

MEMORIES & MUSINGS

by M.

"FATHER PAUL."

It was by this so widely-familiar and so deeply-esteemed name that he was known on the river-tracks, the road to Bourke, 'the pad' to Broken Hill — Father Paul Zundolovich, whose name was a passport to the friendship of almost anyone in the South Riverina, in the station country in the far West of New South Wales, and in any part of the Wilcannia-Forbes diocese, where, in one place or another — at Broken Hill, at Wilcannia, in Moama — he laboured so well for his Master, this Jewish priest — he was converted from Judaism in colourful Cairo — who, like Hunt's Abou ben Adhem, loved his fellow-men, many the one of whom he befriended. With his winning smile and his pair of white ponies, Father Paul's was a familiar figure indeed in river-land. For over forty years that was his corner of the Lord's Vineyard — a pretty dusty and arid corner at times it was. There were no motor cars or radio sets and few telephones when he began his priestly work four decades since; nor for long after. There were long, slow journeys, often waterless, on horseback or on buckboard in summer, and even worse in winter. There were steamers on the rivers those days; the shearers carried their swags between "the sheds," there were real "sun-downers" — but all these have passed; and now Father Paul has passed with them. Many a heart-wrung expression of regret and many a fervent prayer marked his going, for one and all would say, "God rest Father Paul."

Secretary for a number of years in Lon-