He took time off from all these activities, played golf, and was president of the Northern Golf Club.

In his business dealings and with his staff, he was remarkable for fairness and attention to detail, and great enthusiasm for any project he put his mind to.

He died in his home in Balwyn on May 31 and, after Requiem Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, he was buried in the Melbourne General Cemetery.

To his widow, his children and to his brother, Douglas, Xavier offers sincerest and deepest sympathy.

ROBERT O'JARA. Always a man who excelled both in study and sport.

Was the School slow bowler in the mid 1930's and also a useful footballer.

He was a leading University tennis player during his course and later was an L.T.A.V. pennant player and a leading player in the V.C.L.T.A. for many years and represented the Victorian Assoc. in interstate matches. He was also an Honours graduate in both Arts and Law at the Melbourne University.

During the war he served with the R.A.N.V.R. as a Lieutenant and was one of a select group known as "The Fairfax Party" trained on Commando lines and chosen for the important task of establishing the naval beach-head at Buna in New Guinea immediately following the landing of the Allied forces in that area.

Subsequent to the war he established a legal practice in Hawthorn which had developed to quite a remarkable extent before he died. Bob was a man popular with all with whom he came in contact and apart from his legal and sporting interests was a man with very broad cultural interests and a penetrating knowledge of history.

NOEL ROWAN.

FATHER FRANK O'KEEFE, S.J. Fr. O'Keefe died in "Caritas Christi" Hospice on July 21. He was 92 years of age and within a few weeks of his 70th year as a Jesuit.

He came from near Bendigo where his father had a sheep station. He began his secondary education in Ballarat with the Holy Ghost Fathers who had a College there at that time.

He came to Xavier in 1893 and was there till 1896.

When he left school he went on the land on his father's property, and after a short time he decided to become a Jesuit. Because of a slight chest trouble he was ordered a long sea voyage by his doctor and so he set out for Ireland and the Jesuit Novitiate, Tullabeg. He went by a sailing ship carrying wheat to England. He was the only passenger on the ship and the journey lasted four months. They went by Cape Horn. They hardly ever sighted land. To while away the time the crew played soccer and when they needed meat, they killed a pig.

He entered the Novitiate on September 7, 1898.

He studied philosophy at St. Mary's, Stonyhurst, England, after which he returned to Xavier and taught for six years.

He was ordained to the priesthood at Milltown Park, Dublin, on July 26, 1914.

He returned to Xavier in 1916 on an Orient Liner. He came via South Africa because owing to the war, the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal were considered unsafe for passenger ships. He remained at Xavier as sports master till 1924, when he went to Richmond to do parish work. In 1925 he returned to Xavier and was there till 1934. During the next 16 years he worked in the parishes of Norwood, S.A., Sevenhill, S.A., and Toowong, Queensland.

He returned to Xavier in 1950 and was with us till his death. During these years he remained very active and took an interest in everything. He rose early, and said Mass every morning about 6 o'clock.

He made frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament and had a great devotion to Our Lady. He had a cheerful word for everybody and he followed the fortunes of the School, and the Old Xaverians, with great interest.

In 1964 he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his Ordination. Few will forget that memorable evening when 300 old Xaverians assembled in the Kew City Hall to celebrate the occasion. Many speeches were made which passed in review his work for the School, and all will certainly remember his own speech in reply. Though then a man of over 80 he showed the fire and enthusiasm of a man of many years younger than he was.

During the last two years of his life his condition deteriorated. His body became more bent and his pace considerably slower. Still he fought on and only about six weeks before he died he went to St. Vincent's Hospital suffering from a severe bronchial condition. He recovered from this, but it left him very weak, and he was removed to Caritas Christi.

There he awaited the end with peace and calm. He died on July 21.
Requiem Masses were celebrated for the repose of his soul every hour from 6 o'clock till noon. A Concelebrated Mass was celebrated at 12 o'clock. His Grace, The Archbishop, presided and gave the absolutions, and he was buried in the Kew Cemetery.

Very many old Xavierians and friends attended the Requiem Masses and funeral.

To his nephews, nieces and relatives Xavier offers sincerest and deepest sympathy.

TRIBUTES TO FR. FRANK O'KEEFE, S.J.

Redemptorist Fathers,
31 Tambun Road, IPOH, MALAYSIA.

My dear Fr. Stephenson,

Today the latest copy of "Laurels" reached me at this little place, Tapah, where we are giving a Mission — mainly to workers on the neighbouring rubber estates and tin mines. It was a very real personal sorrow to learn of Fr. O'Keefe's death in July. I shall be offering Mass for his soul tomorrow morning, and shall keep him in mind at subsequent Masses, in the hope of discharging something of my not unfelt debt to a treasured friend. I recall his return to Xavier in 1924 to take over as First Division Prefect after Fr. Frost became Rector that year. In a variety of ways he galvanized the whole spirit of the school that year — his successful football season was merely a symbol of deeper achievements. I remember him bringing some of us to visit poor families in Richmond, and how warm was the welcome he received from those we called on — his enquiries about this one and that, and the openness with which they talked about their problems to him and accepted his counsels.

But it was in 1928, in my last year, when he had again taken over as First Division Prefect that I most experienced his warmth and understanding and encouragement. I felt pretty sure by then that I should become a priest, but was uncertain as to what form of priestly work I was meant for. The long talks in his room beside the top dormitory were invaluable in clearing up doubts. No one could have been more objective and supernatural in his approach. It is forty years ago since I consulted him and I retain a deep sense of gratitude to him for the sureness and wisdom of his advice. I knew I had the support of his friendship and his prayers ever since. It was a joy to meet him at long intervals since then, and to receive his occasional notes — with their own note of whimsy. They all conveyed a heart-warming message of affectionate interest.

About 1960 I was giving a Mission at Elmore parish to which Muskerry the old home of the O'Keefe family, belonged. I was staying with another long-established family in the district, and met many old-timers. "Adelaide Downs," the O'Keefe homestead was nearby, and I was able to gather up quite a lot of information that I felt might be of interest Fr. O'Keefe. I think it pleased him. His reply was full of memories about the long ago — his native place. At all events, Mrs. Harrington must have courted ridicule! How else could one explain the quaint uniform he affected when coaching the football team? Long dark stockings well up over his knees, knee length blue dungaree trousers, navy blue crew-neck sweater and white cricket hat! Once one of the more daring members of the team stamped "X.C." all over the outside of the hat — with the stamp used for marking cricket bats and pads. Father's comment was, "Well, someone saw fit to stamp my hat, I'll see fit to wear it" — and wear it he did!
When anyone was in trouble, and he learned of it, he hurried to assist, irrespective of the time of day or night. Once, many years ago, he told me that the good Lord was good to him if He gave him four hours sleep a night! In the early thirties he rang one night and asked me to do him a favour. He wanted a bottle of beer! This surprised me greatly as I had long known him to be a teetotaller. He went on to add that poor "X" (an old Xavierian) had been "on a bender" — "he's in a bad way and he's coming to see me. I'd like to have a glass of ale for him when he comes." Leo Quin, to whom I recounted this on the night of Father's Rosary, said, to my surprise, "I can vouch for that as I was with him when he rang. He took "X" who was 'under the weather', and not very clean, up to his room, put him on his own bed and looked after him." I could well imagine many of us wanting to give "X" a cup of very strong black coffee in the circumstances — but not so Father Frank!

His characteristic mode of address was "friend" and you got "friend" even when getting the 'cuts'. And if you got the strap you could rest assured of one thing — you deserved it, because although he was a stern disciplinarian, he was always eminently just.

He was a great lover of Our Lord and Our Lady, whose aid he constantly sought and to whose tender care he entrusted many enterprises. He loved the Church. After putting me right on some matter on which I had sought his advice, he concluded with, "you know the Church is a mother, not a step-mother, friend."

He often spoke with great love and gratitude of his own Mother and he quoted her often. When he was over 90 he said, "my dear old Mother used to say, 'Frank, your poor head will never save your poor legs,' and looking me straight in the eye, with a decided twinkle in his own, "and how right she was!"

He was absent-minded at times. He used to seek assistance in the search for his spectacles which he had pushed up out of sight on to his forehead! Once, when collecting for the Chapel Building Fund, he left his car outside while calling on a prospect. He came out of the house and caught a tram back to Xavier, having completely overlooked the car and some hapless Xavier boy whom he had taken for a ride! Yes, he was absent-minded at times, but absent-hearted, never.

As a football coach he was very successful, having had four championships (1910, 1917, 1924, 1933) to his credit. Irrespective of the result of the games, opponents of his teams knew they had been playing! When you recall that by 1924 Xavier had only 300 or so boys, whereas Scotch and Melbourne Grammar had approximately 1,000 and 800 respectively, the success of his teams was all the more meritorious.

Some of his advice to budding footballers will never be forgotten. "One man, one job, two's a mob, three not worth a bob!" "Get it, get rid of it, to a man." His method of teaching you to kick with both feet and to pick up the ball with either hand ("bending both") was as effective as it was novel. "Kick with the right, up with the right, swing to the right, kick with the left, up with the left, swing to the left." Each player was given a ball and told to go up and down the ground practising the above manoeuvre. He discouraged picking up the ball with both hands — "You can't pick it up with the brakes on, friend", and I can well remember shouts of disbelief mingled with admiration from the spectators at the MCG as some Xavier players swooped one-handed, and at nearly top speed, on the ball, picked it up and went on their merry way, be the ground wet or dry.

Since Father's death, I asked Joe Kelly, a member of the 1924 team, of the Carlton team the many years and of the Victorian State team on several occasions, what he thought of him as a coach. Joe was full of praise for him and said, "he taught us the basic principles of the game and when I was coaching Footscray and, later, South Melbourne, I put into practice many of the things he taught us."

He wanted you to win — for Xavier — but more importantly he wanted you to give of your best — and hang the consequences! His face used to light up when you mentioned one of his old-time champions to him.

It used to be said of him that an autopsy would have revealed a grossly dilated heart the shape of the Xavier crest!

Three weeks before his death I visited him in hospital. Despite his illness, his advanced years and the fact that a nurse had to wake him (he was dozing in a chair) with "there's someone here to see you, Father", he recognized me and called me by name. Later the same day, he told Father Dyon, s.j., that I had visited him — so he still had his wits about him.

As I was leaving, I sought his blessing and as I knelt beside him he placed both hands very firmly on my head as he uttered the benediction. As he came to the final words he increased the pressure of his hands quite appreciably as though to "drive it home."

I had no idea that I was seeing him alive for the last time. If it was not a saint who blessed me (and I think it could very well have been) it was certainly the most remarkable man I ever knew.

The next time I saw him was in the School Chapel on the eve of his burial when, at the invitation of Father Rector and after the Rosary, those present filed past the open coffin. The inflexible coercive will had at last ceased to drive what had become a very frail and tiny body and, if one can judge by the ethereal look on his face, he was already with his beloved Master and his beloved Master's beloved Mother.

If ever an actor shunned the limelight but stole the show completely, it was he! To have known him and to have been counted among his friends was a favour of incalculable magnitude.

If my son were to ask me to name someone on whose life he should model his own, I would hesitatingly say Father O'Keefe! May his gentle and loving Soul rest in peace!

JIM EDWARDS (X.C. 1917-26)
Concelebrated Requiem Mass for Fr. O'Keefe, S.J., in the School Chapel.
Fr. O'Keefe really came into my life when I was a boy of sixteen when we were formed into his 1917 team. He obtained the full support of all of us because he never asked us to do anything that he was not prepared to do himself and do generally better. He drove us hard, particularly the last daily run after training. Jog 50 yards, sprint on whistle 50 yards for about 500 yards. It made the team's stamina and made us very tired often at the end. The main item about him was, "never was a boy or publicity of his mistakes". Fr. O'Keefe only spoke quietly and alone to any of us to advise us how to remedy his mistake.

Apart from football I knew him far better as a Jesuit priest who was always ready to go to the help of any old Xaverian in trouble. His letter to me after Anthony's accident and one of the first letters to reach me after my wife's death was from Fr. O'Keefe then over 90 years old.

DAN WEBB (The XVIII 1917)

Fr. O'Keefe came to Xavier as a schoolboy in 1893, so, at the time of his death this year, he had been associated for three quarters of a century with the School he loved so well. For nearly all of those seventy-five years Xavier was his home. The years spent elsewhere must have been years of exile.

Many old Xaverians, especially those of the twenties, will remember him as a successful football coach, a master of tactics and strategy who could produce team work and physical fitness from the boys under his care. Many will remember doing the "figure eight" — "kick with the right, pick up with the right, turn to the right and kick with the left, etc."

Father O'Keefe coached two premiership sides — one in 1917 and the other in 1924. If Father O'Keefe had been at Xavier in 1923, many consider that we would have won the football premiership that year too. And who could forget the memorable season of 1921 when we tied with Melbourne Grammar and defeated Scotch by one point. The boarders of 1921 will remember how Father Bourke read the lengthy reports from the Argus of these two matches to us at breakfast on the following mornings.

Although Fr. O'Keefe was a highly successful football coach and sportsmaster, success in sport was for him but a means to be used in character formation. Self discipline on the field, self sacrifice in training were to precede the self discipline and self sacrifice required in later life. On these qualities of discipline and sacrifice was built school spirit, the dedication of one's self to one's school.

Father O'Keefe's life, a living example of school spirit, found expression in his enthusiasm for the school songs. A writer of verse, Fr. O'Keefe composed the words of at least two school songs, "Neath the Flag" and "Play the Game", and was instrumental in having a school song composed to celebrate Parer and McIntosh's flight from England to Australia in 1919.

We the boys of the 1920's, all knew the school songs of Xavier — thanks to Fr. O'Keefe's enthusiasm and ability as a conductor — and we sang "whether tis or not" instead of "whether is or not" or failed to pause after "Sons of Xavier".

It was about this time that funds were first collected to build the new Chapel, so concerts were organized for this purpose, and at these concerts the singing of the school songs was a notable feature. Fr. O'Keefe's enthusiasm for raising funds for the Chapel was so great, that he must be considered as being one of those chiefly responsible for the building of the Xavier Chapel.

During the many years he was first division prefect not only did he endeavour to instil into us ideals of self discipline and self sacrifice, he taught us by words and the example of his own life to hold the things of this world — at their proper value and no more — to place one's self above the things of this world and as true Catholics to be other than the world.

This was evident in his preaching — when invariably he urged us to keep in bounds with the use of creatures, especially the right use of money. We all remember that famous character of his stories, Slugger Bill, the boy with few brains and small ability, who succeeded in the end by keeping on trying.

Perhaps there is something autobiographical in the words Fr. O'Keefe wrote in the School Song "Play the Game". This song tells of a shy and frail Xavier boy who by courage and character succeeded on "field and form", who in after life had the moral courage to stand alone for what he knew to be right, and who after his death received his eternal reward.

This song may seem very old-fashioned or old hat to us now, but in singing of the boy who played the game as an Xaverian and as an Old Xaverian and thereby found justification before the judgement seat of God, many of us must feel that we are telling the story of Fr. O'Keefe.

The hundreds of Old Xaverians, for whom he has become a legend will mourn his passing, and as the full realisation is home upon us of Xavier's debt and our own debt to Fr. O'Keefe, we ask God whom he served so generously to have mercy on his soul.

JAMES TEHAN

It should not be an exaggeration to say that Fr. Frank O'Keefe was known to more pupils of Xavier, past and present, than any other member of the staff in the history of the College. As an old boy of the school he was known to many Xaverians when he returned from his ecclesiastical studies abroad to join the College staff as a scholastic in 1906. For the greater part of the sixty odd years since then Xavier College was his home, and three generations of Xavier boys came under his benign influence. Of course, Fr. O'Keefe did not spend all his days at Xavier. He served at many places, and to the College was so great, that he must be considered as being one of those chiefly responsible for the building of the Xavier Chapel.

It was this devotion to the Mother of God, I have no doubt, that inspired his deep respect for all women and his warm sympathy for boys at the death of their mothers. Many an Old Boy of Xavier will cherish the memory of a sad day when he lost his mother and had his first visit of...
condolence from a priest on a bicycle, no other than Fr. Frank O'Keefe, s.j., with his customary greeting for such occasions: "You have two mothers in Heaven now."

One of the first duties assigned to Father (then Mr.) O'Keefe when he joined the College staff — apart from the routine of class teaching — was the training of boys for the junior debating club. He entered upon the task with a zest that made the whole Second Division feel that the junior debates were the most important events in the life of the school. Not only did he have the young members writing trial speeches for him to criticize; he wrote a speech himself and delivered it, with appropriate gestures and inflections of tone, at a final rehearsal. The subject set for the debate was the White Australia policy. Quite vividly do I remember the opening sentences of Mr. O'Keefe's speech:

"We know (pause) that in the island of Ceylon (pause) fruit and vegetation of many kinds grow in abundance."

What that had to do with the White Australia policy we juniors were at a loss to know, but as our eloquent young master went on with his theme we were made aware that Ceylon, with its rich soil and plentiful rainfall, yielded a living to its millions of people with their primitive forms of agriculture; that inhabitants of other lands raised their crops by methods suited to their particular conditions, but that Australia, with its rainfall confined mainly to the coastal areas, could not be developed by white men alone, and would have to rely upon coloured labour for the development of its vast, dry, drought-stricken interior.

There was a big muster of Second Division boys and masters to hear the debate when the great night arrived. The Government leader, Gregory O'Neill, a small precocious boy, led off with a telling speech in favour of White Australia. The Leader of the Opposition, unfortunately, was laid up with some complaint or other in the infirmary, and Mr. O'Keefe asked permission to take his place. The Rector, Father Keating, as chairman, readily granted it, provided, he said, that there were no objections, and Mr. O'Keefe took the floor.

"We know," he began, "that in the island of Ceylon, fruit and vegetation of many kinds grow in abundance."

He got no further, for young Gregory O'Neill rose on a point of order, and raised the objection, most emphatically, that a man of Mr. O'Keefe's age should not be permitted to take part in a junior debate.

The objection was upheld by the chairman, and the debate went on without the participation of Mr. O'Keefe. The reverse was taken in good spirit by our young and zealous Director, though most successful teams stands to prove. While coaching in practice matches he was field umpire, boundary umpire, goal umpire and coach all in one, and the extent of running, shouting and whistling he did in an afternoon was astounding.

Those are my earliest recollections of Father O'Keefe as I first knew him as a scholastic at Xavier. I cannot recall ever having received any form of punishment from him, nor did I ever hear any other boys complaining about his use of the strap, if he ever used one. I have an idea that after two or three years he was transferred to St. Patrick's College for a while, and that I had left school when he returned to Xavier.

My next recollection of that Reverend Dynamo of Energy cover a later period when he was back as Fr. O'Keefe, still interested in sport, but more concerned with the musical side of college life, particularly in the composition and singing of College songs, in collaboration to some extent with Father Eustace Boylan (God rest him). It was mainly through the inspiration and encouragement of these two lovable men, I believe, that the Xavier boys formed an orchestra, and held concerts at frequent intervals in the Great Hall. First class artists, amateur and professional, were engaged to perform along with the more talented boys, such as George Capes (violinist), Gordon Kirby (humorous singer and leader of the orchestra), Greg O'Neil (elocutionist), and Jack Cussen (conjurer), but the star items were the College Songs sung by John Garvan Hurley (soloist) and the Boys of Xavier under the personal direction of Father O'Keefe, with accompaniments by the College Orchestra. Ah, those were the days, ladde!

The years rolled on. Another generation of boys came to know Father O'Keefe at Xavier, and their fathers learned to know him in the role of a keen business man with irresistible methods of raising funds for a grand chapel as a memorial to Old Xaverians who gave their lives in the Great War of 1914-18. Now we picture in memory our old friend of the sporting fields and concert hall riding a bicycle over miles of city and suburban territory, his satchel crammed with maps and plans and other documents relating to the memorial chapel fund. The magnificent chapel that now adorns the western height of Xavier grounds is surely a memorial to Fr. Frank O'Keefe as well as to the wartime heroes of Xavier.

In the final stage of his long and saintly life, Father O'Keefe devoted his time to publicity work in the interest of plans and funds for extensions of the College buildings, and was a regular attendant at requiem Masses for Old Xaverians. His presence was ever a consolation and heart warmer to their relatives and friends, and his stooping figure, once so agile and erect, was a familiar and touching sight at the gravesides as he recited the responses in the last prayers. Death had no fears for that kindly, happy man, and his peace of mind in time of stress
and sorrow was a soothing influence, reflecting as it did his simple and profound faith in the goodness and mercy of God, his intense love of the Holy Mother, and his serene way of looking upon our present and future lives as one eternal existence.

F.F. (1902-06)

The late Archbishop Mannix at one of the last Xavier Speech nights he attended said: "I have been coming here so long and so regularly that I think I deserve a prize for good conduct, notable improvement and staying power." To those who knew Fr. Frank O'Keefe, s.j., would agree. I think that this prize should be awarded to him and the Archbishop would be next in merit.

Father O'Keefe was born one year before Xavier opened and celebrated his 91st birthday in February last. More than half of his life was spent at Xavier. Father O'Keefe was known as one of the most versatile masters ever to come to Xavier. He taught most subjects besides organising debating clubs, composing School songs and teaching boys to sing them.

It was a familiar sight before a public School match to see him at the piano, with the whole school assembled in the great hall singing the School songs. Even in the latter years of his life he would still stress the importance of singing the School songs to develop the School spirit.

In the field of sport, he will probably be best remembered as a football coach. The well known Mr. "Bully" Taylor of Melbourne Grammar on his retirement a few years ago was asked what in his opinion was the best Public School football team and his answer was: "The champion Xavier team of 1924 coached by Father O'Keefe." This team was captained by the late Karl Schneider who was also captain of the XI and a member of the Athletic team. Other members who were later to play league football were Austin Robertson (South Melbourne) who defeated Eddie Tolan (U.S.A.) to become world champion runner, Joe Kelly (Carlton), Stuart King and Cyril Burke (St. Kilda), Joe Plant (Richmond). Father L. McHale, s.j., in India was one of the best and most valued members of this side and also a member of the athletic team.

Jock McHale, the famous Collingwood Coach came out to Xavier in 1924 to advise the team at Father O'Keefe's request. His comment after seeing the training was: "I don't know why you asked me out. You have the best coach." (Father O'Keefe.)

Those who were fortunate enough to be coached in football by Father will remember his famous instruction: "Up with the LEFT, Turn to the LEFT, Kick with the RIGHT. Up with the RIGHT, Turn to the RIGHT, Kick with the LEFT". To him it was important that a boy be able to kick right or left and after normal training or a practice match which he would umpire it was: "Now, twice around the oval."

His talks at lunch time in the "Bobs" room would bring back another memory to members of his team: "You do not come here to pass exams. You come here to fit yourself for your place in life and that means to learn to take hard knocks and to take a beating. That is what our football is for."

Father O'Keefe's football uniform of long black socks which came up over his knees and disappeared under his shorts always raised conjecture as to how they were kept up.

The name Kister, as he was familiarly called, evolved from the greeting which he gave his sister, when he kissed her in the great hall.

To Father O'Keefe can be given the most credit for the building of the Chapel. The Bellamine Room as it is now called, was formerly the School Chapel.

The building of the Chapel began in the buoyant twenties only to find that in a short time the depression thwarted the hopes of many donors. Father O'Keefe rode his bicycle around Melbourne and suburbs in an effort to keep the building going, a familiar sight to many old boys. The sale of the farm and orchard became necessary to meet the liabilities. Many present boys would be surprised to know that prize Jersey cattle once grazed in Charles and College Streets and were exhibited at the Royal Melbourne Show.

Requiem Masses were offered at hourly intervals in the Chapel Father laboured so hard to build. The last Mass at 12 noon was presided over by His Grace Archbishop Knox and was a Concelebrated Mass. Father E. Morris, s.j., was the principal Celebrant as was so appropriate as he had tended so much care on Father in recent years. The other celebrants were, The Rector Fr. Hawkins, s.j., Fr. Keenan, s.j., Fr. Leonard, s.j., Fr. Boyd, s.j., Fr. Bradford, s.j., and Fr. Larkin, s.j.

JOHN S. MCNAMARA (1923-24)

The departure from this world of Fr. Frank O'Keefe has awakened fond memories of nearly sixty years ago.

Although I entered Xavier in 1908, it was not until 1910 that I had close contact with him — as our football coach. His great love was School Football.

Each practice night, he would turn out in his comical blue jeans, his incongruous cap and drive us with that dynamic energy, typical of all his way in life.

Hesitancy on a player's part was countered with a shout "Move, man, move!"

In 1910 we had won the Cricket Championship — He set his sights on the double! — the Football Championship.

Although we were so small in numbers, that particular year he had great quality to train — to name some greats: Tommie O'Brien, Cecil Quinlan, Ron Hayes, Harry Fitzpatrick, etc. etc.

Before each match he would come to the dressing room and with the captain, Tommie O'Brien, would lay down the tactics for that particular day.

His figure of 8 play against the wind won us the match against Scotch — and the Premiership — (Figure of 8 was from the kick-off to the flanks, across the centre and out to the diagonal flank and on to goal.)

Each individual of the team he took aside for instructions — after which he left you with the feeling that if you did your best, you alone could win the match for Xavier.

His complete understanding and compassion for the trials of Senior School boys, built moral strength in those he comforted.

How much richer would we be today, had we but gathered even a few of the pearls he cast.

H. C. SCHRADER (The XVIII 1910)
It was in the early years at Xavier that I first knew Father O'Keefe, Mr. O'Keefe as he was then. I believe from memory he was in charge of the Senior Division, we as Junior boys looked with awe particularly in the year 1910 upon those big boys who had won for the school, in tying with Scotch, its first premiership.

Father O'Keefe had quite a lot to do with this team, and his fame as a coach went with him, when he left soon after for overseas, to further his studies for the Priesthood, and his prowess was still remembered when he returned as Fr. O'Keefe in August 1916. Little boys grow up as they have done in all the years of Xavier, the Junior boys become the Senior School and take their place to fight for Xavier.

In my early playing years, we did our best, fought well but our victories were few and far between, in 1916 all matches but one were lost, so we were not over hopeful for the following year.

Fr. O'Keefe was to take over the coaching, and little did we think early in 1917, we were to win that year for the School its first football championship, mainly due to the coaching and encouragement given us by Fr. O'Keefe. I knew the love Fr. O'Keefe had for the School. I remember the encouragement and inspiration he gave, which has remained with me in all the passing years.

E. G. HOOD (The XVIII 1917)

My brother and the present writer were enrolled in 1912, the year of the unfortunate Combined Athletic Meeting when Xavier scored a half point, I think, over Scotch but lost later over a technicality. We often heard the name of Mr. O'Keefe mentioned and mentioned with reverence although he had left in 1911 to complete his studies for the priesthood at Milltown Park, Dublin, where he was ordained July 26, 1914, and the news arrived that he would soon be back at Xavier. I then wondered what manner of man he was that held such a spell over schoolboys but soon learnt and we became friendly. He had been endowed with the unsolicited gift of a lovable, kind and gentle disposition but not without steel in his spine.

He was one of several brothers and at least one sister — Elizabeth and known as Bessie to a generation of medical students. She graduated later in life than her fellow graduates because her father, in his lifetime, did not approve of female medical career. She had the same humane and benevolent personality as her brother whom she admired. She told me that he was so contented and happy at Xavier and in all his spiritual and worldly duties and tasks because he had an essentially simple and humble personality. With his deep spiritual fervour he wanted little else materially.

In 1916 again on the Master's school list he was 1st Division Prefect, sports master and football coach. At that time there was a reporter on the "Argus" and "Australian" — "Old Boy" or R. W. Wilmot — and also secretary of the Old Mclburnians who repeatedly wrote unfavourably in his reporting of Xavier's conduct in various sporting engagements. My father, a solicitor, used to become indignant and had arguments with him that eventually had some effect. Of one football game in 1916 he reported that one Scotch College boy had lost one tooth from an intentional blow aimed by a Xavier player. He overlooked that in the same game two Xavier players were hospitalised for bruised kidneys.

It was about this time the inflammatory hands of Grattan Shiels (N.Z.) fired the hollow giant gum tree near the 1st Division lobby, just below the parapet. After burning for a week despite repeated attempts by the Kew Fire Brigade to extinguish the blazing tree which was dispersing sparks that threatened the school buildings it had to be pulled down and dismantled into pieces. By reason of its situation the management of this workforce for demolition was a task that fell within the scope of the terms of reference of the 1st Division Prefect. Many were attracted by his charm of manner and patent goodness and kindness and for many years he was a popular figure in the school. My father who had been President of the O.X.A. (1912-1913) admired him and knew all the brothers; and was an ardent and early old Xaverian until he died in 1918. He used to take to heart the many games defeats in those days. However this was soon to be changed under the football coaching of Fr. O'Keefe despite a small Roll (272 in 1917).

His first appearance on the football field was surprising in those days. He was in full football togs, admittedly all black, long stockings, longish shorts, full necked jersey and his head surmounted by a woollen cap, black, with a tasselled knob, probably knitted by his devoted sister. The strategy was simple — centre play towards the goal posts, the shortest route to victory. Centre play was dominated by Alan McLean and Kevin Rush who later played league football for Richmond. The tactics were to get rid of the ball as soon as possible by kicking and of course down the centre. He individually coached players, including myself, on various minutiae of the game including such as picking up the ball whilst "on the run" or wherever he detected a weakness in the player. And so the 1917 Championship was won.

Fr. O'Keefe at the school sports in 1933.
After leaving school I appreciated his prudent advice. He sometimes appeared absentminded which should be more correctly described as preoccupation with some other problem, perhaps esoteric or impracticable sometimes. Once or more in a period of great intensity during the Appeal for the new chapel which he founded and promoted is an example. A Dodge open or touring car had been placed at his disposal so that he might expeditiously see prospective donors during the day. After which was a bound copy of the songs. At the Sports years. Shortly before his death in St. Vincent's Hospital I saw him reading a red booklet and asked the nurse what he was reading so intently, which was a bound copy of the songs. At the Sports Night Concert, November 1916, the opening song was by L. G. Hurley (next year to graduate), Fr. Eustace Boylan's old and original school song, "Black & Red" about the gay and gallant crew down at Kew. At the Concert in 1917 a new song was introduced to celebrate the 1917 football victory but peculiarly named "Xavier's Through", the words being based closely on Tennyson's poem about the Charge of the Light Brigade but with only 18 instead of 600. The author (unnamed) was, I suspect, our own dear friend.

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obsolete. I'm sure he had short cuts the Holy Father never even dreamed of.

You know, looking back, I doubt if the little man ever wasted a word in his life.

I'm sure you and I could fill a Xaverian about him, but do you think everyone knew him as we did? I hope so. I only wish some of the heads of State did!

As a Protestant and later as a convert, I was always tremendously aware of the simple faith that literally shone out of him. On one occasion I met him in Collins Street when he was in his 80's. He said quite cheerfully he was just an old priest "gone in the legs and head". "Say one for me and I'll say one for you and we'll both reap a dividend" was always his farewell.

When he buried my mother, I was standing by the grave afterwards feeling sorry for myself. He took me by the hand and, I felt, really chided me. "Don't waste your time here, boy, with her in Heaven working for both of us. I'm going to get as much done today as I can with her help." Having said which, he 'sold' us bits of the School oval (for the Chapel organ) and borrowed the mourning coach for the rest of the morning. The good Lord alone knows how many people he 'conned' that day, but the Chapel got its organ.

As far back as 1927, he gave me a talk on God and the place of Mary in the scheme of things — "if a boy offends and fears punishment, doesn't he ask his mother to intercede for him?"

The day he married Lou Brennecke, the temperature was about 103°. Lou offered to get him a taxi from the School to the Kew Church, but he wouldn't hear of it. He walked over.

67 Winnmalee Road, Balwyn, 3103.

Dear Fr. Stephenson,

After meeting you yesterday along with Eric Carroll, I went home, had a quiet think. My first recollection of Fr. O'Keefe was at the age of 11. I was very keen on 'fizzos' — a sweet kept at the school tuck shop run in the First Division. Fr. O'Keefe saw my keenness for them and told me I would grow immense and would not be able to run. I must always move quickly, run down the grounds, not "dawdle" as he put it. I was very close to him when, from 15 to 17, I was sub-editor of the "Xaverian" of 1964 to mark the fiftieth year of his priesthood, but perhaps a few details may be repeated.

He was born on the land near Bendigo, the younger son of a large, well known pastoral family, and came to Xavier in 1893; he left school in 1896. I do not think he attained any special academic distinction, but I remember seeing in an early Chronicle that he was a courageous and speedy winger in the 1st XVIII.

The salient features of his immensely long life were chronicled in the "Xaverian" of 1964 to mark the fiftieth year of his priesthood, but perhaps a few details may be repeated.

The death of Fr. O'Keefe recently at the age of 92 signalled the end of an era in the history of Xavier College. He was the oldest living Old Xaverian, the last link with the days of the transition of the College from a relatively small and youthful school to one of the great public schools of Victoria. The salient features of his immensely long life were chronicled in the "Xaverian" of 1964 to mark the fiftieth year of his priesthood, but perhaps a few details may be repeated.

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During this time, he was influenced profoundly by Fr. McCurtin and acquired a love of 18th Century English classical verse which, for the rest of his life, coloured his letters and speeches in a curious way in that at all sorts of unexpected situations, Goldsmith, Pope and Shelley would be quoted.

He left Xavier to be a jackaroo on the family property of Yamma; but already he had ideas of becoming a Jesuit. I gather there was a good deal of parental disfavour. Time blurs the memory, but he used to say that he made his final decision one hot afternoon when Mustering; thereupon he turned his horse around, returned home and soon after set out for England.

After his Philosophy at Stonyhurst, he returned to teach at Xavier for six years and was ordained at Milltown Park, Dublin, in 1914. He rejoined Xavier in 1916, and, apart from a year at Richmond, stayed on at the School till 1934. He then did parish work in Adelaide and at Toowong, and returned to Xavier in 1950. He ended his days at the school he loved, a quaint, slight, bent figure
with little left to show his former spirit and toughness except for the bright direct gaze of his grey eyes and an ever ready courtesy and humour.

For me, who knew him for only thirty of his seventy-five years at Xavier, it is impossible to present an adequate impression of this remarkable man, but there are others writing who will fill in the gaps. With his death, an era closed, yet he has left the stamp of his manly, forthright character on generations of Xaverians. There was a certain Roman self-discipline and courage, which perhaps sprang from his boyhood in the vast central plains of N.S.W. To Fr. O'Keefe life was stern, and though not a vale of tears, he demanded serious endeavour from his boys and always by example he led the way. As First Division Prefect, he imposed a spartan regime, and I believe there are still Xaverians throughout the land who still automatically have winter cold showers, a habit from the O'Keefe regime. How often did the First Eighteen training list bend their creaking knees at morning exercise while before them their wiry spare framed coach put them through just one more "stretch-bend" till even he seemed exhausted.

In my day he rarely smiled, yet as boys must always do, we respected him for his complete fairness and integrity. Discipline was strict but it was always consistent.

As a scholastic at Xavier, he had the vision of a great school in the making, and the emergence of the Old Xaverians' Association and its consolidation through the "Xaverian" must be credited largely to his energy and foresight. He once wrote about 1910 that Xavier needed three features: a Great Hall, spacious playing fields and a magnificent Chapel, the true heart of the school.

He lived to see all these goals realised and, of course, the Chapel was his supreme achievement. The move to build came just too late, for by 1929 the great depression had overwhelmed Australia and as prices fell and unemployment rose, the promised funds did not materialize. The desperate struggle of those early committees can be followed in their proceedings, and soon I hope this story will be told — the history of the School. Finally, he decided he must go out amongst the Old Xaverians and collect donations, and, of course, to do this, he had to get a driver's licence. There followed a period of sheer comedy that might easily have changed to tragedy. Characteristically down to earth, he decided that a street corner being inherently dangerous, the wisest course was to proceed slowly to the intersection and then career round on two wheels just to get out of the danger zone. He survived — but only just.

Others will tell of his skill as a football coach. I best remember him in a "choker" blue sweater, long green and black pants below the knees and black stockings to mid thigh. He worked us untiringly and always led his boys, all afternoon, at a non-stop, rib cracking pace. His football slogans of course are a part of Xavier history. Fr. John Smith delighted us at the Jubilee Dinner by recalling the famous "Up, up in a bunch they went, etc. etc." Indeed, as the years went by, he poured out an unending series of rhyming prose axioms; who will forget his exhortation to the Honours class on the pitfalls of marriage:

"She may be tasty, but don't be hasty, Oh, the useless energy spent; Up with the best, down with the rest, Getting the ball — that's the test."

As he grew older, the ideal of a repository of School Songs occupied his mind almost obsessively, but the ambition to have the songs known and loved sustained his interest and vitality when he had become increasingly deaf and visually handicapped. Towards the end, he had become a legend. Certain eccentricities in dress, he often said his office with a rug over his head and a hat upon the rug, became loved and indeed treasured. The sheer chaos of his room, stacked with reference cards, notes and cuttings made visitors wonder how he ever remembered anything, yet he had an astonishing memory for the Old Boys, and his courtesy and warmth overwhelmed his visitors.

Always his faith was profound, yet simple. His devotion to Our Lady was the mainspring of his saintliness, and to talk to him was to realise that for this great man Heaven was as real and certain as this world was to lesser mortals.

To us who were guided by him, moulded by him, inspired by him, he will always be the finest and truest of men. An Australian to his innermost fibre, a crowning glory of the Society which he loved, and perhaps the greatest of all Xaverians.

EDWARD RYAN

St. John Fisher College, Dynnyrne,
Hobart, Tas.

Dear Fr. Stephenson,

It is a pleasure to send you, as your requested, a few words of appreciation of Fr. Frank O'Keefe on behalf of the members of the 1933 championship football team which he coached so well.

Fr. O'Keefe enjoyed his football. It is true that he regarded it as a means to the more important end of forming men, but he appreciated the means and gave himself enthusiastically to his coaching.

He demanded quite a lot of us. We had after-breakfast sessions with the skipping rope, lunch-hour exercises 'to strengthen up those legs', and then hard training on several afternoons a week. The result was a general fitness which stood up well to a series of hard-fought matches.

His coaching methods, as many people know, were quite unique. Each point of training or tactics was expressed in a homely rhyme or jingle which he drummed into us. We joked about these, but their lessons stuck so well that even thirty-five years later I can still remember some of them.

"Get it — get rid of it — to the front of the man." "Get rid — ten yid." (i.e. 10 yds in front of the man)."

"See an opening — make a dash, In and out like lightning flash, Pick up — pass in front — that's cash, Run on holding, well, — a selfish crash." "Up, up in a bunch they went, Oh, the useless energy spent; Up with the best, down with the rest, Getting the ball — that's the test."

"One to mark and one to shepherd; One to shark and the others to 'lep it'; Where to? On your own if we've got the ball, In front of your man if they've got it."

"Open play makes a lot of cracker-jackers, Waiting for the ball — a lot of good old hackers."

"One man one job, Two men not worth a bob, Three men — a mob."
Fr. O'Keefe at the May-time Fair.

"The pass in front, low, quick,
That's the pass that wins the trick."
"Upon a rainy day,
Support each other's play,
For close will be the work,
('Twill be labour for a Turk);
But relief you'll often find,
If this you'll only mind:
Get rid with handball shoot (punch)
Or a heady hit out with the boot.
In the marking of a punt
If you'd do a fancy stunt
Make with legs and arms a body-basket fair.
Then leap into the air — the ball'll come right there."
"Kick with the right, up with the right, swing to the right,
Kick with the left, up with the left, swing to the left.
Wouldst thou, wouldst thou do this well.
Practice double scoop and double swing without a spell."
"The little hare by turning wrong-way round,
Leaves its pursuer wrong-way bound."

He coached not only by precept but by example. Though he must have been in his late fifties in 1933, he would turn out with us in cold and rain, reciting his jingles, moving from one practising group to another, encouraging, chiding, inspiring by his dedication and complete self-forgetfulness. He was apparently unconscious of what a sight he was. He turned out in the kind of football gear he wore as a boy, indifferent to the fact that styles had changed in half a century. He wore long black stockings coming up over the knee (two pairs, arranged so that the holes in the inner pair would, if possible, not coincide with the holes in the outer pair) and long 'shorts' coming down below the knee.

Several members of the 1933 team have died. Rohan McMinn, the full-back, spoke movingly in his last illness about Fr. O'Keefe, and I was able to bring the latter to see him when Rohan was dying. Vernon Sheahan, ruckman and centre-half-back, who died not long ago, also remembered Fr. O'Keefe with affection.

Those of the team who are still taking life's knocks will remember his constant greeting: "Hey, friend", and the lessons he taught: "Learn to give and take a bump,
Nor in soul nor body does it raise a lump."
He was a dedicated, kindly priest, whose love for God and those who came into contact with him was plain for all to see. May he rest in peace.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN HAMILTON SMITH, s.j.
he was umpiring a football match against a visiting school team, he rather overdid this by always giving he was umpiring a football match against a visiting team the benefit of a doubtful decision.

His love for sport and the spirit in which it should be played inspired in the school such a wave of interest that culminated in winning both Cricket and Football in 1924 and producing such stars in both sports as Karl Schneider, Kevin Keane, Pat Flynn, Austin Robertson, Stuart King, Joe Plant, Joe Kelly, Kevin Cussen, Lou Lachal, Fleetwood Smith, and a host of others.

Added to this, he was a truly saintly man, and I feel proud to have known him.

BILL STOKES

SOME ANECDOTES CONCERNING FR. O'KEEFE

It was a pitch black night as Bill Stokes stood up on his bed on the last night of the term to give the pre-arranged signal for a dormitory raid — "One, two, three" he said in a loud whisper — "and it'll be four, five, six on the bare back-side if you don't get back to bed, friend!" was the immediate, amazing and menacing rejoinder from Fr. O'Keefe, who happened to be passing Bill's curtained bed as he was silently moving along the "dorm" saying his prayers in the dark.

Dr. Edward Ryan (Junior) was asked by Father to come over one day as he wanted to discuss something with him. Edward having, it is said, cancelled a number of appointments with patients, duly arrived and stood politely at a respectful distance as Father was talking to someone.

Catching Edward's eye, Father said "Do you want to see me, Edward?" Edward, somewhat taken aback, said, "I understand you want to see me, Father; you sent for me." "Is that so, Edward? In that case I've not only forgotten that I wanted to see you, but I've forgotten what I wanted to see you about." Fred O'Keefe (killed during the last war), one of Father's nephews, was one of a motorised unit which drove through Sevenhills during the war at a time when Father was stationed there. Fred took some of his friends along to see his Uncle "who owned a vineyard!" Father was delighted to see Fred and his friends and he showed them over the vineyard, etc. He then asked Fred and his friends if they would like a drink. They, acutely conscious of their surroundings and what they connoted, all hastened to say "Yes, thank you." Father took them into the Refectory, sat them down and said that he'd be back in a minute. He was as good as his word, returning with a tray and the appropriate number of glasses, tall ones at that! He disappeared shortly again and once more returned with a huge jug of... Milk!

It's understood that Fred suffered for some time afterwards at the hands of his friends!

Having won the 1924 Football Championship (and in fact the Cricket Championship) and having beaten the M.G.S. XVIII in the first match in 1925, we were hopeful of going through undefeated once again. However, we went down to Scotch in the next match something in the nature of 12.20 to 2.12! Some of us "couldn't take it" and said some things to the Umpire, which, even had they been true, we should not have said. He, no doubt a hyper-sensitive soul, reported us and his complaint reached Father. He summoned the whole team to the Senior Library and something like this transpired:

"Well, friends, I've received a report from the Umpire in yesterday's game that some of you said things to him you shouldn't have said. It's said some of you used language that might be all right for Parliamentarians (sic) but not all right for Xavier boys. Now, I'll give you each a piece of paper and a pencil, and I want you to write down honestly and fearlessly what you said.

Some of us, more courageous with our tongues on the day before than we were with our pencils on that day, to our everlasting shame, filed "Nil returns". After some moments of uneasy and general silence, Stuart King (a man even when he was a lad!) was seen to put up his hand. "Yes, Stuart", said Father. "May I have another piece of paper please, Father?" was Stuart's manly but surprising reply. "Yes, Stuart", said Father, as he solemnly complied with Stuey's request.

Unfortunately — or is it fortunately? — my memory doesn't go so far as to record the outcome of the whole incident!

I am indebted to Doctor Kevin Cussen for this story: When Father was in his early 80's he contracted pneumonia. Kevin, who was attending him professionally, asked Father to tell him what was the first indication he had that he was not well. "Well, I was sitting in the Sacristy after Mass saying my prayers and I had a blackout". "A blackout?" said Kevin. "Yes, friend, a blackout, and when I came to I couldn't find my beads anywhere. They weren't in my clothes, they weren't on the chair, they weren't on the floor; in fact they couldn't be found anywhere — so I concluded that the good Lord must have taken them because I was sitting up saying my beads rather than kneeling down.

Kevin, concentrating on the thought that when Father's time came he'd go straight to Heaven, committed what he described to me as his greatest ever medical indiscretion! He said, "Well, in that case, Father, you'll soon be able to ask Him for them personally." "What's that, Kevin?" When Kevin repeated what he had said, Father said, "Well, not just now, at any rate." As it turned out, Kevin was about eleven or twelve years premature in his prognosis!

A friend, who for what might be considered obvious reasons, prefers to remain anonymous, submitted the following:

"I don't know how many Xavier boys had the experience of being 'ticked off' by Father. I can recount what I consider a typical example of that exercise! As a senior boy, I had persisted in committing what stood high on Father's list of misdemeanours. I persistently refused to go to football practice! Eventually, and after several warnings, I was summoned to the sanctum sanctorum, Father's room, where I was duly rebuked. The part of the rebuke which, it is submitted, is so typical of Father was, 'You're a stubborn, obstinate self-willed boy and a damned cheeky one at that! And you've taken a ticket stub and gone to Hell because you're a selfish boy — and a selfish boy is a sinful boy develops into a sinful man'!"

JAMES EDWARDS

JOHN PENNEFATHER. John began in Burke Hall in February, 1958, and came on to the Senior School in 1962.
I shall always remember John for his bright and cheerful manner. Despite frequent and at times severe attacks of asthma, he never lost his good humour. I can remember one or two severe attacks he got at night time which in no way interfered with his usual cheerfulness next day. It must have been no easy matter to sit in class after a poor night's sleep, but John took the rough with the smooth, and came up smiling as usual.

On leaving school he went on his father's property near Maffra. He had great interest in cattle and we often talked about how we could improve the standard of meat in Melbourne. He usually had a position of importance in the cattle pavilion of the Melbourne Show.

He also took an interest in the civic affairs of Maffra and District as the following cutting from the local paper shows.

Maffra Apex Club on Tuesday evening paid homage to Pennefather, one of its members who tragically lost his life in an accident since the last club meeting.

The following was written by club action director, John Dwyer:

"A quiet Thursday morning was shattered for all Apexians with the brief announcement on the early news that John Pennefather had been killed in an accident a few hours previously.

"Our grief is deep and our hearts filled with sorrow, for John, so young, had in a few short months with his great good humour, endeared himself to every member of the club.

Co-mpanion

"Here lies the most wonderful aspect of Apex. Had we not been members, John would have been one many knew by sight or one to pass the time of day with, and we would have been sad that a young life was taken. But being a fellow Apexian the loss to 41 young men of the district was that of losing a dearly loved companion.

"The pain is real and deep, the sorrow heartfelt.

"Our club has suffered a cruel blow — here was one who thought deeply, one who was sincere.

Sympathy

"Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Des and Mrs. Pennefather and to Andrew. Their loss and sorrow. To them and to all his friends we offer our sincerest and deepest sympathy.

P.J.S.

BOLESLAS SLAWESKI. Boles, as he was known to all of us, died in the R.G.H. Heidelberg on December 21, 1967.

He was known to Xavier for many years. He was a boy from 1901-07. He was a physical culture instructor, he taught dancing, he was O.C. of the Cadet Corps, and in later years he was the masseur to the athletic teams and the Old Xaverians' football teams.

On leaving school he studied at the Melbourne University where he did a two year course in Anatomy and Pathology and became a qualified masseur.

In 1912 he opened a practice in Collins Street and in 1915 he joined the A.I.F. and was sent to a hospital in Heliopolis in Egypt. From there he was sent to a hospital in Harefield, London, and remained there till the end of the war.

Back in Melbourne he became an associate to his brother, Ignace for two years. Then he gave massage away and became a dancing teacher.

A year before his death he moved from the City to Frankston.

Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Frankston, and the funeral took place in Springvale.

To his widow and children Xavier offers sincerest and deepest sympathy.

2nd LIEUT. LEONARD TAYLOR. Len began in Burke Hall in 1954 and came over to the Senior School in 1958. Even in those years he was a tall boy for his age and by the time he left school in 1963 he had grown to over six feet. He was a very popular boy and took part in all the school activities.

Not long after leaving school he got his call-up for National Service. He did well in his courses and was promoted to the rank of 2nd Lieutenant.

He left for Vietnam about the middle of 1967 with the Third Battalion and he was killed in action on 8th February of this year.

His body was brought back to Melbourne and after Requiem Mass in St. Bede's Church, North Balwyn, he was buried with full military honours.

To his father, mother and sister, and to the many friends who admired Len and attended his Requiem Mass, we offer sincerest and deepest sympathy.

ARTHUR WELSHMAN. Arthur Welshman came to Xavier in 1906 and from the very beginning of his time at the School he showed that he had great academic gifts. In all the classes on his way up through the school he won prizes and distinctions in Latin, French, English and History.

In 1916 he was Dux of the School, with two others, Edmund O'Connor and Charles McCarthy. That three boys could be Dux of the School seemed
an extraordinary thing, but they all got such high marks, honours and distinctions in different groups that, after much discussion and consultation, it was found impossible to separate them.

On leaving school he joined the 1st A.I.F. 4 M.T. Coy., A.A.S.C., and left Australia in the troopship “Nestor” to serve overseas.

On his return he studied law at the Melbourne University, where he gained his degree, his fellow students being such notable people as Sir Robert Menzies, Mr. Justice Barry, and the late Sir Gordon MacArthur.

**Went to N.G.**

After completing his law degree with the firm of Kerr & Doyle, Melbourne, he joined the Crown Law Department in Rabaul, New Guinea.

After a term of service with the department he came to Colac and practised his profession for several years.

From here he enlisted in World War II, first in the R.A.A.F., later transferring to the A.A.S.C. and attained the rank of captain.

When he returned from the war he practised law in Melbourne and then retired from the profession to purchase “Ellimatta,” near Terang, where he bred stud Herefords.

After four years he sold this property and bought “Wyuna,” near Colac in 1950.

About 1956 he returned to the legal profession and practised with Colac solicitors Clarke and Barwood for a period before purchasing a practice in Leongatha.

The late Mr. Welshman was a man of wide interests, a great sense of humour and a keen sporting personality.

Because of his natural enthusiasm and ability he was keenly sought after for executive positions on various clubs.

He was past president of the Colac Rowing Club, Colac Men’s Club, Colac Golf Club (1953-54), Colac Bowling Club (1959), and a committeeeman of the Colac Turf Club for five years.

For a number of years he was Colac delegate to the Corangamite Golf Association.

**R.S.L. Interest**

He was keenly interested in R.S.L. and Legacy activities in Colac and was a constant visitor to Colac for the annual Legacy dinner.

While in Terang he interested himself in the Terang hospital, serving on the committee for a period.

He belonged to numerous clubs both in the city and the country.

In Melbourne he was a member of the Victoria Racing Club, Victoria Golf Club, Yorick Club, the Army and Navy Club, while in the country he was a member of the Corio Club (Geelong), Warrnambool Racing Club and Terang Racing Club.

He died in the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, on October 8, 1967. To his widow and children Xavier offers sincerest and deepest sympathy.

**Mr. Sam Tully.** It would be difficult to find anyone more deeply involved in the life of Kostka Hall during the last twenty years since he started there in March, 1949, than the late Mr. Sam Tully. Indeed he was so efficient, so versatile, so dedicated and so generous that it is true to say that he is irreplaceable.

A splendid teacher, careful to keep abreast of modern techniques, he greatly benefited Forms I and II whom he took for English and Social Studies. His field of teaching was, however much wider than this and included Maths., Geography and Science. Then there were the years when he personally prepared the Junior Government

Robert Adrian Wright. R. A. Wright paid his last visit to Xavier for the concelebrated requiem of his friend of many years, Fr. Frank O’Keefe. A few weeks later, on August 26, he himself passed to his reward.

Bob Wright’s association with the school extended over 75 years. As a boy he attended both St. Patrick’s and Xavier, and he was a friend of generations of Jesuits whom he knew as masters who taught him, as patients during his years of dental practice in Collins Street, as collaborators or interested observers during his long association with Xavier athletics, or as those who shared one or other of his wide intellectual interests.

Among a host of Jesuit priests and lay brothers whose friendship he valued, two scholars of whom he was particularly fond were the late Fr. George O’Neill and Matt Egan. They were among a number of authors from whom he received gifts of their works, and he made annual pilgrimage to Father Egan’s grave.

His son Daven was the first son of an Old Xaverian to be Dux of the School, and then (like Dr. Eric Seal, one of his best-known athletes) majored in the Classics at the University. R. A. Wright was a strong supporter of modern science and modern languages on school curricula, but believed also that in a Jesuit school the Classics should be taught.

He himself contributed to the obituary pages of “The Xaverian” upon the death of his close friend Harry Minogue, in 1947.

Belloc and Newman were among his literary heroes, and his second son was christened Adrian Belloc Wright.

He was closely connected with the famous 1931 Athletics team, which restored Xavier to a place of honour in that sport. Fr. O’Keefe was then First Division Prefect, and Bob’s charges included Jim McCaffrey (whom he was to coach the following year to take the P.S. 880 record), Chris Slattery (who won the open high jump, breaking a very long-standing Xavier record) and his son, Adrian, who broke the P.S. record in the Under 16.

In the decades that followed, many athletes and coaches at Xavier, as well as in many other spheres of athletics, were to benefit from and to be inspired by his knowledge, judgment and devotion.

Xaverians of many generations attended his requiem, which (as he had wished) was celebrated by Fr. Tom Daly and served by two of his grandchildren.

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Entrance to the chapel of the Presentation Order, Leonie is completing her Dip.Ed. and Jack, whose progress he rejoiced over during his days at Kostka, Xavier and later at the University, is now a successful lawyer, married and with two children. To them we offer our sincere sympathy.

His faith was very true and deep. Typically, for his Lord and his Church his love was shown in deeds. For many years he was Parish President of the Holy Eucharist Church, Chadstone, and he worked very hard to see the fine new Church built. It was fitting then that at his funeral Mass should be concelebrated in this Church before a packed congregation of Parish, Kostka and Xavier people by the acting Parish Priest, the Rector of Xavier, the Headmaster of Kostka Hall and other Jesuits.

We shall miss him greatly but we know that he goes to God full of merits and that he rests in the peace of God.

PAUL KEENAN, s.j.