

# From the Diary of Bishop John Francis Norton – 1925

## Inscription....

*Diary kept for my dearest Mother  
on the P. & O Steamer "Mongolia"  
by John F. Norton  
With the Australian National  
Pilgrimage to Rome & Lourdes 1925.*

13<sup>th</sup> April

The Bishop had another bad night, who fortunately was at his office – Parliament - and he came along at worse, and that the voyage was complete rest and absence from was getting very anxious. The new heart, and once we got on seemed somewhat better. Getting the wharf was simply crammed solid mass of visitors going on, farewells. The Archbishop was not visitors to go on shore, and shortly Archbishop's car drove up, and we crossing the gangway. There were biretta in response. They thundered Heaven" sung by the throats of then "Faith of our Fathers". As the and showed himself at various parts and cheering broke out anew. In the the forest of streamers, and get some idea of the crowd. Again, somebody threw me up a ribbon, and so amid a scene that would well have satisfied Caesar entering Rome after his conquests, sharp at noon the tug began to take us away slowly from the cheering multitude. Some of the enthusiasts, not yet satisfied, got into a small motor launch and followed us down the harbour, calling for "Cheers for Dr Mannix".



so I rang the Doctor, Sir Neville Howse, he is Minister of Defence in the Federal once. He told me the Bishop was no absolutely the only thing for him, worry. This greatly reassured me, for I verdict, too, seemed to give the Bishop board, which we did about 11am, he on board was easier said than done, for with people, and the gangway was a either to see the ship or take their yet on board. The bell soon rang for after, amid tremendous cheering, the saw his tall figure and red biretta shouts and cheers. Dr Mannix lifted his forth anew. Then came "Hail, Queen of thousands, then "God, save Ireland"; Archbishop made his way along the deck of the rail, cameras clicked by the score picture in the "Advocate" you will see

However, the great "Mongolia" got rid of the little tug, which seemed so ridiculous helping such a giant, and reminded us of the fables of the Lion and the Mouse, and under her own engines we soon lost sight of the launch and the throng on the pier dwindled away and their voices of farewell were lost in the distance.

We had hardly got out of Port Phillip than we encountered a heavy sea, which soon had all but the very hardy laid low. Were it not that I followed the Bishop's advice and laid low on my back in bed, I fear that I would have been in the same situation as them, and my record of being a good sailor would have been broken.