

## ARCHBISHOP MANNIX: HOME LIFE AT RAHEEN

James Franklin, Gerald O Nolan and Michael Gilchrist\*



*Raheen from the air, taken c1930, photographer, Charles Daniel Pratt, Airspy collection of aerial photographs.*<sup>1</sup>

*The real Mannix* . . . there is no “real” Mannix left to see – no private diaries, no intimate letters, no memoirs by confidants. Instead there is rumour, anecdote, theatre.

Archbishop Carr had lived in a few simple rooms in the presbytery beside the Cathedral. When Mannix succeeded Carr, the Catholic Trusts Corporation at once bought for him the magnificent mansion *Raheen* in what was then semi-rural Studley Park. Mannix moved into *Raheen* in 1918 and died there in 1963.

The two storeyed loggia house was built on approximately 15,000 square metres of land with the four storeyed tower in one corner, in an Italianate style,

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1 Link to photograph at the State Library of Victoria: <http://handle.slv.vic.gov.au/10381/177668>

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dominating the view from the street.<sup>2</sup> The aim of this extravagant purchase was not to live magnificently. On the contrary, Mannix's tastes and way of life were ascetic: he only used a telephone twice in his life, never flew in an aeroplane, never owned a car.<sup>3</sup> He had little interest in food and slept on an iron bed in a plain bedroom. The only major alteration made to Raheen was the conversion of the existing ballroom to a library.

The purpose of *Raheen* was instead to exhibit the apex of the Melbourne Catholic community as on a par with the finest the Establishment could offer. It was a theatrical prop, a stage for the Mannix act as tribal leader.

In speaking of the "real" Mannix, one must remember that the real Mannix was an expert showman. Patrick O'Farrell writes of Mannix as actor – an actor with a purpose:<sup>4</sup>

The extent to which Mannix was theatre is a perception lost in the overlay of serious religious issues . . .

Daniel Mannix had all the marks of a consummate actor. He carried onto the stage, wherever it was, the commanding presence of an aristocratic self-image which he projected with all the aid of his poised physical bearing, superbly crafted lines deliberately underplayed, and a range of props: top-hat, biretta, even a cape in the Victorian thespian tradition... His enormous audience relished his performance, enjoying it because of its studied excellence as a role, and because it was constructed from, and deeply relevant to, real Catholic life. Here was leadership, not merely as directional encouragement, but in projecting effortless superiority. The money given away in the legendary private walks was aristocratic largesse, distributed in royal progress. The polite and polished insults to the secular authorities came from a source patently above them with no care for their regard.

### **A Maynooth student's view**

When Mannix was first named as coadjutor Archbishop, Catholics in Melbourne wondered what manner of man they might expect. A former student of his at Maynooth who had come to Victoria was persuaded to set down his impressions. He paints a memorable portrait:<sup>5</sup>

2 City of Kew Urban Conservation Study: Volume 2, 85; James Griffin, *Daniel Mannix: Beyond the Myths*, Garratt Publishing, Mulgrave, Vic., 2012, 220-2.

3 Griffin, *Daniel Mannix*, 348.

4 Patrick O'Farrell, *Vanished Kingdoms: The Irish in Australia and New Zealand: A Personal Excursion*. Kensington, NAW: UNSW Press, 1990, 246.

5 "G. Brendáin", *Memories of Monsignor Mannix*, *Austral Light* 13 (1912), 707-19

Thanks to Patrick Morgan for supplying this article.

My first impressions of the Bishop-elect were gained at a temperance lecture . . . He entered the pulpit, and for about three-quarters of an hour held our attention uninterruptedly from beginning to end . . . Mgr. Mannix uses no flamboyant rhetoric or histrionic gesticulations, nor does he aim at picturesque language. His style is vigorous, incisive, sometimes electric, and always dignified. His words are well-chosen, chiselled off by a distinct articulation, and one feels that there is behind them a master-mind, with a thorough grip on his subject, one who certainly impresses his auditors with a feeling of great reserve power, of intense conviction, and immense earnestness . . .

Mgr. Mannix is a singularly undemonstrative man. As Cardinal Logue remarked, "he is as silent as a ghost" on occasions where others might indulge in flattery. Once, however, it was not hard to detect a note of elation in his voice as he told of the congratulations he received for the unique record attained by one class when, out of seventy-three candidates for the B.A. degree, there was not a single failure.

Mgr. Mannix was certainly a strict disciplinarian. He seemed to look upon Maynooth as the West Point of Ireland, the military academy in which were trained the officers for the army of Christ, and to consider that one who proved unable or unwilling to submit to its regulations could not be safely permitted to bind himself irrevocably to the life-long discipline of obedience and self-denial of the priesthood . . . I have heard him, as President, refer very slightly to [popularity]. As a past pupil of his tells me, "cheap popularity he heartily despised."

It could scarcely be said of him that he is gifted with the art of diplomacy, except his reticence and power of inspiring confidence be accounted such. He is too straightforward to hide his views if there be a call to express them; too much an enemy of subterfuge to employ the language that conceals thought . . .

He was not prompt to rebuke in person, but when he did it was short, sharp, and effective, clothed sometimes in a dry humour, or tinged with a quiet sarcasm that was still more successful. In one of such a reserved temperament, the more kindly side of his nature could not often be in evidence . . . Those who have had occasion to approach him know they may always count on a courteous reception, and a request would be sure of a fair hearing, and, if it did not always prove acceptable or practicable, his refusal would at least leave no sting. A suggestion would be considered on its merits, and he was not beyond adopting it if it recommended itself to his judgment. He was one of the last men it would occur to you to bluff or

wheelde into a proposal. Diplomacy was useless in presence of those eyes, that seemed to read one through . . .

Among his intimate friends and acquaintances he is said to unbend somewhat and give play to a quiet humour and gentle raillery, but as students we seldom saw other than the sterner side of his character. A restrained laugh would occasionally appear, but oftener a smile would hover about the compressed lips. Once, though, we witnessed him in uncontrollable laughter, as from the stage of the Aula Maxima, a venerable Irish scholar and raconteur held an audience convulsed with merriment for nearly two hours at a wholly delightful mixture of sparkling wit and the sublimest egotism . . .

Of his inner life and spiritual characteristics I cannot speak. Outwardly, he was an example of regularity, said his daily Mass devoutly, and with such a grace and attention to rubrical accuracy that a student who paid particular attention to these matters used to refer to him and another as models in this respect. He always emphasised the religious note when addressing us on temperance during his professorial days, and on discipline when he became President. One saw too that he felt every word when he spoke of the example of the Christ who, as a youth, surrendered His will to his earthly guardians, and “went down to Nazareth and was subject to them.”

### **Dinner at Raheen**

*Raheen* served official purposes. Mannix rarely went out except to church events – no cinema, no sporting events, very rarely home visitations except a few of condolence in early years. When the Anglican archbishop wished to see him, he simply replied, “I never pay social visits or return them.”<sup>6</sup> One came to him. From the early 1920s onwards there were many important ecclesiastical meetings and other formal gatherings held at Raheen, as well as the frequent informal meetings that Mannix held in his library or study, and around his dining table. Though he was personally abstemious, he was a generous host, as one cleric has recalled:<sup>7</sup>

[Dr Mannix] gave many a pleasant clerical dinner party at Raheen to mark the visit of some distinguished cleric, and used to invite a wide circle of his senior priests to his table. Almost to the end of his days he entertained the Cathedral staff at Christmas dinner at Raheen. On great occasions, among

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6 Mannix to Archbishop Head, 30/12/1929, in D. Schütz, “May I write to you...?”: The correspondence between Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne Daniel Mannix (1864-1963) and Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne F W (Frederick Waldegrave) Head (1974-1941) concerning the Eucharistic Procession Controversy, Part 1: Letters 1-11, 1929-1933), *Footprints* 28 (2) (2013), 8-48.

7 Bev Roberts, *Raheen*, Pola Nominees, Melbourne, 2007, 4.

them the consecration of any of the priests of his diocese to the episcopate . . . he was always happy to play host to a dinner for more than two hundred of the clergy both local and visiting.<sup>8</sup>

One of Mannix's successors as Archbishop, Frank Little, recalled the dinners at a later period:<sup>9</sup>

The meals were good, thanks to the Virgona sisters. Always a three-course dinner starting with a grapefruit cocktail, so good that Little was sure it was laced with alcohol, so he went into the kitchen and checked, and of course it was. 'And there was Dan with his Pioneer Total Abstinence badge like a beacon.'

The sumptuous dinners were always accompanied by a variety of wines and selected liqueurs which were always on the table. Dr Mannix never drank, so often his guests wouldn't drink either. Some of the clergy who would drink as private guests would not touch the wine and liqueurs at banquets if no-one else started. Eventually Jean went around the table and poured the liqueurs into their glasses or coffee to save any embarrassment

One of the Bishops who had taken the pledge not to drink, once noticed that Jean had put a little more wine in the soup and made the remark that he didn't think Dr Mannix would take spirits, to which Mannix retorted: '*I never question what the cook puts into the meal.*'

A niece of the Virgona sisters describes the menu:

The special dinners were major productions involving all the family. There were six or seven courses: antipasto, entre, soup, a fish course, a meat course, a sweet followed by petits fours, coffee and liqueur. Our parents and sometimes the cousins lent a hand. Preparations would begin well in advance and Jean wrote out a plan coordinating each stage of the operation. I remember peering into the dining room when the table was set. There was a whole regiment of cutlery lined up at each setting, a pair of carved crystal wine glasses and a flower floating in each individual finger bowl. Dr Mannix sat at the head of the table. Protocol required that he begin eating first. On one occasion he never started and the whole course had to be returned to the kitchen.<sup>10</sup>

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8 Rev. Bernard O'Connell, memoir, 1965, in *Raheen*, 86, n. 20.

9 Brenda Niall, *The Riddle of Father Hackett*, 262.

10 Crina Virgona, Jean and Lena Virgona, housekeepers to Dr Mannix 1944-1963: a memoir, *Footprints* 28 (1) (2013), 4-10.

**Rumours of firearms stored at *Raheen***

*Raheen*, like Mannix himself, attracted rumours and anecdotes, which were part of the projected image. The first *Raheen* rumour was that its purchase had been funded by John Wren. (There is no evidence that it was.)

In 1918 a new rumour hit the street: that someone had seen firearms stored in a tunnel linking *Raheen* with John Wren's house across the road. The intelligence

RE RUMOUR OF ARMS STORED AT "RAHEEN"

On 9.5.18 I visited Mrs Davies, 19 Yarra Street, South Yarra, who informed me that she had got the information from a Mrs Cashmore of 13 Yarra Street, South Yarra. I then paid Mrs Cashmore a visit and she stated that she had heard the rumour from her daughter, who then appeared.

Miss Cashmore stated she had heard it from a girl, a small child at school, who in turn had got the information from her sister who works at a Factory, the sister having got it from another factory girl who had got the information from her father, who had got it from a carpenter who had worked at *Raheen* when the alterations and improvements were being made before Christmas.

From Miss Cashmore's demeanour and evident desire that I should not proceed further with the enquiry, I came to the conclusion that this rumour was nothing more than idle gossip which had gathered importance in its travels.

*Stanley*  
10/5/18

services were quickly on the case and tracked down the truth. The results of their investigations can be seen in the letter reproduced on the previous page.<sup>11</sup>

### **The daily walks; Maureen**

Then, advertng to his famous walks, the Archbishop confessed:<sup>12</sup>

I still did not expect to live to a great age in those days. And as I did not play tennis or cricket or football I decided that I would walk every day until I was 90, if I lived to be 90. And so I walked every day from Raheen to St Patrick's, the better part of four miles in and four miles out. It did me good.

All sorts of people might be met on the walks. Mr Menzies, for example, as we saw. Or the Eyres, who established a greengrocery business in Victoria Parade on the route of the walks; he frequently called at their shop. The Eyres' only child, Maureen, recalls the Archbishop:<sup>13</sup>

My first impression was standing outside St Patrick's Cathedral, East Melbourne, and looking up at him and 'thinking'. (He always treated me as his equal and never spoke down to me.) Anyway, he said:

Maureen, what are you thinking?

I answered: 'I was wondering if you put up your hand, could you touch the sky?' He said he did not know, but he tried and then smiled and said no, he could not.

Maureen enrolled at Catholic Ladies College in 1938 and soon excelled at the piano. Later that year, she wrote proudly of her work to Dr Mannix – she was now seven – and received a friendly handwritten reply:<sup>14</sup>

You are just wonderful! How did you get 91 marks out of 100 at your music examination?

I am sure that I never got as good marks at any examination that I sat for. And at the piano I should not get any marks at all. I am glad to know that you are to make your first Holy Communion soon and I shall gladly remember you often in my prayers in the meantime. Kindly give my best wishes to father and mother; and keep a big share for yourself.

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11 NAA, A8911, 240: Reverend Dr D Mannix (Anti-Conscription and Anti-British Utterances: Sinn Feiner), 66-72.

12 Michael Gilchrist, *Daniel Mannix: Wit and Wisdom*, 253, n. 65, quoted from R. Hastings, 'And I Never Owned a Motor Car', *Bulletin*, 16 November 1963.

13 Gilchrist, *Daniel Mannix*, 143, n. 30, quoted from an interview with Maureen Landy, Red Hill, ACT, June 1981..

14 Gilchrist, *Daniel Mannix*, 162-3, n. 99, quoted from a letter from Mannix to Maureen Eyre, 21 September 1938: copy in M Gilchrist's possession.

By the age of 25, Maureen was a concert pianist with the Australian Broadcasting Commission. She brought her fiancée several times to see Dr Mannix. On the day of the wedding, 9 June 1956, a special picture was taken of the couple with the Archbishop at *Raheen*. Dr Mannix asked that the picture be taken so that a portrait of his mother on the wall appeared in the photo and as the picture was about to be taken, remarked:<sup>15</sup>

I'm still very handsome. They'll have trouble telling who's the bridegroom!

That brought smiles for the camera. The Archbishop then presented the couple with a large Bible containing a message on the inside cover:

*To John and Maureen with every blessing for their wedding day and for the years to come.*

A few months later, when Maureen learned she was expecting a child, she informed Dr Mannix personally of the news. He asked when the baby was due and Maureen gave the date as 4 March, Daniel Mannix's own birthday. This was a white lie, as she did not know the precise date, and it was given only to please him.

But 4 March it was.

In later years, Maureen sometimes looked after Raheen during the day to give the Virgona sisters a break. On these occasions, her children had the run of the place, bringing delight to the old Archbishop.

### **Banter with Fr Hackett, "Court Jester"**

Some brief glimpses of Mannix en famille (to the extent that that phrase makes sense) can be gleaned from the papers of Father Hackett, perhaps the closest Mannix had to a personal friend – although it is believed not on first name terms.<sup>16</sup>

In 1922, at the height of Ireland's tragic civil war, William Philip Hackett (1878-1954), Irish Jesuit, teacher and propagandist, was transferred to Australia by his order. That was possibly because of his over-close involvement in the Civil War. He knew well both de Valera and Michael Collins and had tried to arrange a meeting of the two, by then enemies, immediately before Collins' assassination by the Republicans. Collins' note to Hackett is believed to be the last letter he wrote.<sup>17, 18</sup>

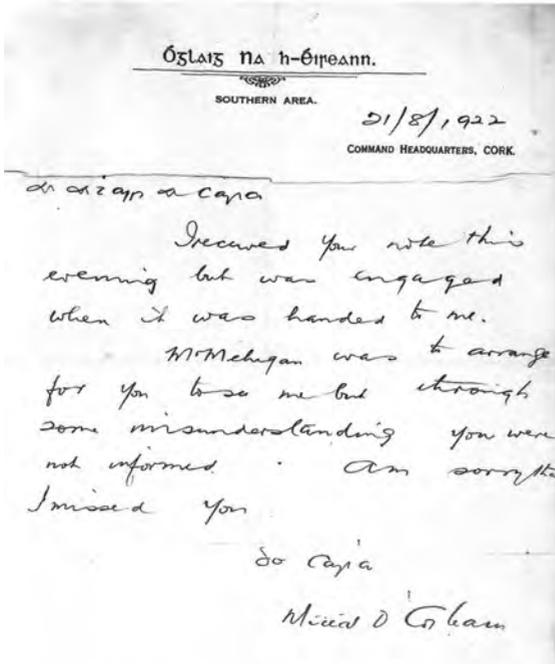
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15 Gilchrist, *Daniel Mannix*, 237, n. 23, interview with Maureen Landy, Red Hill, ACT, June 1981.

16 Griffin, *Daniel Mannix*, 348.

17 Brenda Niall, *The Riddle of Father Hackett: A life in Ireland and Australia*, National Library of Australia, Canberra, 2009: 97-105; James Griffin, 'Hackett, William Philip' (1878-1954), *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, vol. 9, 1983.

18 Image and caption reproduced from *The Riddle of Father Hackett*: page before 97: from Michael Collins to William Hackett, 21 August 1922, Hackett Papers, Archives of the Society of Jesus, Australia (ASJASL).



In Australia Fr Hackett was Rector of Xavier College and founded the Catholic Central Library, a major effort to provide intellectual stimulation for the laity. He entertained Mannix on Monday evenings and accompanied him on his annual vacations at Portsea. The two certainly got on well, but Hackett's letters show from time to time a dislike of being "a quasi-episcopal hanger-on". A man of "gasps, grunts and angular gestures", he was the object of Mannix's friendly if sharp jibes.<sup>19</sup> The role could be trying:<sup>20</sup>

In a discussion of counties of origin, after a pointed tilt of disparagement at Cork, Fr. Hackett – butt of much byplay like the old time court jester, a role he loved – in self-defence replied,

*The last known letter of Michael Collins, written to Fr William Hackett, 21 August 1922, the night before his assassination. Hackett visited Collins' headquarters hoping to arrange a meeting between leaders, Collins and de Valera, in the civil war.*

"I was born in Cork, but crossed to Kilkenny to be civilised".

"And failed", said D M.

At the dinner table one time an interstate guest provoked a laugh by pointing out that some of the cutlery was labelled, Made in Sheffield. When the merriment had subsided, Dr. Mannix observed,

"That is not the only thing English here".

"What else, your Grace?"

<sup>19</sup> Griffin, 'Hackett'.

<sup>20</sup> Walter A. Ebsworth, *Archbishop Mannix*, H. H. Stephenson, Armadale, 1977, 431; recollections of Hackett's successor as Portsea holiday companion in Leo Clarke, Archbishop Mannix: what was he like? *Footprints* 20 (1) (2003), 28-48.

“Father Hackett’s Oxford accent”.<sup>21</sup>

Following Mannix around to functions was not always enjoyable.<sup>22</sup>

Easter Sunday dinner for 18 members of the Cathedral staff (‘I loathe long meals’) and two open air functions 20 miles apart, on Easter Monday, provoke Hackett to angry self-reflection: ‘The poodle goes with him’.

### ***Raheen under the Virgona sisters***

For 20 years from 1944 – the year Mannix turned 80 – apart from two devoted sisters, Misses Jean and Angelina Virgona, who acted as his housekeepers, Mannix was the solitary resident of the large house, much of which was unused.

The sisters, then in their thirties, were introduced to the Archbishop by the chaplain to the Italian community, Fr Modotti SJ. Jean recalled:<sup>23</sup>

The first and only time I had seen Dr Mannix was in 1927 for an interview; 17 years later I found myself, with my sister, at Raheen, to fill a vacancy, supposedly for a few weeks. When His Grace died, 20 years later, we felt the bottom had fallen from our world, just as we had felt when our father and when our mother died.

Why so, seeing that we made repeated attempts to retire from the work? There was something about Dr Mannix that inspired more than loyalty to duty from those around him; or it could have been that we happened to fill a void, for he had once said to Fr Modotti shortly after we arrived at Raheen: ‘I was a hermit until Jean and Lena came.’ It seemed natural to hear our relatives speak of Dr Mannix, affectionately, as ‘il nonno’ [grandfather].

He was our life during those years . . .

They did not wish to be paid, and when money was pressed on them they donated it to the education of priests. As there was no refrigerator, they brought one.<sup>24</sup> The normal household was only the Archbishop and the two sisters (not counting “Old Pat”, the Irishman who looked after the cows and vegetable garden out the back). The Archbishop had no secretary, chaplain, or personal assistant. The sisters kept his clothes clean, but every aspect of his domestic life was completely private. He even cut his own hair. Not very well many would say; nor often.<sup>25</sup>

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21 Ebsworth, *Archbishop Mannix*, 431.

22 The *Riddle of Father Hackett*: 249, n. 7: WPH to Florence Hackett. 19 April 1954. Hackett Papers, ASJASL.

23 Gilchrist, *Mannix: Wit and Wisdom*, 236, n. 21, recalled by Jean Virgona in letter to M Gilchrist, 15 February 1982.

24 Jean and Lena Virgona.

25 Niall Brennan, *Dr Mannix*, Rigby Limited, Adelaide, 1964, 308.

A long interview with another of Jean Virgona's nieces contains detailed information about life at *Raheen* from the inside:<sup>26</sup>

For the Virgonas "Raheen" came first. They rarely had any time off. The job was full time, three hundred and sixty-five days. The only chance of some leisure or rest was in the summer when His Grace would go to Portsea for a month. They would go to their own home in East Malvern but not for long, having to return to give "Raheen" a spring clean, especially the huge library. This was a nightmare. Apart from the time it took to dust each book, people often borrowed books and didn't return them or there would be books returned and left on top of each other gathering dust. Summer was the only time they could cope with it because there were no visitors to interrupt the exercise. So much for their summer holiday!

However one day in the middle of this operation the door bell rang. They hesitated. Would they answer it or not? Their conscience won and they opened the door. Just as well, because it was a special relation, a very strict and distinguished gentleman Salvatore Favaloro and family down from Bendigo.

They were caught there and then up ladders, dressed in their old work clothes, certainly not exactly dressed for such visitors. He said: "Jean, you're doing this work! You can tell me it isn't my business but for the respect I had for your parents this isn't the sort of work you've got to do". Jean replied that it had to be done sometime. It was just as well that Uncle Salv didn't know what the daily routine amounted to.

It was amazing what the two girls fitted in each day. Jean was a natural gourmet cook so she did most of the cooking in between making appointments for Dr Mannix and taking messages and Lena looked after the housework in between answering the door bell. They would keep as much as possible to a daily routine. This meant that they would have to



*Jean Virgona at the door of Raheen.*  
Courtesy of Crina Virgona

<sup>26</sup> Maria Santospirito Triaea, Jean Virgona: Archbishop Mannix's Italian housekeeper, *Australia Early Years, IHS Journal0017*, 17: downloaded from: <http://ebookbrowse.net/gdoc.php?id=311576464&url=685e7d73627612bb83b93be0558c78de>

be up by 6.00am at least in order to be ready to answer Dr Mannix's Mass at 7.00am and to have prepared the breakfast ready by 8 o'clock and to have as much as possible of the essential daily routine cleaning done before Mass. This meant cleaning carpets, washing and polishing basins before the appointments began or any number of unexpected visitors . . .

. . . A lot of Jean's time was taken up making appointments for visitors to see Dr Mannix at "Raheen". There were the frequent ones that I knew of such as Father Ugo Modotti, Chaplain for the Italian Community; Bob Santamaria and Mr and Mrs Arthur Calwell. I have to include my mother Mrs Santospirito who was given the title of 'La Mamma degli Italiani' by a visiting journalist from America for the work she did for the Italians during the war.<sup>27</sup> She could not have done it without the help of Dr Mannix and Arthur Calwell, both dear friends. Through them the Italians were permitted to gather at the St George's Hall in Carlton and it was possible for her to place the children of internees into boarding schools. Moreover, His Grace was always sympathetic in the fifties when there was an influx of Italian immigrants needing jobs.

Jean Virgona saw Mannix's daily routine close up:<sup>28</sup>

The Archbishop offered his Mass each morning at 7.30. That occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and was marked by an extraordinary appreciation of the Divine Presence in its reverent attention to the rubrical actions. Then followed two hours of thanksgiving, for he never appeared for his meagre breakfast before 10.15.

His supper was taken at 10.30, a glass of hot milk and a biscuit, and often she would see the light on in his chapel well after midnight.

She remembered,

... the surprise expressed by strangers wandering around his enormous library to find a shelf of P. G. Wodehouse, whose perennial sense of humour was so akin to his own.

Handling unexpected visitors was part of the job:<sup>29</sup>

The local police were constantly complaining of "undesirables" haunting

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27 Lena Santospirito, leader of work for Italians in Melbourne in World War II and after, as member of the Archbishop's committee for Italian relief; see Cate Elkner and James Gobbo, 'Santospirito, Louisa Angelina (Lena) (1895–1983),' *Australian Dictionary of Biography* vol. 18 (2012).

28 Ebsworth, *Archbishop Mannix*, 432.

29 Ebsworth, *Archbishop Mannix*, 431.

his residence for the inevitable hand-out, insisted on by him, even in his absence.

Early one morning Jean Virgona was carrying breakfast to the Archbishop's study. She heard the front door-bell ring.<sup>30</sup> Although it was a long walk to the front door, Jean put down the tray and walked to the door. But when she opened it, there was no-one to be seen. So back she went to get the tray when the door-bell rang again; the same thing happened, but this time Jean walked down the drive-way to investigate. There, she found a small boy aged about six.

'What do you want?' she asked.

'I want to see the Archbishop; I want to make my First Communion.' was the reply.

Jean then went to the Archbishop and told him of the visitor.

'Well, bring him in,' he said.

So he was brought in, introduced, and remained with Dr Mannix while he had breakfast. About 20 minutes later, he brought the boy to the door to say good-bye and when he had departed, Jean asked:

'Did you give him what he wanted?'

'What did he want?' inquired Dr Mannix.

The boy had not raised the matter which was troubling him, so Jean was sent to fetch him back. When he had been recalled, the Archbishop asked what it was he desired of him.

'The priest said I was too young for receiving Communion and had to get the Archbishop's permission,' came the answer. So Dr Mannix asked him: "Whom do you receive in Communion?" "God," came the prompt response. "You know as much as I do," declared the Archbishop, who subsequently contacted the boy's parish priest and arranged for his First Holy Communion.

### **What AFL team did Mannix support?**

On the subject of television, Dr Mannix admitted that he watched very little apart from the news; but Bob Santamaria, a one-eyed Carlton supporter, reminded him that he watched the football replays.<sup>31</sup>

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30 Gilchrist, *Daniel Mannix*, 236-7, n. 22, recalled by Jean Virgona in letter to M Gilchrist, 15 February 1982.

31 Gilchrist, *Daniel Mannix*, 253, n. 65, quoted from R Hastings, 'And I Never Owned a Motor Car', *Bulletin*, 16 November 1963.

Ah, yes, the football. But I find it hard to distinguish which side is which. You know, I'm supposed to be a barracker for Collingwood. I suppose because Collingwood is in the vicinity. But the truth of it is that I have never seen a football match in my life.

### **TV comes to *Raheen***



*Mannix interviewed by Gerald Lyons for ABC TV, 1962.*

Extracts from the interview have been printed in other chapters of the book. They show excellent memory and clarity of mind. Curator's notes: <http://aso.gov.au/titles/tv/interview-archbishop-mannix/notes/>

When Mannix was 97, in late 1961, the bulky television cameras of the day moved into *Raheen* for Gerald Lyons' TV interview.

With all the technicians and Mr Santamaria, who insisted on being present, the numbers there were around sixteen. Expected to last less than an hour, it began in mid-morning and finished well into the afternoon. [Jean Virgona] was constantly dashing in with tea and coffee and iced drinks and sandwiches, and all the Archbishop had was a cup of water, his endurance and patience an unforgettable wonder. Indeed, for the food he took each day one could put it all on a dinner plate.