

January 22nd. - April 2nd.,  
1957

SIXTH - FORMER'S DIARY

.....

MY LAST TERM  
AT  
AMPLEFORTH

By  
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## ILLUSTRATIONS

### 'My last term at Ampleforth'

My room	photos	Next to p.2
Cadets (C.C.F. / O.T.C.) 2 Company	insert	p.30
Refectory serving arrangements	insert	p.36
Cadets – field exercise	insert	p.53
The three school lakes	photos	p.89
St. Oswald's Day celebrations	insert	p.105
Shrove Monday entertainments	insert	p.118
University of Leeds, Spanish Department schools programme	insert	p.144
Theatre and Gym building	photo	p.148
Abbey building and section of the New Church	photo	p.148
Inner Houses refectory building	photo	p.156
Classrooms building from behind	photo	p.156
Peter Havard on Scarborough beach	photo	p.158
Bolton Houses from the Tower	photo	p.178
St. Oswald's from the Tower	photo	p.178
Shack (Senior House Ampleforth College) from the oval	photo	p.179
Shack from close up	photo	p.179
Joe and Dillon ... and the theatre	photo	p.179
<i>Laetare</i> concert	insert	p.183
Sample of lines	insert	p.198
Ampleforth College student lists – by class, and alphabetically	inserts	final

### SPRING TERM.

On the twenty-second of January I returned to school; it was to be my last term there. How often had I made that very same journey, from Oxford to York, from York to Gilling Station, from Gilling to school; never again. I was fully determined to make the most of this my last term at school, to enjoy life there as I had never done before, to enjoy every minute both of work and leisure.

The Spring Term is usually the worst of the year, but I refused to allow that to get me down. I now had no more work with exams in view, and this, I reckoned, more than made up for the many other disadvantages there might be in store. I had been awarded <sup>an Open Scholarship to Radcliffe College, Oxford.</sup> ~~a scholarship to Oxford University~~ in the December examinations, and, as far as I could see, I had not a worry in sight, not an exam for years. It had been my principal aim since entering the school over four years ago, to win some form of award at Oxford; my desire had been fulfilled, and I was content. My sole wish at present was to learn some basic German, and learn it well: I was hoping to go to Germany in May, so I guessed that a little work on this account would probably not come amiss.

To help me enjoy myself during my last months at school, I had returned with my bicycle and an unusually plentiful allowance for the term. I had been unable to bring my bicycle with me for some time, knowing that my work would not permit full advantage to be gained from its use; nor had I ever had as much pocket-money at any time in the past.

Normally, the Easter Term is a time of frost and snow, a time of bitter cold unknown in the South of England; it is a time of gales, of dull and heavy rain. I had decided that, when the snow came, I would enjoy it to the full: that should there be any frost, I would make the most of it, and go skating: I was determined not to let mere rain prevent me from cycling over the Yorkshire moors. I was quite determined to see the beauty, harsh though it might be, of an English winter in the wilds of the country, white, cold-gripping, bitter and lengthy.

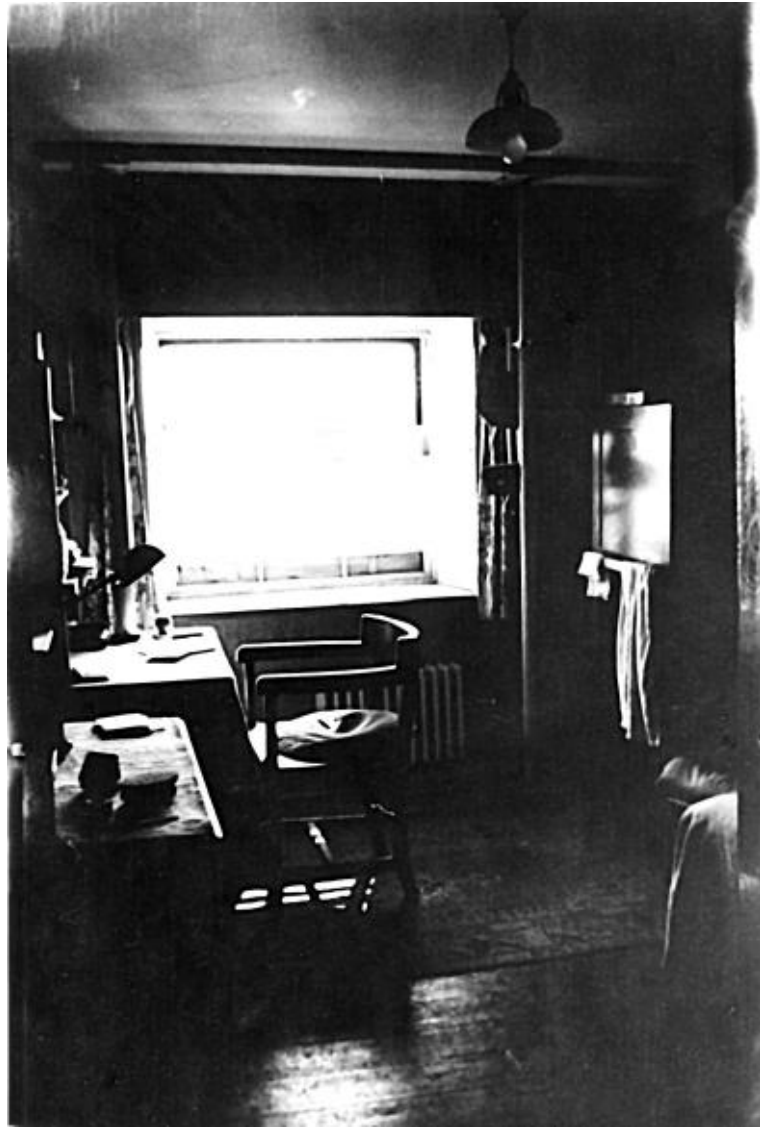
Tuesday 22nd. of January.

It was already dark - the one and only time in the course of the school year when we return in such conditions. The first thing I did on returning to St. Oswald's House was to announce my arrival, in person, to Father Bernard, who is our Housemaster. There he was, in his room, as ever at the start of a term, waiting to greet old and new friends alike. It was with a much happier heart than usual that I wished him good-evening: I had at last done something worthy of the school, something to gladden his heart. He seemed pleased to see me back, and took the opportunity of congratulating me 'in the flesh', as he had been unable to

before. He looked quite cheerful, and infinitely less worried than at the end of the previous term, and healthier too.

I made my way up to my room on the Gallery. I guessed that it would be a new one, not the same as in the previous term; and so it was. It looked the 'cosy' type of hideaway at once. This impression was conveyed largely by the size of the window - which was fairly small, and again by the clean panelling on all three walls, as well as all 'round the window. I was suitably impressed by the dimensions of the room, which was well-proportioned, fairly broad, not too high, and not too long. There was not too much furniture. I had many times lived in a room where most of the discomfort was due to ~~the~~<sup>an</sup> excessive desire for comfort: this came about by importing too many armchairs, for instance, into one room, thus hindering all free movement. Besides too many such armchairs, too many pictures on the walls, too many carpets on the floor, and an unnecessary amount of general junk also helped to create an atmosphere of cramped imprisonment in many of the rooms I had previously shared, or even had to myself. This room was as yet free from any such vices. It is true that most of the stuff at the time in the room was not mine, belonging instead to its past owner. I at once began moving his affairs to his new room, and my old affairs from my previous room to this new one. So the term began.

I had arrived at school at about seven-thirty, and at eight there was supper. After moving as much furniture as I could into place, I washed my hands and went up to the refectories. There was only Bobby there, and, as he was head of the house, <sup>he</sup> asked me to serve out the supper for him with Father Bernard. At the time only half the house was in: the second train, bringing the 'London' people in, had not yet arrived. It was not the usual supper. Infallibly, on the first night of term, there had been sausages and mashed potatoes; it had been the same ever since I ~~had~~ joined the school. But to-night things had changed: there was a meat stew, and boiled potatoes to match; slightly preferable perhaps to the customary diet. Talk at supper was, however, the same as ever at the start of a term. How many films had you seen, what were they, and who starred in them? Had you done any work in the holidays, where had you gone for them, and had you enjoyed them? What were the prospects of the coming term? Who were monitors? What masters had left - and how was your report at the end of the past term? So much for first night talk. ~~I~~<sup>I</sup> had seen two or three films, none of them very exciting. When asked if I had done any work - for it was now known news that I had been awarded a scholarship - I merely replied that I had read a little Plato, in the English, and that it had proved a bit highbrow; but I had enjoyed it. People





3

- certainly Mike opposite me at table - were flabbergasted at this news.

I am never very interested in supper on the first night of term, and to-night proved no exception. I found it hard to 'put away' what I had been given - for the ~~Housemaster~~ Housemaster had plied me with an extra portion before I could warn him that I did not want it. Eventually I struggled through it all and out of the refectory, back to my room. I continued unpacking, refurnishing, and in general improving the room's already good looks. At nine o'clock there were prayers, and after that I handed in my Health Certificate - the inevitable first night routine. I decided to pay the Headmaster a visit, but was distinctly unnerved by the presence in that room of yet another monk, Father James, Guestmaster and my own Confessor. I had not expected to find anyone else in the room at that time of night. I was not annoyed to see Father James: on the contrary, I was delighted to see him, but words always fail me when confronted with an unexpected situation. I made the most of a bad job, and gave back my testimonials to Father William. I had been given ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> to enclose with my application forms for the February group of scholarships at Oxford: as I had been lucky in December, I no longer needed them. I thought it best to return the testimonials myself, rather than burn them in private, thus subjecting myself to the temptation of reading them. Father William was in his usual healthy and cheerful mood, and, almost in unison with the guestmaster, ~~he~~ congratulated me on my success; I could not think of anything to say, as usual. Father James spoke ~~with~~ <sup>to</sup> me for about a minute; ~~and~~ <sup>then</sup> I wished them both good-night, and made back for the sanctity and privacy of my own room in St. Oswald's.

I was accosted on the way by Mr. Cossart, my French master. He had taken me for that subject since my first term at Ampleforth, and knew me well. He had always encouraged me with my work, and I was glad now, on seeing him once more, to have something to my credit for a change. He was beaming all over, and shook hands with me in the highest of spirits. There was, in fact, little for him to say that was not already old news to me: he emphasised that my worries were over, that my papers had been well-suited to me and my likes and dislikes, and that all had gone well. We spoke on for some five minutes or so, when I went up to my room.

I suspected that the night would be cold, and indeed it was: I laid an extra three blankets on my bed in readiness, and then dozed slowly off. I thought of days of pleasure, of little work to do, of plenty of pocket-money, and of a care-free last term. The wind howled under my door and through the window, and I slept.

4

Wednesday, 23rd. of January.

Bobby called me at some late hour of the morning, I dressed rather rustily, and rushed down to the new Church. This building is only a temporary affair, made to last until the permanent New Church will be completed in about four years time. It is not too bad, this temporary building. Once a canteen, it has now undergone a drastic change, with red and cream drapery hanging in majestic folds behind the altar, and everything beautifully painted and clean. There was Communion, given out by Father Oswald in rather a high-flown fashion: he is far too concerned with initiative and character at times, often at the wrong times. One difficulty about this temporary affair is that it lies outside, and unconnected with, the actual main block of buildings: this means that, to go to any Church service, you now have to face the vicious elements for some twenty yards ~~land~~, and then repeat the journey back. Too bad: let's wait for the snow to start falling !

Breakfast went as breakfasts go. I had the bad luck to be served with the one and only school breakfast I cannot tolerate - egg mixture. So I had to be content with a slice of heavy brown bread and some marmalade. Conversation still veered somewhat towards films and, now, shop.

I spent the morning making out a list of places for people in church - a very complicated affair, as the rows are now twelve deep, and there only are some six or so rows in all for the house: so everything has to be exact to the nearest seat. The paper was twice as long as would fit into my typewriter 'across' or in a horizontal position. If I had used a smaller piece of paper, then only six or so of the twelve names would have fitted in, and that would not have given the blockheads at the bottom of the house enough idea of where they should be sitting. Eventually it worked out, and I handed in the chef d'oeuvre to Bobby, who approved. I was then given another job to do, as one of the senior house-monitors, with no urgent exams in store. I had to work out who were the servers at table in the refectory. All this works on a rotary basis, but is greatly hampered by the presence on a table of an extra and 'odd' person, thus putting everything into immediate trouble. Eventually this also solved itself - ~~conveniently~~ for the first week at least.

When I had completed all these trivial odd jobs, I went on tidying my room. At lunch I had to preside on the **S**econd table, a novelty for me. Hitherto I had always presided on the Third table, terror table and so on. There was no trouble ! As usual, I had, however, fulfilled one of my tasks incompetently. I had made three new boys serve on the bottom table: Father Bernard claimed that they should



5

not be made to fulfill unknown tasks before being more thoroughly acquainted with school-life - and so on. I excused myself. Frankly, the task of serving had always seemed to me a simple business - plain common-sense, of which the rawest country ruffian should ~~be~~ be quite capable.

In the afternoon I went over to Gilling Station, to collect my bicycle which I had left there on the previous evening. I met no-one at all until I was about half way there, when I bumped into Henry and his Pudsey tormentor, Michael. They were simply 'going on a walk', with no particular end in view. They accompanied me to Gilling Station, where I ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> my bicycle carefully stored away in a shed. I thought at first that it was going to be troublesome extricating it from British Railways environments, as the Station Master wanted to see my bicycle ticket - which I had left at Shack. Eventually, thanks largely to Michael's confirmation that I was to be trusted, aided and abetted by Henry's general loss of mind at this unforeseen situation, I was allowed to remove it 'on trust'. I was relieved. We began the long walk back; pushing the bicycle as a sign of recognition towards my companions' helpfulness, I made my hazardous way with them along the railway line. At the black gate I deserted them, as I had to make an extra detour so as to store the bicycle away in the cycle shed, under the refectory block.

I was back just in time for tea, on the Top table once again. I had little or no appetite, and the conversation was dim - on rugger for most of the time. Ivan told me about the Blackheath match at the end of the preceding term, in which he had actually scored a try. Poor old Ivan! He went and twisted his ankle at the start of the previous season, and it had pretty effectively harrassed him in every match. He is a good wing-threequarters, and the school's fastest one hundred yards runner into the bargain. Good chap Ivan; Irish, strong, lover of jazz, lover of a good, gay life, with a feeling of sorts for art and beauty, with occasional fits of sweet melancholy, humble, amusing and friendly.

I did not go to the film in the evening: I simply did not feel like it. Instead I busied myself in my room, tidying my books, emptying my drawers, and putting some of my pictures up. There does not seem to be anywhere for the Crucifix - my Father's, a silver one, with black wood for centre, beautiful and dignified. After the film I visited Father James for a while, discussing my past, English literature, and then the American way of life, which Father James very much admired. Eventually some other monks joined in, so I made my way back to the House. I dropped in at my former room, now belonging to ~~Smith~~ <sup>W.J.</sup>: there was the very devil of

a smoke-screen, so I soon departed. At ten o'clock I went round the rooms with the 'fags out' sign, and then went to bed. I gradually fell asleep.

Thursday, 24th. of January.

The day started too soon - in fact at about four o'clock in the morning. I must have had a nightmare, for I started violently from my pillow, and in so doing I either forgot to lift my head as well as my shoulders, or vice-versa. Whatever went wrong, there was a sharp crack on the left side of my neck, and then I could no longer move it. I stayed thus, hoping it would improve, until I was called at twenty past seven by Father Bernard. He called out the time, put the light on, and walked out before I could say a word! I stayed there, in bed, until twenty-five to nine, when Skipton Peter came striding in, wondering where I had been during breakfast. He was amused and obviously thought that all this was a frightful ruse to miss work and so on. It was not. Several other friends dropped in, and they were all amused: obviously people do not normally break their necks in their sleep. By and by a nurse came in, draped in red and purple, certainly new to the school: she asked what was wrong, and then brought me some breakfast, which I found ~~to~~ too painful to digest. She told me to see the Doctor at eleven o'clock, 'surgery' time.

At twenty past ten I began dressing, subject every few moments to violent spasms in my neck. I eventually discovered that my only hope lay in keeping my head perpetually at the same angle to my shoulders. It was a boring job. I saw the Doctor, and, as when trying to inspect me I fell twice beneath the same vicious neck spasms, he packed me off to the Infirmary. What a fine start to a term in which I had intended to enjoy myself! I packed some necessaries, and went up to the Infirmary as ordered.

The rest of the day was spent wearily reading Dante's 'Inferno', propped up on one aching elbow, at any moment liable to a vicious onslaught from some injured, hidden, neck and shoulder nerve, which could send me rolling in agony all over the bed until the red-hot jab had died down, leaving a warm, sore feeling of resentment in both neck and mind. In the evening Father Bernard paid me a brief visit: he had not noticed my absence until one o'clock, when he had started sending people in frantic search of me. He was sympathetic, though slightly amused.

In the evening I began to feel slightly better - no doubt because I had heard that Grace had just had a baby girl: what a character, Grace! Elegant, a more universal type of beauty than is usually found in film stars, serene, radiant, so truly like an angel. I shaved, read some more Dante - so horrible - and slept well.

7  
Friday , 25th. of January.

Matron called me at about five minutes to eight - and to my utter amazement I discovered that my neck was now practically one hundred per cent normal: I felt somewhat relieved. Breakfast consisted of porridge and a boiled egg, with a pot of tea to round it all off: I enjoy breakfast in bed ! After breakfast I made my bed, clambered back, and decided to start fulfilling some of the fundamental duties of a civilised son - writing home.

I wrote first of all to my mother, telling her, as essential news item, that I had seen Father Basil - I saw him on Wednesday evening when not at the film -, and had discussed the German problem with him. Dom Basil thought that school life, even Catholic school life, in Germany, would prove insupportable, and had recommended that I follow University courses in German language at some German University town. He had been delighted at my results in the December exams - and shared my feelings to the full. He had also given me my work programme for the term: that I should educate myself - evidently I must be still uneducated - and read Trollope, Austen, Dickens, and as many Spanish novels as possible, probably under the guidance of Father Louis. This I told my mother, and then repeated the news, with a few extra items, and a few less, differently arranged, for my father in Glasgow. Finally I wrote to Ingrid, whom I ~~had~~<sup>have</sup> missed very sorely since my return here. I was aware that I had probably seen her for the last time, as at the end of March she is due to return to Germany, her Fatherland. I wrote to her in the way she had asked me to - or rather had suggested I do -, not merely repeating facts and things done, but feelings felt and thoughts thought: of course, it turned out that a letter to Ingrid, after seeing her for what might prove to be the last time, consisted almost entirely of feelings and memories, so I do not think she need be worried upon that score! Dear old Ingrid: mummy did not really like her because mummy is concerned with people's waist lines: personally, I am more interested in people's characters, and Ingrid has an extremely interesting one, and intelligent as well. As for her face ... a dream in my opinion, with such hair .... and blue eyes.... and a jolly interesting nose, just slightly uphill at the end: we got along very, very well.

So I wrote these letters, and at lunch-time the Doctor called, telling me, as I had already deduced, that I would be able to leave on the morrow. I spent odd moments of the day reading the 'Inferno', which I finished in the evening; I only wish I had the Purgatory and the Heaven parts as well; it is thrilling, and, well, Dante's imagination certainly rivals any Bosch's, being, if anything, much more logical and profound, well based on fact as well as on the realms of hideous fancy. No-one called to see me, but on the whole there was enough to do. The meals here

are at all times excellent. I very much enjoy life at the Infirmary, where the Matron does her best to keep people cheerful.

The Infirmary was built about twenty-six years ago, and has two main wards, as well as about four side-rooms, each with two beds to it. I am at the moment in one such side-room, and am, almost as ever, the only patient here at present. This is the second time that I have come here at the start of a term. The last time I committed such an offence was when I returned, at the beginning of the summer term, 1955, with mumps. Then, too, I made the most of my visit. The Matron is Irish, a charming person; I suppose that she has been in charge of the Infirmary for many a year now. Her Irish accent is as pronounced as ever it could have been, and sounds as music after the perfectly pronounced Oxford style harangues of the masters in the school buildings. She has seen me often ~~was~~: at least twice with asthma, once with concussion, once with mumps; she is looking after me now, and has cared after me on a number of occasions when I came up during flu' epidemics; she is more startled every time I come up - though it is true that I have not been up now since I had mumps in May 1955, quite a sound record.

Saturday, 26th. of January.

I hope that my parents have now received my letters; will they be shocked that I am up here? Breakfast was very welcome this morning, and consisted of more porridge than yesterday, accompanied by a large half-slice of fried bread with bacon and tomatoes - and the usual pot of tea. I dressed afterwards, and spent the remainder of the morning typing in ~~the~~<sup>my</sup> room, until there was no paper left. Coffee was served promptly at eleven, and then I packed, bade the Matron adieu, and returned to the House. It was a blustery morning, but mild.

I did little before lunch, besides read some of Blasco Ibañez's 'La Barraca', which I find quite absorbing. At one o'clock I engaged Henry to help me up with my trunk, which he willingly did. That's one thing you can always say about him: he never minds helping, anyone, for anything.

At lunch everyone was wondering whether there had, in fact, been anything wrong with my neck: Father Bernard suggested that maybe someone had clipped me one on the neck, as had happened to Tarlton once in rucker - Tarlton was a ferocious head of the house in his day, during my first year at Ampleforth College. Lunch went well, with me back on the Top table: I suppose I will have to preside on the 2nd. all next week to make up for ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> week ~~that~~ I have just missed. After lunch I unpacked my trunk - ~~the~~ the marmalade had spilt! - and then set to work on the House ~~library~~<sup>library</sup>, which is in a frightful mess. As I am in charge of it, I suppose

I will be held responsible whenever books are in the wrong sections and are, at times, missing presumed lost. This afternoon I checked through the section, E.15, of English fiction from Hughes 'Tom Browne's Schooldays' to some odd person called Taffrail: then there was a frightful shelf on Sport, where most of the books were by three people apiece - which doesn't help. I'm glad to see that the House is not going to run out of Scott in a hurry !

At the same time as checking the library, the wireless was on, with some weird French programme. A woman began talking rapidly to herself, speaking of love and exquisite raptures: then there was a moment's short silence, and she repeated more or less the same words, this time singing them instead in a high-pitched chant. Then some man, sounding as though he were about to give a class dictation, gave the setting of a scene, in such and such a bedroom, with a certain 'Louise' making eyes at someone out of the room, in the street below. Then a man began singing. Father Bernard, who was working at his desk in the same room asked me once or twice what all this was about: I frankly did not have the vaguest idea. I thought first of all that this might be the French idea of Opera: I soon discarded that one. Then Father Bernard thought it might be the the French equivalent to our 'Gilbert and Sullivan'; I remained in silence; it certainly did sound rather comic. Eventually he turned ~~to~~ to something more healthy.

At four-thirty I went up to tea, said ~~grace~~ grace - as there was no senior monitor present. Again I did not have much of an appetite - certainly not after having grown used to Infirmary toast at tea-time. Here there is only bread and tea. Conversation languished: why does Kipper Junior always eat with his elbows on the table ? And when I told him to take them off, he gave me such a broad grin ....! Towards the end of tea I just sat and talked - with Bereng.

Bereng is a prince, future ruler of the Basutos. He is tall and dark, perhaps the most popular person in my year. He joined us about two years ago, when I was in my third year: I suppose he must be about eighteen and a half years old. At first he was very shy, but he got over that soon enough. He has terrific charm, and looks more and more a future ruler every day: he dresses exquisitely, and walks about with a cheerful though dignified swing: he certainly knows how to wear clothes. When it comes to arguing with a junior, there is no getting past him: he is <sup>er</sup>sup~~er~~-strict; when he argues with me or anyone else in my year, he is <sup>er</sup>sup~~er~~-<sup>o</sup>curteous; he has a persuasive tone to his speech, almost appealing, while he looks up at you with large, upturned eyes, penetrating, it seems, to the very depths of your heart and thoughts. It requires a great deal of tact to argue with

him, for the simple reason that he is so <sup>o</sup>curteous and broad-minded, thus making you feel narrow-minded and a bit of a fool at times. We discussed the prospects of Bobby and Peter in the next round of the scholarships; Bereng himself - we all discourteously call him 'Bongo' - hopes to enter Corpus Christi College by and by: his subjects are geography and history. I do hope he gets in.

After tea there was work once more - I mean at last. I did not do much in that line: I suppose I am waiting until Monday before digging in. Instead of working I made out the list of table servers for the week starting tomorrow: very cute - I just inverted everyone's name, so that those who had been serving 'A' for this week, are down as 'B' for next week. In a few weeks time, if I don't start thinking the list out properly, I presume I will be <sup>l</sup>inched. As I was busy upon this unwholesome task, Peter entered and began reading my 'Four Years and a Term'. He was almost in hysterics for an hour. I then changed from servers to 'La Barraca' until supper at seven-thirty.

I returned to the House <sup>L</sup>ibrary afterwards, tidying up some more of the dis-organised shelves. Then came Benediction in the temporary Church. It ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> a complete failure. We had to queue up outside for about four minutes, as the entrance is so narrow, and as five hundred and thirty people have to pass through it within a space of five minutes. Inside it was suffocatingly stuffy. Everyone was sweating away, and those towards the centre were constantly casting furious glances at the people nearest the windows, very few of which were opened at any time. The whole place reeked of incense and f<sup>u</sup>g and sweat and discontent. I did not enjoy the service. The singing here loses all tone and depth, as the Church is a tin and concrete prefab, far too small for the number of people it has to house - twelve a row! Poor old Mario beside me looked as though he was about to pass away because of the temperature.

I had a bath to cool my temper afterwards, and then laid out the Sunday shirts and suits. I always believe in inserting cuff-links and collar-studs a day in advance: it's the sort of job you can't do in a hurry at twenty-to-eight on a cold morning, with only about ten minutes in which to be dressed. Mike entered as I was thus engaged - I'm still not quite sure what he wanted. All I know is that I ended up by giving him my ideas on how to be awarded a scholarship, and then trying to explain whether or not beauty lies in the eye of the beholder. I was about half way through my theory when Mario interrupted, in search of a pair of scis<sup>s</sup>ors; I then discovered that I had left mine at home - fool that I am! At ten o'clock there was weighing, with the usual long queue outside Father Bernard's

room. I now weigh ten stone four - two pounds sub-norm. I had my books passed - for they have to be inspected at the start of every term: they consisted of Plato, Lorca and notes on Classical life in Ancient Greece - so there was not much trouble on censorship! I then asked the Housemaster for a new bulb for my table<sup>2</sup>lamp - which means that I can now have two ~~table~~ tablelamps, at work in my room at the same time; pure luxury I suppose. As I was about to accompany him to his study, where he keeps spare bulbs, Kipper came in to complain that water was leaking into the lower dormitory. It was the Gallery bath to blame, as usual. We covered the puddles <sup>with</sup> towels, for the night, and investigated the bath upstairs: it was as dry as tinder! Who's been up to mischief now? I told Father Bernard that I had had my Military Service medical, and had been given a Grade IV: he seemed to expect this, as I have had ash<sup>5</sup>ma quite badly in the past. No Military Service for me, the suitable reward for nights spent awake in bed with asthma. Bed at ten-fifteen; what a frightful draught from underneath the door to the window - it seems to catch me in the neck: I must think of some remedy for such affairs.

Sunday, 27th. of January.

It was cold in my room when I was called at twenty to eight: outside the sky was pale red: this reminds me of my summer holidays in Spain, where the sunrise and the sunset are quite majestic, breathtaking, dramatic. There was low Mass in the Temp. (-orary Church), which only ended at a quarter to nine. Everyone was bitterly furious. All this is simply because the entrances are too narrow, and people don't know in which direction to go for Communion, thus blocking and jamming the traffic: Communion alone lasted a quarter of an hour.

I spent the first period setting up the auxiliary table-lamp: I cut the end of my finger while trying to pare some invisible - or transparent - flex: it proved itself a nuisance all day. I enjoy putting up plugs and changing switches - I'm sure I would have made a first-class electrician. After high-mass, where a rather piecemeal sermon was preached by our reverend Housemaster, I spent the remainder of the morning sorting out the historical section of the House Library. One's paws become quite filthy on this job - which also entails patching up broken books with sellotape and writing in numbers on numberless books, of which there are all too many. I'm quite confident that I would also have made - and may still make - an excellent librarian!

Lunch went as lunches go: eat to live here, not the other way round. <sup>Chris</sup>~~Piper~~ was binding ~~me~~ about some Consul someone was trying to sell at an exorbitant price, and then changed to telling me - a house<sup>L</sup>monitor - how he had diddled the last head of

the house by hiding his table-lamp in a tin, with a hole cut in one side, so as to work after lights-out: I was quite horrified !

I had the first physical training of the term after lunch: there was a run to the lakes, as the ground was too wet for ruggier. We were allowed to 'go in our own time', which means that you can go on the run whenever you like, in the course of the afternoon, and run as fast as you choose - for lack of anybody in charge. I left at about five past two: it was frightfully windy, but the sky was clear and blue. I always feel as though I were made for runs, until I reach the brook, about half a mile from the school buildings, perhaps a little more; then I have few illusions left. Well, I ran, and ran, and ran: when I reached the field just before the farm I walked: it would have proved too slippery to run across in any case. After the farm, bedraggled and muddy, with broken doors and not a sound to be heard, I started running once more. I was about a hundred yards from the Lakes, when I saw a belt of snow - or sleet - sweeping down the valley, on my right; I guessed that soon it would be upon me, and made all speed to the boat-sheds at the Lakes, where I sheltered. There was a good, sound, biting blizzard for about ten minutes, when it cleared as rapidly as it had come. The wind with me - at last -; numbed with cold and rather wet, I made the best time I could back to Shack. On the way I met ~~Ben~~<sup>Chris</sup> and ~~Spencer~~<sup>Jack</sup>, ambling along in all comfort: I passed them at the Black Gate, which is about two hundred yards to three hundred from the House. They were carrying on an amiable conversation. It was five to three when I reached the House, warm but damp, with the sky as blue as when I had left at two-five, and the wind dying down rapidly.

I changed at a leisurely pace back into my Sunday suit, and was just in time to see ~~Ben~~<sup>Chris</sup> and ~~Spencer~~<sup>Jack</sup> re-enter the House; it was now three-fifteen. I suppose they only went as far as the farm, the rotters ! They looked as cheerful as ever, and in the best of spirits.

Tea was tasteless: I must be getting used to school-life once again. It was hard work trying to turf Terence out of the refectory at five o'clock - he likes his food too much. After tea I returned to the House Library: I have now reached the horror section, with Agatha Christie dominating the scene, accompanied by good old Father Brown. It was rather trying, putting the books in their right places and patching up the crippled and the maimed, while Bach was playing at the same time: everyone cast furious glances at me every time I made the slightest sound - moral, don't tidy books to the sound of Bach. Vespers were as stuffy as I had anticipated, though not as bad as Benediction on Saturday night: there seems to



13

be about one bagful's worth <sup>of</sup> white dust in this church. Whenever people step over your legs, so as to pass farther down the row, a white patch stays on your trousers; wherever people kneel, the kneeler is black: in the space between two people, the kneeler is white. How unhygienic and sickening.

Supper was fun. For the first time since I entered Ampleforth College, I had tea at supper. There was just one pot, intended for the **Top** table: but no-one on the **Top** table was aware that there was a pot for him, ready on the hot-plates. Ergo, being ~~an insatiable tea-drinker~~ an insatiable tea-drinker, I asked ~~Spencer~~ <sup>Jack</sup>, who sits on my right, to fetch me a cup and saucer instead of a mere glass, intended for milk alone. He did so: I asked him to fill the cup up with tea: he did so. Nice chap, ~~Spencer~~ <sup>Jack</sup> - does what you ask him to. He is an odd chap too: whenever he is embarrassed, he goes a brilliant scarlet all over. This contrasts vividly with his extremely fair hair. So I had tea - to the envy of everyone else on the **Second** table. In fact, before anyone on the **Top** table noticed the tea on the hot-plates, I had consumed three cups; shortly afterwards, the pot had to be refilled by Peter. I felt tickled at my own audacity.

I began correcting the 'Four Years and a Term' in the evening: I went on with this self-imposed task until eleven at night, working ~~with~~ <sup>by</sup> torch-light; then the battery began to run out, so I had to pack it in. In the course of the evening, before lights-out, there seemed to be a rock-and-roll session next door: the noise was quite overwhelming. I complained so bitterly, by knocking on the wall, that the culprits came round to my room and began to perform here; I was scandalised. Eventually the culprits - including Ivan, the reckless, the Irish, the sporty, and Bug, and ~~Spencer~~ <sup>Willy</sup>, not forgetting Terence with his weird bass voice, themselves complained that the atmosphere in my study was not suitable to Rock and Roll, and hastily retreated to Bug's room next door. There they started their swing session once again, going on practically until lights out at ten.

Monday, 28th. of January.

It was blowing a gale when my alarm awoke me at twenty-five to seven in the morning. It was perishing cold too. I was the only person in St. Oswald's at the Sixth Form Mass; I had decided to go to this as I needed a shave, and I am forever running out of time in which to fulfill such duties. I also, vain fellow that I am, wanted to wear my slippers for breakfast, and you can only do this if you have been to the early Mass. So I suffered, and had my fun. I shaved, and cut myself on the chin, as usual: my chin bleeds wonderfully: to-day I had to put some plaster on it, so reduced to despair was I. Breakfast began at about eight-fifteen, which

is ten minutes late: everyone was raving angry. Apparently Dom Benedict ~~dropped~~ dropped the ciborium with all the hosts.

We were served up with some warped stick-a-sole, or pseudo-spam slices, whose edges had curled in the most atrocious way: everyone was horrified, except for me, who went and had seconds - I was hungry. I had a parcel, with a shirt and some other clothing, to collect, and while doing so Father Bernard gave me a brief synopsis of the value of House contributions in stamps. I am in charge of the 'stamps': there is a tin in the refectory for people's stamps, which are subsequently sent on to Germany, where by some weird system they help to keep people employed. I am not quite sure what this is all about, not even sure that our Housemaster quite understands the racket: I do not doubt that it is a worthy one. He asked me to notify the House - in a jaw, I suppose, oh help! - of these people's needs, and remind them once more of their optional obligations towards their fellow Germans.

It was late when I left the refectory, and I barely had time to don my shoes before going down to prayers in the Big Passage. For the three morning periods, I went on marking ~~the~~ 'Four Years and a Term', and then adding some illustrations at the back; I wanted to send the thing off to London on the afternoon post. Twelve-fifteen brought me my first class of the term - R.I. with Paddy. He had asked Dunworth to prepare a lecture on some unknown subject, but Dunworth had not found the time: I, eventually, must give a fifteen minute session on 'Death'! So poor old Paddy found himself without anything to do: apparently he was expecting to 'be entertained' by us, and not the other way round. During the previous term, indeed, he was just about the only person to do ~~the~~ the talking; he just went on and on for weeks and weeks mentioning places in Asia Minor and people of classical antiquity: he lets his classics carry him away, I'm afraid. Father Barnabas was quite different: he, too, was a classicist, and I suppose still is, yet he was forever talking of Chesterton and Belloc, and other Modern writers of fame, writers of every conceivable nationality. I prefer Father Barnabas at R.I.: he <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ extremely popular, perhaps rather easy-going, but ~~he~~ certainly ~~was~~ interesting; and <sup>he</sup> helped us not to regard religion as being 'grim'. He always seemed to have a guilty conscience about something, and was always afraid of boring us: he was terribly conscientious and sincere. Paddy, I'm afraid, tends to drone on and on: he knows too much for my little head, and I think everyone else's little heads as well. Yet, as I was trying to say a few lines further up, he has evolved a new system, whereby we have to start doing some of the work: and up to date, Dunworth has let us down; I

15

trust he will redeem himself. Well, as there was nothing to talk about, we began to hover uneasily round miracles, and so switched on to 'The Robe', which Paddy thought we had all read: actually, we had not. I have seen the film, but nothing else. Then Young began to babble something about entertainment books being meant merely as entertainment, and nothing else. Paddy was amusingly aghast. He had just begun discussing concentrational faculties - springing from the subject of the 'Robe', which none of us could remember - and claimed that when you read a book, you should always have some idea in mind, some point to pursue: I entirely agree. It gives a book more meaning, and, I think, helps you both to enjoy it and then remember it afterwards. But Young thought differently: he obviously believes in amusement for amusement's sake. Frankly, I would like to agree with him, but it is impractical, though ideally satisfying.

Chops for lunch. I instinctively remembered my mother at home, who went and swallowed half a chop in the holidays: it stuck in her throat for three or four days. The afternoon was free, as Corps has not yet begun. I spent most of my time writing a letter to accompany my 'Four Years and a Term', and then carefully packing the whole thing. I made use of my ancient sealing-wax set, and then went and registered everything for sixty pounds: I don't want to lose this manuscript, as I did not take a carbon copy at the time. In the four-fifteen period I opened my mother's parcel, and sent her a parcel in return: she had asked me in the holidays to return a certain tobacco box she had once lent me, and now wanted back: I don't mind - it only had negatives in it, and one pair of old <sup>5</sup>scissors. Still, I now have a pair of <sup>2</sup>scissors, which is better than nothing at all ~~indeed~~. I posted the book at four-fifteen, missing prayers in the process: I decided that I might dare this, as I was getting some odds and ends for the Housemaster at the same time. At five o'clock I posted my mother's parcel, and then had tea.

In the evening periods I finished reading 'La Barraca', with its tragic end: I had rather anticipated such an ending, but it certainly is rather morbid, with the hero's home and hearth catching fire, and his losing all this well-earned belongings. Personally, I think Blasco Ibañez rather overdoes the nature and scenery effects: he gloats and revels in it; long, long passages full of odes to the trees and the countryside smells, tend to predominate rather overmuch. There is, I also think, too little dialogue: what there is of it is exceedingly good. The little dialogue is in dialect, and this dialect reminds me of a cut between Latin and French: it is fascinating. The theme is a good one, but the treatment weak - or, rather, overworked in relation to the brevity of the plot. Still, I

enjoyed the book, and would not mind reading more of his works: he does at least get down to the subject within the first ten pages, unlike, I'm afraid to say, Pereda's novels and very certainly Valera's. You can tell that Ibañez's creed is that of the Republic: on the other hand, I do not think that the plot of the 'Barraca' proves his point at all, if he had one to prove. There is plenty of emphasis on the foolishness of the peasants, and their dislike of abiding by the law. I don't think I would like such people to hold the reins of Government in the country in which I live.

The tragic ending of the novel must have worked upon my feelings, for at supper I was in a dark mood: I gave McSwiney twenty lines for not asking permission to fetch the tea, and Terence twenty for bad manners: he was showing off. I gave <sup>P.C.</sup> ~~him~~ a cautionary word of reprimand - the last I intend to ~~to~~ give him, for having his elbows perpetually on the table.

There was a long jaw after prayers by Bobby. It was his first speech to the House as its head<sup>b</sup>boy. He repeated the same, old, dismal things. He made a few dubious statements as to how we should enter the Temp, and then reminded people that breakfast, unlike the other meals, <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ not a social occasion. For the past term we have all had to go out of lunch and supper at set times - to everyone's annoyance: at breakfast and tea we still leave when we want to. Apparently, at breakfast, once one person leaves, everyone else, following the herd instinct, rises in a body with him. Father Bernard dislikes queues and crowds, and has obviously requested that we all leave separately, one by one. Bobby became slightly ensnared in his rhetoric, when speaking of rules and fun: rules are made for those who cannot follow them: those who can follow them, ergo, do not need to live by rules, and so on: it is all highly logical, but rather hard to explain easily and clearly. He wished all a prosperous term - despite the howling storm outside.

Ivan came in to put me in a rugger set: it appears that I was left off: I convinced him that I had been too low down in the past, so he is going to give me 'a raise'. I washed and then had a slice of the Birthday cake - which is a Christmas cake baked on the nineteenth of January, eight days after my Birthday. It is good, and smells nice. I intend getting up early to-morrow, once again, as there are new sheets for the beds, and it takes time to lay them properly: I am a very fussy individual. Will there be any letters to-morrow morning? Hope so.

Tuesday, 29th. of January.

It is now eight-ten in the evening: no, there have not been any letters today; it makes one feel so abandoned, and somewhat disillusioned not hearing any news from

Michael

anywhere. Tempis. I did rise for early Mass, and called ~~Wilson~~ as well. It is odd, but I have not yet felt really tired at getting up ~~at~~ so early ~~hour~~. I again wore the Russian slippers, and carried through with them until eight-fourty-three. After laying the new sheets - a process whereby the whole room fills with dust and fluff, thus bringing on varying degrees of hay-fever - I made out a new card with the word 'Stamps' boldly stencilled across it: I used the UNO stencil I bought a year ago, while in Lingua Franca as the art secretary and advertising agent, etc. By supper-time someone had wiped his wet finger over the first 's' of the word, and had thus left a distinct smudge over half the card. This card is put on the inside of the lid of the stamp-tin, which is left open to invite contributions: the trouble is, that this tin has to be put in the refectory, and nothing is safe from soilment in such a greasy place. On the previous evening I had cleaned out the tin, and the water afterwards was light brown with grease accumulated on the lid and the sides in the course of a school year. What disgusting places schools can be !

Today I started reading 'Paul et Virginie', by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. I had finished by supper time. Frankly, I did not enjoy this book. I have read Chateaubriand's 'Atala' and his 'René', both of which drove me into ecstasies: I found there plenty of action, an invigorating style, and beautiful scenic description. There was a definite atmosphere of tragedy. Moreover, Chateaubriand's charm lies in his simplicity and the open conviction of the author: he is exotic, strange and fascinating, all with little effort. But Saint-Pierre is heavy, and it is precisely by trying to convey an exotic atmosphere of which he is not naturally capable that he fails: he is extremely heavy. There are often as many as five or six pages spent in describing the same thing: he rejoices in including every possible name he can concoct: he rejoices in making a simple, and thus lovable, country garden and minor estate into a botanical garden. He weaves descriptions of lavish lengths where such things are uncalled for, and the dialogue is all too sparse. In fact, he is not convincing and realistic: he is artificial and over elaborate, a fault into which Chateaubriand does not fall. I suspect that Saint-Pierre never went abroad at all, whereas Chateaubriand did: yet Saint-Pierre tries to fulfill a task for which he is not adapted. His style is too slow, full of asides and vague philosophies, many of them commonplace: he can be charming, yet whenever he succeeds, it soon becomes fantastically naive. Chateaubriand has a philosophy engrained within his book - in its atmosphere -: Saint Pierre has not, or, if he has, he hides it in a dense undergrowth of irrelevancies. The climax of

of 'Atala' is unexpected: the climax of 'Paul et Virginie' is foreseen almost from the start of the story, and thus the novel loses half its interest at once. There is no doubt that 'Paul et Virginie' is a great work, a masterpiece: but it does not fall into the type of literature I like. I seek books with a strong and forceful character, be that character good or bad: Saint-Pierre's work has no marked character: it languishes and wanes. Chateaubriand's works are dramatic and tragic, are impressively forceful: Saint-Pierre's novel is tragic but not in any way striking. It tends to ramble. It is a masterpiece of botanical survey, interspersed with copious reserves of miscellaneous reflections. I bear it no grudge: I am glad I have read it, but I did not appreciate it. I presume that this must be an acquired taste: Chateaubriand is a healthy Romantic, invigorating and refreshing, instilling new energy within one: Saint-Pierre is, to my mind, an unhappy disillusioned man, and tends to take all one's strength out of one, instead of inspiring the reader afresh. I think that a good author should inspire and encourage, should uplift and ennoble, not dishearten.

It rained in the morning, so P.T. was in the Big Passage. I no longer have to do this odious chore. I was asked to check a squad, but it was not on: there were only squads A.I. and B.I., two out of six. At lunch, Jack ~~Spencer~~ and Chris ~~Pinner~~, the two at the head of the second table, discussed music. Chris maintained that classical music belongs to a period. I know nothing about music, but I tried to argue that this would be a contradiction in terms, and that classical music must be universal, and so outside any fixed period. I claim that classicism is a mood inherent in man, and that this mood supervised and, perhaps, dominated at a certain period in history, not that a certain period's music was the master, founder and loser over a mood. Similarly with Romantic music.

I had my first game of rugger in the afternoon, playing as a blue in Set 4: I have, after all, been moved up a set. I had, however, to play in the scrum, the second row to be precise. I think that the ground was wetter than any I have ever seen before. It was inches deep in mud for at least two-thirds of the field, the two-thirds in which the game took place for most of the time. Personally, I do not mind playing in mud: the trouble was that I was wearing gym-shoes, which made me almost helpless. I just slipped and slithered. The one time I was on firm ground, or at least on terra firmer, I succeeded in scoring a try: everyone was flab<sup>b</sup>bergasted! I saw the ball, with nobody within four yards of it: I sprinted along, gave it a gentle kick over about ten yards, into the try area, and just managed to fall, slip and slither on to it in time. First, and probably last, try

19

of the term. I felt slightly better after that try: it gave me back a little of my lost ruggar confidence. I was in a pretty state, though perhaps still not quite as bad as other people's, by the end of the game. I went up and had a spray. As a rule I steer clear of the spray-room: I prefer a bath. A bath gives you a feeling of permanence, which a spray does not. I always prefer to lie down than to stand up: I wonder where I am going to end up? At tea I was able to tell Ivan, the captain of ruggar, the good news of my try: he congratulated himself heartily on having had influence enough to secure my promotion. What a type!

The evening was spent in reading the 'Paul et Virginie': that took until supper time. At supper I had to reprimand Kipper for the second time on having his elbows on the table: next time I shall have to penance him. I have let ~~him~~<sup>P.C.</sup> off: he made a concordat with me that I should cancell the twenty lines this time, and, if he committs that offence again, I may give him forty lines instead: I am quite convinced he will repeat this ~~referrible~~ elbow-on-the-table stunt: he does not seem to be aware of what his elbow is doing for most of the time.

After supper I began 'For whom the bell tolls', by Ernest Hemingway. So far I have only read his 'Old man and the sea', which I enjoyed immensely. This book starts well, and I went on reading it by torch-light until eleven o'clock: it is fascinating. Prayers went as they always do; I wish people would occasionally clean their shoes at the bottom of the house. Afterwards I had a bath and washed my hair. I love washing my hair; once washed, the hair becomes fluffy like down for three or four days, before settling down. It is true that it becomes at times quite irksome trying to keep my hair under control, but when in place, it looks so much thicker, cleaner, and more handsome..... Gosh, am I vain! But, frankly, I do like my hair clean and fluffy and fine. I suppose it improves my face a bit. I made out the week's laundry list and substituted new raiment for the morrow. It has been quite warm today: I wonder what's in store for to-morrow, Wednesday, and the weekly half-holiday to which I have so eagerly looked forward. Either it will be fine or else there will be a thunderstorm. I wish there would be some mail. I suppose I ought to write a few more letters. I'd like to write to Ingrid, but I'm such a lazy devil. I don't seem to be in a mood of any sort, so I'm feeling rather blank and uncommunicative. Moods are dangerous, but they certainly fill you with thoughts and plenty of atmosphere. I wonder how my Spanish essay on 'La Barraca' went down with Mr. ~~Mac~~<sup>Macdonnell</sup>? I suppose it was all heresy as usual, and that I jumped to conclusions on seeing that Ibañez wrote the preface to the book at Menton, in the country where, as a rule, ultra-Republican exiles flee. I suppose it will

20

turn out that he was at Menton on holiday, not in exile.

Wednesday 30th. of January.

I had my weekly long-lie this morning. I awoke at twenty to seven, the time I usually get up for Early Mass: I then fell asleep until ten past seven, when Father Bernard erroneously called me; I suppose he forgot I was having a long lie. That is quite inexcusable, as Bobby presents him with a list of the candidates for some extra shut-eye every evening. Well, he called me, put on the light and walked out. I had to get out of bed to switch it off again. I returned to the land of nod until the bell rang at twenty-five past seven for the second Mass: it awoke me sharply. I then fell back to sleep, until at twenty to eight Bongo, monitor of the day, called me to inform me that my long sleep - ordeal rather - was over. Was I irritated!

Sausages for breakfast, but still not a letter from anywhere; I am annoyed. I spent the morning reading Hemingway's 'For whom the bell tolls'. I wonder whether I was too rigid in my condemnation of 'Paul et Virginie'. I suppose it has its points - the effect of a natural, all equal, away-from-the-world education -, the emphasis on Nature's bringing all the best out of people, and yet other new ideas. I still dislike the atmosphere, however, what there is of one, and the style too. Hemingway's dialogue strikes me as brilliant, but the prose as rather too revolutionary, with not enough respect for the traditions of the English language - above all punctuation. I think he overdoes his flowing prose stunt. He is often very poetical - and I love that - reminding me of Hopkins: I suppose it is merely the effects of modern American. I also think that the asides, or rather the reflexions of Robert Jordan, fit into the narrative far better than the philosophies of 'Paul et Virginie'. Hemingway makes his thoughts live and move: they are full of flowing and realistic vitality, reproducing very accurately the ways in which the human mind works. I am enjoying this book very, very much.

At twelve o'clock I changed into some old clothes and went over to the lakes to fish. It was drizzling for most of the time, and the ground was churned up into most appetizing mud. I cycled over, and was for ever expecting to fall off and break an arm: it was not cold, but there was quite a breeze. When I arrived there was not a soul there - I presume due to the weather. It was no use attempting to fish at the top lake without a rod: I always use a hand-line, and it was impossible to reach anywhere near the central pool. As for the top of the second lake, it was completely covered over with weeds. I returned at an early hour, had a warm bath, and then went up for tea at four o'clock. The conversation was on L.P. records, and the predominance of Beethoven's works over any others. It then veered to politics



when Henry once again let himself be carried away with his bitter dislike of Dulles: he just calls Dulles a fool, and whenever you ask him why, he just repeats "he's a fool, that's all, ought to be thrown out, anti-British, what a mess he's got us into, look at Suez, dirty old man!". Henry's chief system of arguing is to repeat the same statement umpteen times, until you give up talking to him: if only that first statement were worth making in the first place! He is an ultra-Irish Irishman, and every second word is on the I.R.A. and Lord Brookborough. I suppose he would be called a Unionist. We then started criticising Eisenhower as a lazy man, who will insist on playing golf when a war starts: poor old Ike - I presume it's all because he ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> an ill man. Personally, I think Dulles has character and a strong policy - and strong policies are often unpopular. Only people with mediocre ideals, with via media political beliefs, can be tolerated by everyone, and they are precisely the people who should not be tolerated: they are usually timorous for their own survival and popularity, and, whatever happens, they must please everyone. This ends up as a rule in not pleasing anyone at all. That, I think, is what went wrong with Eden. He had a terrific Suez policy and then, half way through, he backed out of it, leaving everyone in a frightful jam. He suddenly started wanting to please everyone .... and this was not in accordance with his previously laid-down policy. I don't think we should have attacked Egypt in the first place but that, once attacked, we should have taken the entire Suez section of Egypt and not stood for any cease-fires. That cease-fire has proved our undoing. That is the fault of hesitating and changing one's mind in the middle of a storm. Eden's determination, though it may have been wrong in the first place, proved itself twice as wrong once he lost it. On the other hand, there is quite a possibility that there would have been a world war, or a Middle-East war, if that cease-fire had come even a few hours later than it did. In the end, I take it, we should never have attacked the Suez or else, if that would have meant our losing it, we should have made a business transaction of the whole affair when Nasser in the first place took over the Suez Canal, some-time in the summer months. Paul more or less agreed with me, though Jack and Henry obstinately refused to hear a word of all this: Henry was for our completely over-running the whole of Egypt.

Bobby came to my room after tea, and ~~stayed~~<sup>remained</sup> there discussing art theory until the bell rang for supper at six o'clock. I gave him my impressions of his house jaw, which considerably amused him, and then I denounced rhetoric - with the aid of old Plato: again Bobby was inclined to agree, although he has for many years been one of the leading speakers in the School Senior Debate, and loves Debates at heart.

There was some frightful meat mixture for supper, so I contented myself with a couple of cups of hot cocoa. After supper I went back to my room, as I had some typing to do and, at twenty to seven, I dashed to the theatre for the film. I found a seat in the upper half, kept for me by I don't know quite whom, which was of wood, and very small. There were twelve chairs to a row, which comes to twenty-four from one side of the Theatre to the other: it is frightfully cramped. I wonder what on earth would happen if there were a fire! It would be too ghastly for words. Well, there was an excellent film - cartoon - followed by the main film, called 'The Dam Busters'. I think that at some stage I have either read the book, or else heard it all on the wireless: the film was good - as war films go. Frankly, I prefer films with some love theme: I repeat, where on earth am I going to end up? The film only ended at nine o'clock.

Peter - from Aidan's - came along at nine-ten or thereabouts, on invitation. I had bought some Cornish Pilchards at Thompson's, in the village, and a small loaf of brown bread. I already had some butter, and the endless Christmas cake. He had brought along some negatives I had given him to develop in the summer ~~term~~, ~~and~~ which he had mislaid for a term or so. They were good negatives - of Kirkham Priory - and I am glad he did not lose them: I want them for the 'Four Years and a Term'. There was also one negative of my parents together, on the way back to the school, in the evening, when they came to visit me in the summer term. That, too, has come out very well. I have asked Peter to print them for me whenever he can find the time - he is sitting for a scholarship in a few weeks: he had no luck in the December group. Peter lives in Oxford - where I live - and has, I think, three brothers and a sister. One of those brothers is either married, or about to be married, while the other one is a monk in this monastery. He has a younger brother up in St. Wilfrid's, and I just don't know where his sister hangs out - I think she is probably far too old for me, as far as I can recollect. I always travel back with Peter - and his younger brother - at the end of term, and again at the start ~~of the term~~. We have done this together for the past four years and a term, with few exceptions. Peter is a mathematician, I think, or else a scientist, and can be quite absent-minded. He is a little younger than I, not much, and it looks as though he will be staying here for another year - he fears. As a matter of fact, he rather seems to like this place, and gets on very well with his housemaster, Father Antony. Father Antony it was, with his pipe and his eternal smile, who took me for Biology for one year - and I passed, to his utter amazement. He has been more or less delighted with me ever since - and only yesterday congratulated me

23

on my success. I like Father Anthony very much - he is an ideal Housemaster. He never loses his temper, and always smiles. He is for ever cheerful.

Peter had one slice of buttered brown bread - the bread smelt nice - with some pilchards, and then gave up as far as pilchards were concerned. He did not feel like them .... I was not angry, but certainly slightly disappointed. The tin cost me two shillings, and was meant as a treat for a change. Well, he went on eating plain bread and butter for quite a time, and then he switched over to the good, rum-smelling Christmas cake. This he enjoyed. Neither of us smokes. We ate and talked until ten o'clock, when the smoke and the visit ends: he took his leave, and I for my part went and washed. To-morrow I am monitor of the day, so I started finding out some of the main duties I must perform: to add to the difficulty, to-morrow is a Thursday.

Thursday, 31st. of January.

My alarm awoke me at five past seven, and I slowly dozed back to sleep until seven-fifteen, when the Major (Housemaster) called me and the remainder of the Gallery. I am monitor of the day, so there was a hurry, as far as I was concerned, to be at the foot of the stairs in time to check the names of people late down to Church. I was disappointed: there was nobody at all late. What a bore. To-day I must wear my monitor's tie - as I am monitor of the day. What a busy day. I went down to Mass myself at about twenty-nine minutes past seven, and stayed there until twenty-three minutes to eight. Then I arose, genuflected, and walked somewhat sleepily out again, this time so as to call the top and bottom dormitories. This is the first time I have had to do any such important thing. Just think of it: it is entirely up to me to see that about forty people have breakfast at the right time of the day - and also, by the way, attend communion service at five to eight before breakfast so much as starts. What, I wonder, would happen if I did not call them at all? There would be chaos - and I might be suspended for a week or so: would it be worth it? I doubt it. But it would be fun, not half! Well, I called them, switched on the lights in the top dormitory, said 'Twenty to eight: rise and shine, and be in church by five to eight!'. Except for the bit about the rise and shine, the rest was orthodox. There was not a murmur from behind the many curtained cubicles: I knew they would be now awaking, stretching, sleepy and bleary-eyed, inwardly cursing me for my military type joke, hating the dark morning and the wind outside, with Wednesday now past and gone for another seven days. I went out, leaving the lights on, and slammed the door hard, in the best House tradition, on leaving the wash-place. I then made for the bottom dormitory. I again switched

on the lights coldly and methodically: I waited for a few seconds - just enough to let them awake before my entry - and then came into the first, passage dormitory. This one only holds four people: I spent two terms here in my time, before going up to the Top dormitory. I had hardly told them to get up, let alone mention the time, when they were out of bed and making for the wash-place: much brighter lot than those upstairs, their seniors. I then called the side dormitory, and the far one. Here no-one looked as though he would get out of bed until the next fall, so I curtly told them to "Come on: get up!" - and they did. How cruel is life. I returned to the Church for the remainder of Mass, keeping an eye open that the people from the dormitories be down in time: they were, just. Mario and Jack had had to get up early to serve the Major, so they were not there. I caught <sup>P.C.</sup> Ryan in his bed - he is on the Gallery, and shares a room with Paul - and he pretended that he had not been called. I later gave him a penance of thirty lines for his illegal sleep - due to pressure from Bobby, who had also noticed his absence from Church. Life is cruel, that a man cannot sleep as he wishes! I often take long lies, and have never yet been given a penance. Poor old ~~Bryan~~ <sup>P.C.</sup> I bear him no malice. His is mere misfortune. As for Paul, he got up early - which is not allowed on a Thursday, except with the Housemaster's permission. I gave him a reprimand and a warning - he had not heard of this rule that only applies to Thursdays. He's had it next time, though!

At breakfast I gave out the grub - which consisted of rock and thin <sup>rashes</sup> of bacon. I finished well in time, with plenty left. I can still remember when, last term, I was also monitor of the day once. I had to dole out egg mixture for breakfast: God knows that I hate the stuff! Well, I did this, giving each person what I regarded as a satisfactory share. The stuff ran out before I had done the first half of the Third table! Matron was furious. I had to have twenty-four fried eggs made at once - which I love, and had two myself - according to the server's tradition. Father Bernard merely told me off, but he was angry. There was still no letter for me. Tempis. I am getting used to this sort of thing.

I spent the morning reading 'For whom the bell tolls'. It is fantastically good. I have just had a brain-wave. Why not, when writing a book, put the action and narrative on one side of the page, and the background and other relevant description on the other side, almost, as it were, independent. This strikes me as a brilliant idea. I wonder whether it would work? I must try it out some time: I can't see any flaw at present. If it worked, it would be revolutionary - and more so than even Hemingway's prose-style! I wonder whether a person's thoughts would

25

count as action or as background - as action I presume. I suppose that some chapters might only have as few as a dozen lines of action on one page, and the other side crammed with background, whereas others would be the other way round: I wonder whether this would be a good or a bad idea, practical or harmful, beautiful or merely pandering to the taste of the public? I wonder: it sounds good. But it would only suit the novel: - and poetry, I think. I am enjoying this Hemingway book. I think that the study of person-thought is first-rate, and I am beginning to appreciate it in its entirety: maybe, then, the prose is all right after all. I also like the conscience-studies - they are realistic. This novel does its best to convey every gramme of human truth, in thought as in action, and to pass it on as lightly and interestingly as can possibly be done in writing.

At eleven o'clock there was House-P.T., as always on a Thursday. I checked two of the squads. My main difficulty was that I just did not know half the people there - certainly not the new people. It was frightfully windy, yet not cold. the ground was soft and, in places, muddy. It rained for the remainder of the day.

It is a decided bore having to go to the Big Study every period to make sure that the presiders have turned up - you notify them before morning prayers - one of a House-Monitor's duties, if he be monitor-of-the-day. I used to reach a nice, juicy passage in the Hemingway book, and then I would have to rush all the way down from my room to go to the confounded Study.

Lunch was good - as far as it went - which to-day was not at all far. There was some sort of meat stew, which was good, followed by horrible syrupy tart, of which I refused to partake, at any price. Afterwards there was rugger, in the damp, wet rain. It was on Ram 7, one of the drier fields, right away from the other fields. It was not a good game, because the referee lost control over us, and because the rain grew worse and worse. As it was, we were let off early, for I was back at the House by twenty-five past three. To-day I played in rugger boots: I obtained some laces from Bobby, who has vast stores of ends and odds in a cupboard of his - all of it House property from the past. On the dryish ground I might to-day have done well in gym shoes. What a silly life.

I am dying to write to Ingrid; I wonder when I will? Maybe to-night, as Bobby is borrowing the machine, and I would like to write the letter, instead of type it. Ingrid says that typed letters are too formal.

I spent the evening reading the Hemingway book, and ever and anon going down to the Study to check on presiders and general behaviour within the house. I forgot to say that I had my hair cut in the morning - and I am feeling fine and bald now!

I also forgot to mention that to-day I had my second class this term. It was an R.I. class with Paddy, up in St. Wilfrid's. This time Dunworth had prepared his talk, but it was precious little good. He would make a brief remark, looking very much as though it had been taken word for word from some **C.T.S.** pamphlet, and then we would all start tearing it to pieces - or this we did after about ten minutes complete and awkward silence; Dunworth spent most of his time looking up at Paddy to see what emotions his remarks had registered. Dunworth was speaking on God, life and prayer as far as I could make out. He kept on making remarks such as that man's life is a subjecting of our wills to God's, and that this is the essence of life, and why God created us. I broke in rather vividly, claiming that, surely, as love is the greatest thing of which man is capable, and that, as in love we seek union with the beloved, so too, in relation to God we should love God, if possible spontaneously, and seek absolute union with God in love - cutting all this out about the subjection of wills. Everyone looked quite baffled, as with all my weird comments at all times. Dunworth claimed that subjection of the will must come before love - but I think that, if once you believe in a God, and regard him as having the qualities of God - and if you are sincere and complete in your belief - then there is no time for the disciplining of the will, and the measuring of one's love for God. I believe, in a word, in spontaneous love or nothing: I think that this so Protestantly-affected part of the world is far too concerned with symmetry, with giving God his due, not less and not more. The Catholic idea of going to Church regularly every Sunday strikes me as being a very Protestant one - if interpreted and followed to the letter. As is well known, in the Catholic countries there are not all that many who attend Mass every Sunday: there the people attend Church when they feel like it. The emphasis on religion, as far as they are concerned, is shown in their every-day love and mentioning of God in the household and normal life. In the North, we tend to restrict thoughts of God to certain times of the year, or of the day, in a Catholic English school. Here we follow the rules to the last letter, and love God less than in the more spontaneous and sincere South. I think we are far too particular as to the details of our religion here: we are Catholics at the expense of Christians: we love the Church rather than God. It is not bad, but can become an abuse. I suppose that this is also because in England, which is what I mean by the North, the Catholics have long been a persecuted people. As a persecuted sect we have had to make a great show of discipline, and, subsequently, this emphasis has remained in the proper place of pure love and thought of God, which countries such as Spain, where no Reformation ever penetrated, have maintained safely

since the day of Christ on earth. Dunworth is typical of the cold North, in a sense, prepossessed, as I suppose I often am, with fulfilling all religious obligations to the last word. This morning his first statement being that our aim in life is to subject ourselves in disciplined obedience to our Master: I believe that our first aim - in fact it should be a spontaneous desire rather than an aim - should be to love good God through and through, at all times and in all places: I believe that love - which represents charity - is a more powerful weapon, and more pleasing to God, than discipline alone, or even discipline first and foremost. The Protestant North regard the Latin, and Catholic countries these largely are - as decadent, because these Catholic countries of tradition do not even fulfil their Catholic duties perfectly. The fact remains that these are the countries where you hear more of God than anywhere else, and where God comes into every thought and action a man committs. I believe that, by means of the Catholic Church, when even only slightly modified - as Latin Catholics have tended to do - one can find the best way of loving God: but that this Catholic Church must be there to start with, and, as it were, must be for ever present, even if only in the near background. I think that the old Catholicism of the so called 'decadent countries', France, Spain, Italy and Portugal, as well as the whole of South America, is the best in the world, although here in the North, both Catholics and Protestants alike sneer at it. The Catholicism of these countries is a love springing from the heart, which is whence love should spring. From the intellect and discipline you have, not love, but reasoning and comprehension and blind but mathematical obedience. Enough of all this, though, as I might go on all day with my petty-fogging commonplaces.

After supper, which I again served out as one of my many duties of the day, I saw Brother Simon, and asked him to brief me on my duties as C.S.M in the school Corps. This he did, but did not seem to leave me much the wiser: I suppose I must be thick. He leaves it to me and Daniel to think of some courses for our section in the Corps: I suggested at once that we have something practical for a change, as, up to now, we have only had classroom theory. I would like to go out and actually try defence strategy on a real, living hill, with earth, stones and trees. That would make all this theory twice as realistic and valuable, and no-one would forget it. He seemed enthusiastic.

I then left for my room and read Hemingway. Prayers were at nine, and then, at nine-forty-five there was a monitors' meeting in Father Bernard's room. These meetings nearly always take place on Thursdays. We discussed the House Punch, which will be about half way through March, and then smoked and played cards. The air was

thick with tobacco smoke, and I felt thirsty throughout. I was for ever imagining a delicious, cooling glass of sherry - one of the few drinks I can stand. I do not smoke and, the more I have to sit with people who are busy smoking, the more I detest the whole ritual. Nor am I much of a card-man - I would have preferred to go out with Ingrid for a walk than just sit and play some ridiculous game of cards, with the air around me as thick as could be. I stuck it out. The session ended at ten-forty-five: I washed somewhat more hurriedly than usual, and then went to deep and relieving sleep.

Friday, 1st. of February.

I wanted to get up early, and at the same time I did not want to; the point being, that I needed a shave very badly. In the end I slept on until Father Bernard called me at seven-ten. It was not so cold when I arose, and I was suitably impressed. How I would have liked to sleep on undisturbed, for at least another hour: I seem, also, to be thinking of Ingrid all the time. This may be because I have her photograph in the corner of one of my pictures, on the wall: I see it every time I turn, and think of her. I still have not heard from her since the holidays ended. Maybe she is busy.

This, in fact, was the first seven-ten, and normal Mass, that I had attended this term. Yesterday I was slipping in and out all the time, being monitor of the day, and the day before I had a long lie, and before that I used to get up for the early Mass. I dislike the prayers before Mass: they annoy me, for you are expected to answer up, and at this time of the day I am infallibly at least half asleep. It was quite light outside the Temp: there was a thin drizzle, and this persisted for most of the day. For breakfast there were fried eggs. I was too busy talking to Jack to notice that Leslie was already helping himself to his seconds - so I missed my chance of a second one. Leslie is junior to me, a small fellow, with a strong inferiority complex. He consequently goes about telling people what to do and telling them that they are jealous of him: he is not a house-monitor. He is in part American - as far as I know - and I do not think it has done him much good. He shares with Skipton Peter, and I think that, as room-mate for the past two terms, he has exercised a very bad influence on Peter. I think Peter might have made a monitor by now, had it not been for Leslie. Leslie is a pop- addict, and goes about the place with his hands thrust deep into his jacket pockets, muttering some brand new tune and occasionally trying to sing it. He is harmless, but thinks the world of himself - although he does not try to show it overmuch. You can always see Skipton Peter and Leslie by the wireless at night - in the House common-room:



the noise - or volume - will be tremendous, and they will both have their ears absolutely glued to the wireless.

I managed to squeeze in a shave between eight-thirty - for I ended breakfast slightly sooner than of late - and eight-forty, when the bell rings for prayers. I sure needed this shave: I was stubble everywhere: on the other hand, I felt just the same with the stubble as without. You only notice the difference when you look into a mirror - or when you want to go out with a girl. I spent the morning finishing the Hemingway. I think the story is interesting, and the novel form original and highly attractive: I enjoyed every moment of the book, and would very much like to read some more of his works. The only other thing I have read is the 'Old Man and the Sea', which also fascinated me in its time - about two years ago at least, perhaps three. Hemingway's vocabulary is fascinatingly rich and varied, and he knows how to use words to their best effect. He is original.

At eleven-fifteen I checked B.2 P.T. squad in the Big Passage. It is a nerve-racking process trying to pass down the Passage with P.T. in progress, even if you are a monitor checking up. Whenever you move, unseen, and even seen, hands and arms and legs hit you all over the place - for the Passage is not so large. I found most of the people I was looking for: Whiting I could not recognise - as he was new last term, and my memory is frightful as regards people's faces: this is, as a rule, because they disagree with me. Conroy, whom I know, did not turn up; he's had it from someone !

After P.T. I had the last of the pilchards. They have proved themselves very tasty, and have not even showed any signs of going bad. I had some last night, in bed, before going to sleep: I cut myself a slice from the brown loaf, bought at Thompson's on Wednesday, I put a little butter on top, and then the pilchards. The whole operation only takes some three minutes at the most, and it pays high dividends.

To-day I had my third class of the term: R.I. with Paddy once again. Dunworth went on with his lecture, and more or less no conclusions or points were at any stage reached. I no longer look forward to giving my lecture - on Death. I think I will be the last person to lecture - so there might not be any term left by then ! I sincerely hope. I spent most of the day wondering how the Corps parade would go, and fearing the worst. On second thoughts, maybe it is not so juicy being a C.S.M. I suppose I am becoming prey to a defeatist attitude - the weather is very gradually getting me down. It is, however, not yet cold. No letters - and that does not exactly help, either. I see that the people in London, with the 'Four

Years and a Term' have still not replied. This may, in truth, be good news. When they refused the 'Spanish Impressions', I had received the answer by the Friday of the week in which I had sent off the book: it is now Friday, and I have heard not a word. On the other hand, quite possibly, they are simply too busy to read it. Who knows: my motto is 'ever to hope'.

It was still drizzling when I emerged from R.I. and made for the House with Peter - Skipton Pete. I was attempting to discover more on my afternoon's duties at Corps, but he knew not a thing. Fish for lunch, with the inevitable potatoes and a minute patch of pastry; there was apple stew as ~~sweet~~<sup>sweet</sup>, rather raw, I fear. I spent all my time wondering about Corps. Oh Hell: life can be trying. I suppose that the parade will be indoors, as it drizz~~leth~~<sup>leth</sup> yet: everything always seems to be a shambles when it is indoors, and this, to add to my hardships, is the first parade of the term, when people are as a rule singularly unco-operative. There was visit after lunch - still drizzle, drizzle all the time. At about three minutes to two I began pacing up and down the Big Passage: there was hardly a soul there as yet. At about two o'clock a few people began to turn up, all chatting away most amiably. There was nothing I could really do until they had formed up against the wall, prior to my asking for the right-markers and then putting the Company on parade. The sergeants were not very active in my support, for it is, I think, up to them to form people up in ranks. Eventually I obtained some right-markers, and set them in order. Once they were away, everything came easily enough. I put the Company on parade, and the platoons ~~formed~~ formed up in more or less their right places. Then I put them at attention, and the Company Commander, who had been quietly waiting round the corner, appeared to harangue us, as is his custom at all times. That was all I had to do this afternoon. Next time there will be far more to it than this.

We collected our uniforms at the Range - where Father Peter, the Officer in charge of the Ampleforth Combined Cadet Force, congratulated me privately on my December award. How news carries! It is surprising to see all the after-effects of an Oxford University award. After Corps I wrote a brief letter to Ingrid: I just felt I had to. I had a great deal to say, but there was not the time in which to say it all: besides, my hand, now no longer used to writing, tires fast when confronted with a pen and ink. Still, the intention counts, and I hope that the letter is not too useless. Afterwards I gave it to ~~Bill~~<sup>Ade</sup> to post, as he was going up to the Office, and myself went for a brief walk in the direction of the village. It had been drizzling all day. Then there had been a sudden, very fierce shower;

No 3 COMPANY

Company H.C.

Lieutenant P.H. Trafford  
Under Officer T.J. Firth  
C.S.M. F.H.B. Scarfe  
C.Q.M.S. C.R. Holmes

No 4 Platoon

Pl. Cmdr: D/M Daniel  
Pl. Sgt: Sgt Balme

No 10 Section

Cpls. Smith  
~~Bright~~  
M-Smith  
Franchetti  
Bowring  
Wojakowski  
Gibson

No 11 Section

Cpls. Zaluski  
Morley  
Haydon  
Butcher  
L/Cpls. Balfour  
Ricketts

No 12 Section

Cpls. Barber  
Komarnicki  
Hunter  
Coghlan  
L/Cpls. Chamberlain  
Sarmiento

No 5 Platoon

Pl. Cmdr: Sgt. Bellville  
Pl. Sgt: Sgt. Spencer

No 13 Section

Cpls. Armstrong  
Crichton Stuart  
King  
Dale  
L/Cpls. Fogarty  
Stobart

No 14 Section

Cpls. Bright  
Marshall  
McCanna  
Macmillan  
L/Cpls. McSwiney  
Goslett

No 15 Section

Cpls. Cunningham  
Flanagan  
Tusting  
Ranlag  
L/Cpls. Prosser  
Falkner

No 6 Platoon

Pl. Cmdr: Sgt. Wilson  
Pl. Sgt: Sgt. Connolly

No 16 Section

Cpl. Bereng  
Cds. Binning  
Bowen  
Brennan  
Cent  
Coghlan  
Conroy  
Cotton  
Bowring  
Krier

No 17 Section

Cpl. Ryan  
Cds. Cuthbertson  
Hodgson  
Kelly  
King  
Ferriss  
Masterton-Smith  
Medlicott  
Lynch

No 18 Section

Cpl. O'Brien  
Cds. Moore  
O'Neill  
Pearse  
Ryan  
Stirling  
Whitworth  
Richards  
Shepherd

and now the sun was out in full evening splendour. It was a glorious evening. I wished time and time again that I had brought my camera, as this would have been an excellent opportunity for taking some photos. The grass looked greener than it had ever done before; the sun glittered, rather than shone, through the twitching branches. The air was quiet, there was hardly a breath of wind. The sun glittered fiercely and vividly on the sides of the trees, cutting the trunks into vivid outlines, black and light contrasting fiercely. Everything looked fresh and new. The air was cool and peaceful, pure and soothing. It was a beautiful evening - although only three-forty-five. I was struck by the green<sup>n</sup>ess of the tree-trunks, many of them greener by far than the grass below. With the sun shining strongly on to this green coating of moss and moistness, the effect was strikingly unreal. It looked at times nightmarish, supernaturally vivid and powerful. The green was too green, and the earth too black. The sky blue above, with red horizon gleaming steadily over Temple Hill, across the valley. Everything brilliantly outlined, relieved nakedly by sharp cut of light on dark, of foliage on ground, of earth on heavens. Dramatic and uncanny air of beauty and pre-Spring birth afresh shook the vale, shook me, short-sighted on the normal day, to-day able as any to wonder and marvel and love the Nature and the fields reborn from the rain and cold clamminess of preceding days and dark, dismal nights. No wind to murmur, but birds sang low on the ground, seeking food and life from the first home; no leaves on the trees, all naked and good, strong and slender and frail all at once. No leaves - for that we have the summer, far-distant still, couched nestling far in the earth, brown and in all truth cold to the touch. Sun glows, not heats the air or ground or cheeks: winter here still, but in its first, autumnal beauty, beauty of the mind and of must be, not wanted but have to be, not asked but accepted.

I enjoyed the walk: it was another experience. Afterwards I attended prayers in the Study, and then began Lamartine's 'Graziella', another of ~~Charles's~~ <sup>Mr. Cassart's</sup> books. Tea went as ever, and I managed to hog ~~two~~ two slices for a change - for a good change. I spent most of the time discussing corps with Ivan and Bug. After tea I had a chat with ~~Charles~~ <sup>Mr. Cassart</sup> on the effects of Rousseau's Social Contract: ~~Charles~~ <sup>he</sup> seems very afraid of it, and is for ever warning me of the fallacies there enclosed. This evening he reminded me of Rousseau's private life: I wonder whether that is cheating? I then went on with the 'Graziella', until I presided in the study at six-forty-five, last period of the evening. The House section was full. Ryan J. is one perpetual fidget: I can't believe he does a stroke of work at any time: he is one of the House problem-kids - or was last term and the term before that.

There ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> egg shakes for supper, with a tomato and raw potatoes. It was a waste of time. I spent the evening typing, and at about eight-forty-five I went down to the House Library and checked ~~up~~ that everything was in order. Things seemed to be all right. Not many people seem to take advantage of the Library: I shall have to exhort if, and when, I give a house jaw on the subject. It is just the same with the stamps; there are now about eight stamps, after two weeks term, in which some one hundred and fifty letters at least must have been received by members of the House. This is just not good enough.

Prayers went as usual: Bobby said them, as the Major was temporarily absent. After prayers there was a meeting of the House Musical Society, which I did not attend, as I had plenty of typing to be done by lights-out. I had a last slice of that delicious Christmas cake before slipping into bed, and soon fell asleep.

Saturday, 2nd. of February.

It was cool to-day when I was called, over five minutes late: the Major's fault again. I dressed fast and slipped down to church. It was not raining: the sky was clear, and the air pure; I felt sleepy.

Mass ended on time -just - and there was breakfast. To-day I received two letters, one from my mother, and one from my father; I felt considerably relieved. There were stick-a-soles to eat, slightly salty but not too bad, and the tea was strong for once. Jack was trying to work out how much it costs to live in France for a week, the Lord knows why. Chris suggested seven pounds, but I thought that twelve would be more like it. A meal alone costs at least five or six shillings, and bed and breakfast is around fifteen. Last holidays I hitch-hiked through France on the way back from Spain. They charged me five hundred francs for a night in a small country hotel - only just a hotel. The room I had, had been a good one, clean, with running water, a large bed, and several chairs and carpets. It was much cleaner and more luxurious than any room I ever had in Spain, and, in revenge, the price was over twice as high as in Spain. I had to pay another hundred and twenty-five francs for a smallish breakfast.

It is a fine morning; the mist is writhing in the Valley, and the sun is really slightly warming. I put the remains of my loaf in my window-box yesterday afternoon, and every few minutes birds come swooping down, take a look at me, then at the bread, pause to consider, and then leave, sometimes with a bite, sometimes without. I am most certainly not leaving my room on their account. I tried to see Father Basil after Prayers, because my German has not yet begun, but he was not to be found. I will dig him out later on: I am preparing to sermonise him.

I found Dom Basil at ten-fifteen; he told me that he has seen Mr. Heath, who will be in charge of my German, and said that I must establish contact with him as soon as I can. I spent the remainder of the day searching for Mr. Heath, and quite unsuccessfully. What a bore that man is becoming. I had a busy eleven o'clock break. I went down to the range to collect my insignia as a C.S.M, and then handed the jacket plus decorations over to the sewing maids, asking them to get 'weaving' by Monday, if possible. They said that they would do their very level best. In doing this, I forgot to check my P.T. squad, which was A.3: I had been under the illusion it was B.3, and thus second period as opposed to first. Was I angry! I had to go around asking people whether they had done their P.T., and take them on trust; lot of liars, I bet. Still, I have failed blatantly in my duty as a house-monitor: let this not happen again. It is inefficient, and I am going down the drain.

I spent most of the work periods reading 'Graziella': it is much better, in my opinion, than 'Paul at Virginie'. Although the theme is but a mere trifle more interesting and less naive, the style is exhilarating: it is genuinely Romantic, and of a healthy sort of Romanticism. I am, on the whole, enjoying it. Good old Lamartine: I love his poetry, and he certainly has some feelings for Nature and the poetry of life. I am still trying to work out some practical, yet original course, for my Corps squad. It is becoming quite a head-ache. I would like to be able to go out and around the countryside: there is map-making and direction-finding, ambushes, assault and defence: that is just about all I can think of. How about making them all go out and draw a map of a certain section of the land: and then have to use their maps in the assault and defence programme: I am just wondering how to fit in the ambush part, and make everything unite into one whole, into a course and not a series of unrelated events. Furthermore, at least half the parades should be spent indoors, and the other half outside. I suppose that I could give a lecture to the squad, with Dan's assistance, on maps, and then have them do the practical side, as it were, on the next parade. Then I could have a class on defence and attack, and then have another practical, using the maps made in the first practical. But how could I fit in the ambush to this general plan? Still, this sounds all right as far as it goes: I will have to see what Dan has to say about it all, and also gain Bro. Simon's approval - he is the Commanding Officer of No.2 Coy.

There was a meat stew for lunch, again: it was all right in parts: the soup was good, as was the dessert, of pastry and fruit mix-up. After wards I changed into

rugger clothes, and heartily looked forwards to a fine, pleasant, dry and warmish game: the sun was shining, and it has not rained since yesterday afternoon. I went down to Ram.3, at two-thirty: I saw at once that half the ground was under mud: disillusioned once again. I was playing colours under Northcote, in the distasteful second row of the scrum. But I played too hard: after ten minutes I was wet and brown down two sides, to everyone's amazed horror - and I was moved to Full-Back, where my sticky flanks would not have to be rubbed against anyone's head. The remainder of the game, as far as I was concerned, was a despondent effort on my part to keep warm and get drier. I am sure we lost because I was moved out of the scrum!

I had a spray after the game, with Rod Junior singing his head off in the spray-room. He thinks he has a voice - but he means well. I then returned to my room, footed in my warm Russian slipper-boots, and proceeded to the menial task of trimming my toe-nails. They rather needed it: I was fearful for my socks, which hole open far too rapidly for my liking. Then there was tea - and once more I had to say grace: it went as grace should go. I discussed Athletics with Ivan - who sits on my left. He is Captain of Athletics, which will be starting at about half term. I hinted that I might well do the hundred yards and ~~the~~ putting the shot: he is concerned over so many people wanting to do the hundred yards - as there are only half as many points awarded on this as on any other event. I suggested that I might be considerate and do the four-forty instead: he seemed just slightly relieved. The four-forty is the one and only event in which I have ever been awarded a standard, so I should stand a small hope. I have never ~~done the~~ putting the shot, but I reckon that my arm muscles are my strongest - as I have asthma - and that I ought to have a better chance at an event where I am not liable at any moment to attacks. Still, I shall wait and see and think a while longer. My usual is the mile, but I have never won a standard yet in that. After a while Ivan left, and I changed over to speaking with Henry and Bongo. Bongo was teasing Henry on his pub-crawling when in Switzerland during the Christmas vacs: Henry replied with a good deal of scandal concerning the other members of the party, and even pointed his finger of suspicion at Bongo himself. I wonder what goes on in Switzerland when the school party goes there for skiing! I know that both Bobby and Mack set up slightly illicit relationships with some of the fairer sex when they were there! What a lot of scandalous people this school can breed!

I left tea at five, still wearing my slippers, and typed out the new serving list: it had taken me at least twenty minutes this morning to work it all out anew.

In the evening I went on with the 'Graziella', which I am definitely enjoying; it is nothing like as naive as the 'Paul et Virginie', and the Nature studies are genuinely interesting; the style, once more, is excellent, though slightly rhetorical at times. I presided on the Second table for the last meal until about half-term, and then went to Benediction at eight-twenty: it was much cooler than last time, but the voices of people singing are quite deafening. I saw Brother Simon after supper, before Benediction, and outlined a possible Corps course: he sounded very fascinated, and agreed.

After Benediction I dashed off to Father James for confession: the first time I have been since a week before the end of last term; I am a shocker. I went to bed on time, without succumbing to the temptation of reading anything - I have no decent battery just now. Again, I went to bed to the taste of another slice of that delicious Christmas cake; I suppose it will be at an end in about ten days - or less, without luck.

Sunday, 3rd. of February.

Monitor of the day once more. I was at the foot of the stairs on time, and in time to catch Andrews and O'Donnell as late for Church: they are new boys, and I had quite a job recognising O'Donnell. I gave them twenty lines apiece. I served out the breakfast - which to-day consisted of fried eggs and bacon: I love fried eggs, and so, according to the happy tradition, had two, as well as two rashers of bacon. It was a bit of a rush getting all this eaten in time for prayers at ten past nine. I had to have my bed made as well, for it is up to the monitor of the day to preside in the Big Study on a Sunday morning, for the one and only period of the day. I read - or tried to read - 'Graziella' while keeping an eye on the House.

Paddy preached the sermon at High Mass. It was quite good, though I went out of focus towards the end, as ever. I spent the remainder of the morning after Mass was over, working out the serving for the rest of term. This also took me most of the afternoon. I have invented an absolutely brilliant graph system of serving: it is so simple, that I am convinced no-body will understand it. At the left hand side of the page I have people's names, and across the top I have the weekly periods, of which there are eleven this term. In the appropriate sections I insert which table a person serves: it is so simple, that I find I cannot even explain it very convincingly. Everyone was stupified when I put it up just before Vespers, and there were whole crowds of people by the House notice-board trying to decipher it.

In the afternoon there was no rugger for me, which proved a happy change: I am sick of playing in wet rugger clothes on wet rugger grounds. I played a short game



of basket-ball in the Gym. Old Mario went and ripped my knee with his big, long claws, and spent the remainder of the day apologising. It was a hot and tiring game, as basket-ball always seems to be: but it was dry and clean! What a relief.

I was lathish up to tea - because of this serving list - but made the most of it when I arrived. I refused to let Ivan have some of my marmalade, as he more or less finished half the last pot himself. So he put me in temporary Coventry, to my utter amusement. He looks somewhat bored to-day.

The weather is not so good, but the rain is keeping away for a change: it is dry and windy, with plenty of clouds and mist. It is awfully warm in my room: I daren't open the window, for with but the slightest gap there is a galeforce wind that sweeps through my room. I wish we could have a bit more sun rather more frequently: I wish I was back in Spain, where all is warm and peaceful. What a wonderful life I would have there - if I had plenty of pocket-money.

I served out the supper - and again there was tea: I had grumbled to Bunsen when I noticed we only had glasses, not cups: I asked whether our having tea on the previous Sunday had only been an accident: he obviously absorbed my strongish hint. Otherwise supper was O.K., with Father Bernard making a few jokes on the graph system for servers: he asked me whether there were wheels attached: I worked that one out fairly soon.

After supper I made a few alterations to the serving list - as I had made the people at the top of the table, and not those at the bottom, do the serving out of soup and porridge; Bobby wouldn't have that. Afterwards I got down to work on my Corps boots and started on my brasses. I will have to prepare a lecture on maps - in case Dan can't give it. In the Corps you must always be ready ~~against~~<sup>for</sup> even the most unlikely eventualities. I haven't even had time to write home to-day, which pricks not a little at my uneasy conscience.

This serving chart has taken altogether far too long: it has taken up all to-day to start with. I hope that Father Bernard approves of it when I show it him in the morning. All goes well - except that I have had a far too busy day - and, into the bargain, I am monitor-of-the-day. At twenty to ten I turfed ~~him~~<sup>P.C.</sup> out of the washplace: he entered too soon: he was highly annoyed. I made the rounds of the wash-place and the spray-room at five to ten, and had to cope with wash-happy Terence once again. I was just beginning to feel efficient when in walked Henry and Thomas, who had been to the Debate: it was about four minutes to ten: I asked Bobby to deal with them, for he is himself a debater, and knows when the Debate ended. Then I packed myself off to bed - with some cake and a head-ache.

J22-26. 27-F2. F3-9. F10-16. F17-23. F24-2M. M3 - 9. M10-16. M17-23. M24-30. M31-2A

Spencer			B 1.T						B 2nd.	A 2nd.	B 2nd.
Rimmer				B 1.T	A 1.T	B 2nd.	A 2nd.			B 1.T	
Glover				B 1.T	A 1.T	B 2nd.	A 2nd.			A 1.T	
Fanshawe				A 1.T	B 1.T	A 2nd.	B 2nd.			A 1.T	
Ryan P.				A 1.T	B 1.T	A 2nd.	B 2nd.	B 1.T			
Wardale				B 2nd.	A 2nd.	B 1.T	A 1.T	B 1.T			
Hancox				B 2nd.	A 2nd.	B 1.T	A 1.T	A 1.T			
Dowson P.				A 2nd.	B 2nd.	A 1.T	B 1.T	A 1.T	B 1.T		
Iveson R.				A 2nd.	B 2nd.	A 1.T	B 1.T				B 2nd.
Bird	B 1.T	A 1.T	B 2nd.	A 2nd.							A 2nd.
Marsden	B 1.T	A 1.T	B 2nd.	A 2nd.							A 2nd.
Tusting	A 1.T	B 1.T	A 2nd.	B 2nd.							B 2nd.
Czajkowski	A 1.T	B 1.T	A 2nd.	B 2nd.							B 2nd.
O'Driscoll	B 2nd.	A 2nd.	B 1.T	A 1.T							A 2nd.
McSwiney	B 2nd.	A 2nd.	B 1.T	A 1.T					A 2nd.		
Moor	A 2nd.	B 2nd.	A 1.T	B 1.T					A 2nd.		
Palme C.	A 2nd.	B 2nd.	A 1.T						B 2nd.		
Greenwood J.			A 1.	B 1.					A 3rd.	B 3rd.	A 1.
Honeywill					B 1.	A 1.	B 3rd.	A 3rd.			A 3rd.
Maxwell					B 1.	A 1.	B 3rd.	A 3rd.			A 3rd.
Carver					A 1.	B 1.	A 3rd.	B 3rd.		B 1.	
Harris A.					A 1.	B 1.	A 3rd.	B 3rd.		B 1.	
Everington					B 3rd.	A 3rd.	B 1.	A 1.		A 1.	
Slater					B 3rd.	A 3rd.	B 1.	A 1.		A 1.	
Deedes					A 3rd.	B 3rd.	A 1.	B 1.		A 3rd.	
Grant					A 3rd.	B 3rd.	A 1.	B 1.		A 3rd.	
Nares	B 1.	A 1.	B 3rd.	A 3rd.							B 3rd.
Iveson M.	B 1.	A 1.	B 3rd.	A 3rd.					B 1.		
O'Connell	A 1.	B 1.	A 3rd.	B 3rd.					B 1.		
Lyons	A 1.	B 1.	A 3rd.	B 3rd.					A 1.		B 1.
Ryan J.	B 3rd.	A 3rd.	B 1.	A 1.					A 1.		B 1.
Richards	B 3rd.	A 3rd.	B 1.	A 1.					B 3rd.		A 1.
Dowson J.	A 3rd.	B 3rd.	A 1.	B 1.					B 3rd.		B 3rd.
Conroy	A 3rd.	B 3rd.							A 3rd.		B 3rd.
Wixey											
Causland					B 4th.	A 4th.					
Harris P.					B 4th.	A 4th.		A 4th.			
Loyd.					A 4th.	B 4th.				A 4th.	
Whiting					A 4th.	B 4th.					B 4th.
Greenwood T.			B 4th.	A 4th.							B 4th.
Phelan			B 4th.	A 4th.							A 4th.
Blackie			A 4th.	B 4th.							A 4th.
Du Pre Moore	B 4th.	A 4th.							B 4th.		
Corbett	B 4th.	A 4th.							B 4th.		
Dowson C.	A 4th.	B 4th.							A 4th.		
Bramwell	A 4th.	B 4th.							A 4th.		
Andrews							B 4th.	A 4th.			A 4th.
O'Donnell							B 4th.	B 4th.			B 4th.
Gillman							A 4th.	B 4th.			B 4th.

1. = Top table; T = on Tuesdays only; 4th. = Bottom table. III · II · LVII.

Lent Term Serving List as most ingeniously devised by the author: scanned by many, and understood by few.

Monday, 4th. of February.

I was called by Father Bernard at seven-thirteen in the morning; I felt too sleepy to get up. I decided quickly on a plan of campaign; I would stay in bed, and leave the light on just as it now was - in case someone discovered my absence, and then thought I had simply overslept because I had not turned the light off. I then rolled over and began to sleep once more, despite the brightness of the light. Time passed, and at about half-past seven in walked Bobby; I suppose that he went to early Mass, that Early Mass ended latish, and so Bobby saw precisely who was absent for the second Mass who had not turned up for the early one either. So I was caught. He did not do anything, or penance me, but I saw he was displeased. I pretended as convincingly as I could that I had overslept. He walked sedately out, and I dressed at break-neck speed, being in church at twenty-five to eight.

Fried egg and tomato for breakfast: I managed two eggs, two tomatoes, and two slabs of rock: it's good being at the top end of a House! Bug had a letter from one of his young brothers, telling him the family has chicken-pox: it was a small letter - the brother being in all probability very young indeed - with vast hand-writing decking the envelope and the actual letter. Bug looked somewhat embarrassed. <sup>Ade</sup> ~~Quill~~ butted in, telling Bug he needn't worry, as from now onwards he had the best of possible excuses for not seeing his younger brother. Ever since I was at the bottom of the House I have seen this sort of tragi-comedy enacted at breakfasts, with serene, serious elderly brothers receiving the tell-tale letter and envelope with a young sister's or brother's first efforts at writing, and everyone's exploding into mock laughter at the elder brother's discomfiture. What a trick of a life! Bobby somehow got on to discussing Paddy's sermon, which Bunse magnanimously described as a masterpiece of English Prose; Paddy always gets just the right word when he is speaking in public, and works out every sentence with a mathematical precision born of a Classical scholar and a monk, born of concentration and an inflexible, cool and calculating mind. The only thing I have against him is that he puts little tone, or feeling, into what he says - for the simple reason that he is so precise and painstaking after precision.

I am monitor of the week, so after making my bed, and cleaning some more of my brasses, I rushed down to the Big Study, turfed people from the House out for Prayers at eight-forty-five, and then went down to prayers myself. After Prayers, I saw Bunse and asked him to censure the graph system of serving: he called it a miracle of ingenuity, but I doubt whether he could understand it: he asked me to explain it to the House at some stage. I then pinned it up, and returned to my

room - and to my brasses. At about twenty past nine I returned to my 'Graziella', which I have now finished. I saw the dénouement quite a while before the end, but I managed to resign myself to it. Why do all the books I read end so tragically? There was 'La Barraca', 'Paul et Virginie', 'For whom the Bell Tolls', and now there <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ 'Graziella': I shall have to committ suicide soon, and then somebody will be able to write a tragic book on me too. Yet I have enjoyed 'Graziella', which certainly fits well into my own age interests and failings. I then wrote home, to my Mother, and to my Father.

At eleven o'clock I checked A.3 in the Big Passage, because it was raining, and afterwards had a short jaw with the Company Commander on map equipment, which Dan and I shall be needing this afternoon.

I collected my Corps battle-jacket from the sewing maids, where it was having a couple of crowns sewn on. Just to think, that I only passed my Cert A. part 11 at the fourth attempt, or maybe the third, I cannot recollect, and that I am now a C.S.M! It is flab<sup>b</sup>bergastering, and nobody who has heard this news has yet recovered from initial shock. I am proud of my crowns, and shall at all costs live up to them - if I can.

R.I with Paddy at twelve-fifteen. I went up to Wilferid's in my duffle-coat, as it was raining. We had a lecture from Firth on the Popes, with all of us doing our best to prove him wrong: Firth certainly has some idea of how to give a talk. I enjoyed this class more than the previous ones, as I was feeling more awake and on form. At one stage Peter claimed that if the Pope wereto go astray, he would, would he not, be struck by a thunder-bolt: this was to prove that God would never make a Pope unable to fulfil his obligations: I exclaimed, quietly, but with tremendous effect, that this system of punishment was "out of date!". Even Paddy gave a grin.

There were some greasy chops for lunch - which kept the conversation flowing uninterrupted<sup>y</sup> throughout the meal. There was certainly more than enough fat to each chop. Rice-pudding followed, with apricot jam to give it some inkling of taste. After lunch there was Corps, with my first out-of-doors-parade as C.S.M. It went very well, until near the end: the only thing that went wrong then was no fault of mine: the Battalion Course right-markers forgot who they were, and it was left to the Commanding Officer to give them a warning. It was blustery as an afternoon, and at first I had not been decided as to wether <sup>h</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>to</sup> have the parade indoors. It did not quite manage to rain. There was a lecture by Dan on maps, which I found O.K. but incredibly boring: maybe I already knew some of it!

At the end of his talk I went round the class testing them out: they had precious little idea of how compasses work.

I changed back into civvies afterwards, and in came Jack to give me a brief synopsis of my mistakes at Corps. He did not proceed very far, being too engrossed with a piece of my cake I had given him to dispose of. Nor was Ivan's presence particularly conducive to business, so for most of the time we were talking of the steeple-chase and the system of promotion within the school companies: Ivan is still a Corporal, although he passed his Cert. A before me: he was not half bewildered when he heard I was C.S.M..

Towards five past four I posted Daddy's letter, and changed Ryan J.'s penance of forty lines for insolence to fifty lines of Chaucer in old English - at his request. And, where, tell me where, can the catch be? I wonder how he's going to get out of his penance this time. Prayers at four-fifteen, and then I returned roomwards and began on Valle-Inclán's 'Sonata de estío': it is hard work, and the vocabulary treacherously unusual - besides the constructions which I would be quite at loss to interpret were it not for brief notes at the foot of every page. I made out a new 'Stamps' notice, as the last one has been smudged by some thoughtless person's wet finger: this time I put sellotape over the inking: what will go wrong now?

My joie de vivre is gradually being forced out of me - by too much to do, and by the weather, and lack of comradeship, and, I suppose, my own incompetence. Well, well: I wish there would be some more letters quick! At tea I said grace - to the accompaniment of not more than four or five 'Amens' - and let Ivan have some of my marmalade ~~some~~. Poor boy, he might go thin if I didn't give him some! As though he would, all muscle and bone that he is!

With a strong wind to aid me, I flew back to the House after tea and started some of yesterday's typing: after that, I prepared a House jaw on the Library, my graph system of serving, and Stamps in the refectory. I am just a trifle nervous, but not unduly. I ought to know how to address sixty well-known people at this stage: if not, well, I suppose I shouldn't be a house-monitor ~~any~~. What a wind outside: not a bird, not a sound but the roaring, ugly and thick, of the dry storm in the trees. And rugger to-morrow: let's hope it doesn't rain in the meantime.

I managed to catch that man <sup>Mr.</sup> Heath at six-forty-five, according to prearranged schedule. He told me to fetch Firth, who will be doing German with me, and he intends giving us our first class to-morrow morning, at ten-fifteen, in my room.

After supper I went to a Lingua Franca meeting, where Mike was elected general secretary to the society. There followed a lecture on China, given by the President of the society, which I thought was extremely good: the President of Lingua Franca, as of every school society, is Father William, the Headmaster. He spoke slowly, savouring every word, rather in the style of Paddy, but at the same time putting far more tone and feeling into what he said. His voice is less harsh and impersonal than Paddy's, which helps to give a pleasant atmosphere: Paddy speaks as though he is a wireless commentator, whose one and only job is to set the right questions and give the right answers at the correct time, with such a precision that no quavering or personal tone in his voice can detract from. But Father William, who probably finds every lecture a slight ordeal - for the simple reason that he speaks as himself and not as a superior machine - knows how to hold your attention far better than Paddy: the atmosphere prevalent when Father William is speaking really is fascinating. On this occasion he spoke with an air of extreme surprise, and a certain amount of subdued mysteriousness: he spoke of the non-quaintness of the Chinese with a tinge of personal amusement and a certain amount of gentle sarcasm. He derided the saying that the Chinese is cruel, and in so doing related a blood-thirsty incident from modern Chinese history. He described China, the vast deserts, the gorges, the pagodas with their gleaming tile work, blending so beautifully with the surrounding scenery; he spoke of the building of the Great Wall, of the discovery of the compass, the inventing of paper and printing. He spoke of the development of China, the society of China, and the ethics of Confucius, one of the greatest philosophers the world has ever seen. He smilingly repeated some of Confucius' sayings, and gave quotes from the great Chinese Classics. He spoke at great length on the Chinese love of the arts, of painting and literature and calligraphy, of the society arrangement in China, with the scholar at the top, then the farmer, then the soldier at the very bottom of the social scale. He smiled all the time, savouring the richness of the words, making full use of a vivid and precise imagination: Father William knows how to speak. His material was absorbing - especially as there was little I already knew - and he had the knack of lending each word an indescribable aroma, an atmosphere of delicacy and charm, wanting in most other speakers. I enjoyed the lecture very much indeed.

There were Prayers at nine o'clock, and then I braced myself for my ordeal. I could feel my heart beating uncomfortably loudly during Prayers, and I felt pretty frightful throughout. I knew that I must speak, and that nothing was going to

stop me. I felt worse and worse, and then, towards the end of prayers, I managed to convince myself that it would not be so bad, that I had prepared the talk, and that it should go all right. I tried, rather half-successfully, to calm down. Prayers ended, Father Bernard walked out, the remainder of the House sat down: I stood at my place, unfolded my sheet's notes, and began.

"Good evening. To-night I am going to talk to you on three subjects - the House-Library, refectory serving, and Stamps". There was a suppressed chuckle in some corner of the room. I proceeded: I was perfectly calm and collected, and ready for anything.

"I'll start with the more menial side of the Library" There was a low grin from somewhere, accompanied by a few brief sobs of amusement.

"The shelves and the registering of books: there are far too many unregistered books on the bottom shelf: if you register a book, you can put it back into its proper place in the book-cases - but that isn't going to help anyone at all ! Registered books should be put back on the bottom shelf, and only on that shelf. Books you have taken out to read for half an hour, simply to try out and savour, should go on the second shelf, and not on the bottom shelf. Put all registered books on the bottom shelf, and unregistered ones on the second: try to get that clear ! I don't want to find more registered books on the second shelf."

"Registering: register every book you take out - and if I find any registered book floating about Shack, and find out whose it is, there'll be a penance of fifty lines: as for my finding any books from St.Oswald's anywhere round Shack, which are not registered, and if I find out who it was who had it out, he'll never hear the end of it."

"English literature is the road to success !" Here laughter rocked at least half the House. I went on undisturbed: "Whatever your particular subject, and especially if it is Maths or science, or even if it be History or Geography, it is everyone's duty to be acquainted with the literature of his country !" I suppose that I sounded too earnest, for half the House rocked, once again. "It is in the form of literature that a language survives ..." and again there were roars of laughter "and it is by its literature that civilizations are judged or condemned!" Here most of the House was seized with convulsive sobs of laughter. I went on: "If you ignore a country's literature, the language and the country will go down hill: ignore your literature - here for you all in the best library the school can offer you - and your language and literature will go to Hell !". General laughter. "Make use of this library now at your disposal: it is an excellent one: the

literature it can offer you is really first-class." And more laughter kept the air warm.

I moved on to the next point of attack. "Too many people are spending their free time reading Punch. Punch is O.K. for half an hour's light entertainment, but that is all." The House shook with laughter. "It has little to offer you of lasting value: there are some pretty pictures and old jokes, and I don't even know if the pictures are up to all that much. If you spend all your time reading just Punch, you are wasting it. Get on to something firmer. I repeat, go ahead and read your Punch..." general amusement "now and then, but don't restrict yourselves to Punch alone. Punch by itself won't do any of you any good. You must resort to sound literature ..." roars shake St.Oswald's "... if you want to get anywhere in life: Punch is all right for entertainment, but not as sound literature. Even, even Agatha Christie and P.G.Wodehouse have something to them, but Punch has nothing: the value of Punch is a passing one: if you can find nothing better to do, then intersperse Christie with Punch: but by no means only stick at Punch." By now the whole House was in ecstasy. "Whenever I enter Father Bernard's room," I persevered, "there are nothing but people with their Punch: I would prefer to see you all reading even Christie than that sort of literature. Christie can teach you something: get something solidier than Punch, and success will be yours!" Delirium seizes half the House. I wait for silence.

"Therefore, I urge you all to think again before reading Punch day and night. Most of you go to Father Bernard's room to read Punch, and never make use of the three thousand or so books at your disposal, books you may take with you, wherever you go, to read. Take books with you, and don't restrict reading time to Punch time: at the moment there are only eleven, I repeat, eleven, books out of the library. It is scandalous. Have some imagination ..." the whole House rocks again for another few minutes "and turn to our great masters, Jane Austen..." roars of laughter "... Charles Dickens - and he has something to teach you all..." and more laughter "and, if you've got the courage, Sir Walter Scott!" and here the laughter reached boiling point, a crescendo of mirth. "These authors are all part of your education..." the House near the verge of tears " ...and I assure you that you're missing the heck of a lot if you simply stick at Punch. Punch is not the last word: Christie and Wodehouse are better, and Austen and Dickens are a treat!" widespread amusement. "Get a move on with your ideas!"

"This will be one of the few opportunities you will ever have, to read English literature." Laughter. "I appeal especially to the bottom of the House, the bottom



43

three years in particular - as to you all - to read while you've got the chance. While in your first three years you will have time enough to read, whether or not you work. After that, as you near the top of the House, whether or not you want to work, you will be obliged to do so: and then you will not have the time for even Agatha Christie." Laughing pervades the building. "Read now, or read never: you've got the opportunity, make the most of it: use this library, that's what it's here for: use it, above all, now: later on you will be unable to! You'll regret it if you throw away the opportunity you have at the moment!" Laughter continues.

"I have one last point to make as regards the Library. For heaven's sake start treating the books better!" Laughter, loud and prolonged. "It's you who will suffer, not I: whenever a book is misused it has to be rebound: when a book is misused, that's the last you see of it for many months..." Delirium and frenzied laughter. "The books that are out most are the popular ones, such as those by Shute: as they are out most, they get the most wear: that calls for extra careful handling, or else it'll be the last you see of Shute!" The House does not regain composure for at least two minutes. "If any books are mis-handled in the next two weeks, that'll be the last you'll see of them for this term anyway!" Rocks of joviality fill the air ...." so I urge you to treat your literature with care, for your own sakes!" more laughter. "If anyone has any suggestions concerning the running of the Library, tell me."

"Serving. The third table serving is incredibly bad: it is lousy. That is why I have introduced this graph system of serving for a change - to make serving second nature..." Laughter moves the House "and whether or not you like it, by the time you've done your four weeks' serving, it will have become second-nature to you. You'll all get absolutely sick of it - but it'll teach you how to serve properly. This graph should also eliminate grumbling: it works on an extremely simple basis - so simple that I can hardly explain it ..." Delirium for a time. "Along the sides you have the people, along the top the dates: in the appropriate hole you'll find what table you're serving and when!" For some inexplicable reason, the House continues laughing. I wait for the noise to subside. "And if anyone does not understand this graph, see me at once: do not grouse about it: that won't help anyone, least of all you! Finally, this graph means that for the remainder of term there will be no excuses at all for not serving on time! None at all!" Laughter has slightly subsided during this speech.

"Stamps. I reckon that in the course of this term some two hundred and more letters have been received by members of this House, and that does not include at least forty

24

parcels. Do you know how many stamps are now in the stamp-tin? Do you know how many there are?" I wait for a few seconds ... "Twelve and a half! Twelve and a half! Out of some two hundred and more letters!" Laughter shakes the House. "It's incredibly bad. This, this is simple charity, the simplest anyone could possibly think of: these stamps help to keep people in work in Germany; if you're no good at this simple form of charity now, what will you be in five years time, when faced with really hard problems of this sort? This is simple charity: brace up..." roars of mirth "simple charity, so easy to perform. Think of all those brothers and sisters ..." and there is more laughter "out of work in Germany: in future, whenever you open your letter at breakfast, just pause to consider..." laughter sweeps the House "just pause to consider what a danger people out of work can constitute: just think of the countless revolutions brought about when people were left with nothing to do: so keep them in work, think of others, have a heart!" The House has one final laugh. This is the end of the speech, or jaw, and the rest of the patiently waiting monitors rise and start filing out: there is one last, terrific roar of laughter from the House, and a terrific cheer, then quiet reigns again.

I asked Bobby, afterwards, what was so funny ~~with~~ <sup>about</sup> the speech: he said it was not the matter, or content, that was funny, but the way I said it, like a soap-box orator lecturing to sixty boys. Bobby felt so amused during the jaw, that he had a stomach-ache for two days afterwards. Everyone had been amused. Bobby said that people would probably remember what I had said, so amusingly and with such an unheard of effect, more than from any other jaw by any other House official of all times. This was the most interesting and enjoyable speech he had ever heard, original and amusing, not even too often off the rails. No, it was not the material, but the way I said it, that was funny. Never, Bobby said, had anyone succeeded so admirably in making so varied a conglomeration of topics as books, serving and stamps sound so interesting. I half expected a riot on causing a riot: far from it: everyone was delighted. I was, however, pretty furious: this had not been the effect I had sought when preparing the jaw, and was not the sort of effect desirable for any House jaw of any description. I wondered what the Housemaster, who had probably overheard the noise, would say: I felt ill at ease.

I went to bed soon, setting the alarm for early Mass: I need a shave badly: the evening had been somewhat over exciting, and I needed plenty of rest afterwards. The wind howled furiously outside, through the one centimetre of open window, past my head and under the door, and I slowly sank into sweet tranquility, bewildered.

Tuesday, 5th. of February.

I got up for early Mass, and called Michael next door as well - according to pre-arranged request. I was just settling down comfortably to Mass, when Father Julian entered by the side door and beckoned to me to serve him. That was my rest finished. I served him in the Monastic Library, at the end; for most of the time my attention was completely distracted by copies of the works of San Juan de la Cruz, in the Spanish, within reach of me on my right. Still, I served without a mistake - true to form once more !

After serving him, I had my usual, probably illegal, short sip at what remained of the serving wine, and then went up to my room, made my bed, and shaved. I only seem to shave when already in a bad state - which does not omen well for the future.

Fried eggs for breakfast once more - I don't mind them at all: I had two. No letters for me: what a disappointing life I seem to be endowed with at intervals. <sup>Ade</sup> ~~Gullip~~ received the results of his Sandhurst medical, with sheets and sheets, all pink, to be filled in and returned at once: everywhere there were abbreviations - which nobody could decipher, even Bunse being at a temporary loss.

After Prayers, 'Sonata de estío' alternated with typing until Mr.Heath came to teach me German at ten-fifteen, as true to schedule: Firth came as well. It seems a veritable task trying to decipher German gothic handwriting, print and capitals: it is harder than the greek alphabet as far as I can see. Mr.Heath just rattled on at a furious pace, and I floundered along as best as I could behind, with Firth to lend me moral support. At eleven-five I checked A.3 once again, and actually had to do some P.T. myself, as there was nothing else to do, and it was not too cold or wet.

There was some sort of meat stew for lunch, with a little pastry to hide it. Then came prunes - and <sup>Ade</sup> ~~Gullip~~ had twenty-one before he stopped; I hope he enjoys his game of rugger afterwards. Conversation was desultory - with <sup>Ade</sup> ~~Gullip~~ trying to persuade me for most of the time that I would make a good commentator on Radio Luxemburg, advertising wares, which would immediatley start selling at record rates. This was a follow-up on my jaw of the previous evening. I saw everyone out of the refectory after lunch - as is a monitor-of-the-week's job - and made my visit. Some 'fixer' was trying and testing and fixing the organ in the temporary Church: he was only playing the extremely high and reedy notes, so that everyone was in a state of elated amusement: nor did he attempt to play any music, so the unmelodious noise that emerged added greatly to everyone's already not insignificant mirth.

46

There was ruggar on Jungle 1, the wettest and muddiest of the grounds our set ever seems to be given. The game was rather a farce - and the ground rather a bog. I again had to take a spray afterwards, for the left hand side of my face, and the hair on that side, were plastered down into the mud when Sutherland went and tackled me. I felt pretty abysmal outwardly, though inside me not even hell-fire could ever alter my jovial good humour.

I went to Prayers at ten past four in my slippers - the black ones - and after that I settled down to some more of the 'Sonata de Estío'. The style is good, and the influence of the Decadents on the theme has improved it and vivified it to almost unreal dimensions. Added to that, there is Inclán's fantastic imagination and his own profound personality haunting this so-called Marques of Bradomin. I am enjoying this short book, though the vocabulary is most certainly exhaustingly varied and unusual.

I said grace for tea: why is there never any proper conversation at this meal? I suppose because of the lack of time allowed. <sup>Mr. Macdonnell</sup> ~~He~~ gave me a class in Spanish Prose in my room at five-fifteen. We discussed the papers I had done in the December exams, and my prospects in Spanish prose <sup>of</sup> ~~for~~ the future. Eventually I did some oral translation from Hardy - which I found abominably tortuous. I am incredibly rusty. He also gave me a prose to do for him, and gave me a book to read - by tomorrow. The remainder of the evening was devoted to the mastering of the German alphabet and some of the more elementary rules - including that Grimm law of sound-change. What a sticky language.

Stick-a-sole for supper, with peas and potatoes. I spent most of the time asking Bobby if he could give me any suggestions for a map practical out-of-doors. In the end I learnt less than I already knew. <sup>Ade</sup> ~~She~~ seems to think I am too keen, and Bunse was merely rather amused. No letters for me yet. After supper I checked up on the House Library, going through the cards for books taken out this term and returned, and then seeing whether or not there was an index-card to correspond with the book. Shute's 'So Disdained' had no index-card to it, so I had to make out a new one. There should be some new books for the library soon.

Prayers at nine, and I collected sixty lines off Andrews and O'Donnel for being late to Church on Sunday. Ivan read through my typed post-mortem of my Monday evening jaw after prayers, and congratulated me on a near infallible memory. I made my laundry and then went to bed, pondering on the German language and the heavy rain outside. It <sup>has</sup> poured since about five o'clock, and still it rains without any sign of a pause: there is little wind, and it is not cold: I suspect that I am developing a boil on my right knee: it dunn' half hurt! Long lie to-morrow!

Wednesday 6th. of February.

I had my long-lie in peace today. This is a welcome change. I slipped down to the Temp. at five to eight, and then went up to breakfast. Bobby turned up for breakfast at about ten past eight - he had a longer long-lie than the others ! Still not a letter for me. I am beginning to feel sorely disappointed that Ingrid has not written so much as half a line yet; I can't believe that she does not intend to write, and yet the facts of it seem to point overwhelmingly in that direction. I do not seem to be able to think of anything to cheer me up. This is in direct contradiction to the theory that Nature is in common sympathy with man. For the past three weeks - or two weeks at least - it has rained almost every single day: to-day it is fine, though a slight wind cheers the air, and yet I am feeling melancholy. While it rained I managed to preserve my spirits: as soon as there is a lull in the storm, my spirits fail me. I must be an odd creature ! I suppose I am liable to aftermaths or something similar..... Bangers for breakfast, and pop-corns, or whatever they are called: I had rather more than I could comfortably get rid off.

I put my bull-fighting pack of cards up this morning - along the top of the panelling, fitting into the picture-hook slot along the woodwork. There are enough to go right round the room, though I have left two small gaps clear - so as to prevent monotony. The effect of these coloured cards, all different in design, is truly startling: all my other pictures - my own drawings - being merely in black and white. It is good to have some colour about the place.

I did some typing to start with - and then I moved on to an essay on Spanish-American poetic theory, - in Spanish -, which <sup>Mr. Macdonnell</sup> gave me last night. He wanted it returning to his locker not later than twelve o'clock. It is a good article, comparing Poe's poetic principles with the poems of Silva, and seeing how much the Latin-American poet was influenced by Poe all the way through. I once read Poe's 'Raven', and I was, well, not impressed, but certainly rather amused and awed by the effects. Bellville has my Poe at the moment: he has had it since the start of last term, and it is about time that I asked him to return it to me ! After reading this article, not so very long, I returned to German grammar. The article was the main point at stake - and I think I mastered it rapidly: it is not so difficult, many of the parts being identical. I also revised what I learnt - or tried to learn - yesterday: I discovered that I had forgotten at least half of it.

At twelve o'clock I collected a map, a service protractor, and a compass, from Brother Simon, changed into rugger shorts and rugger shirt, and went out to do some

reconnoitering on Lion's Hill. This is in advance, so as to get some first-hand idea of the ground I intend to use for the Map practical on Friday. At first I was well, happy enough and warm - but that could have lasted longer. Each field was quite water-logged, the lower fields more so than the higher ones: everywhere there was mud - and water - and more mud. I was wearing gym-shoes: rigger-boots would have been little better, and boots a positive menace: so I just endured it all as best I could. I skirted the edge of Lion's Hill, and went round the front of it before ascending. There was a good view from here, and I almost made this a definite place from which to take directional findings: in fact, I returned here later on, when I had exhausted other possibilities. I went on up a steep ridge, on to the plateau dominating the entire mound of a hill, and from this flat piece of ground, one of the heighest for a long distance, I descended into the valley on the far side: the Gilling side. Here I made the first obser-  
-vation spot, and took bearings of Gilling Church Tower, the ~~flooded~~ flooded field, a farm on the extreme left, and the farm across the valley. Hence I moved on, once more up the hill, to my second site spot, whence a view was to be had embracing just about Oswaldkirk Village, and various establishments belonging to the school - the Bolton houses, St.Thomas's, and the up and coming site for St.Hugh's. I was by now very cold - especially in the hands, from over-much use of the metal-cased compass. I spent some time looking for another place on that brow of the hill, but without any success, and so I was obliged to return to the first place I had passed without bothering about. It was two-thirty when I arrived back at the House. I had a much needed wash, washed out my rigger stockings, and then tidied myself up for ~~Charles~~ <sup>Mr. Cassart</sup>'s tea-party in the village.

I went up to tea - but only for a cup to drink - and I was glad to go, as dear old Terence was rather dominating the table talk with his trash on how much milk he was about to dispose of. His jokes were unpleasing, and I was in a slight mood.

I cycled down to the village at four-fifteen, and stopped at Thompson's for a malt loaf and some butter: Peter will be coming along tonight, and the only other stuff left is that Christmas cake - rapidly nearing its end. It was a rush buying this stuff, as tea with ~~Charles~~ <sup>Mr. Cassart was</sup> at four-thirty: after the food, I remembered the much wanted new battery, and stopped for that too. I arrived at Mrs.Foxe's exactly on time, with Young just at the door. For most of ~~the~~ tea-time we were at work on the food, and for the remainder of the time we discussed French politics, true to ~~Charles~~ <sup>Mr. Cassart's</sup> tradition. Also there were Dunworth and Meyer: I am afraid that I was not in the right mood for appreciating food: I was feeling abstracted. I have

a horrid suspicion that I have wasted a whole day - and a Wednesday at that. Tea ended at five-thirty-five - it may have been a little later - and then we all rushed back to Shack in the darkness. I was feeling slightly disappointed.

It certainly was a rush being back in time for supper, but I just made it, hot all over. Fried eggs for all, with potatoes and peas to accompany them: I seem to recollect that we have been having fried eggs and peas for the past week at least. Thank God I like eggs ! I am sorry for those who don't: they must be having a hard time. After supper I returned to the House for my spectacles, which I find indispensable for films, and then went down to the Theatre. All the soft seats were taken. Last week I had been forced to sit in a wooden one, and it was absolute Hell, so I walked out today before the film-show began. I was in a furious temper for the remainder of the evening. Hang it all, I came back here to enjoy myself after winning an award at a University, and then I can't even obtain a seat at the weekly film-show - and last week I had been extraordinarily lucky in having even a wooden one. No Sir: I am not standing for any wooden seats: it's bad enough having to attend a cinema performance without a girl-friend to keep you company, and then they serve you up with wooden seats in to which I, for one, can certainly not fit. And this is the only recreation in the course of an entire week ! I sat in the Major's room for a while, reading the papers: he asked me if I was going to the film: I replied in the negative: I only wish he had asked why not. I lacked courage enough to tell him face to face - as I still feel rotten after that house jaw on Monday night. That jaw has made me lose all the confidence I have ever had - which was not over-abundant.

I am in a bloody mood this evening, and the trouble is that I don't know quite why. I feel disappointed and disillusioned, tired and yet not bored. This film business has put me right out: I am sick of Shack organisation. I wish Ingrid would write - Oh how I miss her ! The idea drives me crazy: I feel bloody well irritated, cooped up here so incapable of doing anything I like. All a person's likes in this place are summed up under the words 'cigarettes', and 'cards', and I hate them both, completely: I refuse to abdicate my decency and self-respect to the vile smoking of those base things called cigarettes - whatever their purposes, which are, I believe, few. I want Ingrid at all costs, and some sherry at once: the very thought of smoke nauseates me, the very thought of Ingrid drives me to frenzied loss of all understanding and reason. I am sick for the want of a kiss: the maids here are lousy: what have they done to the Italian ones ? I suppose the authorities thought we would give in to their charm - despite the strictest of

Catholic educations.

Peter came at about a quarter to nine, when the film ended. He was eighteen a few days ago, and so with him he brought a Dundee cake sent, presumably, from home. He read through my account of the jaw I gave on Monday, and was amused. From the Dundee cake we moved to the brown malt loaf, and then to the inevitable Christmas cake. I could make little good conversation, such was the blackness of my dark and abysmal mood: I thirst for Ingrid. After a while I went over to St. Aidan's, and had a look at Peter's room. He is sharing with an Irish boy. It was a larger room than my own, but the decorations could have been more luxurious: for the most part they consisted of Guinness adverts and Lager adverts, with a vast, framed map, hanging near horizontally from one of the walls. This map gave one the impression of being in perpetual mid-flight, about to land on whomsoever might be below. The books were not very interesting as far as I was concerned: Peter's were all on 'Light' and 'Heat' and other scientific or mathematic formulae, while the Irish boy's were on the theory of history, the use of history, and countless battles and military engagements of the past. There were no books of what I would term 'cultural' interest. Still, maybe there was more charm to the room than I noticed at the time, beneath the black cape of my fury. We returned to St. Oswald's for a few moments, eating somewhat more, and discussing Peter's approaching exams: his exams start on Monday. At ten o'clock he returned to his house; I washed and then went to bed, where I ate half my lunch-packet and an orange two weeks old: it was quite delicious.

Thursday 7th. of February.

I was called by Bobby at seven fifteen - or just slightly after. I went down to Mass, and then breakfast followed at eight-three. Corn-flakes to start with - and I don't fancy them all that much - with bacon to follow: the seconds of bacon were very good. No letter for me, and not a word from London yet: I at once began to feel disillusioned.

I did a Spanish prose for the first two periods, taking my time over it: it was a poem by Shelley, called 'Ozymandias', starting with 'I met a traveller from an antique land': it is a poem that has always stirred me, and I enjoyed translating it. At ten-fifteen Mr. Heath came along to teach Firth and me some more German. We started on noun declensions, and I was soon utterly lost: what a maze of lists of umlaut exceptions! At eleven-five I checked the A. squads for House P.T., as I am monitor of the week: quite a few people were absent. It was windy, but not over cold. In the eleven-thirty period I drew up three exemplaires of my Corps Map



practical for Friday; the whole affair seems to have sorted itself out very well - probably during my sleep. R.I. with Paddy at twelve-fifteen. Wright gave a talk, or at least started on one, concerning God made Man, and Christ on earth; he was soon being tied in knots by that terrible, would-be-heretic, Thomas. It was an interesting discussion, but Wright lacked Firth's powers of persuasion, although he was vastly superior to Dunworth in his knowledge of the subject and his ability to argue.

It was raining quite heavily when class ended, and Peter and I ran back to St. Oswald's. There was a regulation slab of ambiguous meat for lunch, followed by what is commonly known as stodge: I desisted. I felt in rather a bad mood, as I felt a cold rapidly welling up within me. After lunch, comble de mon malheur, there was a run to Oswaldkirk, via the half-mile. It poured from half-past two, when we left, until we got back, and late on into the night. I was soaked along my left side before we reached the half-mile, and once ~~at that~~ <sup>here</sup>, it was not long before I was twice as wet on the other side. There was a furious wind, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. I kept at the front until we reached the branch - the short-cut - back to Shack, where I slowed down to keep an eye on ~~the~~ <sup>would-be</sup> idlers. I supposed it would be my duty to see who went the right way for his run, and who merely left a part off. Everyone, except two of the monitors - shame on them - went the right way. It was three-twenty-five when I arrived back at Shack: the run had taken me almost an hour. For the first part of the run I was generally warm: towards the end I just shivered. Having to go on a run on a day like this! I had a spray afterwards, to warm me up slightly, and then went down to Prayers at four-fifteen. Loyd's desk was a shambles: I gave him until Prayers tomorrow morning to tidy it.

I finished 'Sonata de Estío'. Personally, I think it is potentially better than even 'Atala' or 'René'. The copy I read was abridged, however, and I think that it is this which is so largely to blame for the impression 'Sonata de Estío' gives ~~me~~ of being a badly cut up diary, unconnected in places, and speeding far too rapidly and unrealistically from scene to scene. It makes it all the more vivid, that is true, but perhaps too vivid and fleeting. The vocabulary is tremendously rich and imaginative, and the Marqués has an absorbing Don Juan character: all told, everything is designed to captivate the reader fully - perhaps too fully. Possibly the Decadent element - the search to be arresting - is overemphasised, and detracts from the quality of the book as a whole. Still, I wouldn't mind reading Inclán's 'Sonata de Otoño' some time: it is supposed to be his best.

I spent the remainder of the evening typing, and then learning some of the key parts to all these German noun declensions. It was a trial, for, added to the difficulty of learning their many parts, I was suffering the first effects of a bad cold. At supper I was in rather a silent sulk, and I went to bed at five past eight - with the Major's keen permission: I suppose he saw I was in a sulk, and wanted to be rid of me as soon as possible. Moreover, personally, I just couldn't stand the idea of a monitor's meeting after prayers, with everyone smoking fit to flood the chimney and kill the air. I lent ~~Carl~~ Ade my unused table-lamp before going to bed: he was impressed by the bull-fighting cards up on the wall. It took me a long time to fall asleep, because of all the noise of people passing by on the Gallery. Eventually, sleep triumphed over noise and cold, and I slept.

Friday 8th. of February.

I was called at seventeen minutes past seven - later every day - by the Major himself. I dressed very speedily and went to the Temp. I soon discovered that my cold had anything but forsaken me: Mass became agony. To add to my general state of mental and moral decay, there ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> egg shakes for breakfast - the very sight whereof is enough to make me more than suitably sick. I left breakfast at an early stage - still without so much as a letter from anywhere.

The morning went by in one hectic rush. I shaved as soon as I had made my bed, and then went down to Prayers. Afterwards, I spent the first period typing, and the second period ~~in~~ cleaning my Corps boots and ~~in~~ blessing the tones of my ugly brasses. After that I had to change into rigger clothes for Sixth Form P.T., at eleven o'clock. Usually I change at about ten to eleven, but to-day there was German with Mr. Heath at ten-fifteen, so I had to change before his class with me. To-day we started on the essential verbs - which are not too hard, except when you start compounding them into future-perfects and so on. I am not looking forwards to learning all these verbs! Mr. Heath was charming, but nothing that he could do could really make a language such as German much easier. He sure smokes a great deal: there is such a lot of smoke left in the room after his class, that everyone else on the Gallery suspects ~~that~~ I have now taken up smoking!

I was not on very good form for the Sixth Form P.T. We started with the medicine ball stunt, which a fool can do - but which, to-day, I was unable to. Then there was climbing the ropes, which, to-day, I could not do either: I could not get the foot-work right. Then there was vaulting, about the only thing I cannot do on the normal day, but at which I excelled this morning! What an odd life I seem to lead!

### ASSAULT

1. MAKE a map - including trees, scrub, hedges, streams, paths, roads and approximate contours - of the position to which you have been brought. Mark clearly your own position and the enemy's position.

State whether your attack is to be at PLATOON or SECTION level.

Trace out on the map, as neatly and clearly as possible, the various stages of the assault from the start to the end of the attack. Then write an account, precise and in military style, of how the attack should be conducted.

Remember: Use your weapons to maximum advantage - smoke, grenades, bren, mortar etc.  
Use the ground so that it will help you, not the enemy.  
Use tactics thoughtfully: be original, be logical, be precise.

2. Compile another map, as for assault, with emphasis on your own defence position. This defence position will be that previously held by the enemy.

Say how long you would spend over building the defences - an hour or a few days.

Remember: use camouflage, either natural or artificial.  
1. Trees, bushes, earth, branches etc.  
2. sandbags, planks, barbed-wire etc.

Be imaginative - use the ground well: place your weapons well: anticipate enemy tactics.

The point of defence is not to be seen and, if seen, to be immune from enemy attack.

I changed back into Corps Kit after the P.T. Downstairs I met Father Basil, who was astounded to see me every half hour in different disguise! I spent that eleven-thirty period typing out the remaining orders for the Map Practical of the afternoon: it was a frantic rush. After the typing I had to arrange paper and some form of cardboard supports on which to write: I had everything ready just as it struck twelve-fifteen. R.I. with Paddy, and Wright battling along on the same old theme, with about the same amount of success. It was left to Paddy to provide some missing links, and explain why there was any point in Christ's dying for us: he did this so as to beat Satan on his own ground, for to Satan belong vice and death - which is, as a rule, the punishment for vice -. I had never heard that one before, though it sounded quite feasible.

Fish and potato pie for lunch, as per norm on Fridays. My cold is beginning to subside. I spent most of the meal discussing my afternoon's tactics with Bunse and Bobby and Ade, who all thought I was being rather 'indecent' - not decent. They all wondered whether the people under my sway would be able to complete their task before five or six in the evening. I affirmed that they would.

After lunch I put the Company on parade, and most of the parade went quite without flaw. Towards the end, Brother Simon began changing some of the older rules, which momentarily tripped me up, but otherwise I was quite in form, and not, for a change, embarrassed. I think my Scholarship has done me a lot of good. I put my section on the move, collected four compasses and some Service Protractors, and then we all went to ~~the~~ <sup>Lion's</sup> ~~hill~~ <sup>Hill</sup>. To keep them from mutiny, I gave them their orders in advance - I thought this might keep them busy and cheerful for a while. I kept on reminding them that the sooner we reached ~~the~~ <sup>Lion's</sup> ~~hill~~ <sup>Hill</sup>, the sooner they could begin their work, and thus return to Shack afterwards. The ground at the foot of ~~the hill~~ <sup>the hill</sup> was very wet, and rather muddy: I felt rather sorry for the poor chaps: my only excuse being that my own boots would be getting dirty as well as theirs, and my firm belief in the value of out-of-doors practicals instead of perpetual class-room work. Eventually I put three of the squad under Dan, and sent them to their corner of the plateau, and myself took the remainder to their respective places. They were in a fine grouse by now! I left them with their instructions and maps, and told them they could return as soon as they had taken the necessary bearings and had given the land a look-over. They were not very enthusiastic. I spent some time hopping over from one group to another, until they had all done their work and disappeared; only then did I myself go back to Shack; I arrived at three-twenty-five, hot and muddy, but satisfied. I washed my Corps boots and gaiters as

soon as possible, to stop the mud from 'settling'. The gaiters washed well, though they will soon be needing some more blanco: the boots also washed fairly well, but, being boots, are never really meant to be washed. Everyone was teasing me, ~~having~~ <sup>having</sup> heard that my squad had got its boots in a bad state: and what about it? My own suffered too - and a little polish will bring them up to scratch withing ten minutes, I can almost guarantee. In any case, next time I shall make my section parade in denims: this order was forgotten in the last notice for parade, to my temporary anger.

Prayers at four-fifteen: ~~Loyd's~~ <sup>Loyd's</sup> desk was actually tidy for once, but this time it was Loyd himself who was missing. I did some typing in the four-fifteen period, and then went up to tea: Ivan said grace for once, being at last more or less on time. I wasn't particularly hungry. Quite an interesting maid who serves the House at the refectory hot-plate: she actually smiles from time to time, unlike the others, such a grim and motley crew: I think this one is English, though it is conceivable that she be Irish. I don't suppose I had better ascertain.

I spent most of the evening calmly sliding through my many German verbs: they are not too bad, and there is such a classical precision about each exception that it makes you wonder at this perfect language. I kept on discovering similarity after similarity, and seeing through rule after rule: what the heck of a careful tongue; I am enjoying this unusual correctness of which it can boast - so far. I was so absorbed by my verbs, that Michael had to come to my room to collect me for presiding in the Big Study for the last period of the evening: I had totally forgotten. There was a low hiss from the members of the House at work in the Study when I arrived: am I that unpopular? There was perfect silence for the remainder of the period, and I went on with my verbs.

Sardines and potatoes for supper: the sardines were in very cheap olive oil, and their taste was subsequently most unpleasant. I spent the remainder of the night in collecting maps from members of my course: they were pretty scrappy: I shall correct them in detail at some later date. We had a jaw from the Major before Prayers - thus breaking with custom - on Confession: He was quite amusing, though at one point I felt he was being a heretic: he said that it was impossible for man not to sin: I disagree. He corrected himself slightly later on, by modifying the 'impossible'. I went to bed on time, with an overlarge slice of cake to see me off: the cake is nearing its end: it is also going dry. I spent most of the night repeating German verbs to myself: they're fun. It is warm to-day, but windy too: no rain for a change, though the sky was most overcast for most of the time - especially when I was on ~~Lion's Hill~~ <sup>Lion's Hill</sup> with the others.

55

Saturday 9th. of February.

At breakfast, I thought this was going to be another bad day, despite the fairness of the weather. I was wrong. Somehow or other I became cheerful as the morning progressed - although there had been not a letter for me at breakfast, to my utter amazement.

I typed for the first period and part of the second, when I revised my German verbs. Mr. Heath turned up punctually at ten-fifteen, and to-day we explored the realms of the German adjective, numerals, and more gender rules. I felt rather dim on the whole. After the class, Firth and I just delighted in telling ourselves how wonderful the weather was: we only separated as he had to check P.T., and I too for the House. Half the B.2 squad, with the House 'terribles' in it, was absent. It was a beautiful morning: the sky clear, the air cool but not cold. I thought happily of the summer: where will I be when that time of year comes round again? In Germany, probably. Far, far away, learning a new language and new customs, living a new life, working at a different sort of work, living a new routine, different from this one; I may, in fact, be earning some money then.

I spent the two periods after break in cleaning my corps boots and in starting Pereda's 'Peñas Arriba': it looks as though it is going to take a long time to read. I felt contented and indolent, almost slothful: not a worry - and yet at the back of my mind something pricked me, reminding me that I have not written to Ingrid for over a week: although she may not write to you, you cannot take that as an excuse for not writing to her: besides, I genuinely want to write to her, and not merely out of any feeling of obligation or cool amitié: this is serious.

Curried meat and raw rice for lunch: it was good, but the curry was too much curry - if I make myself ~~possibly~~ intelligible. Bobby spent most of his time running down Pembroke College, and St. John's too - on some one else's advice: I tried not to become irritated. He claimed that Pembroke is only the size of Christ Church Gate House: I refused to affirm or deny this, as I don't exactly know how far C.C. Gate House extends. I am too sincere and honest for this lousy old world. After lunch, a run. This started at two-thirty, and was along the course of the Senior <sup>Cross-</sup>Country ~~(Cross-)~~ run. The weather was ideal, and, as we were not wanted back in the House before three-twenty-five, we were free to walk for a great deal of the way. I was accompanied for most of the time by Michael: conversation, negligible. I can never think clearly on a run, as the sound of my inner wheezing completely distracts my every thought: I merely enjoy the sight of the adjacent countryside. The ground was wet, but not boggy, and I succeeded in keeping dryish.

On the way back to Shack, I was struck <sup>by</sup> ~~with~~ the artistic decay and rise of the Old Church and St. Hugh's. St. Hugh's has now reached the top of the third storey, which is, I think, good going, while the Old Church has started on its decline with the loss of its stained glass windows - or at least quite a few of them. St. Hugh's is the symbol of our school in the future, new, sturdy, with a glorious view, sedate, and interesting - as well as ~~quite~~ impressive. From any distance one might well mistake it for a castle of old, or a New York sky-scraper in the making. The Old Church begins to look as we have all wanted it to appear for many years: disappearing. The windows gape cavernously, and inside the darkness is very black and sinister: how long before the whole old Church will have gone? I like it, but it is too small and uncomfortable: we must be practical, in accordance with our age.

I had a delicious warm bath on my return to the House, with Bobby's appro. I decided to have my once-weekly-minimum-bath now, instead of in the evening, after Benediction, when there is always a chain of people for it. I washed my hair while I was about the job, and just lay there and listened to the conversation floating over the wooden partition that separates the bath-room from the wash-place. They, the remainder of the Gallery at that time washing after the run, were all frantically discussing the probable outcome of the Ireland v. England Rugger match: Henry was being bombarded because Ireland was losing: he was irritated. After my bath I put on clean linen, and then went up to tea. Bug had just finished saying grace when I entered.

About half way through tea there was no more milk: I was furious. The refectory emptied bit by bit. I kept on staring, absolutely unintentionally, in the direction of the hot-plates: the maid happened to be there and, eventually, thinking hard, managed to produce some more milk - which she beckoned me to fetch. Everyone on my table - the top table - was astonished once again to see the successful outcome of my personal charm (!) (?). I was amused. I enjoyed what was left of tea, and then went back to my room: <sup>Czajk</sup> ~~Cherov~~ doesn't half believe in flirting. As a matter of fact, any flirting in which he was involved seemed to me to be largely on the part of the House maid - who instigated and began. Still, the future omens ill, for all.

Prayers at five-fifteen, and then I returned to my room and spent most of a period cleaning my comb: I thought this would be a good idea, because I had just washed my hair: I am a logical person at heart, whatever Bug or Ivan may think! I spent some time relearning my German, and I also put in a new ribbon for the old machine. I think it was just beginning to need it. Pies for supper - and I had more than

was exactly good for me. I felt loathsome afterwards. I spent the little free time ~~there~~ there is on a Saturday evening, ~~in~~ reading the papers: no news now-a-days. Benediction at eight-twenty: peoples' voices are far too loud in the Temp. When everyone was singing, there was just one big, deafening roar: you can hardly hear yourself think: we are quite toneless.

I spent quite a time after Benediction ~~in~~ preparing something for the House Punch entertainments: I thought of giving another jaw, this time, of course, on some different topics - such as the wireless, P.T. and etiquette. The trouble would lie in the audience's expecting something funny to start with, however, whereas when I gave my House jaw it expected something serious. This jaw business would be far too risky - because it involves the judging of moods and so on. So I thought better of it - on Bobby's advice - and changed tactics. I spent much of the night simply thinking of this entertainments affair: I would like to be able to contribute something, as this is my last term and my last Punch. I would, so to speak, like to leave with a bang.

Sunday, 10th. of February.

A fine morning again. This is good. Mass threatened to end rather late, but good old Father Anthony left out the after Mass prayers, which really relieved me. There was a marvelous surprise for breakfast: we were served up with toast - or at least a type of baked bread, rather like rusks. It was intended to be toast, but had obviously been made en masse: I tried to appreciate this unexpected pleasure: I was hindered by the brevity of breakfast. I had to dash to my room, just as the bell was ringing, to make my bed, and then dash back to the Big Study to make sure everyone in the House went down to Prayers - for monitor of the week applies right up to the following Sunday.

I spent the whole morning - or most of it - ~~in~~ writing a short skit for the House Punch. It was modelled on my interludes in the 'Four Years and a Term', and Bobby enjoyed reading it. Ivan was definitely enthusiastic. I must try to think of some more gags, however. At eleven-thirty I had a jaw from Brother Simon, our Company Commander, on what to do and what not to do in Corps: he is going to reform the entire Company procedure for getting on parade: there's going to be some fun! I then wrote a letter home, to Mummy, telling her that I have started learning that odd language, known by many as German. I still have not written to Ingrid: my conscience pricks hard and fast. My life is far too busy.

At two-thirty I went down with Ivan and Bobby to watch an 'A' match versus the



58

Royal Signals. It took place on the Old Match ground, a swamp of slithery slime. We didn't put up a particularly brilliant show until a few minutes before the end - but some of the visiting team players were comic! No. 9 stood about five foot six off the ground: his hair looked as though it had been cut in a pan: his shorts were three-quarters long, baggy, skirt-like, hideously floppy. And the fellow just sort of trundled along, podgy, heavy, shambly, with a spare stocking tied round one of his ankles - maybe it was a knot to remind him to take off his stockings after the game? - as Bobby wisely suggested. The weather was good, and not cold, about the only redeeming feature. For much of the time we discussed Muscles junior, a living likeness of his elder brother of happiest memory: this new fellow seems to have shown some sparks of genius recently - unlike his brother, who is at the moment at Sandhurst: little has been heard ~~from~~ <sup>of</sup> him ~~of~~ lately.

We managed to stagger back ~~up~~ to Shack after the game, for being in boots you tend to tire quickly: Bobby was struck by the missing windows in the Old Church, and by the impressiveness of St. Hugh's - as I was yesterday.

Tea brought with it another miracle, in the guise of cakes. I thought I'd be bright for a change, so I asked the maid - this time a dim young thing of about thirteen, if there were some more cakes: she went away and brought me back a whole plateful! Was I astonished, and was the Top Table put off for a while: so I had three cakes for tea, instead of one. I saw everyone out in time, at one minute to five - with ~~crack~~ <sup>Crack</sup> last out again - and then retired to the sanctuary of my room. There I began a letter to Ingrid, written and not typed: I was feeling immensely poetic at the time, so the letter was one long, Biblical-type lament over the abandoning of the beloved by the lover. At six-twenty we were all at Vespers, which consisted of a change in the psalms after the first one: my voice had gone from all the cheering at the match: I felt nettled.

Tea for supper - and a long argument with Ivan over whether or not, when rehearsing a play of any sort, the dialogue should be learnt without the action: I maintain it should never be separated, and he said it could and should be - as when one hears a play on the wireless, where one cannot see any action: here I reminded him of those famous B.B.C. sound-effects. Father Bernard was amused at our arguing. After supper I went over the script of the play with Ivan, and wrote out a new one: this took until twenty to ten, or later, when Bobby took over the machine to do his Company notices for the morrow's parade. I washed, tidied up, and went to bed a very tired fellow. It was quiet outside, and warm, and dry: there's bound to be a thunderstorm or something similar brewing. It is worrying. Nearly no cake left!

Monday 11th of February.

It will soon be St. Valentine's day, and I have not a card to send: what, tell me what, can I do? Produce my own cards or send none at all; I can't think of any other alternatives.

I dragged myself out of my most beloved bed, so warm and comfortable at this time of morning, and went to Mass. Bug was the only other house-monitor there. Mass went on - and on, with Father Anthony saying it: he started slightly late, which worried me, foolish, carnate human that I am. Mass ended very much on time. Breakfast was good to-day: tomatoes and bacon and rock as well as the inevitable tea: I had seconds, and enjoyed them. I thought, as I happily ate away, of the poor devils on the third table - for little devils they so trully are - who in all probability would never have seconds for many years to come. Still, I, too, had to suffer similar torment for about four years or so. This is, indeed, the first term I have ever been able to obtain seconds with any regularity: and I am enjoying having seconds. I am a glutton. No letter for me: I despair in silent abject-ion.

For the first period Skipton Peter read through my script, which he likes: he has his doubts, however, as to whether it will be passed, because of all the dragging involved. I busied myself with my brasses: I wish I had blanced my gaiters: they are beginning to need some more paint. They are looking thin and weedy just now, which fills me with proud revulsion. My military German blood coming, once more, to the despotic foreground! In the second period I typed, and in the third along came Mr. Heath and Firth, the one to teach, the other to share with me in the task of learning the noble German tongue. I enjoy these classes.

At the end of class, Firth told me in a tête à tête how much he abhorred Corps: it's good to know he's normal too! He is the Company Under-Officer, and I his C.S.M.: we are both very perturbed at the Commanding Officer's proposed reforms within the company and its system of going on parade, etc. In the elevn<sup>n</sup> o'clock break I shaved, at the same time telling Holmes & Ted, our ~~C.Q.M.S.~~ <sup>C.Q.M.S.</sup>, what to do on parade; I only wish I knew what to do myself! In the following prep I corrected the maps done by my section in their practical, on Friday: most of them were well nigh useless. Either people forgot to answer a question, or else they answered far too rough and readily, or else just without the slightest sign of a clue. Zaluski's was one of the better, but suffered from the military defect of being artistic rather than designed for tactical manoeuvres! Many of the others, too, tended to the geographical, and pseudo-artistic rather than what was wanted.

After marking the maps - which meant that I looked through them and wrote brief but pungent criticisms on a separate sheet of paper - I prepared a lecture on assault and defence. There was by now but little time left, so I relied largely on my own memory rather than on the Corps pamphlet provided for the purpose of teaching in Corps lectures. Consequently, I ended up with some rather startling statements - typed out on a sheet of paper for reference during the course - which were both original and unusual; I hope I am not perverting the army ! I picked out three features to be born in mind at all times when attacking or defending - weapons at one's disposal, the land, and tactics. Weapons and land I dealt with fairly orthodoxly: as for tactics, I decided that the accepted flanking movements were becoming old-fashioned and drab: so I reinstated the frontal attack - with the aid of surprise and silence. I proposed to obtain this suddenness and surprise by distracting the enemy's attention: this, in my opinion, could be done either by dropping a smoke bomb on enemy headquarters at a critical moment, or by sending a lone sniper, with an L.M.G., to some remote position, and by ordering him to fire rapids, changing position slightly now and then, at the enemy position. This should, according to my theories, turn the enemy's attention entirely away from the place where your own side is lurking, silent and unsuspected. I think that not nearly enough attention is given now-a-days to the element of surprise in attack. Surely, even in the best of flanking movements, many lives are lost: many victories, quite overwhelming, have in the past been won because they took place so out of the blue. Now-a-days too many people smoke and sing when in attack: it tends to give one's positions away. Discipline and surprise and silence are my hopes for a greater England of the future !

R.I. with Paddy, and Wright tried to finish on Christ made Man: Villiers would not let him. Villiers, the stoic, sham Protestant sceptic, had a bee in his bonnet about Christ's being a Brighton faith healer. He continued in the same tone throughout the session, ruining all hopes of a reasonable, non-lower-fourth-level argument at exalted levels. Paddy was genuinely worried over Villier's mischievous attitude to the whole serious problem. I made about the only worthwhile remark to be proclaimed that class - on what the Pharisees had expected our Lord, their Messiah, to be like in true life. Paddy quoted me at the end, saying I had spoken sense: first time I have ever been quoted !

Lunch was O.K. I had a piece of intestinal tubing in my meat, which made me feel sickly - but I recovered. Afterwards there was Corps: we paraded in slightly different positions this time, facing the Theatre instead of Temple Hill: I made

several minor blunders. To-day we practised parading in the new, up to date way, which no little confused me. I don't suppose I was feeling very bright at the time. I fell out the Courses, and took mine up to No.9 classroom, where I issued my section with denims: they all complained that they were the wrong sizes! I spent the first half of the class in pulling their maps to pieces, and in telling them how they should in fact have been done. After having my little fun, I gave them their lecture on assault and defence, warning them ~~of~~ what might be expected of them next parade. I intend making them go somewhere - place as yet not decided - and write out on paper how they would propose to assault it, giving their own strength and weapons: also, secondly, how they would defend it. I told them to seek originality and enterprise, to use some imagination allied with logic: they were slightly surprised at the unusualness of my lecturing system and matter. Unlike Skipton Peter's section, which Peter always complains falls asleep as he talks, my own group grew almost over enthusiastic and lively. I dismissed them at three-ten, to their glee. Brother Simon reminded me of my orders on parade, after I had left the class-room, and gave me a minor talk: he, neither, was particularly struck by the dimness of my section's maps: he liked Zaluski's. Good old Simon: the artistic temperament - 'for everyman is born a poet ....' and he has still retained a spark of his first being.

Peter and I chatted in my room until about four-seven, when I rapidly changed back into civvies. Apparently there was an earthquake as we spoke, but neither of us noticed. In the next period I finished my letter to Ingrid, which I posted straight after tea: hope she likes it! For the remainder of the evening I felt indolent: I sat in the armchair and slowly ploughed through the Pereda novel 'Peñas Arriba', which is said to be his best. It is certainly his longest. I think I will finish it by the end of term, with luck! I was feeling happy and sleepy, with no worries for a few more days. My bulb 'went', as bulbs go, and I went down and asked the Major for another one, which he willingly enough gave me: he then asked me if I had heard the tremor: I told him that whenever I hear any noises of dubious origins, I attribute them at once to the putting in of new floors in St. Hugh's. He was amused.

Supper - with hot potato, by which I mean full of pepper: I disliked it. I emptied the stamp tin: there were a hundred and forty stamps in it, which is a very marked improvement from the time when I gave my house jaw! Father Bernard was pleased. I had my first letter for weeks this evening - from my mother: I felt relieved. After supper I went through the script with Ivan: we almost know our

62

parts by heart. I have given my script first copy to Father Bernard to be censored: I wish he would hurry up with it, and either condemn it or extol it, preferably the latter. I wished Ingrid were here: what a difference that would make. I tried to pretend Ivan was Ingrid, but after about five minutes Ivan almost melted with hysterics and suppressed self-giggles. I gave that up pretty soon. In the late evening I put in the new sheet for my bed, as it takes too long to do this in the short morning break between breakfast and prayers. As I will be monitor of the day on Wednesday, I decided to have my long lie to-morrow, although the noise of other people getting up will probably awaken me fully. What a life! And nearly no cake left now.

Tuesday 12th of February.

I was, indeed, awoken by adjacent noises at about twenty to seven, and again at seven-ten: finally, Ivan called me at twenty to eight. I dressed at a leisurely pace - just to give life variety - and went down to the Temp about three minutes behind time. The valley was covered in frost, and a thick blanket of white mist hung thickly to the valley floor, stopping dead just below the top of Temple Hill, which rose in dignified manner above the surrounding sea of white. It was a really glorious morning, with the mist staying until lunch-time. This is the first frost for some time. The sky was clear, blue, slightly red in the distance: the air was crisp and clean: I felt immensely comfortable.

Fried eggs for breakfast - and I had seconds once more: no letter or parcel. I spent much of the morning wondering whether my parcel ever reached London - the parcel with the 'Four Years and a Term'. I shall have to write for at least an acknowledgement of its arrival there: I am glad I registered it. I hope the parcel did not come to pieces. I ploughed on for a while with the 'Peñas Arriba', which is good but stiff work: I never seem to appreciate masterpieces, especially of any length. I suppose I am superficial at heart - or am I? I then did some more typing, slightly overdue, and learnt some German prior to Mr. Heath's arrival. What a beautiful morning! Birds hopping up to my window-box for nonexistent food, cows lowing in the valley, and warmth and peace everywhere: and no worries.

I checked A.1 at eleven-five, with Henry and Thomas slacking: Thomas was merely earthbound, as per norm, Henry lazy. Leslie really could not be bothered, and Chris was enjoying himself changing the rules of P.T. I enjoyed checking in this sort of weather: I suppose that those doing P.T. probably enjoyed it in these conditions. After P.T. I went over to Junior House, which is on the right of Shack, to inspect the alleged cracks in the road, due in part to the earth tremor yesterday, and in part to some building in progress thereabouts. One side of the road that skirts

the Junior House was at right angles to the rest - vertical as opposed to horizontal: it is going to cost a pretty packet to have all this mended - if it can be mended. I spoke with the workmen there for a while, and then sauntered slowly back to the House. I arrived just as the bell was tolling twenty-five past the hour. I spent the two next periods in looking out of the window and enjoying Nature in her pre-Spring glory; now and then I reverted to the 'Peñas Arriba', which is slow and stiffish work. Far too much Nature description, treated in a careful and, on the whole, monotonous and repetitive way: I must beware of that when I start writing myself.

There was an excellent apple-pie suite for lunch, of which I succeeded in obtaining seconds - to my amazement, its being the Third table's seconds day par excellence. Bobby was talking about Surrealism and fourth dimensions - as regards a historical farce written on Versailles by two Oxford woman Dons half a century ago. We tore it to pieces. After lunch, leaving the Penance Walk at two-thirty, there was a run along the Senior Cross-Country Course. I led from the start, as I was feeling rather good - owing entirely to the weather - and I completed the course in thirty-seven minutes, as opposed to the fifty-five minutes last time I covered the ground. I almost enjoyed the run: the conditions were ideal: it was not warm, not cold: the sun was shining, and the frost-covered grass had started thawing. The air was clean and transparent and invigorating, asthma-killing, energy-giving, fresh and new. Ryan P.C. was first back - and I was second. I had a cold foot wash, changed into respectable clothes, and wrote a short card to Routledges on my mis-laid book. This I posted straight after prayers. I felt relieved when I had done so.

In the four-fifteen period, I regret to announce, I rather slacked: it was the evening: it was silent outside: few birds sang. Warm the air, balmy, soft, unreal, undeserved, and I gloried in its comfort. Light the sky, horizon dimming, misty moon rapt in a dewy veil, high, high up above, while no sun shone. Silence: peace: great is the comfort to be found thus, free, light and liberal. 'Peñas Arriba' I could but would not: I sing to myself of Nature here, not in the distant country: while Spring sings early here, all else should be forgotten.

At tea, where I said ~~Grace~~ <sup>Grace</sup>, Bug went on asking me if all my jokes were corny - in the House Punch play. He has quite the wrong idea of it all: because I crack spontaneously odd jokes at table, does not mean that I write them. My butter has gone rancid: I was disappointed. The marmalade is nearing a sticky end. I had a Spanish class with ~~Mac~~ <sup>Mr. Macdonnell</sup> at five-fifteen, and he gave me back the Ozymandias: it

was quite well done. I did a prose orally in class - a piece of long-winded but poetic Stevenson - and then he left for another week. I went round to Bug's room, and invited him to have a look at the play script: I want fair judgement, understanding and sensible. He read it through and thought it was very good: he told me that he had expected strings of jokes, but now realised that the comedy lay not so much in the words as in the actions. He stayed on until almost six-forty-five, just chatting: is he keen on Presley! - old Elvis, as he affectionately terms him. When he had gone I still slacked: I spent the remainder of the evening in packing a whole envelope's worth of stamps into last term's stamp tin: they would barely fit. This took me until supper time.

I was to have a pleasant surprise: a letter from Ingrid, long, personal, loving, frank and friendly, with some photos of a Benedictine Monastery in Germany where I had contemplated spending a few months. I reread her letter many times that evening. I am delighted that she will have received my own letter at precisely the same time - or at least on the same day. Her English, however, is slipping a bit! - owing, no doubt, to my absence. Was I charmed, fascinated, delighted, inspired, by her letter! Gosh, life can be good ..... There were herrings for supper, proving rather unpopular on the whole: I had two as I was hungry, and had had little appetite at tea-time. They were bony: Ivan suggested that in a few days time we would all be served up with herring pie - enclosing the remains of this evening's delicious repast.

I spent much of the evening after prayers rehearsing the script with Ivan: I want him to act as fully and as convincingly as possibly, not just half-heartedly: he must put his whole self into the task, and at the same time be himself, and not some dummy to be used only for stage purposes. He, and I as well, do not yet know our script very well. After prayers - where I received some lines from Greenwood where he wrote out 'je pleut' twenty or so times - I rehearsed the play with Bobby: we then went through the script, inserting a few very slight modifications: he would make rather a good producer, I think. There was barely enough time after that in which to get washed, make my laundry, tidy my clothes, and go to bed: last week I made out the list and forgot to insert it! Fool that I am! I reread Ingrid's letter by torchlight: as I was thus engaged, Bobby entered with the list of people with long lies for the morrow: it is my duty to call them at seven-forty. He was not furious to see me reading - for the light could not be seen from outside, which is what matters. I feel satisfied, though in all truth I have done little of merit in the course of this ignominious day: German is becoming hard! - and Firth is beginning to see stars over semi-detached non-stem verbs.

Wednesday, 13th. of February.

I must have awoken at about five o'clock: I could not fall ~~to~~<sup>a</sup> sleep again, woe upon me. At seven-ten Father Bernard called me, and I was at the foot of the stairs by seven-twenty-seven, to take names of defaulters. There was only Blackie late down: he is too tubby just now to move fast, even if he tried! It was drizzling when I reached the Temp, and I was the only house monitor there from St. Oswald's: I suppose some went to the Sixth Form Mass, and others had long lies. At twenty to eight I called the long-liers, and at eight-five there was breakfast. I served it out: there were tomatoes and sausages, quite good for a change. I did not have enough appetite. There was a letter for me from Routledges, which kept me temporarily in a state of suspense. It was only to inform me that they were half way through the 'Four Years and a Term', and that, ergo, it had been received in all safety. I wish I had not sent that card yesterday! My bad luck again. Father Bernard roared his head off because I said that when I feel creative I prefer to write new stuff, not rewrite the old. That can wait until I no longer feel in this creative mood. He seemed, to me unreasonably, amused. I returned to the House after breakfast, made my bed speedily, and dashed off to the Big Passage for the morning's presiders.

For the first period I read Pereda's 'Peñas Arriba', then I typed, then read somewhat more. The weather is drablike to-day, and my mood ambiguous. It is not raining, there is no wind, and it is not cold: it is, in a word, rather a negative state of affairs ~~today~~. I added some hole-reinforcements to my Diary in the course of the morning, and started on another copy of the Punch Play. At twelve-fifteen I was wearing my rust-coloured windcheater, had arranged that Bereng serve out the lunch in my stead, and was saddling preparatory to cycling to Kirbymoorside. I fixed an elastic band to the back mudguard - because it will rattle - pumped up the not entirely deflated tyres, and made for Oswaldkirk, my first station of transitory passage. Most of the way to Nunnington the sun was out, and it was pretty warm: then it slowly clouded over, and actually startled me by raining as I entered Kirby-moorside. I took the road via Nunnington - through which I had never before passed. I have always gone through Helmsley ~~in the past~~: Michael dropped a hint - to Bug, I think, - that the Nunnington way was shorter; that hint eventually reached me, and I <sup>made the most of</sup> took it. It took some thirty-five minutes to reach Kirbymoorside: going by Helmsley it usually takes nearly an hour. I had lunch of ham and eggs, chips, soup and tea - at the high cost of five shillings. I do not know whether I am entitled to lunch, all I do know is that I took it. A little boy, also from Shack,



66

entered: I said hello, he mumbled something, slipped out hurriedly, and that was the last I saw of him that afternoon. I suppose he thought I was a school-monitor, sitting in the café, waiting to catch miscreants. The soup was good, and there was plenty of it: I toasted the bread I had been given to accompany the soup, to the waitress' surprise: she said she had never thought of doing that - there was a radiator just behind me! The ham was thick - perhaps a little too thick, the chips a trifle, only a trifle, raw. There was a pot of tea to wash everything down with at the end. I was the only person there at the time. The meal was good, the charge highish.

After lunch I cycled right into the centre - calling in at a grocer's on the way. I used to go there for old coins in the past: to-day I just said hello, and told ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~owner~~ <sup>owner</sup> that this was probably my last term at Shack, that I had come to say good-bye. I then went to the nearest tobacconists and laid up stores: one packet of four Ivanhoes, and two tins of ten 'Tom Thumbs'; it was the first time I had seen these, and apparently they had just started coming out in December; I thought they might prove popular at Shack: they are the same size as cigarettes. I called in to see Mr. Brook, the old Banker, another of my old friends who in the past helped me in my collecting of ancient pieces. He is terribly fat, and looked rather unwell to-day. At about two-thirty I left Kirbymoorside - suspecting that it might soon rain in earnest: I went back by the same way as I had arrived, slowly, becoming rather cold in the process: there was no wind, but the air was crisp: my feet and hands soon began grumbling.

I was back at Shack in time to glance through the Telegraph and then go up to tea: I did not take my marmalade with me, not even the butter I guessed would be in my morning's parcel from home: I was not, frankly, hungry. I went up for the sake of the ~~tea~~ <sup>tea</sup>, which I love. Few people turned up: the ~~Second~~ <sup>Second</sup> table filled, but on the ~~Top~~ <sup>Top</sup> there was only Bug, Paul and Ted. Father Bernard came at about four-twenty-five, and we talked desultorily for a while on butter and margarine: he always likes to speak on such minor topics! Absolutely loves it! I left as it struck the half: it was my duty as monitor of the day to turf people out at that time: they then began to enter, and Father Bernard gave them permission to stay for a while - to my disgust. How can we, as monitors, enforce order if the Housemaster himself condones the breaking of well-established, though cruel, laws? I returned to my room and started drawing a Valentine for Ingrid - a copy of Rodin's Kiss: I was in too much of a hurry to do it well, so I tore it up on the following morning, on examining the crude reproduction in cold light. I completely forgot to buy any Valentine cards when in Kirbymoorside: in any case, I usually find that I

dislike shop ones. At six there was supper, with tea instead of the orthodox cocoa for a Wednesday evening. Father Bernard rang the bell early, so there was time for me to go back to the house to finish the drawing - which I was later to tear up. I would have done better to have found myself a seat in the Theatre. When I did turn up, at six-thirty-five, I had to be contented with a seat on the gallery, whence the view is both bad and uncomfortable. I felt irritated. Even then, I had Peter to thank for this chair on the gallery, as otherwise I would not have had any at all. The film cartoon was good - something to do with ants and maple syrup: the main film was called 'Footsteps in the fog', and was all right. I did not like the ending particularly, which was unsatisfactory for so good a film as it had been ~~seen~~.

I had Peter in for the evening, and I tried a Tom Thumb cigar: I liked it for the first few minutes, and then the sour taste began to permeate my mouth, and I gave it up in disgust. I then opened my Mother's parcel, and extricated some vast Hungarian bread-cakes, with butter to accompany. We just went on eating slices of that for half an hour. Peter sat in the soft chair - it is not quite an armchair - and I sat on my bed, the next softest thing in the room. It was warm, and I was, on the whole, in a good mood. We discussed Peter's just-ended scholarship papers: we discussed peace of mind and idleness: we even discussed University degrees. I am not looking forward to taking mine! Still, I need not worry for a few years yet! We chatted on until almost ten o'clock - and Peter demonstrated with varying <sup>c</sup>success the art of how to juggle - which he seems to be able to perform fairly aptly.

At ten o'clock he returned to St. Aidan's; I undressed, then turfed people out of the wash-place at ten-ten, and went to bed a tired soul. Only one thing could <sup>mar</sup> my sleep: I had not sent a Valentine card: I was irritated over this.

Thursday, 14th. of February: St. Valentine's day.

No letter for breakfast: medium brand disappointment. Bacon for once - it is becoming quite rare - and I returned to my room. The weather is drab: it should, truth to relate, rain. It is becoming slightly cooler every day now: I dread the worst. I spent the first period copying out another version of my House Punch script, which I finished at ten to ten. That was only just in time for me to start learning some German, preparatory to Mr. Heath's arrival. I am turning every day more progressively into an idler - or, at least, into a non-worker by shack standards. Woe is me: I must be heading for a sticky end. To-day we moved on to an unseen, under Mr. Heath's supervision and guidance: it was tricky work: I fear trying to turn even the smallest piece of English into German: it would take weeks. Firth, too, is finding the going every day harder. House P.T. at eleven-five: I only

turned up at about eleven-twelve, because I had Firth in my room to type out an ammendment to the parade notice for Friday: I asked him to add a note that my squad wear their denims for the afternoon's duties.

It is now ten to seven in the evening: I have had an eventful day - so far, - and there may be more to come. There was R.I. with Paddy at the usual time: we spent much of the period discussing the French Worker Priests' movement, which had to be called off in the end. I was in rather a mood during lunch, at the prospect of another murderous run in these coolish and dampish weather conditions. I seem to obtain little fun out of this place: I have to put up with runs and corps, and as reward I hate cigarettes and cards, the normal person's only advantages. I told Bobby that someone ought to suggest to the Housemaster that non-smoking monitors be allowed a drink - of sherry, port or coffee, bought at their own cost - to make up for the dislike of smokes: that this operate on Thursday evening Monitors' meetings. He said, in reply, that this would not be allowed. How absolutely bloody.

The afternoon run was along a different route. I left from the Post Office, a minute or two before the others, at two-thirty, and ran non-stop, through Oswald-kirk to Gilling Village, and thence to the Farm and the level crossing shortly afterwards. It was a long stretch. I must have arrived at the level crossing at about three-twelve. It was my duty to arrive as soon as possible, preferably before anyone else ~~arrived~~, to check that everyone went the right way and covered the whole course. I gave many lines when I returned to Shack at ten to four: five people cut off parts of their runs - failed to pass by the level-crossing. It was a sore run, a long one, and a cold one: besides that, from my point of view, it had been a fast one. It was the check-up wait at the level-crossing that wore off any good feelings: the wait made me grow bitterly cold, and when I reached Shack, my fingers were too cold to let me dress: six fingers were dead until four-thirty. I was unable to attend prayers.

Michael said ~~Grace~~ Grace: there was new brown bread, slightly stodgy, for tea, but to-day I ran out of time in which to get through as much as I would have liked: I did not have time to eat my lemon-icing cake: I don't think they are much good in any case. I returned to my room and read Pereda for much of the evening; I am enjoying him - as I always do when sufficiently encamped in the abundant verbiage of his lengthy novels. I like his Montaña character sketches, and even, at last, his accounts of the countryside around Tablanca; he is beginning to hold my interest. I feel like writing to Ingrid: actually, I would like to talk to her, feel her, kiss her - but she is far, far away: how bitter the realisation every day.

I have grown used to her company, to her presence: I have grown used to her speech, her habits, her light, caressing hand. She was sympathetic, loving and lovable. She was both interested and interesting, an ideal lover and beloved at the same time: I am convinced she could play - and indeed did play - both rôles to perfection. She has a great life ahead of her, and I think she will make the most of it. Ingrid, Ingrid: you have talent and charm, even are you gifted with more physical beauty than is the usual girl's fate; your face, to me and many others, is a dream. I well remember those many walks we have had in the past - during the last holidays ~~in fact~~ <sup>especially</sup>. How I loved gazing into your eyes - which made you blink and blush lightly; yet you were not a one to be easily embarrassed: you were used to almost anything. You accustomed me to many things and I, in turn, must have shown you more than one convincing enough proof of the strange, I think delightful, ways of a boy in love. Your eyes, the same colour as my own, fascinated me: your fair hair, thick and long, amazed me: I loved twisting it round and round and through my hands, letting it fall lightly, slowly back into place again: as often as not you looked quite bedraggled after going for a walk with me: was I hard, tortuous to deal with, to treat with, to speak to and commun~~ion~~ with? I hope not. I probably was, to start with: but you changed me immeasurably, beyond all recognition. You taught me to love - for at first I loved not: you wrought your charms upon me, and I tried my very best to return them: you taught me to have a charm of my own: you discovered it for me. You showed me how to accompany a girl in her thoughts - your own above all. You bore me company with my own, sad and often dismal thoughts. You could persuade me, bring the strength out of my idle self: you encouraged me, you helped me - and was it not you who encouraged me so much, each every night, as I was up for my scholarship? You soothed my ruffled feelings: you gave me confidence: you gave me love - and that is the greatest and happiest thing, the most wonderful gift ever bestowed upon me. Greater than love there is nothing. Love is divine, immeasurable. I suppose that love of God, ergo, is that supreme attainment of which man can be capable. But your love was what pleased me most: it was the greatest and the strongest I had ever experienced.

Now have we been completely cut adrift - but I hope not for long. I desire you, your enfolding arms, your warm heart, your warm affection, your dainty nose - which so often puzzled me as I kissed you: your red, ever soft lips, a red of Nature and not artifice.

I have now had supper - it is eight-forty-five: I have cleaned my brasses; I have blanched my gaiters; and my thoughts are still set upon you: you haunt me, always and strongly and happily, like a summer memory - a glorious summer must that

have been!

At nine there were prayers, and I spent some five minutes collecting lines off people: this House must be going down the drain. After Prayers there was five minutes or so free - in which I finished my self-imposed task of reinforcing my 'holes' - and then we had the first monitors' meeting, in Bobby's room. Here Bobby asked me to give an account of the afternoon's run, explaining my disciplinary actions: this I did, satisfactorily. I am rarely in the wrong as regards lines. Then came the dragging in Bunsen's room, with the Major absent for the first twenty minutes or so. Does Ivan like dragging! I tried one of the Tom Thumbs, but we disagreed with one another, so I threw it away as yet only half-smoked. The smoke in the Major's room on a monitors' meet night is incredible. It made me feel sick: how I yearned for a glass of sherry! I would have given my life for one or, better still, for a long-lasting, care-comforting, warm kiss from Ingrid: I thought of her mournfully throughout the session. Occasionally I cracked a joke - maybe I would have been in a good mood had it not been for the clouds of billowing fumes - and then after the meeting broke up, towards ten-forty-five, I saw Father Bernard for a few moments on my play. He genuinely feels a dislike for the introduction of all drink elements, and spent quite a time excusing himself for his attitude. As far as I am concerned, this is a pity, though it will not affect the Punch play: I dislike cigarettes and love drink - certain types, of course.

After seeing the Major, I washed, alone, and went to bed: it was eleven-fifteen when I was that far. I had two good slices of my Mother's cake, with butter, in bed, before turning in: it helped to get rid of the stale tobacco taste. Then I slept like a few logs.

Friday, 15th. February.

I really did not want to get up today: I spent many minutes, after being called, ~~me~~ trying to decide on the best course of action: in the end I rose and dressed, and was myself actually in the Temp before the bell went, which has become a shamefully rare occurrence for me. It was just drizzling.

There was the shameful egg shake for breakfast, and a letter from my Father: I walked out of breakfast pretty soon: I seem to be getting on badly with Ivan just now: he annoys me. I shaved quickly before Prayers, and spent the first period in cleaning my brasses for the second time: they're good now. Finally, I made out orders for my General Instruction Course this afternoon and then hastily did a little German spadework - learning the relative, demonstrative and interrogative pronouns. There followed a class with Mr. Heath, and we waded on through an unseen, full of unknown words and tortuous exceptions. German is becoming difficult.

At eleven-seventeen I checked B.1 on the square: it was drizzling, and we were let off after about six minutes. I should hope so too! The next period was spent ~~in~~ frantically typing out notices to the effect that my course was to parade in corps boots, but have gum-boots available at the foot of the Big Passage. I had to ensure that my course learned this news before lunch-time, so I did not exactly have much time at my disposal. I then had to cut up more paper for the afternoon's practical, finish typing out orders on what should be done, and myself decide on a place to attack and defend - on paper. I only really decided in the course of Paddy's R.I. class, followed by lunch. Young - from St. Thomas's started on the 'Church', and ~~the~~ class was a fiasco within ten minutes. He was unable to find the right definition for 'holy'. Consequently we were all jibing at him under various pretexts.

After R.I. I changed into denims, to Father Bernard's amazement. He obviously thought them the wrong size for me! - as did many other people in the course of lunch. In the end, after vigorously protecting my denims, I shut up for the remainder of the meal. I suppose people are tiring of the sound of my voice: chiz. There was a brief visit after lunch, and then I went down to the Ball-place to put the Company on parade. Bereng was late - as usual - and, being one of the right markers for the company, held up the 'getting on parade' for some three minutes. This is the third time he has come late: it puts me in a bad situation, as without the right-markers there is absolutely nothing I can do. Well, I had ~~Glacier~~<sup>Glacier</sup> to bugle for me, and this he did without any mix-up between us, as last time. I put the Company on parade - under a blazing sun and a cool wind - and then brought it to attention, right-dressed it, gave it the eyes front, stood it at ease, and was ready for the Commanding Officer's appearance. He had been waiting patiently for some three minutes or more at the top of the square's steps, but was kind enough to wait until things had sorted themselves out on the Ball-place before descending to inspect us. For this delay I can only blame - the late arrival of our right-marker: I shall give him a jaw, and may send him to Brother Simon, be he who he be. Brother Simon arrived on the Ballplace: Firth gave the fall-in, and then I gave the 'markers steady': there should have been no movement. As it was, at least half the company moved to that order: I started them again, and this time things went better. The company has a memory like a sieve. Then we trained ~~at~~<sup>at</sup> getting on to parade to the sound of a drum. I, personally, thought it was fun, though I doubt whether many people would have agreed with me there. Eventually I called out the courses, and took my own to the Big Passage, where its members changed into gum-boots.

It is now nine-thirty, and today is running to a speedy end: I must hasten with my typing, or today shall fade away into oblivion. The course went very well in the afternoon. I gave Daniel four of the course to look after, and took the remaining three with me, to the top of Bolton Bank. This is the first time in my course that anyone has shown any interest. To-day all three were interested in their task, as I had confronted them with a seemingly near impossible job: I had placed the enemy in a near-impregnable position. The track up to the top of Bolton Bank was muddy: the rest were wearing gum-boots. I had not even had time to set out my gum-boots for the parade, so I suffered in the thick, wet mud. Still, it is a great relief to know that your section is actually enjoying its work for a change: the weather, too, was good, though cold.

In the evening periods I read 'Peñas Arriba', and after supper - where there were plenty of thick and juicy pilchards - I attended a Lingua Franca film show. This not before I had had a short talk with Brother Simon on Corps: he pulled the afternoon's 'Getting onto parade' to pieces; I was in a bad mood for the rest of the evening. There is always something to mar my happiness, always something to drive me crackers.

Father Bernard gave us a lecture on reading good literature - roughly the same as I had said in my House jaw - and then on the adoration of Our Lady. I am, I fear, still thinking of Ingrid. Every time I hear a woman's name, see the picture, photo or portrait, or hear the sound of a woman's voice, my thoughts fly back to Ingrid, Teutonic rhapsody of my heart. I cannot help thinking of her: she so became a part of me last holidays. I cannot, will not, shake her out of my mind. Perhaps all memory will fade out in a few years time, but my last wish would be to drive it out or in any way condemn it. How odd, I always thought, that we inevitably seemed to kiss under a lamp-post, with the light beating upon us, prey to the eyes of any onlooker. And yet we never thought better of it until after quite a time had elapsed, when we would call ourselves, not in earnest, fools. To kiss under a lamp-post, surely, is a sign that our love for each other was genuine and open and good: was a sign that our love had become a perfectly natural, as well as a prepos-  
-singing thing. I loved Ingrid, I loved kissing her, and I had not a qualm about kissing her wherever we might chance to be; I often refrained for fear of damaging <sup>her</sup> reputation, but not so in the dark streets, with the trees sighing round about, with all silence, as we kissed in the sharp light shed from on high. She was soft, charming, lovable, adorable: the very thought of her drives me frenzied, drives me to tears of exasperation. We walked on in silence, often: and then one would echo another's thoughts: all would be quiet, silent and delicious love - love of the heart and the person, not the senses, love deep born, deep-rooted, beautiful.

It is now ten-five in the evening. I have ten minutes left in which to type. I wonder what it is that is torturing me so about Ingrid: is it love? Yes. And it is more besides. I yearn for somebody whom I know through and through: I yearn for somebody who, likewise, knows me as I am and can be. I yearn for a girl, for Ingrid, to whom to speak above all things, whatever the subject might be. I am dying for want of someone to whom to open my thoughts, the tortured windings of my heart, my every feeling, the pains that gnaw me deep, far below the skin; and these pains are without a doubt there at this very moment. I feel like gnashing my teeth - yet that would be a futile act, a waste of thought and time. I would like to kiss Ingrid, but that is out of the question. I would like to speak to her, to commune silently with her. I seek converse with her feelings: I seek to know another's heart and feelings. I feel as though I am only fulfilling half a task, and that the full accomplishing depends on my knowing Ingrid, being her, part of her. How strange that, whenever I saw her, spoke to her, loved her, I so desired to be her: I so desired to feel as she did, to think as she thought, to be as she was and still is. I sought an impossibility from the outset: I sought to be the unattainable. Yet my desire only proved, and still, to my mind, proves, the earnestness of my love for Ingrid, the seriousness with which I wanted her, and the good reasons for which I loved her. I adored her, and adore her still: this love is burning the inside of me to a bitter end: I must, I must, see her again, yet another time. Can love be so fleeting a thing? No: it is too beautiful for that.

I went to bed at ten-fifteen, and thought of my love for Ingrid. I tried to analyse it - but love bears no measuring, no testing: love is too great, too deep, spontaneous and beautiful to be measured. I simply thought of her, and wished her here.

I have had a busy day, a tiring one: I have been wearied physically, by Corps, mentally by work - I actually did another Spanish prose while presiding in the Big Study - and, well, I can't think of the right term for the third type of strain to which I have been subjected. A wearying of the passions, no: a wearying of the part of me that is the centre of my love - my heart, my head? Perhaps. I feel generally exhausted, and it is love that has done ~~the~~ most in this direction. Sad love, noble love, a good cause but a hard one.

Saturday 16th. of February.

I decided to take an unofficial long sleep. I arranged my room-light so that it could not be turned on from the door - nor was it. I slept on, slightly awoken by Father Bernard's calling me at seven-ten, until five to eight, when I dressed at a leisurely pace - my tie took five attempts to tie up.



I was in a slight mood during breakfast, with my thoughts still set upon Ingrid: she has become an ~~an~~ obsession to me, and I can not shake her out of my mind. I felt melancholy for no reason, and that in turn angered me.

Life has become a torture, a pain: she is as a thorn, thorn of love, in my side: love can be a painful thing.

I tried to work out a more sensible attitude to take towards life, and I could not. Should I be cheerful, or sad, or silent, or normal - which would mean bored?

I thought of the beauty of the morning outside: the beauty of Nature, and peace of mind. I was stricken with a love of the pure and the cold and the clean and the unchangeable.

I shuddered at the very thought of snow - and yet that is clean: inwardly I froze at the thought of beauty, so perfect and unfeeling.

Another day has come: another day's imprisonment, tortured life far from the world of feelings and love. No corps today, yet there will be either a run or wet and muddy ruggar: I shivered in anticipation of the afternoon. I longed for home, forgetfulness, love and liberty.

The snow outside was not deep: it was white and very powdery, as though shaken there as a passing caprice of Nature. It made me feel cold and good: I hated it.

As I gazed out of the refectory window, I could see Temple Hill in the dim, shadowy distance, white, and harsh, and rigid, as a wreck after a storm.

The outside cold dismayed me: the white was cold and heavy and flat. The sky was clear, yet it, too, showed no love of life: I felt as one hemmed in, a plaything of the gods, left to suffer and die.

The stillness killed: no wind to move the trees, to fan the air, and no bird sang around. Inside, noise: the dull roar of people talking, with nothing to say: heads bent towards one another, in pointless conversation. Man is cruel and senseless, Nature beautiful and cold. I felt out of communion with the world: I felt separated somehow from those thoughts and feelings that Nature in all her beauty should inspire in one.

Bobby said ~~grace~~ at eight-five: he always turns up a little late now - a - days, to my annoyance.

His face is a fine one, with some mischievous curls at the right hand side of his head.

He flicked out the mail: no letter for me again: I was disappointed.

There was some rather good bacon, upon which Father Bernard commented at great length: I was lucky, and managed to have seconds. I was glad to hear from his own lips, that he had noticed the marmalade Moon of the previous evening. It took me at least five minutes to explain to Ivan what was meant by the phrase 'marmalade Moon': it was, genuinely, that very colour.

After breakfast I returned to my room, tidied up, went down to Prayers, and was issued with a B.3 P.T. card by Bug.

This put me in a furious mood. Why is it that I am always being given the worst House duties ? Can't I ever be given an A. squad to check ? I think it is disgusting having to wait until second period before checking, and then being given a card which involves one's going right down to the Ball Place. Bug has no sense of seniority: I am entitled to an A card, and the fact that I clear people out of the House lobby until sixteen minutes to nine should not mean my being obliged to accept a B card. I am in a black mood once more.

At Prayers, Father William announced that the G.C.E. forms had arrived: was I glad that I no longer have to fill those things ! I returned to my room, and finished the page's typing that I had begun on the previous night, but had not had time to conclude. I then spent over a period in sorting out my German vocabulary notes, checking them up in the dictionary: becoming keen, what ?

All this time I was busy keeping an eye on the weather: I was just waiting for more snow, but it did not come. It really was rather beautiful down in the Valley: if only it was not so infernally cold ! There is sun and everything: yet it will go and be cold. Life is quite incredible.

Firth and Mr. Heath arrived slightly on the late side this morning, as per norm. We ploughed on through the same unseen, taking down words all the time, checking up on old and new rules; I was quite on form to-day, keen and sensible - for a change. At eleven-fifteen I checked B.3, after having a frantic search for Mike, whom the Doctor wanted rather urgently. Mike broke a disk somewhere in his back, some time <sup>ago</sup> ~~back~~, and he is still in a sorish way. It was cold doing P.T., and the House was not doing it at all well. I myself was frozen.

Why the Hell have we got to do this thing every day ? I hate it in bad conditions: it becomes a thing to dislike and drive one furious.

It certainly was cold: the proof of the weather lay in the suffering !

Mike came in at eleven-thirty-five, asking me if had to see the Doctor: I told him that he had to, and he answered that he was not in the least bit desirous of doing so. So he stayed until about ten to twelve, lazy devil ! He asked me all about Ingrid. Raw carrots for lunch, plus one visitor from a neighbouring team: we watched this team lose to Shack ~~after~~ lunch. It was not a very good game, I fear ! This other school is a mixed one, and had brought girl supporters with its team: they were a

weedy looking lot, dressed up in fancy colours of little value artistically or practically, once it started snowing.

I felt in rather a bad way during the game. I kept on making weak jokes, and could not get the bad habit out of my system. I feel as though I must be morally decaying. Mike became quite livid once, and Ivan was on at me non-stop. He is furious with me because I did not know the meaning of the word 'crap': I looked it up in Everyman's, where crap is called a game of dice. Apparently, according to Ivan, I am naive, and the word has a filthy meaning which I was unintelligent enough not to know. In this place, if you do not know all the current slang, whatever its low value, you are a naive and ridiculous person. This place is turning crazy itself, and me in the process. I made a resolution, on the way back up to Shack, not to say any word, utter any statement, which might by the remotest possible way indict me as having an odd sense of humour. Frankly, it is this place that has no sense of humour: everyone here is so grim, has so rigid and stiff an attitude to life: it is disturbing and sad for a Catholic School.

I clambered out of my gum-boots after watching the rugger on Ram 1, and eventually went up to tea with Michael. I did not have much appetite. Ivan spilt my cup of tea while reaching for the milk - for which he never even asked me - and then compared me to someone who left the House recently and had been notorious as a grumbler, all because I asked him if he was going to wipe up the mess. He did not. Towards the end of tea, when he had left, I cleared the place myself. Bloody selfish fellows those dim Services people, when allowed to do as they like. Ivan has little sense of responsibility.

We, monitors, are meant to set the rest of the House a good example: Ivan is one of the most senior monitors, and isn't much of an example himself.

Yes, I am grouching. I am in a dirty mood: I am feeling unwell, un-Romantic, uneverything. I am feeling disillusioned, bored, tired and in love: no worse combination to annoy a chap! Ingrid had a good influence on me: take her away, and I start slipping down the drain. I am rotten at the core: she is too good for me, base worm.

I turned her photo to the next corner of one of my pictures, for variety and mere, childish, amusement.

I wish I had taken some good photos of her myself: I wish she were here.

It is growing dark outside, and cold: will there be snow to-morrow? I dread the very thought of it: I yearn for something warm and passionate,

something reminiscent of the plains of Castile, the swarthy faces of the great Spanish people, so charming, so frank, so friendly and sincere.

There was supper at seven-thirty-five, with eggs concealed in a white sauce, accompanied by rather nice mashed potatoes; I did not succeed in obtaining seconds, to my disgruntlement. I had some bread and cheese instead: it was good cheese.

I had a minor quarrel with Bug, who went and pushed my sleeve on to his buttered bread as I reached for the tea; he reached for something else at the same time, to my misfortune. I stayed silentlike for the remainder of the meal.

I went to the book-room and looked round the place, the first time this term: I did a good action, I thought, in buying Lewis' 'The Problem of Pain', which I have for a long time wanted to read. I then collected a map and answer off Flanagan: all the results of the Friday practical were meant to have been handed in to me by tea-time today. I see I am going to hand out more than one penance on Monday, unless .....

Benediction at eight-twenty-five: my voice was all right for a change, and I sang lustily, though somewhat dolefully. It was stuffy in the Temp. After Benediction I had a very much needed bath, which Bereng kindly reserved for me, at my request, and then gave my shoes their necessary once-weekly brush-up.

At ten o'clock there was weighing: I have lost four pounds, I don't know how. I kept the accounts whilst the others were being weighed. It is hard work.

I was feeling very cold and chilled, physically and mentally, as I went up to supper. This has not been much of a day, truth to tell. I have sulked, nor without reason. I have, moreover, at last thought of something like a solution to the problem of badly received jokes.

I was awarded a scholarship not so long ago: owing to this, and the place I have always held rather near the top of the House as regards studies, people do not expect me to utter anything non-scholarly at any time. They are, of course, mistaken, for I am just as human as they. Nevertheless, the fact remains that whenever I crack a joke it must needs come as a surprise, issuing from a scholar's mouth, mouth of alleged wisdom. Ivan cracks precisely the same quality jokes as I do, with tremendous success: when I crack them, the table becomes upset. Why? Not, I am convinced, because of the tone of my voice, but because of the diametrically opposed background to Ivan's. Jokes are regarded, rightly or wrongly, as allowable, when made by someone of Ivan's mentality. This, in my opinion, is wrong, yet that is how it stands.

I was in a furious temper for most of the evening, casting my mind back to the Commanding Officer's remark that the getting on parade was bad. I'm in a sulk.

Sunday, 17th of February.

I was not in a particularly bright mood when I was called; hard-boiled eggs for breakfast did not help, and added to that, the cold outside was penetrating. This week, this Sunday, no toast for breakfast. I was slightly disappointed.

I spent the first period in considering my new experiments in novel-production, with little result; it is a devilishly hard task, tricky and slow. There was High Mass at ten, with Bunny giving the sermon. His intonation and very voice are utterly weird and amusing. He is like a decrepit Oxford Don, used to speaking some foreign language, and suddenly faced with the problem of addressing normal school-boys in English: he was not quite like a Hyde Park statesman! His sermon took more words than, in my opinion, it deserved. It simply came to the conclusion that what we do good, is thanks to God's grace, and not to us. The sun was pouring in through the windows as he spoke, and I felt utterly distracted by the scene of warmth and light outside.

I then wrote to my Mother, a fairly long letter, then to my Father an even longer one; I started a letter to Ingrid, which I finished in the course of the late afternoon.

Despite the fine weather, I was still in a mood for most of the day. At lunch I learnt that there would be a run, starting <sup>at</sup> two-forty; this nettled me; why have we to wait so long before going on our run? It wastes half the afternoon. I eventually went on the run, and ran pretty well. At the farm I stopped to wait for some stragglers, until Bug arrived. He decided to take a short-cut: I was quite furious, as I cannot propose to punish people who take short-cuts, if even monitors in charge do so. I myself refused to go any further, and returned via the railway. Either I shall do the entire course, or none of it. This House has no sense of discipline now-a-days. I felt sick of life.

I returned and finished Ingrid's letter; at four-thirty there was tea; I did nothing but drink, having just eaten some more of my Mother's rapidly ~~stale~~ cake. There was a film on Lourdes at five, but I decided to abstain. Instead of attending, I cleaned my Corps kit, and washed the worst of the mud off my boots, which were in a bad state after the Friday practical. Vespers followed at six-ten; my voice was up to scratch. It is odd the difference in tone between singing in a stone, high-roofed church, and a low, wooden affair: the cantors lose much of their melody.

Supper at seven o'clock. There was some rather good ham. The conversation has been mainly on the Services exams, starting on Tuesday, which Ade and Ivan are doing. Ivan is becoming somewhat worried, but Ade is as bright and boisterous as ever.

I felt, from the time that I was called in the morning, that today was not to be a brilliant success: I felt uneasy within myself, I felt a lack of confidence in the normal run of things, I felt a lack of love that soothes and embellishes; I went down to the Temp for Mass, twice, as ever on Sundays, and again, for Vespers, in the evening; and, to add to my unwonted misery, it was a fine day - just the wrong day, for a change.

Many a wasted hour flitted past unnoticed ~~today~~, as I studied <sup>a number of</sup> ~~very many~~ unusual combinations for my new literary theory, and with little success; outside it was warm, and the birds sang. I felt an instinctive love of Nature: I wanted to take some photos of Nature: I revelled in the warmth of the sunshine, in the songs of the birds.

My thoughts soon turned towards Ingrid: my love of her is driving me morbidly foolish; I picked up my pen and started writing to her, and much delicious trash flowed forth, fast, loose knit, unthought out; dusk crept on, and the air grew cooler, and with it my passion. I would have written a better letter at some more opportune time.

In the evening, after supper, I thought of hatred; I polished my corps boots, and I brassoed my brasses; it was cold, and dark outside, and silent within. I thought not, and no longer hated; Ivan entered, and began reading parts of this term's diary: that annoys me, but he will not understand; time crept on, and my patience with it, and I felt tired and worn.

Bobby has just entered: he wants me to keep an eye on the upper dormitory for a while, as the dormitory-monitors are temporarily absent: I condescended: I am running out of time, and this new task bores me. I have nothing to say. I am feeling negative, neither black nor white: my inside, my mind, even, it so feels, my body, must be grey, and dismal, and old, and stale. I am beginning to feel cold.

Somewhat apprehensive of Upper Dormitory discipline, I stumbled along in that direction at about nine-ten, full of bleak and morbid thoughts; with me I took a German grammer; it was cold in the dormitory, and the green linoleum floor made me feel underwater. I stood there, propped against a pillar, and read; slowly, slowly, people started dribbling in, all of them surprised at seeing me there; life began to tick over, people washed noisily, and time sped on relentlessly. With my eye for ever on my pocket-alarm, I meditated on the days when I myself used to put up in this dormitory, with its partitioned cubicles, curtains at their ends, tall pillars along either side of the room, and a semi-circular span above. I gave the lights-out at nine-thirty, and then waited for the dormitory-monitors to return. It was cold.

Monday 18th of February.

Monitor of the day, I was allowed to wear my monitor's tie: the monitor of the day is the one and only person allowed to do this on a Monday, so I felt somewhat cheered from the start. I dressed fast, and checked the House past the foot of the stairs at seven-twenty-five; I had just finished doing this, when Bobby reminded me to call the Bottom Dormitory. I had not expected this 'honour'. I called them quietly and efficiently, announcing the actual time and the time at which they had to be in the Temp. Many were late down, and many had penances, and many were angered.

I served out the breakfast, consisting of slightly burnt and baked bacon. I did not receive any letter. For the first period of the morning I worked on people's map and assault practicals, done on Friday: there was only one good one, and that was excellent; it was by, of all people, that fat chap in Dunstan's called Marshall, a nice fellow, cheerful, and with a good sense of humour. I had given him a rating on his previous practical, which had been gaudy: he has obviously taken the hint. Marshall was one of the three people with me, at the top of Bolton Bank, on Friday: he had looked as though he enjoyed his task, and was taking an interest in it.

Mr. Heath and Firth arrived at ten-fifteen, and we ploughed on with an unseen. Evidently Mr. Heath had expected us to do some written work for him, or at least had hoped that this might happen, and he left slightly early in consequence.

There was no P.T. at eleven, because of the arrival of G.C.E. forms, to be filled in by everyone except myself and Firth! There was a strange rumour floating about the place, to the effect that National Service is to be abolished in the year 1958. This would pose some frightful problems for Oxford and Cambridge. Thank God, and this I mean, that my worries are temporarily shelved - for almost two years, and that my near future lies clear and open for all. I am sorry for my juniors, however.

Brother Simon collected the practicals off me in the eleven o'clock interval: he just wanted 'to have a look at them'. I did not feel very worried. Am I losing my conscience? Hope not.

I am still at the 'Peñas Arriba'; I have now reached page two hundred and ten, and I am nearing the half way point of the book; it is a good book, and interesting. At twelve-fifteen there was R.I. with Paddy. Young went on with his 'Church', but bogged it in the mire of 'society'. So Paddy temporarily took over. Firth has been the only really good speaker so far: the others, especially poor old Dunworth, have rather wasted time. I compared the Church, in a split second test, to the shepherd and his flock: this was just beaten by the vine and the branches: I had never met that one before. I was temporarily baffled.

There was the usual rush at one o'clock to be back in the House on time, so as to change into Corps uniform by one-ten. I managed this in fine style for once. I served out the lunch - which consisted of meat pie in Baby's Leg type rolls - but did not have much myself: I was not very peckish. Visit followed fast, and then up to the Gallery for my belt and beret. To-day I had warned the right-markers in advance to be on time, and had even briefed three extra, 'possible' or substitute right markers in case of delay. Consequently, the company ended up by being on parade by two o'clock, an all time record as far as this term is concerned. I completely forgot to give the Platoon Commanders a chance to inspect their own platoons prior to the C.O.'S arrival, but no-one noticed. Everything went very well, to the sound of the drum, until I called out the Courses; then my sense failed me. I suppose I had expected the right words to flow out at the right moment: well, they did not. The wrong words came out, and I stumbled and groped for a good few minutes.

I gave a short lecture on how people should have done their practicals, and then Dan lectured them on patrols and ambushes. After the class I went to Bunsen's room, read the papers, went up to the Post Office and drew two pound ten, changed into respectable clothes, gave Michael a slice of the stale~~ing~~ cake, and myself dashed off to the Village at five to four for some butter and some syrup for Michael himself. I only just managed this feat of timing in safety; being monitor of the day, it was my duty to be in the Big Study so as to warn presiders when their sessions take place.

'Peñas Arriba' and some cake for the four-fifteen period, until tea at five; I pronounced ~~grace~~ grace, and partook of a slice and a half of delicious brown bread. Then I dashed to the Big Study to check in the presider. This should have been Terence: he entirely forgot to appear. I had to fetch him from his room and give him a pen-ance of forty lines; I felt in a bad mood at this breach of discipline, although I committed exactly the same offence some two weeks earlier. Life is unjust and harsh, depending on which side of the stick one is: few are the people on the right side. In the evening I went on with ~~the~~ 'Peñas Arriba', and had a hair-cut at seven o'clock. Terence was there, creating a comic scene with his usual unnecessary chaff and banter: he is a fuss-pot as regards his hair, long and black and sleek, to me unpleasant, though to him his pride. I dug into a German Prose, but was just half-way through at supper time: it is <sup>a</sup> deadly slow business, though easy enough. I served out the corned-beef <sup>a</sup> cublets and potatoes, with Father Bernard helping and directing, and then had some <sup>a</sup> cheese to aid my digestion: good stuff, cheese!

After supper I read through some more papers, and then returned to the inevitable



typing. Prayers at nine, and quite a few lines started rolling in for me. Bobby gave<sup>a</sup> jaw on complaining over penances received, either rightly or wrongly. He gave the House a sermon on enjoying life, getting into moods, and wasting one's time. After Prayers he came along to see me concerning lines I had given Ryan J. just before Prayers at four-fifteen; we had a long discussion as to whether Ryan was telling the truth when he denied hissing at me this afternoon. At the time I was one hundred per cent certain he had hissed, having even seen the side of his mouth curl up as the noise began to issue forth. He has denied the accusation to Bobby in person, so he will have to be let off: he swears it was someone else - as he always does.

I turfed people out of the washplace at ten-ten, went down to the spray-room, and met Terence just switching the light off. He was two and a half minutes late out, so I gave him a penance of thirty lines; rules must be obeyed. Bobby announces them and is the law-giver, the house-monitors must enforce them. At the moment I am just about the only House monitor who bothers.

Tuesday 19th of February.

Father Bernard called me at seven-ten. I dozed on for a few more minutes, and then got up. The room was cold: outside there was a heavy frost. I dressed very slowly. I had been unable to get to sleep until very late at night, and I was now feeling the after-effects.

Fried eggs for breakfast, and a letter from Ingrid; I was ecstatic with joy. I opened it, and saw - oh grief - that the letter was in German! I spent the remainder of breakfast breaking my head against unknown vocabulary, with no result at all. I spent the whole second period going through it with a Dictionary, and with little better result. I am in a sticky fix. Who on earth can I ask to translate it for me? Not Mr. Heath, to start with. I made out just enough words to realise that the only people to read this letter for me might be my confessor - who knows no German - or some other monk, if I know him well enough. The only monk who does German is Father Barnabas, whom I hardly know at all; can I ask him? He is a charming person, but we do not in the least bit know one another! Help: what a mess, what a situation. I suppose Ingrid took it as a hint when I told her in my previous letter that I could understand written German, but could not turn English into that language. She has taken the benefit of the doubt: I simply do not know how to look up her verbs, nor even how to read the semi-Gothic handwriting.

German with Mr. Heath at ten-fifteen: my prose suffered from disarrangement of the word order, but little else. After his class I checked A.1 P.T. on the square.

It was warm and sunny, and I should have enjoyed it. Unfortunately, only three people were doing P.T. in the Oswald's sector, so that I had checked them pretty soon and was left with no option but to do some P.T. myself. I gave Chris a double P.T: he was slacking like mad - or me.

When the bell went at eleven-thirty I just did not have the heart to do any work: the weather was too good. I sat by the window in my room and sunbathed for an hour and a half, occasionally reverting to Lewis' 'The Problem of Pain', which I am enjoying. I was in a good mood, and feeling cheerful - in spite of the adverse conditions set up by the differences in language between Ingrid's intercommunication and my own. At one o'clock I collared Father Barnabas, and he volunteered to help me to-morrow, at twelve o'clock. ~~at twelve o'clock.~~

There was some very thick and murky soup for lunch, followed by tasty but very salty ham. I spent a great part of the meal passing messages from Ivan to Mike, via Smith and Michael; Ivan has services exams at two-thirty, and is the House Captain of Rugger. So he was in a fix, having to arrange for the afternoon's games whilst being himself out of communication with every-moment events of the day. After lunch, a run to the Lakes in our own time. I went with Bereng and Michael; I was feeling cheerful as we ran, over slippery, thawing mud, on towards the distant Lakes, with the warm sun above and the air cool and clear. On the way back, we saw the results of the Point-to-Point, with Nares, from our House, winning the Junior. I never knew he could run!

We walked up to Shack slowly, savouring the warmth and our leisure. Father Bernard was erecting a new aerial for his wireless, stretching from the Tower to his room, some sixty yards or so, perhaps slightly more. We helped for a while, and then he offered to show us the Tower and the clock inside. We climbed the many stone stairs - forming a narrow twisting stair-case in the best traditions - past the Study, the old History room, and then up to Father Basil's room and yet higher. Eventually, bypassing pigeons' nests, with little eggs in them, ducking under cross-bars, and scraping through trap-doors, we emerged one by one on to the Tower top. The view was really impressive: it was a clear day, with sunshine and no wind. On your left you saw the Bolton Houses and the up and coming St.Hugh's. Behind you there is the refectory block, the Maid's Palace, the Smokeless Chimney; towards your right you can see to Ampleforth Village, with Junior House, the Old and the New Churches immediately below, and St. Oswald's just behind. This is one of the few positions from ~~where~~<sup>which</sup> the true shape of St. Oswald's is discernible, whence you can see the twisting roofs, the shallow roofs, skylights and sham façades. To-day it all looked clean and tidy, extensive and impressive, a true medley of every form

of architecture conceivable. After seeing the view, Father Bernard showed us the clock mechanism, which proved fascinating, extremely well arranged, large-sized, well-kept, and simple in essentials. The clock mechanism is housed in a wooden cage, with glass sides, within the Tower itself: we heard the heavy bells strike the three-quarter hour over our head, only a few feet above, and then we returned to the House. Only on the way down did I realise how cold it was in the Tower, for I felt myself shivering, as was Bereng.

I returned to the House and washed off the remains of the afternoon's run. Soon afterwards there were Prayers - which old Terence entered two minutes late, to be penanced by the monitor of the day.

In the four-fifteen period I was visited by Ivan, fresh from an exam, who gassed on about nothing in particular until tea time. After tea I returned to my room, where my faithful Spanish master was waiting, ready to receive my attention. We had plenty of red herrings - on Germany and the oncoming Spanish outing to Leeds, - until he left at about two minutes to six, early as usual. My Spanish Prose Prep was quite satisfactory.

In the remaining evening periods I went on with the good old 'Peñas Arriba' - which I am still enjoying, although only at page two hundred and thirty !

I gave Terence a jaw on getting lines and infringing rules in rapid sequence, and finally reduced his accumulated penances to a mere sixty lines. He was actually grateful !

Supper - of meat stew - at seven-thirty, with a sharp and bitter argument as to whether Wensleydale cheese was better than Cheddar. I started the argument more for the sake of arguing and conversation, than

I really was feeling in a good mood this afternoon: the weather, our being allowed to do the run in our own time, and the Housemaster's high spirits, all made an indifferent afternoon into a pretty exciting one. There was the run, then we watched the end of the Point to Point, and then we were shown round the Tower, which for four years I have seen from the outside only; in fact, it was an eventful day.

If only Ingrid's letter had been in the Queen's English, then all would have been bliss. As it is, I still have the surprise of waiting to have the contents of her letter revealed to me by a learned monk, in store for the morrow. I hope I shall not be too embarrassed !

I enjoyed the class with <sup>Mr. Macdonnell</sup> ~~him~~. I was feeling in a good way, and my imagination was performing prodigious feats. Words I had hardly even heard of, reeled off my tongue, my brain thought and acted fast, and I was precise. 'Peñas Arriba' is working its cure ! I was also invited to invent a short sketch or play for us to perform in Leeds; I would very much like to do this, though it would have to be in tolerable Spanish.

out of any conviction - but the trouble was that people took me seriously.

After supper I read the papers for a while, and then typed until Prayers. At Prayers I received some two hundred or more lines from a variety of offenders.

I had a bath afterwards, made my laundry, and went to bed, where I read some of this term's diary. Lights out at ten-fifteen, with the prospect of a long lie ahead.

I felt an odd sense of relief in the evening, with no work of importance or any letters to be done at once. In fact, I felt slightly guilty: nothing to do is a very unusual situation as far as I am concerned. I am becoming lazy ?

The Diary is good reading: it sounds so different now that it has been laid aside for a few weeks; in fact it sounds good. And what, I wonder, will come of the 'Four Years and a Term' ? A washout ?

Wednesday 20th. of February.

The day started well with a long lie and plenty of sunshine; outside, the relics of an almighty frost - again. For breakfast there was bacon, and a letter from both Grandmother and Mother: I have too much luck at once. Everything comes with a rush as far as I am concerned.

I spent practically the first three periods doing a German translation, from the German into English. I was constantly becoming bogged down in unknown phenomena. During the fifteen minute eleven o'clock break, I took the front and back brakes off my bicycle, preparatory to replacing them with new ones, which I proceeded to remount in my room during the following prep. At twelve o'clock, a little later perhaps, I met Father Barnabas as arranged, and in No.2 Classroom he translated my letter for me. He remarked, before starting to translate it aloud, that it was rather 'personal and he hoped I would not mind his translating it, as I had requested. I had expected this, but there was no alternative. So he started; it was a good letter, and I enjoyed it; it certainly was most intimate ! Afterwards, he gave me a brief, two minute lecture - in a very friendly way - on my relations with Ingrid; he warned me not to arouse too much love in another person, especially in a girl, if there is a great risk of the love not being allowed or encouraged to continue to a permanent conclusion. I knew this, regretfully, myself. As far as I am concerned - though I did not tell him this, I would be quite willing to let my love for her be carried to a permanent end, ~~marrriage with her~~ were it not that my Mother has no very deep love of Ingrid, which I regard as an important though fatalistic objection. So, I think, my own attitude is that I shall continue loving her to the last and, if and when we separate for good, <sup>I hope</sup> we shall still remain the most intimate ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> lasting of friends. But I wonder whether love can just 'tail off' like that ? Perhaps I am both deceiving myself and Ingrid - may God forgive me if I am. I am merely hoping.

I eventually managed to get away from Shack, towards one-five p.m. I pushed the old bicycle up Bolton Bank, keeping an eye open for a possible spot wherein to enact Friday's practical, this time an ambush. At the top of the Bank, the bike clogged up with drying mud: I had the devil of a job emptying the brakes and the mudguards. At two o'clock I entered Helmsley, where I proceeded without any delay to partake of a poached egg and two toasts, with a pot of tea to suite. I was dressed respectably enough from the waist upwards: lower down, however, I was wearing muddy gym-shoes, with bits of mud sticking to the edges. I wonder whether anyone took a dim view of this procedure ?

After my probably illicit snack, I spent half an hour fishing by the banks of the Rye. I would have preferred to fish in the Duncombe Estate, but I suspected that a permit was necessary - so I refrained. I caught not a thing, except freezing fingers. The sun was helpful, but the air was not much the warmer for that: on the ground you could still see and feel the remnants of the frost, and I was glad to mount my bike at last and cycle back. <sup>At</sup> the back of Ampleforth College, a long and dismally steady upwards hill, I obtained a haul on the end of a farm machine, which I very much appreciated. It is the first time I have enjoyed going up this confounded hill.

I was back in time for tea, at five past four, and I stayed on until four-thirty. I then set off down the valley in search of some more suitable place for the ambush, but without any success. The ground was atrociously wet and muddy; I actually had to wash afterwards. Some typing kept me engaged until supper at six. There were raw bangers, baked beans, and boiled potatoes. I was in too much of a hurry to keep a seat for the film to enjoy the meal. However, for the first time this term, I did manage to obtain a green seat in the Theatre - and one for Peter as well: I felt relieved. The film was called 'Doctor at Sea': it was splendid, and I felt soothed, relaxed, inspired and entertained afterwards - a rare event for me, whatever the film. I immediately thirsted for Ingrid.

Woe am I ! I love her, and she is far away; I need her comfort, her love, her words, her presence, and I can have none of them. Yet am I cheerful: otherwise I would be feeling wretched, for lack of her. This evening she inspires me for the best: I love her without tears, without sighing. I love her as in a dream, where all must come right; I love her deeply, <sup>th</sup>rough and through. I enjoy each thought of her. Am I really thinking of her ? Yes, in a dreamlike way, as a vision, a happy memory, which I would like to experience un sinnúmero de veces más. My thirst for her is an eternal one, unquenchable: I am used to her, and feel as though I must - it would only be fair that way - become yet again used to her. She was a

part of me, of my life, and I feel as though she will and should once more become part of me, and I part of her. Her letter was delicious; I am convinced she loves me; I hope that I am not proving in any way a painful memory, as she has been to me this term. Times have been when I have felt as though I were going mad for want of her; now I am delirious with joy just at the thought of her, and her absence, well .... hurts me, but not too painfully, as usually it does. I am at the moment thinking of her as a whole, not for any particular, one, attribute; I see her in my mind's eye as she was; as she appeared, as she spoke and as she felt. I do not see her only as she looks, nor even as she loves. I have at the back of my mind a scene, a scene of darkness, with love within inches of my lips, of my eyes, of my being. There is a lamp-post nearby, with a pale light flickering down upon us both. We look at one another: all is quiet: we repeat something we have already said so many times: it is understood, and again carries all its meaning, its power, its sincerity within us both.

I think of her as a shadow of past happiness. I hope that it will return. This hope guides my days and my thoughts and my very actions. Whenever I am tempted by wrong, sad, sorry wrong of such little pleasure or value, I think so soon of her. When I think of her I am no longer tempted: she is a reward, and I must be worthy of her. She deserves it; she deserves all I can give her; I will give her only my best. I yearn for her words. More than anything else, it is the sound of her voice - and, I am afraid, her presence - that I miss. Her presence, whether or not I was looking at her, counted so high; she gave me a thrill of friendship as well as love; she accompanied and supplemented my thoughts. She enriched my world of life and illusion and knowledge. She was knowledge, new, unknown, unteachable, only to be learnt from her own lips and her own passions and her own thoughts, so untainted by wrong and insincerity and affectedness. She was remarkable. She was an idol before my eyes. She was a goddess, a living example, an example of love that lived as full a life as anyone could wish. I admired her love of life, and I admired her all the more for her desire to charm without end, to go on charming, being lovable. Hers was no passing love: it is a lasting one: she still loves, and so do I. Her love made a man of me, thrilled and delighted me and fascinated me; her love was as deep as the ocean, infinite. I have still not fathomed the mysteries of her heart; I would prefer them to remain unsolved, enchained within herself, a lasting memory of the unknown and the idyllic.

The love I feel for her is the love of a boy for a girl: <sup>and</sup> it is more. It is the blind worship, the self-effacing devotion of a monk for his God. It obsesses me, and holds me entirely in its power, and I am its immortally enraptured slave, lover.

And now, indeed, I am sad. I had so convinced myself that I was happy with the mere memory of you; how bitterly false was that thought, that criminal, that un-intentionally evil feeling, inspired by the very Devil. The more I think of you, the sadder I become. Lack means pain, not joy; I must be an utter fool not to have realised. In fact, your memory must have been a dim one. Only now has it grown full bright, and with it that stabbing pain at my heart, my mind, my feelings. I feel as one numbed with Death; something within me, I know not what, is pulling and twisting and torturing me; it is that vivid memory of you, Ingrid - how I love that name - ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> tantalises me, ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> burns me with a consuming, killing, all-wonderful and entrancing and maddening passion and desire and love. You are absent, and I can feel it in my every nerve and sense. I feel it because I can imagine your presence, and that must be an illusion, and I am left without your presence, but with the inspiring and vacant illusion, and I know it as an illusion, and I suffer.

All is well in my room. I would be the happiest man alive were you only to say one word, leave on me one kiss, look upon me for one fleeting instant, think and love with me for but a while, short and sharp and delightful. I had grown so accustomed to seeing you for many hours: and now I cannot see you for one passing second. All was luxury, all is lost: all was love, and all is love: you were within me, and will remain so. Love, so pure and convincing and heartfelt. Not shallow, not passing, not surface-deep; love of all ages, from all times, for all times. Full love, of every sense and in every way: love of the mind, of the presence. Blind, stumbling, dying and reborn; love to return and be relived and relived and refelt. Love without end, pause, flaw; perfect, never ending, that started when it started, and nobody knows when that was, with its beginning somewhere in the past, with its end nowhere to be seen, lost in the mists of impossibility.

For my love, our love, can never end. It may be forgotten, as a glass of perfume mislaid after the feast; it will never be tossed aside, as rotten, useless, without value, unwanted. If it now has its worth, it will always have it; no value, if it is the value of love, true and full of meaning and spontaneity, can become without value, without itself. Once love, love for all times. Nobody, no thing, can steal the present from itself; no-one can away with the delights and fascinations of an ever-present past, finished but not done with, over yet still being accomplished. Time can make you forget, but it cannot destroy; it can remove and hide, but never annihilate. Time is impotent when love stands before it; love surpasses time, as the love of the Father was and is before He chose to let Time become, and become to die, to perish at His word. So too, with love for the mortal beloved, love for Ingrid, never to be forgotten and, if forgotten, unquenchable and always waiting.

Thursday 21st of February.

I received the dreaded yet much awaited letter at breakfast - from London. 'Four Years and a Term' will be able to go into temporary seclusion. I was a trifle hurt at this decision, but there is nothing I can do to change it. The book itself should be back soon. So as to alleviate my feelings, I started writing a letter to Ingrid. It went into six pages - or sides, to be precise - and I again sang of our love. I thought of a rather good way of expressing my feelings on the receipt of a letter from her: the knowledge that my love for Ingrid is acceptable gives me just such a pleasure as were love being bestowed by another upon myself. I managed to phrase it better than this, needless to say.

There was a German class with Mr.Heath at ten-fifteen, and then House P.T. at eleven-five. Chris, once again, was slacking. The light fall of snow from the past night was fast melting, and I rather enjoyed doing P.T: it was another fine day, with sun and few clouds, the air warm and birds in song. I finished the letter to Ingrid at twelve-fifteen, and posted it on the way up to Paddy's R.I. class. Fogarty was lecturing on Sin; he claimed that all mortal sins count as equals; I distinctly disagree. I quoted Dante's 'Inferno', to everyone's muted amazement, saying that Dante chose to show a very marked difference in the punishing of, for example, sins of malice and sins of weakness. Fogarty was not to be convinced until Father Patrick spoke out in agreement with me.

After lunch there was no run; I was aghast at the good news. So I changed into spare clothing and cycled over to the Lakes, where I took four photoes, making all possible use of the wonderful weather. It was a rush returning to Shack, for I had no idea of the time; I made it all right, arriving at four o'clock precisely. I washed - the minimum possible - and went down to Prayers. Mike asked me to preside for him in the Big Study, as he was to have an unexpected class. I unwillingly consented, shuffled back to St.Oswald's for 'Peñas Arriba' and returned to preside. The prep dragged on and on; I suppose I was conscious of the time lag because I was not immersed as deeply as would have been desirable in the 'Peñas'. I have reached page two hundred and fifty, almost the half way mark; it is, in fact, as interesting as ever. I enjoy the account of people and sights in the Montaña because I have been there twice, and the thing has meaning for me. Tea at five, and then I dug forcefully and unsuccessfully into a German Prose; by seven-thirty, despite no slacking, I had only done three-quarters of it. German proses are harder than bits of Greek verse, without one's knowing any of the language. It takes more than an effort to think when immersed in German spadework ! It is murderous, though quite fascinatingly precise and systematic !











I had a busy time after supper; first there was some typing to be done, and then my corps kit to be cleaned; fortunately, the boots did not need as much scrubbing as usual. After Prayers, Father Bernard gave the House a jaw on manners in the refectory; this time he was original, insomuch as what he had to say had not been said before. It was largely on the amount of sugar consumed, on nagging the maids, and on more haste, less speed, at tea-time, please. Bobby gave a short jaw to the same effect straight afterwards, emphasising one or two of the refectory rules.

Finally, the usual two monitors' meetings. Bobby reprimanded us for not setting the House as fine an example as was to be expected; he then introduced a new lines system, whereby monitors must tear off the signature from a sheet of done lines, and then take it back to the first signer and see if he had, in fact, made that signature. There has been a forging of monitors' signatures in progress recently. The smoke followed, with Father Bernard presiding. He gave us another jaw, on strip-ping beds in the morning and washing with shirts on. I felt slightly embarrassed, as I am guilty of both offences as often as not. Then we discussed the House Punch, and the shortly afterwards-to-be-held School entertainments; I suggested that, to liven up the usual House choice of modern pops, we should have a negro spiritual on the agenda. Father Bernard seemed to like the suggestion, which was heatedly debated for some ten minutes or more. Meanwhile everyone just dragged; there seems to be a dragging competition between Ivan and Bug; Ivan won last time.

The meeting broke up early - at about ten-thirty - so that there was time for me to shave before going to bed; otherwise I would in all probability have had to get up early on the following morning, a thing I have again grown to dislike, on principle.

I had a busy day, with little free time; I spent rather over-long, on second thoughts, over Ingrid's epistle. This was another fine day; it helps to keep you cheerful, besides being devilishly unusual for this time of the year.

Friday, 22nd. of February.

I was in Church pretty well on time today, for a change. Another fine day; if you ask me, there is going to be a drought this year, and a bad one at that! Not that I particularly object. I am afraid that I spent much of my time during Mass trying to formulate a simple plot for my Spanish play; my mind seems to be non-existent, or else I am just incapable.

I received some writing paper from home at breakfast; egg shakes again. I had bread and marmalade to fill up with until lunch-time. Delicious morning, and, I

fear, somewhat over busy. I showed Father Bernard my London letter after Prayers, and he proceeded to expound upon the deeper - to my mind non-existent - hints within the letter. He advised me to answer it at once, which I did; he advised me to keep my answer to one paragraph - which I did not do: I filled a whole page, with, I think, justifiable news. I then revised my German unseen work. At ten-fifteen there was the usual class: the prep was not bad, though with some mistakes as ever. Afterwards I had Sixth Form P.T. in the gym, and then changed into my slick and dusty denims. They are pleasantly light to wear, and feel as though you have nothing on! I then typed out some more 'gum-boot' notices, to the effect that all procedure was to be the same as last time.

R.I. up at Wilfrid's at twelve-fifteen. Fogarty went on with sin - or, rather, Paddy did, pretty well dominating the conversation at all times. After lunch, and visit, there was a frantic rush to have the company on parade in time: this time all delay was due to the bugler's late appearance. I did not make a single mistake to-day, despite the pleasantness of the weather and so on; every order was correct, and none were forgotten or delayed. After parade I took Zaluski, Flanagan and Marshall with me up Bolton Bank, and we laid an ambush for the others, who were under Dan's leadership. I had been issued with sixty blanks - an unheard of luxury and privilege in the School corps. After the first ambush, which went well, and where my ancient rifle-piece jammed, there was a second, with Dan's section laying the ambush; this one was only partly successful, owing, I suppose, to the nature of the ground. Finally, I organised a third, on the way back, down Bolton Bank. Nor was this completely successful, as Dan's men were too much up to scratch in their observation, and outflanked the ambush on my side; on the whole, I think that the afternoon proved a great success, and that most people enjoyed it - despite the antiquity of the rifles, useless old things.

I changed back into normal clothing after the exercise, and started copying out reams of pop verse for the School Entertainments - St. Oswald's share. It is hellishly tricky work, especially as the wording does not, as a rule, even make sense. I only finished this task towards six o'clock - with, of course, a break for tea. After doing this, I reverted to my Spanish play, and worked at it steadily, finally typing out a possible version. This I revised and amended as I presided in the Big Study during the last period. Afterwards I returned to the 'Peñas' for the remainder of the prep - in which few people were doing any genuine work.

It is close to-day: there really ought to be a thunderstorm soon: I am sure that something frightful is cooking away up in the clouds. Frankly, I am appreciating this weather to the full; I dread the arrival of the snows.

Tavern Night Scene.

Act 1.

The scene is set in a simple, rather dark, Spanish Tavern. There should be some tables and chairs in the corners of the room, where they will not be in the way, and, in the centre, another table, with three chairs round it, the third one on the side furthest from the audience.

Enter Rosa, a maid, with a tray full of dishes and food. She starts laying the table. She has laid everything except a jug of water when in comes Antonio, a Guardia Civil: a tri-cornered hat should suffice to reveal his identity. Antonio is highly inebriated.

He lurches towards Rosa saying -

Antonio: "Rosa ! Hcc! Ah, Rosa mía, Hcc, holé chica, Hcc, Hcc!" and he staggers about, still in the general direction of Rosa, reeling heavily. "Ay, mujer, qué guapa, he ? Hcc, perdóneme, Hcc, Hcc" and with that he staggers into Rosa, clutching her heavily round the shoulders.

This makes her lose her balance, and she accidentally empties the jar of water over Antonio, who reels backwards.

Rosa : "Borracho, Borracho !" and she puts all her weight into each word. "Drunk as usual, you good-for-nothing !" and she slaps his face and pokes him in the stomach, manhandling him gradually, backwards, towards the exit. "You dare come in here like this, you, you.... such a respectable place, and I work all day long and you get drunk and then come in here and think you're going to carry one over me, too ? Borracho, Puerco de borracho, bicho, sí, bicho, tu !" and they both exit, Rosa still shoving the reeling, stumbling Antonio before her, occasionally kicking him on into the bargain.

Act 2.

The tavern grows slightly darker; there is barely a glow of light to be seen. Enter two ladrones, or burglars, from opposite sides of the stage. They are dressed in long cloaks, black, have a rapier by their side, and each one is carrying a bag of clinking silver. They walk sedately, with dignity, and slowly, towards the central table.

They see one another, and stop instantly. They take a pace back, draw their rapiers and advance again, cautiously, staring at each other's face, so as to see who their opponent can be. They recognise one another, and -

Miguel: "Hombre, qué va !"  
Juan : "Demonio ! It's ~~old~~ Miguel !"

And with that they embrace and start clapping one another on the shoulder; with each clap they bend lower and lower, meanwhile acting somewhat sentimentallike and whispering and shouting one another's names and inaudible phrases. Suddenly Juan

jerks into an upright position and -

Juan : "Pssss!" and he puts his finger to his lips, for silence.

Miguel, startled out of his cheerful greeting, jerks upright too, and claps his own hand to his mouth in terror. Together, they listen; there is silence; there is utter silence. Juan suddenly doubles up with laughter, and Miguel joins him, and they roar away. After a while they sit down at the table and make themselves comfortable. Enter Rosa, with a tray, empty.

Act 3.

Rosa : "What would you be having, please Sirs ? " and she waits in expectation.

Miguel and Juan bend over the table, so that their heads almost meet, and whisper; one can hear such words as Martini, Coñac, un Tinto, una Cerveza, animatedly discussed. Finally Juan strikes his fist on the table, looks up at Rosa, and says -

Juan : "Tú ! You'll do!" and without more ado he seizes her round the waist and sits her down in the third and vacant chair, which is facing the audience.

Rosa screams, and pretends to faint, slipping on to the floor. Miguel and Juan rise in consternation, face one another, and start quarreling. Rosa escapes.

Miguel : "Está loco ? Now see what you've done, you fool !"  
Juan : "Fool, am I ? No initiative, that's what you've got ! Call me a fool, would you ?"

They draw swords, and Miguel lunges at Juan. Juan side-steps, and lets Miguel hurtle on past him: en passant, Juan claps a pie or other messy substance in Miguel's face, and then gives him a kick that sends him flat. Juan steps astride Miguel, who is prostrate on the floor, and says -

Juan : "Ya sabes, tonto ! Try to kill me, would you, you swine, you idiot, you puerco, loco, muerto ...." and with each attribute he jabs his sword into the ground by the side of Miguel, who screams and rolls backwards and forwards in utter anguish. "Canalla !" and with this last oath he is about to plunge his sword into Miguel, when -

Act 4.

In come the Guardia Civil, Antonio, and Rosa, dragging him in. Juan whirls round, sees the intruders, and makes a bolt for the door; he is trapped between Antonio and Rosa, however. Antonio empties his wineskin in Juan's face - which makes Juan swear - and then Rosa taps Juan on the bottom with her fan, which sends him flat on the ground. Meanwhile, Miguel has arisen from the floor, has seized some food from the table, jams it into the Guardia's face from behind and gives him a push, which sends him



94  
reeling into Rosa; Rosa and Antonio collapse in a heap. Miguel gives Juan a  
a rising hand, and together they disappear.

Act 5.

So Antonio and Rosa are left on the floor. Antonio's face is covered with food,  
so he cannot see what he is doing. He labours under the misapprehension that Rosa  
is Juan or Miguel, and lays into her from close quarters. She gets covered in the  
food mess, and suddenly screams. Antonio sits half up, rubs the mess out of his  
eyes, and stares at - Rosa, on the floor beside him, lying prostrate.

Antonio: "Santa Virgen ! It's Rosa ! - and we're safe!", and with that he  
slowly bends down towards her to embrace her one hundred per cent.

She stretches her arms out to him, languishingly, and raises her head a little from  
the ground. As they meet, the lights are switched off.

END.

Costumes: Antonio needs a black cape, a tri-cornered hat, and, if possible, high  
boots. He may have a heavy sword - if one is available.

Rosa needs a long skirt, if possible red or yellow; she should wear  
light sandals on her feet. She must, if possible, have black hair.

Miguel wears a black cloak, high-boots and a rapier.

Juan wears a black cloak, high-boots, a rapier and a rose in some button-  
-hole.

Props: At least one table, three chairs. Some sloppy food, a jug of water,  
a tray, a wine-skin, a fan.

95

At ten-fifteen, the monitors were invited to Father Bernard's room to see some charts of the New Church as it will look when completed. It was splendid, an imitation and development of Medæval architecture with Neo-Gothic traces in parts. We were then shown the charts of the school programme over at St. Louis, in America, where our colony school - which started with five of our monks a year and a half ago - is under way. These were extensive and extremely modern, with a tinge of the oriental about the school buildings. I was very impressed.

Saturday 23rd of February.

I was reluctant to get up - as usual, I suppose. It was cold, and the sky grey. Again, during Mass, I remained pretty busy thinking of my Spanish play; I did manage to intersperse some prayers at intervals - to appease divine ire. There were good bangers for breakfast, and no letters for me; I don't suppose I was really expecting any.

I had an extremely busy morning once again. For the first period I worked at the weekly Spanish prose, moving to a German unseen for the second prep. Then there should have been a class with Mr. Heath; he entirely forgot to turn up - or at least, failed to do so. So I just spoke to Firth for the whole class-time, on our December Scholarship papers and questions related to General Papers.

At eleven-fifteen I checked all three B squads, working coolly and efficiently from squad to squad; it was cold and windy, and my hands were soon numb. This is the sort of weather when P.T. is not, on the whole, much appreciated. After P.T. I wrote out - or rather typed - the Spanish play: it creaks in places. I am sure it is potentially good, but that a little more care over details could make all that difference.

Lunch at one-ten. Leslie applied to join Keble, Oxford; I think that for a Catholic to succeed in such an endeavour is as hard as a man turning into a woman: so he might as well apply for St. Hilda's. Prunes for 'suite'; Ade takes far too many; must keep him frightfully busy at times!

At two-thirty I took the Bottom Dormitory on a run to the Lakes; it snowed hard all the way there and back. My hands suffered most. The little blighters run far too slowly, so that I was walking for much of the time, when not actually standing still in despair, waiting for stragglers. On reaching the House I had a bath, to warm up; I really was in a shiver. There was tea at four-thirty, with tarts: good stuff, they are: I had two - after nagging a maid for an extra one.

My evening was booked up with the Spanish Prose prep, and then a mass of typing. I gave the Spanish play to Mr. Macdonell for correcting and approval: I hope that he does not misinterpret any of it! - or I'll be for the high-jump.

hard

Benediction at eight-twenty-five, following on a supper where I had had to pre- side on the Second Table, as Vincent had to do some entertaining on the Top. Chris being impertinent, was dully penanced: most of the table was in a bad Saturday night mood. After Benediction I was asked to supervise the Top Dormitory having baths, which took until nine-thirty. I felt utterly bored. I was then called upon to keep an eye on the Top Dormitory in its native habitat, yet more boring; any signs of revolt were immediately stamped out and annihilated. This took until ten, when I was relieved by the dormitory monitors' return. I then shaved rapidly and went to bed; it was a warm night, despite fast piling snow outside.

Sunday 24th of February.

Small eggs for breakfast, which was spent on the Second Table: my second term there has now begun in all <sup>a</sup> earnest. I was maddeningly strict; they needed it. For the first, and only, period, I wrote three letters to German Universities for details on Language courses; I wrote to Munich, Cologne and Heidelberg. Then there was High Mass. Father James is an excellent reader, but his sermon was too high- brow for me: interesting epistle of the day - showing signs of studied rhetoric. After Mass I rehearsed my Punch Sketch. Bobby kept on picking holes in it, and by the end I was in a mood - black; he wants me to cut it by half; I refused. He wants to change it - and I refused.

The snow had almost all gone by lunch-time, and it was very warm. I would have been happy had it not been for the Sketch incidents in the morning. I wrote a letter home, and then went to Lyon's ~~Wood~~ <sup>hall</sup> to find sites for the Monday practical. I was unable to decide on any good spots for the simple reason that I was not very clear in my own head what I intended to do ~~on Monday~~. So it was an afternoon wasted - except for the fresh air and the exercise. Why did I not remember Ingrid ?

Tea at four-thirty; I managed to obtain an extra THREE cakes off the refectory maid, a foolish young thing of about thirteen. Not really foolish, but looking somewhat simple and innocent; she has no shape yet; altogether too young. Why do they take the other maid off at tea-time ? Well? After tea I put out some bread for the birds, and scribbled out mock comedies of conversation: pretty poor.

Vespers at six-ten; my voice surprised me - and Mario, this morning - by an odd operatic tendency; might I have made an operatic singer? I wonder. It's dangerous to have to rely on one's throat, however.

I am running dry; I suppose I want a whole-holiday, or perhaps to see Ingrid ? I miss her every day. I am powerless. I am feeling lazy, uninspired and disillusioned. The Second Table is beginning to cultivate a dislike of me; it is bad- mannered from top to bottom, and needs putting in place; Terence is a naive menace.

Supper was quite good - but I missed the Top table tea. Afterwards I tried to help Bobby compose his monitors' song; he doesn't seem to appreciate my sense of humour; says it's odd and unique. I typed out the conversational skits: Bobby was not amused. I don't suppose they are any good, really.

It was a warm night, no snow left, and not a breath of wind; phenomenal weather this part of the world suffers.

Monday 25th. of February.

I awoke under the illusion that I was monitor of the day. Bug corrected it at the foot of the stairs; I had mistaken last week's list for the new one; the new one has not even gone up yet. So I had to dash back up the Gallery way and change ties - for only a monitor of the day can wear a monitor's tie on Monday. On the way down I was accosted by Father Bernard, who asked me to serve his Mass in the Crypt. This I did, passing through the New Church and the Monastery as the only means of arriving, for the Old Church has been sealed off for building purposes. Mass finished soon-ish, and there was time to make my bed before breakfast -which I did.

For breakfast, bacon, and Chris discussing submarines with ~~Thomas~~<sup>Fanny</sup> and Thomas. I discussed corps with Jack - in search of inspiration for this afternoon: he had little to contribute. After breakfast I regained my lost corps boots, from the end of the Big Passage, where Marshall has at last returned them, after mistaking them as his own - foolish fellow. For the first period I cleaned the boots, and with Willy discussed possible courses for this afternoon; again, no ~~usable~~<sup>suitable</sup> suggestions. Eventually I decided on Patrol <sup>pr</sup>actice, with goggles, on Bolton Bank. Brother Simon does not seem to mind; ~~though~~ he seems rather indifferent on the whole.

Eleven o'clock break was a fix; I first of all had a talk with Brother Simon, I then saw the R.S.M., then went up to my room to type out notices to the effect that denims and gum-boots should be worn. I have left things rather late this week, to my own discomfiture.

I have had birds at my window for most of the morning. I wondered whether they were not afraid of me for the simple reason that they cannot see through glass; I solved that one by opening the bottom half of the window; then the birds swooped away at high speed every time they even approached my window; no, they are just as afraid of me - in spite of the bread I have been giving them - as ever. They need training and acclimatisation. It is a goodly day, though somewhat cloudy. The sun is beaming forth; there is, again, no wind, and the air is warm. What an odd winter. I am still convinced that there must be something frightful in store for us all: feet of snow, and thunderstorms in true earnest. I am in an indifferent mood.

Paddy spoke on euthanasia, discussing an article in the Manchester Guardian that more or less summed up his own views. Paddy verged towards the philosophical this morning, and had everyone high in the clouds, quite fogged. After his class I at once changed into denims, and had lunch. There was a long argument with ~~D.P.~~<sup>P.C.</sup> over spilt water; he refused to obey orders; he was penanced. Discipline at any costs.

The parade went well, though again it started slightly on the late side. There were no mistakes on anyone's part - except a near miss from Firth, standing us at ease when in the slope arms position! Brother Simon warned him just in time, to my unChristian merriment. I issued my course with goggles - through which it was quite impossible to see a thing! I didn't wear one. I took the section up Bolton Bank, and sent Dan off with two sentries, to give them a beat; when he returned I sent him with three others to attack the sentries from the left, and myself took the remaining two to do a right flanker. The whole point was that the sentries should not see a soul until being assaulted. All did not go well - certainly as far as I was concerned. The going was frightful - with brambles, and then a wet ploughed field. I presumed at one point that we had been seen, and then onwards took things light-heartedly; I had not, in fact, been observed, for the simple reason that, on Dan's wily instructions, the sentries were wearing their goggles, which we were not. By the end of the manoeuvre I was pretty muddy - because of the ploughed field.

I went up to the Post-Office and bought some marshmallows after changing into civvies; it is quite phenomenal for me to buy anything in the way of sweets, and, when I do, I usually make myself thoroughly sick on them, so as to dissuade me from ever eating any more. This is a pretty successful policy, I have discovered. I tried a marshmallow on the birds; a sparrow had its bite, then fled in horror!

After tea I tackled 'Peñas Arriba', and then, once again, tried my hand at play-writing. This I find an impossible task: I do not know where to begin. Later on in the course of the evening, I reverted to the glorious German Prose system: I was half-way through a piece by supper time. Not so good.

I was struck, on returning to my room after supper, by Ingrid's youthful appearance, as depicted in her ever-visible photograph, wedged in the corner of one of my pictures. Women are charming people, especially when still young; they are yet more charming when well-known. There can be little doubt that the proper end of man - besides God, in the last end - is woman; it strikes me as completely pointless to deny this. Man without woman is as a half-woven cloth, as a tree without leaves: something ridiculous, certainly uncompleted, lacking the complementary other half of its own nature and being. One must choose between God and Woman; to have both is possible; to seek neither, or to seek woman for transitory motives, is a contradiction of life.

After Prayers I took a bath, and washed my hair - a task I adore. I then tidied my room and went on with some dialogue writing; at ten-thirty Bobby gave a lecture - for me alone - on the lines I gave Terence a few days ago when he goggled at the maid in the House refectory and started spreading gossip on being told to desist. I was in a mood by the time he had finished. It seems impossible to perform one's duty here without being suspected of lying or officiousness: even Bobby accuses.

Tuesday 26th, of February.

I did not want to get up - but I felt obliged to, after Bobby's long jaw of the previous evening.

It was a fine morning, but by mid-day the sun had fled and the blue clouds were no longer. Fried eggs for breakfast - I had one and a half - and Chris nattering on York Minster Organ music as performed at four o'clock every afternoon. He intends to spend his whole holiday in York so as to hear the organ at work: I was tickled. No letters; time I started writing some myself - to Sweden, Spain, and France; I am forgetting the obligations of friendship.

'Peñas Arriba' for the first period. Celso has at last handed over his will to Marcelo, his son, who has promised to preserve the family links with Tablanca; the old man is becoming a pathetic figure, with his cough, his high spirits, his cheerful conversation and fast approaching death. Yet he is a life-like character, unlike the, to my mind, highly caricaturised Père Goriot and M. Grandet of Balzac. I prefer people to be represented as they are, and not deformed, even if they are thus more stirring.

I went on with the German prose for the second period, and Mr. Heath and Firth promptly arrived at ten-fifteen. To-day we thrashed out Modal Auxiliaries and foreign word-declining. Mr. Heath tends to start going in ever-narrowing circles after a while, repeating more or less the same thing, but in different ways, Deo Gracias.

At eleven<sup>u</sup>-seven - for I was late down - I checked A.3; they were a slovenly crew. I gave Carver a double P.T. He just could not - probably would not - do an exercise so that it even faintly approached the normal. I then took my suit trousers and a pair of grey flannels to be pressed: I have been intending to have the ~~suit~~ trousers pressed since last term, and I have for ever been delaying things. I am a lazy sort of fellow at bottom.

I read some of the 'Story of Art' this morning. I started it at some stage last term, but soon packed up because of work. I was struck by the very close similarity between one of Gombrich's statements and my main argument during my scholarship interview at Pembroke. I trust I did not base my ideas on Gombrich; thought I was being original!

100

There was a rather pleasant chop for lunch, tender and juicy; I could very well have done with a second. There was chocolate stodge as ~~suite~~<sup>Surge</sup>; this time they managed to remember the colouring, but forgot the flavouring. Shame on them, whoever they are. After lunch I went down with Bereng to watch the result of the senior and junior cross-countries. We didn't do well - St. Oswald's - in the Senior, though in the Junior we had the second and fourth persons in from our house, which is excellent: there was Carver, second, and Nares fourth - both of which results surprised me considerably, especially Carver's. The end became rather sordid, with people collapsing left, right and centre, falling flat in the mud, clinging on to one another in exhaustion. The senior was better in this respects, but this time everyone wore some ghastly expression on his face, also murderously unnatural.

There was a Spanish class with Mr. Macdonell at five-fifteen, as usual. No, he was not very amused by my Spanish play either! Shame. I showed him my House Punch one, which seemed to amuse him somewhat more. My prep, this time, managed to drag me in an alpha-beta, far better than I had ever expected: 'Peñas Arriba' continues to affect me for the better. I can't say, however, that the passage was particularly interesting - being on superstition and sanitary arrangements of the modern world. Quite sordid and dull. The matter also tended to become ted-iously repetitive in places.

I spent the remainder of the evening prior to supper, ~~in~~ endeavouring to invent a good plot for a short play. Impossible. I wanted there to be ghosts and a few burglars. I tried all types of combinations - but I could never think of a good ending to the skit - which is, in a sense, what matters most as far as any audience would be concerned. Mr. Macdonell suggested that I think of a good ending first, and then work out a play in detail, working backwards from that; also no good as far as I am concerned.

I had a busy time after supper. I first of all went to see Father Jerome for permission to 'pot-hole' on the morrow; he referred me ~~on~~ to Father William, who chanced at the time not to be available. So I returned to the House and did some typing for Bobby - more of his infernal pop songs. We then had a rehearsal, in the wash-place, of my sketch; I have agreed to cut some of the first page, but not any more. At nine there were prayers, after which I managed to find the Headmaster, who willingly enough gave me the requisite permission; he seemed slightly amused, and in a highly good mood at the time. I then dashed off to Father James, and we had a short talk ~~with~~ ~~concerning~~ for about a quarter of an hour; I always seem to have plenty to talk about for the first five minutes, after which I just fade away! At five to ten we rehearsed the monitors' song; in actual fact I simply cannot sing.

After the monitors' song we all returned to the House, and there, in the House Common room, at about ten-thirty, we rehearsed the sketch 'Scholar at work' before Father Bernard. He was amused. Later, after eleven o'clock, he gave me a short talk on how not to be over-efficient as a house-monitor. Then, bed, much sought for and comforting.

Wednesday 27th of February.

I took an illegal long-sleep in the morning: I really felt as though I could not do without it - as usual. I was not caught or even suspected - to the best of my knowledge.

Breakfast consisted of good sausages and better conversation. Afterwards I tackled some typing and ~~then~~ a German prose. By eleven o'clock I was about half way through it. I went up and checked over my bicycle, and then spent the next period dressing, prior to pot-holing. I put on a pair of olden flannels, a rugger jersey and two windcheaters. I donned gym-shoes, and wore my rugger socks right up to my knees - and that was the best thing I could have thought of. At twelve I emerged, saw Father Jerome and told him exactly which pot-hole we intended to visit. Then, moving fast, I went down to the village and bought three new torch batteries, and returned to the foot of the half-mile, where I met Chris and Jack, companion-holers. Jack was the only one of us three who had been holing before.

We plodded up the half-mile, and then made for 'Helmsley Windy-Pit', as this particular hole is called. It was about three miles from the top of the half-mile climb, and involved quite a good deal of walking across the moors. It was a fine day, warm, fitfully sunny, with little wind. What an incredibly pleasant winter!

We reached the hole at one-thirty-five, and had our lunch-packets. I had a few butterflies in my stomach, but hoped for the best. Eventually we began the descent. I thought it was quite easy, though at one or two stages I almost lacked the courage to hold on. The hole twisted fiercely from side to side, sometimes dropping vertically, sometimes at an angle: at times we were even going up-hill. I was the last person for most of the way down; then there came a spot where Chris refused to budge, so I went second, and overcame the impasse which had beaten him; it was a nasty spot. The hole, in all, was about a hundred and forty foot deep, but it involved plenty of climbing sideways and along. Everywhere there was mud, and the inevitable drip dripping from the roofs. We were soon soaked, and had changed from blue to brown before we had even reached the bottom. I led on the way back to the surface: I found the task of ascent incredibly easier than going down; it is when I look downwards that I do not feel so good; when looking up, everything goes fine.



I decided that the whole secret of pot-holing lay in counterbalances and natural tensions; once you became aware that, by exerting equal pressures on two distinct points, you could do as you liked in between, perhaps over a chasm thirty or forty foot deep, and be safe, confidence, speed, agility and safety were yours. Half the success lay in wedging yourself, bottom against one side, and knees against the other, using your hands to lever yourself upwards. This was not so easily done going down, but coming up was blissfully simple. I was struck by the number of loosely piled stones at strategic points, which to me seemed dangerous, as by the slippery surface of the rocks.

When I emerged, at about five to four, after nearly two hours down the hole, the sun was sinking; vast, dark-red, it hung perilously above the edge of the horizon. Chris was just managing to extricate himself from the opening of the hole, looked in trouble and sweat; I told him to look at the sun; he almost fell all the way down again in anti-climax.

We rolled up the long rope, which had served its purpose for the first half of the descent, and started back to Shack. I almost came to grief in a two inch pot-hole on the edge of a steep drop ! We crossed the moors, rousing a whole herd of deer en passant, and cycled off from the road. We were back at school by five-fifteen, very good time. It was still light. Jack reported back to Father Jerome, and I went and took a much needed spray. My underpants seemed to have suffered from the pot-hole ! I suppose I should have worn rugger shorts under the flannels; I will know next time. I felt somewhat relieved at returning alive; I had pictured pot-holing as a far more perilous operation - as no doubt it can be in certain places, under certain conditions. When it came to supper, I had my much desired cups of tea - which I had missed at the bottom of the pot-hole - and two slices of bread and jam, a rare occurrence for me.

Instead of attending the film - I only attended the cartoon and the Newsreel - I did some delayed typing, and copied out a few more of those terrible songs for Bobby. I endeavoured to see Father James at eight-fifteen, but he was nowhere to be found. At eight-forty I queued up at the school shop and bought masses of biscuits, after which there was a rehearsal of the House-Monitors' song. I still can't sing it well; the last line of the verse I have to sing has too many words in it for comfort. After the rehearsal I saw Peter in my room, until ten; we ate, and ate, and drank, and talked, on the cross-country, work, and the school entertainments, due in a week's time. We did not really have much to say, but the company provided by two people remains undisputably better than what one alone can offer. Lights out at ten-twenty for me, and I stretched my weary limbs in repose.

Thursday 28th. of February.

St.Oswald's day. There was Mass for the whole House at twenty-five past seven in the morning, and then followed a good breakfast of fried eggs and bacon.

The morning was spent typing and reading, with a German class at ten-fifteen with Mr.Heath, as per norm. I had done a rather sound prep, for about the first time, though God knows that I <sup>always</sup> try as much ~~every~~. Firth had done a not so good one, although slightly longer and more than I. Quality rather than quantity !

House P.T. at eleven-five. Still the weather is holding. Although there is not so much sun, it is warm and dry, and has been so for a long time. Ade was taking P.T. I suppose Bobby was busy with other affairs.

I was astonished, on returning to the House after P.T., to find a letter from Ingrid on my desk. I suppose ~~that~~ it was mislaid during breakfast, or that something similar happened. The letter was in pencil, which made it hard to read, but, to atone for that, it was in the Queen's English - just about. Amongst other items enclosed within the main matter of the letter, was news that Ingrid will have to leave England on the thirty-first of March, a great blow for me. I felt sore-stricken somewhere within; what beastly news. I can only hope that I will be able to find her in Germany, when I go there in April. I wonder how my Easter holidays will be like without her ? Hell, or peace, or oblivion, or boredom ? or what ?

R.I. with Paddy at twelve-fifteen. He read us <sup>some</sup> ~~out~~ hilariously amusing, though tragic, reports from a Mass Observation Book on religion. He went on with this until one o'clock. I had little appetite at lunch-time, because I had been eating biscuits all morning. After lunch I moved the first of my props up to the refectories for the Punch, and at two-thirty five I changed into my mud-caked flannels for athletics, which have started to-day. I only have to do second and third periods, from ten to three until three-thirty on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and from three to four on Saturdays and Sundays. Otherwise, I have the first period off. To-day, Father Philip, my hundred yards coach, did not appear; I did not really mind. Father John gave me my first shot-putting lesson at three-ten; I thought this hobby somewhat exasperatingly repressive, restricting, in so much that I never seemed to put the shot any further as the afternoon progressed. I also, incidentally stubbed my toe on the shot, with painful consequences. On returning to the house after athletics, I moved up some more props, washed, changed into my suit, and went down to prayers. The remainder of the evening was spent in sorting out more props, travelling backwards and forwards to the refectories, and generally 'getting ready' for all emergencies. At seven-thirty the monitors stood, as usual, at the foot of the Oswald's stairs, and we waited for the Punch guests; at seven-forty we were in

the refectory saying grace.

I sat, to my intense pleasure, next to Father James, with Bereng on my right. Father James was about the only guest ~~whom~~ I know well and would at all care to sit next to. We spoke about the past history of the House - in which Father James was a foundation member - and the American way of life. Ghosts, also, played their part in our conversation, and kept us at work and in highest spirits. Father James is firmly convinced that they exist, whereas Mr. Wright, who sat opposite him, completely discredited the whole theory. I, for one, would like to believe in ghosts; I fear, however, that should this become too evident to any self-respecting spook, he might visit me, and I would die from the subsequent shock. Ghosts, in my opinion, have absolutely no right whatsoever to take anyone's life, so I should be safe for yet a while longer.

There was soup to start with, followed by roast potatoes, curled bacon, and a piece of chicken; it was my luck to be served with a lump of stomach-bone, which, of course, of its very nature, was entirely unpalatable. Finally there was fruit salad and cream, then Wensleydale cheese. I had cider with the meal, and a glass of port at its close - probably the best I have ever done, or will ever do, at Ampleforth College. As a matter of fact, despite my piece of chicken, I enjoyed the rest of the food, which the conversation very much helped to improve and enliven.

After the meal, Father Bernard gave a speech on the thirtieth anniversary of St. Oswald's, being closely followed by Bobby. Bobby's speech was an admirable piece of careful and precise wording, of sincerity and rhetoric combined, so often a much wanted and rare combination. He eulogised the guests, describing their main function in connection with the House, and why they were here this evening.

Finally, Father William made a speech on the House, its age and importance and spirit.

Then there followed what I had been dreading for days, certainly all evening. 'Green Grow the Rushes', a house song, which last year completely foxed me. This year I succeeded in saying the right parts at the appropriate moments, with Ade's timely warnings. Did I feel self-conscious! I loathed it. There was a toast to the monitors, the Queen and, I think, someone else. I had the odd experience of sitting down for a toast - the one in honour of the House-monitors!

Eventually, the House-monitors' song. This time I felt wonderful - but only just, as I am usually frightfully embarrassed, and was quite expecting to slip up somewhere. Not in one single rehearsal had I sung my part correctly; this time I performed without a mistake, as did the other monitors, unlike in past years. Last year poor old Jimmy entirely forgot his whole verse. I was helped in my non -

-embarrassment by the fact that the lights were put out over the assembled House, in such a way that all the light was shining from behind - St.Aidan's refectory - and we were in silhouette. Thus it was impossible to distinguish one person from another. This is the first time for many years that no monitor has tripped over his lines, to our credit. The first two verses were sung by all us monitors, the next by Bobby, the next by Ade, the next by Bereng - in his calypso type tone; then came Ivan, on the Athletics, followed by me on the Library, and Bug on the two school Shop keepers; finally there was Smith and Mike, with his Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee. The last verse, again, was sung by all us monitors in unison. The song went down very well. Michael had about the best laugh with his verse devoted entirely to Terence Wardale; he always has a verse. It was Bobby who composed the whole song, which went to the tune of good old Davey Crocket.

SAINT OSWALD'S  
HOUSE

PUNCH

Feast of Saint Oswald

28 February

1957

MENU

Grape fruit

Clear Soup

- - - -

Chicken

Saute potatoes  
Brussels Sprouts

- - - -

Fruit Salad & Cream

Ice Cream

Wine jelly

- - - -

Dessert Coffee

- - - -

Saint Oswald's House Cake.

Dinner.

Speeches:- Fr. Bernard.  
R.G.Vincent.  
Fr. William.

- - - - -

"Green grow the Rushes, Ho". - The House.

The Monitors' song.

Radio Mix-up. N.Carver, P.Nares, C.Maxwell,  
R.Honeywill, M.Deedes, J.Everington

"Oklahoma". M.Cunningham, M.Rivoluceri, J.Spencer,  
P.Dowson, R.Fanshawe, R.Grant.

Scholar at work. B.Scarfe, I.Scott Lewis,  
P.Rushforth, R.Vincent.

The Dormitory Monitors' song.

"That a life". D.Bird, B.O'Driscoll,  
N.Marsden, P.Ryan, J.Hancox.

"The Rako's progress". T.Glover.

ifflo. D.Bird, P.Ryan, N.Carver,  
L.Chasseaud, M.Deedes, J.Everington.

Three Stooges. I.Scott Lewis, P.Brown, T.Wardale.

Auld Lang Syno.

God Save the Queen.

House Monitors' Song.

As usual we're going to sing our song,  
We hope this year that we won't get it wrong.  
We'd like to sing it through without any fuss,  
So please don't dance about unless you really must.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, remember who you are !

Our dear old house was the centre of the school,  
We hoped it always would be, but some fool  
Has let us all down and left us in the lurch,  
'Cause now we're going to be obscured by a church.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, how cruel fate can be !

Now there is a story that appears too tall,  
That St.Oswald's House will very soon fall.  
For in actual fact, it has just been found  
That the props outside aren't touching the ground.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, try to bear the strain !

The radio will blare, and the doors get slammed,  
The floors go up and down, and the windows get jammed.  
And if the Gallery bath is used after Prayers,  
You will generally find that it's raining downstairs.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, I'm making no complaints !

This House has to tolerate a great deal of noise,  
With builders all around and sixty-four boys.  
But we've overstepped the limit with Czajkowski in the band,  
So why not emigrate and go to Basutoland.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, come to sunny Africa.

Athletics now have started, and our eyes are on the cup,  
We've got sufficient talent and the sun to cheer us up;  
Now as Captain I advise those who lack a runner's means,  
If you want to be a runner, just eat your runner beans.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, don't you run amuck !

As head house librarian it was my lot,  
To try to introduce you to Dickens and Scott.  
You would not be persuaded, just fell into guffaws  
Leaving me with the conclusion that I can't give good House jaws.  
Oswald's, Oh St. Oswald's, you don't know what's good for you !

You'll find behind the counter, in a corner of the Shop  
A pair of crooked rascals who don't know when to stop.  
Maxwell has no scruples, as he hogs the crisps and ices,  
While Greenwood keeps the change and doubles all the prices.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, have you ever been done ?

Wardale is the greatest martyr of us all,  
He lives in an attic into which he has to crawl.  
Not easily subdued, his views he likes to air,  
We must all do Charlie Atlas and attend more to our hair.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, have you heard him sing !

We've listened to Bill Haley playing Hell around the Clock,  
We've heard Tommy Steele sing the blues to a Rock,  
They'll very soon fade including Elvis Presley,  
When Rushforth and Chasseaud team up as Pete and Leslie.  
Oswald's, Oh St.Oswald's, dig that crazy hep !

To fight was not rare for Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee,  
 But there seldom is a row from Harris A. and Harris P.  
 But while Mumford-Smith and Glover fiercely argue to the full,  
 Fanshawe still maintains, "Why, I've never shot a bull !"

Oswald's, Oh St. Oswald's, why do friends always fight ?

We've bored you long enough and now we will conclude,  
 We've slanged many characters and been extremely rude.  
 We hope you weren't offended or driven round the bend,  
 Perhaps you'll feel better when we say this is the end.

Oswald's, Oh St. Oswald's, that's all you'll get from us !

It may be worth adding a brief explanation of the 'hidden meanings' enclosed within these twelve verses from above.

- (a) In the first verse allusion is made to the undesirable tradition house-monitors have of forgetting their words.
- (b) Reference in the second verse to the building of the New Church, which, it appears, will obscure St. Oswald's from the public sight.
- (c) Our House is reputed to be sliding down the hill upon which it is built, into the Valley below; the foundations are upon slime and soft clay; it has been supported for several years by stout wooden props in front of the House.
- (d) Pop-fans at work should explain the blaring of the radio; doors have to be slammed, for the most part, so as to be shut; floors meander unevenly up and down, sagging and quaking at intervals; windows are infernally hard to open or close, many having no cords; the gallery bath has a mysterious, invisible, but dangerous leak, which floods the Bottom Dormitory every night.
- (e) Czajk, my able and willing No. 2 Coy bugler; the only member of the House in the band, which Aidan's monopolises; this verse is sung by Bereng, prince and ruler-to-be of Basutoland: recruitment, what !
- (f) Maybe this verse suffers from an undue number of impotent jokes - unusual for Bobby; this verse suits Ivan down to the ground.
- (g) My own verse: alluding to my jaw to the House at the start of term.
- (h) Bug's verse; criticism of Constable Maxwell and Greenwood, the two shop-assistants: St. Oswald's always seems to provide plenty of members to staff the notorious Shop ! This criticism is not serious, just comic, reflecting quite adequately the opinion of Shop-assistants as held by the remainder of Shack.
- (i) Wardale, or Terence as he is normally called on the Gallery; his room is, as a matter of fact, a trifle compact and disillusioning, with a small sky-light and a sloping wooden roof against which one hits one's head regularly; as I have probably revealed in this diary, up to date, Terence has a strong opinion of himself, and loves his own voice and views; he is also a maniac on physical development and Charles Atlas courses for fitness; he adores his long, sleek, black hair, which he combs at all times of day.

In the remaining verses one identifies Rushforth as Peter, Chasseaud as Leslie: two-pop addicts at the head of the House. Mumford-Smith is Henry, Glover is Thomas: they tend to argue rather loudly at times, sharing the same room. Fanshawe is Fanny - referred to in a newspaper last holidays as having killed a bull - not very typical of Fanny on the whole.



After the Monitors' Song I had to change into everyday clothes for my own sketch, and thus I missed two programmes by other people. We changed clothes - Peter, Bobby and Ivan - in the Maid's refectory, where all the props were being stored. I found, to my utter horror, that one of the two bottles of wine and water that I had prepared at five-fifteen, was absolutely missing, and the other half full, some being spilt all over the typewriter. I had to get hold of another bottle, which I filled with water. I had a suspicion afterwards that there was some real wine at the bottom of this substitute bottle. Eventually my sketch was on. I took all the props on to the stage, and started. My first surprise came when I found that both my bottles contained wine - and so I shaved in wine -. The whole sketch went extremely well, though Peter, as Watt, went on rather longer than he should have done, inventing a fabulous amount of non-existent script, all for a good purpose and with a good end. After my sketch there were more songs, from the Dormitory-Monitors, which I missed, as I was busy changing back into my suit.

I at last returned to my place on the Top Table, suitably attired, for the remainder of the entertainments. I proceeded, at a leisurely pace, to put away some three glasses of cider, to my extreme satisfaction, while watching the progressing stages of the Punch. The Skiffle group was quite good, but the words were not very distinct. As for the 'Three Stooges', a plain game of custard and soot slapstick, it went hilariously until almost the end, when Terence, whose face was already blinded with custard, threw a custard pie at Bug and missed; the pie went sailing up in the air and hit the refectory partition, over which it liberally bedaubed itself. This put Father Bernard in a flaming mood, but luckily this was already the last of the entertainments. It was said afterwards, when Father Bernard had grumbled to Father William next to him about the mis-spilt custard, that Father William had joyfully said 'don't spoil it' to the Housemaster in reply. Father William, it appears, enjoys House Punches most when and where they go wrong!

At a quarter to eleven the Punch came to a close with Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem. The guests and the remainder of the House left, and we monitors helped to tidy the place up. I only got to bed at eleven-thirty-five. Poor old Bug had his sooty face in a frightful mess!

A frightfully busy day, with work of sorts at all times. This was my last House Punch, and it went well; I have nothing to grumble of, and little of which to accuse myself - as last year, when all that I did was wrong. The spirit was happy, the drink satisfying, and the entertainments went, on the whole, without a slip. Needless to say, the whole thing went on far longer than it was ever designed to.

## Scholar at work

Enter Bruno, who sits at his desk, opens his typewriter case, inserts a sheet of paper in the appropriate place, and starts typing. He types steadily for about a minute, making plenty of noise and occasionally saying something inaudible. He stops for a moment to think, and in so doing strokes his chin: he returns to work, stops, feels his chin once more, then the sides of his face, scowls and sighs. He takes out his razor, brush and shaving stick, dips the razor into a glass of water on his desk, and starts to shave: he gets lathering. While so engaged, there is a knock at the door. In a flurry, razor, stick and brush have gone into hiding, Bruno has hastily wiped as much of his face as possible, leaving his towel draped accidentally round his neck: he shouts -

Bruno: "Come in !"

Enter Ivan, in rugger shorts, shoes, stockings, and a flimsy vest.

Ivan: "Oi oi, you lot, got a ..... ?" but before he can finish his question, he has spied a cake tin on Bruno's desk: in ecstasy, he modifies his question and says just "Cake !". Pointing unambiguously at the tin, he goes on "Just feeling like a bit of cake myself !"

Bruno: "Say, you must be feeling like Sudden Death! In a bad way old fellow ?"

Ivan: "Oh come on, how 'bout a bit of ....." and without waiting for an answer he starts rummaging about in the tin: he takes out the cake, holds it up to the light, and then drops it heavily back into the tin: he looks at Bruno and says: "Mm, this looks just right for me !"

Bruno: "Can't you see I'm busy ?" and he looks gravely towards his typewriter: "I've got the heck of a lot of work to do, and you ....."

Ivan: "Can't kid me, old fellow !" and without more ado Ivan breaks the cake in two unequal portions, and offers Bruno the smaller of them, himself starting on the other.

Bruno: "No thanks, not now please: actually, .... I'm busy !"

Ivan: "Mm, this is good !" and he munches lustily. "Just feeling like a lump of this stuff". He eats it all up, shuts the tin, and goes on: "What I came to ask you was if ....."

Bruno: "You could have some cake, perhaps ?"

Ivan: "Oh, come off it, you entirely misjudge me. Want a rugger jersey at once. Can't you see I'm just dying of exposure ? Stop looking as though you're working ! .....I know you've got one: look here, you can't let a fellow down when he's got P.T. in two minutes time old chap ! Now be decent, 'cause I know you've got a jersey ....."

Bruno: "Really ?" and he intently studies his typewriter. "I am rather busy just now ....."

Ivan: "You Rotter: all right, see you later ....." and he trails off towards the door.

Bruno: (repents) "O.Kayyyyyy, here it is, take it away and leave me in peace: thanks !"

Ivan: "Knew you were a good chap, never let a fellow down: thanks awfully !" and he exits with the jersey.

Bruno sighs with relief as Ivan disappears: he digs out a corps boot and starts to clean it with a handkerchief. There is a knock at the door: in a flash the boot has disappeared, and Bruno is left wiping his face with the handkerchief and looking intently at the typewriter.

Bruno: "Come in !"

Enter Mr. Watt in sandy coloured overalls.

Mr. Watt: " 'Morning Gents: jist wanted ter knowwww hoo many watts ye've got 'round 'ere . . . . four 'undred, aye, an' eny tōsters ? - an' even if y'ad, ye'd 'ide 'em, wouldn't ye ?" He points at the lights and says "an' whet's 'at fur ? - fur shaaaavin', ee, fur shavin!"

Bruno: "Um, um, well, actually, um ...."

Mr. Watt: "Noooo, 's quite all right, s'long ...." and he exits.

With Mr. Watt gone, Bruno sighs in relief: he lights a fag and has a good draw: and then there is another knock at the door. In a couple of shakes Bruno has dropped a few books on his fag, has started fanning the air wildly, and at the same time tries to look at his typewriter.

Bruno: "Do come in !"

And with a slick side movement, in slides Bobby.

Bobby: "Working ? - good ! - bit hot round here, don't you think ? - do with some fresh air, eh ?" and he opens a window.

Bruno: "Suppose so, 'tis rather stuffy, isn't it ! - Can I help you ?"

Bobby: "No, quite all right - just wanted to know if you're using your machine: it's O.K., I'll borrow it later ...."

Bruno: "You will ? - all right: how 'bout to-night ? any good ?"

Bobby: "Fine !" and he exits.

Bruno sighs with relief as he disappears: he unearths the squashed fag and relights it. He mumbles something like 'busy morning' to himself. Barely said, there is another knock at the door: he hides the fag and angrily says -

Bruno: "Come in!"

Bobby: merely popping his head round the edge of the door "You did say tonight, didn't you ?"

Bruno: almost inarticulate with relief " 'sright, tonight, s'long !"

And Bobby goes. Bruno shows relief. He relights his fag, and pours out a drink: he has ~~as~~ a swig: there is a knock at the door. He drops the fag in the drink, which he hides: he fans the air and studies his machine.

Bruno: "Come in !"

In creeps Peter, or rather stumbles, half asleep, rubbing his eyes.

Peter: "Hello. Say, what are you doing, you incredible fellow ? - you're not working, are you ?"

Bruno: "Can I help you ?"

Peter: "Quite all right, just feeling lonely sort of: just came to say hello ...."

Bruno: "Well, as a matter of interest, then, I am rather busy just now ...."

111

Peter: "O.K., <sup>I'll not</sup> ~~sh~~an't disturb you - though I don't know what you're binding on about work - try another one ! and say, you don't want to buy a two by four carpet, do you ? -cheap ?"

Bruno: "Not that old thing, with 'Welcome home' all over it ?"

Peter: "That's right, that old thing - but it's O.K. by me; I'll get rid of it".

Bruno: "Splendid fellow ! See you later !"

And Peter shambles out. Bruno fishes out the drink, holds up the dripping fag, and says

Bruno: "Drat, another Sobranie down the drain !" He lights a new one: there is a knock at the door: he hides everything. In walks Ivan, almost before Bruno has said "Come in".

Ivan: "Oi, oi, say old fellow, just dying for a drag, absolutely dying ...."

Bruno: throws him a cigarette, and says "All right: be quick about it !"

They smoke away. There is a knock at the door: they only have time to turn their backs to the audience, holding their cigarettes behind them for all to see:

Bruno: "Come in !"

Peter: "What's the matter ? Why you looking so startled ? Anything wrong ?" He sees the drink on Bruno's desk and ~~says~~ "Ah, drink ! Mind if I have a quick one ?"

Bruno: "You'd better be quick about it !" and he puffs once more at his fag, as does Ivan: Peter looks temporarily surprised, then drinks. There is a knock at the door, and before anything can be done, in walks Bobby.

Bobby: coldly "Expected this: caught you at it ! Well ? Anything to say for yourselves ?" and, more personally, "Don't mind if I have one, do you ?" and he lights a fag and pours himself out a drink. The lights are turned off.

E N D

Friday, March 1st.

There was a long lie for the whole House, and did I need it ! Communion was served out at eight by Dom Oswald, after which there was breakfast, with the tables still in the positions they occupied last night. There was egg shake, of which I did not participate - or is the word, perhaps, partake ? The morning was all together too busy. Today there was no prep by me for Mr.Heath: he did not mind very much, but asked me to do one for next time.

I checked A.1. and A.2 at eleven-five, a pleasant and slack occupation, which means strolling backwards and forwards from one group to another. It was still fairly warm, though no sun shone. R.I. with Paddy, and he went on with his Mass Observation comments; they do become rather tiring, one must admit, in spite of their comic elements. At one I changed into my Battle-dress - not denims for a change - and went up for lunch. We were served up with last night's remains for the <sup>sweet</sup> ~~suite~~ - to my disgruntlement. After lunch there was no time for visit, so I went straight down to the Ball-place for parade. Today there was Father Anthony in the background, our former Company Commander. Personally, from what I could see of the parade, it went very well, and I would have thought that it would prove interesting for Father Anthony to watch us parading to the drum; in fact, according to Brother Simon's after-verdict, there was a great deal of shuffling, moving about and so on. I felt discouraged. We were issued with Field Day equipment, and let off at two-thirty, a great luxury. There are nearly no more parades this term.

After Corps I read the Illustrated in Father Bernard's room, then changed into civvies, and went up to the Post-Office and drew ~~five~~ four, ~~rather~~ pounds from my Savings book in preparation for the whole holiday looming ahead on Monday, as well as Ingrid's and my Mother's birthdays. I proceeded to go for a short walk to the village, where I bought some needed butter and a brown cake of heavy and fruity substance. One of the masters gave me a lift back to the school afterwards - on my way back. It is not often that this sort of lucky thing happens to me.

Most of the evening was spent ~~in~~ doing nothing. First I had Bobby round to dictate all the verses sung in the Monitors' song. He stayed on until Firth arrived at six to do his German prep under my auspices; staying on led to their having a forty-five minute conversation, and subsequently no German was done at all ! We discussed the School entertainments among other things. We are a lot of slackers ! I had to preside in the Big Study at six-forty-five, where I set to work on 'Peñas Arriba' once again. It is becoming definitely thrilling, with snow-storms and cyclones in the Montaña. After supper I spoke to Brother Simon, then tidied the returned typescript of the 'Four Years and a Term' which arrived at seven-thirty. I was glad,

113

in a negative sense, to have my book back safely, little damaged. After prayers I tried to do some work, which involved losing my temper at Ivan's ~~unwanted~~ <sup>uncalled for</sup> presence in my room, where he wanted, I presume, to gas. Eventually Bobby overheard me shouting at Ivan - who merely retorts all the time 'don't be a fool' when you ask him to leave - and chased him out himself; this was not before he had earned a bad impression of me, however. There was a monitors' meeting in Father Bernard's room at nine-twenty-five; everyone else just dragged, to my annoyance. The smoke thus raised within five minutes' solid dragging is something frightful, which I cordially detest; I merely busied myself with the library, withdrawing from current use several badly battered tomes of war history. Father Bernard discussed the Punch, which he called a success, and then dismissed us at ten-fifteen. I had a short talk with him on the books I wanted withdrawing - and then went to bed too. A good slice of the heavy brown fruity substance more or less knocked me out successfully for the night.

Saturday, 2nd. of March.

Monitor of the day. Hordes of types were late down to church - but were lucky in that they had actually been called late. I called Ade - who had an official long lie - at sixteen and a half minutes to eight, and also caught Terence taking an illegal sleep. I chased him out of his slumbers down to Church.

Today was the first for a long time that breakfast has been served out in good speed; and I even had to serve out both sausages and tomatos. I had done my task before twenty past, which is very good going. The other monitors often only start serving out at that time, and then take ages over it.

I was tormented on my return to work by Ingrid's portrait, which I have now transferred to my mirror, where I look more often than elsewhere. The memory that she will be leaving England three days - and less - before I break up is unbearably cruel; I wonder whether I could leave early? I don't suppose I would be encouraged.

I had a German prep with Firth, in his room, at eight-forty-nine. We managed to plough through quite a lot, with good results, as revealed by Mr. Heath himself at ten-thirty. Firth complained that he is not accustomed to so much hard work at this time of day. At eleven-fifteen I checked B.I and 2; they were being slack, and I awarded three extra P.T.s to people in the House. Well, if they must be lazy!

Lunch was dull, consisting of unpleasantly spiny meat, stewed, and stodge. Then there were Athletics - which meant more slacking. I went down with Henry at two-forty-five. We did our two rounds of shacking round the track, then attended Father

Phillip's hundred hard session. Always remember to breath through your nose, lift your knees and keep your elbows and arms in at your sides: we then had some practise <sup>on</sup> how to start, and he left us; most unenergetic. Finally, putting the shot with Father John. My left shoulder is still dropping, though my hips are actually following through for once. What an exasperating hobby, shot-putting.

Quite untired, though with hands blackened from the shot, I trudged back to Shack at four o'clock, watched Mike having his bath, changed, and went up to tea. There were rather stodgy cakes, as opposed to tarts, for tea.

Bereng and I were the last out at five-five - slightly on the late side. The new rule is that the tables must be cleared at tea-time as well as at the other meals. I checked in the new presiders in the course of the evening, and was otherwise engaged upon a Spanish prose, which was not too difficult. Terence had an unexpected chat with me at five-fifteen, after Prayers, on the definition of the best possible wife, and the significance of education as regards wives. He has ideas, but they need some correcting in places; he could do with another two or three years here.

I served out the supper, which consisted of those large and rather cheap meat pies; I was foolish enough to take one and a half, under the assumption that I was going to like it. Consequently I was last out of the refectory - finding it hard work digesting the indescribable filth contained within those pies. This may have been my last meal on the **S**econd table: who knows?

After supper, in the little time there is before Benediction, I typed out a possible version of my spook play. No, the ending still does not satisfy me anything like. What hard work writing - even just preparing - a play. After Benediction I had a bath, then put on my pyjamas and my shirt and trousers over them; the feeling I had afterwards was odd. I was very warm, though not stuffy; I felt soft and free all over; I looked as though I were dressed normally, though feeling quite distinctly that it was pyjamas, not vest and pants, that were nearest my skin. It was a luxurious - voluptuous - kind of sensation. I went up to see whether Father James was at home; he was not. I was disappointed, for I wanted to let him read my 'Four Years and a Term', which he had asked me to lend him. Kassapian was in his room having a good smoke; the little crook. I returned to the House to fulfill my obligations as monitor of the day, after which I again tried to see Father James: Father Bernard revealingly informed me that he had gone away for a few days. I went to bed feeling disillusioned and tired. I wonder what to do on the whole holiday? If the weather holds I could cycle in to York, perhaps with Peter; I simply must buy Ingrid something then for her birthday; by must, I mean that I jolly well want to, out of love, not obligation of any kind; I must also write to her soon.

Sunday, March 3rd.

What a glorious day ! I was in a bad mood at breakfast, but it did not endure unpleasantly long. I went for a delicious walk with Peter after High Mass, in the blazing, hot sun, up the half-mile and in an Oswaldkirkian direction, then back and down Bolton Bank, where the mud has largely though far from completely dried. We discussed the oncoming whole-holiday. We would like to cycle to York - but Peter has no bicycle at the moment.

I was in my room, messing about doing nothing, when in walked Jimmy. He left at the end of the Summer term. I was charmed to have him in, speak to him about Newcastle University - I mean Durham University - and the law courses he is doing there. He was in the best possible spirits, and has hardly changed at all since I saw him last. He had lunch in St.Oswald's refectory, and we discussed Newcastle and women students for much of the time. Poor old Jimmy; he was so glad to see the House again, its inmates, its customs; I believe he liked the place.

After lunch, with blazing warmth above, I took a paper squad from the bottom table round the front of the House, where I set them to work paper-picking. It is very good for their morale - so I am informed. Besides, the grass needed a clean up. Afterwards I took Jimmy to the Temp, which he had not seen, and then up to the new St.Hugh's, both the temporary and the permanent ones. I was struck by the very pleasant colour of the bricks used in the building of St.Hugh's, and by the most delightful situation it can boast, surrounded as it is by trees, and over-looking valleys on all three sides. The building - at least one half of it - is rapidly nearing completion. It looked especially good today, with the hot sun pouring down upon it. The ground, however, was muddy still from the past rains.

I changed for Athletics at two-forty-five, and did some energetic sprinting round the track, with no Father Philip to put me right or wrong. It was delicious weather, ideal for Athletics - and I made the most of it all. There was the inevitable shot-putting, which progresses slowly. Afterwards I changed back into my suit, and went up to tea, where I met Jimmy once again. After tea he cleaned his mud-bedaubed shoes in my room and vanished - as rapidly as he had appeared in the morning.

Vespers dragged on as slowly as ever; at supper there was another old boy in, from St.Thomas'. He has a younger brother in the House, in his first year. At first we thought he was lucky, for we had the St. Oswalds thirtyeth anniversary cake: it turned out to be frightfully heavy and dry. After supper I wrote home, to my Father, Mother and Granmother: about time too ! I have been a lazy son, again.



116  
Shrove Monday.

The day started well with a long lie. When I rolled down to Mass I was very much struck by the adverse change in climatic conditions; it was most misty, and there was a thin and mortifying drizzle all around. Bad outlook.

I received answers from Munich on language courses at breakfast; the answers, needless to say, were in German. There was bacon, and I might well have had some seconds, but time was lacking, and I had to rush out to keep my appointments with Peter. I made my bed, then went to St. Aidan's for ~~Peter~~<sup>him</sup>; I was kindly informed that he was by the cycle shed. There I found him; he had been unable to obtain a bicycle. Too bad. We decided on a substitute course of action. I dashed back to the house, gathered all I needed for <sup>the</sup> day, and by nine-fifteen I was on the Sixth Form bus to York; I had reserved a seat on it earlier on, in case; ~~Howard~~ ~~Peter~~ managed to have someone else's seat, and so we were all right.

We reached York in record time at ten o'clock, or just before, and started the holiday with a cup of coffee and some biscuits at a small café by the Minster. It was, to my mind, a nippy day, though there was no drizzle here. After the coffee we went round the Shambles, old antique shops, pottery shops, carving works, silver-smiths, and all those ancient trades of which the Shambles can boast; it was not a particularly cheering sight, however, as there were few people around and quite a few of the premises were closed.

With spirits just slightly dampened, we began our round of purchases. All sorts of things had to be bought; batteries, books, pens, rubbers, a film and, lastly, a picture for Ingrid's birthday. I chose - after much deliberation, Dégas' 'La Danseuse'; it cost a fat packet. I was delighted to be able to buy Ingrid something I think she will like. There is something extremely delightful and satisfying about buying presents, all the more so when the money has had to be saved up and really means something to you. Even more so, because I always buy people presents I would like given to me. Thus I feel that I am giving someone part of myself, of my own likes and dislikes. We then had lunch.

This took place in the Shambles Café, where I have had lunch for the past six or seven times that I have been to York; to-day I managed to eke some beer for us out of the proprietors. I have been asking them to obtain a license for the last three years or more. Lunch was quite good, and cost, as usual here, very little.

After lunch Peter and I went to see the film 'High Society'. This was against the school rules, and we knew it; but it was a hells good film, and deserved being seen; I enjoyed every moment of it, with Grace Kelly as I have never seen her before, ravishing, delightful, out-of-herself as it were. I myself felt that way afterwards.

Louis Armstrong was the other main attraction for me; he is about the only modern musician, even singer, who means very much to me. It is especially delightful to hear him sing, and more so to see him sing. He puts everything he has into his work, and this I appreciate; he strikes me as one of the most sincere and music-loving people I have ever seen. The first time I ever had the chance to see him, was in the film 'Glen Millar' story, where he featured as a minor attraction. He was good !

After the film, feeling quite at love with life, we went and had tea at a small, old-style tavern-café off the main street of York, where the market usually takes place every week. We had scones, toasted, and tea, to the sound of nineteen-thirty French records. I was amused. We left towards twenty to five, and made our way slowly back to the bus rendez-vous, laden with cheerful memories and packages. Peter bought some energy tablets on the way - for Athletics; I wonder, are they really any good ? The bus left a few minutes late, but we were back at Shack by five-thirty-five, extremely good work.

I did some typing until supper-time, at six-thirty. Even at supper I remained somewhat over-exhilarated at the memories of the film I had seen. At six-forty I made for the Theatre, and settled down to wait for the School entertainments to start, which very eventually they did.

The first item should have been some music by the Theatre Orchestra: it was distinctly chaotic, unharmonised noise: I was led to believe that one of the instruments broke down on the way. The second item was a radio-waves mix-up, of which I have already seen and heard many at Shack. This one was by St. Edward's, and was pretty good. It was a mixture of Shakespeare, cookery recipes, advertising agencies, official news-time, and sports and music parades. The jokes resultant were many. One of them started with a nicotine advert, which changed into a canal clearing operation; but "Colonel Nasser"... and it changed to "should be cut up into little pieces and be left to simmer gently" and so on. The third item was by St. Hugh's. It was fairly good, but slightly juvenile in the acting thereof, as, I suppose, one might expect from such a young member of the school. St. Bede's then brought on some Hamlet, whose mysteries did not move me; I could neither see the joke of it nor the beauty of it. St. Aidan's was priceless. King sat on the stage relating some adventures he had just had; these, meanwhile, were acted on the other half of the stage; in a sense, the whole thing was a vast string of weak jokes. A friend had taken his case to court - and a boy passes in the background with a case - but the judge knocked a hole in it - and he returns with a hole in it. So he took his case to a higher court - and here he reappears with a ladder and case - but

he lost the case - and he returns looking for the case, now presumed lost. The theme was based on a search for Eldorado, and the journey there; the title of the sketch was 'In darkest America', with jokes on 'beating the trail', hiring or 'hying' Bongoes, the 'spirit of adventure' and so on. The sketch ended brilliantly when the exploration party met some 'Lyons' on the 'Walls' of 'Eldorado', plaques carried across the stage by other members, until Peter came on to the stage with his bicycle, carrying an 'Eldorado' poster, which tripped him up and sent him flying; ~~that was the end of the Aidan's sketch~~; that was the end of the Aidan's sketch, perhaps the best item of the evening.

There was some very good jazz from Cary-Elwes, and Macmillan at the trumpet. Perhaps the best Shack has ever produced. The last item before the interval was a silent, Edwardian type sketch from St. Dunstan's, with flickering, imitation film effects. It was quite good, though unintentionally painful to the eyes.

The Theatre Orchestra tried again after the interval, but with little success. They were ~~performed~~ <sup>followed</sup> by a Wilfrid's play, which I did not completely grasp, but which seemed fairly amusing though not uproarious. St. Thomas' gave us some inner views into Lunatic asylums, male and female wards; Wright and Hodgson acted as a couple of madmen, then madwomen - or, rather, the other way round - with very good effect. They pretended they were playing cards with their boy friends, who were not there; then, as men, they became drunk on some whisky and started playing tricks with Father Jerome's Siamese kitten. This play was followed by some more music, then a nonsense interlude starring Connolly - Joe - and two 'stooges', who merely pranced about the stage with enormous success, to the sound of some Edwardian music.

The last item but one was done by St. Cuthbert's, but did not turn out as well as I had been led to expect. Their theme was a haunted flat, with ghosts, corpses, and so on appearing whilst an evil landlord shows a prospective buyer round the flat. Devils' work done, St. Oswald's appeared with a couple of musicals. First there was Old Man River - but the words were not loud enough - because of the chattering in progress in the Theatre; then, with terrific success, came a killing version of 'Singing the Blues', which proved enormously popular. Finally, 'Davey Crocket', sung in a weird sort of tone by Rod junior and Bird, again with success, despite the fact that the words were not too distinct.

After the Entertainments - slightly dampened after the contrast between this and the all glorious 'High Society' - I returned to my room, where I entertained Leonard and Peter on Interludes from 'Four Years' and biscuits. At ten it was bed, with a delicious though illegal day behind me, full physically and mentally, ready for anything at all. My last but one whole-holiday; good work.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

Shrove Monday, 1957.

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Overture.	MOONLIGHT SERENADE	The Theatre Orchestra
Sketch	AN ETHEREAL MIXTURE	St Edward's
Sketch	GRANNY GOES TO VOTE	St Hugh's
Shakespeare	SCENES FROM HAMLET	St Bede's
Sketch	IN DARKEST AMERICA	St Aidan's
Music	SIMONE J. Macmillan (Trumpet)	C. Cary Elwes (Clarinet)
Silent Film	RESTAURANT ROMANCE	St Dunstan's
	I n t e r v a l	
Overture	THE GREEN DOOR	The Theatre Orchestra
Play	CROSSROADS	St Wilfrid's
Sketch	SUBTLE PSYCHE	St Thomas'
Clarinet Solo	THE BLUES	Played by the Composer - C. Cary Elwes.
	HORTICULTURAL INTERLUDE	The Three Stooges
Sketch	THE FRIGHTFUL FIAT	St Cuthbert's
	MUSICAL FINALE	St Oswald's

The audience is requested to join in the last chorus of "Out of Town"  
The words will be found on the back of this programme.

Stage Electricians & Assistants: T.F. Patteson, J.M. Vanheems, A.H. Osborne, J.A. Dormer,  
A.D.E. Pender-Cudlip, G.M. Dudzinski, P.L. Burke, B.W. Abbott, J.O. Beattie.

Theatre Orchestra under the direction of I. Zaluski.

Cat by kind permission of The Housemaster, St Edward's House.

Skeleton by kind permission of the Biology Department.

OUT OF TOWN  
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Say what you will,  
The countryside is still,  
The only place where I could settle down.

Troubles there are,  
So much rarer, .....Out of Town.

Spring starts to spring,  
The cuckoo starts to sing,  
A song to take the edge off winter's frown.

And spring cleaning,  
Has a meaning, Out of Town.

Up there the sun is a big yellow duster,  
Polishing the blue, blue sky.  
With white fluffy clouds in a cluster,  
Hanging on the breeze to dry.

Trees everywhere,  
With blossoms in their hair,  
And Mother Nature wears her newest gown.

What I'd give,  
Once more to live,  
Right out of town.

Tuesday 5th of March.

I had my weekly long lie to-day. For breakfast - no seconds of fried eggs; they ran out just before it was my turn. I felt cheated in some mysterious way. After breakfast I saw Father Basil concerning the German school work; he struck me then as very helpful - though I could only judge how unuseful he had been later in the day, on further inspection of the German documents.

Great distraction from work was provided throughout the day by the crane, for ever creaking and groaning outside. It has now removed half of the Church spire, which seems amazing to anyone who has seen how slowly all this demolition ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> so far proceeded. Mr. Heath arrived towards ten-thirty, and to-day we changed from Grammar-book proses and rules to an unseen book, which is actually quite amusing.

At eleven-fifteen I checked B.1 and B.2, with the air cold and sulky; yesterday's weather, I presume, shall haunt us for the next month or so. After P.T I went on with Peñas Arriba and typing until lunch-time, occasionally peering out of the window at the sound of falling masonry and clinking, toppling scaffolding.

For lunch we had the dismal usual of meat, followed by traditional pancakes - which this year were extremely good. They are served with pieces of lemon, and there are almost invariably no seconds; nor were there any to-day. After lunch there were no athletics, so I spent the afternoon arranging new House Library books, and giving them index-cards. Peter - Skipton Pete - came in for a chatter, and at once started reading my account of last night's entertainment, which he had not attended, due to pressure of work. He was slightly amused at what I had written.

Tea at the usual time - and Ivan entered just as I was saying grace, to my extreme discomfiture. I recovered. After tea, a class with Mr. Macdonnell; he did not like my last Spanish prose prep, complaining it was far too doggerellish. I did some Carlyle - horrible stuff - orally, and then we broke up. I proceeded to write to Diana, and ended off a letter to Ingrid. I would like to see ~~her~~ <sup>Diana</sup> again before I flee to Germany; if possible, on the sixteenth of March, when I will be going on the Spanish outing to Leeds. I wonder whether she will find time this year.

Mr. Heath tried his hand at deciphering the German documents on language courses in Munich, but with little success; they suffer from ambiguity. I was late up to supper because of my talk with him, but supper was barely worth the having in any case. The evening was spent in entering new books for the library; quite a job, involving, amongst other things, tidying the remainder of the library. Bobby gave a few short jaws at Prayers, on serving, insolence, and answering up ; the house is certainly suffering and is in a bad way by all accounts.

I was busy typing, at about nine-fifteen, when in came Bobby. He wanted to know exactly in what tone of voice Iveson Senior had called me a 'bloody liar' in the afternoon, for no apparent reason, and without even having been spoken to. He was, I later discovered, anticipating a penance I should have given him, but in fact never did. I gave Bobby an answer, and he left. The remainder of the evening was spent in reading and making up my laundry. The silly old laundry-people have forgotten to include the laundry-bag cord; typical. I was obliged to use an elastic band for the purpose of sealing the bag.

Ash Wednesday.

We were all called at ten to seven, with the news that we should be in church by seven five. I dressed slowly, and went down for the distribution of the ashes. First the monks were treated, then we were; as far as I could make out, most of the ashes were put on our hair, not on our foreheads - as happened to me as well. Then there followed the usual low Mass, which ended before eight o'clock; Pinkie was saying it, so that explains.

What a fine start to Lent, with egg shakes for breakfast; I refused to partake of the stuff, as did many others. I had some bread and margarine, with several cups of tea to help. Father Bernard, too, started Lent well: he dropped his butter in his tea! Conversation centred on walking to York - a topic inaugurated by me. Everyone was amused at the, I am sure, healthy idea; Father Bernard suggested walking there backwards as Lentern penance.

I read 'Peñas Arriba' for most of the morning, meditating now and then on the news that Iveson was tanned - given eight strokes - for his insult. I have never disliked him, hardly ever even penanced him; but, for an unknown reason, he seems to dislike me. Well and good - but this should not be shown as blatantly as it was yesterday.

I collected old negatives of mine from Peter at the eleven o'clock break, and spent the following period sorting out precisely which I wanted printing and which not. At twelve-thirty I cycled off to Hovingham - as Helmsley and Ampleforth are out of bounds on Ash Wednesday - to locate a chemist's. It drizzled all the way there and back, and I was soaked. I was wearing old grey - now brown - flannels, and a rust coloured windcheater. It was a steady, dismal cycle, taking me twenty-five minutes to reach Hovingham and forty to return; I had to reach Hovingham before the shops shut at one, so there was an element of urgency in my ride there. On the way back I was simply interested in returning as soon and as dry as possible. What wretched weather - with mist, drizzle, the air cold, and a very slight breeze; I felt very indifferent to life. I left the negatives at the post-office, where I was told

they would be adequately disposed of and returned, printed, by Saturday. They said that, as I looked an honest fellow, they would send me the bill at school, instead of charging me at the counter, as the usual procedure is. This would have entailed returning to Hovingham for the prints.

I returned to Shack in one piece, though much the wetter for the penetrating drizzle. I changed from shoes to slippers - the Russian ones - and put the rest of my clothes to dry. Meanwhile, eating my lunch-packet in toto for the first time this term, I engaged myself at the task of typing. Later on I descended to the telephone booth and ordered - on appro - a bus for the Spanish outing to Leeds on the sixteenth of March. Eventually I contacted the correct number, and went through the process of detail-giving and receiving. They want nine-pound-ten for the journey, and the bus would be a thirty-two seater. I ordered it - subject, however, to confirmation.

At three-twenty-five I strode down to the track - sucking energy tablets like the blazes - and set to work. I ran two laps at just over shacking speed, then, without stopping for a breather, I ran a lap, half stride, half sprint. Afterwards I reverted to another lap at shacking speed, then to a lap of stride and sprint. I ended off the short afternoon's non-compulsory training with a lap that started with shacking, changed to stride, then sprint, back to stride, then back to a last one hundred yards sprint. After that I was finished - and couldn't have done any more sprinting if I had been asked. What's more, for the remainder of the day I was feeling abominable - with a slight headache, a slight stomach-ache, feeling quite sleepy, quite lethargic, quite melancholic - contrary to the usual effects of athletic training.

I went up to tea at four-five, and devoured several cups of life-giving tea. Michael was chattering on about electric shocks and pylon accidents, as well as his customary equipment-wrecking procedure in the labs. After tea, Mario came to my room to read some of the Interludes from 'Four Years etc'; he seemed fairly amused and charmed. I was at work, meanwhile, on cleaning my shoes and corps-boots, both of them much neglected this term. When Mario had left, I tried to snatch some sleep - but with no success. There were fried eggs and baked beans for supper: I obtained some seconds - though frankly I was too sleepy to appreciate the taste. I attended the first few films - one on the Princess Flying Boat, another on the development of the car and its engine, and then a newsreel - with Archbishop Godfrey shown at his Westminsterisation ceremony: after that I left - too sleepy to attend longer. I once more attempted, miserably unsuccessfully, to sleep, sought Father Basil and failed to find him, ending up by typing letters to Munich and my Father.



While thus engaged, in came Peter - whom I had invited; I asked him - as a favour - to not mind my typing for a while. I eventually concluded the two letters, bought some stamps from Bobby, posted them, and returned to entertain Peter. This I did until ten minutes to ten. Then I again took leave of him - telling him by all means to remain in my room until ten o'clock - for I wished to speak to Father James, <sup>for</sup> whom I have been hunting for over a fortnight.

At first I could not find Father James -until he at last emerged from the guest room. Then I spoke to him for about half an hour on matters concerning Ingrid; I seemed unable to think clearly - or is it just that Father James has never been in love? Eventually I took a sorry leave of him, bewildered and puzzled by what he had had to say, not much of which I could find myself ready and willing to agree with. On returning to my room I was given a jaw by Bobby - I had, so it seems, just missed a house-monitors' jaw. He spoke for some fifteen minutes on efficiency and over-efficiency, the ideal monitor and actual monitors, other than myself, the lousy and impertinent year just immediat<sup>e</sup>ly below us, and <sup>setting an</sup> example. He did not criticise me as much as I had expected. At last - towards eleven-fifteen - I managed to steal to bed and sleep.

Thursday 7th of March.

The day started at two in the morning, when Bug stole into my room for some codein<sup>e</sup>. I was having a dream at the time, and the sound of my door opening almost gave me hysterics. I practically leaped out of bed with a 'who's that' hoars<sup>e</sup>ly yelled out in anguished fear. At seven-sixteen Father Bernard called me for Mass, and I dressed slowly and started moving. Another day's drizzle and mist. I was feeling dog tired.

For breakfast, bacon, and even seconds. With mathematical precision, born of endurance in times of famine, I measured out each slice of rock to correspond with a tiny piece of bacon. A habit I have considerably improved on since I first entered the house four and a half years ago. No mail for me; what a bore.

I spent the first period typing, the second going through the German unseen we did yesterday, collecting all unknown words - of which there was a surprising number. Mr. Heath appeared slightly earlier than of late - at ten-twenty, and we proceeded along the same lines as yesterday. After his class - in which he smoked more than he usually does - came house P.T. Bobby's voice was not audible enough at the back of the house; in spite of that, even where he could be heard well, P.T. was not being done very whole-heartedly. Consequently, .... double P.T.s in profusion.

I glanced through the Yorkshire Post afterwards, then settled down to 'Peñas

127

Arriba' until the R.I. lecture in the Theatre at twelve-fifteen, in lieu of a normal class. Father Philip spoke on the English Martyrs, with particular reference to Blessed Margaret Clitherowe of York. I had noticed a small house in the Shambles, while walking there with Peter on the whole holiday, which bore a notice with her name inscribed upon it. Now my observation proved useful, helped me to appreciate Father Philip's lecture to the full. It appears that petitions are being made for ~~the canonisation~~ her <sup>canonisation</sup>.

At lunch I started a series of -for me -disastrous arguments, based on a theory that everything, to exist, must have three-dimension. It was rather futile, but I was goaded on in my arguing by Michael's exasperating remarks that I should 'stick to Spanish'. I also reproduced a brilliant joke- which Peter had divulged last night - but with less than no effect. This Top Table distinctly suffers from all inability to imagine, have any sense of humour, and so on. The joke ran as follows; why, when in a desert, can one never starve? Because of the sand(=)w(h)ich-(i)s round us. Highly intellectual and, I take it, above the rest of the table.

I more or less wasted my time after lunch in looking out of my window at the crane outside, and the fast-disappearing Church Tower. Eventually I changed for Athletics. I only turned up about one minute before my period's training, so I did not even have enough time to do the expected two rounds of shacking. Father Philip gave us some more practice at starting, and then made us run some one hundred and twenty or thirty yards - at a sprint; I came first in my heat - though God knows how breathless I was at the end of it. Then there followed the shot putting session, in which I distinguished myself little more than usual; we had some 'gliding' practice. Athletics done with for the day, I returned to the House - discussing leg adaptability with the incredulous Ivan - and washed.

After prayers I came to an end of 'Peñas Arriba', to my genuine sorrow; I have very much enjoyed it - though I suspect that, in spite of the length of the book, Pereda never managed to deal with the closing episodes of the story as fully as he would probably have liked, and in proportion to the first three-quarters of the book. Marcelo's love for Lita is dealt with over-lightly, to my mind, and his trip to Madrid is more or less skimmed. I think, finally, that the autumn descriptions of the Montaña could have been lengthened with good effect. I enjoyed Pereda's extraordinary gift for reproducing colloquial dialect, his ability to depict the rustic's system of speech and thought. I also think that his account of Celso's gradual death - although rather over-protracted - certainly rivals Balzac's shorter and more superficial account of the Père Goriot's unhappy end. Pereda shows up in all respects as a man of leisure, never in a hurry, with a love for detail and an

ability to render it in loving trueness to life. Although his style often seems over long, not rhetorical but certainly weighted, I am fascinated by his genuine love of all he describes. He strikes me as extraordinarily sincere, an adventurer attempting to bring before his readers the true facts of life, a beautiful and lovable life in essence, if seen from the right standpoint. He is obviously devoted to the Montaña, and, more than that, wants others as well to feel a similar affection for it, for the country and the mountains, the great works of Nature, symbols and tokens of God's almightiness and everlasting presence. Pereda is an apostle of Nature and God, of the pure and the simple, of the unblemished and the traditional, of virtue and beauty and joy. I love him for that.

Poor old Bug. He went to York this afternoon and had a tooth drawn out, and fillings put in two others; he seems to have had an absolutely hellish day of it.

I spent much of the last period in melting floor wax off my trousers. The maids up at the refectory have developed the bad habit of waxing the floors thickly, then not polishing them; consequently, the edges of tables, chairs, and everything else, pretty well, have become infested with pale, pink, cheap, evil-smelling wax. After fulfilling this, on the whole necessary, chore, I wrote a letter in Spanish to Casuso. This took me until prayers at five to nine. Just before them, I learnt from other sources that St. Oswald's Willy Smith had beaten the unbeaten Umney in to-night's boxing; quite incredible. When I came up to the house after prayers, there was Willy in the bath, rejoicing, but somewhat stiff by all accounts. I wanted a bath as well - and had one at nine-ten. After that I engaged myself upon yet more wax cleaning - a slow task, using up vistas of matches and remes of blotting-paper.

At ten-five I went to bed and tried to snatch some extra sleep; I could not. At eleven I had to get up and take a tablet, after which I slept like a log until I was called at seven-ten by Bobby.

What a day; I feel as though it were half wasted - because of staff inefficiency. The weather is dismal - but I am, nevertheless, in a good mood; there have been no letters - and yet I am in a good mood. I am tired - but cheerful. I was glad to write to Casuso; I have wanted to write to him for a long time; of course, no-one can blame me - for he never bothers to answer; lazy fellow - rather like me. He it was who showed me round Santander last summer and the summer before that; who took me out fishing, sailing and rowing and swimming in the Bahía, whiling away long summer afternoons, in me instilling a deep love of the Montaña and its people, its customs and affections. He was - and is - a wonderful friend, though ever somewhat like me as regards laziness.

Friday 8th of March.

Monitor of the day, I dressed speedily, and caught Thomas late past the foot of the house stairs. It was drizzling steadily when I emerged and made for the Temp; another day's rain, I take it. At twenty minutes to eight I was, uncharitably, delighted to leave Mass and call long-liers; there was Ade, vast and unwieldy as he lay in bed: Ivan, sleepy and silent: Mario and Jack, both unresponsive at first, then Peter and Leslie - of whom Leslie was the sole non-communicator: he lay silent in bed - and for a while I thought he was ill. Mike looked slightly annoyed when I called him, Willy did not move. What a lethargic house. I quickly made my bed, then bolted back to Mass.

I served out my favourite breakfast of fried eggs and rock, and had two eggs myself. We have a temporary house-master, as Father Bernard is away for a day or so; I am not on good terms with the temporary house-master, who once insulted me most ludicrously over a certain matter. I hope Bunse returns soon. There were two slices of toast left when the house-master ~~left~~ <sup>made off</sup> - he went early - and I hinted to Bobby that they would be wasted. He promptly took one himself, and gave Ade, fat and hefty lump, the other one. Chiz, because they already have toast in any case, being school monitors. No mail for me - except, if you can call this mail - a short circular from Cologne University, in German, of course. I took it to Father Basil, who soon told me that it was hardly worth bothering about.

I revised some German, attended a class with Mr. Heath, and then checked the B squads. What rotten weather. I gave a couple of double P.T.s to the B.2 lot; they are far and away the worst behaved and the slackest.

To-day the crane has changed its peaceful tactics; it has moved from the bucket system of transportation to the pincers movement. Every three or four minutes you saw one enormous, four foot by two, and again by two, block of stone being lowered precariously from the slimming tower to the far below ground, passing, en route, over the old church roof, which it would miss by about a foot. It was fascinating to watch - I do not know whether it was particularly instructive, however. This morning I came to an end of the biscuits bought on Monday evening; they have gone all too quickly; they were good. There was an R.I. session with Paddy at twelve-fifteen. Peter spoke on the Mass; there were many arguments, and Paddy intervened often. Personally, I saw no grounds for a single one of the discussions that occurred this morning; they were all, to my mind, unnecessary. As far as I can see, Mass is in essence a very simple ritual, which should be liable to few misinterpretations from any sincere Christian of any denomination.

There was no corps to-day, so no changing was needed before lunch; an altogether much better arrangement! Bug was groaning for most of lunch-time over his swollen jaw; a piece of filling emerged towards the end of the meal. What a dentist must he have suffered! I served out the fish and potato pie - exactly the same lunch as we have had on every Friday for the past year and a half at least - perhaps even longer. It becomes tediously monotonous. There were damsons for ~~everyone~~<sup>Sweet</sup> everyone started harking back to poetry and 'a damsel with a dulcimer in a vision once I saw' piece. Very beautiful, I must say. They were goodish too, which was consoling.

We had two-twenty timing after lunch. Ted did the timing, I took down the times, and Bug started the runners off on the other side of the Oval. It drizzled continuously. There were half a dozen brilliant times, while the remainder were, on the whole, over the thirty second mark. It was hot work trying to keep up with names and times. When we had done the house, Ted and I did our two-twenty. I kept up with him for the first hundred yards, then rapidly lost ground; I have no stamina, and my legs start stiffening after a bit of sprinting. My own time was thirty-one seconds - almost the same, I think, as last year. Ted was twenty-six - but he is, par excellence, a short-distance sprinter, whereas I have always done long distances, and only such like. Still, truth to relate, I am not much good. I reckon I might put up a good time over a hundred yards, but no further, thank you! After my two-twenty, I did another two with Ted, at his request, so as to give him someone to keep up with and surpass. This he did more than successfully; both times I led for the first hundred yards, and then faded out pronto. My legs felt weaker and weaker, and my mouth grew more and more parched; I missed my vita-glucose tablets, even if only for their moral support.

I washed afterwards, then embarked upon my field-day kit. This took me until six-thirty, working during the preps at brasses, not books. I am a shocker, but do not mind particularly. Every now and then I had to check in presidors for the Big Study. Kipper forgot to turn up this morning: forty lines, and better luck next time. I had to seek him out in the Library: forgetful fellow.

Father Bernard was home for supper: he talked to me about odds and ends as I helped him to serve out, and consequently slowed down at my task; he had to reprimand me. I find it hard to serve and talk at the same time: I am rather unadaptable to circumstances, I suppose.

What a day; little work done. I have started on Bordeaux' 'La Robe de Laine'; it seems all right so far, though too concerned with nature; I presume I shall grow to ~~appreciate~~<sup>appreciate</sup> the book as I delve more deeply into the matter.

127

After Prayers there were two monitors' meetings: the first in Bobby's room, the second in Father Bernard's. Bobby warned us not to stand any cheek from the rest of the house, and not to mix as much as we are at present doing with the people who are our inferiors. Then there was Father Bernard's session. He started us investigating the attitude of the rest of the house towards the monitors; Ade made some suggestion with which I disagreed, Mike complained that he had too many friends to cope with. I then made more or less what amounted to a speech, on what I have noticed with relation to the remainder of my own year, and the top of the year below. In my opinion, those in my year who as yet are not monitors, have developed an attitude of cynicism and laissez-aller; the year below are in open revolt against the monitorial system as it is at present. The main trouble as regards the year below is that they think too highly of themselves. They also maintain that our year should by now have left - and that, as they, the second top year, are leaving this summer, none of them will ever become monitors. This, of course, is untrue. Our year is entitled to remain at least five years - and many have already left after four - and few of the year below, in fact, are leaving this summer. Those leaving are the people, paradoxically enough, who have been making the least complaints; those staying on after this summer term are the grouse and the discontent. We discussed this for quite a time - and most of us agreed with me; it is what I have myself observed when presiding at the top of the Second table. We broke up at ten-forty-five, and went off to bed. Paul was still washing when we returned: I reprimanded him and chased him out.

Saturday 9th of March.

I started the day off with an illegal long lie. Father Bernard almost killed me with fright when he shook me out of bed at seven-ten; I had too satisfactorily drugged myself to sleep, and so remained in bed until five to eight or thereabouts. Another rainy day, overcast, coldish, windy.

Sausages for breakfast; I managed to scoop some seconds, and enjoyed it too. I was famished, and had felt as a starving corpse during the previous evening, above all when nearly asphyxiated by ~~the~~ the smoke in the Monitors' second meeting. After breakfast, and indeed for most of the day, I busied myself with 'La Robe de Laine'; I am honestly enjoying it, and find it both enchanting and deeply moving. Mr. Heath took us as usual, and today we reverted to the old prose book and stodgy grammar. I had Sixth Form P.T. at eleven-five, and did not excell, as per norm. I could not do the head-balancing exercise, not even the beam-lifting one. I could, however, and did, vault well and skip immaculately. I enjoy this form of P.T.: it is at

least interesting and fatiguing.

For lunch there were some rather good meat lumps - but too few, - followed by bread pudding, which proved itself very worth ~~of~~ eating ~~it~~. It was, however, a trifle warm. Again, I was fortunate in having seconds: I don't think that they went very far though. After lunch I read some more of 'La Robe de Laine', then changed for athletics. I was actually down in time to do my two laps of shacking; improvement in ~~and conditions~~ general morale and discipline. There were two periods for me, as usual: the first with Father Philip, the second with John. I won my minor - intra four - hundred yards heat, thanks to a moderately good start, and in the shot I improved immensely - by at least a yard, and more height. In the course of the afternoon I consumed an entire Vita-glucose tablet - maybe that accounts for this.

I blanched my Corps kit - ~~all~~ bag and all - with the last drops of liquid in the pan. I then proceeded up to tea in Athletics kit, to Bobby's disconcertment and Father Bernard's interest. I was not breaking house rules, which only forbid one's doing this on Sundays: apparently I am the one and sole person with any knowledge of the rules as they actually stand. I did not have much of an appetite for tea, - ~~did I digest~~. No cakes of any description whatsoever. After tea I changed into respectables - then went to Prayers at five-five.

The first period afterwards was spent wickedly in cleaning off the blanco from the brasses, and so on; period wasted, in a sense. The next period was spent on a Spanish prose, and the last period in copying it out by typewriter. Finally, a few moments were devoted to a sweet notice for the A.P.F., on Mario's behalf; his English is frightfully twisted and tortuous: he could do with punctuation practise.

Supper was quite delicious - fried eggs ( I scraped up seconds), bacon and potato; I sliced a piece of bread for the eggs, and was left very satisfied by the evening's fare. Still not a letter, however; I was hoping the photo prints would arrive to-day. After supper, in the Gallery, Bug, Ivan and myself rehearsed what to do for Benediction. Then Ivan and I tried to learn off by heart the before-Mass, at the foot-of-the-altar, prayers. At twenty past eight we made for the Sacristy, vested pompously, and entered the New Church - not the Temp. Each house takes it in turn to attend Benediction, High Mass and Vespers in the New Church, and it is one house at a time, not more. I served as acolyte for Benediction, with Ivan as my co. My duty lay with the Lita: the first time I gave it to Father Bernard I did not mark any place for him; the second time I gave him the wrong place, and only on the third occasion did I find him the right place. Otherwise, no errors; even these two mistakes were unobserved by most, and, I believe, did not matter much.

Still, I could feel myself growing hotter and hotter under the collar as Benediction progressed. There was a tremendous clang from behind, at one stage, when Bereng let the thurible touch earth unexpectedly; otherwise everything went fine.

I was just settling down to some typing, after Benediction, when in walks Bobby. He told me to come to the House Common-room at ten-ten. I guessed at once what the object of this visit would be: a tanning. I now know how the attendance of a tanning takes place. Bobby - head of the house - is always there, and so is the second head, Ade; then there are also two others in attendance, house-monitors as a rule. These take it in turns to assist at the ceremony. When Iveson was tanned, Ivan and Bereng went: this time it is Bug and myself. Well, at ten-ten we were all there. We tidied the room, put all the chairs save for one along the window side of the room, and closed all the shutters, windows, and so on. Then we moved up two tables straight in front of the chairs, and on this table placed a stick - opposite Bobby, - and a picture, face down, opposite ~~myself~~<sup>me</sup>. The stick was for the beating; the picture was used as an index of who has been tanned, by whom, and was given such and such a number of strokes.

We settled in our seats, while Bug, who is junior to me, fetched the offender from his bed; we were wearing our normal clothing, and the offender, when he arrived, slightly nervous, was wearing pyjamas and dressing-gown. Bobby asked him what he was here for, and then went into precise detail of the offence on the culprit's being unable to answer audibly enough. Bobby then told him to take off his dressing-gown. The culprit did so, throwing it somewhat lack-a-daisically into a corner. He bent over the back of the remaining chair, which was on the far side of the two tables, and clutched the bottom rung on the chair's far side. Bobby tossed off his own jacket, took the stick, slung off its silver top, and strode round to a convenient position behind the offender. He received eight strokes - his offence, doing out-dated lines. He did not flinch or exclaim at any one of the eight strokes, which Bobby wielded at almost maximum force. His arms quivered, the culprit's arms quivered yet more as he clutched at his rung. Bobby's face was tense, his aim precise and painful: the culprit's face was drawn, but he remained silent to the last. I admired the culprit - for few are the people who can maintain such a silence; many, in the past, have broken down in the course of the beating. At last it was over. The culprit gathered up his dressing-gown, and Bobby returned to his place. It became evident that the culprit had been eating lumps of rubber while being tanned - for rubber fell out of his mouth as he stooped for his raiment. The offender left, as silently as he had come: Bobby, Ade, myself and Bug waited silently too as he left; once gone, we put the room back to normal.



Bobby wrote on the back of the picture ~~how~~ how many strokes had been dealt, and we then dispersed. I read my issue of the Ampleforth Journal in bed until eleven-thirty before putting out my torch and trying to snatch some sleep.

Sunday 10th of March.

What a day; more rain and less drizzle. There was ordinary Low Mass as usual in the Temp, followed by breakfast. For this repast we were served up with over hard-boiled eggs; lousy cooking in this dump.

After breakfasting I made my bed and did some typing, occasionally popping into Ivan's room to check up that we knew what to do at Sung Mass in the New Church. We vested at five to ten, picked up Father Louis from the sacristy, and led him into Church. So far, so good. The first of the prayers went well; there was nothing at all wrong - except for a scrape too few or too many at the wrong moment - until we had had the Creed. Well, Father Louis said it: the rest of the House started singing it: Ivan and I were expecting him to leave the Altar and sit down as the House fulfilled its task of singing. Father Louis remained at the altar: we had moved up to a central position to accompany him off: he stayed precisely where he was, turning over leafs and mumbling, while the House sang on. We still stood there, at the foot of the steps, hopefully waiting for him to take a pew with us; it became clear that he was going to stay there for good. Ivan suddenly genuflected, and I, thinking that he was proceeding to the credence table to wait the next development, followed. He told me to return to my place. After pausing for a while to work out his acute psychology, I did so - having made a completely out of tune movement. Having seen that Father Louis was not going to sit down, Ivan had come to the conclusion that we had best return to our kneeling positions and there await the priest's lifting of the chalice-veil. I, on the other hand, had thought that Father Louis' mistake - and also, then, our unnecessary move to the centre to collect him - would best be covered up if we stayed in the centre of the steps until he had removed the veil. I thought that Ivan thought the same, which he had not. Thus, when Ivan moved off to his former kneeling position, I presumed ~~that~~ the veil had been lifted, and that we were proceeding as per norm to give the priest wine and water. My mistake, therefore. The next error came when Ivan rang the bell at the Agnus Dei, instead of at the Domine Non Sum Dignus - two minutes too early. So we were quits. What a Mass! I had hoped ~~that~~ our serving would be faultless; anything but! Father Louis sang the Mass according to a Roman rite - which also misinfluenced House singing for the worse, ending up with a chaotic, mixed-rite singing of the Deo Gratias at the end of the Mass. Afterwards I extinguished the candles, tidied the place, and unvested. What a rotten joke: I was fuming inwardly.

51

Father Bernard teased me indirectly at lunch-time on the serving, but, in reward, maybe untruly, claimed that the bowing and scraping was excellent. I was fed up. After lunch I changed into shorts, rugger jersey, and two windcheaters; I then ~~went~~ <sup>went</sup> on a run, in spite of the rain and the dampish atmosphere. I was doing this quite voluntarily - so as to keep in training. I really would like to win my two standards this year, and they will have to be worked for very hard, I suspect. I left Shack at ten to three, passed through Oswaldkirk as it struck three, made my way up the bank, and along towards Bolton Bank, approaching it, of course, from the top. I reached Shack once again at three-twenty, which is, I think, fairly good going. I was hot, but not too tired. I then added my duffle-coat, and, thus clad, went down to the track to watch a demonstration of how to hurdle by an Olympic hurdler, the afternoon's guest. He was pretty cute at it, in spite of the cold. I eventually made back for Shack, in Bug's company, discussing whether or not to-morrow's Field Day is likely to be called off owing to the weather. It has never yet been called off, and, on the other hand, it has never rained so obstinately at this time of the term. What are the chances? I enjoy Field Day very much, on the whole, so I am hoping for the best.

I changed into my suit, and went up to tea; cakes - but only one to-day; no luck for me with the maids - ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> my maid was away for the afternoon. In any case, as Michael failed to appear in time, I had his, which made it two. After tea I resorted to my literary file, straightening it out once and for all, so that it can lie in cold storage until I enter the University in two years time. This job took me until six-seven. I then started tidying the place up, and went down for Compl-ine; silly fool that I am, I forgot to bring any book with me with which to follow the first psalms. I thought that Bobby's lectern singing was rather good, but most un-monkly, even if considered as pseudo. Towards the end of Compline I went out, shortly to be followed by Ivan and Bug. We vested, discussed the evening's moves, collected Father Bernard from the sacristy, and entered the New Church. To-night, not a single mistake - though there was a slight thurible clatter from Bereng at the elevation. I found the right place all three times - which in my opinion deserves a gold medal. I can't say that the House singing was particularly impressive. Half the candles that Ivan lit before the Benediction were out by the end of the service; the novices trimmed the wicks too low. Bad show! So I was in a goodish mood come-suppertime, but the ham-meat was of a poor quality - being mainly fat and grisle. I drank much tea: it soothes ruffled and distressed nerves.

After supper I accosted ~~Catherine~~ Brother Simon, and asked him about to-morrow's parade; he informed me. He always seems amused when I ask him anything.

134

I then returned to my room, chatted at great length with Michael, until Ivan came in for the usual of cake; he was out of luck this time. I am hoping that Michael will be able to deliver Ingrid's picture when he goes up to Oxford for the scholar-ship exams; Peter contests my choice.

Lights out at ten o'clock. I then jumped out of bed to watch - and listen - to the sheepish crowds of skivs emerging from the Theatre; what a noise. I then did the recommended thirteen press-ups, and, very exhausted, retired to bed. I slept like a log.

Monday, 11th March.

Field Day. What a morning, with fog all over the valley, visibility reduced to some five yards. I had hoped ~~there~~ there would be a long lie; I was disappointed. Nevertheless, I did not take an illegal one - very honest and courageous of me; I bore the brunt of a slow Mass said by Father Basil. It did end rather late.

For good breakfast - seconds of bacon, plus three letters. Why does all my mail luck come ever on one single day? There was a letter from Diana - on the Saturday Leeds outing; my photo prints from Hovingham, and a letter from my Grandmother - which I was to open only when embused, at ten o'clock. Father Bernard's birthday to-day; he did not turn up for breakfast, until nearly everyone had gone.

After satisfying my hunger, I returned to my room, made my bed, and donned corps boots and gaiters, haversack and belt and beret. So far I had only been wearing a khaki shirt, battle-jacket and trousers, and normal, everyday shoes. At nine-seven I was on the Ball Place trying to put the company on parade; was it still foggy! Eventually I succeeded in my task, in spite of the unusual orders of the day. Brother Simon appeared - he had been looking on from a distance for quite an embarrassing time - and issued us with lunch-packets. We then embused, and made off for Saltersgate - where we have the day's training. I sat next to Dan, with Firth in the front of the bus; as we concluded the journey, the sky cleared, the fog lifted, and the sun made an appearance. We were to have a fine day. I was cheerful and hopeful, now talking to Dan, now reading my letter, now talking to Mike in front. It was not a particularly good bus, small, badly sprung, and so on.

We eventually disembarked, formed up on the grass verge skirting the main road, and then marched off, behind some other company. I was in the front of my company, occasionally calling out the time, always setting the pace. The side-road has at last been given a respectable surface; it was pleasant to march upon. The marching took at least an hour - and we must have covered about three miles or more, at first following the flat, then diving steeply into a deep valley, and rising again slowly on the far side; crossing slippery, muddy grass, crossing muddy ruts, following muddy

paths, right up to the edge of yet another valley. Here we stopped, sat on the wet grassy-heather-bog, and watched demonstrations for another hour. The first was a section in attack, an exercise performed on the other side of the valley in front of us. It was a simple manoeuvre, and thus was easily intelligible; it was also quite visible, although half a mile away, and the commentary was excellent, despite the loudspeaker's fogginess. I enjoyed this exercise. This was followed by a few demonstrations of platoon weapons; this was extremely efficient and interesting. We were shown the Energa grenade - which exploded deceptively accurately; the new type of Bazooka - drain-pipe affair - which, again deceptively, succeeded in blowing a pond, half a mile away, some three hundred foot up into the air, with marvelous results. There were demonstrations of the sten gun - which, true to form, broke swiftly down, - and the Patchet. There was also a trial of the new Belgian F.N. rifle; this was good. Finally, a demonstration of a full platoon in fire-power orders. The whole platoon fired away non-stop, some with brens, some with rifles, automatic or not so; the firing, as with all the demonstrations we saw in the morning, was done by a regiment - I think the Grenadier Guards, - and we had nothing else to do but watch. At last we had had our share - of well-received demonstrations - and ~~we~~ marched back to a lurching position, where we at once set too on lunch-packets and tea. This I helped to distribute in white jugs of large proportions, and partook of it myself: it was a trifle weak and oily. I dined - on the grass, beneath the sun and sky - with Dan, Firth and Brother Simon. I was now no longer hungry; odd thing.

Lunch came to a lengthy close, I drew the Company up in formation, acted on behalf of the absent Firth, issued some fire-crackers to temporary Platoon Commanders, and ~~then~~ made off with the Bren and Mortar - Bread and Water - group to our site of the morning's demonstrations. Here we spent most of the afternoon, first firing the Belgian rifle - which recoils, but which I fired very accurately - then the mortar, with smoke bombs; and what a row, by far the worst of them all. Finally I fired my five slow, fifteen rapid on the Bren, to the 'double-tap' rule. We started clearing up the remains of packages, and most of us wended our ways back to bus base; I remained behind with Fish and Dan; we collected the targets from the other side of the valley; en route, I found one of the morning's Energas, which the Guards were delighted to have back. I was now struck by the size of the crater blown - allegedly - by the Energa in the morning's demonstration: it was more than five feet deep, with mud and water at the bottom. Well, I struggled back to the trucks whence we had drawn the targets, plus ammunition, and obtained a lift therein to the half-way stop. There was then a little walking involved, then yet another

lift in Father Peter's Volkswagen. This second lift took us all the way back to the buses, passing, en route, many less fortunate groups, platoons, and odd stragglers. We then ~~disembarked~~ <sup>alighted</sup>, and I started passing a few careful glances over No.2 Company. Our company was the first to arrive back. There was some watery milk for those who wanted it, and then rifle-cleaning procedure, with pull-throughs, four-by-twos, and so on. I distributed equipment, collected used material, and generally tried to make myself useful. It was a beautiful evening - five o'clock - with a fine, mild English sunset to our rear, high over a deep and primitive valley. We stood on a narrow strip of main-road, with a whole cortege of coaches waiting our attendance, drawn up to one side. The drivers were enjoying the air, warm, dry, closing towards twilight now, reminiscent of long summer days.

We were the first company to start moving - we're a rare good company, we are ! We paraded on the road, and filed into the waiting bus - the one at the front of the cortege. These were good buses, luxury size, soft, cushy, comfortable. Brother Simon came in ours, and I had Dan on my right; I sat next to Brother Simon. We left at once, and started driving back to Shack. Brother Simon and I discussed University examinations - for entrance therein -, the status of St. Benet's Hall, the points at stake in scholarship examinations. We discussed the future of the Shack cadet force once National Service stops, and its present position. At six o'clock we were back, the first. We paraded in front of the Theatre, and then dismissed with a couple of smart salutes. Rifles were returned to the Range, and I staggered cheerfully back to the House. It was still a fine evening; there was no sign of the other companies as yet.

I undressed at speed, then had a spray. On returning to my room, I was informed that supper would be at six-thirty, so there was a slight rush to be there on time: to add to my own personal motives for haste - I had donned a monitor's tie, and to-day is a Monday; so I had to change back again rapidly. Fr. Bernard did not attend supper - I believe ~~that~~ he was dining with Father Peter in the Junior House. We had some rather raw meat, followed by a suite - which is the only time of the year that supper in any way protracts itself. Of course, just to be awkward, there was no milk for most of the meal - until Bobby, Ade and myself were left alone: then, indeed, some milk did appear. For much of the meal I was fiercely contesting Ade's statement that, by eating with us to-day, Brother Simon lost much respect as an officer. I entirely disagreed: of course, to make the argument one-sided, Ivan joined in on Ade's side, and Bug nagged me for some unknown offence. Ade is far too preoccupied with aristocratic notions and respect; he is suffering from respecto-  
-mania.

135

Bobby paid me a visit after supper, and started reading various extracts from this term's diary; he was most cynical, true to his usual self. On the other hand, quite possibly, his criticisms of the Diary may be quite justified; I wonder. Still, it rather hurt.

Tuesday 12th of March.

I started the day with a legal long lie - as I will be monitor of the day on Wednesday, the usual ~~day~~<sup>time</sup> for such affairs. I slept like a brick until Ivan called me, then dressed slowly. I was in a slight fix, as I had not heard it strike the three-quarter hour, and just went on waiting. So I was mighty late down to Church.

Fried egg for breakfast; no seconds. I was most amused at Father Bernard's birthday present - from the matron, I suspect - of a vast, pint-size coffee cup, and saucer as large as our porridge plates. I think it is rather sweet, the colour pleasant, the design and idea modern. No letter for me; I don't suppose I was expecting one, except from Ingrid.

I had to lay new sheets upon my bed after breakfast - an unpleasant job that invariably gives me hay-fever for the entire course of the day. Still, it had to be done. I worked on a German Prose for Mr. Heath until ten-twenty, when he arrived, early. The prose was not too bad, not too good; it was all right; the mistakes to be expected. Besides, I have not done a prose for over a week. Mr. Heath was in good form to-day, talking thirteen to the dozen; smoking like a couple of old chimneys.

I checked B.5 ~~time~~. The weather was tremendous - like summer; dry and warm and altogether delicious and relaxing; consequently, I take it, everyone was being deadly inefficient. So there were several double P.T.s, I'm afraid. No fault of mine; some of the people acted as though they had never even heard of the exercises before. I spent the remainder of the morning, and indeed most of the evening, at work on 'La Robe de Laine', which is thrillingly sad. Mike interrupted at eleven-thirty-five (actually I dragged him in to admire the photoes he had ~~negative~~<sup>developed</sup>, and which I had had printed) and discussed athletics, Alarcón, Darío, and the weather. What an amusing fellow; not a care in the world for most of the time, utterly lack-a-daisical, often absent-minded, yet a practical fellow to all claims, hard-working and hard-playing, perhaps prone to be childish in his actions as opposed to his words. He has changed little in the past two terms - since I shared a room with him for half a year.

Lunch was singularly unappetising in every respect - for I was given blubber and jam-tart shadow, so thin was my portion. After lunch I acted keenly, and at once

changed for athletics. I was hoping to have a second two-twenty timing, but when Ivan turned up - at two-twenty - he had not found himself a stop-watch as yet, so it had to be suspended. I did some more shacking, watched Mike trying to put the shot, and at last had my training for the hundred yards. This afternoon we did some running. In pairs, we ran a hundred yards race along the inside lane of the straight. I ran against Kassapian, who was leading by about a foot at the end; I felt nettled; I simply could not run faster. Father Philip let us go as soon as we had had our race, and I reverted to some shacking again. Then there was the shot-putting session; I am afraid I was not up to very much to-day; I was feeling too amused to take the session seriously enough. My own foot-work sent me repeatedly into delirious ecstasies of merriment. Afterwards I accosted Father John and tried to get him speaking; he seemed reluctant and sleepy - because of the terrific heat at present torturing everyone. We walked slowly up the hill at the foot of Shack, enjoying the air and the sunshine. It was ten to four when I at last began to wash, change, and start preparing for Prayers.

At tea, Ivan was in a frightful mood; I have never seen him so pig-headed and thick before. He was simply rude and insulting, going all out to be annoying and unpleasant. At supper I learnt that his hurdling has gone off badly; maybe that explains in part. After tea there was the weekly class with Mr. Macdonnell; he came on time, and left at a quarter to six, after going through my prep - which was good - and giving me another one. This is the first time this term that I have not had my class to the tune of my table-lamp; to-day, broad daylight sufficed by far and away. The evening was spent on 'La Robe de Laine'. It is a touching story, and I am surprised that it is so little known. To me it seems vastly superior to Madame Bovary. The moral is more convincing and obvious, the feelings behind the book are deeper; the treatment is not in the slightest bit flippant, as is 'Madame Bovary', when you come to think of it. I also think that the balance between Raymonde and her husband is far better kept, that the dialogue is both more abundant and realistic, and the character sketch - portrait, rather - briefer yet far more pungent and penetrating. The whole book kept me in sad suspense; the atmosphere is genuinely tragic, the honesty of Raymond, as depicted, hurts and yet ennobles. The theme itself is tragic throughout. I was struck by the beauty and sincerity of the story, by the purity and simplicity, by the contrasts, by the fundamental issues involved. The whole book has absolutely charmed me and delighted me; I have not read any other book on the same subject - except 'Madame Bovary', which I now feel obliged to regard as, above all, flippant and mischievous. Here I have been struck deeply by the honesty of it all, the contrasts between Raymonde, so pure

137

and simple, and her husband, a man of the world, of fashion, ambition, and wealth. I was also moved by her husband's eventual realisation of his errors, his weaknesses, his infidelity, his cruelty.

At supper I had a row with Ade, who refused to fetch some more butter, having just gone and finished it. He refuses to fetch anything now-a-days. After supper I decided that, perhaps, Shack Monitors are entitled to let other people do their errands for them, triste que sea. I returned to my room and typed, occasionally doing arm exercises - for the putting the shot - with Bereng's stretchers. I also did many press-ups: I have now reached the twenty-two press-ups stage. I shall try to increase this a little every day. I still cannot feel myself growing any muscles at strategic points.

It was a frightfully hot evening. I decided to attend Optional Benediction - for the feast of St. Gregory - and was chased out of the Church to find some hymn books; this meant returning to the House lobby for them. I was barely back in the Temp, when it struck nine o'clock. I was feeling rather sulky all evening; the weather verges on the oppressive. After Benediction I returned to my room for a while, and then asked Father Bernard to weigh me; I missed weighing on Saturday night because of the tanning; he consented, and weighed me in shirt and pants - as I had not yet changed into pyjamas. I have gone up two - to ten stone two pounds, frightfully little I suppose. I was disappointed. I washed early, made up a vast laundry - for this will be one of the last of the term - and then went to bed, where I read C.E.C. pamphlets until a quarter to eleven, by torchlight. Bobby came in at some stage with the easy-sleep people for to-morrow; I had extinguished my torch just in time.

Wednesday 13th of March.

Murky fog everywhere; why does the weather here change so alarmingly fast? As monitor of the day I rose promptly enough at seven-fifteen, dressed, and waited at the foot of the stairs for late-comers; not a soul came down late. I felt cheated. At twenty to eight I came out of Church to call the long-sleepers, and caught Chris having an illegal lie; silly fool; he shares a room with two other people: one of those two had gone to early Mass, the other was attending this Mass: so any excuse of not having heard himself being called fell pretty flat. I called the others - and Mario, again, emitted little response on being called - then went back to Mass. For breakfast there were sausages and tomatoes; quite good; but not a letter for me at all. I had made my bed at a quarter to eight, so I had plenty of time after breakfast in which to meditate and amble. I am feeling lazy.



I spent much of the morning on the second half of that German Prose upon which I had embarked the other day; it was a stinker. Word order is still, I suspect, my greatest enemy. I did very little in the way of work in the eleven-fifteen period; it was distracting to watch, hear and in every sense be over-aware of the destroyers - I would not term them builders - outside. To-day they have started stripping the tiles off the Old Church roof; one half of the tiles they would merely throw down with wild expressions of glee, the other half were stored in crates and slowly lowered to the ground. The workmen were in a very jovial mood to-day - I presume because of the weather - and for much of the morning they were hurling kisses and exclamations at the maids - whom I suppose they could see from their high perch upon the church roof.

At twelve-fifteen I started thinking fast. I ought, really, to serve out lunch, as I am monitor of the day; but it is a Wednesday, and I never have lunch in on this day if I can help it; so, in the end, I found Willy to serve out lunch for me, and, much elated, I donned my <sup>blazer</sup> ~~blazer~~ and cycled off to Malton. The weather had, by now, completely changed; it was hot, though slightly misty; the sun was making itself felt. I cycled to Hovingham, where I arrived at ten to one, and paid my bill there for the photo prints. Six and eight I had to pay, but there were twenty prints, so I take it that this is pretty fair. I then left, at a leisurely amble, for Malton. Village after village, all of them to every appearance identical, did I pass, for ever and ever, becoming more and more tired. It is quite far from Shack to Malton, I think about fourteen or fifteen miles; then there is the journey back. Well, with good weather, warm, not too windy, the trip went all right, and at ten to two I was there.

I went first of all to an old cycle shop - to which Jimmy had introduced me in the past - but it was shut; I wanted some nuts and bolts tightening. Nothing urgent. From the cycle shop I made for Woolworth's, where, after much meditation, I bought three drinking glasses - at the cheap price of seven pence apiece - and a Birthday card for Ingrid. I even bought some fruit biscuits, at a shilling a half pound; I felt rooked. Well, that was not all. I went to a cake shop - which I have thoroughly explored in the past - and bought some scones, three tea-cakes, and nothing else; for scones I needed butter - which I was to buy later on in the afternoon. I could not face the idea of buying anything else just now. So I went and had tea - at a vast, well-known, comfortable, corner restaurant under the name of Bowers. This establishment, too, I had grown to appreciate in cold, wintry terms of the past. So I took a pew - this time much better dressed than ~~of old~~ <sup>of old</sup>, when I cycled to Malton in windcheaters and rugger shorts - and ordered a poached egg and much toast.

I ate and drank, slowly, in the sunshine and the coolness of the quiet, near deserted room; the chairs were extremely soft; my slices of toast extremely thick. As I was hungry, this did not matter - in fact I appreciated it. My bill ran into double figures - two and six; I thought it was very little. The maid must have forgotten something - or else my good manners simply dazed her. After tea I bought a quarter of butter, and then started the ride back to Shack. I reached Hovingham surprisingly soon, after an easy ride, pleasant, cool, although the wind was now against me. I was surprised to see that the lambs are now 'out', tiny, cat-size little creatures, frail-looking, skinny, 'sheepish'. They are delightful. I was also delighted to see blossoms about; last year they came about two months later - at the end of April. Spring is in the air, is here, is upon us, has caught us un-awares for a change. Winter has forsaken us - and jolly good show too.

Once I had reached Hovingham, I consulted my chronometer; I then began to panic, gluttony overcoming my finer feelings for the love of Nature. I realised that Shack tea would be ending in forty minutes time; the thought of some tea tantalised me, fresh though I was from a whole pot of the stuff. I had precisely forty minutes in which to get from Hovingham to Shack. Last time I did the journey, it took exactly forty minutes to return; that would mean my arrival just as tea was finishing. So I raced along; I walked up Stonegrave hill - which is frightfully steep, and cycled up the next hills; although I tried to keep cool, tried to take fast cycling in my stride, I was soon perspiring beneath the sun's merciless rays. I reached Shack at four-twenty-five; time for two cups of tea. Was I glad. After putting away this well-earned drink, I returned to my room and set to <sup>work</sup> on my dish-washing; I have only cleaned <sup>my dishes</sup> ~~it~~ once, <sup>this term</sup> if that. At six there was supper; Ade started the Angelus, and Father Bernard entered towards the end; Ade lost confidence, Ade began to fade out - and Father Bernard slowly began to take over; it was most amusing. I just do not know the Angelus myself - so I admired Ade for even attempting the prayer. I served out the potatoes - but ate little myself; needless to say, I was not too hungry. The film for the evening was 'Animal Farm', preceded by a documentary on bears, and another on the <sup>M.G.M.</sup> ~~the~~ Orchestra. Animal Farm was very well done, though I suspect, as far as I can remember, that the ending has been changed from the original of the book. Similarly with 1984, the ending was drastically altered to suit the audience. In both cases, however, I am of the opinion that, good though the films were, the books easily excelled them. I am glad that I have at last seen the cartoon film for 'Animal Farm', which I have very much wanted to witness for a long time. Bug kept me a seat - Willy's, for Willy had a D.C., lucky for me !

140

After the film-show I returned to my room, and began preparing for an evening's minor entertainments; I had despatched Peter to fetch some drinks from the School Shop. He returned, by and by, heavily laden with Kia-Ora and a Ginger beer and two choc ices. We then proceeded to the feast, with good drink to be had from good glasses, good butter on good scones, tea-cakes, and then biscuits. I had decided that, for what it might be worth, this should be my leaving party; Peter and I stayed alone until nine-thirty, when I asked Firth and Bobby along to join in; they, in turn, dragged in Ivan. We then renewed the feast - though for Bobby, Ivan and Firth the essentials lay in their pipes or fags; still, they joined in for some drink and a scone or so. Poor old Firth; he was reduced to sitting with a cushion on the floor, while Bobby and Ivan shared the bed. My room is distinctly too small for anything approaching a party. At ten o'clock the smoke and the guests went, as before a breath of wind; I drove people out of the wash-place at the right time, checked the spray-room, and made for bed. I slept pretty soon. My thighs were aching from the cycle-ride, enjoyable though it had proved. Good day. I have now reached the stage when I sleep without drawing the curtains because of the great warmth derived from Mother Nature and the sun outside, leaving the air cut past through a maximum-opened window. The Ides of March have seen me through alive.

Thursday 14th of March.

A cold night, and a grey morning in which to awaken. I dressed somewhat coolly, and slipped <sup>ped</sup> down to Mass. For breakfast there was some soundish bacon - which I almost always appreciate - and not a letter. I am still fuming over a letter I received late last night, from home, telling me that I may not leave early so as to bid Ingrid adieu; what infuriating luck.

I spent the first period writing to Diana - but a brief word - to tell her that I shall meet her in Leeds on Saturday; I fixed a rendez-vous, time and place inc. The next period was spent typing, and then there was Mr. Heath's German class. My prose was not as flawless as I had hoped, though it was far from being even bad-ish. Word order is my main enemy of the day; Firth's enemies are many and varied. At eleven o'clock Brother Simon gave me a briefing for to-morrow's parade - handing-in, - and then I made for house P.T., which by now was half-finished. Leslie was not up to much ~~of any importance~~: nor was the weather. What odd contrasts every day! After P.T. I began a letter to Ingrid, and filled in her Birthday card; R.I. for Paddy interrupted me in the process, and I had to leave for St. Wilfrid's once again. Peter is supposed to be doing the Mass; Father Patrick encouraged many diversions, some on Dialogue Masses, others on the ethics of gambling. This is an interesting subject, and it appears that it will continue next session.

After class, I posted the letter for Diana, and Ingrid's birthday card, and returned to the House. I noticed, while skirting the edge of the refectory buildings, that Mr. Bunting has once again set to work on some entrance sculpting; at the moment he has half-completed a vast, inset stone plaque over one of the two rear entrances to the refectories. It looks promising; I was amused by his use of the concave for the arms of one of his figures.

Liver and bacon for lunch - I suppose they would call it a mixed grill; it was good to start with, but the liver became fantastically tough as I proceeded through it with knife and fork. After lunch I concluded my letter to Ingrid, changed into rugger shorts, and posted the letter. Then came athletics for two periods. My shot has gone off slightly to-day, but I think the hundred yards has improved. It was bleak down at the track: not icy, but distinctly cold and windy: maybe this is better, however, than the drowsy weather we have just been having, when no-one feels in the least bit inclined to do anything in particular.

Prayers at four-fifteen, and then I set to work on my corps boots: they were caked in dried mud from field-day. I will have to parade in uniform to-morrow as I am C.S.M., and the first parade involves Cert. A. candidates, already wearing uniforms themselves. Chiz: I was hoping not to have to do Corps kit ever again. Cleaning the boots took practically the entire four-fifteen period, after which came good old tea. I ate well, drank well, and had a dusty sort of cake with which to conclude the meal. I then proceeded to empty the stamp-tin, which was about half-full. The next period was spent, first of all, in cleaning them up and counting them. Five hundred now: not too bad, I take it, though the House potential is far above that. For the sake of convenience, I changed the stamps over from a tin to a large envelope, where they are more safely secured. The remainder of the evening was spent on a Spanish prose - a piece of Shakespeare - and in having my farewell hair-cut from Mr. Bruff. I had next to nothing off: I am seeing Diana on Saturday, so I do not want to be bald if I can help it!

I would have liked some more at supper - of fried potatoes - but more was not to be had; so I did without. After supper I typed and cleaned my brasses: I would have liked to go to a lecture on Modern Art that was taking place in the Theatre, but time was lacking and there was too much to do. I was cheerful nevertheless: after a certain stage of the term little can really get one down: I have had no bad moods for some time.

After Prayers I cleaned my cutlery and crockery - and discovered the amazing trick of glass vibration, hitherto unknown to me. Peter demonstrated unsuccessfully last night. Finally, bed; it was a warm evening. I took a photo, then slept.

142

Friday 15th March.

Ingrid's birthday. I took an illegal long lie; the consequences were to prove many and troublesome. Michael called me at ten to eight - though I was quite awake, - and I eventually dressed.

For breakfast, the terrible egg shake; I had some bread and marmalade and tea. Not a letter from nowhere. Father Bernard gave <sup>me</sup> a reprimand for my long sleep at the end of the first period: he was more than furious. Chris was tanned owing, indirectly, to his having also taken that liberty. I worked at my typing, and generally sulked for most of the morning. Mr. Heath took us at ten-twenty-five, and we staggered through Kai. Then came B.3 P.T., with a cold and blustery day to cheer us up. After P.T. Mr. Borland chatted with me for a few moments on the Penance Walk - discussing Munich - and then I returned to my room and typed out ~~the~~ Spanish rendering of the Shakespearian Sonnet. At twelve-fifteen there was R.I. with Paddy; we discussed the ethics of gaming and gambling for most of the time; it is an amusing subject; I am not sure what my views are, if any. After R.I. I dashed back to the House and changed into Corps kit - just about the only person in the House to have to do so - and then went up to lunch. I learnt that Ade's nickname is Drip-Tap, or Tap-Drip; what an unpleasant name for anyone.

I had a busy time after lunch. I put the Cert A. people on parade, after much difficulty in finding anyone to appear, at two-five. Then I was dismissed so as to change back into civvies. At two-fifteen I was there to put the remainder of the Com<sup>a</sup>pany on parade, with all our equipment now to be handed in. No more Corps this term - and for me, never again in my life, probably. I checked up that people put their kit in the correct lockers - there was a certain amount of chaos - and then went back ~~to~~ to the House. Ivan chatted away on more or less nothing - as usual. Eventually I went for a walk in the rain - with a duffle-coat, of course - to try to find some flowers for Ingrid's flower-vase: I would like to commemorate her birthday at this end of the line, so to speak. I found some forsaken little yellow things up the half-mile, and took them - *faute de mieux*.

Prayers at four-fifteen - but not before I had drawn some more cash from the Post-Office, and bought an Aero. This I hogged down in the course of the next period. At the end of the period I phoned through to remind the bus people of their contract for the morrow - and then came tea. I ate wellish - but my jam ran out - and I ran out afterwards. I wish people would clear their own tables.

I spent most of the evening reading Bourget's 'Le Disciple', which is stiff going, but absorbing. I presided - without any mutiny - in the Big Study for the last period, which ended at seven so as to give place to Stations of the Cross.

14

The Stations of the Cross did not prove as boring ~~as~~ as usual; I felt slightly as though I were in a trance as they proceeded, and so I took little note of time.

After evening prayers I had an almighty rapid bath - in about five minutes - and then changed back into ordinary clothes for a monitors' meeting; one cannot take a bath afterwards. Bobby lectured us on setting an example, and then we went downstairs for our smoke. I still abstain. Father Bernard gave us all a slice of cake - his birthday cake, I think - and we ate away happily for quite a time, and discussed school boxing events. These have proved pretty gruesome; personally I dislike, and find little to support, boxing; yet Father Bernard regards it as very good for a person. I disagree: I told him what I thought on the subject. Eventually Father Basil appeared - in search of Bunse - and this broke up the meeting. I returned to my room, cleaned my shoes, changed, and eventually went to bed, after a regulation twenty-five press-ups and a glass of orangeade to cheer me.

To-day has seen my last Corps day - perhaps for life. I wish it had been outside; it is hard to fulfill one's functions well indoors. It is odd, but the first parade of term, as with this last one, took place on rainy days, and thus inside; every other parade was out-of-doors. Very odd indeed; I wonder what this signifies for the future.

Saturday 16th of March.

Spanish Day; I was down in Church on time, received Communion, and then went up to breakfast. There were some very stodgy sausages; I was in rather a rush to get things done, so I could not appreciate them fully. After breakfast I made my bed .... and so on, then attended Prayers. Father William gave us a short but most amusing lecturette on personal tidyness - people beginning to look as though they had been left out for the night - and on waste-paper statistics in ratio to the number of toffee-papers left hanging about the place.

After ~~wards~~ <sup>wards</sup> I snatched my duffel from the masters' lockers - where I had left it for convenience' sake - and made at once for my specially ordered bus. It was there. I took charge of the filling - reserving certain seats for members of the staff, and so on - and we eventually left; it was then about five to nine. I was sitting next to Sweeny<sup>e</sup>, and for most of the time we discussed his forthcoming exams up at C.C.C., Oxford, and the different ways of tackling papers. We also discussed photography - he seems to have some rather good equipment - and the prospects of a term at Shack after winning an award. We passed through some very out of the way villages on the way to York, where we dropped a medical client, before continuing along the double-road to Leeds. We arrived there at a quarter to eleven, with rain

and a black sky all around us. There was a certain amount of difficulty over finding Leeds Station for Michael and Peter - Skipton Peter - who were having one day's holiday prior to leaving for their exams up at Oxford.

The coach stopped in front of the Riley Smith Theatre - part of Leeds University - and we disembarked. As when I went to Leeds last time, and there saw the play 'Fuenteovejuna', we were sitting up in the Gallery; the view is quite good from there, but it is invariably stuffy. The morning's entertainments were not as good as I had hoped. Many of them were puerile, in so much as ~~were~~ the actors were girls, too young to know well enough what they were doing, and the themes they were performing often struck rather elementary notes. There were several attempts at dances; you could see that everyone was trying very hard, but their North Country accents and their youth prevented much in the way of harmony. One girl sang an excellent solo, and another girl - a Spaniard according to her name - did some interesting dance movements by herself. There was a short play from the Quinteros, which went quite well, but which I found hard to follow because of the general shuffling. The girl acting in it spoke excellent Spanish: in contrast to her there was a boy with an altogether too English accent, but who knew how to act. Zaluski performed on the piano: unfortunately, someone else had already played one of his pieces for him. He did well, but complained bitterly, afterwards, that half the piano keys were out of order.

I slipped out of the place at a quarter to one for my rendez-vous with Diana. I found her there - in front of the main University block - as pre-arranged, and we took a bus to her home. She has changed houses since I saw her last; the new one is far larger, with vast rooms and interesting decorations, in plaster, on the ceilings and the top quarter of the walls. Everything is white, clean and airy. I was greeted on arrival by one member of the family after another - and there are many indeed - with Peter, the budgerigar - flapping on my shoulders throughout. I have never before seen such a tame creature; he actually liked me. Diana took me up to her room, showed me round various parts of the house, and then we settled down to a handsome lunch by ourselves. We locked Peter in his cage for security to our own persons. By now the sun was shining, the sky had cleared slightly, and I was feeling a trifle more cheerful than previously. Diana and I discussed school-life; she is tired of work, and complained bitterly at the lack of free time in which to read what one chose.

For much of the time I was mentally comparing Diana with Ingrid; Diana is much younger, and lacks Ingrid's laissez-faire and general 'at-homeness' with events. Diana struck me as still, in comparison, very nimble of mind, perhaps a little nervou

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION  
YORKSHIRE BRANCH  
in collaboration with the  
SPANISH DEPARTMENT: UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

JORNADA ESPAÑOLA

RILEY SMITH THEATRE, THE UNION  
SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, 1957

PROGRAMME

- 10.15 Welcome by Professor R.F. BROWN
- 10.20 Masa coral de los estudiantes - Srta. M.V. Alvarez
- 10.30 Intake C.S. School - D.A. Wallace  
Choral speaking
- 10.45 Ackworth School - C.V. Alonso  
Los Quintero: Mañana de sol  
Canciones populares
- 11.05 Bailes españoles - Srta. M.L. Bustos
- 11.15 Scarborough Convent Grammar School - Miss A. Potts  
Playlet  
Canciones regionales
- 11.40 The Grammar School, Burton-on-Trent - K.T. Harris  
Tamayo y Baus: El drama nuevo - scenes
- 12.00 Ampleforth College - J. McDonnell  
Piano recital by I. Zaluski:  
Albéniz: Sevillanas; Turina: Sacro Monte;  
Granados: Andaluza
- 12.15 Bailes españoles - Srta. M.L. Bustos
- 12.25 St. Joseph's College, Bradford - Miss N. Hodgson and  
Vital Aza: Aprobados y Srta. Gómez  
suspensos
- 1.0 Lunch - University Refectory
- 1.30-2.15 Central High School, Leeds - F.R. Martin  
Popular Hispanic music on gramophone records
- 1.30 Teachers' Conference
- 2.15-4.30 Film show:  
Goya en el Museo del Prado  
Ciudad Universitaria  
Toledo y su Semana Santa  
Noticiario Núm. 437  
MARCELINO, PAN Y VINO

You are requested to occupy the seats to which  
you are shown for the whole day's programme.



Ingrid takes a lot of beating, I'm afraid ! Well, lunch concluded, I took my leave of the family; Diana took me back to the University - by bus again - and then I took my leave of her as well; I was back for the afternoon's programme about five minutes late. Some ridiculous play was being performed at the time of my entry; it really was rather a trial, and lasted far too long. Afterwards came a film show, starting with some scenes from Toledo, and then moving on to the main film, called 'Marcelino, Pan y Vino'. This turned out to be the best item of the day; it was fascinating in its every aspect. There was a charming little boy, perhaps some six years old, acting Marcelino's part; he was so natural, so delightful and captivating, so true to life, that he quite carried everyone with him. Besides Marcelino, the Franciscan monks were charming and natural, and the entire atmosphere of simplicity and devoutness was overcoming. Finally, the most surprising element of all, the good taste with which the miracle was enacted; it was entrancing, left over in all simplicity. I enjoyed this film more than any other religious film I have ever seen. I think it is as near perfect in every respect as any film could ever hope to be - and to that is added the difficulty of performing any religious theme very convincingly; this film certainly ranked on a level with such as even 'High Society'. Although religion may often only have a narrow appeal, here it held everyone gripped throughout; the applause was tremendous - although we were probably the only Catholic school present.

After the film-show, pouring with sweat, we made for our coach; Mr. Macdonnell had to locate it, hidden as it was in a side-street at some slight distance from the University buildings. On the way to ~~London~~<sup>York</sup> he sat next to me - for Father Louis was absorbing all Mr. Mallinder's attention - and we conversed on all kinds of topics. The film was the first one of course; then we discussed how the morning's items could have been improved upon, and criticised various odds and ends. Hence we evolved naturally towards the theory of drama - and the blending of the tragic with the comic. At York we stopped for tea at Betty's. We arrived at about ten to six. There were sandwiches for a start, then cakes and ices, with some tea to see it all down. I ordered some scones as an extra to the 'basic', and then had two rounds of toast for myself. The others at my table also applied for scones, and one of them had sausages and chips into the bargain. So I was not the only hog. We were intended to leave at six-fifteen; in fact we left at six-twenty-five or after, because of delays in the serving. It was all rather a rush, but we enjoyed it immensely; it was near closing time, which did not help, and there were also rather a lot of us - thirty or more. When I was about to pay for my toast, the waitress merely said 'forget it': I was more than amused: I was pleased.

On the way back I had Father Louis next to me. He showed a great deal of interest in my plans for the future, and we discussed Germany, Pereda, and Salamanca amongst other things. The journey went very quickly, and before we knew where we were, there was Shack straight in front, waiting for us. We were back at seven-fifteen. My first action was to report back to the Housemaster, then to do my twenty-five press-ups. I had little appetite for supper; Father Bernard offered me one of his two poached eggs, but I was already too full to feel like accepting, though I would much have liked to. No letters from anywhere.

I did some typing before Benediction. I did not feel like singing to-night; it felt too distracting. For some unknown reason I was verging on the morbid. When Benediction had come to an end, I went up to find Father James; I had to wait for quite a time. While waiting, I entertained myself in speaking to Marshall, whose room is but a few yards from Father James', and in admiring Father James' pottery and porcelain collection, which graces the stair-case on the way up from the guest refectory. Eventually Father James himself arrived, and we sat chatting for over half an hour. The merits of drink, restraint in love, and good photography graced our talk; towards the end he found a map of Germany, and I at last discovered Munich's relative position as regards other German towns and villages; I was horrified at its distance from England and, perhaps, Hamburg.

At about ten-fifteen I returned to the House, undressed, washed, did some more press-ups, and went to bed. A tiring and eventful day. The last time I shall be going to Leeds for many a year: maybe the last time I shall hear Spanish spoken for quite a period too. Salamanca is the place I would like to see again, spend weeks there, months, in the quietness, coolness, oldness, friendliness of the ancient town. I wonder whether one can get to Spain easily from Germany?

Sunday 17th. of March.

I awoke feeling most tired. I dressed and went down to Mass: I was slightly on the late side: bad show. Father Anthony said Mass, and I followed it in my Missal as, of course, we are in fact expected to do every time; I have not been very good at following it this term. It is good the way one gets to know all the long prayers by heart. After Mass, breakfast, with roast bread and hard eggs; there was not enough time in which to eat everything up; Sunday breakfast is always a bit of a rush. There was barely time to make my bed before prayers: Macleod has been made a school-monitor. I felt slightly disappointed - but thank goodness he is at least a good chap. At High-Mass Father Barnabas gave the sermon; it started with a comparative summary of the value of Caesar and St. Benedict; after that I began to doze. The next thing I knew, it was the end of the sermon; I was angry with myself

for attending so badly.

I am beginning to feel that things are reaching the beginning of the end; the last but one Mass, the last but one Sunday, and so on. So I feel bound to appreciate things as I have never done before.

I did some Corps typing for Bobby after High-Mass; locker numbers for next term; I did it all in red and black. Then there was some of my own typing to be done. All told, I was kept pretty busy until lunch-time.

Lunch over, I had a longish chat with Bobby on dreams, their significance, their horror or charms - which are rare-come by. Very interesting are dreams. I have always wanted to write down my dream on waking up - but I always forget either the first half or the second half of it, which contrives to make the dream unfunny or merely pointless; a great pity. I finally borrowed Bobby's running shoes, and nipped out ~~with them~~ with them just as Ivan came in to ask Bobby for them.

I went down for the usual training, but Father Philip did not appear. So I did a series of fifty yard sprints, and one hundred yards one, against Kassapian: it was a dead-heat for us. Mike tells me that my face is far too tense when I sprint: how can it be otherwise, seeing that the hundred yards race requires more than a person's maximum effort over quite a distance. Then came shot; no, to-day I was not as good as I have been in the past. I am still about four foot off the standard distance. Bufton throws the shot some thirty-four foot every blessed time. I felt cold to-day, for there was an almighty wind raging around. We packed up early. I decided to keep the track-shoes on for going up: I thought that if I kept to the grass it would not spoil the shoes, and would help, moreover, to acclimatise my feet to them. Ivan heard about this when I returned to the House, still in track-shoes; he was in a state of hysterics for twenty-four hours.

There were some rather stodgy cakes for tea - but I had little appetite in any case. I turfed Rod junior and Czajkowski out after plenty of delay: they were merely gossiping, as ever. I spent the evening first in the House library, putting books in their proper places, then typing. Vespers were a trifle shorter than of late and for supper we had some soda cake; personally, I could find little to sing about concerning this type of bread mixture. I managed to explain to Bereng the origins of the use of Shamrock on St. Patrick's day; I appeared to be the only person who knew. After supper I packed Ingrid's picture, and conferred it upon Michael; it took some packing, and, at the end of it all, I discovered that I could not fit it into any case, either Michael's or my own. So I lent him my case-trunk. I then made out a map, indicating the whereabouts of her home, and did the same for Skipton Peter as regards Queen's College, Oxford. I finally wrote home, and took a vast

pile of school-owned text-books back to the Book-room. This gave me an end of term feeling, plus cramp in my right leg.

My arm muscles have grown beyond all recognition since I started doing press-ups: I can now do thirty of them. I can also use the chest expanders to good ends sometimes expanding some twenty times before collapsing. Yet, does this in fact help my shot-putting? I suppose that it should make a happy end more possible, even if not probable.

Bobby came in to rate me for using his track-shoes where they shouldn't ought to be. I then shaved - Terence complimenting me on my physical structure while I was thus engrossed - and went to bed. Bobby returned to warn me that to-morrow I will be monitor of the day: he gave me the long-lie list. I lay back in bed and thought as I have been doing a great deal recently, now that the sky is paler at night and that I no longer draw my curtains. I wish we could have some more of the good weather we had not so long ago; it was so delicious. I tried to take some photos this afternoon, but I suspect that the sunlight was a trifle weakish; besides, I have forgotten which direction to press the knob for short or long exposures; that leaves me in a fix. I almost applied to mount the Tower so as to take some more pictures, but Bunse advised me not to, as the light was weak. One of the last Sundays I shall spend at school has now nobly drawn to a close; nothing outstanding seems to have happened. The Gallery is in suspense at the oncoming departure to Oxford of Michael, Bobby and Peter; the place will be half empty. Shame; still, there will be some peace and quiet.

Monday 18th of March.

The term is drawing inexorably to ~~an~~ an end. I was called by Ivan at ten past seven, dressed, felt mighty tempted to take a photo of the Valley, bathed as it then was in vivid <sup>ch</sup>aroscuro contrasts, and went down to the foot of the stairs to check late-comers. Only Moor was late - and he claimed, as excuse, that his hand was in a bad way. I then <sup>e</sup>proceeded to call the Bottom Dormitory, quietly, coolly, and almost nonchalantly, as though I had been calling them every morning of the term; maybe I was slightly asleep still. I was aware, returning to the Church, that many people were missing from the top half of the house; had they gone to early Mass? I doubted it. I called the long-liers at twenty to eight, and at the same time discovered that Ivan had forgotten to call both the three-rooms downstairs. Incompetent devil.

For breakfast - the frightful egg slush again; I dished it out fast, giving fairly liberal portions, in the hope that the stuff would run out before I reached the end; it did; I was hoping for a substitute of fried eggs; I was given more of





the frightful slush. I was furious, and returned to my place without any ~~coffee~~: it makes me feel sick every time I even look at it, let alone eat it. Father Bernard asked me why I was not having anything; I told him promptly that I hated it: he looked vaguely astonished. I had to do with some bread and marmalade. As he was in charge of the Cert. A. II people, he left breakfast early; I helped myself to a small amount of his coffee.

I warned presiders of their duties, then returned to the House and said good-bye to the scholars. The House suddenly began to feel very quiet and still. The sky, once blue and clear, was beginning to cloud over, and there was already quite a breeze. At ten-fifteen I had German with Mr. Heath; I had prepared some Kai, and so I should have been all right; in fact I had to endure a tortuous cold for most of the morning, though it disappeared in the course of the afternoon. Firth did not appear to-day: it is the first time he has not attended: athletics are keeping him more than engrossed. As Athletics Secretary he has anything but an easy time once the trials, heats and so on, start, which they are doing this afternoon.

House P.T, to-day on the East side of the top tennis-courts, was conducted by Ade. It was cool and windy, and I was too busy seeing that everyone was present, by means of the P.T. cards, to be able to appreciate his efficiency - if such was the case. We have never before done P.T, of all things, on a tennis-court; it was a bit of a bore having to go so far for it, as the Penance Walk, our former place, is so very much nearer.

The Ecclesiastical Tower is now half-destroyed; the spire looks as though it has never been thought of, and the rest looks as though it was one big mistake. All the tiles have been taken off the Church roof, and the workmen have now begun demolishing the frontal stone-work. It is most distracting watching them at work - throwing vast masses down from dizzy heights and making the hell of a noise over it all.

Paddy did not appear to-day - probably because the form consisted mainly of scholarship candidates, and these have all left for Oxford now; there was only Firth and Peter and myself left. I learnt that Young H, head of the school, due to go up for scholarship exams to-day, is in bed with stomach-trouble; what filthy luck. Maybe he misused his Saturday holiday and ate something he shouldn't ought to have, or else has caught a stomach-cold. I have had stomach-trouble twice on fairly important occasions - but never just before an exam. Thank goodness he already has an Entrance to Balliol; he was hoping for a scholarship there now. As far as I was concerned, there was no R.I. this morning; we sauntered back to Shack, and I generally loitered for the remainder of the morning, sometimes watching the workmen, occasionally trying to concentrate on 'Le Disciple'.

150

The Top Table was pretty deserted at lunch-time - with three of our scholars absent. I served out the ham-meat, and had plenty myself; it was salty, and I like that sort of taste, personally. The dessert consisted of some odd blend of cake cubes, well camouflaged beneath piles of cold custard and jam streaks: it could have been worse.

After lunch I set to work on a list of what authors the House has been reading in the course of this term. I typed out a list with everyone's name on it, and next to a chap's name I inserted the authors he has read. Shute was the most popular, then Buchan, then Wodehouse, then Christie. One boy read a Thackeray novel, one a Chesterton; no-one read anything by either Scott or Dickens. It is interesting to know someone in the House, and at the same time his preferences in the way of literary works. Muscles junior has not touched a book this term, nor have many other people; then they complain that others are gifted with greater talent than themselves. I believe that there is little to choose between one person's abilities and another's: I believe that what puts one person above another is not any difference in his talents, but in his general desire to make use of any facilities provided. Some people do distinctly not use the aids offered them.

The sky bleak, a strongish wind around me, I went for a walk to the Village at a quarter to three; there I bought myself a Kodak film, at a frightfully high sort of price. On the way back to Shack I was considerably amused by the sight of some people - a lorry-driver and a woman - trying to induce three pigs to enter a lorry; not a hope. Clever pigs, they probably suspected that the slaughter-house lay just round the corner, at the lorry's destination. I still had some library paper-work left to do at four-fifteen, so that kept me busy for the oncoming period; after tea I had a class with Mr. Macdonnell in my room. For much of the time we were discussing the Falangist party, the divergence between its left and right wings, the Monarchists and Franco himself. Finally we switched, somehow, to the Worker Priest movement in France, and that kept us going for most of the remainder of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> class. I did some oral translation from Lincoln's speech at Gettysburgh, and then it was already six o'clock. My Shakespeare translation was not as good as I had hoped; the part I took the most trouble over was bad, the remainder very good. I was disappointed.

I read 'Le Disciple' for most of the evening; it is interesting, at times hard to understand, at times more than easy. It is the first novel of this sort I have ever read - to the best of my memory.

For supper there was some fish stew - not too appetising; I told Father Bernard of the results of the Library reading inquest: he was expecting it, and, also, was disappointed. After supper I wrote off to Johnny, as I have intended to do for many



months, and then wrote to Granny - up Fraserburgh way. The bell went as usual at five to nine; there was optional Benediction. I was hemmed in at the House Lobby by a circle of people with lines for me. Before I could escape for Benediction, along came Ade, he gave me the College Prayer book, and disappeared, having briefly hinted that, as monitor of the day, it was my prime duty to say prayers on such an occasion. He then went off to Benediction, as about a third of the House had already done. I was left with the Prayer Book and little knowledge of what should be done.

At nine I closed the lobby door, entered the common-room, and sat for the initial course of the news - as per norm. I was feeling more than highly nervous, and was trying frantically hard to hide all such feelings and appearances. Meanwhile I marked out the place in the book, and found the page with the different names for the various decades of the Rosary. Feeling ever more nervous, with a feeling of inavertible doom hemming me in on every side, the first part of the news came to an end, I stood up, turned the chair round, and knelt, with the book open in front of me, on the seat of the chair. I started, reading out the first word, two words or sometimes three, of every prayer that is usually said for evening prayers, so that the House continues the prayer and, as it were, takes it up: that is, provided that you say precisely the right number of words, stop in the right places for the others to pick it up, and inflect the right things in the right way. I had Bug and Willy to back me up, and catch on to the prayers at the right moment. I moved slowly from prayer to prayer, just managing to leave out the prayers that are not said, just remembering to say the right ones. There were no mistakes. Then came the Rosary; I found a satisfactory title - but had a certain amount of difficulty in phrasing it. I could not think whether to say "Let's do such and such ...." or "Let's say": in the end I probably said "We'll say the first decade of the Glorious Mystery of the Resurrection". Even then I was not too certain ~~whether~~ <sup>whether</sup> I had put things the right way round. Well, no-one seemed to mind, and as yet no-one had laughed at anything, as in my House jaw. So I proceeded; eventually I lost count of the number of Hail Marys I had said; so I had to judge that by the clicking of other people's rosaries. I drew the right conclusions at the right times, and everything went well. I felt more than considerably relieved as I left the Common-room and waited outside for the House to file out. Probably the only time I shall ever have to say Prayers at night: I was pleased that they had gone well.

I saw Father Bernard for a while later in the evening - on being too efficient as a House monitor. People, it appears, bear me a great deal of resentment for being efficient; they are under the impression I seek ever to catch them out; so much did Father Bernard convey to me, to my dejection, especially to my bewilderment and,

at times, annoyance. I felt ~~that~~ it would be better for me to answer nothing; if I had begun, I would have gone on indefinitely; I felt that, if I tried to defend myself, I would be admitting some error; I knew in my own heart that error there was not, but nor was there any immediate course of action for me to take, except silence, reproachful and liable to misinterpretation. I have always attempted to be a perfect monitor, and any accusations to the contrary hurt me. It is not so much that I am accused of being a bad one, or of having erred; I resent the fact that others, in their turn, should resent a monitor's attempting to fulfill his duties to his utmost, as I feel I have tried to do. I look upon no-one as an enemy: upon very few as friends; obviously things must be very different at the other end. I feel that, whatever happens, I must always remain either a loyal monitor to the end, or else just let the rôle of monitor fit me as a farce - and that does not accord with my nature. Obviously the ideal of a monitor does not suit most of the people of this House; they prefer people who overlook, do not compell others to toe the line, and even, themselves, do not keep the rules they enforce upon others. The House conception of a monitor is that of a person holding some sinecure, some old age pension, pension for good work done in the past, now no longer to be continued. The House thinks that the monitors' lot is one of indolence and lassitude, pleasure and ~~laissez~~-aller.

I emptied the wash-place at the right time, did some thirty-two press-ups, and eventually went off to bed. I slept well, heavily, and long, until about one in the morning.

Tuesday, 19th of March.

I did not fall asleep very convincingly after my first nocturnal awakening, when I had awoken full of jabs of pain all over. Father Bernard called me at seven-ten, I dressed, was down fairly on time, and attended the usual Mass. It was a fine morning, though this state of affairs was not to continue for very long. For the breakfast, bacon, and no letter; I am expecting the Hovingham enlargements daily.

I made my bed, attended Prayers, and spent the first period typing, the second doing some German and looking out of the window at the workmen, and the third with Mr. Heath, translating Kai. Again Firth did not arrive; too much in the way of Athletics, I take it. There was House P.T. on the Tennis-court as eleven-five; I forgot to bring gym-shoes - but no-one could reprimand me. It was windy and cool.

For the remainder of the morning I absorbed myself in the reading of 'Le Disciple' whose end looms ever nearer. By lunch-time I was feeling quite cheerful, in spite of the weather. I had seconds of meat pie. We were issued with ticket-forms for

end of term luggage arrangements and so on; I just remembered, in the nick of time, that I already have a return ticket back to Oxford. Everyone looked very worried when I declared that I did not want a ticket: everyone must have thought I was staying here for some time longer. Am I popular!

After lunch I idled away some time doing nothing, and then addressed a telegram on Ivan's behalf, to Bobby, Oxford University. I went up to the Post-Office and, for fun, put the telegram news into Latin. The subject was Cert A. II candidates. My text ended up thus 'Fortuna Benedixit 21 Ex 25 Good Luck IvanBrunoque! It was an experiment; I wonder how the message will end up when it reaches Oxford! I then returned to the House, past Mr. Bunting's now accomplished piece of modern art in relief, and donned a duffle. I then ~~out~~ went to the track to watch team-trials. I practised putting the shot with Mike and Mario, until the hundred yards and the hurdles had been run. Ivan came third in both; not good enough, I think, to enter the team; all because of his silly ankle; Mike had just come third for shot-putting with his best distance of thirty-seven-eleven. Our House seems to produce thirds all round; a shame. I returned with Peter, and we discussed tentatively our hopes for the Thursday whole-holiday. He must try to find himself a bike this time; he did not succeed on Shrove Monday, and thus almost jeopardised the day.

I spent an interesting quarter hour watching the workmen on the old church roof, hurling off vast hunks of stone from the face; there was a howling wind, and they were receiving dense billows of white dust in their own visages at ~~their~~ every movement. It must be hell working in such conditions, and dangerous too. The wind was so strong, that dust was being swept right into my own room, into my own eyes, some fifty yards from the scene of destruction.

I tried to obtain some quires of lines-paper from the book-room after prayers, but there was nobody there to serve me, so I returned to the House empty-handed. I spent the entire evening on 'Le Disciple', which I finished in the course of the last period. It gripped me more and more; the plot is excellent - there is more of it, certainly, than in most of the books I have been reading this term. I think that a plot, leaving one in suspense, and making one ever wonder as to the outcome of the book, is an essential to a good and absorbing piece of literature, definitely to a novel or play. I was also absorbed by the scientific moral of the book, very neatly concluded, with no overdue stress or embarrassing emphasis, in a short page at the very end of the story. The literary value of the book is, also, as high as the didactic one, which is what delighted me. I dislike a book where the moral is the sole guiding force: that strikes me as artificial; I also dislike a book without any real point, which, again, strikes me as artificial and without basis.

I was also interested to see the effects of 'truth', as sought for a whole life-time by Adrien Sixte. I always used to think, too, that truth was the last word in things desirable and ideal. This novel shows that truth, especially in matters of psychology and science, can do as much harm as good. Truth by itself is not enough; as a complement, it needs charity, the knowledge of when truth is best used and when best overlooked or concealed. Science may concern itself mainly with truth; but in doing so it dehumanises itself and its disciples. Truth in science is an excellent thing - but not ~~adone~~ by itself. Robert Greslou let himself be the slave of truth and scientific convictions alone - and thus he lost his own natural humanity, his ability to understand human feelings as human feelings, not as scientific formulae and experiments. In a sense, this book tries to show that one should pursue truth, which is one extreme of scientific perfection, and at the same time let oneself be ruled by the realisation that truth alone is useless, if not united to charity, or pity, or some form of religion whereby one learns to remain the human being one was born, to remain filled with the realisation that all human beings are one's brothers, that they all suffer and think and, in a word, are liable to human weaknesses. The human being can be subjected to the rigorous search of science, the detecting finger of scientific truth, but this should only be done to him bearing in mind that he can suffer, that there is a life and a soul within him; tact and <sup>for</sup>sight and charity must always accompany truth. Adrien Sixte was the servant of truth alone; Greslou was the victim of Sixte's search for truth alone, his advocating truth and truth only.

My guiding principle always was, and still is, sincerity whatever the cost, whenever possible, wherever possible. Yet, on reflection, that is more liable to subjectivity than even truth; so my desire for sincerity can be more harmful, to me and to others, than truth alone could be. I have often found that my sincerity has plunged me into deep waters; truth, too, might do so - but one would be left with more conviction that it was for a good cause. Truth is nobler than sincerity, in so much as it is more universal, less liable to caprice. Sincerity has many shades, truth only one. Yet both truth and sincerity, as I have found, are useless and dangerous without the aid of tact and sympathy - or charity. And so, I suppose, as the Church has always taught, charity rules supreme over all virtues, for without it is lost the human element, the element of co-suffering, co-feeling for another.

I was a trifle morbid at supper; I was thinking. Afterwards I typed away in my room for a while, copied some Bugia-bearer instructions for Ade, saw Bunsen briefly on physical betterment and pain, did thirty-two press-ups, and took to sleep.

Wednesday 20th. March.

I started well with a long-lie; there's no better way to start a school day; and, believe me, a legal lie is better than a shouldn't-ought-to-be one. I went to the Temp at four minutes to eight, saw Father Anthony safely finish Mass, and then slipped up to breakfast.

To-day, and until Thursday evening - by special appointment with Ade - I am to preside on the **S**econd table, as Bobby is at Oxford and Ade, the official presider for this week, is needed on the Top Table to keep Bunsen company. Ivan has been presiding since Sunday, and on Friday Bereng takes over; a most satisfactory arrangement for everyone. Sausages - not too bad, but I was not feeling very hungry; still no post.

I spent most of the morning writing letters, and one period typing. I wrote to Fray Tomás of Salamanca: that took up two periods, and to Diana - thanking her for the day's hospitality on Saturday. I glanced hastily through the Telegraph at eleven o'clock, and ~~then~~ spent the following ten minutes pinning up notices for Father Bernard in the House lobby. This involved taking down all the other ones, so as to make room for the new ones: I tried my hand at artistic arrangements, thus saving drawing-pins and board-space.

I am feeling stung and severely pricked by Father William's statement, uttered at prayers before study; he wished us all a good holiday for the morrow, and kindly 'reminded' us that all CINEMAS are out of bounds, that all drinkers will be expelled; the first warning fired my conscience, the second put it on the alert.

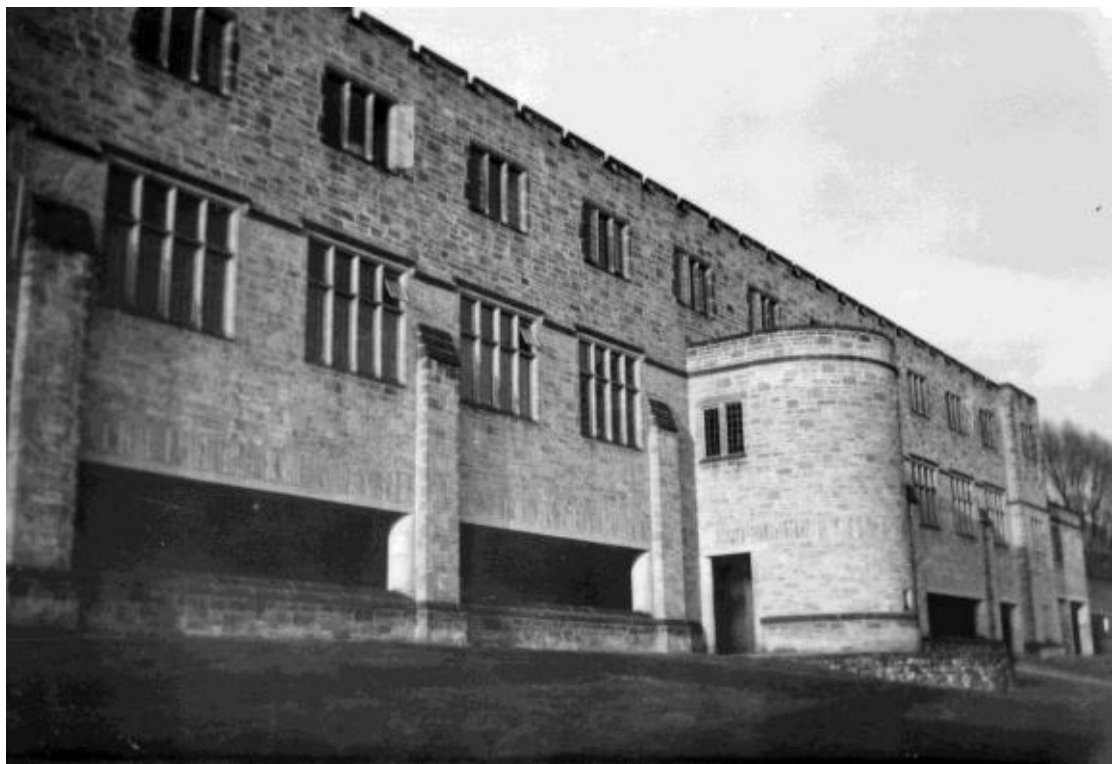
At twelve o'clock I collected my tweed jacket from the sewing skivs - who have been taking too long over it - and obtained permission from Father Bernard to visit Hovingham; I should have clarified my motives: he might have seemed less suspicious then. I went there, swiftly, with a gale behind me, so as to see whether or not my enlargements were ready.

They were, indeed. The good lady, putting two and two together, remembering that I had paid my bill on the previous occasion by presenting myself in person on the premises on a Wednesday, had kept the enlargements for me to collect! So sweet of her! And I had been feeling so irritated at their non-arrival by post at Shack! I then bought Mummy a birthday card, drew some cash from my savings book, bought a postal-order, and took my leave. I cycled back extremely slowly, and took the non-hilly route home, via Gilling, for ease. In fact it probably took longer that way, for the gale, blowing against me now, hardly allowed movement of any kind. ~~When~~ When I was about three hundred yards from Gilling, it began to pour. I finally secured myself in the Fairfax arms - at the cost of three rounds of toast and a pot

of tea. As a matter of fact I could well do with such food; there had been no lunch-packet left over for me in the morning; although I had complained, nothing at all had been done about it. Well, I ate away happily for some time, paid my bill, and cycled back to Shack. The rain had by now ceased, though the wind was still there. I cycled up past the athletics track, up and ever up, put the bicycle away, changed into half-top athletic kit, and ran down again to the track so as to put in a little training. I wanted, above all, to practise at shot-putting, but Bob was practising away, and he has full priority over everyone else, being in the school team. So I waited, and watched some of the heats being run on that cold and windy afternoon. Willy came first in his four-forty event, Chris first in his, and Terence in his too; what a feat. This house is not doing so badly yet.

Eventually Bob left, and I assumed control of the pit. I put and put again. I kept on putting for a full forty minutes before giving up. At first I seemed to put the shot further every time; I marked the landing-places; then, just as suddenly I went off form, and spent the remainder of the afternoon trying to equal a distance I had set up at the beginning. I have at last found myself a satisfactory, even pleasing, glide position. I am sure that my best put of the afternoon - the one I was unable to catch twice - was over thirty feet. I stand a chance yet. At four-ten I left the pit, ran back up to Shack, washed, and went up to tea. The Major was there; I merely drank, and listened. I cleared the place out at four-thirty-two, and then returned to the House. There was a most beautiful thunderstorm in progress; I watched it all from Mike's room: he was trying to do a spot of work: I eventually paid him the ninepence bill for negating my film - about a month ago; I am an honest bloke at times. I then wrote home - for Mummy's birthday - and hastily changed into respectable clothes just as supper was about to start. For supper - some frightfully stodgy meat and potatoes; I declined, and just drank cups of cocoa.

Paul very kindly kept me a seat in the cinema; we discussed a whole host of things before the film began - how to revise for exams, how to work at different subjects, our prep. schools, our first work at Shack, friends at Eton, Cambridge and Oxford, and, well, everything pretty well - except wine, women and children. The film was quite marvelous - 'We are no Angels', with Humphrey Bogart; I only saw the film because I had been told that Bogart was in it; I had seen another film with him in the course of the Christmas vacs - a day or two before he died, maybe after. This film was hilarious, my view perfect, my good mood quite prepossessing; I enjoyed even more of the jokes than did other people. After the film I bought some crushed biscuits - for economy - returned to my room and typed: even hogged.







Eventually I phoned home - the first time this term: interference on the line was quite hideous. Apparently I shall only be spending six months in Germany, and not a year; I will then be going to France and to Spain for a while - I think. At ten o'clock my call propitiously came to an end: I shaved and went to bed - after completing a full thirty-five press-ups, which left me quite finished.

#### St. Benedict's Day.

A long lie to start with, then communion in the Temp. For breakfast there was plenty of bacon, and two lunch-packets: one of them was, at Father Bernard's humble request, to atone for yesterday's error. I was almost late down for Sung Mass, which began shortly after nine o'clock. It was glorious: I have never heard this sort of thing before. Everything was either chanted or sung, with exquisite effects; Father Leonard was perfect on the Epistle, and Father Anthony maybe even better on the Gospel; the organ was providing us with a pleasant accompaniment ~~and~~ through the entire service. I was charmed ~~and~~.

Things became quite complicated after Mass; I obtained permission from the House Master to go to Pickering, went up to my room, gathered up camera and other oddities, then made for the cycle shed. I trimmed my bicycle - and at that point Peter disappeared from the scene. Waiting, waiting, I decided to benefit from the time lag to finish off the film then in my camera - so I took two perhaps unnecessary snaps of the refectory block and Shack from that angle. I hastily uncoiled the film, took it out of the camera, and returned with it to the House. I made back for the refectories; at that point, suspecting that Peter would have a watch with him, and feeling the bulge in my own <sup>pocket</sup> caused by the presence there of my alarm-clock, I once more made for the House, and left that there in turn. Eventually Peter turned up. His was a rickety bike - borrowed for the actual day only - so we quickly decided to take a bus to our destination - which was Scarborough, not Pickering - and made for the bus-stop. The bus had left thirty seconds earlier.

We had no alternative but to cycle - which we accordingly did. With a fine breeze behind us we reached Oswaldkirk: I did not have to pedal from the top of the Thomas's bank until the sign-post at the foot of Oswaldkirk Hill: a distance of about one mile or more: so strong was the wind, so well balanced my bicycle. It was most elating; that was the first time I had ever done the journey in such a fine style. We walked up the bank, and again mounted on reaching the top; we arduously cycled on to Helmsley, with a fierce wind now half against us. The sky was pretty clear, blue in most places - but with growing clouds in the occasional corners; at eight o'clock there had not been a cloud in the sky. We passed through Helmsley, and about half

a mile further on, we deposited our bikes by the side of the road, along the edge of a ditch, and locked them together. We then started walking. Our first hike was in a butcher's van; Peter sat in front, I sat in the back; the remains of the butcher's rounds rather put me off for a while. This man took us as far as the little village of Nawton, where he deposited us. Soon afterwards we hitched a hike in an oxygen cylinder van, red, driven by a speedy, seedy man in dark and dusty clothes. He was quite friendly, as had been the butcher; he took us to Kirby via the ford route - there was an inch of liquid at the bottom - and deposited us just in front of the Kirby round-about. Soon afterwards we kept our series of one hundred per cent lucky signs with a lift in an Ex-R.A.F fellow's car; he was most sociable, asking us all about life at school, the reason of our holiday, and then work. He spoke on himself, his military past, his medical hopes for the future, before letting us out at Pickering; as parting memento, he gave us each an Esso triangular pencil, new; most amusing. We walked for about five minutes, and then obtained a lift in a smashing, new, speedy, smooth-running Vauxhall; we sat in the back, and chatted together on art, architecture, holidays, work and the weather; the driver was a tough-looking individual, who never said a word. His merit lay in that he took us the whole way from Pickering to Scarborough in one fell swoop, a distance of at least eighteen miles. So we were lucky. It rained ~~and~~<sup>on</sup> route, and Peter was quite regretting that he had decided to leave his coat behind at Shack - as I had suggested. When we emerged at Scarborough, the sky had cleared, but it was pretty cool at first; white playful little clouds scampered across the sky, which merged - for the first time since September - with the blue of the sea below. This was the first time I had seen the sea from Shack, or, indeed, on any occasion other than that of travelling abroad. I was furious for a while - for I had left my bathing trunks 'neath my cycle saddle - and I had intended swimming.

We walked slowly down, along the main street, or road, which was crowded at first, towards the sea. We eventually reached an area where all the shops were boarded up until the summer months, where no man trod; we walked on, and on, down the rapidly steepening slope of the narrowing road, until there we were, with the vast stretch of pale yellow sand before us. I was exhilarated: I adore the sight of the sea, smooth today, quiet. The sun suddenly beat fiercely down, and we were for a time protected by the hill behind us from the wind. It was most agreeable. We walked along the sands, and I took one snap of Peter, Scarborough Castle in the background; the clouds were less, the sun steady, the breeze slight: I would have liked to swim. Soon we made for lunch. After a while we found a dingy-looking place, kept by a most jovial woman, who in turn provided us with a delicious lunch at the



cost of two and three each. It was fantastic; we had tea, two chipolatas each, two fried eggs each, fried bread each, fried tomatoes each, peas and mashed potatoes each, two rashers of bacon apiece, and ordinary bread and butter as well. Incredible for post-war anywhere; the lady was charming, though the place was drab; the meal was clean, greaseless, and hot. I enjoyed it all the more for the contrast between it and its surroundings. Peter was even more thrilled by our unexpected luck.

After lunch we returned to the beach, walked right round for a good half-mile, and then loitered - shot putting with the aid of boulders. It was glorious fun; I wanted to keep in training, and here was a most amusing way of doing it. We made it competitive, using handkerchiefs and a few spare oranges we had hidden in our pockets on leaving Shack as markers. At first Peter and I were almost equal - although he does not do the shot as an event, and has had no training in it; then I rapidly forged ahead, first by over two yards, then a foot every throw more. The boulder was rather underweight, but served, I thought, as good practice for foot-work and arm-work. I felt quite tired afterwards. We walked on rather longer, then returned for some more putting, where I repeated precisely the same phenomena as on the previous occasion: unintentionally. At last we gave over, and went up to the promenade for a walk back to the town. How I would have loved a swim; it was so warm and sheltered here; I longed for the coolness of the water. Peter thought I was mad.

We passed the station; we had thought of training back to Pickering, but on the whole I was against it, because of the cost and the boredom involved. So we walked on, searching for somewhere to have tea; there was nowhere. We persevered, until we had walked ourselves right out of the town; by now it was getting late if we intended to catch our train - so we resolved, somewhat pessimistically, to try our luck again at hiking. We had a long discussion on the morals of hiking; neither of us thought it in the least bit wrong, 'provided' that no malice was born against those who did not stop - for theirs was no obligation so to do. We walked, with the hot sun above and a cold wind around, until we obtained a lift in a small blue van. The owner was not long in recognising us as inmates of Shack. He deposited us soon, some five miles further along, and we then had a lift in a windy, puffy little squeak-box whose tiny bonnet looked too minute to be of any use. I could barely understand the man's Yorkshire accent; it was full of 'likes'. This van went ever so slowly, at about twenty m.p.h., up hill and down, until we were deposited some four miles further along. Soon we had a lift in yet another van, holding as it was the driver, his wife, and one of their children; we sat discreetly in the rear. This family took us as far as a tiny village just outside Pickering; we speedily won another lift to

Pickering itself. Our art at conversing with helpful drivers developed steadily throughout the day; the main topic was invariably the wonder of the weather; we occasionally made mention of the petrol situation, occasionally of the feast of St. Benedict as the motive for our holiday. It is quite an art learning to apply these friendly tricks: think that a helpful friend deserves some conversation and entertainment for his pains. Peter and I took it in turns to keep the drivers busy, and I think we kept them cheerful as well. Our fantastic hiking luck, in all probability, owed much to the ~~the~~ ingratiating ~~atmosphere~~ atmospherical condition ~~of the day~~. We plodded through Pickering - but it proved too long and rambling for our taste - and we took to United Bus Services. The price - to Nawton - was one and a penny. At Nawton we emerged from the full and unpleasantly stuffy bus - in which Father Cuthbert had crawled at Kirby - and hiked another hitch ~~up~~ to the spot where we had left our bikes. This was the last hike of the day: the last of many pleasant and speedy lifts, all well timed and close-following. We unlocked and cycled slowly into Helmsley, cheerful and full of the highest, non-alcoholic spirits. At Allenby's Café we stopped, entered, and had a pot of tea and a poached egg on toast apiece. Stooke's junior entered while tea was in progress, and entertained us for a while with his usual heresies. I enjoyed my tremendously refreshing cups of tea - four - but not the bill of two shillings, which I regarded as stiff in the light of our Scarborough lunch. At five-twenty we left Helmsley, and cycled slowly back Shackwards, singing hilarious snatches out of High Society, so that anyone passing by would have thought us positively drunk; we were simply in the purest of good spirits. We zig-zagged our way - to the refrain of 'do not strain' - up the long, steady slope at the back of the Bolton houses, and actually walked the last stretch along the track. Down Bolton Bank I cycled - at a most steady speed - and entered Shack from behind at ten to six. Father Bernard gave me a most squashing look at the sight of my left hand in my pocket - at least, I presume that was the reason for his damp and chilly glance. I housed my bike in its place - slab number thirty-two - and rushed to the House. I tidied myself and then made for supper, which began on time at six o'clock; many people were absent, many late. I had little appetite for my sausages and beans, but ate them nevertheless: there was good cocoa as accompaniment. Chris was chatting on his day's pot-holing; I kept my deeds to myself. After supper - when the table attempted to leave too soon - I made for my room, then for Benediction; there was little in the way of extras; afterwards I went for yet another time to my room, and settled down to some typing, instead of attending the film. I have had enough films for the time being.

What an economical day; most enjoyable, adventuresome, refreshing and complete.

This was my last school whole-holiday, and certainly the most ambitious as far as travelling was concerned; it was a treat. On the other hand, seeing that hitch-hiking is probably not approved of by the authorities back Shack way, it is just as well that I have never tried the art here before, and will never try it again here.

At nine o'clock I slipped over to St.Aidan's to see Peter - on invitation. Father Anthony was in a most jovial ~~expression~~<sup>mood</sup> when I asked his permission to visit. Peter appeared about one minute after my own arrival, laden as I was with glasses and the remnants of last night's home orgy. We both went over to the Inner Houses wash-place and there filled up with cold water. Orange needs some diluting, and this wash-place was the nearest fountain for such material. We then returned to St.Aidan's and set to work on drink and biscuits; we chatted away on the afternoon's events, and more or less made ourselves comfortable meanwhile. We stayed on until a quarter to ten, when the visit ended - its being a whole-holiday, not a Wednesday. I then returned to the House, changed, washed, and went to bed after an exhausting thirty press-ups. I slept well.

Day after the night before: 22nd. March.

I awoke feeling very stiff and sleepy and tired. I charged down to Church on time, and attended Mass in a somewhat dreamy fashion; prayers before and after Mass rather distress me. Maybe I would rather Russia were not converted? Let them remain unconverted as a penance for their misdeeds.

There was frightful egg slush for breakfast; I went out very early indeed, as I could not even tolerate the sight of the stuff. I was hoping to be able to eat some of my yesterday's uneaten lunch-packets - but they were meat-sandwiches, and to-day is a Friday; chizz chizz. I sat dreamily on my window-seat and watched the workmen getting down to work.

I wrote to München during the first period; my first letter has gone unanswered; maybe this one will meet with more luck. During the following session I wrote up a vocab list on Kai, and Mr.Heath took me on my work at ten-fifteen; still no Firth. Towards the end of the period we changed over to doing oral prosework; quite hell-ish. The vast stone tracery, glass and all, of the window in the Church was heaved over at the start of the class; the din was terrific, clouds of white dust blew all over the place, and I was most amused. If only Mr.Heath had turned up five minutes later!

P.T. at eleven-five in the tennis-courts; it was warm and quiet to-day. Dom Antonio came down to watch St.Aidan's, at work beside us, doing their stuff; there will be the termly competition this afternoon; Aidan's is a mighty keen house.

During the eleven-thirty period I did some examination-copy typing on Mr. Heath's behalf. It meant working with a wax carbon, using pink liquid for errors; the paper was French, for the Prize exams, Third Form. It took exactly one period to do the whole thing, which I regard as good going; I handed over the finished piece to Mr. Heath at twelve-fifteen; he was astonished that it was already done; unfortunately, he pointed out a mistake of one letter, which I went to my room to correct: otherwise flawless and neat.

Ivan and Willy and Mike started being nasty at lunch-time, so I started teasing Ivan; consequence - he put me in Coventry for the remainder of the meal; consequence I had some peace for a change. The subject that started the argument off was that of lunch-packets; from meat we moved to cheese, and then Ivan started speaking of cheese-worms. I was just about to ask him precisely what he meant; seeing I was going to ask a question, he turned to me and asked me not to be naive. He jumps to conclusions too fast, and has little in the way of tact or manners. He is thick in so much as he never bothers to consider other people's points of view or feelings.

I chalked my shoes - gym-shoes - after lunch, ready for the competition. As our House is only performing at three-seventeen, I then changed tops and went down to the track to train at shot-putting. I was not awfully good; my distance - twenty-six foot. Still four foot off the standard. I wonder whether I can make that up? I would like to. Moral: more press-ups, faster, more often, and with more energy. I then returned to the House, washed my hands, changed into a white cricket-shirt as P.T. regulations demand, donned gym-shoes, and made for the Gym. It was then ten past three. We had been warned to appear early.

We formed up outside, in our ranks, and waited. At last it was our turn, and we entered in order of columns: being in Spencer's, our rank was last in, and I last in that particular rank. For the first five minutes the gym-instructor, Mr. Henry, coached us on the exercises, demonstrating them for us in detail - as though we were not already thoroughly acquainted with them! Then we performed for another seven minutes. The exercises were well done, but two of the change-overs were faulty, though not exactly poor. It is a tense sort of affair, P.T. competing; no-one can afford to make a mistake, slip, lose a balance, be slow or fast, twitch or in any way move at any time other than in a very clearly defined manner, and in unison with everybody else. After the competition I returned to the House, had a jaw with Ade on ~~Fanny's~~ <sup>Fanny's</sup> behaviour at supper yesterday - when he pretended he was deaf and disobeyed orders - and returned to my room for a while. I spent a few minutes in the House Library reading the papers - and then came prayers. After prayers - a most entertaining period in which the workmen outside swung a vast bucket repeatedly against

the vast stained-glass window facing my room, in an attempt to break it up quickly. It was quite hilarious watching one pillar after another sag in the centre, dislocate, and crumble to the ground. The dust was tremendous, the tinkling and crashing uproarious; the glass would sometimes fold up neatly as though ready for packing, the pillars break up in ready-cut sections. I spent the entire period at my window watching, even long after the window was destroyed and in shattered ruins.

Bug was in a selfish mood with his feet at tea-time, but as he always leaves very soon on, I did not let myself be unduly worried. In the evening I just could not settle down to any serious work. I was elated at the news that St.Oswald's came second in the P.T. competition, out of nine houses; St.Bede's came first, drat them. Still, St.Oswald's has never had much of a reputation for P.T., so this just shows; I think it also reflects the hard work the house-monitors - such as myself - put into checking P.T.; I think it also reflects the worth of double P.T.s for the incompetents. I was also too elated at the sight of crumbling glass and masonry to be able to work hard. Nevertheless, towards six o'clock, I began to tackle a Spanish prose: I finished this task in the Big Study, presiding, at seven o'clock, in time for Stations of the Cross. I felt that my prose was a scrappy affair.

Stations finished on time - just as it struck the half - and then came supper. There was some bad cheese blended with spaghetti: the blend was not all that tasty. Afterwards I practised shot-putting in my room, imagining a 'shot'; it felt more tiring putting imaginary shots than real ones. Maybe I am just bloody weak. There was a lecture by a representative of Unilevers at eight-thirty, in the Theatre; it was an old boy from Marlborough giving the talk, and he lectured extremely well and clearly. The talk lasted until nine-fifteen, and then came fifteen minutes questions from members of the school. I was disappointed by the subject of the lecture - which shows no possibilities for Modern Linguists or, for that matter, anyone not a scientist. Most unfair; artists, however, have a look in by means of the advertising side of the business. I had read all about Unilevers in a magazine, long, long ago, so much of the fellow's talk, as far as I was concerned, proved redundant; from others it excited many gasps of incredulity.

After the talk I returned to my room, changed, and had a bath - after showing Ivan what my lunch-packets contained; he was furious when I reminded him meat could not be partaken off today! He demonstrated how to shot-put: I believe I lack strength as much as skill, if not more. My bath had to be taken in a mighty hurry, for I was informed half-way through that there was a monitors' meeting in Ade's room shortly due to begin. All my pleasures are interrupted here! I bathed, dried



myself, and changed back into normal wear. There followed a short session on the forthcoming retreat, in which Ade told us monitors how to go about looking after the house discipline: we must use our looks, scowl and set a good example. Mike was so intent on tugging at Ade's locker door, that I found it more than hard to attend to what he had to say. Eventually the session broke up, and I returned to my room and bed; it was ten-fifteen; lights-out at ten-thirty. I managed a ticklish thirty-two press-ups before collapsing.

Saturday, 23rd. of March.

I awoke feeling tired, as ever; I yearned for an illegal long-lie. I was a trifle late down to church - but so was Mike, monitor of the day, so it did not matter much. Fancy a m-o-d being late down ! Shocking and scandalous. I was surprised to see the Unilever fellow at Mass: I didn't know he was a Catholic.

Sausages for breakfast, but I was not very hungry. No mail for me. Bobby and Michael are back from Oxford at last; I caught them, just up, in Bobby's room at about nine-thirty. Firth had already slipped me a hint this morning that the exams went extremely well this time; and so they have according to Bobby, though Michael is not quite as certain. Michael delivered my picture to Ingrid. Apparently he thought her photo untrue to life; he must have expected to see Marilyn Monroe or someone similar.

I was kept pretty busy doing some more exam-copying for Mr.Heath until ten-fifteen, when he appeared. This time he had given me some plain carbon cum white paper for the copying, and the imprint on the back of the white was not really good - or so I felt. Therefore I had to make a second copy before his appearance; it was, again, a paper for the third form: simple, yet full of nasty tricks and catches. Well, at the usual time Mr.Heath arrived and tutored me in the German tongue, by means of Kai once again: no Firth. At eleven-fifteen I went to the Sewing room to collect four missing handkerchiefs; I keep on finding myself being returned other peoples' handkerchiefs. This does not amuse me sufficiently, especially as it is my last term, and we have had the last laundry of the term. I needed handkerchiefs badly this morning - for I was suffering a fearful cold at the time. In the Sewing room there was a whole box of lost property; I think this is shameful, for nearly all of it had people's names on it, and had simply been left out of people's laundries. I was unable to find my handkerchieves.

Bobby and Michael had a good, long chatter with me during the following period; so little work was done. Eventually they went, and I was able to end off my Spanish Prose and show Michael the photos of the Lakes. He was impressed. He also caught sight of a photo of Chartres Cathedral, and asked if he could have it: as I had two,

162

I let him have one of them. He is mad on Chartres. Before I knew where I was, it had struck one o'clock. I went down to Father Bernard's room and tidied some of the library books. I also managed to read through the more vitally absorbing sections of the Telegraph. I have been struck recently by the wide difference between the political lines pursued on the one hand in the Telegraph, on the other in the Catholic Herald. As most Shack people are fanatical conservatives, and adore the Telegraph, I wonder how they can think out the wide differences in the policies of the two papers, the one anti-strike, the other pro-strike, the one non-Catholic, the other Catholic.

Lunch was morbid in the flabbiness of the mutton chops, three-quarters fat as usual. The ~~supper~~<sup>supper</sup> consisted of squashed flies, which do not rank much higher in the average eater's estimation. After lunch I acted as monitor of the week, and saw people out of the refectory; Ivan was distributing programmes for the afternoon's athletics match, and so was unable to fulfil his duties. I checked up on overdue books after two o'clock, and at two-twenty changed tops in the hope of doing some shot-putting once the match would be over.

I was late down, and never saw the hundred yards being run. But I was in time to hear the result. Shack won, with Belcher first doing a time of ten-three; that ought to have constituted a record, but, unluckily, there was a following wind. This was followed by the Junior hundred yards, which Shack also won; unfortunately, no junior events can win points. Putting the weight was thrilling, as one of the Stonhurst side was slightly on the erratic side. Lorimer broke his own record, plus the school one, with a distance of forty-five foot six; twenty foot further than I can put the beastly thing! Shack won every other event, and the final score was Ampleforth forty-five, Stonhurst twelve or thereabouts. Shack's record is far too good to lend athletic matches much in the way of competition. Still, they are fun to watch, especially when we are nearly bound to win every event: but this afternoon the match only ended after half-past four, which is distressingly late. It was slightly hectic going up for, and obtaining, tea, for me more than for others, as I had to change back into normal clothes; there had been no time at all for me to practise my beloved shot. I felt sorry. The weather was not bad, not good; it was cool, overcast, and slightly windy - an east wind of all lousy things; the wind must have changed in the course of the past twenty-four hours.

I idled the evening away at my typewriter, waiting for supper. I saw Father Bernard about retreat books at six o'clock, and then returned for yet a while longer to my room; Ivan visited me, and wolfed up the meat sandwiches from Thursday's lunch packet. Then came Bobby, in search of writing-paper and envelopes: I see he will be

having a busy retreat this time, what with all his birthday correspondance ! - and overdue mail. At seven-thirty I invaded the privacy of Father Bernard's upper room, and took the retreat books destined for the House Library, as opposed to the more elementary ones that find refuge in the common room on such occasions. I took the one and only pile of about fifteen books to Father Bernard's study - which is the library - and set them out neatly by his wireless. I then returned to his upper room, and instructed the other librarians of their duties; I told them to start taking the remaining hundred or so retreat books down to the Common room. I myself set out the C.T.S. pamphlets in the Common room, on one of the smaller tables. Eventually the task was over, I sent the other three librarians up to supper, and myself followed at a more leisurely pace, after checking up that they had left Father Bernard's upper room in some semblance of order.

The supper was too dreadful to look at; it was a mixture of egg shakes and fish soup; it made me feel more than sick ~~and I did not eat~~. I had a mere slice of bread and jam. After supper I made for the House Library again, putting away non-retreat books that had recently been returned, tidying up and putting the place in a workmanlike mood. Then rang the bell: I cleared people out of the House Library, and went along to the Big Study. It was more than full, especially at the near end - the entrance part. Everyone was chatting away frantically, trying to say as much as possible before silence began. At a quarter past eight in came the head of the school, Young. He stood on one of the desks by the entrance; there was a terrific cheer. He then began his series of masterly moralisers; this year he said something different - that we should not be bothered with our neighbours, as in the past we have always been recommended to do - but that we should look after ourselves instead; for if we look to ourselves, we shall be too busy to disturb and worry others. When one worries about others, one usually worries them, and does one's own self no good. The 'spirit of recollection', he went on to define might sound ambiguous: it meant no running, sitting outside, or playing games with the monitors'. Then he went on to convince us that we would have a better retreat if we tried to enter into the spirit of the thing, tried to focus our own attention on our own selves - and not play hide and seek with the monitors. Then came those historic words 'the retreat begins from now', and there was dead silence. He called out those in their first year at Shack, who attend at a different retreat-place - in the music-hall. The remainder attend the discourses in the Theatre. The first year eventually filed out, and then he called out the Scholarship Sixth: I made my way for the Theatre; I obtained a seat on the right, ~~at the~~ <sup>very</sup> back, in the corner beside the central heater. I had a pleasant corner into which to stick my legs, for

otherwise it becomes very uncomfortable during a long discourse, in which one cannot move a centimetre in any direction; my legs are probably too long anyway. Eventually the whole school - minus the first year - was ready; the ~~holy~~ Sacrament was brought along and put in the tabernacle on the temporary altar - in the middle of the stage - and soon after the school monitors entered, took their places, and the retreat began.

I took an instant dislike to the retreat-giver's voice; he bellowed everything. I do hope that someone will tell him to keep quieter. His opening talk was very bit-and-piecy. He started with a number of kindly and well-meant, but to me unnecessary - jokes on reception. He then spoke on the value of Youth, quoting some speech made by Cardinal Hinsley on Youth Day 1942 - or thereabouts. From the value of being young he went on to the value of not attaching any importance to his, the retreat-giver's face; again, some unnecessary jokes. He told us to think of ourselves, to look to ourselves, and to be proud of ourselves; he warned us that a good retreat depended on us, not on him, and asked us, out of charity, not to awaken our neighbours if they fell asleep out of lack of conviction as to the importance of a good retreat. I felt slightly disappointed when he left; I hope he does not try to make everything as funny as this evening: there is an all too earthy savour about his words and his ways.

I then bolted slowly back to the House and had a bath: Peter, back from Oxford, had one shortly afterwards. I saw Father Bernard later ~~in~~ about typing during the Retreat; he kindly gave me permission once again. I was relying very desperately on this, for letters as for diary. The Reign of Silence is now in full swing: I feel obliged at all times to keep my mouth shut, for fear of saying something unworthy.

Sunday 24th of March.

Monitor of the day; I was up before it had struck a quarter to eight; I dressed rapidly, and was just in time at the foot of the stairs to check late-arrivals. Paul passed some three and a half minutes late, when I had given up all expectancy of catching any offender at all. Hardly had he gone by when Brother Bellassis, one-time head of Shack, asked me to serve the Junior retreat-giver. I had no book with which to serve, but I agreed nevertheless. I hurried along to the monastic sacristy, filled up a couple of cruets with wine and water, and showed the Augustinian priest to the Memorial Chapel. Luckily for me, I had foreseen that the candles would not, in all probability, be lit, and had brought with me a packet of matches from the sacristy. Mass went all right on the whole, though I slipped twice on responses: the first time I think that it was the priest who left out one of the prayers, the other time I

said the same prayer twice. Brother Gerald received communion at this Mass. Afterwards I returned to the House, and had just enough time ~~to~~ to make my bed before the bell rang to chase people out of the Temp.

Boiled eggs for breakfast; I passed them round in a heavy dish: very good exercise for putting the shot. I took two eggs: I need not have bothered: they were worse than just soft and slushy: they ran. I was disgusted, and ate two slices of bread and marmalade to make up for this disillusionment. I was by far and away the last out of the refectory.

During the first period I typed, and at ten there was High Mass in 'St. Lawrence's', as I have just discovered the Temp is called. High Mass was preceded by Terce, which I rather enjoyed; I liked the 'off-vesper' tune, which was light and refreshing and melodious. What spoiled the whole Mass was the Sermon, given by the retreat man. It was, as far as I could see, mainly concerned with our joining the priesthood; such a subject does not usually nettle me so much; it was the priest's tone of voice, loud, Cockney, slurred, that hurt me, and all the more so whenever he tried to quote some Latin. I have never before, in all truth, heard Latin pronounced in so undignified a way. Father Barnabas was saying Mass: he is the perfect and absolute contrast as far as Latin pronunciation is concerned ~~with the retreat-giver's~~: when Father Barnabas uses Latin, he uses it as a native language, treats it as something he understands through and through, pronounces it after a Latin manner. Maybe it is unfair to compare Father Barnabas' latin with the retreat-giver's, however, as even amongst the monks of Ampleforth, Father Barnabas' pronunciation is regarded as excelling all others.

I wrote home afterwards, and then attended a discourse in the Theatre at twelve-fifteen; it was frightfully cool and foggy outside; just the weather for retreats. This discourse was slightly more cohesive than last night's. The Father began by congratulating us for having withstood his talk thus far: he quoted an instance when, after one of his mission sessions, one of the congregation had gone home, had tea, and died. Eventually he grew more serious, and flitted about from anecdote to joke, from Original Sin, and its Negativeness as opposed to Positiveness, to sin in General. He referred to a Death bed scene where the spirit of evil filled the air, when the dying had refused to recant. He beseeched us never to lose hope, always to let God into our souls, always to be open to forgiveness and repentance. He warned us against laxity - for the lax can be terrified into obeying, but only thus - and warned us against scrupulousness, when one is afraid to do a single thing for fear of doing wrong. He reminded us of the love of God for us, and said that we should steer a via media in life, taking and giving, being honest and frank with

ourselves. He said that every good Catholic should enjoy life, lead a complete life, cheerful and satisfied.

Lunch at one o'clock, after a frantic ten minutes spent in search of the serving list which, like all other house notices, was taken off the House board before the retreat began. I found it just as it struck one: Bereng had taken it off the board: he might have looked! I served out the lunch of tasteless meat, which was eaten to the accompaniment of badly roast potatoes and Father Bernard's tuneless reading of a book on a Papuan mission. He always reads to us during meals, when there is a retreat on: the only exception being breakfast and tea: to-day I felt like asking whether I might read the text instead of him, for his reading of it quite kills it and flattens it. He does not strike me first and foremost as having a literary taste for good works and good style.

After lunch I posted my letter home, read some Maritain on the Religion and Culture series, and finally dropped off to some shut-eye on my bed. The fog had cleared, it was warm, faintly sunny, and I was feeling most sleepy. This state of affairs lasted until the next discourse at three-thirty.

This session proved more relaxing than the earlier ones. I am acclimatising at last to the speaker's voice, even his face, even his corny jokes. This afternoon he dealt with the story of English Missions, their history, and his own in relation to the movement. He then lectured us on our importance as educated Catholics to set a good example to both non-Catholics and relapsed. He gave us statistics of the number of one-time Catholics who relapse, and examples of non-Catholics and their attitude to Catholicism. He spoke on the hostility of non-Catholics towards the Catholic clergy, the fear <sup>in which</sup> ~~that~~ non-Catholics hold <sup>the</sup> Catholic clergy ~~in~~, and the general sense of apathy that today prevails all over England on the topic of religion. It is because of non-Catholics' dread of the clergy that we are so important: we must support and back the clergy, take their place, preach and break the ice ourselves. He sounded quite sincere this afternoon, especially when warning us of the prospects of a Catholic England as being dependent on us, and mainly us: again there was much emphasis on our leading true lives, cheerful and complete and normal. I wonder whether he is putting too much emphasis, as well, on his being human, quite normal himself? I think he must suffer an abnormality complex or something, for he is not only concerned with the average non-Catholic's at times fearful attitude to the clergy, but even our own towards him. He is almost, in a sense, acting an over-normal part, what with all his jokes, his accounts of his own doings, his own too human voice. As far as I am concerned, I only wish he were a trifle less human, more above and away from us: he is, par excellence, a priest of the masses.

170

Tea followed at four-thirty: a <sup>es</sup> ~~sober~~ affair compared with the usual; all quiet and peace, everyone eating for all he was worth. On the way out, when clearing the table afterwards, Bereng dropped the jam dish on the floor, with beautiful result. There was another discourse at five-fifteen, and this time the priest arrived some five minutes late; such was my state of charity that I was actually hoping he would not turn up. This evening he spoke on Confession, the non-Catholic's usual stumbling-block. He assured us that there was no system of inquisition, that what went on took place in all secrecy. He persuaded us to go to confession regularly, to admit our sins without beating about the bush: to be precise and true and unashamed as far as possible. He reminded us of the value and help of confession in aiding man in his struggle, of the grace it gives you - and so on. I have heard all this already many hundreds of times. The only difference this time being in the joviality of the retreat-giver as opposed to the usual gloom of the school monks on this topic. At the end of the discourse we had to move our own chairs to the Theatre - for there is always a shortage there. Soon afterwards came Vespers: I found the tone of the school singing very flat, dull and lifeless, far too heavy and lacking in harmony. The Temporary Church squashes all beauty out of singing en masse.

Supper at seven. I was presiding on the **S**econd table, as Ade has been taken ill; I was reminded of the retreat-giver's boast that more than once people have not <sup>even</sup> stood up to even the first day of his sermonising; that one man died from it. McSwiney was a swine tonight; I asked him - breaking the rule of silence out of necessity - to fetch some more milk for the table: the second table does not have tea on a Sunday evening. The jug he had, had just held water - which, actually, you are allowed to have if you want: the point is that everyone should be allowed to have milk: in fact there are as a rule two jugs for the purpose, one becoming devoted to water, the other keeping milk. He merely sat down, not fetching milk as the jug is in the first place intended to have, not even refilling with water; bloody insolence. Later on in the meal he even had the face to obtain seconds without any form of permission at all. He's in for some trouble when the retreat ends on Tuesday morning: if I can arrange trouble.

I whiled away the little time ~~that~~ there was between supper and the next discourse in my room, typing: at eight o'clock came the next in the series. This time it was devoted to the rejection of the idea that he, the retreat-giver, would at any stage entertain us with Hell-fire; instead, he spoke on 'the parting of friends', as symbolised by Judas' betrayal, Peter's betrayal, Lucifer's and Adam's: we must always repent. Thence he moved to the value of the Mass, with a background of our

own Reformation history. I thought that his rhetorical denunciation of Cranmer and such people was rather over-heavy and one-sided; he denounced them as heretic Catholics, which successive generations of Protestants were not. I suppose that the two subjects 'the parting of friends' and the 'mass' tied up in the Reformation. There traditional Catholic priests ceased following the old rite, threw aside and forbade the saying of Mass; thus they 'parted', and gave up what the Church regards in many ways as its most meaningful and powerful Sacrament. I don't think, quite personally, that the retreat-giver is much good at following one clear-cut point: his subjects tend to change more than once in the ~~course of a~~<sup>a</sup> single discourse.

After the discourse I obtained permission to go to bed early: I shaved very thoroughly, did thirty press-ups so as to keep in training, and went to bed. Although monitor of the day, because of the retreat I would have been unable to tell people to leave the wash-place at the right time; therefore I had few qualms on going to bed earlier than duty normally allows. I wonder whether that was the last time in my school career that I shall be monitor of the day? Maybe I shall have the honour yet once again; I wonder. It took me hours to fall asleep; I wasn't quite tired enough.

Monday 25th. of March.

The Retreat still in progress. There was a long lie for everyone, and when I was eventually called, at twenty to eight, the sky was blue and cloudless. There was Communion: as Father Basil was at the Mass communion at five to eight, we went to that instead of to the post-Mass Communion, as is normal. Poor old Father Basil: it took ages to give the whole school communion. He was expecting to give Communion after Mass: we disappointed him, and he discovered, probably to his relief, that there were no more communions to be done.

There was some excellent porridge for breakfast: the milk was really creamy. Yesterday, breakfast consisted of slushy eggs: today, after the good porridge, came better bacon. I received a circular, at long last, and too late, from the University of Heidelberg: I began reading it, but had to cease when Bobby gave me a frown: I suppose it is not in accordance with the spirit of recollection. I was more than delighted by Ade's rapid recovery: I believe that he was sick: his return to normality means that I myself can go back to the Top Table yet a while longer.

High Mass at nine o'clock: no sermon: vestments were gold, for to-day is the feast of the Annunciation. Afterwards I typed a bit; then, at ten-fifteen, attended a discourse, the first of the day, in the Theatre.

This morning the subject was prayer. He ranged from the right occasions for the right sort of prayers, to personal prayer with God, with which he dealt in detail.



He warned us not to depend, like the old lady, on externals of romantic moonlight and atmosphere, organ music and lights and candles; we should be able to pray without such things. Nor should we have to kneel whenever we wanted to pray: we could pray anywhere, in any position. Nor should our prayers consist only of the Hail Mary and Our Father: we should be able to make up our own prayers, pray on occasions of our own, using words appropriate to such times: we should use spontaneous prayer, prayer of ejaculation. Besides prayer born of the love of God, we should pray for others, for friend and enemy: following such an order, we would have the consolation of knowing that our enemy would also pray for us! We should pray, too, for those who are indifferent to us, who mean little: we should pray for the forgiveness of our sins, pray for the safety and wellbeing, physical and spiritual, of others than ourselves alone. Public prayer should be a discipline for us - and under public prayer we have the rosary in public, stations of the Cross, and so on: public prayer is not everything: the essential, in many ways, is the privately said prayer. We should be ready to pray at any time, all the time, to make our life full of prayer, and become accustomed to prayer: prayer should be part of ourselves. With all this I agreed.

At eleven-fifteen there was singing practise in the Church, under the guidance and absolute control of Father Austin - known as Kong. He was ex<sup>h</sup>ilaratingly amusing, as, I am afraid, ever. He does not intend to be funny, but just is: he uses the wrong words, I suppose, and, like me, suffers from the sin of sincerity and frankness, which he expresses as from conviction, and not as a matter of course and routine, as is the case with the other monks all too often. I suppose that our debased minds tend to attribute the wrong motives to whatever he says: once there was a terrific roar of laughter when he asked Father Denis, the organist, whether he could see him in the mirror: Shack's mentality is sinking fast. He lectured us thoroughly on coming in to a hymn on time, with the right beat: I myself have noticed throughout the term that the school has come in as a body at least three notes too late - I mean beats, not notes - for every single thing we sing; it means that the correct time goes to the wind. Besides telling us to come in on the right beat, he told us to sing up, and we then practised some three or four of the more dubiously and rarely sung hymns. It was a most amusing session. Whenever we did something wrong, which was quite frequently, Father Austin turned away from us and started beating frantically on a small desk at his side, and would go on doing this until we stopped singing and listened to what he had to say.

At twelve o'clock - three minutes~~x~~ after the end of the singing practise - we returned to the Theatre for another discourse: there was a delay in the seating, as our green chairs, from the back two rows, were still in the Church: eventually, just

17

as they had been brought and we were able to sit, and just before the entry of the Shack-monitors, my alarm went off; there was terrible consternation in my row and a couple of rows in front as well; I had wanted the alarm to go off, as a lark. I think I cannot be making such a good retreat. I lack charity, good fellowship, and all signs of anything verging on a spirit of recollection. This time the retreat-giver lectured on Our Lady, and the place she should hold in our devotions, our life, our England. There were long sections on Mediaeval England, the scandals of the Reformation, and the indignation of Anglicans that we should pay Our Lady, mother of God, reverence. He spoke on Our Lady with relation to England as her dowry, the Battle of Agincourt, the north gate of churches and Cathedrals, where there always used to be statues to her; he spoke on ancient English pubs dedicated to the Annunciation or such truths connected with Our Lady, the ancient traditions of Eton and Winchester, where the Salve Regina used to be said regularly; he spoke on Walsingham and some other fountain of Christianity in England - would it have been Glastonbury? He tried to make us at home on Our Lady, account for her former veneration in this country; he beseeched us to give her the place in our hearts that she deserved, being the Mother of God, and dear to her son as should all mothers be.

At one o'clock, back in my room, I cut my nails and then moved up to lunch: there were some rather good pieces in the Papuan mission series to-day: otherwise lunch proved uneventful - meat lumps and bread dessert.

Afterwards I returned to my room, where I spent a most unedifying afternoon watching the workman lifting the roof off the old church by means of their crane; it is hilarious watching this, watching vast pieces of timber being wrenched out of place, sending tons of plaster and webbing down, ever down below. At three-thirty there were stations of the Cross; I forgot to bring my prayer book, fool that I am, and had to try to remember the psalms off by heart. Father Oswald was conducting the service, and got through it far faster than the Abbot on Friday evenings.

At four-fifteen came the next discourse. It was drizzling and windy when we entered the Theatre, and almost as bad afterwards; the weather has taken a turn for the very much worse since yesterday. The Retreat-giver went on with the importance of the Mass, and spoke on Stations of the Cross, trying to 'bring them to life' somewhat. I can't really make out what he was trying to get at most: maybe just that we should try to take a little more interest in the service every morning: he also drew morals for us out of Pilate's condemnation of God - never be a coward -, and out of Christ's third fall - that we must always rise again if we stumble or are dismayed. As far as I could make out, this discourse was very much of a

recapitulation of all those we have had so far; I do hope the retreat-giver is not running out of material? Could that be? Or is he just marking time until the arrival of the last discourse of the series, when he may have something new for us. I was just beginning to be used to him when he goes and runs out of material!

Tea, I fear, was not edifying. Bug kept on making faces at me, such as almost made me die of hysterics; he kept on imitating me, looking at Ivan, and then nodding at me in a most knowing and embarrassing fashion. Eventually he left, and I was left to peace and sedateness until five-forty-five brought Benediction in its wake. After Benediction, as it finished chiming six o'clock, I had the first opportunity ever of saying the prayer meant to be said for the Angelus. I have spent five or ten minutes a day, over the course of the retreat, trying to learn all the words and responses: such has been my slight, self-imposed Retreat duty. I had successfully finished saying the prayer by the time I reached the top of the Oswald's stairs; I am still a trifle slow at it! The last piece is as thorough a tongue-twister, language twister and memory twister as ever there was! I then settled down for the interval until supper, at seven, and wrote off to Granny; this will probably be the last letter I shall ever write to her from here, unless ~~if~~ I return one day as an Old Boy and then take it into my head to write again. To-morrow my last school week will begin: my last Tuesday, with the retreat finishing at breakfast. I am looking forward to being able to talk again.

Supper was considerably enlivened by the last in the series of the Papuan mission selections; this evening there was a longish chapter on the effects of witch-doctors in the Papuan country, on their powers; it was quite fascinating to hear. At eight we had the last discourse: it was a very good one, well delivered, not to my mind at all marred by irrelevant jokes. The retreat-giver spoke on the Holy orders of Priesthood and Matrimony. He described the ceremonies involved, the life-crossing duties that both of them inflict upon one; he told us - and this was his message - to start preparing for one of those two Holy Orders now, which ever it might be. He quoted - I think Father Paul - who said that we are here to learn how to die; he added that, to know how to die, we must first know how to live, and that now we should start. Finally he gave us the Papal blessing, usually given at the end of a retreat, and that was ~~the end~~<sup>all</sup>: the Latin for the Ave Maria rather taxed my memory. I think ~~that~~ this retreat giver's rhetoric is excellent - but I will always hold rhetoric under suspicion, for it is easily a veil and mask for often absent sincerity. Some Plato I read last holidays put me wise as to the potential dangers of this fine art: still, it can be used to a good purpose.

I returned to the House and whiled away some time, before going up to Father James' room to arrange an appointment for later in the evening; he was busy at the time, and so he agreed to see me at a quarter to ten. I went back to the House, and laid the new sheets on my bed, rather than do that to-morrow morning - which it would consequently wreck with hay-fever and the like. Eventually I went back to Father James', and we spent nearly an hour, even more, discussing some of the more elementary problems with which I will - perhaps - be faced on leaving this establishment; most absorbing, indeed. We discussed many subjects - but one above all - which everyone should know. At about five to eleven I returned to the House, elated, washed and made for bed - after thirty-five bold and trying press-ups.

Tuesday 26th of March.

Father Bernard called me at ten past seven - in fact it struck the quarter very shortly after he left the room. I dressed, and was out of the House on time. The retreat-giver said Mass: one of the fastest masses I have ever heard: it was over, and he had left the church, despite a long communion, before it struck eight: nor did he forget to pray for Russia.

The retreat ended at breakfast. Was it good! Father Anthony had just whispered in my ear - on the way up to the refectory - that Peart of St.Aidan's, who shares a room with Peter, and is a historian, had been awarded an Exhibition at St.John's College, Oxford; excellent. That was the first thing I said when the retreat came to an end, telling Bobby the news: he was agreeably surprised. Later on in the meal Ivan's forces result came through, as did Ade's; Ivan failed, Ade passed; and, to add to the dilemma, Bobby heard from Father Bernard that he had not been awarded an Entrance at St.John's. This cast a bit of a cloud over my hopes for him, and my wishes for his good luck. I myself received a letter from Ingrid, acknowledging the receipt of the Dégas, and expressing her love in not so uncertain terms; it appears that she has not been very well recently. That was what I had concluded myself when Michael had claimed she did not suit her photo, and had been very grim on his handing her my present. I had deduced that either she had been in a temper, or else was in a bad way. And so she is, so it appears; says she has had a nervous breakdown; I take it that she could do with my encouragement! What a mixed-feeling breakfast. I was pleased at the ending of the retreat - disappointed in a way by the discourses -, pleased by the receipt of Ingrid's letter and rendered apprehensive by its contents, pleased at Peart's result and Ade's as well, shocked at Bobby's bad news, disappointed at Ivan's luck. Added to that there were fried eggs, and I was able to scrounge some seconds; what a field of combat for my feelings, varied and extremely mixed.

I returned to my room in a bewildered sort of state. I spent the first two periods chatting with Skipton Peter, having first of all marked a rough copy of an atrociously done French unseen from his recent Scholarship papers. We chatted on scholarships mainly, then on Bobby's luck. We discussed general papers, how to tackle questions on art and architecture - and in particular some of the essays offered in Peter's General Paper. We droned on thus, unable to break up, until ten-fifteen; only then did we split. Mr.Heath arrived shortly afterwards, and this morning I went through a German examination paper for people who have spent two terms on German, doing it orally. It was quite fun, and most of it was quite within my scope. The idea was that I should do Mr.Heath a stencil of it some time to-day, if possible; the only difficulty being his own handwriting and my personal comparative ignorance of the German language, and thus lack of ability wherewith to comprehend such situations as might arise. Well, he left a bit early so as to give me a start on the paper; by eleven o'clock I had safely completed a copy of the first question. I then rushed down to the House Common-room, and took charge of the three assistant librarians, telling them what to do in relation to the returned retreat books. This took until after half past the hour, when I once more made back for my sanctuary, to tackle the German copy for examination purposes. I had it taped by twelve fifteen - having dexterously put in one of my newly learned Angeli at twelve - and handed it to Mr.Heath as he made for the Master's Common-room. He was as delighted as usual by my efforts: there was but one mistake of an 'n' for an 'r'. I, too, was pleased.

At one o'clock I made for the Big Passage so as to attend an athletics 'colour' giving ceremony; I learned on the way that Fish, or Young J of St.Thomas' has been awarded a Scholarship to Trinity, Oxford; jolly good show; I only wish that everyone else could meet with similar luck. It was a scholarship in classics. Colours were eventually given - by Bob - to Umney, the High-jumper, Belcher the hundred yards and four-forty man, and a miler of great physical endurance. Then came lunch. My last Tuesday lunch: uninteresting, entirely dominated by the weather prospects for the afternoon. At the time it was pouring heavily, dismally.

It went on pouring after lunch - but it was decided nevertheless that heats would take place as scheduled. I spent some time in Father Bernard's upper room sorting out the various species of returned retreat books - quite a task. I eventually changed for athletics, and went down to the track. The rain had stopped, and a sulky sun was not so far away, had there been a little less cloud. Down at the track I had a talk with Peart, our fortunate scholar of the future: we discussed first impressions of luck, and compared notes. I had to leave in the end for my

own hundred yards heats. It was my great day: I borrowed some running shoes from Mike just in time, and then waited patiently, very slightly nervous, for my own heat to take place. This it eventually did and, after a not too badish run, I very nearly came second in my heat: in fact I was third - I thought, out of some eight people; Chris was first, as he should be; he is one of the house's very best sprinters, and easily won his own four-forty not so long ago. I quite enjoyed the heat, though as yet I do not know whether I obtained a standard; it was an easy run; I ran my fastest, but one cannot run faster than that. Track shoes helped a great deal. Afterwards I made for the nearest shot-pit, and spent the rest of the afternoon practising, under Mike's supervision and guidance. Bobby and Ivan also came along in the end and leant me their heavy words of wisdom. My best put of the afternoon was twenty-nine times the length of my gym-shoe - however big that may be; there is still room for improvement, yet I already feel I have come on a bit since I started the game. I eventually made back for Shack, where I arrived at four o'clock. There was barely time for a quick wash, and then dressing, before prayers at four-fifteen.

I spent the following period mending battered retreat-books with sellotape: every book takes about ten minutes or more: it is the very heck of a long job. Tea, very well-timed, at five o'clock; Ivan was chattering on his soon seeing the last of me; I do not think he was being malicious. It is indeed sad the way one so rarely sees past friends again after leaving school. He helped himself very liberally to my apricot jam this afternoon: what an appetite!

In a couple of shakes I had to return to the House for a Spanish session with Mr. Macdonnell. He handed me, as I had requested of him, a reading list to cover as well as possible the year and a half's gap before I go up to Oxford. This we discussed at great length, also the sort of dictionaries to buy, and other sordid details. I told him towards the end of the class that I might be teaching in a French school; for the remainder of the period he gave me hints on how French boys should best be controlled in class: force, physical, did he advocate. This I had already grasped roughly in my past séjours in that noble but alcoholic land: as he has himself taught in French schools, I thought his advice would in all probability come in more than just useful.

I spent until a quarter to seven with my self-imposed task of mending books: it is fun, but not very rewarding. Bobby came in for a chat, and returned my machine, which he had borrowed for some of the evening; he showed me his gas automatic lighter - recently acquired birthday gift: it is rather fun, very amusing. I wish I could think of something to take the place of smoking - which I detest: something

interesting, absorbing, time-killing, and cheap ! For the last period I typed at frantic speed, filling two typed pages of Diary by seven-twenty-five: that, in my mind, is very good going. At seven-twenty-five I slipped down to the games board to see the results of the afternoon's heats. I did come third in my lot, but did not win a standard. Chris, who came first, did a time of 11.2, which is not so good. Wright came second, and did not have a standard either: so Chris, first in, was the only person in our heat who obtained a standard. In other heats, the average number of standards was two, which is poor; the times, too, were poor. Czajkowski did the best time with ten-nine - and he is only set 2: therefore that is quite brilliant. Bobby came third in his heat - and obtained a standard: one of very few heats where anyone after the two first people had such luck: but Bobby is quite a good sprinter. I also discovered that our House came third in the Junior Shot team, which is creditable: Lyons, McCausland and someone else were our people: McCausland - known as Caveman - did the best distance.

There was a guest in to supper, but I never found out who he was: an Old Boy I presume. Afterwards I made for Father Bernard's upper room, and spent the evening there arranging the retreat books according to authors, and putting Father Stephen's books - he was housemaster before Father Bernard came on the scene - on the top-shelf, being rather better than most.

Father Bernard gave us a short talk after prayers - on the York Mystery plays and the Minster concerts, all taking place next term when I shall have left the place: I shall miss a lot of fun. Afterwards I returned yet again to the upper room to look after the books and include some I have already mended: then I had a quick bath, washed my hair, and went to bed - rather after lights out.

Wednesday 27th of March.

I started off with a long lie. I awoke the first time at twenty to seven, then when Michael called me at twenty to eight. On trying to dress I discovered that my collar wouldn't fit my tie, which wouldn't fit my shirt: this rather delayed me, and in the end I decided to stay in my room instead of paying the usual brief visit to the church after a long lie, instead of Mass. My fluffy hair was the bore it always is after being washed.

No letter for breakfast; there is the prospect of the Lingua Franca tea this afternoon over at the Fairfax: I paid for mine in advance last night, at Mike's request: charge - two and three. Very reasonable. Sausages for breakfast: not bad ones: the porridge was, again, helped out by means of deliciously creamy milk. Afterwards I returned to the House, made my bed - chatted with Bobby in his room for a minute on nothing else but the marvelous weather - and then checked people out of







the big study.

I spent the first three periods mending books, and also the following period: I did manage to put in some typing in between it all, but the book-mending is a most time-devouring task.

At twelve o'clock I changed my shirt for a rugger top, and went down to practise shot-putting; I did not do very well; I wrenched my arm slightly at the start - which I think explains the lack of progress this morning. It was a frightful rush getting back up to the house afterwards; I left the oval at about quarter to one, put the shot back in the pavilion, ran up to Shack, washed, and dressed before the bell rang at one.

Lunch was drab and dismal: curried meat and gristle, followed by lemon curd on pastry. Afterwards I went to the House Library and read the papers until Father Bernard appeared at two o'clock; he then took me up the Tower to take some photos, as I had requested immediately after lunch. When we went up the sun was shining, but hardly had I taken the first shot, when a long chain of light grey clouds obscure the sun, and I had to give up. By the time I had reached the bottom of the Tower again, the sun was out! What an infernal waste of time and what silly luck. I noticed, both on the way up and down, that the pale blue pigeon egg has now hatched, and the result is a vast, very fluffy, shy and awkward looking baby.

Straight after leaving the Tower, and thanking Father Bernard for letting me up and conducting me there, I made for the oval, armed with a bike: this I left by the cricket pavilion, ready to carry me on to the Fairfax Arms afterwards. I spent until a quarter past three by the oval, watching various athletics heats taking place. I heard that B.C. has been awarded a major scholarship to Christ Church in Modern Languages; darned good effort - and he is only sixteen and a half or seventeen, if that; one of those effortless brains and geni. Poor old Bobby almost smashed a hurdle to pieces in his heat, for he tripped very badly, and was unable to shake the blasted thing off his foot. I learnt afterwards that he missed a standard by point three of a second; when he tripped he was leading by a long way. Ivan won his heat easily, and in so doing beat the time by the school team hurdlers, who are away for the day at Denstone. Ampleforth beat them as usual. Just as Ivan, not in the school team, beat the times of the two school team hurdlers, so did the second strings in the team beat the first strings - who had just been awarded their colours. Athletics strikes me very much as a nervous disease.

After watching the Steeplechase for a while, I returned on foot to the house - as I had plenty of time in hand; I returned my camera, and tidied up. I then walked back to the pavilion, and cycled slowly off to the Fairfax for the Lingua Franca high-tea.







It was a fine afternoon, slightly windy - which told on my fluffy hair - but on the whole most agreeable; it was warm and dry, which is what matters most here. I arrived at Gilling very much on time - if not before every one else. I found one or two non-Lingua people eating busily away in what is called the 'barn', at the rear of the Fairfax: previously I had never even suspected its existence: there was Henry, and Dillon the Irish orator, and Joe: they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Eventually tea began. I was at the same table as Leonard and Chris and Thomas, with Mr.Mallinder and Mr.Criddle on my left. The meal was quite good - though we kept on running out of tea all the time, and I was for ever on my feet replenishing stocks of that valuable beverage. Mario fell off his bike on the way to tea - and when he arrived, later on, he was in plasters and scratches and cuts: his jacket had a vast rip by the shoulder: he looked in a sorry state; moral - do not cycle round corners at hair-raising speeds if you can help it, and if you do not know how to cycle.

For most of the meal, Leonard was discussing his recent stay at Oxford, where he has been trying for an award - apparently with no luck. At five past five I up and arose and went out, saddled, and made back for Shack. Harold-Barry soon caught me up, and accompanied me; Peter used his bike on the day we went to Scarborough. By the Oval once again, I found a pair of discarded running-shoes, which I decided to look after for the time being; Harold-Barry found an odd assortment of vests and pants. Shack lacks personal responsibility. Up at Shack, I sorted myself out, and made for the Porter's Lodge, where I bought some photos of Shack. Here I was accosted by Mr.Cossart, who gave me a reading list of French books to see me through at least some of my time before I go up to Oxford. Supper found me with next to no appetite: but I had plenty of cocoa to make up for that. I then made for the Theatre, where Ivan had kept me a seat. Here I learned that Cochrane has been awarded a Classics Scholarship to Magdalene College, Oxford; excellent work. He left at the end of last term without an award, and has been receiving tutorage at home in the course of this term. It seems to have worked wonders.

The film was called 'The night my number came up': it was a thrilling bit of work, and I thought the theme was dexterously worked out. You were kept in suspense by the narration and depiction of the dream at the start of the film: the depiction was done in such a way as to lead one to expect the worst. Then the remainder of the film was concerned with the realisation of this dream, in its every detail - except for the ending, which was all right and safe. The suspense of the film was splendid and the sound effects terrifying: the sound seemed to come from the front of the

theatre for part of the time - the thrilling moments - and the back for the rest of the film.

Afterwards I returned to the House - it was eight-thirty - and told Father Bernard about Cochrane's stroke of luck. I then went to my room and made ready for any guests. I had commissioned Peter to buy some tuck - I gave him five bob - and try to make a second leaving party of it. Ivan arrived, then Bug, then Peter - without anything to eat at all: there had been no biscuits left at the School shop, and he was unwilling to buy sweets I might not like. So I went down - at a sprint, as the Shop was due to close any moment - and played havoc with the servers' patience. Served them right for having run out of stocks at a crucial section of the term; it appears that most of the contents of the Shop were sold just before the Retreat! the morale of the school must be sinking very low indeed. In the end I bought a large box of chocolate ice-cream, Maltesers, some slabs of Turkish Delight and strawberry centre chocolate, some Bounty and one or two other odds and ends, with which I hastened back to my room, precariously laden.

We ate the ice first, and then Bug brought some tinned fruit along, which I dished out. Finally, I had a term's store of oranges in my boot locker, and these I fished out too. We ate away, and Ivan and Bug filled the atmosphere with evil-smelling smoke. I tried to recount some Chinese jokes, but their significance was utterly lost on the minds of two such numbskulls as Bug and Ivan, who kept on singing pieces of pop. At ten o'clock we parted, and I gave the 'fags out' for the Sixth Form, making the customary round of the rooms; one of the few tasks for a monitor of the week, and the one so often forgotten. Afterwards I had a quick wash, tidied up, and went off to bed and sleep.

Thursday 28th. March.

I was called soon after the quarter, dressed and went down to Church, a trifle on the late side. Father Basil said Mass faster than usual: when he began the second communions I left for the House, made my bed, and only then went up to breakfast. There was bacon, and two letters for me: one from home, one from Munich at long last.

I washed my dishes after breakfast, went down to prayers, and then finished off the plate-cleaning. It was a beautiful morning, warm and nearly cloudless; once I had done my washing-up I typed, then filled in the Munich application form. At ten-twenty along came Mr. Heath: I went through the Munich letter with him in detail, and sought his advice on one or two points: we then did some more Kai. Still no Firth.

In the eleven o'clock break I returned a corps map to the R.S.M., and then saw the school doctor so as to lay in a store of tablets for when I leave; the last time

I ever see the school doctor on business - as far as I know ! The beginning of the parting of friends: the beginning of the end. I tried to visit the stationary section of the school shop before it closed - but failed by about a minute: I was trying to obtain some photos of the school before I leave. I spent ~~the~~ the rest of my time in the course of the fast fugitive morning writing to Ingrid: it was not ~~so~~ long a letter as of late, nor as poetic: I was feeling ordinary, I fear.

At one minute to one I collected some grey flannels from the Sewing Room, and then obtained a chit from Father Bernard to the effect that I may have an old boys' tie and a school crest. Lunch consisted of dumplings - which I adore, and had seconds of - followed by rice pudding. I was feeling too full to apply for seconds of the latter, also one of my favourites.

At a quarter past two I changed into full athletics kit, and went down to the track. It was a beautiful afternoon; I saw Ivan come second in the hundred yards semi-final heats, and ~~John~~ <sup>Ted</sup> second in his heat; ~~John~~ <sup>Chris</sup> was third ~~(John being the~~ ~~best)~~; Czajkowski came first in his heat, winning by a most convincing margin. He should have been disqualified after the first heats, in which he wore a cricket shirt, against all regulations; luckily the news never reached the ears of the then absent Father Martin, Games Master. I eventually tried my hand at the shot - but only made twenty-seven foot ten: two inches too few to qualify. I was most disappointed. My best put was the first one: then they grew progressively worse. In the end I returned to Shack with Mike - who had been shot-putting as well, but more successfully.

I changed very peacefully, then posted Ingrid's letter. Because of the Prize Exams, in which I am past competing, tea was at four-thirty, and there were no Prayers. That meant a slack time for me. I went up to tea just after the half, but discovered that the tea itself was worse than appalling: either it was stewed, or else there was a great deal too much laxative within: it was horrible to so delicate and tea-loving a palate as my own. I felt quite sick towards the end of the meal. The tea put me right off my food as well, and just on one of those lucky days when there was warm brown bread for the eating. The evening went by: I idled, I am afraid. At one stage Father Bernard entered, and asked me, with the broadest of possible grins, whether I have been doing any work at all recently: I answered in the affirmative, answering quite truthfully that I am always busy doing something other than waste my time, and that there is always plenty to do and more. In fact I had been reading the annual missionary magazine, which I had received some eight weeks earlier; the truth is, honestly, that I for ever have more to do than I have ~~the~~ time for. I wasted more time when he had left, having given me some forms that



.....Ampleforth College.....  
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THE LAETARE CONCERT 1957  
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Concerto	Oboe & Strings R M Dammann	Albinoni
Grande Duo Concertante for Clarinet & Piano	P R Balme Mr Dowling	Weber
Solo for Bass	Et in Spiritum Sanctum from B minor Mass Bass Fr Oswald	Bach
	Obbligato Miss Lovell Br Osmund R Dammann	
Rondino for Wind Octet	The Wind Ensemble	Beethoven
Piano Solo	Minstrels JTSR King	Debussy
Brandenburg Concerto No.4 for Two Flutes & Violin	Mr Walker R Whitfield CFH Morland	Bach
Solo	The Trumpet Shall Sound Members of the Choral Society Trumpet J Macmillan	Handel's Messiah

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T H U R S D A Y  
28 March 1957  
The Theatre

107

everyone has to fill in before leaving: forms for the school records. I had a long chat with Bobby at half-past six; we discussed the impression Father John was in all probability making upon some nuns outside, and five senior looking school-girls, all of whom he was probably showing round the school. We discussed Sergeant Hennesse, the school R.S.M., and his ability at snooker, as well as his ~~views~~<sup>wife's</sup> views upon religion. Eventually I returned to my room, and started cutting the inside edges off the pages of my Diary - for convenience. As ever, the experiment failed somewhat dismally. I was feeling far too lazy to do anything very constructive.

At supper the tea still smelt strongly, and, in the way of food, there was egg-slush carefully disguised upon a background of soft pastry; it was not very pleasant to the tongue. I left fairly soon - as early as was allowed - and returned to my room for a few minutes, before moving off to the Theatre to attend the concert being given there this night.

I was late down, which did not help, and I had to wait at the back, behind closed doors, until the first of the pieces had come to an end. I thought that Balme - or Paul - played his clarinet with a fine musical touch, with a fine ear for beat and the more delicate touches of the notes. He was accompanied by Mr. Dowling which, I suppose, helped. I have never heard Paul play such a long piece before, nor so accomplishedly: it was pleasant to the ear. The next item proved very interesting, with Father Oswald singing Bass. He sang well, very well, with strength as well as beauty of tone; the trouble was that Brother Osmund on his violin made such a squeak as completely drowned Father Oswald's voice for much of the time. I am afraid that I don't like violins much any way. The ~~next~~ next item - a wind rondino - did not please me much; it sounded forced and uneven, though Brother Knowles - I think it was he - played some vast instrument magnificently.

I was surprised that Zaluski did not play anything at all; on the following morning I discovered that he was under a cloud, and under a ban for some reason or other. King tried to play something on the piano: I fear I am too used to hearing Zaluski perform to be able to appreciate this piano work: Zaluski's knowledge of the second and subconscious side of the keys is unrivalled: his touch unsurpassable. This piano solo - which was noisy and, on the whole good, but lacking in feeling - was followed by a Brandenburg Concerto 4, with Whitfield and some other fellow on the flute, accompanied well by Mr. Walker and Mr. Dowling; this piece, too, was very competently played, and melodious: for once, the violins did not sound so awfully out of place. The last item of all was certainly the most striking, perhaps the best. Members of the Choral Society, with Macmillan superbly mastering the trumpet, gave a rendering of Handel's Messiah, 'The Trumpet shall sound'. It was glorious

performance, and I derived most of the enjoyment ~~from~~ watching Macmillan on his gigantic length piece of highly-polished brass. It was a rush returning to the House afterwards, in time for Prayers - which Bobby said.

After prayers I saw Father Anthony about joining the Old Boys' Society: he gave me a brief lecture on the objects of the society - which has, at the moment, some fourteen thousand pounds in savings - after which I readily enough signed the preferred receipts. Father Anthony was in a most pleasant mood: but he always is!

There was a monitors' meeting afterwards, and I made my way down to Father Bernard's room. No-one was missing. We began by discussing the Old Boys' Society, then our relative position in the Athletics so far. It appears that we are second in the junior, and third in the senior events; but there is still quite a lot of funny stuff on the part of St. Oswald's to come. It is a shame that so many people are hundred yards runners, as, for some unknown reason, the points gained in hundred yards finals are half those won in other events. Finally we played cards - some odd game called Rummy; it isn't all that bad either. I lost by about thirty points.

At eleven o'clock I shaved, washed, and went to bed; I could have done with some decent tea to drink: I was feeling rather annoyed.

Friday 29th. of March.

How I would have enjoyed, nay, appreciated, a long lie; Willy had my alarm-clock for the night: consequence - I was late down to Mass by about one and a half minutes, or thereabouts. I was unable, on arriving there, to find my missal: the maids have obviously been cleaning the place out - for everything was in a state of pure chaos: the seating was abysmally untidy and disorganised. Eventually I found the Missal, and with it my Vespers book, in a box of St. Aidan's hymn-books; luck.

Breakfast: I might have guessed, consisted of egg shakes. The tea still smelt a little off. I had one and a half slices of bread and marmalade - I think my all time record for this time of day. I was determined not to be hungry by mid-day.

At Prayers, Peter asked me if we were going to have an R.I. exam: I told him that I hoped not, but frankly did not know, and so was not very interested. I would only do one if told definitely that there would be one, for me too. I spent the morning typing, ~~then~~ reading a letter just received from Granny, and then chatting with Bobby; we watched the crane, with a ton weight dangling heartily at the end of its tether, knocking down the walls of the Old Church. Superb entertainment value. All the masters were outside, watching: the dust was something worse than atrocious: murderous. At eleven o'clock I saw the R.S.M and collected my Cert.A. certificates, besides having a long talk with him on his son's asthma and my own: he bade me adieu and god speed. The next item on the agenda was the school shop, cloth

182

department. I had to wait [redacted] quite a few minutes before I was served up with my requirement, consisting of an old boy's tie and a crest for my bluer, [redacted] the same purpose. I then made for the stationery section, upstairs, and attempted to purchase some photos of Shack; there was scant little choice to be had: one, really good piece of work was going at the price of four and eleven - and I did not have that much on me. Tempis. Soon afterwards I might have been seen hurrying towards the sewing-room, with a bluer and crest in hand: I asked the maids if they could perform the necessary operation by tomorrow lunchtime: they agreed, kindly enough.

I was engaged in watching the crane and chatting with Bobby - in my own room - when in stepped the Major. He wanted to know why we were not doing R.I. exams: I eventually answered that I did not think we had to: he sounded incredulous, and soon left. I felt somewhat apprehensive and embarrassed: I suppose I should have been working. Later [redacted] in the day I learned that the exam had been optional, but Father Bernard maintained to the bitter end - six-thirty - that it was as compulsory as all R.I. papers at the end of a term; I told Bobby of this, and he merely informed me to pay no attention to the Major, who did not know what he was talking about. Bobby claimed to have heard, via some other members of the set, and thus, indirectly, from Father Patrick himself, that we could do the paper or not, [redacted] as we chose.

I ended up by reverting to my machine - and wrote off to Munich telling the people there that I was enclosing English currency and my application form. I had decided to send plain English bank-notes and not foreign money orders, as Mr. Heath yesterday assured me [redacted] such a process takes weeks and involves a frightful amount of red tape. Well, at one-five I drew the necessary from Father Bernard: up at lunch he asked me what I intended to do with it: I told him, and thereupon he almost asked for it back. In the end he insisted that I take the money to Helmsley and have it changed into German currency. I told him it would take too long; he was not interested, and even refuted that proposition.

After the visit I took my passport and other odds and ends I thought might come in useful, and cycled off. It was cool, and there was a slight East wind: the sky was a uniform grey. What a rapid change from yesterday! I cycled there via the Bolton Bank, up which I walked, through Sproxton, and so on until I reached [redacted], thriving, busy Helmsley, celebrating its weekly fair and market. I made almost at once for the Bank - Barclays - and saw the Manager: actually, I was shown that way. He listened to my pleas, and phoned through to his Bradford branch; in the end he promised to change my money, but only after making me fill in several forms and after warning me that the job would take a week. I asked him to send the money

186

direct to Munich, which he agreed to do. As far as I was concerned, even this was not good enough, as in the letter from Munich the director more than distinctly stated that the entrance fee plus application form ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> required by return of post, or else there was quite a chance of my place being taken by some other applicant. This, all because Father Bernard could not let me do as Mr. Heath so wisely suggested: any thing connected with the Bank of England and foreign departments means time lost and a great deal of trouble. So I cycled very slowly back to Shack, walking up all the hills as my three-speed has once again gone off form. Once ~~at~~<sup>home</sup>, I wrote out a new letter, merely promis~~ing~~ing that the entrance fee would arrive as soon as the Bank would permit.

Tea at four-ten. I learnt that Ivan came second in his heat, being beaten by an absolute weed from St. Edward's. Ivan has not made a particularly brilliant showing this term. I ate away happily - but the bell rang at an unexpected time, which rather put me off, and left me with the conclusion that I ought eventually to evacuate the refectory. So I made for the post-office, and posted the Munich letter, hoping it would ~~have~~<sup>have</sup> a friendly reception.

Back in my room again, I made out a packet of corps practicals for Brother Simon, sealed them, and contemplated doing a little spot of light literature. In came the Major, asked me to post a letter for him, and then lend him a hand, please. This I did. He gave me the House railway tickets home, and asked me to check that the bill, enclosed by British Railways, was correct. It took one hour to fulfil this task - and, at that, with Bobby's unexpected and uncalled for aid. The sums involved were very high - something in the region of seventy pounds.

Supper was very good this evening; pilchards, hard-boiled eggs, vegetable salad, beetroot and potatoes, with some better tea as accompaniment. After enjoying as much as there was to be had, and after having very abundant seconds, I made for my room. There, I made up a small bundle of four books 'Jekyll and Hyde', 'Moby Dick', Spanish historically based stories, and a novel of Conrad's called 'Within the Tides'. These I took up to the Infirmary as a parting gift, and bade the Matron - who has so ably looked after me some eight or nine times - adieu. It was very dark outside, and I returned to the House past St. Edward's, instead of following the Infirmary road; I then phoned home, telling my parents of the Munich developments and my impending return. After prayers I cleaned my shoes very thoroughly, and then saw Father William, by appointment of his own, at nine-forty. He gave me the usual 'leaving jaw'. This consisted of asking me, first of all, whether I had been happy here, and my intentions for the coming year. He then told me ~~about~~ about University life, told

me to enjoy myself and never become a 'recluse', and then added those home truths as already related in detail by Father James himself. We parted at ten-ten, and I at once returned to the house and bed - but not before asking Father Bernard to let me have a long lie on the morrow. I felt that an illegal lie would otherwise prove quite irresistible.

Saturday 30th. March.

I had my long lie as dealt with, and enjoyed it to the full. It was cold when I eventually arose, dressed, and went down to the Church. Breakfast consisted of one regulation - and too large - sausage, with some good tea to see it down and away: not a letter from anywhere.

I spent the morning typing, then doing some Athletics paper-work for Ivan. To start with I did a standards list, senior and junior divisions; that was a neat piece of work, leaving it to Ivan to fill in people's individual results. Then I made a graph sheet of our position in the Athletics competition in regard to other houses: we were third in the senior, and fifth in the junior: neither good nor bad. This took me until one o'clock, with a short break when I made for the Games' room to check on some minor details. Father Martin was impressed by the House work I was doing, and dropped a hint that he might want it himself, for the school board as opposed to the House one.

At one I made for the Big Passage; Bob was awarding some three more colours. One went to an eight-eighty man, Massey: another went to the first string Long jumper, and yet another to the second string, Masterton-Smith. They have shown themselves to be an excellent pair, if not the best the school has ever had. Then came lunch.

Afterwards I checked that the tables were cleared - my task as m-o-w - and went off to the House library. I then embarked upon the nerve-racking, time-taking task of checking that there is a book to correspond with ever index-card. I kept on at this until two-twenty-five, then bolted down to watch athletics.

The first event was the one hundred yards, set one: Ted came third, Chris fifth, and Ivan - who is meant to be our bright captain - came seventh or eighth. We have too many people in the hundred yards to win many points. I heard that Ted came first in the long-jump, thus beating Masterton-Smith on the very day in which he was awarded his colours; odd things are most certainly happening this term. Czajkowski came first in set two hundred yards - by about one yard. Times to-day were bad - because of a strong and cold wind. Phelan came second in his hundred yards heat: he only just missed coming first: bad luck. In the mile, Backhouse - a vast, gawky, bony mountain from Edward's, successfully prevented Whitfield, the school team miler, from making a good time. Every time that Whitfield attempted to overtake, that



There were fried eggs - I only managed to obtain one - and baked beans; I wish we still had Heinz; the ones we are having at present cannot compare. I had my last Benediction at the usual time, followed hard on by some fast and furious typing in my room. I have not had a chance to do any for a very long time - certainly not in the course of to-day. At a quarter to ten I saw father James in his room, by appointment of my own, and we had a farewell meeting. He returned the 'Four Years and a Term', which he claims to have enjoyed. We discussed love - an extension of the subject as considered <sup>in</sup> our last session together - and promised to try to keep in contact in the course of the future, when I shall have left here for always.

I was back in the House at a quarter past ten - maybe a little later - after an exceedingly long farewell, and managed to be weighed, a bit on the late side, by the Housemaster. Weight, ten-four; not too bad, not perfect; not even as good as on one occasion in the run of last term. I then washed and went to bed.

Sunday 31st. March.

Father Bernard called me early - at twenty-five to eight - and asked me to serve him in the Crypt in company with Ade, who is also leaving at the end of this term: that, I presume, was why he wanted us to serve his Mass. Well, I dressed, and made for the Crypt, and arrived a few seconds after Ade. I lit the candles, and we then waited for the Major to appear, which he did soon afterwards. I served this Mass without a book, and correctly; it went very well, sin culpa ; Ade did nothing wrong. I received communion: maybe this will be the last time I ever serve Father Bernard: maybe the last time for more than many a month that I shall  be serving anyone for Mass.

Breakfast on the Second table, where I am to pre\_side until Monday, when Bereng has so kindly condescended to take over. The eggs - of which I had two - were actually correctly boiled for a change: I think that this must be the second time of the term. I enjoyed mine to the full. As I had made my bed after serving the Major's mass, I was free to do as I liked after breakfast; being Laetare Sunday, there were neither prayers nor study. I began upon the frightful task of packing and salesmanship - selling various pieces of furniture I have here accumulated in the flow of many a year in the Sixth Form. In the morning I managed to palm off two of my Malton glasses on Thomas, and another two, carpet included, to Jack - with an old battery as well. Packing was the devil of a job - which I only finished at four-thirty in the afternoon; it meant taking all my pictures down, all the bull-fighting cards down, and storing them in my larger size trunk, on top of my eider-down~~e~~ and about seventy or eighty books; the books alone virtually filled the large



case: it was the very devil of a squeeze trying to fit everything in. The room gradually filled with dust, I developed hay-fever, and life generally became unpleasant for several hours. At lunch-time I was back on the Second table: there was some good apple-pie for dessert: Chris does not seem to appreciate the stuff as much as he should; so Thomas lectured him upon that subject at great length.

I was unable - because of packing and the house-library - to watch any athletics in the afternoon. So as to pack the right things, I had to change clothes, undress, and redress into my tweed jacket; I am keeping my Old Boy's blazer cum crest until Monday evening before wearing it - so as to startle all the more. At four-thirty I obtained Bug's help and Ivan's help with my trunks: Ivan dropped my cases twice, which really irritated me. Then came tea - with Laetare Sunday buns and coffee. I enjoyed the session - but felt short of time for some unknown reason. Maybe it is too near the end of term to be able to enjoy anything at a leisurely pace.

After tea - back to the Library, checking books until Vesper-time. I then experienced my ultimate session in that establishment for that particular purpose. My singing tended on the whole to appear at inappropriate moments, and not at the right ones! Too bad. Not my fault.

Supper back on the Second table; I missed what I thought was tea - on the Top Table - and which, I was later told, was merely coffee left over from tea-time. The meal was intended to be a good one - but I hardly appreciated the spam: there were apricots dished out for dessert - an unusual event for a suppertime meal - with ices to accompany them. Then there was some chocolate-covered sponge cake. This I most dexterously carved up into the correct number of portions, leaving myself with a big slab; I ~~then~~ discovered that the stuff was not particularly pleasant! Too late. Chris was singing for most of supper, and when the Ampleforth News' came round, Shawn insisted on reading his - which is against all rules, regulations and warnings: the consequence was thirty lines and a glint of rebellion in his voice.

I did some very rapid typing immediately afterwards, and ~~then~~, at eight o'clock, resumed my post in the House Library, with the help of Richards and, for a very short while - as usual - O'Connell. By twenty to ten we had reached the 'w's'; not bad going - but there is still some work left for the morrow. I ~~then~~ returned some more retreat books to Father Bernard's upper room, obtained a short extension, typed until a couple of seconds after the last stroke of ten, and then undressed and had a most welcome bath; it had to be a quick one, I fear; still, better than none. I had a very deserted room to which to return: no pictures, no coverings over the chests of drawers, no decorations: it was in its first and naked splendour - that of the time when I took it over at the start of the term.

Monday 1st. of April: the last twenty-four hours: April Fool's Day.

As monitor of the day - last m-o-d of the term, and my last effort too - I had to get up at seven-twenty-five and go down to Mass. I was the only Sixth Former in St. Oswald's present; the remainder of the house was having a semi-legal long-lie. I called the Bottom Dormitory at twenty-five minutes past the hour - they looked a trifle lazy, but I resisted ~~them~~ chivying them. At twenty minutes to eight - when Father Oswald had just finished the Gospel, I made my way out of the Temp, keeping an eye on the incoming Bottom Dormitory, and started upon my task of calling the remainder of the House.

For breakfast, one of the refectory maids played an April fool joke on me. I was in the process of moving my cup - for no reason whatsoever except that of general fidgetiness - when it literally disintegrated in my very hand. I suppose ~~that~~ the idea was that I should fill the cup with ~~milk~~ milk - and / or - tea; there would have been chaos if that had happened. The cup, obviously enough, had been broken in advance, then carefully fitted together again; I felt a trifle peeved. I demanded another cup: the maids were in a state of intense hysterics, having seen and indeed prepared everything. After devouring my flakes, I served out the bacon, and gave myself two rashers instead of one. On reaching my place I found a piece of bacon ~~ready~~ <sup>ready</sup> for me, on a porridge or soup plate; I was told that I had served it out myself, and that, as no-one else on the table particularly wanted to breakfast off a soup-plate, it was passed down to my place. Second April fool; I had never noticed the particular size of this out-of-the-way plate when serving ~~it~~ - as that task has to be performed at speed; I presume that this was some wicked and humorous maid's doing again; they're getting too many laughs on me at the moment; shall have to do something about it all.

After breakfasting - and Father Bernard's pulling my leg once or twice in a mildly pleasant way, making mention of the noise I am for ever producing on the Gallery with my machine, allied with my teeth, my shoes, and my ~~fits~~ <sup>s</sup> drumming away at my table - I returned to the House and made my bed at once. ~~I~~ I went down to Father Bernard's room, and awaited his instructions. He entered at twenty to nine, and promptly gave Peter and Michael enough work to keep them busy for some time, and then went out so as to issue exam papers to some of his sets. While absent, I made use of the time available to tidy shelf number P & R; quite a task; it was in quite a state as well. At nine the Major returned, and gave me some tickets and most intricate and muddlesome instructions; he then dismissed me to Gilling Station. I cycled there across the Valley, slowly; there was a mighty cold mist, and at one stage of the journey I thought it would start raining. I was glad to be able to

take the bicycle over at this time of ~~the~~ day, instead of taking it after the three o'clock relays. On the way over to Gilling Station I caught up with Dunworth. He was fulfilling more or less the same type of official mission as I was. Poor old Dunworth; he has just been trying for a scholarship at Wadham: the result was another entrance: he already has one. I spent nearly half an hour in the office at Gilling Station, expounding upon the various hows and wherefor<sup>s</sup> of my urgent mission. Deed's ticket was made ~~me~~ out incorrectly, and, besides that, there were quite a number of tickets too few. At ten o'clock I embarked upon my journey back to Shack, having secured that my vehicle be transported by others than myself from Gilling to Oxford; that, at least, saves me a great deal of trouble.

Dunworth overtook me on the way back - he still mounted upon his mechanical steed. I enjoyed my walk despite the weather; at one stage I was called upon to open gates for a herd of cows; I did not hurry myself unduly, and yet was home by ten o'clock sharp. I reported back to the Major at once, gave him the tickets, and made myself scarce. I, incidentally, bid<sup>e</sup> Mr. Serionne adieu on the way upstairs; he was quite tickled at the idea of my teaching in a French school, and told me to keep the right end of the stick for ever under control; this I promised him I would endeav<sup>o</sup>ur to do.

I said goodbye to Mr. Macdonnell at eleven-twenty-seven; what a parting must that have been. He was in a jovial mood, and told me not to neglect my studies whatever I do; I told him that I would write when in academic difficulties. Then I hastened to find a classroom in which to do my general paper; one and only paper I have to do by compulsion ~~in~~. It was a good paper - though I did not do particularly well; I always do badly in these one-word general papers. At twelve-fifteen I went down to the track and watched some of the morning events. St. Oswald's did a bad junior four-forty medley, but easily and beautifully won the hundred yards senior medley; it is the third year that we have managed to win this event; Czajk-owski won his first hundred yards - by establishing a first equals lead over the next runner. Ivan ran his best hundred yards of the term, and increased the newly-won lead by some eight or nine yards; then came Chris, who kept or yet further increased this lead; finally there was Ted, running against the school sprinter, Belcher; as he had a start he was all right; it even looked as though he managed to keep Belcher at a distance all the way, though Belcher most certainly crept up a bit towards the end; you could see that Ted was almost killing himself. The result was our third year's win, two<sup>+</sup> seconds<sup>+</sup> off the record; maybe we would have broken it in better weather. Then we ~~we~~ moved back to Shack for lunch.

17

I served out ~~the lunch~~, ~~which~~ consisted of salty pork; this I appreciate, and took some liberal pieces. I was feeling a trifle nervous about the afternoon's events - in one of which I am taking part: that being the big ~~relay~~ relay, stretching over a distance of four miles; everyone sprints a two-twenty. As my time was reasonable, I was one of the thirty or so runners chosen to represent the house. Last year I tripped at the finish of my two-twenty, liberally bedaubing myself with cinders, still deep engrained beneath the surface of my knee-skin: that explains my nervousness this

time.  
After lunch I posted a large-sized photo of Shack to Granny as a leaving present ~~at the time~~: then a rapid change, for the last time in my life, into athletics kit. I watched the House lose a few relays, and come third in the senior medley - with Ted finishing in fine style. Then came the big relay. I was running from the West to the East. I saw Willy, and managed to agree with him that I borrow his track-shoes once he had done his effort. He was to be the first runner from the West side, and I the fourth; thus there would not be very much time in which to don his foot-wear; nevertheless I was of the opinion that track-shoes are always worth the wearing if possible. The big relay started at about twenty past three; St. Oswald's suffered tragedy right from the start, when Willy, nearing the change-over box on the East side, tripped along the edge, caught his foot in the grass, and fell headlong along the track; that brought our place down from second to eighth or ninth: this state of affairs continued for quite a time. It was too much to expect Willy to return to the West side in time for me to run, so Mario ran in my stead; at last Willy arrived, in very sorry condition, his chest, knees and elbows black, and I changed at speed into his still intact running shoes. I obtained the changeover from <sup>Michael</sup> Henry, and got away to an exceedingly good start: a very fine sprint from the box to the corner, with a fellow from another house just in front: I thought I would ~~not~~ wait for overtaking until reaching the next straight: maybe I should have tried to overtake on the curb, for, once I reached the straight, I found great difficulty in moving ~~me~~ to the inside lane, with other runners in front trying to get across to their lanes on the outside. Thus I was compelled, for fear of repeating Willy's error or getting spiked, to go at slower than optimum speed; my changeover was excellent, passing on to Henry at quite a good speed. I then made slowly back for the West side, in case anybody wanted the track-shoes. It was a good race: Franchetti in Aidan's fell headlong in front of me, dropping the baton; by the end of the race our house had done an absolutely marvellous recovery, and we were lying third. Maybe we would have won if Willy had not met such bad luck on the East side; the lanes are certainly very cramped over there. Well, our action in coming third, and

thus letting St. Dunstan's beat us by a place, turned out to be most opportune in a sense: St. Bede's were thus prevented from winning the triple Crown - for winning their Cricket, their Rugger, and now their Athletics; for the final result of the Athletics was a draw between St. Bede's and St. Dunstan's; St. Bede's were in the very hell of a fume at being thus swindled out of their Triple Crown - a very rare event by a draw with Dunstan's.

Bobby looked in a pretty sorry state after his run: he claims that he is always sick after he has run in the Big Relay. I returned to the House straight afterwards, and changed back into my leaving bluer and my Old Boy's Tie: I then had a much needed shave, in which, due to unnecessary haste, I cut my chin. It was ever so small a cut, and it was still bleeding three-quarters of an hour later; my chin is most definitely one of my danger points as far as blood-escape is concerned. I made ~~for~~ for the refectory and tea: the last time: this time unarmed with my own jam or butter, which Ivan had demolished days ago. I just had time to pour myself out a cup of tea, when in came Harris senior to warn me that the Major wanted me; he did not know when. So I left the tea where it was, fuming inwardly, and returned at speed to the House. Father Bernard had let himself be caught out by his accounts he could no longer understand them, especially in relation to me: he was thirty shillings the wiser over me, and knew not why. For a full ten minutes we debated whether or not I had drawn thirty shillings for going home purposes at the end of the previous term; I denied it. He was in a fix, not knowing why there should be a thirty shillings credit mark in his accounts book for no reason; he had just decided to charge me these thirty shillings whatever they might or might not be for, when I remembered; they were for the entrance fee to Munich. Why, why cannot Father Bernard write down more precisely what drawn money is for? It would both save him and me trouble afterwards. Then I was asked by him to look for Paul, which I did, and with success; only once this had been done could I return to my cooling tea. There was no-one left in the refectory: I was alone in my hasty tea-sipping, the bell for film and prize-giving having gone minutes ago. I was disappointed; I had hoped to enjoy my last tea.

I then made for the Theatre; I obtained a seat, thanks to Bereng, and sat next to him. Chrichton-Stewart Jr. was sitting behind: he was acting rather childishly, I fear, with a lighter then at his disposal, trying to set fire to Bereng's scanty hair. We were not particularly amused. As it was the end of term, we tried not to mind too much. Prize-giving was officiated over by the Prior - in the Abbot's absence - and speeches were made by Father Julian and Bags Martin, the

games-master. Father Julian spoke first: he ought to learn to finish his sentences; there was always a terrific roar from the school minutes before he had concluded his task of eulogising some boxer; he just seemed to fade away, repeating such words as 'wonderful performance', 'jolly good show', 'really does know how to box'. Father Prior was devilishly amusing, for ever nodding his head from side to side, peering through his tiny eyes, his face the broadest of broad grins: he spoke on athletics ~~and~~, on departing boys, on the scholars - and here Bereng would keep on nudging me, people look round at me - on the school as a whole. Then there was Bags, discussing Athletics only, the good runners, the team and its successes; he kept on referring us to White City records, revealing how this year we have beaten some of their best records in certain events such as the shot, the mile, and so on. Then there was applause for the Captain, Bob, and his secretary, Firth. When the prizes - only for boxing and athletics - had been dealt out in order, a slow and noisy performance, there was a film, preceded by a cartoon. The film was called the 'Galloping Major', and concerned a horse syndicate and a creaky horse-deal which did not quite come off; the ancient horse managed to win the National, as every other horse fell en route. The whole thing creaked rather a lot, but it was O.K. on the whole.

I returned to the House afterwards, with Bereng; Chris chaffed me on my new tie. At supper everyone was utterly amazed at the sight of my crest: gasps of ~~suppressed~~ suppressed amazement and wonder arose as I entered: most of the people were probably more than delighted that I was to leave soon. I served out the fried potatoes for supper, Father Bernard serving the yellow, strong-smelling fish. I did not have as long as I would have liked for supper, as I wanted to finish checking over the Library before it was too late. I arranged with my assistant librarians to meet in the Library at seven-thirty, which they did; I then finished going through the cards, and was left with a formidable pile of missing books, each one indicated by an index-card. I spent the remainder of the evening, also after prayers, trying to find them, usually in the wrong shelves.

At eight-ten there were prayers, very awkward, and far too soon. Father Bernard gave us a very good talk on the value of house spirits, on our efforts to win cups, and on the lack of talent and luck within the house. When he had finished, and had gone out, Ivan addressed the house on athletics, and awarded two colours: one to Mike, the shot-putter, one to <sup>Iveson</sup> Ted - and a third, as well, to Chris - as far as I can remember. Ivan is not much of a speaker, and his vocabulary lacks vividness: every second word, as with Father Julian, smacked of 'jolly good show', and 'stout efforts'. Willy gave a brief talk on the house boxing, and gave colours to Iveson and Kipper;

Iveson must be feeling pleased with himself over winning two colours just like that. House rhetoric is not up to very much; at his best, Bobby can make the only decent speech about the place; Ivan is too much down to earth and thick to think of anything in the least original or vivid.

Straight after prayers I said good-bye to Father Basil in his room: I was most lucky in that he was not just then busy with his own House affairs: the remainder of St. Bede's was still being jawed, probably by Bob, on losing the Triple Cup.

I then made for the House Library, on which I worked until ten o'clock; I was able to find a large proportion of the missing books - in wrong shelves - and to make out a number of new cards for books not included in the index. Lyons and O'Connell helped for quite a time, and Richards for quite a time longer; it is a ~~very~~ tiring task. Father Bernard eventually persuaded us to cease, and Richards made for bed. I was given a short talk by the Major on future events in my life. He told me to bring him what problems I might ever have, to think of the 'place' now and then, to return from time to time; he assured me that I had many friends; I wish I could meet them as such, one day! His talk only lasted about two minutes, and then I returned to my room. There were many things to be done.

I took my beloved corps boots and left them in Father Bernard's upper room, for him to dispose of. I went to the house lobby, and availed myself of the end of term to take down my serving list; I admire it profoundly; it almost drove me mad trying to formulate it. I sold one or two last items of furniture to various members of the Gallery, pillows, a small table-lamp, jam-jars for nothing, shoe-brushes and brasso for Michael. I was feeling murderously thirsty, and made for the refectories in search of something; there was nothing to be had. I took my term's accumulation of stamps, and deposited them in the room next to Father William for disposal in the right channels. I returned to the House: a letter from Ingrid had arrived - at what an odd time - so I proceeded to change, wash, go to bed and read it. It was short, and to the point; she was still in England, and might be able to stay for some time longer; she still loved me. Well and good: I was now really looking forward to going home on the morrow. I ate an orange in bed to appease my thirst; one of my oranges saved up in ~~the~~ boot locker in the course of the term: it was a good one. My room was empty, deserted, with a case by the window, three-quarters packed in advance; everything else sold, or on the way home ~~to~~; I would never be coming back; I wondered what the room would be like ~~in~~ the following term, best of the year as far as weather is concerned: who the lucky owner would be, and how he would treat his room. No-one else on the Gallery has any

idea of how to decorate a room and render it habitable.

I had decided to dispense with the customary tradition of leave-taking with the Bottom and Top dormitories; I am not a hypocrite, and I am fairly sure they are not hypocrites either. When a monitor does his duties to the uttermost, seeing that rules are adhered to, punishing people who break them as indeed they should be, ~~then~~ he is a perfect monitor; the trouble is that I was rendered rather conspicuous in my precision by the weakness of duty on the part of the ~~remaining~~ <sup>remaining</sup> ~~monitors~~ monitors. The other monitors themselves broke most of the rules, in private and even in public, and as often as not turned a blind eye to other people's misdeeds. So I assumed the aspects and dimensions of a Mediaeval dictator: and people hated me because I fulfilled my duties and penanced, whereas other monitors did not. ~~But~~ If people will hate me for doing what I consider to be my duty, I think they should, at the best, be left in peace to think over their own attitudes of mind towards the principles of a monitorial system; at worst, they in no way deserve the opportunity ~~to~~ <sup>of</sup> say<sup>ing</sup> a pleasant good-bye, with its ironies, to justice and a hand that attempted to keep them in order. I felt that, should I wish them good-bye, I would be inciting people to say farewell to the principles that underlie the monitorial system, rather than merely say goodbye to me as a person; in other words, maybe rather pretentiously, I tend to associate myself with monitorship - as indeed a true monitor should; the trouble lying in the attitude at the moment of the greater part of the house to this institution that surveys the peace.

All said and done, I got out of bed, and said good-bye to the Gallery ~~and~~; the only members of the house with anything verging on responsibility. I told Mike not to lose his temper too often, reminded Jack that he might have to look after some form of discipline within number two company - and thus warned him to do his best. I bade Henry adieu, and wished him the best, and bade Thomas adieu, inciting him to continue as he is at the moment, the backbone of sanity and humour united, a person full of life, appreciating all that is best, rhetoric, poetry, statesmen, and beagling; terrific all-rounder that fellow! - except at athletics, rugger and cricket. Still, it is his attitude that counts, in my opinion.

At long last I returned to bed, after a long drink of cold water, after bidding Ade good-bye and Bobby good-night. I slept like a log, which is very surprising, seeing that my mind was utterly absorbed with the problems inherent in my non-return to this paternal institution; I felt insecure, almost lost.

Tuesday 2nd of April, and Going-Home day.

Father Bernard called me at five-twenty, as per appointment, to serve him in the Crypt. I dressed rapidly, and walked round via the Penance Walk: I suppose the



monks would be saying Office or something similar - in any case, they would be in full session in the New Church Choir, which has otherwise to be crossed so as to gain access to the Crypt. It was light outside, silent, deserted; not a movement as to the altar I hurried. Father Bernard was already there, and I hastened to prepare the necessary wine, water, and communion host. ~~Then~~ Mass began, again without my using a book; not a mistake. The best way of learning is not to make errors: that breeds a lack of very necessary self-confidence, breeds uncertainty, mother of weaknesses and vice. Mass ended at about six o'clock: I stayed for a few minutes at the small prie-dieu in front of the Crypt altar, then made my slow way back to the House. All was still silence; not a soul awake yet - except Father Julian, who took his leave of me, seeing me thus attired in my glory, wearing leaving tie and leaving blazer. Back in my room I finished my packing, then made for a last time to the House Library, to settle ~~up~~ a few remaining odds and ends. Here Father Bernard gave me some flowers for transport to his sick mother in Oxford, and also a letter for her. I took the flowers to my room, brought out a carrier-bag for them, made for the washplace, and soused a Catholic Herald, which I then wrapped round the damp base of the flowers so as to preserve them for the journey.

At seven I made for the refectory and helped myself to puffed-wheat and a boiled egg: it was done correctly. I had time to eat at a comfortable speed, having come up to the refectory at the ~~right~~<sup>right</sup> time, only possible if you get up two hours earlier than necessary. At seven-fifteen I made for Mr. Cossart's room and bade him good-bye, by appointment, as I had arrived too late in the course of the previous evening. Then it was the buses, up by the post-Office: I found myself a seat next to Bug with little difficulty. At seven-thirty we were at the station, and at eight the train was on its way out, on its way to York. I here took the opportunity to say farewell to friends in other houses, and then I chatted with Wood until our arrival at York. Once that first haven was reached, I deposited my case at the Left Luggage and made for the Station Hotel, where I partook off some coffee and toast at a high price. At ten I returned to the station, drew my case, and caught my train to Oxford.

I did not read, not talk; I thought, sometimes typed. I was feeling more and more as a lost soul, deprived of shelter. I thought of security - moral - lost or missing: I thought, as I had not thought for over five weeks, of Ingrid. How I felt impassioned by the very thought of her until half-term; how my attitude towards her, on the realisation I might never see her again, had become resigned, passive. How passion never disappears, but merely lies dormant, I discovered at nine ~~this~~ that evening, safe, befriended, beloved, with Ingrid, alone in the quiet of Oxford.

W.C.W

Shouting 30 lines for Scarfe 1-4-56.

1 Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscere mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

10 Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = to mix.

Rire riant je ris ri = to laugh.

11 Misceo misere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo misere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo misere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo misere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo miscere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh  
Misceo misere miscui mixtum = t mix  
Rire riant je ris ri = t laugh

2. c. W

SA Tusting 30 lines for scarf 1-4-56

21 Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

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Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

Misceo miscere miscui mixtum - t mix.

Rire riant je ris ri - t laugh.

SCHOLARSHIP VI

Firth, T. J.  
Scarfe, F. H. B.  
Young, J. F. A.  
Dunworth, M. C. P.  
Cochrane, C. D. P.  
Wright, D. G. M.  
Wilson, P. J.  
Havard, P. L.  
Vincent, R. G.  
Young, H. J. S.  
Rushforth, C. P.  
Villiers, A. M. H.  
Thomas, A. R.  
Fogarty, A. J.  
Peart, J. M. B.  
Sweeney, B. C.  
Leonard, N. J.  
Bellville, R. H.  
Wood, P. L.

(19)

UPPER VI (i)

Halliday, J. A. G.  
Morland, C. F. H.  
Backhouse, Sir J.  
Whitfield, R.  
Blakstad, M. B.  
Stobart, H. A.  
Morris, B. J.  
Dyer, S.  
Anderson, H. R.

(9)

UPPER VI (ii)

Smyth, P. J. J. V.  
Bright, C. A.  
Radcliffe, F. C. J.  
Petre, M. A. C.  
Lovat, Master of  
Macleod, N.  
Hrabkiewicz, L.  
Grey, R. C. E.  
Northcote, H. C. S.  
Masteron-Smith, M. J.  
Cunningham, M. D.  
Dillon, W. A.  
Zaluski, I.  
Gallagher, R. B. K.

(14)

UPPER VI (iii)

Wilson, M. C.  
Balme, P. R. M.  
Stitt, I. P. A.  
Morley, C. R. W.

(4)

UPPER VI (iv)

Patteson, T. F.

(1)

MIDDLE VI (ii)

Cary-Elwes, C. G. R.  
Franchetti, A. G. A.  
Rinvolicri, M. F. G.  
Cubitt, G. S.  
Daniel, G. H. M.  
Curran, E. J. D.  
Massey, J. E.  
Masters, P. W. T.  
Clarke, C. L. A.  
Knight, A. S. B.  
Connolly, D. J.  
Connolly, C. A.  
O'Brien, B. A.  
Chamberlain, G. F.  
Wardale, T. A. E. W.  
Scanlan, D. M.  
Cooke, C. B. C. B.  
Lorimer, R.  
Villiers, N. C. H.  
Glover, T. C. G.  
Barber, D. M.  
Sutherland, C. N. C.  
Brennan, A. P. J.  
O'Brien, D. P.  
King, J. T. S. R.  
Brown, P.  
Brotherton-Ratcliffe, E. H.  
Parsons, S. O'C.  
Harold-Barry, D. A.  
King, M. A.

(30)

MIDDLE VI (iii)

Spencer, J. M. M.  
Fanshawe, R. H. W.  
Hunter, J. M.

(3)

MIDDLE VI (iv)

del Tufo, C. A.  
Holmes, C. R.  
Reynolds, S. F. L.  
Rogerson, J. T. G.  
Smith, W. C.  
Meyer, M. A.  
Ryan, P. C.  
Welstead, W.  
Murphy, A.  
Skene, J. L.  
Blake James, R. B.  
Chasseaud, L. F.  
Rimmer, C. A.  
Hall, C. H.  
Considine, W. H.  
Peel, A. P.  
Krasinski, C. J. A.  
Byrne-Quinn, P.  
Mumford-Smith, H. F.

(19)

MIDDLE VI (v)

Pender-Cudlip, A. D. E.

(1)

LOWER VI (i)

Macmillan, J.  
Montgomery, M. G. P.  
Burn, C. C.

(3)

LOWER VI (ii)

Corley, T. M.  
Gibson, M. P. C.  
Komarnicki, J. J. M.  
Craven, J. A.  
McCann, T. S.  
Walker, J. M. G.  
O'Malley, S. K.  
Iveson, A. R. I.  
Burton, R. G. F.  
Quinlan, F. H.  
Hughes-Onslow, D. J.  
Jackson, G. L.  
Sayers, J. D. M.  
Smyth, C. G.  
Mollet, P. N.  
Tarnowski, A. E.  
Wojakowski, C. G.  
Lucas, P. B.  
Hancox, J.

Unsworth, G. V.  
Osborne, A. H.  
Dearlove, F. G. A.  
Bereng, C.  
Yearsley, P. S.  
King, A. J.  
Coffey, T. L.  
Boardman, J. F.  
Dudzinski, G. M.  
Czajkowski, P. B. G.  
Leonard, T. N.  
Davey, P. J.  
Stubbs, D. R.  
Tyson, N. S.  
Scott, Hon. S. P.  
Bufton, M. P. J.  
Hales, C. J.  
Burns, P. C.  
Prentice, W. R.  
O'Driscoll, B. T.  
Petre, M. B.  
Dormer, J. A.  
O'Toole, R. K.  
Medlicott, A. L.  
Marshall, J. P.  
Glynn, D. H.  
Dowson, K. P. M.  
Lawson, A. M.  
Bush, J. A.

(48)

LOWER VI (iii)

Crichton Stuart, F. J. P.

(1)

LOWER VI (iv)

Cumming, J. D.  
Kearney, K. D. N.  
Dale, P. H.  
Abbott, B. W.  
Bell, J. C. C.  
Sarmiento, S.  
Bowring, A. E.  
Vanheems, J. M.  
Madden, F. J.

(9)

LOWER VI (v)

Stacpoole, M. G. L.  
Umney, A. R.  
Knowles, R.

(3)

UPPER REMOVE A.1

Stobart, C. G.  
Bradshaw, A. H.

(2)

UPPER REMOVE A.2

Kershaw, P. M.  
Corbould, D. A.  
Muir, J. M.

(3)

UPPER REMOVE B.1

Cafferkey, P. C.  
Cornford, A. J.  
Martin, P. W.  
Gilbert, J. E. T.  
Grant, R. J.  
Nicholson, C. C.  
Keay, J. S. M.  
Ricketts, S. H. M.  
Scholefield, A. J. E.  
Slater, P. M.

(10)

UPPER REMOVE B.2

Mather, M. R.  
Balfour, C. R.  
Jackson, T. J. H.  
Sanders, C. A. B.  
Wayman, J. R. M.  
Jones, B. L. R.  
Stanton, A. N.  
Le Breton, P. J. W.  
Radcliffe, B. A. J.  
Granger, J. R.  
Badenoch, J. A.  
Ely, T. D.  
Synnott, D. J. P.  
Clayden, P. M. L.  
Backhouse, O. R.  
field, E. J.

Cooke, A. R. C. B.  
Pernyes, A. G.  
FitzGerald, A. E. J.  
Jackson, C. F.  
Chamier, M. E. D.  
french Davis, F. C.  
Pearse, E. A. H.  
Nares, P. M. V.  
Pollock, D. M.  
Slessor, P. R.  
Beattie, J. O.  
Cuthbertson, R. W.  
Horn, J. M.  
MacKernan, J. L.  
Read, P. P.  
Grantham, J. W. P.  
Bean, J. W.  
Carver, N. G. P.  
Tusting, S. B.

(35)

UPPER V.a.1

Dobson, T. T.  
Crichton Stuart, C. P. C. H.  
Ambrose, R. D.  
Scott Lewis, I. R.  
Festing, M. W.  
Marsden, N. J. D.  
Parker Bowles, A. H.  
Batho, P. G.  
Armstrong, C. J. E.

(9)

UPPER V.a.2

Marshall, C. A.  
Ainscough, A. J.

(2)

UPPER V.a.3

Carlson, A. K. G.  
Flanagan, J. I.

Lorimer, H.  
Burlison, J. J.  
Belcher, G. A. G.  
Bird, D. M. G.  
Ryan, W. J. M.  
Sturup, E. A.  
Mayer, A. E.

(9)

UPPER V.b.1

Prosser, R. D.  
Postlethwaite, M. J.  
van Cutsem, H. E.  
Wilkins, M. R. F.  
Stitt, G. W.  
Burns, D. F. P.

(6)

UPPER V.b.2

Coghlan, J. S. E.  
Whitehall, M. J.  
Weaver, A.  
Butcher, A. E. W. H.  
Wilson, P. W. A.  
Phelan, P.  
Gilbey, A. W.  
Rothwell, S. J.  
McSwiney, P. F.  
Morrissey, P. J.  
Habbershaw, G. R.  
Brocklehurst, G. P. M.  
Martelli, A. M. G.  
Moor, A. M.  
McCann, P. J.

(15)

UPPER V.b.3

Horridge, J. K.  
Leigh, M. R.  
Spurling, W. A. A.  
Haydon, H. R.

Lumsden, J. G.  
Randag, R. E.  
Bailward, D. J. A.  
Fogarty, M. J. E.  
Harris, A. L. S.  
Balme, C. N. A.  
Cant, A. P.  
Ruddin, N. E.  
Cooke, N. I. C. B.  
Davidson, D.

(14)

UPPER V.c

Habbershaw, F. W.  
Greenwood, J. F. O.  
Ginone, J. J.  
Dewhurst, M. J.  
Honeywill, R. L. R.  
Collins, J. E.  
Everington, J. F.  
Kerr Smiley, N. E.  
Burke, P. L.  
Maxwell, C. C.  
Marjoribanks-Egerton,  
J. C. R.

(11)

UPPER V.d

Morgan, R. E. R.  
Chambers, P. J.  
Cotton, R. T. M.  
Sutherland, I. G. W.  
Hodgson, D. R.  
Glanville, A. W.  
Leonard, S. T.  
Kassapian, P. K. S.  
Falkiner, M. G. P.  
Farrell, M. J.  
Hope, D. P.  
Fletcher, R. G.

(12)

MIDDLE V.a		John, A. W. G.	(W)	Robertson, J. W. B.	(T)	Hickman, J.	(A)
Morland, W. J.	(H)	Scrope, H. J.	(C)	Smith, C. J.	(B)		(11)
Brennan, M. J.	(H)	Ryan, J. St. G.	(O)	Mahony, P. A. B.	(C)		
Havard, D. T.	(W)		(14)	Ahern, M. D.	(A)	LOWER V.b	
Rawsthorne, A. R.	(D)			Richards, A. J. W. L.	(O)	Carlson, J. J.	(C)
Dammann, R. M. J.	(D)			Brockhurst Leacock, N. J.	(T)	McCausland, A. R.	(O)
Thunder, D. O.	(E)	MIDDLE V.c		Wright, M. L. M.	(T)	Petre, R. D. O.	(C)
Pakenham, Hon. M. A.	(W)	Brennan, J. J. E.	(W)	Stirling, A. H.	(C)	Eccles, D. W. L.	(B)
Barry, M. J.	(H)	Nixey, P. J.	(O)	Batho, R. G.	(E)	White, C. N.	(E)
Ryan, J. C.	(C)	Compton, J. M.	(H)	Feilding, P. R.	(A)	Harforth, O. S.	(B)
Perceval, C. R. W.	(W)	Castelli, H. C.	(B)	Mowbray, C. A.	(W)	Slater, J. A. G.	(A)
Ferriss, M. D.	(E)	Morris, J.	(D)	Brewster, S. E. F. H.	(A)	Dowson, J. P.	(O)
Gallagher, T. R.	(E)	Whiting, J. A.	(O)	Watson, C. A. G.	(D)	MacDonald, J. D.	(E)
Bankoff, P. N.	(E)	de Fresnes, C. I.	(W)	Coghlan, R. E. H.	(T)	Festing, A. T.	(C)
O'Reilly, J. J.	(D)	Bowen, H. J. J.	(D)	Stokes, J. R.	(E)	Crabbe, C. B.	(C)
Crawford, A. W.	(D)	Whitworth, J. H.	(D)	Richards, D. O.	(A)	Hodgson, I. F. B.	(T)
Shepherd, A. C.	(B)	Schulte, A. F. H.	(B)	O'Neill, K. M.	(B)	de Lacey, M.	(A)
Henderson, M. P. G.	(C)	Cotton, A. J. F.	(H)	Binning, Lord	(C)	Gowing, S. F.	(E)
Masterton-Smith, A. J.	(E)	Bowring, P. A.	(A)	Cole, B. M.	(T)	Moor, S. M.	(E)
	(18)	Fell, P. N.	(A)	Channer, P. N. de R.	(D)	Madden Simpson, G. C.	(C)
		Bishop, J. N. R.	(W)		(22)	Ryan, C. M. M.	(A)
		Moore, P. J.	(A)			FitzGerald, J. R. B.	(T)
		Kelly, C. J.	(A)	LOWER V.a			(18)
		Armstrong, G. K.	(B)	Harris, P. J. S.	(O)	LOWER V.c	
		van Bergen, J. F. A.	(A)	Trench, D. J. K.	(A)	Conroy, P. B.	(O)
		Kennedy, M. A.	(A)	Robinson, P. J.	(A)	Bell, M. B.	(E)
		Lynch, R. C.	(D)	Flavel, S. J. A.	(D)	Batten, P. J. B.	(T)
		King, P. C.	(T)	Ainscough, D. O.	(B)	Grant, B. P.	(A)
			(21)	Reynolds, N. P.	(D)	Forbes, J. A. R.	(A)
				Waddington, N. L.	(D)	Kuklinski, T.	(D)
				Crawford, H.	(D)	Kassapian, A. G.	(T)
				Cooper, V. A.	(T)	Defoe, R. W. G.	(B)
				Deedes, C. M. J.	(O)		(8)

MIDDLE V.b		Byrne, A. P. H.	(W)				
Iveson, J. M. I.	(O)	Heddy, J. C. H.	(D)				
O'Connell, S. M. B.	(O)	Murphy, R. P.	(C)				
Kaye, A. R.	(T)	Goslett, P. M.	(W)				
Chamberlain, R. A.	(A)						
Lambert, A. F.	(H)						
de Jouffroy D'Abbans,	(C)						
W. E. H.	(O)						
Lyons, J. T.	(O)						
Heddy, J. C. H.	(D)						
Murphy, R. P.	(C)						
Goslett, P. M.	(W)						

UPPER IV.a		Loyd, P. R.	(O)	Rhys Evans, A. C.	(H)	Smith, D. P.	(B)
Russell, D. L.	(W)	Beck, D. S.	(A)	Jephcott, J. J.	(H)	Maguaran, P.	(A)
Davis, M. M.	(H)	Knowles, J. R.	(H)	Noton, T. E.	(B)	Sharp, M. C.	(B)
Vignoles, P. M.	(E)	Perry, R. G.	(C)	O'Brien, J. F. M.	(B)	Fitzgerald-Hart, R. M.	(C)
Martin, N. J.	(E)	Scrope, P. A.	(C)	Rooney, R. M. B.	(H)		(21)
Hughes Smith, P. A.	(E)	Dempsey, J. A. C.	(T)	Swift, J. C.	(H)		
Caldwell, R. A.	(B)	Corcoran, D. L.	(W)	Pearson, J. P. F.	(H)	MIDDLE IV.c	
Mahony, T. F.	(E)	Andrews, R. M.	(O)	Clapton, P. T. A.	(H)	Fairbairns, R. S.	(W)
Honeywill, W. J.	(H)			Wetherell, J. M. H. P.	(T)	Sellars, M. M.	(B)
Davey, J. A.	(E)	UPPER IV.c		Glanville, B. K.	(B)	Ford, R. A.	(A)
Stephens, J. P. R.	(H)	Lentaingne, D. J.	(H)	Kite, J. E. R.	(E)	Yearsley, M. F.	(T)
Gray, A. J. T.	(H)	Nicol, C. G.	(H)	Phipps, J. J. J.	(T)	Pratt, M. C.	(C)
Tanner, N. P.	(H)	O'Malley, C.	(H)	Milroy, T. W.	(H)	Gould, J. P.	(H)
Gibbs, J. W. B.	(T)	Randag, C. H.	(A)	Garrett, G. P.	(D)	Dowson, C. J.	(O)
Greenwood T. A.	(O)	Pearce, A. F.	(H)	Read, J. A. C.	(C)	Leigh, J. D.	(A)
Shillington, S. A. C.	(C)	Burke, M. F.	(A)	O'Donnell, D. A.	(O)	Golding M. B.	(H)
Phelan, J. H.	(O)	Lowis, I. J. A.	(B)		(18)	Bramwell, M. T.	(O)
Corbett, J. P. J.	(H)	Macintyre, M. V. S.	(C)	MIDDLE IV.b		Apponyi, A. M. S.	(C)
Worsley, R. T.	(E)	Ellenbroek, F.	(B)	Cavanagh, N. P. C.	(H)	Gerrard R. J.	(C)
Dempster, M. J.	(B)	Irven, P. C. D.	(C)	Lorrinan, N. R. E.	(H)	Fuller, J. J. M.	(W)
	(19)	Meyer, P. R.	(W)	Mostyn, R. J. J.	(H)	Abney-Hastings, M. E. G.	(A)
		Marriner, B. L.	(T)			Riggall, P. H.	(A)

UPPER IV.b		Bowes-Lyon, J. F.	(E)	de Sousa Fernandes, J. C.	(C)		
Morrogh, A. D.	(H)	Kenball-Williams, J. R.	(E)	Brain, A. I. J.	(H)		
Roberts, M.	(D)	Campbell, R. A.	(T)	Duckworth, A. J.	(W)		
Dewar, P. de V.	(E)	Pattinson, H.	(T)	Corbett, N. T.	(O)	TOTAL OF VI Form	164
Blackie, P. A.	(O)	Bell, D. A. P.	(E)	Butcher, P. R. F.	(T)	Upper Remove	50
Fox Taylor, T. E.	(W)	Price, B. W.	(D)	Campbell, I. C.	(C)	Upper V	78
Bayliss, J. F. T.	(C)	Hill, D. A. A.	(B)	O'Shee, D. G. G.	(C)	Middle V	75
Haslam, G. E. L.	(D)		(20)	Graham, P. L. M.	(E)	Lower V	37
Pattinson, W. H. R.	(C)			Rea, J. S. E.	(W)	Upper & Mid. IV	114
Prichard-Jones, D. J. W.	(C)	MIDDLE IV.a		Haydon, M. F.	(A)	Total of Upper School	518
Du Pre Moore, S. P.	(O)	Harris, M. M. G.	(H)	Green, P. G.	(E)		
Rogerson, J. M.	(W)	Schofield, M. S.	(H)	Gillman, J. R.	(O)		
Morris, C. H.	(H)			Blackwell, S. A. B.	(C)		

JUNIOR HOUSE

LOWER IV.a		Robertson, J. I. A.		du Vivier, A. W. P.		Beatty, A. P.	
Duncan, P. A.		Thompson, R.		Read, B. W.		Du Pre Moore, G. D.	
Forrest, J. J. H.		Himsworth, D. I.		Kinross, A. P. F.			(24)
Fellowes, D. A.		Fitzherbert, C. E.		Pender-Cudlip, P. J. M.			
Chambers, A. C.		Ramshaw, M. A.		Capes, A. B. B.		LOWER III	
Jackson, R. H.		Miller, J. E.		O'Reilly, V. C.		Crosland, T. P.	
Tyrrell, S. E.		Loughran, M. J.		Balfour, N. R.		Johnston, D. A.	
Charles Edwards, T. M.		Burke, F. D.		Schulte, H. R.		Gilbey, W. J.	
Lewis, T. J.		Bean, M. B.			(10)	Corbett, P. R. J.	
Martin Murphy, C. J. W.		Maclaren, D. N. C.				Roose, T. M.	
	(9)	Marsh, J. R.		UPPER III.c		de Fresnes, N. D.	
		Pratt, D. A.		Dudzinski, A. J.		McCann, J. L.	
		Stott, M. J.		Ogilvie-Forbes, C. M.		Wood, A. J.	
		Witham R. T.		Allgood, L. G.		Pinkney, B. D.	
			(19)	Honeywill, R. Q.		King, S. P.	
				Brown, A. P. Q. F.		Hendrix, P. J.	
		UPPER IIIa(ii)		Roche, H. G.		Molony, J. J.	
		Heagney, M. A.		Sinclair, A. D.		Ryan, M. C. M.	
		Burdon, P.		Wilkins R. E.		Fog, P.	
		Boardman, R. R.		Stanton, M. D.		Mitchell, I. F.	
		Haworth, R. J.		Loch, J. H. C.		Hennessy, R. T.	
		Martindale, S.		Sienkowski, M. A.			(16)
		Martindale, S.		Hickman, P.			
		Blackiston, C. D.		Wingate, O. J.			
		Tucker, J. A. B.		Sanders, N. D. H.			
		Prentice, M. D.		Phelan, D. B.			
		Jowers, C. J. H.		Clapton, T. R.			
		Cain, M. C.		Brennan, B. M.			
		FitzGerald, J. D. P.		Strutt, P. A.			
			(11)	Hickman, M.			
		UPPER III.b		Maclaren, H. A. M.			
		Smyth, S.		Barry, P. C. D.			
		Jones, J. L.		Forbes, W. H.			

399 Abbott, B. W.	(D)	13- 9-39	107 Corbett, J. P. J.	(H)	8-12-42	94 Greenwood, J. F. O.	(O)	7- 1-41
16 Abney-Hastings, M. E. G.	(E)	22- 7-42	343 Corbett, N. T.	(O)	21- 5-42	511 Greenwood, T. A.	(O)	25- 7-42
430 Ahern, M. D.	(A)	4- 9-41	292 Corbould, D. A.	(B)	24- 3-41	57 Grey, R. C. E.	(E)	17- 6-39
683 Ainscough, A. J.	(W)	12-10-39	68 Corcoran, D. L.	(W)	24- 3-43	116 Habbershaw, F. W.	(A)	16- 6-41
474 Ainscough, D. O.	(B)	20- 3-42	48 Corley, T. M.	(A)	31- 8-40	23 Habbershaw, G. R.	(A)	16- 6-41
728 Ambrose, R. D.	(W)	28- 7-39	27 Cornford, A. J.	(A)	29- 9-42	393 Hales, C. J.	(E)	16- 7-39
2 Anderson, H. R.	(B)	5-10-39	381 Cotton, A. J. F.	(H)	9- 5-43	80 Hall, C. H.	(W)	28- 7-39
28 Andrews, R. M.	(O)	4-11-42	89 Cotton, R. T. M.	(W)	10-12-40	482 Halliday, J. A. G.	(T)	28- 6-39
159 Apponyi, A. M. S.	(C)	8-12-42	642 Crabbe, C. B.	(C)	14- 4-42	488 Hancox, J.	(O)	3- 3-40
3 Armstrong, C. J. E.	(B)	15- 1-40	29 Craven, J. A.	(A)	22- 6-40	— Harforth, O. S.	(B)	26- 4-41
49 Armstrong, G. K.	(B)	5-10-41	418 Crawford, A. W.	(D)	8- 2-43	162 Harold-Barry, D. A.	(A)	15- 8-39
479 Backhouse, Sir J.	(E)	30-12-39	279 Crawford, H.	(D)	21-10-41	39 Harris, A. L. S.	(O)	30- 3-41
10 Backhouse, O. R.	(E)	18- 7-41	165 Crichton Stuart,			739 Harris, P. J. S.	(O)	24- 9-42
719 Badenoch, J. A.	(T)	22-10-41	C. P. C. H.	(W)	10- 3-39	685 Harris, M. M. G.	(H)	21- 2-43
91 Bailward, D. J. A.	(T)	24- 9-41	407 Crichton Stuart, F. J. P.	(C)	6- 9-40	629 Haslam, G. E. L.	(D)	12-10-42
527 Balfour, C. R.	(B)	24- 8-41	283 Cubitt, G. S.	(W)	21- 9-39	177 Havard, D. T.	(W)	29-12-42
382 Balme, C. N. A.	(O)	21-12-40	447 Cumming, J. D.	(D)	8- 8-40	516 Havard, P. L.	(A)	5- 2-39
42 Balme, P. R. M.	(O)	10- 8-39	11 Cunningham, M. D.	(O)	22- 9-39	625 Haydon, H. R.	(A)	5- 2-41
755 Bankoff, P. N.	(E)	7-10-42	127 Curran, E. J. D.	(B)	24- 4-39	146 Haydon, M. F.	(A)	13- 5-43
422 Barber, D. M.	(D)	31- 8-39	323 Cuthbertson, R. W.	(T)	21- 7-41	656 Heddy, J. C. H.	(D)	10- 9-41
231 Barry, M. J.	(H)	21- 5-42	— Czajkowski, P. B. G.	(O)	7-12-40	621 Henderson, M. P. G.	(C)	1- 8-42
4 Batho, P. G.	(E)	9-12-39	129 Dale, P. H.	(E)	13- 8-40	184 Hickman, J.	(A)	28- 8-42
671 Batho, R. G.	(E)	30-11-41	187 Dammann, R. M. J.	(D)	28- 6-42	148 Hill, D. A. A.	(B)	4- 5-43
720 Batten, P. J. B.	(T)	24- 8-41	312 Daniel, G. H. M.	(A)	16- 4-39	389 Hodgson, D. R.	(T)	24- 4-40
736 Bayliss, J. F. T.	(C)	11- 8-42	423 Davey, J. A.	(E)	8-11-42	77 Hodgson, I. F. B.	(T)	18-10-41
460 Bean, J. W.	(A)	27- 2-41	160 Davey, P. J.	(E)	28-10-40	85 Holmes, C. R.	(O)	27- 4-39
132 Beattie, J. O.	(D)	1- 5-41	144 Davidson, D.	(T)	29- 3-41	694 Honeywill, R. L. R.	(O)	11- 3-41
21 Beck, D. S.	(A)	27- 9-42	537 Davis, M. M.	(H)	30- 5-43	513 Honeywill, W. J.	(H)	27- 7-42
517 Belcher, G. A. G.	(C)	15-11-39	205 Dearlove, F. G. A.	(W)	21- 9-39	99 Hope, D. P.	(W)	20-10-40
8 Bell, J. C. C.	(W)	29- 9-40	721 Deedes, C. M. J.	(O)	24-10-41	556 Horn, J. M.	(B)	29- 5-41
47 Bell, D. A. P.	(E)	17- 6-43	504 Defoe, R. W. G.	(B)	27- 3-42	30 Horridge, J. K.	(D)	3- 1-41
432 Bell, M. B.	(E)	26- 2-41	505 de Fresnes, C. I.	(W)	8- 5-42	111 Hrabkiewicz, L.	(B)	19- 3-40
37 Bellville, R. H.	(E)	18- 6-39	319 de Jouffroy D'Abbans,			309 Hughes-Onslow, D. J.	(E)	24- 6-39
715 Bereng, C.	(O)	2- 5-38	W. E. H.	(C)	2- 5-41	689 Hughes Smith, P. A.	(E)	22- 5-43
154 Berry, T. G. K.	(D)	29- 9-42	718 de Lacey, M.	(A)	4- 3-41	202 Hunter, J. M.	(A)	29- 5-40
168 Binning, Lord	(C)	21-12-41	450 del Tufo, C. A.	(A)	15-12-39	740 Irvn, P. C. D.	(C)	11- 8-42
17 Bird, D. M. G.	(O)	13- 7-39	70 Dempsey, J. A. C.	(T)	17-11-42	203 Iveson, A. R. I.	(O)	4- 6-40
61 Bishop, J. N. R.	(W)	28- 5-41	76 Dempster, M. J.	(B)	30- 7-43	32 Iveson, J. M. I.	(O)	9- 6-42
169 Blackie, P. A.	(O)	7- 4-43	587 de Sousa Pernes, J. A.	(D)	15- 4-43	514 Jackson, C. F.	(C)	12- 4-41
60 Blackwell, S. A. B.	(C)	22- 5-43	570 Dewar, P. de V.	(E)	19- 2-43	332 Jackson, G. L.	(C)	17- 3-40
193 Blake James, R. B.	(D)	3- 3-39	714 Dewhurst, M. J.	(D)	19- 7-40	364 Jackson, T. J. H.	(E)	8- 8-41
695 Blakstad, M. B.	(W)	18- 4-40	259 Dillon, W. A.	(T)	11- 6-39	596 Jephcott, J. J.	(H)	7- 1-43
376 Boardman, J. F.	(A)	7-11-40	458 Dobson, T. T.	(D)	31- 5-39	723 John, A. W. G.	(W)	29- 9-41
398 Bowen, H. J. J.	(D)	22- 3-42	404 Dormer, J. A.	(B)	15- 5-40	709 Jones, B. L. R.	(T)	31- 3-41
64 Bowes-Lyon, J. F.	(E)	13- 6-42	7 Dowson, C. J.	(O)	26- 2-43	651 Kassapian, A. G.	(T)	11-10-41
348 Bowring, A. E.	(A)	1- 2-41	459 Dowson, J. P.	(O)	30- 6-41	336 Kassapian, P. K. S.	(T)	21- 7-40
14 Bowring, P. A.	(A)	22-11-42	315 Dowson, K. P. M.	(O)	22-10-39	742 Kaye, A. R.	(T)	21- 7-42
626 Bradshaw, A. H.	(W)	18- 3-41	506 Duckworth, A. J.	(W)	20- 7-42	493 Kearney, K. D. N.	(D)	6- 4-40
33 Brain, A. I. J.	(H)	2- 7-42	— Dudzinski, G. M.	(B)	17-12-40	455 Keay, J. S. M.	(B)	18- 9-41
308 Bramwell, M. T.	(O)	2- 5-43	166 Dunworth, M. C. P.	(W)	28- 5-38	104 Kelly, C. J.	(A)	15- 4-42
182 Brennan, A. P. J.	(W)	25- 3-40	499 Du Pre Moore, S. P.	(O)	13- 7-42	741 Kembell-Williams, J. R.	(E)	25- 6-42
15 Brennan, J. J. E.	(W)	14-11-41	296 Dyer, S.	(B)	19-10-39	521 Kennedy, M. A.	(A)	7-12-41
254 Brennan, M. J.	(H)	14-11-42	151 Eccles, D. W. L.	(B)	13- 5-41	109 Kerr Smiley, N. E.	(E)	3-12-40
735 Brewster, S. E. F. H.	(D)	7- 4-42	737 Ellenbroek, F.	(B)	8-12-42	188 Kershaw, P. M.	(W)	23- 4-41
427 Bright, C. A.	(B)	21- 2-40	72 Ely, T. D.	(C)	3- 7-41	696 King, A. J.	(A)	23-10-40
257 Brocklehurst, G. P. M.	(B)	25- 4-40	564 Fairbairns, R. S.	(W)	5- 1-43	519 King, J. I. S. R.	(E)	18- 8-39
278 Brotherton-Ratcliffe,			630 Falkiner, M. G. P.	(E)	26- 2-40	433 King, P. C.	(T)	11- 1-42
E. H.	(W)	6- 9-39	501 Fanshawe, R. H. W.	(O)	24- 8-39	756 Kite, J. E. R.	(E)	22- 3-43
239 Brown, P.	(O)	2- 5-39	322 Farrell, M. J.	(T)	3- 7-40	526 Knight, A. S. B.	(A)	1-11-39
316 Buffon, M. P. J.	(B)	26- 1-39	243 Feilding, P. R.	(A)	27-11-41	195 Knowles, J. R.	(H)	14- 2-43
636 Burke, M. F.	(A)	9- 9-42	84 Fell, P. N.	(A)	21- 6-41	335 Knowles, R.	(T)	22- 7-40
52 Burke, P. L.	(A)	12- 3-41	113 Ferriss, M. D.	(E)	11- 5-42	— Komarnicki, J. J. M.	(D)	7- 4-39
24 Burlison, J. J.	(C)	25- 3-40	508 Festing, A. T.	(C)	30-11-41	— Krasinski, C. J. A.	(A)	12- 5-40
449 Burn, C. C.	(D)	21-10-40	297 Festing, M. W.	(C)	2- 8-39	208 Krier, M. J.	(A)	24-11-42
— Burns, D. F. P.	(D)	18- 1-41	707 Field, E. J.	(A)	4- 3-41	— Kuklinski, T.	(D)	7- 3-41
318 Burns, P. C.	(W)	2-11-40	590 French Davis, F. C.	(T)	30- 6-41	410 Lambert, A. F.	(H)	16- 9-42
211 Burton, R. G. F.	(W)	27- 7-40	183 Firth, T. J.	(A)	17- 8-38	190 Lawson, A. M.	(C)	23- 1-40
338 Bush, J. A.	(A)	4- 1-41	510 FitzGerald, A. E. J.	(T)	5- 3-41	725 Le Breton, P. J. W.	(T)	27- 7-41
329 Butcher, A. E. W. H.	(T)	6-11-40	627 FitzGerald, J. R. B.	(T)	9-10-41	757 Leigh, J. D.	(A)	7- 9-42
255 Butcher, P. R. F.	(T)	24-10-42	97 Fitzgerald-Hart, R. M.	(C)	27- 5-43	634 Leigh, M. R.	(A)	11-10-40
285 Byrne, A. P. H.	(W)	12- 7-43	568 Flanagan, J. I.	(D)	31-12-39	414 Lentaigne, D. J.	(H)	4- 2-43
125 Byrne-Quinn, P.	(D)	5- 4-39	53 Flavel, S. J. A.	(D)	6- 1-42	145 Leonard, N. J.	(B)	25- 6-39
483 Caffery, P. C.	(W)	22-11-41	217 Fletcher, R. G.	(E)	29- 8-40	209 Leonard, S. T.	(B)	29-12-39
496 Caldwell, R. A.	(B)	10- 6-42	540 Fogarty, A. J.	(D)	29-10-38	333 Leonard, T. N.	(D)	26-12-40
290 Campbell, I. C.	(C)	19-11-42	701 Fogarty, M. J. E.	(T)	13-10-40	224 Lorimer, H.	(W)	15-12-39
754 Campbell, R. A.	(T)	2- 4-42	327 Forbes, J. A. R.	(A)	19- 4-41	153 Lorimer, R.	(B)	14-12-38
46 Cant, A. P.	(D)	5- 4-41	613 Ford, R. A.	(A)	26- 6-43	647 Lorrman, N. R. E.	(H)	25-11-42
252 Carlson, A. K. G.	(C)	29-10-39	301 Fox Taylor, T. E.	(W)	27- 7-42	438 Lovat, Master of	(C)	28- 8-39
54 Carlson, J. J.	(C)	26-11-41	96 Franchetti, A. G. A.	(A)	10- 8-39	743 Lewis, I. J. A.	(B)	18-10-42
272 Carver, N. G. P.	(O)	1- 4-41	713 Fuller, J. J. M.	(W)	7- 8-42	744 Loyd, P. R.	(O)	8- 9-42
657 Cary-Elwes, C. G. R.	(W)	8-11-39	676 Gallagher, R. B. K.	(A)	1- 5-39	478 Lucas, P. B.	(B)	28- 3-39
500 Castelli, H. C.	(B)	16- 9-41	179 Gallagher, T. R.	(E)	5- 9-41	704 Lumsden, J. G.	(A)	21-12-40
273 Cavanagh, N. P. C.	(H)	23- 9-42	374 Garrett, G. P.	(D)	6-12-42	113 Lyons, J. T.	(O)	4- 7-41
697 Chamberlain, G. F.	(A)	13- 8-40	334 Gerrard, R. J.	(C)	28- 5-42	92 Lynch, R. C.	(D)	7- 7-42
366 Chamberlain, R. A.	(A)	6- 8-42	328 Gibbs, J. W. B.	(T)	4- 2-43	530 McCann, P. J.	(A)	24- 4-40
62 Chambers, P. J.	(C)	23- 9-40	445 Gibson, M. P. C.	(D)	30- 7-40	658 McCann, T. S.	(B)	13- 5-40
86 Chamier, M. E. D.	(A)	4- 2-41	286 Gibson, N. H.	(B)	31- 8-42	98 McCausland, A. R.	(O)	25-10-41
451 Channer, P. N. de R.	(D)	17- 2-42	249 Gilbert, J. E. T.	(W)	17- 8-42	305 McSwiney, P. F.	(O)	27- 1-41
110 Chasseaud, L. F.	(O)	12- 7-39	219 Gilbey, A. W.	(T)	25- 5-40	140 MacDonald, J. D.	(E)	1- 5-42
81 Clapton, P. T. A.	(H)	8-12-42	106 Gillman, J. R.	(O)	17- 5-43	745 Macintyre, M. V. S.	(C)	5-11-42
172 Clarke, C. L. A.	(C)	28-12-39	175 Ginone, J. J.	(D)	1- 2-41	256 MacKernan, J. L.	(D)	6- 8-42
287 Clayden, P. M. L.	(B)	5-11-41	717 Glanville, A. W.	(B)	26- 8-40	614 Macleod, N.	(B)	26- 4-38
705 Coffey, T. L.	(W)	7-10-40	738 Glanville, B. K.	(B)	18- 9-42	— Macmillan, J.	(D)	27- 7-40
65 Coghlan, J. S. E.	(D)	15-12-40	700 Glover, T. C. G.	(O)	4-11-39	134 Madden, F. J.	(C)	25- 1-41
604 Coghlan, R. E. H.	(T)	21- 5-42	221 Glynn, D. H.	(T)	19-10-39	115 Madden Simpson, G. C.	(C)	5-11-41
135 Cole, B. M.	(T)	9- 1-42	325 Golding, M. B.	(H)	26- 9-42	152 Maguaran, P.	(A)	20- 4-43
147 Collins, J. E.	(T)	7-11-40	724 Goslett, P. M.	(W)	25-10-41	600 Mahony, P. A. B.	(C)	29- 1-43
733 Compton, J. M.	(H)	9- 8-43	778 Gould, J. P.	(W)	19- 7-42	759 Mahony, T. F.	(E)	25-10-42
73 Connolly, C. A.	(E)	2- 1-39	66 Gowing, S. F.	(E)	29- 9-41	369 Marjoribanks-Egerton,		
681 Connolly, D. J.	(B)	16- 8-38	615 Graham, P. L. M.	(E)	27-12-42	J. C. R.	(C)	14- 7-40
326 Conroy, P. B.	(O)	11- 8-42	670 Granger, J. R.	(W)	30- 1-42	746 Marriner, B. L.	(T)	1- 7-42
294 Considine, W. H.	(D)	10- 4-40	722 Grant, B. P.	(A)	13- 3-41	631 Marsden, N. J. D.	(O)	26- 5-40
19 Cooke, A. R. C. B.	(C)	24- 7-41	702 Grant, R. J.	(O)	12- 1-42	237 Marshall, C. A.	(D)	6- 4-40
443 Cooke, C. B. C. B.	(C)	19- 3-40	727 Grantham, J. W. P.	(B)	18- 8-41	199 Marshall, J. P.	(D)	1-10-39
726 Cooke, N. I. C. B.	(C)	24- 7-41	632 Gray, A. J. T.	(H)	21- 8-42	228 Martelli, A. M. G.	(C)	8- 3-41
50 Cooper, V. A.	(T)	1- 2-42	126 Green, P. G.	(E)	30-11-43	760 Martin, N. J.	(E)	1- 5-43

114 Martin, P. W.	(E) 15- 1-42	453 Petre, M. A. C.	(C) 23- 1-40	128 Smith, C. J.	(B) 14- 4-42
298 Massey, J. E.	(C) 27- 7-39	409 Petre, R. D. O.	(C) 19- 4-42	247 Smith, D. P.	(B) 7- 4-43
711 Masters, P. W. T.	(B) 8- 7-40	624 Petre, M. H.	(E) 27- 9-40	171 Smith, W. C.	(O) 22- 3-39
93 Masterton-Smith, A. J.	(E) 23- 2-42	532 Phelan, J. H.	(O) 4- 7-42	378 Smyth, C. G.	(W) 17- 2-40
67 Masterton-Smith, M. J.	(E) 7- 1-39	420 Phelan, P.	(T) 10- 7-40	559 Smyth, P. J. J. V.	(W) 14- 4-40
88 Mather, M. R.	(T) 13-10-41	534 Phipps, J. J. J.	(T) 30- 6-42	353 Sparling, W. A. A.	(T) 10-10-40
359 Mayer, A. E.	(B) 3- 8-39	26 Pollock, D. M.	(E) 18- 5-41	562 Spencer, J. M. M.	(O) 1-11-39
78 Maxwell, C. C.	(O) 12-10-40	394 Postlethwaite, M. J.	(D) 29- 6-41	476 Spence, M. G. L.	(A) 13-12-39
734 Medicott, A. L.	(D) 17- 6-39	638 Pratt, M. C.	(C) 18- 8-42	576 Stanon, A. N.	(T) 2- 5-41
495 Meyer, M. A.	(W) 5- 1-39	698 Prentice, W. R.	(C) 3- 8-40	770 Stephens, J. P. R.	(H) 6- 8-42
747 Meyer, P. R.	(W) 17- 5-42	192 Price, B. W.	(D) 11- 2-43	687 Stirling, A. H.	(C) 18- 9-41
786 Milroy, T. W.	(H) 13- 4-43	765 Prichard-Jones, D. J. W.	(C) 14- 3-43	628 Stitt, G. W.	(D) 27- 2-42
535 Mollet, P. N.	(B) 11- 1-40	284 Prosser, R. D.	(T) 12- 4-41	468 Stitt, I. P. A.	(D) 21-12-39
377 Montgomery, M. G. P.	(D) 11-12-40	241 Quinlan, F. H.	(A) 15- 9-40	362 Stobart, C. G.	(W) 29- 8-41
401 Moor, A. M.	(O) 14- 8-40	436 Radcliffe, B. A. J.	(E) 4- 2-41	215 Stobart, H. A.	(W) 25- 1-40
520 Moor, S. M.	(E) 2- 4-42	446 Radcliffe, F. C. J.	(E) 23-10-39	750 Stokes, J. R.	(E) 25- 6-42
124 Moore, P. J.	(A) 10- 1-42	536 Randag, C. H.	(A) 16-12-42	688 Stubbs, D. R.	(B) 14- 1-41
716 Morgan, R. E. R.	(C) 14- 7-41	481 Randag, R. E.	(A) 26- 4-41	486 Sturup, E. A.	(D) 13- 3-40
385 Morland, C. F. H.	(T) 4- 9-39	167 Rawthorne, A. R.	(D) 25- 1-43	260 Sutherland, C. N. C.	(B) 9- 9-39
253 Morland, W. J.	(H) 25- 1-43	170 Rea, J. S. E.	(W) 14-12-42	388 Sutherland, I. G. W.	(D) 25-12-40
55 Morley, C. R. W.	(D) 12- 1-40	787 Read, J. A. C.	(C) 6- 1-43	40 Sweeny, B. C.	(E) 5- 4-40
387 Morris, B. J.	(B) 7- 7-39	337 Read, P. P.	(W) 7- 3-41	772 Swift, J. C.	(H) 24- 7-42
762 Morris, C. H.	(H) 25- 8-43	749 Reynolds, N. P.	(D) 19- 2-42	565 Synnot, D. J. P.	(W) 9- 6-41
435 Morris, J.	(D) 12- 3-42	149 Reynolds, S. F. L.	(D) 19- 6-39	773 Tanner, N. P.	(H) 26- 2-43
163 Morrissey, P. J.	(D) 8- 3-40	766 Rhys Evans, A. C.	(H) 29- 6-43	— Tarnowski, A. E.	(W) 18- 9-40
339 Morrogh, A. D.	(H) 30- 6-43	542 Richards, A. J. W. L.	(O) 8- 3-42	13 Thomas, A. R.	(B) 11- 7-39
761 Mostyn, R. J. J.	(H) 11- 8-42	708 Richards, D. O.	(A) 28- 7-42	731 Thunder, D. O.	(E) 9- 1-42
361 Mowbray, C. A.	(W) 26- 5-41	121 Ricketts, S. H. M.	(W) 23- 7-41	751 Trench, D. J. K.	(A) 6- 9-42
703 Muir, J. M.	(B) 8- 2-41	235 Riggall, P. H.	(A) 10- 9-42	574 Tusting, S. B.	(O) 26- 2-41
419 Mumford-Smith, H. F.	(O) 19- 3-39	22 Rimmer, C. A.	(O) 29-10-39	692 Tyson, N. S.	(B) 24- 1-40
457 Murphy, A.	(D) 8- 1-39	730 Rimmer, M. E.	(E) 12- 1-39	677 Umney, A. R.	(A) 15- 3-39
59 Murphy, R. P.	(C) 10-10-41	51 Rinvuluceri, M. F. G.	(O) 9- 6-40	198 Unsworth, G. V.	(B) 26- 9-40
261 Nares, P. M. V.	(O) 25-11-41	767 Roberts, M.	(D) 23- 5-43	131 van Bergen, J. F. A.	(A) 23- 4-42
788 Nicol, C. G.	(H) 29-12-42	103 Robertson, J. W. B.	(T) 14- 5-42	300 van Cutsem, H. E.	(E) 21- 7-41
522 Nicholson, C. C.	(W) 15-12-41	547 Robinson, P. J.	(A) 24- 8-42	275 Vanheems, J. M.	(B) 30-12-40
102 Nixey, P. J.	(O) 27- 4-42	768 Rogerson, J. M.	(W) 31- 1-43	774 Vignoles, P. M.	(E) 23- 3-43
120 Northcote, H. C. S.	(W) 22-11-38	554 Rogerson, J. T. G.	(W) 28- 1-40	197 Villiers, A. M. H.	(C) 3- 8-39
763 Noton, T. E.	(B) 24-10-42	465 Rooney, R. M. B.	(H) 1- 8-42	569 Villiers, N. C. H.	(T) 3-11-39
402 O'Brien, B. A.	(B) 5- 7-39	473 Rothwell, S. J.	(C) 6- 8-40	659 Vincent, R. G.	(O) 23- 3-39
545 O'Brien, D. P.	(E) 23-11-39	454 Rudden, N. E.	(T) 18-11-40	609 Waddington, N. L.	(D) 2-11-41
525 O'Brien, J. F. M.	(B) 13-10-42	95 Rushforth, C. P.	(O) 22- 5-39	313 Walker, J. M. G.	(E) 24- 6-40
529 O'Connell, S. M. B.	(O) 22-11-41	769 Russell, D. I.	(W) 1- 4-43	575 Wardale, T. A. E. W.	(O) 25- 9-39
173 O'Donnell, D. A.	(O) 16- 7-43	475 Ryan, C. M. M.	(A) 8-11-41	580 Watson, C. A. G.	(A) 13- 7-41
441 O'Driscoll, B. T.	(O) 21- 6-40	472 Ryan, W. J. M.	(A) 8- 5-40	712 Wayman, J. R. M.	(E) 20- 2-41
753 O'Malley, C.	(A) 21- 7-42	440 Ryan, J. St. G.	(O) 13-12-41	487 Weaver, A.	(D) 17- 7-40
156 O'Malley, S. K.	(W) 21- 7-40	546 Ryan, P. C.	(O) 18-11-39	200 Welstead, W.	(D) 14-11-38
679 O'Neill, K. M.	(B) 24-10-41	265 Ryan, J. C.	(C) 28-10-42	775 Wetherell, J. M. H. P.	(T) 24-10-42
191 O'Reilly, J. J.	(D) 22-11-42	699 Sanders, C. A. B.	(E) 12- 3-42	429 White, C. N.	(E) 8- 1-42
56 Osborne, A. H.	(B) 25- 4-40	601 Sarmiento, S.	(B) 31-12-40	691 Whitehall, M. J.	(D) 12- 4-40
185 O'Shee, D. G. G.	(C) 11- 8-42	207 Sayers, J. D. M.	(C) 27- 5-40	682 Whitfield, R.	(O) 27- 6-39
186 O'Toole, R. K.	(W) 14- 8-40	112 Scanlan, D. M.	(E) 19- 3-39	710 Whiting, J. A.	(T) 15-12-42
764 Pakenham, Hon. M. A.	(W) 3-11-43	143 Searle, F. H. B.	(O) 12- 1-39	732 Whitworth, J. H.	(B) 2-12-41
288 Parker Bowles, A. H.	(E) 27-12-39	242 Schofield, M. S.	(H) 7- 2-43	269 Wilkins, M. R. F.	(B) 8- 8-40
225 Parsons, S. O'C.	(B) 15- 6-39	598 Scholefield, A. J. E.	(T) 26- 8-42	105 Wilson, M. C.	(O) 12- 2-39
372 Patteson, T. F.	(C) 1- 8-38	271 Schulte, A. F. H.	(B) 7- 6-42	549 Wilson, P. W. A.	(B) 3- 9-40
748 Pattinson, H.	(T) 19- 5-42	686 Scott, Hon. S. P.	(T) 13- 9-39	578 Wilson, P. J.	(E) 8- 9-39
262 Pattison, W. H. R.	(C) 28- 5-42	90 Scott Lewis, I. R.	(O) 7- 3-39	752 Witham, W. R.	(E) 3- 5-42
405 Pearce, A. F.	(H) 11-11-42	277 Scrope, H. J.	(C) 10-10-41	— Wojakowski, C. G.	(A) 25- 7-40
358 Pearce, F. A. H.	(W) 28- 1-42	213 Scrope, P. A.	(C) 4- 1-43	189 Wood, P. L.	(B) 30- 9-39

770 Pearson, J. F. F.	(T) 30- 9-43	240 Sharp, M. C.	(B) 5- 1-43	674 Wright, D. G. M.	(T) 13-10-38
548 Peart, J. M. B.	(A) 9- 8-39	119 Shepherd, A. C.	(B) 5- 6-42	411 Wright, M. L. M.	(T) 13- 4-42
582 Peel, A. P.	(W) 30-11-39	771 Shillington, S. A. C.	(C) 29- 3-43	490 Yearstey, M. F.	(T) 29-11-42
680 Pender-Cudlip, A. D. E.	(O) 1- 3-39	557 Skene, J. L.	(D) 16- 6-39	360 Yearstey, P. S.	(T) 12- 9-40
531 Perceval, C. R. W.	(W) 6- 6-42	417 Slater, J. A. G.	(A) 6-10-41	605 Young, H. J. S.	(B) 13-10-38
509 Pernyes, A. G.	(D) 22- 7-41	633 Slater, P. M.	(O) 16- 6-41	35 Young, J. F. A.	(T) 27- 1-39
281 Perry, R. G.	(C) 15- 1-43	117 Slessor, P. R.	(T) 21-10-41	— Zaluski, I.	(E) 17- 2-39

JUNIOR HOUSE

196 Allgood, L. G.	1- 2-44	655 Grey, T. S.	2-11-43	36 Phelan, D. B.	3- 5-44
5 Allison, J. R. B.	5- 8-43	412 Haworth, R. J.	1-12-43	538 Pinkney, B. D.	19-11-44
491 Balfour, N. R.	12- 8-44	82 Heagney, M. A.	13- 2-44	87 Pratt, D. A.	25- 1-44
351 Barry, P. C. D.	23-10-44	563 Hendrix, P. J.	23-10-44	344 Prentice, M. D.	21- 7-43
560 Bean, M. B.	19-11-43	— Hennessy, R. T.	9- 9-44	365 Ramshaw, M. A.	29- 8-43
561 Beatty, A. P.	30-12-44	434 Hickman, M.	8- 9-44	571 Read, B. W.	26- 3-45
352 Blackiston, C. D.	7- 2-44	507 Hickman, P.	8- 9-44	263 Robertson, J. I. A.	7- 2-43
176 Boardman, R. R.	23-11-43	643 Himsworth, D. I.	2- 8-43	386 Roche, H. G.	6- 5-44
354 Brennan, B. M.	14- 2-44	644 Honeywill, R. Q.	23- 3-44	448 Roose, T. M.	15- 5-44
43 Brett, S. B.	27- 5-43	639 Huskinson, T. A. L.	25- 3-43	— Ruszkowski, C. R.	1- 3-44
204 Brown, A. P. Q. F.	20- 2-44	641 Jackson, R. H.	7- 4-43	782 Ryan, M. C. M.	28- 5-45
63 Burdon, P.	28- 3-42	83 Johnston, D. A.	12- 4-44	270 Sanders, N. D. H.	27-11-44
355 Burke, F. D.	23- 3-44	645 Jones, J. L.	27- 4-44	248 Schulte, H. R.	14-10-44
363 Cain, M. C.	2-11-43	130 Jowers, C. J. H.	18- 9-43	276 Scotson, B. W.	27- 9-43
553 Capes, A. B. B.	28-10-44	181 Kidner, A. R.	31- 5-43	— Sienkowski, M. A.	5-10-44
384 Chambers, A. C.	8-12-43	779 King, S. P.	21- 3-45	391 Sinclair, A. D.	12- 3-44
— Charles Edwards, T. M.	11-11-43	139 Kinross, A. P. F.	25- 1-45	234 Skidmore, D. P.	11- 3-43
583 Clapton, T. R.	14- 7-44	— Lesniowski, A. W. P.	15- 7-43	413 Smyth, S.	13- 3-44
461 Corbett, P. R. J.	19- 9-44	646 Lewis, T. J.	4-10-43	244 Stanton, M. D.	5- 3-44
6 Crosland, T. P.	16-12-44	777 Loch, J. H. C.	1- 5-44	350 Stott, M. J.	17- 1-44
484 de Fresnes, N. D.	8- 5-44	648 Loughran, M. J.	14-11-43	783 Strutt, P. A.	6- 9-44
— Dudzinski, A. J.	11- 3-45	672 McCann, J. L.	7- 1-45	444 Thompson, R.	13- 2-44
174 Duncan, P. A.	1- 6-43	371 McSheehy, E. P. V.	14- 2-44	302 Tucker, J. A. B.	2- 9-43
543 Du Pre Moore, G. D.	16- 6-44	232 Maclaren, D. N. C.	26-12-42	258 Tyrrell, S. E.	29- 5-43
426 du Vivier, A. W. P.	16- 6-44	675 Maclaren, H. A. M.	5- 3-44	784 Waller, J. S. de W.	16-12-43
416 Farrow, G. M.	22- 2-44	311 Marsh, J. R.	30- 8-43	299 Wardle, R. F. H.	29- 5-43
20 Fellowes, D. A.	2- 1-44	466 Martindale, S.	27- 1-44	428 Wilkins, D. E.	14-11-44
25 FitzGerald, J. D. P.	18- 9-43	201 Martin Murphy, C. J. W.	24- 6-43	408 Wingate, O. J.	11- 5-44
729 Fitzherbert, C. E.	25-10-43	649 Maxwell, P. G. C.	18- 1-44	533 Witham, R. T.	4-11-43
— Fog, P.	6- 6-44	251 Miller, J. E.	15- 8-43	785 Wood, A. J.	3- 8-44
218 Forbes, W. H.	4-12-44	758 Mitchell, I. F.	4-10-44	291 Wright, M. F. M.	3-12-43
555 Forrest, J. J. H.	8-12-43	780 Molony, J. J.	13-12-44		
498 Gilbey, W. J.	24- 2-44	693 Ogilvie-Forbes, C. M.	21- 7-44		
640 Goldschmidt, J. C. D.	25-10-43	310 O'Reilly, V. C.	23- 5-44		
42 Goodall, M. D. C.	26-12-43	400 Pender-Cudlip, P. J. M.	10- 5-44		