



The DEFENDANT

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'I have found that humanity is not incidentally engaged, but eternally and systematically engaged, in throwing gold into the gutter and diamonds into the sea. . . . ; therefore I have imagined that the main business of man, however humble, is defence. I have conceived that a defendant is chiefly required when worldlings despise the world - that a counsel for the defence would not have been out of place in the terrible day when the sun was darkened over Calvary and Man was rejected of men.'

G.K Chesterton, 'Introduction', *The Defendant* (1901)

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Chesterton on Jury Duty

'The Twelve Men' - One Man's Perspective

by Trevor Bailey

Trevor Bailey is a criminal law barrister of many years' standing. His description from the Contributors' Notes of a literary magazine reads: Trevor Bailey is a middle-aged jury court hack who aspires to writing verse as penance for the hurt he does our language at work. All that's changed is his age. Here he reflects on the jury system in the light of his long experience and Chesterton's famous essay, "The Twelve Men".

As a criminal law barrister, I feel at home in a jury court – it is my workshop – but unlike G.K. Chesterton, the jury room to me is a foreign and unvisited land. Tradition and the law forbid me knowledge of the deliberative process.

Chesterton's essay on his experience as a juror, "The Twelve Men," was published in 1909, but trial by jury has its roots in Ancient Athens more than 2,500 years ago.

Socrates, for example, was tried by a jury of 501 Athenian citizens for allegedly "corrupting" youth (ie, encouraging scepticism among the young) and failing to worship the City gods. He was convicted by a bare majority. The penalty was death.



Instead of mitigating his offences, however, he ethically abided by the jury's decision and pleaded nothing in his own defence. A larger jury majority, possibly inflamed by his wrongly perceived indifference, voted in favour of execution. The teacher of Plato dutifully accepted the court's decision and died, aged 70, in 399BC after drinking hemlock.

Coming after the traumatic end to the long Peloponnesian War, some argue the trial, conviction and sentence of the great philosopher is the earliest example of scapegoating and the tyranny of the majority.

The tradition of trial by a jury disappeared only to re-appear at various times in European history. English common law came to Australia with the First Fleet, and jury trials commenced in the colony of NSW in 1824, replacing trial by Judge Advocate.

Why do they continue in the 21st century? They are expensive after all – between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a day – and juries provide no written reasons for their verdicts; reasons that self-evidently are subject to scrutiny by lawyers trained in reason (and reason alone).

A Chesterton gift for 2023

If you have a friend or family member who might enjoy a regular serving of Chestertonian common sense, please consider a subscription for them to *The Defendant*.

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Why not leave the criminal justice system in the hands of the expeditious? Is it because to do so might invite expediency?

Judges when directing juries on the law before inviting them to retire and consider their verdicts are obliged to tell them to act only on the evidence. But what at the end of a trial amounts to "evidence"? "The Twelve Men" demonstrates an answer:

"The trend of our epoch up to this time has been consistently towards socialism and professionalism... Many legalists have declared that the untrained jury should be altogether supplanted by the trained Judge."

This remains the cry from some legal quarters today. The Hon Justice McClelland, formerly of the NSW Supreme Court, advocated along these lines in 2011, for example. His Honour said that evidence is sometimes too complicated for lay people.

Looking more, seeing less

But Chesterton's comment was:

"Now, if this world of ours were really what is called reasonable, I do not know that there would be any fault to find with this. But the true result of all experience and the true foundation of all religion is this...the more a man looks at a thing, the less he can see it, and the more a man learns a thing the less he knows it.

"The Fabian argument of the expert...would be absolutely unanswerable if it were really true that a man who studied a thing and practised it every day went on seeing more and more of its significance. But he does not. He goes on seeing less and less of its significance."

Of legal practitioners and officials, Chesterton says:

"Strictly they do not see the prisoner in the dock; all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment; they only see their own workshop. Therefore, the instinct of Christian civilisation has most wisely declared that...men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd... and see it all as one sees a new picture or a ballet hitherto unvisited.

"Our civilisation has decided... that determining guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men...[W]hen it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the founder of Christianity."

Juries and the Cardinal Pell case

The late Cardinal Pell was tried and found guilty by a Victorian jury. He served 405 days in prison before the High Court unanimously overturned his conviction, returning to him the presumption of innocence.

I read a summary of the evidence. The doubts were many and reasonable. The jury had made an egregious error. The enormity of their mistake was repeated by the majority of the Victorian Court of Appeal, which affirmed the guilty verdict in a 2:1 decision.

Interestingly, the dissenting voice, Justice Weinberg, was the only lawyer with extensive experience in criminal courts. It took a judge with faith in the wisdom of the jury system to see that this particular jury had been unwise: a paradox, and one Chesterton would have been alive to for reasons that follow.

But first, a brief summary of the background to Regina v Pell: The Cardinal was a focus of the Royal Commission into Institutional Child Sexual Abuse instituted by Prime Minister Julia Gillard. The aforementioned Justice McClelland was appointed commissioner. All aspects of the investigation received wide media attention, especially by Fairfax newspapers and the ABC. Some journalists (Louise Milligan, for example) were active in disseminating distrust of Catholic Church institutions in general and Cardinal Pell in particular.

Prime Minister Scott Morrison publicly apologised to "all victims" of child sexual abuse, adding that the Australian people "believed" them in their claims. These and other factors made for a heated climate in which to conduct a cool and thorough investigation of the complaints. The prejudice was pronounced, pervasive, and persuasive.

The result? I believe, like Chesterton, "that the more [a juror with a mind awash with media prejudice] looks at a thing, the less he can see it, and the more a [juror] learns a thing the less he knows it."

Was the jury biased against the accused because of Catholic Church misdeeds of the past? Shades of Socrates were it so. Did they "go on seeing less and less of its significance," where "it" was the incredibility of the complainant's story?

Evidence, therefore, is something of the real world, not the false world an angry imagination can conjure.

Pell's case is one of the greatest miscarriages of justice in our country's history. Fortunately juries very rarely get things quite so wrong, at least such that an innocent person is wrongly convicted. "It is better that 10 guilty men escape than one innocent suffer," is a staple of our common law, and *Blackstone's Ratio* embraces the inevitability of human failure.

This is where lawyers *have* been useful. By carefully examining the mistakes of the past, an intricate system of evidentiary rules and courtroom procedure has developed over centuries to minimise the risk of the innocent suffering. It is an ongoing challenge, for times change, as do public attitudes.

Were I to face a serious criminal charge, I'd take "twelve of the ordinary men standing round" as my judges any day. ■

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Layout of 'The Defendant' designed by Jenna Fulop

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The annual membership fee of the Australian Chesterton Society is \$30.00, which entitles subscribers to receive the Society's quarterly newsletter, *The Defendant*.

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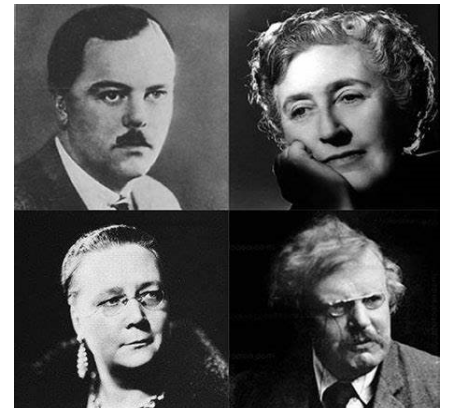
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The Case of the Fictional Detective

by John Young

John Young, a frequent contributor to *The Defendant*, reflects on the nature of the detective as conceived by various authors, including Chesterton, in their fictional works.



Founding members of the Detection Club - from left (clockwise): Anthony Berkeley, Agatha Christie, Chesterton (Club's first President), Dorothy L. Sayers.

Edgar Allan Poe started something when he wrote *The Murders In The Rue Morgue*, the tale on which so many other detective stories have been based. It is the first locked room mystery; the private investigator solves the case, while the police arrest an innocent man; the reader is given the clues necessary to solve the mystery.

There have been variations on the theme, and all sorts of investigators, including the Holmes and Watson combination, in which the detective gives hints that leave his companion as mystified as ever.

For example, in *The Redheaded League*, when Holmes makes a point of seeing the shop assistant, Watson asks: "Why did you want to see him?", and Holmes replies: "I didn't want to see him. I wanted to see the knees of his trousers."

This draws the reader into the story, giving him an opportunity to solve the riddle. And that is part of the fascination of the detective story: the reader can participate and (sometimes) solve the mystery. We are rational beings with a natural desire to exercise our intellect, and this provides an enjoyable way of doing so.

We also have a sense of justice, with satisfaction in seeing the good vindicated and evil overcome, which is the result in the detective story. And that, I suggest, partly explains the disproportionate number of what we may call religious detectives.

Chesterton's Father Brown comes to mind immediately. There are also Ralph McInerny's Father Dowling and Ellis Peters' mediaeval monk Brother Cadfael. But a search on the internet reveals many others, including nuns.

In 1930 the Detection Club was formed, with G.K Chesterton as its first president. He remained president until his death in 1936. Agatha Christie, Dorothy L Sayers, Monsignor Ronald Knox, E.C. Bentley were all members of the club. It was a lighthearted association with a set of rules formulated by Ronald Knox, including the rule that the stories must not contain "mysterious Chinamen". I was surprised to find on

the Internet that the last entry for this club was recent: it is still in existence.

In her autobiography Agatha Christie regrets that she had made Hercule Poirot an elderly man on his first appearance. Logically he must have been extremely old by the end of his career! But a fictional detective can be ageless, as shown by Sexton Blake's assistant Tinker, who remained an alert young man for half a century or so, despite having been rendered unconscious by blows on the head on various occasions.

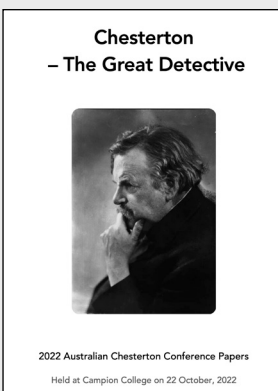
Agelessness is shared by some series of school stories, notably the Greyfriars series by Frank Richards, which extended from 1908 to the 1960s. And in all that time the boys had the same teachers and remained in the same classes, with Billy Bunter for ever translating, or not translating, Virgil under the gimlet eye of Mr Quelch, his form master.

The amateur telling the professional

Father Brown makes the comment (I forget in which story) that the detective has the only profession in the world where the amateur tells the professional what to do. He points out that when you get a haircut you don't tell the barber how to cut hair, and when you take a taxi you don't explain the philosophy of taxi driving to the driver.

In the world of detective fiction, however, the Scotland Yard inspector is always very efficient except when an amateur is on the case, when the professional becomes muddled and is likely to arrest an innocent person.

The classic definition of man is "rational animal". He is also a moral animal. These two attributes find expression in the detective story, with justice being done after a rational investigation of the clues, and the reader participating, if he is astute enough. ■



The papers presented at the 2022 Australian Chesterton Conference on "Chesterton - The Great Detective" are now available in a publication.

The speakers were **Symeon Thompson** (on the parallels in detective fiction between Chesterton and the hardboiled school depicted in film noir); **Richard Egan** (who compared Chesterton and Dorothy Sayers as mystery writers); **Elvis and Heather Joseph** (who provided background to their Australian movie production of Chesterton's play, *Magic*); and **Karl Schmude** (who compared Father Brown and Inspector Clouseau of *Pink Panther* movie fame).

Copies are available for \$18.00 (incl.postage) from Karl Schmude (at email - kgschmude@gmail.com.au). Please indicate your preferred postal address, and deposit \$18.00 in the Australian Chesterton Society account (BSB: 932 000, Account No.: 722360), noting your name in the reference box.

Women and Men - Recovering a Balance

by Veronika Winkels

Chesterton's defence of the family has become even more sharply relevant since he began writing on the subject more than a century ago. Dale Ahlquist has now brought together a selection of these writings in *The Story of the Family* (Ignatius Press, 2022).

In this review, **Veronika Winkels** (pictured), a freelance writer who is the founding editor of *Mathilde Magazine*, seeks to distinguish Chesterton's insights of perennial value about women from those conditioned by the social changes and directions of his time.



That G. K. Chesterton spoke great truths, with the incisive clarity, wit and whimsy that have become the hallmarks of his writings, there is no dispute, and his strong defence of the family has been given new insight in Dale Ahlquist's *The Story of the Family*.

Distilled from the huge corpus of Chesterton's work, and organized around such familial themes as romance, marriage and sex, children and their education, motherhood and feminism, Ahlquist has gifted a valuable addition to understanding the enduring legacy of Chesterton.

That everything Chesterton ever said was incontrovertibly true is, however, harder to defend. That should not detract from the glorious lines many still love to cite such as, "if it's worth doing, it's worth doing badly." Chesterton's great genius for literary symmetry, analogy, alliteration and flourish has contributed largely to his readability and continuing popularity.

Yet perhaps it was also, *at times*, a distraction, for him as a writer, and us as readers, from detecting such things as the social and cultural assumptions that informed many of his views. His indefatigable search for, and defence of, truth was possibly at times obstructed by an indefatigable flair for telling it.

Yet I *am* here to add my endorsement to this inventory of Chesterton's wisdom on the subject of family. It is a joy to read such dark humour as: "of course it would be worthwhile to pay a big price to get a well-informed people. At the present moment we are paying an abominably big price to get a more and more ill-informed people." Such adages are only becoming more germane today.

At the same time, Chesterton's views on women and feminism, a topic given considerable space in *The Story of the Family*, presents, in my estimation, a sizeable anomaly that has repercussions for women and men today reading — and revelling in — Chesterton.

As a woman who was married (to a man, for clarity!) at the age of twenty-one and have since become mother to our four children, I hope I might defend myself against any accusation of being adversarial towards family. Yet reading

the extracts on feminism in *The Story of the Family*, I gathered a sense that Chesterton might still not approve of me.

I agree wholeheartedly with Chesterton's doubts that women "were ever tortured so much as they are tortured now by the absurd modern attempt to make them domestic empresses and competitive clerks at the same time." We should not be expected to be either... but still less only to aspire to be domestic empresses. (Another presumption of the time one might detect here is that the highest career to which a woman would aspire is as a clerk.)

I hesitate to call myself a feminist, and not sure I qualify for the raging sort, but I cautiously call myself one, with the *proviso* it is a *reclaimed* feminism — drawing closer to a version that advocates for the Proverbs wife (in the Old Testament, chapter 31), who has the opportunity to consider a field and to buy it (31:16), to plant a vineyard or to establish and run her own business, selling the linen sheets she has woven (31: 24), if her talents and desire are so inclined.

The woman's role in the home ought to be recognized, *legally* (enfranchisement) *socially* (equal opportunity) and *spiritually*, in that she might exercise her feminine genius directly in society, as well as through the channel of her children's education and in homemaking.

Reading the excerpts of Chesterton chosen by Dale Ahlquist on this subject, I sense that in so saying, I might be genially huffed and puffed at, then served a volley of able analogies, alliterations and other fine word-plays to prove me wrong.

How Chesterton might marry the Proverbs wife, to whom we are adjured to "give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates," with his idyll of woman, wife and mother, I cannot make out.

Chesterton's rationale is impeccable, in all things. But the presumptions underpinning his views of women's roles in society are more informed by the culture of the times than the biblical foundations for his religious faith.



Veronika Winkels with her husband and four children

When he says, “There is certainly nothing but nonsense in nine-tenths of the talk about the emancipation of women. If education is the highest function of the State, why should anyone want to be emancipated from the highest function in the State?” he reveals the underlying presumption of the times that the raising and educating of children is woman’s work alone.

This is perhaps proof that, though tradition can distil foundational truths, it can also accrue certain errors that compound and multiply. The trick for our times is, I suppose, to not answer revolution by flying straight back to a revival of the old order, but finding out whether the cause of disruption *might* be a fair cause, at least in its roots, however poorly played out.

In a sense, it is the prerogative of anyone with a due appreciation of history and tradition to have such suspicion of anything new. If it is not tempered by an openness to seeking any virtue in what is new, however, such a posture can work against itself ultimately.

Reaction to early directions of feminism

Chesterton’s views on the role of women was, I believe, in part a reaction to the direction feminism was taking in his day, and the disarray into which it was throwing every tier of society (accelerated by women’s involvement in the war effort during the World Wars.)

The abiding sense one gains from reading Chesterton

on this topic is that the social and familial disruption that ensued with the cause for women was the very proof it was something to disparage. Yet when my house requires a good tidy (I am generally a good house-keeper), it must become more chaotic before the order can be re-established.

The general impression Chesterton displays is that women who undertake any role beyond the home and family does not benefit her — or them — by it. His assumption, for example, that a mother’s role is half-hearted when she is not at home full-time, or attending to her children full-time is simplistic. This is a misjudgment, and not a small one, in an otherwise towering intellect.

Chesterton should be easily forgiven his views on feminism, however, because they are made in defence of a very noble cause — the flourishing of the family and the happiness of the home.

Even insofar as his views of feminism go, there is much upon which I agree. But Chesterton is a romantic. He prides himself on being a happy fool, but this naivety is not without culpability.

Chesterton believed that the role most congenial to women was achieved by “partly limiting and protecting the woman [so] that she was enabled to play at five or six professions and so come almost as near to God as the child when he plays at a hundred trades.”

But I don’t want to just *play* at being a writer. I want to be able to, as I thankfully am able to, aspire to being a real one. And that requires participation in public life, with all its encouraging praise and helpful criticism to guide my craft along the way.

Dale Ahlquist has rendered a valuable service with *The Story of the Family*. We need champions of a “common sense revival”. And champions of the first unit of society, now more than ever. It has also served, however, to ignite a new conversation amongst, and perhaps to issue a new challenge to, devotees of Chesterton and all he represents about how men and women may build upon his legacy, to protect and advance the family. ■

The Story Behind the Story - Writing a Biography of Paul Stenhouse MSC

by Wanda Skowronska

Wanda Skowronska is a Catholic psychologist and author of several books, most recently *Paul Vitz: Psychological Mythbuster* (2022).

As a friend of Fr Paul Stenhouse and a long-time contributor to the journal he edited, *Annals Australasia*, she was particularly well placed to write an authoritative biography of him, *Paul Stenhouse MSC: A Life of Rare Wisdom, Compassion and Inspiration* (Connor Court, 2020).

Here she recalls various memories that helped to inform and inspire her book.

Right: Fr Paul Stenhouse in his office at the MSC Monastery in Kensington, Sydney.



Paul Stenhouse (1935-2019), priest, writer, publisher, editor, and scholar, was a friend to many. I met him sometime in the 1990s, after a Mass at the church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in Randwick.

Wondering if he really could speak 'all those languages', I asked if he could say something in Aramaic. He graciously said the Lord's prayer in Aramaic, as cars whizzed by.

Mind you, I did not know *how well* he could also speak Aramaic, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Samaritan and Ugaritic! Nor did I know – but I was to learn - that the title of his PhD was: "A Critical Edition of the Kitab al-Tarikh of Abu'l-Fath." (Abu'l-Fath was a Samaritan priest and the Kitab al-Tarikh was a work he had written).

Nor did I know that Fr Stenhouse was a member of the Société d'Études Samaritaines within the Collège de France (a prestigious research establishment founded in 1530). Nor that he gave papers in Paris, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Oxford, Budapest, Zurich and Helsinki.

Most of all, never, ever, did I imagine I would write his biography.

At school I had read *Annals* which had a growing circulation in the 1970s at times reaching 70,000 a month. Fr Stenhouse took over its full editorship in 1966 and provided a counterbalance to the cultural upheaval of the times. It was around 2004, in a chance meeting that a priest suggested to Fr Stenhouse, that I write 'something'. And just like that, I was co-opted into those writing for *Annals*, the longest lasting publication in Australian history, outlasting even the *Bulletin*!

I was invited to write about psychological disorders, stresses of our times, and new emphases on well-being, and did so for over 15 years, generating some lively discussion.

Anchoring the memories

When Fr Stenhouse died on Nov 19, 2019, we were all shell-shocked. We stood outside Our Lady of the Rosary church in Kensington, exchanging wonderful stories of this extraordinary priest's travel, and wit. There was an inchoate desire to anchor these memories.

Someone asked me if I would write something, and then a publisher wrote to me. I was shocked - how could I ever contemplate such a thing? But as the days passed, the idea took hold and Peter Macinante, the *Annals* Office manager, said he would help me with materials. Still in shock, Provincial Fr Chris McPhee graciously gave access to Fr Stenhouse's old office where photos, books, and articles remained.

My interesting journey began to unfold - reading, interviewing friends and family, searching archives, collating information. This was 'pre-Covid' in December 2019. How fortunate I was to start at that time and to have some interviews with Fr Stenhouse's friends before the world went crazy.

I met Fr Stenhouse's brother Richard Stenhouse, hearing of childhood days in Camden, after their father died in Casino, where Fr Stenhouse was born in 1935. Richard spoke of his brother leaving school early to work in journalism in the era of machinists and linotypists. Young Paul worked on the *Camden News*, *Campbelltown News*, the *Picton Post*, and the *Warragamba Times*. Then, on seeing an *Annals* ad, came the decision to enter the minor seminary at Douglas Park and brother Richard drove him there in his own car.

I was starting to piece together some of his early life, his Juniorate years, and subsequent ordination in St Mary's Cathedral on July 20, 1963.

One day, I found myself tiptoeing along an unlit corridor, together with James Franklin, Professor of Maths and historian, and Peter Macinante - to Fr Stenhouse's "old office" in the MSC monastery in Kensington. It was like a scene out of an Indiana Jones movie, approaching a mysterious cavern where anything might happen. Peter opened the large wooden door, and we all entered the semi-darkness with great curiosity.

Suddenly, when the light was switched on, there was a real "wow" factor, our eyes went everywhere, seeing books from the ceiling to the floor, a whole bookshelf of cameras, files of photos, papers on the desk, religious books, and Biblical quotations on the wall in several languages! There was an overwhelming sense of Fr Stenhouse's presence. It seemed he had stepped out for a coffee and would re-enter at any moment!

For me, the task was initially overwhelming.

I started taking photos of papers, arranging for copies of interesting materials, a travelogue in his handwriting, photos of cardinals, bishops, priests, sisters, missionaries, families, and political leaders in folders spanning decades. Also, a filing cabinet with air tickets - and that in itself told a story! For example, one set revealed an itinerary to Moscow, Ekaterinburg, Novo Tichinski Convent; then to Prison Camp 349/12, monasteries in the Ural Mountains, and Celjabinisk, Niznij Tagil, and Simferopol.

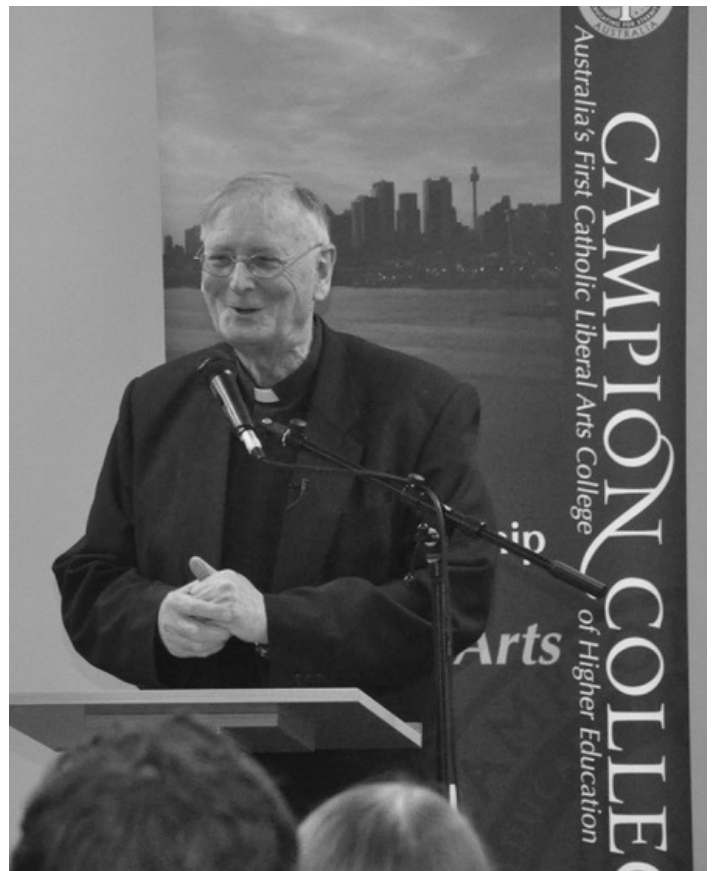
Networks of friends

Fr Stenhouse was friends with Ukrainians, Indonesians, Poles, Armenians, Lebanese, Syrians, Malaysians, Italians, Chinese and Vietnamese among others.

He forged a strong friendship with businessman Josef Assaf who migrated to Australia from Lebanon in 1967. Joseph told me how he had invited Fr Stenhouse to his home in Sydney and to Hardine, in northern Lebanon, where Maronite Saint Nimatullah had lived. The intrepid Fr Stenhouse visited monasteries, avoided snipers, and in 1993, met with the exiled Prime Minister of Lebanon, now in France - Michel Aoun - a veritable coup for *Annals*!

Travelling to Ukraine in 1991 with Australian Director of Aid to the Church in Need, Phillip Collignon, Fr Stenhouse was immensely moved by the return of Myroslav Ivan Lubachivskyj, Great Archbishop of Lviv, Metropolitan of Galicia, after the fall of the Soviet Union. Phillip told me of Fr Stenhouse's excitement as he jumped on top of media vans to get good shots, how he talked to Ukrainians, journalists, Communists. They were days of great hope.

Chai Changning, who had played flute in the movie *Mao's Last Dancer*, recounted how he "accidentally" met Fr Stenhouse after the flautist had played at a wedding in Randwick and of the seminal role Fr Stenhouse played in his conversion. With photographer Jacob Mafarian, Fr Stenhouse also went to Armenia in the 1990s, surviving a hair-raising Aeroflot flight from Paris to Yerevan, with one passenger continually drinking vodka to steady his nerves.



Fr Stenhouse delivering the 2011 St Edmund Campion Lecture at Campion College

Former students said he was "father" to them. One of them, Julian Leow, became the Archbishop of Kuala Lumpur, inviting Fr Stenhouse there many times. Another Malaysian friend, Chris Lim, recalled "the day he escaped from hospital to be with us". The Sydney Malaysian community planned an 80th birthday party for him at Ventnor in Randwick. Though in hospital, Fr Stenhouse did not feel very sick, so he signed himself out and joined his friends.

While John Henry Newman wrote *The Idea of a University*, Karl Schmude, librarian, writer transformed the 'idea' to 'reality', enlisting his friend Fr Stenhouse's help in establishing Campion College, a tertiary college preserving the literary, historical, and spiritual heritage of the west.

Chesterton observed: "Education is simply the soul of a society as it passes from one generation to another" (*The Observer*, July 6, 1924), and Fr Stenhouse transmitted the soul of Christendom in a most inhospitable age. His method was not only informative but pedagogical, showing us how to do likewise.

How fortunate, that we can access *Annals Archive* online and the *Annals* resources on the site of the *Journal of Australian Catholic Historical Society*, thanks to Professor James Franklin. There are several thesis topics and books buried in those archives!

Fr Stenhouse's legacy was and always will be a never-ending story. ■

AUSTRALIAN
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SOCIETY

2023 CONFERENCE

Chesterton and the Rise of a Counter-Culture

8.45am-5.15pm, Saturday 21 October

The 2023 Conference will provide a range of positive responses in Australia to the collapse of Christian culture and its replacement by new movements of a powerful secularism. Papers will focus on the emergence of a counter-culture in such areas as journalism and the media, education, politics, and religious institutions. Many responses reflect the inspiration of Chesterton's ideas or are in silent harmony with them.

A century ago, G.K. Chesterton faced the similar challenge of developing a counter-culture – in a way that was creative rather than simply critical. Not content with exposing intellectual error, as in *Heretics* (1905), he presented the alternative of a Christian vision in *Orthodoxy* (1908). He did not simply oppose the dominant systems of capitalism and socialism, which he saw as similar in their concentration of wealth and power in minority hands, whether of individuals or of government. Rather he advocated distributism as a counter-cultural alternative of widespread ownership in society as the basis of economic, social, political and religious liberties.

Campion College Australia
8-14 Austin Woodbury Pl
Toongabbie NSW 2146

\$75 adult ticket
\$30 student ticket
incl. lunch and tea

Speakers

Greg Sheridan, journalist and author, on
*“Chesterton is Good for You: Journalism and
Books in the Counter-Culture”*

Peter Fenwick, author and businessman,
on *“Why Subsidiarity Matters”*

Veronika Winkels, founding editor of
Mathilde Magazine, on *“The Cultural
Reclaiming of Feminism”*

Michael Mendieta, chief executive
officer of Hartford College in Sydney, on
*“Lighting Candles in the Darkness - a new
Liberal Arts School”*

Karl Schmude, President of Australian
Chesterton Society, on *“Would Chesterton
have created Campion College?”*

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