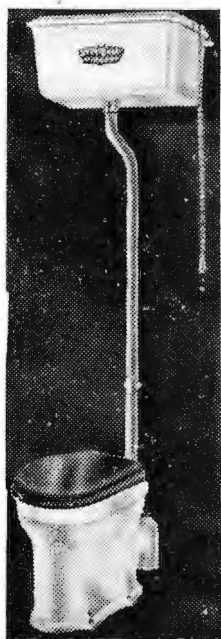
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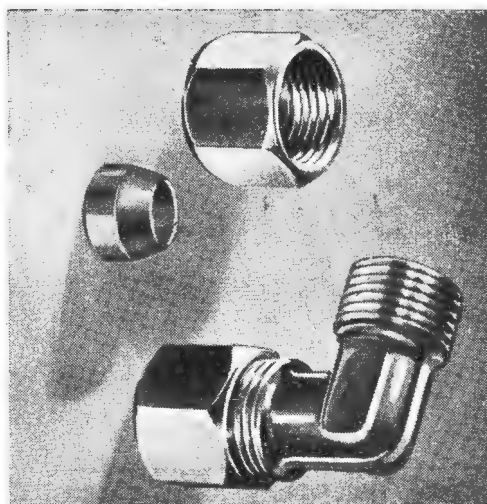
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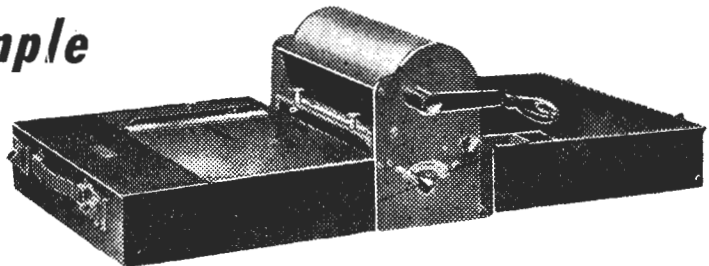
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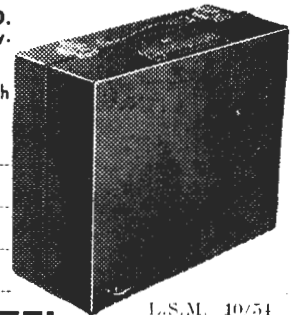
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