Welcome to Entre Nous eNews

Welcome to the 4th edition of Entre Nous eNews.

Presentation College Windsor this year celebrates 140 years of education. The seven Sisters set sail from Limerick early 1873, arriving in Melbourne and the first PCW classes were held Christmas Day. The story of our beginning is one of great courage and adventure. You can read about some of the celebrations in this edition of Entre Nous eNews. A more detailed account of this story is available in our 1873-2013 PCW Photo Archive Book. You will find an order form for this book and other memorabilia at the end of this newsletter.

We also have some wonderful contributions from various alumnae ...their memories at PCW and stories about what they are currently up to.

Included is a montage of photos from the Alumnae Centenary Celebration Weekend (Nov 2012). A significant celebration and a gathering of many alumnae.

The Alumnae Office is constantly updating contact details on the database and I would encourage you to help us out and get your PCW friends to make sure we have their up to date details.

Donations continue to be accepted towards scholarships. Our ongoing request for donations will be added to the funds raised for 2 scholarships over our Alumnae celebrations last year. Please contact me if you are able to make a donation or are interested in making a bequest to the College

SEND ME YOUR NEWS

I would encourage you help me by sending in information for Alumnae publications. With your help our publications can grow and contain a lot more detail.

What can you send?

Community Information: births, deaths, marriages, weddings, career moves.

Reunions: Info on upcoming reunions and photos/stories about reunions held.

Memories and Photos of PCW: We would love to hear about your days at PCW.

What are you doing now? Tell us what you have been doing since leaving PCW.

We look forward to your contributions and comments.

Lynaire Falkenstein

PCW Alumnae Office
Lynaire Falkenstein
187 Dandenong Road
Windsor VIC 3181
P: +613 8517 2734
E: alumnae@pcw.vic.edu.au

In this issue:
- Alumnae office update
- 2013 Reunions
- Stories about our past pupils!
- PCW turns 140
- Patricia Kennedy memorial
- Purchase PCW memorabilia
- Become a PCW Alumnae Life Member

Marie McCann
Music Scholarship

This music Scholarship was donated by Alumnae Marie McCann. It is awarded each year to a student who has demonstrated a strong commitment to the PCW extra curricular music program, classroom music program and Music Festival. (instrumental or vocal)

The current scholarship has gone to Patrena Marie Staff, her flute teacher is Emma Knight.
Past Pupils Committee

The Past Pupils Committee meets regularly and works behind the scenes to support the work of the new PCW Alumnae Office. As a voluntary group they look to:

- Maintain Connections— with Alumnae and the College.
- Support mentoring at PCW
- Develop the Archives
- Support Reunions & Events.
- Support Social Justice at PCW

All alumnae are welcome to join the committee. They meet every second month. Please contact Maureen Pontin, President, for details. E: allmaur12@gmail.com

Do you know a past pupil who would like to receive Entre Nous?

Please email me their contact details (including their email and leaving class details if you know them) and I will add them to the distribution list. Lynaire Falkenstein. PCW Alumnae Office. Ph 03 8517 2734
alumnae@pcw.vic.edu.au

Class of 1961 Reunion

This is being held Sunday 26 May. Lunch at the Yarra Yarra Golf Club. If you would like to go or for more information please email Margot. margot_hannan@hotmail.com

2013 Alumnae Decade Reunions

Class of 2012 (1 year reunion)  Tuesday 14 May  5pm to 6.30pm
Class of 1983 (30 year reunion)  Saturday 25 May  4pm to 5.30pm
Class of 1973 (40 year reunion)  Saturday 3 August  3pm to 4.30pm
Class of 1963 (50 year reunion)  Saturday 17 August  3pm to 4.30pm
Annual Reunion (all welcome)    Sunday 24 November  2pm

These reunions will be held at Presentation College Windsor. Invitations will be sent to all on our database. Please email alumnae@pcw.vic.edu.au if you can help us get the contact names and details from more of your leaving year. Please also advise if you are able to help with the organisation of your reunion. Copies of the invitations can also be found at the PCW website www.pcw.vic.edu.au

Interstate & International Reunions
Please advise the Alumnae Office of your reunions and the dates and details will be added to the reunion calendar and promoted on the website and within Entre Nous E-News.

Non Decade Reunions
Other year levels that wish to organise additional reunions are encouraged to do so and they will be supported with database information and promotion. Please advise the Alumnae Office and the dates and details will be added to the reunion calendar and promoted on the website and within Entre Nous E-News.
2012 Alumnae Celebrations.

The 2012 Alumnae Celebration weekend was such a wonderful gathering...over 400 PCW Alumnae came to the dinner on the Friday night at Caulfield Race Course and then to the Mass and Afternoon Tea at PCW on Sunday. For many it was a time to catch up with friends they had not seen for many years.

The entertainment over the weekend was superb. We had a PCW Sr Choral group perform on the Friday night and then sing at the Mass...as always we enjoyed their beautiful voices and the amazing acoustics of the Chapel.

We were treated to some very special entertainment on Friday night...Paul Kelly sang for us....it made it a truly memorable night. His sister, Mary Jo Kelly (PCW Music Director in the 80's), her daughter Sophia Agneskis and best friend Celia Tankey also joined them on stage...such a wonderful family history. Their connection at PCW goes back a long way. Paul and Mary Jo's grandmother, the Countess Filippini taught music at PCW. The Count and Countess Filippini were renowned opera singers and toured their Operatic Company around Australia and NZ. Their daughter, Josephine (Paul & Mary Jo's mother) was also a boarder at PCW.

Father Bob Maguire also joined us on stage with one of our newest alumnae, Moira Apiti-civic. Again the connection with PCW goes back along way. Father Bob was a priest at PCW during the 60's! Father Bob shared many stories that night but in particular spoke about the help we can give to others. Through his charity, the Father Bob Maguire Foundation...he provides scholarships for many students to attend PCW. Moira was a recipient of one of his scholarships. Moira graduated with the Class of 2012 and was School Music Captain that year.

As part of the celebrations all alumnae were encouraged to give via auction items, raffle tickets, purchasing memorabilia or make a donation.

During the Friday evening a fun live auction was held...with amazing prizes...including holiday packages and show tickets. A silent auction also provided much buzz during the night with everyone vying for their prize.

The celebration weekend raised funds for alumnas scholarships...2 new scholarships are now available at PCW as a result. We would encourage anyone who is able to donate a scholarship for a student who otherwise may not be able to have an education at PCW to get in contact with us.

Donations can be made towards scholarships at any time. Alternatively by purchasing PCW memorabilia...the profits go towards scholarships as well.

Many people have been thanked for their part in the night and such a weekend as this does not happen without lots of help and support....thank you again to all who helped, to those who came and to those who couldn’t come but supported with donations and best wishes.
Every picture tells the story!
Enjoy this montage of photos from the 2012 Alumnae Celebrations.
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Paths have crossed once again for Judy Bellesini and Win Dortmans (nee McLinden) after fifty years. After leaving PCW both went to Presentation Teachers College at Elsternwick. Win returned to Gippsland, married Hank Dortmans, had a family and taught for many years before going into administration as school principal. Judy entered the Presentation Sisters and she too spent many years in the classroom and in administration, as well as Parish work. So fifty years later Win and Judy are back together, enjoying teaching adults English at Wellsprings for Women in Dandenong, a Presentation Sisters’ Project, started by Sr. Ann Halpin, another past pupil of Windsor. Wellsprings for Women is a type of neighbourhood house, which seeks to empower isolated women to live their lives more fully. The photo of Judy and Win was snapped at

Mary Kenealy
(Culhane)
Class of 1955

I was in the Matric class of 1955 and have maintained contact with many of the “girls”. We still consider ourselves as girls even though we reach 75 this year. Personally I have a great interest in history and for many years have been involved with Marysville & District Historical Society Inc as secretary and local historian. You may remember that in 2009 our beautiful little village was destroyed by the Black Saturday fire and our society lost its entire collection. Fire strategies didn’t count for much that day!

Because of incredible support from all over Australia and other parts of the world we are now up and operating a beautiful Historical Display Centre in Marysville once again...

To celebrate the district Sesquicentenary and also to say a very big THANK_YOU to everyone, there will be a display in The Block Arcade from the 9th to the 20th September (courtesy of Melbourne City Council).

On October 5th we will have an Official Opening starting about 11.30 am. we would love to welcome any PCW alumnae who may be interested.
On Tuesday 9th April PPA committee members Sr Mary Kavanagh, Marie Curlis and I attended a memorial production entitled Celebrating Patricia!, to celebrate the life and 70-year career of actor, Patricia Kennedy. This perfectly arranged and very moving service was held at the Lawler Theatre, Southbank Boulevard. The production was directed by a very close friend of Patricia’s, Ariette Taylor, with assistance from actor, Malcolm Robertson.

Approximately 160 people, including family members, good friends, fellow actors and people associated with the theatre, sat in darkness and silence listening to an interview with Patricia, recorded some years ago, and then they viewed excerpts from her theatre and film work. The whole ‘experience’ was enthralling, amazing and extremely moving. Because Patricia was educated at PCW, beautiful photos of the stone buildings, chapel and grounds were included in the production.

Patricia commenced boarding at Windsor when she was six years old in 1923. She enjoyed her years at school and believed that her education promoted the development of resilience and personal discipline, qualities that supported her well for the whole of her life. She remained a very proud past pupil of Presentation Convent, as she called it, a deeply spiritual lady, and she was very grateful to the Presentation sisters for fostering her love of drama and literature.

Pauline Wilson
PCW 140th Celebrations
1873 - 2013

At the Welcome Mass on March 12, Presentation Sisters, students, staff, past students, parents and colleagues and students from other schools who are a part of the Presentation family gathered in the Chapel and Hall for the traditional Welcome Mass. This significant occasion which marked the beginning of the year was one of celebration marking the 140th anniversary of the foundation of our school.

Seven symbols which represent ‘our dreaming’, the story created by the seven Sisters from Limerick which continues to inspire and guide us, have been chosen for the year and were a focus of this Mass. They are incorporated into the badge that all students, staff and visitors received.

We told the foundation story of our school and gave thanks for the 140 years of education in this place. It was a wonderful celebration of the life of our school.
PCW 140th Celebrations
1873 - 2013

Mr Chris Pearson (Father James Corbett) and Ms Fiona Hall (Mother Paul Mulquin) re-inact the scene when Father Corbett sends his first letter to the Presentation Convent in Limerick requesting help and the sending of Sisters to Melbourne to set up Presentation College Windsor. Father Corbett wrote…”From the ends of the earth I write to you for help”
140th Celebration.
What do the 7 symbols represent?

The Book - reminding us of learning and education; and that Nano saw education in Faith as essential. May we honour this gift by working to our full potential.

The Heart - representing the welcoming heart of God, as lived by Nano and the Presentation Sisters. This Sacred Heart of Jesus, invites us to a personal relationship with Him.

The Lantern - reminding us that Nano took shining light into the homes and hearts of the poor. May our gifts of compassion and love, always burn brightly in the lives of others.

The Ship - representing the journey by the seven sisters from Ireland to the ‘ends of the earth’ on board the ship “The Great Britain”. May we face the journeys ahead of us, confident in the love of our God.

The Hand - reminding us of the reaching out of Nano, of the Presentation Sisters and all connected to Windsor, to those in need as Jesus did. May we always recognise and assist all those who are suffering.

The Globe - representing that we are part of a bigger Presentation story, embracing our diversity, our United Nations connections, and our journey from Ireland to Australia. May we never forget this.
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESENTATION CONVENT, WINDSOR

You shall find how salty is the taste of another man’s bread,
And how hard is the way up and down another man’s stairs.

It was much later than 1947 that I first read Dante’s words about exile from his beloved Florence, but on February 4th of that year I went into a type of exile myself. I indeed experienced the unpalatability of institutional cooking and the ‘steepness of stairs’ — and of the learning curve necessary to adjust to my new surroundings. This was when I left my Yallourn home for boarding school in Melbourne saying good-bye to a certain kind of freedom and my idyllic childhood. From then on I would return to Yallourn only for holidays between school terms.

There had been weeks of preparation for the big event, assembling and packing my summer school uniform, undies, night attire and summer dressing gown, as well as toilet articles, shoes, socks and a new eiderdown. On that hot afternoon when we drove away from Maryvale Road I was feeling very uncomfortable wearing formal, black shoes, a stiff dark blue school dress with detachable white Peter Pan collar — there were several spares in my suitcase — and grey lisle stockings held up by a tight suspender belt. I had never worn such an article before. My school blazer and hat lay on my knees. I fingered the embroidered school crest on the blazer pocket, wondering vaguely about the Latin words on it.

Upon arrival at the Presentation Convent in Dandenong Road, Windsor we were greeted by Reverend Mother, a cheerful, stout, smiling nun, who sought to put girls and parents at ease. Mother Imelda made a short speech about the beginning of the school year and welcomed newcomers. She asked our parents to pray for us in our absence. New boarders were told they were privileged to be getting a convent secondary school education: we should be very grateful to our parents. At Windsor we would be living according to the school motto, Omnia Cum Deo. Everything we did would be done with God. I glanced at the crests on my hat and blazer.

We assembled in the boarders’ study and made hurried goodbyes to anxious parents. Our mothers and fathers understood far better than we did how enormous was this step we were taking.

Back at home there had been other preparations; admonitions from my mother about table manners including the use of the butter knife and not reaching across the table to help myself, reminders to sit up straight at the table and no to talk with my mouth full. My father gave me advice too: not to talk too much at any time, not to try to hold the floor, to listen and give consideration to what others had to say. He warned me I would be living with girls from large families who would not indulge me in the ways my mother had. There had been ‘goodbyes’ to school friends going to other secondary schools, all of us with Commonwealth Scholarships, much to the delight of Sister Adalbert, our eighth grade teacher. Some of the boys in my class were headed for the Christian Brothers College and two of my non-school friends, one of them the policeman’s son, were going to Scotch and to Wesley colleges. My friend, Jennifer, was going to Ballarat, to Mary’s Mount, her mother’s school and Margaret was returning to M.L.C. in Melbourne.

That first evening at boarding school was very rushed. There was the scramble to answer bells summoning us to ‘assembly’, then to the ‘refectory’ for dinner, to the school hall for ‘recreation’, to the chapel for evening prayers and to the ‘dormitory’ for the night. These were strange new terms to learn, as well as the names of sixty girls. I remember the heat, the smell of food in the dining room, the attending red-faced nuns pushing back their wimples in an attempt to let air in.
Sister Mary Lucy said ‘Grace’ before and after that evening meal, in which we thanked God for what I considered to have been tasteless food. It was a surprise for me to learn that every meal was to be served in silence, that we would be allowed to talk only when our plates were on the table and Sister indicated that we might. I remember my wet armpits in that airless dining room, and the way I fingered a pretty reminder of home, a silver napkin ring, my mother’s in fact, engraved with J.H. in fancy calligraphy. Sister reminded us to put the salt on the side of our plates; it was not to be sprinkled over the food, but drawn across the plate towards each morsel as needed. She also instructed us to leave our knife and fork in the ‘twenty-five past the hour’ position when we had finished eating. That was novel. To this day I tend to place my cutlery like that at the end of a meal. Her advice, however, to eat a grape with a spoon was, and always has been, too difficult for me to master! In a sense Sister Lucy ran a finishing school at Windsor. She instructed us in speech, deportment, table manners and style.

That night in the chapel I had my first feeling of calm as, during the Rosary, I could meditate not only on the Joyful Mysteries being recited but on a Yallourn summer’s evening in the garden. I could imagine what my parents were doing inside and outside the house and even fit in a game of ‘chasey’ with friends before settling the dogs into their kennels for the night. After prayers we ascended the steep stairs to Our Lady’s Dormitory. For the first time I was to live on more than one level and had to learn to bring down everything I needed each morning because we were not allowed back upstairs until bedtime.

New boarders were initiated into what would become our daily routines. In a long hall each of us was assigned a dark wooden washstand with a water bowl and pitcher. Our toilet articles, face washer, towels and slippers were to be housed inside our washstand. Several experienced boarders showed us how to fetch hot water in the pitchers from taps in the bathroom then carefully pour it into the bowls. This lack of running water was a first for many of us. Next, the older girls demonstrated the trick of undressing in private in this busy corridor. We had to put the shoulders of our summer dressing gowns over our heads, carefully remove first outer then inner clothing and then sponge ourselves underneath the covering. This method of dressing and undressing under a coat has served me well in public places over the years; at youth hostels, on the beach and in bush camps.

Margaret Patten, Jill Hassett (me!) Bernadette Kelly, Agnes (?) Not sure who at left and Isabel (?)

Rosemary Giacosa, not sure who, Marjorie (?), Joan Morice and Diane McCubbery. I am alone in the back row. At recreation in the school
SOMERECOLECTIONSOFPRESENTATION
CONVENT,WINDSOR.JillManeschi.(Continued)

There was no friendly talk during these procedures. Except for conversation that was deemed to be necessary, silence reigned from the end of recreation in the hall until after Mass the next day, when we returned to the dormitories to make our beds and do our chores. The new girl next to me whispered that she too was from Gippsland, from Kooweerup. 'Just think', she said to me with tears in her eyes, 'Dandenong Road is an extension of the Princes Highway. If we walked out the convent gate and turned left and kept walking we’d reach home.'

On that hot evening we learned quickly. It was such a relief to take off our uniforms but it was daunting to learn that the showers being offered were cold. Hot baths were only available three times a week. I emerged from my shower quickly, greatly refreshed, and slipped into a familiar kind of apparel that was cool. My new housecoat and cotton nightdress were Lux soap-scented because at home my mother always placed freshly-opened soap amongst my night attire. I felt a moment of homesickness as memories of listening to The Lux Radio Theatre on Sunday nights with my mother crowded in on my thoughts. Evening prayers were next, and then forty young women in the one large dormitory slipped into bed and like me probably fell quickly asleep.

Every detail about my first night at the Windsor convent is still clear. Within a term I had settled into the routines and then I was able to introduce newcomers to refectory, chapel and dormitory rituals. I was beginning to enjoy myself.

My first trip back to Yallourn was at Easter time. We were dropped at Flinders Street Station, all girls bound for Gippsland, and I enjoyed the camaraderie of the train ride through the moonlit countryside. Especially memorable was the Warragul stop, where we all piled out of the train into the station cafeteria. I ordered what the older boarders did, a large flaky pie filled with steak and kidneys in rich gravy and served with tomato sauce. When I bite into a good meat pie today I remember that Warragul pie. It tasted so good on that cold night after weeks of convent fare.

My next excitement was when I was greeted by my parents at Moe station with big hugs and excited chatter. Finally back home and feeling too lively to go to bed, I played with the dogs and woke up the chooks with my noise. I rang Jennifer’s number but she, coming from Ballarat, was a day behind me. I was told I would have to wait until morning to visit Margaret next door.

Eight days of bliss and self-indulgence followed. My mother’s cooking was simply wonderful and I loved sleeping in my own room surrounded by my books and ornaments. I set about exploring old haunts, checking on friends and neighbours and visiting the nuns at my old school who were eager for my report on school life in the big city. I enjoyed being greeted in the streets by everyone, getting a mention by Father Walsh at the Easter Mass along with other boarders who had come home from school for the religious holiday.

Leaving home to return to boarding school after the Easter break was not as hard as might have been expected. I had new friends at Windsor and we were already planning to visit each other in the springtime. Some of my new friends lived on farms or in country towns whose names were exotic to me: Echuca, Kilmore, Broadford, Castlemaine and Mansfield. We boarders could begin counting the days to the May holidays, and students from Moe, Morwell, Sale and nearby towns were, like me, already looking forward to that night-time trip home on the train and the big treat: pies at Warragul station.
Sister Mary Rosaria was our dormitory mistress, one of the young nuns. She was a kind, affectionate woman, only about eight years older than I was, I found out years later. She organized us well so that the dormitory ran smoothly and she cared for each of us when we became sick. She also taught some of us Geography in the day school. Sister Rosaria and I always got on well. She was country-born like me and understood my passion for open-air activities and for horses.

Our friendship blossomed further during my first year at Melbourne University when the two of us took Geology as a first year subject. I was able to help her on excursions; barbed-wire fences were particularly difficult for a woman attired in garments dating from the Middle Ages! In return Sister Rosaria helped me with my excursion reports and with my worst subject in that course, Crystallography. This religious nun worked at her studies as if on special assignment from her Lord and Master. I saw the meticulous way she took notes and wrote up excursions, all as a part-time student with an almost full teaching load back at school, where she was no doubt able to hand on useful study tips to the girls in her Geography classes.

Sister Rosaria and I both received good marks throughout the year and in the final exam. During my first year at University I was considering entering the Presentation Order but Sister Rosaria would have been the first from the convent to see, and probably report back, that I had become attracted to young men at the Uni, a couple of them student geologists whom she knew.

Sister Rosaria and I kept in touch after I left Australia, which was wonderful considering there was no email to facilitate this back then. In 1972, when John, the boys and I were living in Belgium, she and two other nuns came to do a course at the University of Louvain. I remember Sister's excitement and my own when we met again. I cooked an elaborate lunch of Belgian specialities for the three nuns and afterwards I drove them out to see the Waterloo battlefield. With the changes that came in after the Vatican Two Council Sister Rosaria had taken back her former name, had become Sister Mary Kavanagh. By the time we met in Belgium she was wearing the modern habit adopted by many religious.

Sister Mary Kavanagh came to a small lunch gathering I had in Melbourne to celebrate my 70th birthday in 2003. So too did my former sewing teacher, Sister Mary Lucy and my former singing teacher, Sister Mary Concepta.

These two nuns were formative figures for me at Windsor. Under Sister Mary Lucy's careful tuition I had learned to do hand sewing, darning, smocking, embroidery and crochet, all skills which my mother did not have and which she was most eager that I should learn. I mastered the use of a sewing machine, no mean feat for me. I was afraid of those old-fashioned pedal affairs and had constant problems with the thread breaking. When Sister Lucy died I learned more about her life. Before entering the convent in 1938, as Monica Gaffy, she had worked in a fashionable French-style dressmaking business in the city. We were so fortunate to have such a gifted teacher.

Under Sister Concepta's gaze — she had the most wonderful way of leading a choir with her lips, her chin, her eyes — we boarders mastered complex musical compositions. I moved from singing simple soprano parts to singing alto parts, which involved hovering above and around the main musical theme. Singing became a thrilling experience. Due to her coaching Sister Concepta's students learned about breathing so that today when I attend concerts or listen to choirs on the radio I notice when the singers take a breath — and most importantly, when they don't.

Today I can be stopped short by Gregorian chant, the Regina Coeli or the Panis Angelicus on the radio. When I hear the Kyrie, Credo, Sanctus and Benedictus from a Palestrina Mass, I see clearly before me Sister Concepta, her mouth, her eyes, her eyebrows calling us into the music, directing and encouraging us.
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESENTATION CONVENT, WINDSOR. Jill Maneschi. (Continued)

A few years ago John and I went to the Opera House in Sydney to see Vladimir Ashkenazy conduct from the piano a Mozart piano concerto. The only seats we could get were behind the orchestra, a noisy place where the percussion instruments dominate. We found, however, that we had a great view of Vladimir jumping up from the piano stool and conducting with his whole body. He reminded me so much of Sister Concepta. When we practised a Gloria for High Mass Sister had an original way of reminding us of the Latin pronunciation: we were told to sing Gloria in egg-shells sis Deo.

Sister Concepta was a gifted woman and she enriched our lives. Before entering the convent she had been Marchesi Leonard, a young woman with prospects as a concert pianist. Her great friend was Dr. Percy Jones. Father Percy was a leading figure in the performance of liturgical music in Melbourne. I often saw our teacher in animated conversation with Father Percy after school outside the music room where she taught piano and musical theory.

Sister Concepta died not long after my luncheon party in 2003. When I listen to Karl Jenkins’ Mass for the Armed Man I sometimes feel the pinprick of tears wishing I could have shared this wonderful music with her. Thanks to Sister Concepta, from whom I learned many musical terms and with whom I failed many ‘sight-reading’ tests, I can hear nuances in music which I would never have known about had she not been my teacher. I have even credited my training with her, the development of my ear for music, with my ability to pronounce John’s difficult Italian surname correctly when I met him for the first time in a progressive barn dance at the university in 1952!

And in another, unexpected, way I remember my music teacher. She it was who taught us to hear the impact of rest marks in a piece of music, to understand how they highlight the notes on either side. We learned to write these marks of varying lengths and how to handle these important spaces when singing. When preparing a garden bed I try to leave spaces between plants ‘like rests in a musical score,’ I sometimes tell people, ‘...all the better to see the plants.’

Dear Mother Imelda had been right on that February afternoon way back in 1947. We were very fortunate to have received a convent education, to have come under the influence of such inspiring women, our wonderful teachers at Windsor. Here I have only mentioned three of them.

Mary Kelly, Sheila Kelly, Joan Kelly, Judy Hickey, Jill Hassett, Bernadette Kelly at the Debutante Ball

Helen Darling, Helen O’Connor, Jill Hassett in town
SLIPPING INTO REVERIE…

I was a political student. The nuns were savvy, they knew what they were doing. PCW was one of the last Catholic girls boarding school in Melbourne and a decision was taken to close it down. In 1984 I was one of four girls enrolled a tad early (I was in year 9, normally girls boarded from years 10 to 12) in the hope that our presence there and our need to stay for four years in order to finish our schooling would help the tradition of boarding at Windsor to continue.

I was quickly thrown into the deep end of creativity during the lead up to the Inter house Music Festival when I found myself participating in all four categories for Nagle House. I was surprised and delighted to be asked to play the piano accompaniment in the duet section to Elton John’s “Empty Garden”, sang a beautiful Benjamin Britten song with a small ensemble, even (feeling rather shy and uncoordinated) joined in the dance section and, as I often listened in to other house choir rehearsals, got to know and fall in love with all the choral songs, my favourite being the rousing “Rhythm of Life”. Such excitement at thirteen!

Meanwhile, the trials of attending school were huge for us four girls fresh from the country who suddenly found ourselves plunged into the midst of an enormously populated, busy city school. The challenge came in the form of isolation: we were put in four separate classes and had to make new friends from scratch while dealing with culture shock and being part of the "year 9s are animals" generation. Ooh la la! The first day we had to say an adjective with the same first letter as our name, so I spontaneously burst out "alcoholic Andrea". My first report revealed that I had fallen in with the wrong crowd.

And then I decided I wanted to take piano lessons. Stories of the strictness of the nuns had so far deterred me… Then one day during the holidays, my second cousin, a Jesuit priest, played a wonderfully embellished version of "The Teddy Bear’s picnic" in my grandmother’s lounge room and I was thrilled and wanted to learn immediately! I had dabbled in piano for a few years and nervously played Don MacLean’s "Vincent" for Sister Concepta in her "Shalom" piano studio. She was auditioning me to see which nun to assign me to. Upon hearing that I was related to Fr John Harte, she was decidedly impressed and undertook to teach me herself. And so began an incredible journey where music became the focus and love of my life. Sr Concepta, who shares her "immaculate conception" feast day December 8th with John Lennon’s anniversary of death, proceeded to transmit her incredible musical knowledge, as she has done for so many other Windsor girls, and inspired me to continue studying music at tertiary level.

To be eligible for Melbourne University I needed to achieve 7th Grade AMEB and as I was a late starter I had only managed 3rd, 5th and 6th grade. Thus I made the difficult decision to repeat year 11 and watched my dear talented friends move onto HSC while I had to make new friends all over again, sigh…

The second time I went through year 11 was the year the boarding school finally closed down, and with it, so many tales and legends and girls’ secrets! The nuns searched long and hard to find us some suitable digs and had a fabulous abode close to the school lined up, until they found out it used to be a brothel! Perish the thought of old customers popping in to check out the latest wares. We ended up “offcampus boarding” in an old convent in Oakleigh, while others boarded in a large house in Gardenvale. The well trodden overpass over Dandenong road, that we loved to jump on all together to make it shake, was replaced by the dark and dingy underpass of Oakleigh railway station. We were just like day girls and had to catch a train and a tram to school (with a convenient stop at Malvern on the way home for the “greasy shop”). As a veteran boarder I was the only girl to have a room to myself, then the following year six of us finished the big year 12.
A couple of days before my first final exam I was applying the finishing touches to my Graphics assignment when I suddenly sliced a bit of my thumb clean off with a Stanley knife. A well meaning girl shoved my hand under high pressure cold running water (ow!) and the doctor later asked where the bit of my thumb was..."Er, back in the classroom!" Luckily Melbourne's best micro surgeon worked just around the corner in The Avenue and I was scheduled to have an emergency skin graft. The good doctor gave me a hellish local anaesthetic and proceeded to chat casually on the phone to his colleague about the gory details of the worst accident scene he'd ever attended.

It was the worst day of my life so far... dear old Sister Concepta came to see me and tried to console me about being unable to sit for my music exam. "You've got all your other subjects", she smiled. "But music is the only one I care about" I wailed. Arm in sling, by the time I returned to school, rumours were flying around that I'd cut my hand off! My poor Graphics teacher, feeling guilty that she'd chosen the moment before my accident to pop out of the room, invited me to stay at her home and study for my exams. And so I did and it was lovely until her little fluffy dog activated my allergies, wreaking havoc on my sensitive lungs, and I ended up in Emergency at the Alfred Hospital with acute asthma.

And so I finished my five years at PCW. A snapshot shows me placed in the middle of the front row of all the year 12s conspicuously sporting a big white sling and a pale face. But all was not over...I had received a compensatory pass of a mere 50% for music. Though I ranked the third highest VCE score in the school, I was devastated to be accepted into my fifth preference and not my first. I was determined to go to the University of Melbourne and study a Bachelor of Music (Therapy), a course Sr Concepta continually encouraged me to apply for; enter the wonderful school careers counselor who braved the bureaucratic red tape and unprecedented circumstances and successfully battled my case.

And so I matriculated with many rich and rewarding experiences that continue to weave through my life. I will always remember and be grateful for being a part of such a diverse population of girls and for the incredible support and nourishment we received, especially in the arts: I went from playing a generic ferret/weasel/stoat in "Wind in the Willows" to playing the lead role in Edward Bond's controversial anti nuclear play "Passion" in Year 12, for which I won an award at the Catholic Schools Drama Festival; I was chuffed to learn music from Paul Kelly's sister Mary Jo Kelly in her first year teaching at PCW; and Warwick Taylor's eccentricity and brilliance instilled a deep love of literature and poetry in many of us.

When I turned 33 (and a third!), I launched my first CD "Bootleg", a live recording of original songs I made in Byron Bay. An hour before the performance, Mum rang to tell me she'd read the death notice of Sister Concepta Leonard and so I dedicated the night to her. I will always feel gratitude to her and to my parents and all the people who fought for my right to an excellent education.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost (from Year 11 English textbook Yellow Wood)

Andrea Bourke, B.Mus (Therapy) Grad Dip Ed (Music), aka Vasudha Harte lives near Byron Bay and plays in Dinkum Bohos with fellow multi instrumentalist Jem Edwards. Her new book of poetry "You near verse" will be available soon and she is currently working on her third album. www.dinkumbohos.com
I am now living in Edinburgh, Scotland with my husband Kevin Filmer. We have a girl, Aimee aged 5 and she has just started school. I miss Australia, especially my family, friends and the wonderful weather but enjoy the experience of living in a foreign country.

Over the years, I have worked across various industries, from hospitality (Waitress & Flight Attendant) to insurance (Claims Officer). I have travelled extensively and worked in Melbourne, London, Edinburgh, Italy and Saudi Arabia.

I am realizing my academic potential much later in my life. I did not complete my undergraduate degree until my mid thirties. In 2006, I graduated with First-class honours degree in Psychology and since then I have worked as a Psychological Researcher. I am currently employed at Edinburgh Napier University. I have just heard some good news this week. I have been accepted on to the Masters in Public Health program at Edinburgh University. I will be commencing this in September. My interests are in mental health and I plan to continue contributing to this area of knowledge.

I take an active interest in my community and in 2009 won an award for ‘campaign of the year’. This campaign was over issues of accessibility. The main transport provider in Edinburgh had banned the carriage of prams on their bus services. I am other members had felt that carers of children were being unfairly discriminated against. We engaged in discussions with MPs, disability groups, the media and the transport provider to highlight our concerns. See the link for more info:
http://babiesonbuses.weebly.com/story-so-far.html

This is a picture that was published in ‘the herald’:
November 2009 - Campaign of the year

In November 2009 Babies on Buses won 'Campaign of the year', awarded by the 'Herald Society', in association with 'The Big Lottery Fund'.
Left to right: Caroline Burgess, Sarah Hinks, Angela Gullone and Gillian Richards received the award on behalf of all the campaigners who had worked so hard to bring about a change to Lothian buses' heavy-handed policy, proving that the public will support those who fight against unfairness.
PCW Memorabilia

Did you miss out on ordering your memorabilia?
We are continuing to raise funds for education scholarships...and would like to encourage all alumnae to support this by ordering some PCW memorabilia. Please complete the enclosed sheet with this publication – sending your order to PCW Alumnae office, Presentation College Windsor, 187 Dandenong Road, Windsor VIC 3181.

Presentation College Windsor: 1873-2013
Our Archive photo book will enthrall you with wonderful memories of Presentation College Windsor. This 100 page, hard cover, beautiful coffee table book is a real treasure and is sure to become a family heirloom.

This is truly great value at only $65

Alumnae Commemorative Brooch
This limited edition Heart Brooch represents the Sacred Heart of Jesus, taken from the Nano Nagle Icon. A beautiful piece of jewellery, finished in brushed silver and gold combination.

$50 for this limited edition Windsor commemorative brooch.

PCW Greeting Cards.
This set of cards contains six different images from Presentation College Windsor. Each pack comes complete with six envelopes. Cards are blank inside for you to insert your own personal message.

$20 per pack.

PCW MEMORABILIA PAYMENT FORM

Name: ____________________________________________________________
Address: ____________________________________________________________________________
Suburb: _______________________________ Postcode: __________
Phone: ____________________________ Email: __________________________

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Please accept my payments for PCW Alumnae memorabilia.
☐ Cheque payable to Presentation College Windsor
☐ Please deduct payment from my Credit Card

Amount $ __________________________

Card Type: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa
Expiry Date: __________
Card Number __________________________

Name on Card: __________________________

Signature: __________________________
Become a PCW Alumnae Life Member

As past pupils we would encourage you to support this new initiative by becoming Life Members. It is a once only fee of $100. An Alumnae Life Member is a financial member. We value this financial support and your commitment to the Alumnae and this new initiative.

Please complete the form below and post to: PCW Alumnae Office
Presentation College Windsor
187 Dandenong Road
Windsor, VIC 3181

Name: ____________________________________________________________

Maiden name: ______________________________________________________

Address: __________________________________________________________

Suburb: ____________________________________________________________

State: ___________________________ Postcode: ___________________________

Phone: ___________________________ Mobile: ____________________________

Email: _____________________________________________________________

Year left PCW + final year level (eg 2006/Year 12): ______________________

Class of (reunion year can differ if you left prior to the end of year 12): __________

Brief list of school achievements: i.e.: Completed Matriculation, Completed VCE, School Music Captain
______________________________________________________________
______________________________________________________________
______________________________________________________________

Qualifications: _____________________________________________________

Current Profession: ________________________________________________

Previous Profession: ______________________________________________
Brief statement about your career and life projects (with the view to possible mentoring or being involved with school/alumnae promotion)

____________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

☐ I am interested in attending PCW Alumnae Reunions
☐ I am interested in helping organise year level reunions
☐ I am interested in mentoring
☐ I am interested in becoming involved with the voluntary Past Pupils Committee
☐ I am interested in helping with the PCW Archives
☐ I am interested in helping out in some other way...maybe you have some other experience, or maybe you could run the new face book page or you have some fresh ideas...we would love to hear from. Please list below:

____________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

☐ I am interested in being contacted to discuss bequests to the College

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**Please become a PCW Alumnae Life Member today!**

Complete the following information and return to us.

Please find enclosed my payment of $100 to become a PCW Alumnae Life Member

☐ Cheque: payable to Presentation College Windsor

**Presentation College Windsor – Credit Card Payment Authority**

Name on Card: ______________________________________________________________

Card Type: Visa ☐  Mastercard ☐

Credit Card Number:  ____________  ____________  ____________  ____________  ____________

Expiry:  ____________  ____________

☐ Please charge $___________ to my credit card to become a PCW Alumnae Life Member

SIGNATURE: _____________________________________________________________
Hospitality Training Course at PCW...open to all alumnae, friends & family

Certificate in Hospitality
RSA, RSG, RSF, OHS, First Aid (Level 2), Coffee Making, Bar Operations and Waiting
Course Commencing Thursday 9 May 2013
To enrol online visit www.hosptrain.vic.edu.au/pcw

Course Information
Hospitality Training Australia is offering their popular Certificate in Hospitality to Year 9, 10, 11 and 12 students, past students and friends of Presentation College Windsor community, in the familiar surroundings of your school. This course has been designed to give participants the certificates and minimum skills needed to work in hospitality. Students receive recognised qualifications and skills in espresso making, bar and beverage operations, waiting and more.

The course commences Thursday 9 May 2013 from 3.30 to 6.30pm. The course will continue each Thursday until completion, excluding school holidays.

Course Costs
Total cost is $105.00 per person or $52.50 with concession or $21.00 with Health Care Card.

Course Outline
Participants complete the following units of competence:
- SITX0HS001A Follow health safety and security procedures (OHS)
- SITXOHS002A Follow workplace hygiene procedures (RSF)
- SITHFAB009A Provide responsible service of alcohol (RSA)
- SITHGAM006A Provide responsible gambling services (RSG)
- SITHIND001A Develop and update hospitality industry knowledge
- SITXCOM001A Work with colleagues and customers
- SITXCOM002A Work in a socially diverse environment
- SITHFAB003A Serve food and beverage to customers (Waiter)
- SITXFAN001A Process financial transactions
- SITHFAB001A Clean and tidy bar areas (Bar)
- SITHFAB012A Prepare and serve espresso coffee (Coffee)
- SITHFAB002A Operate a bar (Bar)
- SITHFAB020A Apply food and beverage skills in the workplace
- HLTFA301C Apply first aid (First Aid Level 2)

Course Commencing
Thursday 9 May 2013

How to Apply
Enrol online at www.hosptrain.vic.edu.au/pcw or Telephone Phuong Tran, Hospitality Training Australia on 1300 659 557.