

# THE VENERABILE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST  
AND PRESENT STUDENTS  
OF THE VENERABLE  
ENGLISH COLLEGE  
ROME

November 1952

Vol. XVI. No. 1

PRINTED AT  
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS  
EXETER

## CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Editorial	1
Decline and Fall—2	<i>Vaughan Lloyd</i> 2
Romanesque	<i>John Pledger</i> 17
Viterbo	<i>John McHugh</i> 25
Our Senior Contemporary	<i>Anthony Kenny</i> 32
Nova et Vetera	
<i>Vita Nostra</i>	49
<i>Martyrdom and Family Feeling</i>	51
<i>Re Infecta</i>	52
<i>Eighty-Third Annual Meeting of the Roman Association</i>	52
College Diary	<i>Michael Moore</i> 54
Personal	69
College Notes	70
Obituary	74



SALVE REGINA

## EDITORIAL

At the last meeting of the Roman Association there was, we hear, some discussion about the obituaries published in *THE VENERABLE*. It is unfortunately true that more than one of our obituaries has failed to do justice to its subject. But often the writer can justly plead his own inadequacy, for the task of finding someone who knew an old student well both in his Roman days and in after life frequently proves insurmountable, especially among the older generation. Few people relish the task of writing of a man with whom their contacts since ordination have been only occasional; on the other hand a friend of later life only will be unable to achieve what is generally agreed to be the aim of obituaries in *THE VENERABLE*—a character sketch of the student with his subsequent career only etched in to show that the student is the father of the priest.

From our point of view, there is nothing we can do except to appeal to you to assist us. We should be more than grateful if readers would write in when one of their friends has died and give the Editor any useful material they may possess. We should like to emphasize also that there is no reason why the publication of an obituary should be regarded as final and definitive. There are bound to be aspects of a man's life and character that elude the pen of any one writer, and we shall always be very willing to publish any further material that may come to hand.

## DECLINE AND FALL

### 2—THE BAD BOY'S DIARY, 1773-1779<sup>1</sup>

*ep Study p8*

'I<sup>2</sup> came to the English College at Rome on the 5th of June in the year 1773 together with James Fuller. At the time of my arrival there were only three Superiors in the house: William Hothersall, Rector, John Mattingley, Minister, and Nicholas Porter, Confessor, all Jesuits, and seven Scholars, George Halsey, Roland Broomhead, William Casemore, Samuel Sayles, Divines; Joseph Shaw, Thomas Hurdey and John Daniel, Philosophers; who were reduced to such a small number on account of the seizure of a great part of our income in the Duke of Parma's territory by the same Duke. The mildness and clemency of my Superiors and the civilities of the Scholars all concurred to make me content and well pleased with that station of life, when all of a sudden fortune frustrated all my

<sup>1</sup> Any account of the history of the College during the first years of the rule of the Italian Seculars must rely largely on the one considerable piece of first hand documentary evidence available—the diary of John Kirk, traditionally known as The Bad Boy's Diary. Since articles consisting of quotations *in extenso* interspersed with explanations and comment are rarely satisfactory, it was decided to make the text of the Diary the body of the article and to relegate explanations and elucidations of the text and parallel documentary evidence, to the status of footnotes.

Space restrictions make it impossible to print the full text of the Diary; fortunately, the purpose of this article does not, in the event, make this necessary, as Kirk's account contains much personal and domestic information that has little direct bearing on the College history of the time. The narrative is at times difficult to follow as its author frequently breaks off in the middle of an incident to insert a lengthy note on some irrelevant matter and then unexpectedly takes up the narrative again. Thus for the purposes of this article the Diary has had to be shortened and at times rearranged. The aim has been to present a clear and readable account and one written throughout in Kirk's own words.

The original of the Diary is at Oscott College. The present version is taken from the copy in the College Archives. Part of the diary has previously been published in *THE VENERABLE*, cf. 'The Venerable as a Prison' (April 1927).

<sup>2</sup> John Kirk was born at Actonburnel, near Shrewsbury, of Catholic parents, in April 1760. He went to Sedgely Park when he was ten years of age and remained there until he was sent to Rome three years later.

hopes of a continuance, for on August the 16th, the Jesuits having been destroyed, a cloud of troubles not easily foreseen began to hang over our heads and threaten us with sudden misfortunes. The thing in short was this: Cardinal Lante dying March the 3rd 1773, the Clergy chose for their protector Cardinal Corsini, as likewise of the Colleges, and on the 23rd of March in presence of the Scholars he received that office. A little while after, he came to the College and sealed up our archive and library with his own seal so that no one could enter. This being done and the Jesuits being destroyed and sent away from the College, the Protector constituted one Pier Francis Foggini,<sup>3</sup> a Florentine, as overseer of the College and one Giovanucci, an Italian, had the rectorship conferred on him by Foggini. This very much displeased the Scholars (who were resolved not to part with their ancient liberties which now they plainly saw were going to be seized on) so, shortly after, they went to the Cardinal for an English rector, but he was deaf to their prayers. Seeing this (as I have been told by themselves) they went to the Pope (Clement XIV) who told 'em to go to the Cardinal. But this was not all they had to suffer, for Foggini was resolved with threats and promises to make 'em go to confession in Italian, which however they resisted manfully, always remaining steadfast in that their resolution.

But to proceed. The day following the Suppression, on the 17th of August, after supper, there came to the College Ricci, General of the Jesuits, accompanied by soldiers, who were placed in a room over the library<sup>4</sup> in which he was almost continually locked, he being served by a lay brother (I believe) out of our kitchen, though the *Camera Pontificia* paid afterwards all his expenses. The Higher School being then in the Divines' Gallery, it was pretended (whether true or not I can't say) that they had communication with the General (who was almost every day examined by a judge with his scrivener) and so for this reason they were dislodged and sent into the Philosophers' Gallery, where I and Fuller were with Broomhead our

<sup>3</sup> He had previously been secretary to Cardinal Corsini; the course of later events shows that he had no real qualifications for his new and responsible position. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he was, like Tamburini, the Jansenist professor who got into office at the Irish College, reaping the reward of his adherence to the anti-Jesuit faction.

<sup>4</sup> It seems probable that the room in which Ricci was imprisoned was one of the group of rooms now known as the Music Rooms and the Infirmary. We know that it was above the library, which occupied at least some part of the position that it does to-day; it seems also that it was possible to communicate with it from the Divines' Gallery—the corridor overlooking the garden, which must be identical, in part at any rate, with the corridor that faces the present Common Room and leads to the Music Rooms.

prefect. Not long afterwards they were sent hence also, the Assistant General of Germany and the General's secretary coming also to the College ; the boys after the country of the same year were again placed in the same Gallery, the General, the Assistant General of Germany and the General's secretary having gone to the Castle.<sup>5</sup> It is to be observed that during their abode or imprisonment here there were always soldiers with their muskets at the garden door, and, as one of my companions was told by a prefect, the Divines' Gallery was full of soldiers.

Things being turned into this dangerous channel, they (Foggini and Giovanucci) took a resolution of getting rid of us Lower Schools, and accordingly, about the 25th of September, I and Fuller were sent to the Scottish College where we remained almost four months until the 9th (credo) of January. The Scotch told us that the Higher Schools had been the occasion of our departure from the English College that they might better gain their ends, but on the contrary I think that Foggini was the promotor and effector of it alone, that the Higher Schools might not acquaint us with what to do after their departure, with the privileges they enjoyed under the English government and that they might not imbibe us with bad principles, as has often been laid to their charge. And that this was the true reason for our departure may be gathered from this—that when new boys came from England the Superiors have endeavoured to keep them from us that were here in the time of the English superiors lest we also might imbibe them with false and bad principles, as they are now called.

While we were there, daily complaints were heard from the suffering scholars and everyone was begged to intercede for them, viz. the Cardinal of York, the bishops of England, Mr Stonor, My Lord Carrol with innumerable other Englishmen, but neither were these hearkened to. Even the scholars themselves presented the Protector with a memorial in which they flatly told him that if he would not give them an English rector within a certain time they would all quit the College immediately. But the Cardinal not only would not grant their request but even threatened to imprison 'em if they did not desist from their undertaking, telling 'em at the same time to call to mind

<sup>5</sup> i.e. The Castel Sant' Angelo. The Jesuit Superiors of the College were more fortunate. The Rector, Father Hothersall, was given a pension and went first to Liège and then to England ; Father Mattingley, the Minister, also returned to England, while Father Porter, the Confessor, preferred to remain in Rome.

that they were kept here for charity. About this time (27th of November), Joseph Shaw having given some saucy and impertinent answer to Foggini, was sent away from the College in three hours time after he had been warned.

Being returned from the Scotch College, we three<sup>6</sup> had a new prefect, locks to our doors, spies about us and were divided from the other boys not only in gallery but also in communication, though we were only three and they six. No sooner than the very next morning we were sent to the Bandinelli College to school to study humanities. That very night at supper, it being Daniel's turn to read English, he spoke to us from the pulpit as if he had been reading out of the book, having at the beginning admonished us not to look up or give any signs at all of what he was doing. He then told him whose name began and ended with the same letter (i.e. me, Kirk) to write down all that the Scotch had done to us, telling us also where to put the letter, and from that time we had a continued communication with them. After supper, the Rector, either because the Tailor told him or that he understood a word or suspected something, came upstairs and calling me out of the recreation asked me whether or no Daniel had spoken to us from the pulpit, but having satisfied him I don't know how without affirming it, he under-hand told me to be his spy and tell him if the Higher Schools wrote or spoke to us. This is the way he has treated other boys that have been found guilty of anything.

The first thing they undertook to do after our return was to make us by threats and promises go to confession in Italian, but they were baffled in their endeavour for we were instructed well enough how to proceed. Seeing that we were resolved not to comply, they commanded us not to speak to any Englishman whomsoever, but especially to the Scotch boys, but we did not regard their commands. They had provided the prefect with a nerve or bull's pizzle to lick us with like slaves, which he did not fail to use when any slender occasion was given. Seeing that we would not confess in Italian, they ordered us to be locked up in our rooms for the space, if I remember well, of ten or fifteen days, mostly in time of Carnival, in which time we were very often without breakfast. Scarce a day passed without some quarrel or another with them and very often kicks and smacks from the prefect.

<sup>6</sup> Kirk and Fuller had been joined at the Scots College in October by a new arrival, William Tucker.



At another time it happened that Tucker, wanting to know something or other of his lesson, came to my door to ask me. The prefect, seeing him, began to bawl and tell him to go to his room, which I hearing began to mutter something slowly to Tucker (thinking it very hard that one could not ask his companion something of his lesson). Which the prefect over-hearing, immediately came to me like some Tiger and began with his fists and kicks to lay on me in such a manner that he knocked me down. Then going to Tucker (who had not spoken a word) he began to do the same, but he having a book in his hand he was resolved to help himself and by chance (as I believe) gave him a blow on the forehead which made him stagger and soon sent him away back again to his room. That morning (it was before Mass) we did not hear Mass in the College (for he said we were unworthy) neither did he say it, as I know of, but after he had carried us to school went to the Protector and told him all the story. After school we heard Mass in another church (Il Suffragio), but he did not say it then. When we were going down to dinner that morning, up comes the Rector like some lioness deprived of her whelps, and he locked Tucker in his room and gave orders (I suppose from the Cardinal) that he should have only bread and water to live on. He ordered us not to speak to him, saying that he was excommunicated. In this state he remained for the space of about 15 days.

Before this happened we (to our great shame) had gone to confession in Italian, having first asked counsel of Fr Troy, Prior of St Clement's (our confessor) who told us that it would be better to conform ourselves and confess in Italian sometimes and sometimes in English. But we not only confessed sometimes but always in Italian, and so we do at present.

About the time that William Tucker was locked in his room, the prefect took a little paper from me which William Casemore had written to us, for which treason he was locked up likewise in a room under our Gallery for the space of fifteen days, in all which time, as I find on record, he never heard Mass, not even on Sundays. The Cardinal protested that if he was found guilty again he should be sent away directly.

Happy for him if he had listened to this protestation, for things would have gone better for him. However his partiality for us would not let him lay idle, altho' his companions had endeavoured to persuade him to desist, so that he began to write again and unluckily for him the prefect saw me pick the

letter off the ground. Immediately he went and told the Rector, which I not knowing hid it in the hole of a cover of a book to read it the next morrow, seeing that it was a good long one. But about the middle of the night up came the Rector and Salvaggi and not being able to open the door slyly (for it was well locked within), they knocked. I being asleep, they half awoke me, but altho' I heard and asked who was there, yet fell asleep again and never thought in the least of the letter. At last, continuing to knock, I got up and opened and being got into bed again, they immediately searched my breeches pocket where the book with the letter was. Having searched the book well and under my pillow, they went to my table and desk. While they were there, not thinking the letter safe, I took it out of the book and wrapped it somehow in my shirt (I was in bed), thinking it there safer, but they not finding it in my table and desk came to my bed again and making me stand straight up, began to shake my shirt so that the paper or billet fell down, which they taking, went away very contentedly without taking another letter they found which I was for sending slyly to England, but however the next morning the Rector came for it.<sup>7</sup> The next morning I admonished Casemore of it as soon as possible. Among other things in the letter he told me that he had not as yet taken away the bottle of brandy, or rosoglio from the vineyard which he had put for us. The Rector having a mind to show Foggini himself the place where it was hid and the bottle also, went with him to the vineyard one evening, but it happened that the Higher Schools were then at the vineyard and had already taken away the bottle, so the Rector and Foggini were baulked. After this letter was taken, Casemore wrote to me again and told me that altho' he had not been penanced with imprisonment, fasting or whipping yet he had been punished with far greater severity, tho' he did not tell me in what manner. It was about a week before he was admonished that he was to depart within three days. The night before he went away, with tears in his eyes he begged the Rector to

<sup>7</sup> This is presumably the letter which still survives in the College Archives, dated 18th April 1775 and written by John Kirk to his mother. As it is a contemporary document, whereas the diary was written some four years later, it provides a valuable comparison with the later account. Kirk begins by complaining of the bad standard of studies at the Florentine College, where there are only two masters to the four schools of Grammar, Humanity, Rhetoric and Philosophy. He says that though he has advanced as far as Rhetoric he would not be reckoned fit at Douay for Grammar. He concludes: 'Dear Mother, I beg you will never send any boys here, or even get anyone else to send . . . as the Bishops in England won't send until we have English Superiors, so were you to get any sent in any way . . . it would be hard to get English Superiors, and almost impossible'.

let him take his last farewell of us, but the Rector told him (we were present) that the Cardinal had refused also that. So on the 6th of May in the year 1775 they sent him from the College, without giving him a farthing, only paying for an old coat and his journey to Leghorn.<sup>8</sup>

A little after January 29th, J. Daniel and Thomas Sturdy departed from the College and went to Douai to pursue their studies, and as we were coming from school that morning we had the good fortune to meet them downstairs, dressed in secular with their swords by their sides, just ready to set off.<sup>9</sup> On the 16th of April, George Halsey and Roland Broomhead were ordained priests and on the 28th of the same month departed towards England.<sup>10</sup> A little while after, having a mind to be rid of Sayles, who was the only one of the Higher Schools remaining, they sent him to study at the Mission at Monte Citorio, dressing him in a long Abbé's dress. There he tarried until he was made priest, and on the 9th of December 1775, he went off to England with all the joy imaginable.

On the 9th of May 1774, George Willoughby came to the College; he had been at St Omers for two years. He was a boy of about twelve years of age and was sent (as he has told me) by Bonomi, an Italian merchant in London, without the boy's knowledge. On the 4th of June of the next year there came Edward Chapman Willoughby, brother to the former, and about nine years of age. On the 6th of October 1775, there came to the College while we were in the country James Kennedy, John Foothead, Joseph Orford and Joseph Strongitharm. As all, or at least the greatest part, had the itch which they caught aboard ship so they did not come to the country.

#### ANNO 1776

On September the 11th they sent us to the Mission at Monte Citorio before we took the Oath, where we stayed till the 21st. A little before, I had resolved to go away and so had written home for leave and money; I received the answer on

<sup>8</sup> It seems that Casemore had some difficulty in making his way to England, for there is in the Archives a letter from him saying that he was stranded and asking for money. When he arrived in England Bishop Challoner refused to ordain him. However, he later became a Franciscan Friar at Douay.

<sup>9</sup> Daniel was ordained at Douay and settled at Stockton-upon-Tees, where he died in 1802. Sturdy 'being of a roving temper pursued his journey towards England'.

<sup>10</sup> Broomhead resided for some time at Sheffield and settled finally in Manchester. He died in 1820, aged 69. There is a portrait of him in later life in Kirk's *Biographies*. Halsey served the mission at Midhurst for the rest of his life, dying there in 1834, when he was in his eighty-third year.

the 19th while I was at the Mission, so that if I had not changed my mind I should have gone off immediately.<sup>11</sup> Perhaps better for me if I had gone then. The very day we came from the Mission Fuller tore the copy of his Oath up with an intention not to take it, but afterwards the Rector persuaded him to take it. So on the 22nd, in the morning, we three (I, Fuller and Tucker) took the Oath, which we deposited in the Rector's hands.<sup>12</sup>

Our country time being come, we went all together and so spent the time pretty merrily, better without doubt than the following year, for it has been observed that every year we have been treated worse and worse. Our greatest walks this year were to the Pantano, where we went into the boat, and to dine at Marino with the Florentines. On the 17th of October, we three were examined at Cardinal Colonna's palace for the tonsure and the first two lower orders and, having passed, we received them from our Protector on the 28th, who afterwards called us aside into another room and asked us whether or no we were contented and how our superiors treated us. Ah! that we had then spoken our minds freely and told him what we harboured in our hearts perhaps things would not have continued so, but thro' a puerile fear and bashfulness we answered quite the contrary to what we ought to have done; so having ordered us a good chocolate apiece we departed homewards. I have now done with the year 1776—let us then begin with the year

## 1777

On the 28th of February came James Taylor from Yorkshire, James Bloodworth from Huntingdonshire and George Kirkham from Lancashire. They had all three been at the Sedgely Park school, as I, Fuller, Tucker, Foothead and Orford had been before. Kennedy, Foothead, Orford and George Willoughby coming into our gallery, we were now seven and the little boys were seven also. On August the 14th, Don Ignazio Gomila, who

<sup>11</sup> Kirk's companion, James Fuller, was not so fortunate as to get a reply to a similar letter home. The letter beginning: 'Take me away as soon as possible for the sooner the better' and finishing: 'Take me away' was confiscated and remains still in the Archives.

<sup>12</sup> The taking of this oath which imposed the obligation of serving as a priest on the English Mission, was looked on as an affair of some importance, as anyone bound by it had to obtain a dispensation before he could discontinue his studies. A letter (also confiscated) of James Kennedy, written in 1779 states: 'The people that advised me not to stay were my confessors, that is they advised me not to take the Oath (because they thought it was impossible for me or anybody else to stay)'.

had been in the College for about 22 or 24 years, was sent away, a certain boy having accused him to the Rector; whether the thing he was accused of was true or false I cannot determine. July the 23rd or 24th, Kennedy was put in prison for only having made some mention of making a memorial to the Pope. The spy is not known for certain. On the 26th, at night, he was delivered on condition that he would confess in Italian.

This year we all went together to the country. I don't remember that we made any long walks, but we had enough to do at home, so that the country seemed to be the country of trouble and not of pastime.<sup>13</sup> Before we went to bed one night, having all made our curtains round our beds, George Willoughby took to his bed one of the lamps of the recreation room. Grossi, seeing him with it, went to take it away, but George held it tight, so, an uproar ensuing between them both, they knocked the lamp down and daubed the door of a bed with oil which as yet remains. Grossi, being vexed, began to vent himself against us all, saying that he was afraid of none of us and that he would humble us well. When we heard that, I and Kennedy stept forth and told him (more for a bravado than anything else, such words often slipping out of people's mouths that are angry) that if he sayed we would knock his head off. He, being afraid, went down to the Rector, who coming upstairs with his hands a kimbo on his hips, said : *non sapete che comando Io qui ?* (Whoever denied it !) The Rector going down ordered Sneida, the tailor, and the cook to stay in the recreation rooms adjoining to the dormitory all night with good clubs in their hands, lest we should do any harm to the prefect. A little after comes into the dormitory the half-hanged cook with his club under his hand, saying as if he also commanded the dormitory, *vediamo cosa fanno questi figliuoli qui*, or something to the same purpose. As soon as I saw him and heard his Billingsgate language, I asked him what he wanted there (we ought to have got out of bed and laid him as flat as a flounder with blows). To keep up his first tone he said, 'What is that to you ? Here I'll stay as long as I please.' The Rector, hearing him speak so

<sup>13</sup> Kirk proffers one other incident as proof of this statement. Orford and Willoughby had occasion to complain to the cook about the cooking of a certain macaroni pie. 'The cook, instead of giving them a civil answer, and acknowledging what they said, began before the barber of Monte Porzio to make game of them and us all, so far as to say that we were all of us blackguards.' The others then came along, ready to go out walking, walking sticks in hand. The cook, thinking they were going to beat him, ran into the kitchen to get a stick himself, at which Orford brought up 'two great cudgels' from the garden. But the cook ran to tell Salvaggi, and as a result everyone was penanced for threatening to strike the cook, which, Kirk declares, 'was as false as anything could be'.

pertly, came, seemingly to defend his cause, and asked me what I prated about. I told him that I had asked the cook what he wanted in the dormitory as if he wanted to hector over us. The answer I received was that he had ordered him to come and that there he should stay. When the Rector came to me the cook followed him close with his club, lest I might do something to the Rector, hence the cook had the name of Bailiff. For penance therefore of what we had done, in the morning George was on his knees in the refectory, with only bread and water, the refectory being open according to custom that all might see. I and Kennedy had the same penance but at our own places : however, in the evening we had more to eat than on common dinners.

1778

On February the 26th, Thursday before Shrovetide, we went to the vineyard. At home, as I heard from the under-cook, there was a great dinner of about twenty dishes at which were present ten or eleven people. Perhaps the superiors paid for it themselves, as also for that which they have different from us nearly every day, for I don't find that the College allows it them.

This year the ancient archive in the once infirmary was turned into a prison, half the windows being stopped up and bars of iron and wire being put before the other half. It was more like a dungeon, the bottom of the door to go in being level with the top of the vault, so that there are fifteen stairs to go down. In the top of the vault there is a hole to see whatever the prisoner does there below. This hole was really there before, thro' it used to pass a wooden channel down which sick in the infirmary would toss their dirty linen into the room by the Sodality.<sup>14</sup>

On the 18th of August, George Willoughby was put in the dungeon where he stayed about ten or fifteen days ; on the same day at dinner Kennedy, Foothead and Orford were on their knees in the middle of the refectory with only bread and water. The reason was as follows. On the feast of St Peter and St Paul, at night, as we went into the lodge to see the fireworks, the door in our gallery which leads into the lodge was left open. George

<sup>14</sup> The room thus made into a prison would seem to be the one over the sacristy of the Martyrs' Chapel, which is now used as a private chapel. The infirmary corridor, often alluded to in the diaries and other documents of the time, was the one facing the library ; the infirmary would have been the room giving off to the right of this corridor. It would clearly be possible to have a wooden channel leading from that room through' the room below into the 'room by the Sodality', the sacristy of the present Martyrs' Chapel.

Willoughby seeing this, not wanting to go into the lodge, goes down the back stairs as far as the library door,<sup>15</sup> where he found a great heap of papers and old books (mostly of Jesuits) tossed out of the library, when it was renewed, with the intention to be given or sold to the pizzicarolo or cheese-monger of the College. Seeing also some English books, he took some of them as also some Italian ones and so comes up. Grossi, that day I think having locked the door kept the key in his own room, though the Wardrobe ought to have had it, which George knowing and having free admission into his room while he was gone elsewhere took the key and went down again and did as he had done before. Not content with this and having a mind to get all the English books he could (for I don't think he had scarce one before) while all were asleep he got out of the window which he had over his door (having got Foothead to watch at his window) and going down the Great Stairs and through the garden he went up the back stairs to the library door again, and coming laden with books he tied them to a string which Foothead drew up. When he told us of what he had done, I endeavoured to dissuade him from going or at least if he did, to take back what he had taken; Tucker did also the same, but he having got Orford also to stay awake and stand at his window as he said to keep him company, he went down again taking with him his lamp, when as it was said he was seen by Lodi in the garden; having taken other books he sent them up as before. This I think he did for three or four times. Bottieri told us after that he himself saw George and that he was actually in the little library when George was at the library door taking the books. So all being now unveiled, it was discovered that Kennedy had told George to bring him up a certain book that was there, that Orford and Foothead had kept him company by staying up to comfort him for he was afraid so that before he got out of his window he used always to say some prayers that he might return safe again. So we were all judged guilty and the day after our rooms were all searched (though they had been searched before, it now being a common thing) and all the superfluous books (so it was ordered) were taken away.

<sup>15</sup> The gallery referred to would be the same as that earlier called the divines' gallery, the corridor facing the present Common Room. The lodge must have been a room leading off from the end of that corridor, possibly situated somewhere near the present Infirmary. From there it would be easy to get down the back stairs to the library, which occupied largely the same position as it does to-day. The back stairs had not then of course been blocked up and led straight down to the garden.

1779

On the Circumcision at night about three o'clock and a quarter Italian while we were all at recreation round the fire, Joseph Orford and George Willoughby ran away from the College. When they were got out of the College they were seen by a person or two who knew them, who accordingly sent word to the College to Foggini; word was sent also to the Cardinal who gave orders that no barks at Ripagrande should depart till his orders, as also he sent a courier to Civita Vecchia to do the same there. When it was known the College was all in an uproar. Some of the servants were sent to S. Peter's, other towards S. Pancrazio where it was supposed they were going as really they were; the Superiors all were dispersed about Rome to see if they could get any news of them, so that two or three of the watchers caught a cold that night, but all their searches here in town were to no purpose for the boys were already out of the gates.

When they were gone the Rector came to me and Foothead trembling from head to toe, begging, entreating and conjuring us to tell where they were gone, but we knew no more than they did, altho' we suspected for some time they were about some great thing or another, from what George had said who was not so good a politician as Orford who altho' he was really the first beginner of it and made himself very great with George yet would not even propose the affair to him for fear that he should discover all. At last with his discourses he brought George so far as to propose it himself and then Orford told him that was what he wanted. Being resolved therefore they began to sell to us their tarts, Pangiallo, etc. of Christmas, S. Thomas's feast and therefore would not go away before the feast of the Epiphany was over; but George having smuggled a large candle out of the sacristy to sell it for money, Orford fixed on the Circumcision night for the time. Having cut George's winter dress shorter and fitted it up like a secular's dress with buttons all down, George appeared in the Recreation room after supper that night with two or three shirts on, with a flannel waistcoat which he showed us. The prefect then being in his room, Orford sent George down first to see if the door was opened and he immediately followed him with the bundle made up of a sheet, two pairs of new shoes and stockings, Robinson Crusoe, etc. Here again is to be seen Orford's resolution and cunningness,



for doubting that George would return back again when he was out would give him neither the bundle nor any money till they were out of the city gate. George's hat not being very good, after supper that night he took Foothead's and left his in Foothead's room. Had it not been for George they would never have gone after them.

The next day the Rector with the *Dispensiere* (Sneida) together with Foggini's footman behind set out for Civita Vecchia with Foggini's chaise and at the midway house he took another. That very night they arrived at the gates of Civita Vecchia where they found Orford and George in an inn quite asleep and so they tied two of their legs together. In the morning Orford was placed in one of the chaises together with Sneida and sent to the midway house; but George with the Rector and Foggini's servant went into the city where they dined with Mr Denham; by the next day, to wit on the fourth, they set off for Rome and arrived at the College a little after midday. In the chaise the Rector promised George that he should be treated very well and only have about fifteen days of imprisonment. Orford was placed in the top prison made, as I said, on the left hand side of the Gallery that faces the clock, and George was placed in the dungeon, that being nearer the Superiors he might be pumped the better, as they endeavoured to do almost every day. The penance that the Cardinal enjoined 'em as I have heard from one who heard it in the Cardinal's palace was that they were to stay in prison till they could go away and every other day they were to be flogged and on the day they weren't flogged they to fast on bread and water. However, Orford was only flogged once by the whipping master of the Roman College who stripped him to his skin (I mean about his waist) at which were present the Superiors and George on his knees, who escaped the flogging, I believe, because when he came home he fell sick of a pleurisy. After the flogging Orford sent down a letter in which he told things about us, they having threatened to flog him if he did not. George was not the least inferior to him but I believe excelled him in that trade. While they were in prison came Mr Stonor and Mr Green of whom the latter asked George (the Rector was present) whether or no he would go away, telling him that he would write to his father for him: but George told him that he must have some time to think of him. Fool that he was, seeing now he wants to go and I believe did then also. At Civita Vecchia also Mr Denham told him that

he would write for him, but the brat told him the wrong directions. At last on the first of February or thereabouts, George was freed from his Dungeon, tho' they wanted to keep him in longer, but could not let a table down the stairs for him to study on. However, he was not placed in our Gallery; but in a room over the dungeon in the once infirmary with a good stout bolt to the door of it where he stayed alone with only Lodi and Bottieri there till about the ninth or tenth of July when he came into our Gallery, but the poor boy could scarce speak his own language and whilst he was in prison having written two or three letters to Foothead, with leave, etc. he wrote 'em in Italian because, said he, I am not able to write in English; besides this he was almost stupid, which are certainly the effects of his being all alone and without English to speak with. Whilst he was there alone he used to have no school at all, only used to spend his time in reading, mostly Florus's Epitome, and most commonly he used to place himself before his window where he used to stay for whole hours together and almost all the time locked in his room. By no means was he permitted to speak to us and if he was caught even near us he used to have a good scolding. Before he came to us as I have said above, they made him promise to tell everything that we did in our Gallery; but I hope that he won't be so very imprudent. While he was in the dungeon he never had wine, and the water that he had sometimes used to last him three or four days without being changed and as for dinner and supper tho' at the beginning he used to have something less than us, yet afterwards he had the same, but sometimes he used to wait one or two hours after we had dined for his victuals. When he wanted to do his business he was to do it down there. At night he was never permitted to have a light nor indeed was another allowed it that has been in prison, nor a knife and fork to eat his victuals with.'

\* \* \* \* \*

And perhaps the story of escape and punishment provides a fitting note on which to end Kirk's account. There is much more about the two culprits and their treatment at the hands of authority. Orford was given short shrift and packed off to England; Willoughby, however, was well connected and they did not dare to adopt this course. Instead he was imprisoned,

and threatened and coaxed by turn until he consented to stay and to give it out that he had run away not because he was ill treated but because he was seduced by Orford.

The diary is a curious mixture of the trivial and the momentous and it finishes in typical fashion with an account, very much in schoolboy fashion, of a memorial they sent to the Cardinal complaining that they had more study and less recreation than previously, followed by a moving appeal for an English training for English priests which transports us at once from the petty schoolboy world and serves to underline the tragic aspect of the whole sorry business. Kirk's arguments for English Superiors are convincingly stated and well reasoned, but they do no more than thrust home the argument implicit in the whole of his account. Kirk's diary is, in spite of its many descents into the merely trivial, a connected whole, a thesis that sets out to prove that an English College can only be successful if it is run by Englishmen having at heart the interests of the English Mission. The thesis is never a difficult one to prove, and if all Kirk's propoganda cannot be taken at its face value, it seems certain, nevertheless, that his account is a fair one and that his telling indictment of the system under which he suffered is substantially accurate.

VAUGHAN LLOYD.

## ROMANESQUE

### 51—SERMONS.

Sacred Eloquence, as it is somewhat wistfully called, falls roughly into one of two main categories ; it is either a Sermon or the Saying of a Few Words. The cynic will say that before ordination a man always preaches a sermon, while after ordination he usually Says a Few Words. The difference lies, of course, in the method of preparation. To preach a sermon, you must pray, read, ruminate, meditate, consult your quotation books (or at least work in a few apt sayings from your Catholic Diary), and cover reams of paper with rough drafts. You learn by heart the product of all this industry and deliver it with gestures which have been marked on your manuscript in red ink, and voice inflections which have been marked in violet (or green, if preferred). To say a few words, you select a topic while reading the notices, then open your mouth and see what happens. From which you will see that the cynic, as usual, is wrong, having been lured into a hasty generalization from his own unexalted experience.

But Saying a Few Words is a way of torturing the people of God which need not delay us here, since no Roman will say in a few words what may happily be said in many. Roman wit may be epigrammatic, Roman *fervorini* never ; if Pasquino himself had ascended a pulpit, the five frankers would have had time for a quick one before they were needed for the Credo. In fact the Roman, whether by birth or by adoption, has an unrivalled opportunity for studying religious oratory. Even in the Martyrs' Chapel, where unity of thought and economy of expression were more highly commended than at the Gesù or the Chiesa Nuova, there was nothing unpremeditated about

the hortatory flights, except the occasional pancake landing. The man who made the sign of the cross, intoned 'My dear Brethren . . .' paused for thought, went on thinking, discovered nothing worthy of communication, blessed himself and retired, was not saying a Few Words in the technical sense, since he had prepared a Lucullan banquet of theology, which somehow failed to get served up. Famous preachers who occupied the Roman rostra spurned the synoptic or allusive, the undeveloped thought or the barely indicated illustration. They had been given the gift of speech and they intended to share it with their neighbour. Besides, no man could struggle into one of those lace confections that made him look like the bride of the season and then shatter expectation by opening with the famous English 'I shall not keep you long this morning, my dear brethren'.

Nevertheless, we are left with two distinct species of the genus Sermon, the one we listened to in the Roman churches and the one we preached ourselves in the college chapel. It was in the church of the Assunta in Genoa that I first encountered a type of preaching with which later in Rome I became respectfully familiar. The Genoese were flocking to May devotions and an athletic Dominican was spreading himself over a large and solidly built table, a pulpit being too small to cage his genius. The table was fitted with a crucifix towards which he gesticulated, and a prie-dieu on which he flung himself, when his eloquence



"The congregation sat with a fixed stare..."

momentarily burgeoned into extempore prayer. Between whiles he wept, trembled, sweated, almost swooned. The congregation sat with the fixed stare elsewhere associated with a conjuring display or the gaming tables. They were clearly determined not to miss a trick. Even the people who unpacked refreshment at half-time handed salame sandwiches to dependents behind them without the

flicker of a lash, for fear they should lose some unusually affecting gesture. I hasten to add, lest the unperceptive be gathering themselves for a sneer, that the day I can so play upon people's heartstrings that they feel need of immediate resuscitation I shall approach the proper authorities for a television test.

To the Roman a sermon is something more than a spiritual conference; it fulfils the main function of the English sporting event, say all-in wrestling, and the American cultural society. The Roman knows he will get the company of his fellows, a spectacle to while away the evening, and the gratifying assurance that he has not been wasting his time. There was a famous preacher, alas! I never knew his name, who was well thought of among the *conoscenti*. One winter, wherever we went to carry a candle or whisk a mitre from an *eminentissimo porporato*,

there would be this indefatigable friar. We planned our entry carefully, to keep nobody waiting but also to prevent anyone from keeping us waiting. But our plans were ruined by this Chrysostom. We lit candles, we blew them out. We lit them again and had them blown out for us. We watched them bend sideways in our feverish grasp. We poked our heads out of the sacristy to hint that he might make the next point his last, or even in the hope that he might lose the thread of his discourse and subside from intellectual famine. One night leaning exhausted against the sacristy wall we thought we detected a final cadence and slipped into the church to be in at the death. But after an hour's energetic narrative we found that Enrico

Re was still apparently walking

arm in arm with Tommaso Moro. Although, to judge by the diabolical expressions flitting across the orator's homely features,



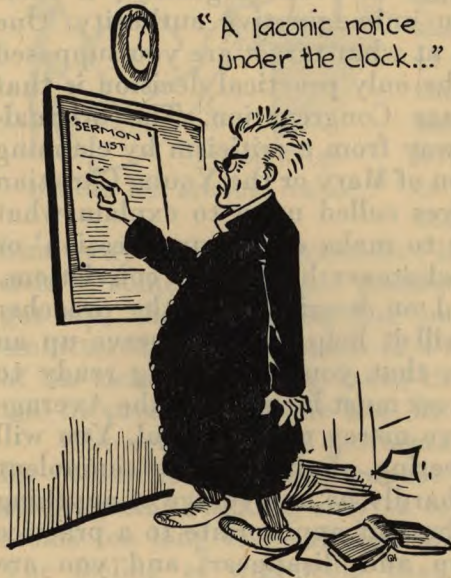
"We poked our heads out of the Sacristy to hint ..."

relations were getting a little strained, it seemed unlikely that we would reach Tower Hill before midnight or the Beatific Vision by morning. But at length it was done, and the congregation, shuddering slightly like a great cat roused from slumber by the lengthening shadows, hurled itself into a spirited 'O Salutaris'.

Sant' Ignazio, where once the Jesuit fathers had stirred the Romans in favour of Ralph Sherwin and his companions, is the scene of perhaps less successful attempts to direct our minds past syllogism and objection to the eternal truths. But the academic atmosphere of the Gregorian follows its *alumni* into church and it is not, though garlic is a component of both, the authentic atmosphere of the Roman *predica*. More to our taste was S. Andrea della Valle during the Epiphany octave. There anything might happen and a visit was always rewarding. Germans and Spaniards followed on the heels of Ruthenians and Copts. It was like a lucky dip. One thing was certain, that there would be a crowd of listeners and that they would not for the most part understand a word of what was said. We once found in possession a South American professor of Biology. As soon as we had stationed ourselves unobtrusively on the perimeter of his devoted circle, we were woven into the pattern of his discourse. He pointed, the people turned to stare, we looked suitably indifferent and hoped the point was in our favour. Anyway, having figured however briefly in his sermon, even if only as a Horrible Example, we could hardly move on until he reached his next paragraph. This was signalled to us and to the rest of the Pentecostal group by the appearance of a handkerchief with which he mopped his brow. Some of the *adstantes* may have been more intrigued by the sight of a clean handkerchief than by the sound of Chilean spirituality.

Every layman from time to time feels that given a pulpit he could acquit himself better than his parish priest. If he should make good his boast, how disturbing for those whose duty it is to scale regularly that unenviable eminence. The Roman genius for *combinazione* gives the layman his pulpit but in circumstances which will lessen the likelihood of comparison with the clergy. At the Ara Coeli during the Christmas festival small children shyly or triumphantly declaim a few sentences of unimpeachable orthodoxy to hearers who are too overcome by parental pride, stage-fright or impatience to be very coherent afterwards.

But of sermons, as of all else from second-hand cars to schemes for interior decoration, if a man may say 'a poor thing but mine own', the student of human nature will recognize that here is his heart and his enthusiasm. And to write of Roman sermons is chiefly to write of the sermon you preached, its excellence and its fate at the hands of the insensitive. A laconic notice under the clock announces a sermon. One man feels as though his bones had turned to jelly, the rest are either sadistic or bored. One of the bored will ask 'Who's preaching?'



One of the sadistic is to hand with the answer. At times it is a shock. The man you have always associated with pantomimes or skiing gitas is going to fan the flames of your devotion to St John the Baptist or draw a moral from the thesis that Goodness or Faith are not needed for validity in the minister of a sacrament. Somehow, although you knew he intended to convert England, you had never thought of his doing so by sermons. After you have given him your undivided attention for twenty

minutes, you may still be of the same mind.

To the preacher zero hour comes almost as relief. When he first heard what subject he had to prepare, he was horror-struck. There is one thing worse than finding on Saturday night that you must preach in the morning; it is to know six months ahead what is expected of you, to know at the same time that if you live to be a hundred you will never have anything to say on the subject. The resulting panic is not allayed by the philosophers who commend the superiors' choice of themes, nor by the man who preached last week and who teems with ideas on your subject, though he was notably uncommunicative about his own.



At times like this a man regrets that he has left unheeded the retreat father's advice to have always at his elbow a quotation book. He may have bought the book but later, to prevent the money being wasted, used it for keeping his accounts or for *biancheria* lists. At length his labour is finished. If he values friendship, he will not take the manuscript to a friend and ask for his honest opinion. But it must be submitted to a Superior and, after an interview in which the Superior made a few little suggestions, one man remarked that we should have heard far less from Newman or Lacordaire or even Augustine, if their efforts had been pruned by an unimaginative authority. One difficult point has to be settled, at what target are you supposed to be directing your shafts? The only practical decision is that you are addressing the Average Congregation. The original-minded have tried to squirm away from a criticism by claiming that they had in mind the Legion of Mary or the Young Christian Workers, only to find themselves called upon to explain what the average Legionary is going to make of 'circuminsession' or whether the average worker, whatever his age or convictions, is going to be much impressed on hearing that the preacher feels utterly contingent. Nor will it help much to serve up an ungarnished thesis on the plea that you are getting ready to preach clergy retreats. No, address must be made to the Average Congregation and may God have mercy on your soul. You will get little visual aid from the leering, shuffling, even somnolent figures before you; they could hardly be an average of anything except that in the fitful light thought appropriate to a practice sermon their features loom up and disappear, and you are reminded of an illustration for a new edition of the *Inferno*. Anyway, the Average Congregation is a mythological monster, inhabiting the minds of critics. These will tell you that the sermon you had prepared with one eye on a catechism class is far above the heads of the Average Congregation (like most mythological monsters it has several heads), or the sermon which you had thought of as in direct line from the great Patristic expositions proves you guilty of underrating the intelligence of the Average Congregation. Your one consolation must be that after you reach the mission you will never encounter the horrid creature again.

Whether in later life you preach from the *Summa* or from the heart, for the present you must learn your words by rote. There is this equitable result about that arrangement,



"...prop it up  
besides his shaving mirror..."

the preacher endures at least as much suffering as he inflicts upon others. For days the victim paces his room, muttering 'Unclean! Unclean!' or 'Take a pork pie, for instance', or whatever original device he has patented for passing on the Good News. He may sleep with his manuscript under his pillow, or prop it up beside his shaving mirror, or even sit down at his desk and study it. By the time he has mastered it, he wonders why he ever wrote it and how he will ever have the nerve to preach it. He cannot very well send a telegram to himself, calling

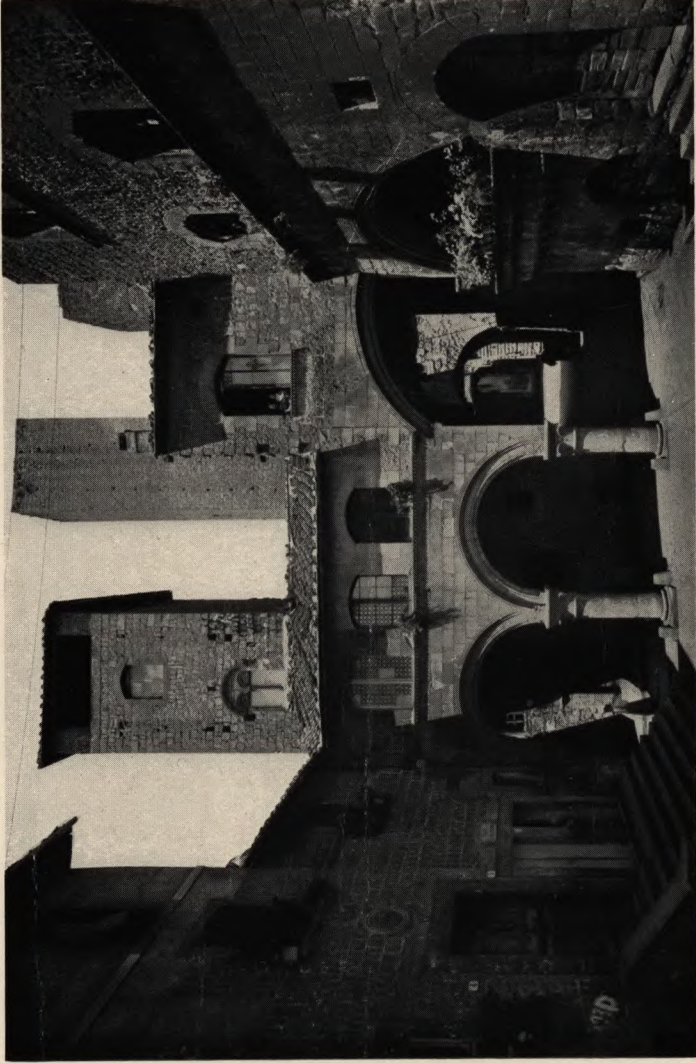
him away on urgent business; but men have been known to go sick of some indefinable malaise, only to find that when they got up, the notice on the board went up, too. One man, embittered by this pursuit of Fate, suggested that in the event of his sickness proving fatal, the notice would read 'A sermon will be preached by the late Mr X'.

The actual hour of performance is too painful and too sacred for comment. We will compose ourselves for slumber with the congregation, waking only to murmur a 'Hail Mary' if a pause seems too long to be rhetorical. But the worst is yet to come. The feeling of well-being that develops, as the memory of *lapsus linguae*, mental black-outs and unexpected mixed metaphors fades, is dispelled from the moment a long, thin, unspiritual-looking individual rises and explains how the sermon should have been preached, lists the heresies implicit in the body of the text, and the puerile psychology rampant in the conclusion, remarking finally that the preacher's voice reminded him of a badly oiled machine-gun. Not to be outdone, the next speaker thinks that to imitate Newman's style a man needs a little of Newman's background, that while he could not see any relevance in the preacher's mention of heaven, at least he might have been more happy about it, and that the ending of the sentences would have been quite inaudible to anyone standing outside the chapel working a pneumatic drill. But when someone rises to the defence, the victim touches the

depths. Perhaps the Man who is on the Preacher's Side will say he does not go in much for style, and this sermon just suited him. Perhaps he will say that, since Mr X has spent so much time lately drawing for *Chi lo Sa*? it was a wonder he could fit in a sermon at all, any kind of sermon. Perhaps he will say that the preacher was wise not to try to alter his Liverpoolian accent, which is really a part of Mr X's personality. But whatever he says, it will be something better left unsaid. The victim limps from the meeting, feeling as though a herd of elephants had been wiping their feet on him.

But his turn will come. Before long he is explaining to First Year just what is the essential ingredient of a good sermon (such, he modestly hints, as he is famous for) as distinct from the stuff they had very likely heard back home. But that is another story and another article.

JOHN PLEDGER.



VITERBO : SAN PELLEGRINO

## CITIES OF ITALY

### 4. VITERBO

'*Viterbe (en ital. Viterbo) est une ville très ancienne de 17,500 hab., avec des murailles et des tours, un hotel de ville du XIV s., plusieurs belles églises et de jolies fontaines.*' Thus far (and no further) my 1909 Baedeker; the inventory is not only accurate but also, apart from the omission of any mention of the Papal Palace, exhaustive. Yet no one can claim that it is imaginative; it imagines nothing, and gives the prospective visitor nothing to imagine either—or, if you like, it leaves everything to his creative imagination. Now it is simply deplorable that a guide-book dare appear with such a niggardly, pettifogging, three-dozen-word entry on a fine old city like Viterbo. No one could get away with that sort of thing on Orvieto, for example, or Assisi. Orvieto and Assisi, just because they chance to lie within the confines of *l'Umbria mistica*, are eternally invested with an aura of poetry. True, Orvieto is an uncommonly lovely city even for Umbria; it possesses an artistic miracle in its cathedral, and the wine helps the visitor to see even that in a better light. Assisi, too, is of a singular beauty, and will presumably remain until Judgement Day a large town-shrine to St Francis, recalling by every little street, corner, church and repository the Little Poor Man who gave it a place in world history. But people know there is mysticism everywhere in Umbria, and they worry their heads off to see it there, and they try to fathom it with their shallow mortal minds, and to measure it off into closely-defined, mutually-exclusive human concepts, and end by trying to describe it to their friends in prose. But Viterbo? Viterbo is neglected, because it lies on the main road north

from Rome, where any tourist may visit it without trouble ; the guide-books are not enthusiastic about it, because it is still a thoroughly efficient *capoluogo di Provincia* and a prosperous market town too ; and English travellers in particular are perhaps unwittingly prejudiced by the entirely subconscious reflection that Viterbo, being derived from 'Vetus Urbs', is the Italian equivalent of Oldham.

In short, all this ill luck has befallen Viterbo solely because it lies not in Umbria, but in Latium. Had it lain just the other side of the provincial boundary, it would have basked in a mystique all of its own ; an inefficient civic administration would have secured its reputation for romanticism ; and it would certainly have been built at a sufficiently inconvenient distance from the main road. But the *Viterbesi* are Latins of Latium ; they are a practical, hard-headed crew, and they talked the Romans into bringing the Great North Road alongside their own town. Evidently they believed that the purpose of a road was to facilitate communications, not to provide employment for a score of charioteers between the Via Cassia and the town. It is this same practical shrewdness which leads them to keep their city neat and modern, so that a casual visitor who never leaves the two main streets may easily be deceived into thinking that Viterbo is an attractive enough place with clean and pleasant hotels, but with no more than the average Italian ration of *antichità*, *storia* and *edifici monumentali*.

As you approach the city from Rome, it is the walls which make the first powerful impression on the mind. They are lofty and forbidding, some one hundred feet high, in excellent repair and, apart from the regularly spaced towers, almost harshly plain. They were built for defence at the time of the Lombard invasions and, being built to last (like everything else in the town except the grotesque Fascist Post Office), they were merely reinforced during the later Middle Ages. You enter by a fairly wide gate, and a good broad thoroughfare takes you straight to the centre of the town and eventually out on the other side. This street is emphatically built to take heavy traffic, and excellent it is for the purpose ; but it is broad and uninteresting. Most of Viterbo's streets, however, are anything but broad and uninteresting. Belloc says that they are 'narrow, tortuous and alive'. There you have the secret of Viterbo ; it is a modern city built on medieval lines. Viterbo has never

changed ; it has evolved. The Viterbo of to-day has grown out of eleventh century Viterbo, and is still very reminiscent of what it was in the days when it served as a regular city of refuge for the Popes.

For example, there is no guide book in which you will find mention of the Piazza Scacciaricci ; yet no visitor who wants to see the best of Viterbo can afford to miss such a significant little masterpiece. A delicately-carved eleventh century pulpit, standing some eight feet above street level, is itself a sermon in stone which speaks with eloquence of the Ages of Faith. But this is outdone by the opposite corner of the Piazza, which gives one of the loveliest glimpses one can catch of medieval Viterbo. A stone stairway climbs to the first floor of a dwelling-house, but nothing could be further removed from the cracked and chipped steps of yellow sandstone which, not twenty years ago, used to give entrance to the upper storeys of our grimy Lancashire slums. Here the stairs are of clean, grey peperino, with their edges as clean and as smooth as on the day the steps were laid in position. The house to which it gives entrance stands square and solid, with big blocks of stone each three feet long and one foot deep proclaiming their own timelessness, and on the landing a grey balustrade, chiselled to smooth perfection, and glorying in a profusion of blossom, leans gently over the piazza almost as if it were itself expecting to be wooed by Romeo. Who built it, or why, I do not know, but the craftsman was an artist with his chisel as well as with his mind, and it has lasted unharmed to this day. Beneath the landing is a hardware shop where trade is brisk, and the proprietor knows how to use such a monument without vulgarity. There is no need for any window-dressing ; the Middle Ages have provided a period frame, and though no doubt the picture it carries varies from age to age, if only the picture remains unobtrusive, the frame will always ensure that it captures the eye.

There are several similar stairways in the town, and its narrow, twisted side streets abound in quaint old archways, towers, buttresses and a thousand other reminders of medieval Viterbo ; there is even an open-air pulpit from which St Thomas Aquinas is said to have preached. Moreover, the economic structure of the Middle Ages still survives to a very large extent, and the majority of the citizens are independent owners of a small property. Most of them earn their living by retail trade,

for Viterbo, being the market town for a large area, supplies this area in turn with everything from wireless-valves to water jugs. It is, in fact, a small trader's paradise which has never been ravaged or ruined by big business, and its people are content that it should remain so—

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
recte beatum: rectius occupat  
nomen beati, qui deorum  
muneribus sapienter uti  
. . . callet.*

Market produce is sold (as might be expected) in an open market which is held in the Piazza S. Silvestro. It is not a large piazza, nor an impressive one, and since Viterbo's market trade is exceptionally large, there is not enough room for everyone. I do not mean, of course, that not all claimants find a stand, but simply that there is not enough room for everyone, which makes it all the more fun. The noise is more concentrated, the buyers are harder pressed and competition is, needless to say, much keener. Indeed, the last time I visited it the place was so overcrowded that the market stalls occupied even the few steps leading up to the church of S. Silvestro, so that we were unable to visit it. But, as the kindly obstructing vendor remarked, 'E uguale, perchè in ogni modo la chiesa sta chiusa adesso'. That much was evident, and though we had hoped to bestir the sacristan, we bowed to the inevitable and left the barricades of oranges and lemons in unchallenged possession. It was before the High Altar of this church that Guy de Montfort, the son of Simon, seeking to avenge the death of his father, who fell at Evesham in 1265 whilst making a last desperate stand against the royal forces, stabbed to death the king's nephew Richard. He despatched him with one blow through the heart, during the very Elevation of the Sacred Host. We are apt to be somewhat lenient with the cruder and more cruel crimes of the medievals, but contemporaries were not. Dante probably gauged popular sentiment accurately when he placed the assassin in the seventh circle of Hell, standing up to the neck in a river of boiling blood, and (a significant touch) apart from his fellow murderers, because of the singular enormity of his crime.

From S. Silvestro it is not far to the Cathedral and the Papal Palace. The former was badly damaged by incendiary bombs during the war, but it has been carefully repaired and,



like so many churches which suffered in air raids, it has regained not a little of its pristine simplicity. The main structure, fortunately, was not disturbed, so that the strikingly simple lines of the original building—three naves divided by Italian-Gothic pillars—have survived unharmed. The tall, black-and-white campanile somehow escaped destruction too—how, I do not know, for it stood between the cathedral and the seminary, which was completely razed to the ground. Anyway, it did survive, and after nine years the *Duomo* was almost ready to be reopened: the scaffolding still remained, and there was a certain amount of work to be done on the floor, but inside the strong, round Romanesque windows and the firm Italian-Gothic pillars proved that the cathedral too will continue to be counted among the treasures of medieval Viterbo. It is a tragedy that some well-meaning and generous Cardinal has hidden everything but the top of the campanile behind a standard baroque façade, which might have been mass-produced by any Roman contractor from the builder of the Gesù to the firm responsible for S. Eugenio.

To the right of the *Duomo* stands the old Papal Palace; it was built in the thirteenth century at the public expense and was presented to the Pope by the townspeople of Viterbo. The main hall was the scene of the first conclave. On the death of Clement IV in 1268, divisions in the Sacred College left the Holy See vacant for two years. Charles I of Sicily and Philip III of France came to Viterbo to endeavour to induce the cardinals to reach a decision, but both fled the town after the murder of which we were just speaking; the cardinals too wished to flee, but the *Viterbesi* rendered the most signal service to the Church by closing the gates of the city. St Bonaventure, not yet a cardinal but already General of the Franciscans, persuaded the captain of the city guard to take this step; so the cardinals had to retire to the Palace and continue with the elections. Little wooden partitions were erected in the main hall, and to this day one can see in the floor the holes made by the carpenters. But this expedient proved ineffective; so Captain of the Guard had the roof removed; and even this was not sufficient to bring the Sacred College into agreement; but Viterbo was not to be outdone—the food supplies were cut down. This, apparently, was not merely a nominal gesture, for the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia and Velletri was taken ill; with the consent of the Sacred College and the Captain of the City

Guard he was given a pass to leave the city, the document from the cardinals bearing the singular date : 'Datum Viterbii in Palatio discooperto . . .' Eventually St Bonaventure prevailed on them to accept a man from outside their own college, the Papal Legate in Syria, and the newly-elected Gregory X, determined to avoid a repetition of the delay, introduced the system of conclave as a permanent feature in papal elections.

St Bonaventure is, of course, the hero of the episode, and he is almost a *Viterbese* himself, for he belongs to the province ; he was born at Bagnorea, about halfway between Orvieto and Montefiascone ; and he was certainly stamped with that desire to achieve durable results which has always characterized Viterbo. After all, it was he who really ensured that the Order of St Francis should survive ; St Francis was certainly the man of vision, the enthusiast who stirs men to great things. But the time was sure to come when the vision would be no longer new, and when lesser enthusiasts, men who possessed only talent, not genius, might have proved a danger in the institutional framework of the hierarchical Church. The only safeguard lay in discipline, and it was St Bonaventure who introduced the requisite discipline of study and of detailed Canon Law into Franciscanism. No one was more loyal to the spirit of St Francis, but one can understand how less gifted men failed to appreciate to the full the practical consequences of their founder's loyalty to the Holy See. St Francis, as it were, represents Umbria—*l'Umbria mistica*—with all the vision and enthusiasm and drive of a man who sees more than he can express in words ; Umbria is the land of poets, whose words convey more than they actually say. At the other extreme stands the spirit of ancient Rome, where more prosaic minds planned an administration which ruled efficiently from Hadrian's Wall to the Syrian frontier. But Viterbo lies half-way between Rome and Umbria ; its practical genius is, of course, hopelessly dwarfed by that of Rome. Compared with Umbria, it is not a home of poets. But it shares in both, and more especially in the Roman genius. *Romanità* is too big a thing to describe ; it is like the midday sun—it dazzles and blinds. In Viterbo, however, we can see a little section of it, as through a prism, and our vision is the clearer for the exclusion of the other colours.

Yet even Viterbo itself is too large a place for one essay. Its laughing sun-lit fountains, its cool, dark, unadorned Romanesque churches whose every detail is medieval, the

Palazzo Municipale, the story of St Rose of Viterbo—all these we have not mentioned. Even S. Pellegrino, the most enchanting of all its medieval treasures, has been overlooked ; but what a city it must be, when one can describe its medieval character without introducing this little quarter where a group of eleventh century houses, homely and clean and attractive as on the day when they were first occupied, enshrine a perfect eleventh century church ! And from that day to this they have been continually dwelt in. It must have been S. Pellegrino which moved Belloc to write that ‘humanity had twined into this place like a natural growth, and the separate thoughts of men, both those that were alive there and those dead before them, had decorated it all’. But, as I was saying, Viterbo is too full of detail for one canvas. It is too rich in relics and reminders of the Christian Middle Ages ; its monuments belong one and all to the days when the Popes ruled a Christian civilization from this town, when Viterbo was the spiritual Rome of Christendom. That the town can still recapture that atmosphere is its great glory ; but that is what makes it so difficult to describe. Perhaps the editor of my French Baedeker was right after all ; it is great wisdom to know when to be silent.

JOHN McHUGH.

## OUR SENIOR CONTEMPORARY<sup>1</sup>

Many a man has written of THE VENERABLE in *Chi Lo Sa?*; so far only one man has produced an article on *Chi Lo Sa?* for THE VENERABLE. This is to be deplored, for if there are many aspects of THE VENERABLE which demand to be burlesqued, there are even more features of *Chi Lo Sa?* which deserve to be recorded. But it is no wonder that the angels fear to tread; and even the fool realizes his folly in trying to do justice to one of the most unique features of Venerable life in a short article. The first fine careless rapture of *Chi Lo Sa?* cannot be recaptured at any other time or place: its rarest wit is the flower of the moment, and the critic comes too late to catch the bloom of spontaneity, too early to reap the fruit of history. And not only is the humour of *Chi Lo Sa?* topical, it is so often personal—I use the word in no evil sense—that discretion forbids its publication to the world at large. Indeed, if all that is in *Chi Lo Sa?* could be published in THE VENERABLE, there would be little point in producing *Chi Lo Sa?* at all. If, then, most of the humour of *Chi Lo Sa?* cannot, for one reason or another, be communicated to the reader, much of it cannot, for the same reasons, be appreciated by any one writer. No joke that has to be explained will ever strike home as much as one that is at once enjoyed, so that nobody can value fully any but those of his own generation—which bodes ill for the writer who wishes to do justice to a whole genealogy of generations. Again, paintings and drawings

<sup>1</sup> All references to issues of *Chi Lo Sa?* are given by the year of publication, followed by the letter 'E', 'S' or 'X' to indicate whether the Easter, Summer or Christmas number is meant.

can rarely be satisfactorily reproduced, and without these the better half of *Chi Lo Sa?* is lost.

In spite of these difficulties, the task is well worth attempting. *Chi Lo Sa?* is the oldest of those many fine institutions which came to the College in the 'twenties and are now taken for granted as important, if secondary, manifestations of the spirit of the Venerable. It is older than the Opera, older than the Sketch or the Magazine: it dates back to the men who wore birettas and attended the Via del Seminario. It presided over the origin of many new customs: it was the registrar that recorded their birth in its own inimitable register. In every age it has been the most candid record of that unknown quality so often invoked at Public Meetings: 'The Mind of the House'. A single cartoon in its pages will tell you more about the personality of its victim than the longest article in *Who's Who*. And, of all our institutions, it is the most unique. Elsewhere you will find plays and operas, College Magazines pour out of printing presses from Timbuctoo to Iceland, but *Chi Lo Sa?* is peculiar to the Venerable. If a final recommendation is needed, *Chi Lo Sa?* was the precursor and in some ways the foster parent of THE VENERABLE itself, and for that reason alone it is high time that once again in these pages we should pay our respects to our senior, but by no means senile, contemporary.

It is now ten years since *Chi Lo Sa?* came of age, for it first saw the light in 1921; but if we go by birthdays, it is eighty-three and several little bits over.<sup>2</sup> In the beginning it was rather a studious infant: as everyone knows, the first number was a serious magazine, sans illustrations, with a few jokes timidly peeping between pages of erudition on Durham Cathedral and Modern Irish Lyrists. Fortunately for posterity, THE VENERABLE appeared before the next issue of *Chi Lo Sa?* and provided a sufficient outlet for the College's surplus solemnity. By the third issue, at the Villa of 1923, it had definitely established itself as a humorous magazine. Since then it has been almost entirely funny, at least in intention if not

<sup>2</sup> After the first number which appeared in December 1921, the second did not come out until Easter 1923, since when there have been regular issues every Easter, Christmas and Summer, with the exception of the years 1941-46 and 1949 when there was no summer number. The 'little bits over' are supplements issued at various times: two 'wet-day supplements' in 1923 and 1924; a Pirate number, brought out at Palazzola by a schismatic staff at Easter 1924, when the orthodox number was delayed by the Editor's absence; a Coronation number and the 'Specialissimo' to celebrate the return in 1946. The Ambleside supplement corresponds roughly to the Summer number of 1940.

always in act. I can only recall one serious article during the last twenty years—a lament for Palazzola written during the nostalgic war period.

*They talk of Palazzola's summer charm  
Its sun-lit glory, sunsets, and they sigh  
For gita-days to some famed Sabine farm,  
For Latium and its cloudless, classic sky . . . (1943E).*

And so on. Not quite *Chi Lo Sa?* perhaps, but it is the exile's privilege to lament, and the reality of the exile is brought home by the inaccurate vignette of the Villa which illustrates this poem and was clearly drawn by one who had never set eyes on it. The Editorials remained serious for a long time, continuing to impart real information about the staff or College events, and as late as 1938 one Editor felt called upon to comment on the heroism of the Spanish defenders of the Alcazar. Scattered throughout many volumes may be found pen-sketches of architectural subjects which were not intended to amuse, however the readers may have interpreted them; and there have often been painstaking 'photographic' portraits which, even when they bore a smart caption, obviously aimed at eliciting the admiring gasp of the art-fancier rather than the cackle of the many-headed. But these things are definitely exceptions.

Once established in its predominantly humorous form, *Chi Lo Sa?* has remained substantially the same ever since. But it has never been immune from accidental changes, the most obvious of which have been in format. For the first decade of its history, it appeared in an exercise book, with all its articles hand-copied by the Editor and his minions. Almost all the drawings were pasted in on separate sheets of paper—only occasionally a brilliant cartoonist would sketch immediately into the book, forfeiting his chance of making a second attempt if the first one went badly. The majority of the early illustrations were pen-and-ink sketches, done in ordinary fountain pen ink on paper torn out of another exercise book or jotting pad. In 1926 the number of coloured illustrations began to grow, but they were kept in a separate 'Coloured Supplement' apart from the main body of the book. In the same year Indian ink was introduced, and in 1927 it ran riot when the Rector's African appointment gave the artists plenty of scope for drawing cannibals and black babies. By 1932 colour had become the general rule for illustrations, and began to appear even in the

headings of articles. Gradually, even inside the narrow compass of an exercise book, *Chi Lo Sa?* took on the appearance with which we are now familiar.<sup>3</sup>

In 1933 the exercise book was abandoned, and the issues began to be produced in quarto size. They were bound on a loose leaf system, which freed artists from the necessity of pasting their drawings into a swollen volume. It also gave editors a freer hand in the decision about the length of each number, without their having to leave the end pages blank or tear out the middle leaves—two expedients easily detectable by the ex-editors of the exercise book era. In 1935 typing was introduced, and this was the last major change until Christmas, 1949, when the size of the pages was increased to the present style.

To one who studies *Chi Lo Sa?* through the years, the main characteristics of its humour seem to be perpetual similarity of theme, and ever varying methods of presentation, or, if you prefer the terminology, unity of matter and diversity of form. And at the first perusal the diversity of form strikes one far more forcibly, so that one scarcely recognizes the jokes of twenty years ago as being jokes at all. It is only when he begins to read the numbers that were produced at St Mary's Hall that a member of the present generation really begins to laugh. This is not merely because the pre-war numbers have lost their topicality, for so, to a greater degree, have the wartime ones. What do we of the return know of coal-buckets, of Hurst Green and the Shireburn almshouses? No, it is a matter of technique, of the presentation of a joke. Because nowadays we do not find the old jokes funny, it does not follow that they were not good jokes. Humour, even more than dress, is a matter of fashion, and in fashion the categories are not 'good' and 'bad' but 'new' and 'old'. This is not the place to pass any judgment on the merit of the humour of *Chi Lo Sa?* at various times: all I wish to do is to show where that humour has changed, and where it has remained the same, without judging whether any changes were for better or for worse.

The most obvious change has been in the illustrations, and more particularly in the matter of captions to illustrations. It is possible to find many cases where the actual joke has been the same twenty years ago as it is to-day, but the expression

<sup>3</sup> It may be interesting to give some figures for the first nine years of *Chi Lo Sa?* In 1923 the proportion of coloured pictures to monochrome was 1-5; 0-16; 0-8; 5-12 for the four numbers issued. In 1932 the corresponding figures for the three numbers were: 22-22; 35-25; 37-16.

has been totally different. In both 1925 and 1949, for instance, it struck somebody that it would be very funny if the organist were to play so hard that the church were to fall to pieces. So far, so good. But how are you going to turn this funny idea into a funny picture? In 1925 you take great pains doing an extremely accurate picture of the Chapel, with every detail beautifully filled in, including the lettering on the frieze, and then draw a fairly realistic impression of the organ falling through the tribune.

You head the whole thing: 'That full organ feeling—terrible, but not entirely unforeseen accident at the English College'. In 1949 you make no attempt at accuracy. You put in sufficient details—port-hole windows and so on—to enable people to recognize that the Chapel is meant to be the locale of the drawing, but you give the whole building an impossible curved profile, with list to starboard and slates flying off the roof. You then caption the drawing (if the organist happens to be called McGuinness—luck is essential in these matters): 'My goodness, McGuinness?'



The Price of Privilege

The main difference between the old and new type of joke is that the latter needs less apparatus by way of explanation. The caption is correspondingly shorter. Examples could be multiplied: the picture of three cannibals entitled 'A Deputation from Sebastopolis call to see their new Pastor' (1926X) would now be captioned 'Wants to see the Rector, he says', or words to that effect; while in these days we generally prefer something less cumbrous than the title 'Embarrassment of the gentleman who washed his feet in the footbath at its worst period' (1933S).



For similar reasons certain definite types of joke have gone out of fashion. There is the dual-picture type: 'If the Tyrolese gita parties come back like *this*,' (picture of *gitanti* in Austrian hats and braces) 'why shouldn't the Assisi party come back like *this*?' (picture of *gitanti* in Franciscan habit) (1930S). Or the multiple Fougasse type, where half a dozen small vignettes illustrate each phrase of a long sentence, as in this example from 1935E: 'If I can find a party of pilgrims where there are no "but the guide-book says the opposite" people—and none of those teachers who have learnt it up beforehand—and where of course they all insist on the mid-morning vermouthe—and a siesta after dinner—and where they all wonder whether a packet of English cigarettes would be of any use to me—then let's go!' But there have been some caption-forms which have been popular at all times—above all, perhaps, the Man Who. This stalwart started his career in 1926 as 'The Man Who went to Rocca for a razor blade—but told someone else', and having been alternately overworked and rested during twenty volumes, made his last appearance in 1948S as 'The Man Who wrote an article about the Superiors'.

In all this matter of cartoon fashion, *Chi Lo Sa?* has more or less kept pace with *Punch* and other humorous magazines. But there have also been periods when it has been definitely ahead of its time. In the late twenties *Punch* was still crammed with the illustrated cross-talk type of joke: there is a good example of the sort of thing I mean in 1929E:

Student: I've just seen the ghost in the third library, sir!

Vice-Rector: Did you have permission?

This disadvantage of this type of joke is that the picture is merely an illustration, and not an integral part of the humour. *Chi Lo Sa?* had shown great foresight in wholeheartedly adopting the single-line caption, and some of the productions of this period, such as the one illustrated above, are surprisingly modern in their simplicity. The influence of *Punch* is more to be recognized in particular cases; apart from clear 'liftings' like the pre-war Simple Stories and the article on First yearmanship in 1952S, there is the whole series of Heath Robinson pictures. Perhaps the best of these is the complicated ziggurat of crankshafts and cogwheels which made up the 'Machine for sprinkling cheese on Spag'. It was followed on the next page by an equally imposing contrivance called the 'Machine for taking cheese off Spag' (1939E).

Articles show far less development in style than drawings. There seems to be a limited number of *genres litteraires* peculiar to *Chi Lo Sa?* which reappear regularly. There is the dialogue type of article, written in the style of a stage cross-talk act (and, one suspects, by the same people!) You know the sort of thing :

A : Wasn't it cold in the chapel this morning ?

B : Yes, the sanctuary lamp was out (1945X).

Then there is the press report type of article, which had a great vogue just before the war, and has often recurred since :

#### TABLET COMMEMORATES SAFE RETURN

A tablet commemorating the safe return of the English College to Rome this year was unveiled by the Rector (Mgr Rope), last Thursday. The function was attended by many of the Roman nobility. After a short Latin speech the Rector disclosed the tablet, and the young Jesuit students gave their traditional cry of 'prosint' (may it profit).

The English College was founded in Trastevere by King Edmund the Martyr, and has furnished many eminent churchmen, among them Cardinals Newman and Bourne. Exiled during the war to St Mary's College, Strawberry Hill, it is now installed once more in the Via Tolentino (1951E).

There must be scarcely an author of English literature who has not been parodied, from Chaucer :

*Ther was also a Doctour of Physik*

*That watched our beed-sides when we were seek.*

*Medecounes he hadde so many on hys table*

*That whych weren whych to saye he was nat able.*

*He yav when they were week to everichoun*

*Egges and soupe, but forke none nor spoune . . . (1928S).*

To Lewis Carroll :

*Twas trattig and the sleesy dagues*

*Did slore and drumble in the Greg ;*

*All wumpatch were the portuspaigues*

*And Canon Law's detreg (1948X).*

THE VENERABLE itself, we are sorry to say, has not always been free from the gibes of the irreverent. Usually it was the diary which came in for criticism :

*Instead of saying 'Mr Bunch  
On Easter Sunday came to lunch':  
'Bunch graced our paschal pranzoncino'  
—that means less water in the vino.*

Sometimes it was the Romanesque, as in 1938, when somebody, with a view to proving that all Romanesques are the same, wrote one about the College clock, on the Aristophanic principle of substituting the words 'the College Clock' in a mosaic of quotations from previous writers in the series. And the Obit Book, adopted child of THE VENERABLE, has fared equally hard:

April 1st. On this day we may commemorate——, a student of this College from 1941–6. Shortly before his death he occupied a chair in Chicago, which was subsequently joined to a power house in that place (1944X).

But there is no need to enumerate all the different types of article. Most people will be familiar with the 'Do You Know?' series (inaugurated with a flourish of trumpets in 1928E), the Chronicles of Said the Scribe (there have been about six of these since their inception in 1938), the Signature tunes of the war period and the Book Reviews which have appeared in about seventy of the eighty-three issues. One good series which has died out was the Glossary of College Terms. Perhaps the best of these appeared in 1934S; it was called a 'dictionary of Comic Opera'.

*Caste*: Anyone not suffering from croup, or paralysis, or both.

*Cachuca*: (i) a sneeze; (ii) a riot.

*Encore*: See Rector.

*Flat*: C sharp.

*Libretto*: Very little is known of this.

*Overture*: A signal for the caste to begin dressing.

*Rejoice*: (i) Exhortation.

*Rejoice*: (ii) ditto.

*Rejaw-aw-aw-haw-haw-hoyce*. Corrupt spelling of the above.

*Speech* (i) What some people make during the Opera.

(ii) What other people 'don't intend to make' after the Opera.

But I doubt if there is ever any danger of a good series finally coming to an end. There will always be a time when the Editor is sufficiently short of ideas to look through the old numbers and stage a revival!

Besides the articles strictly so called, one should mention

the many 'features' which brighten up the pages of *Chi Lo Sa?* The most regular of these are the mosaics made up of cuttings from the newspapers. Then there was the photographic competition in the 1938E issue. Another novel idea was the game of Venerable Ludo in 1928—you can imagine the sort of thing it was: 'late for meditation—go back three spaces' and so on. And of course if you landed on a square marked 'Examination' you had to throw a six before you could move on.

If we go behind the expression of the jokes, and look for the aspects of College life which are being tilted at, we will find that they remain amazingly constant. If it is true, as Jack Point says, that the world is a barrel of fun into which everyone may drive his gimlet, most of us seem to make our bungholes at exactly the same places. Foremost among the regular topics comes the refectory reading. Scarcely an Easter or Christmas edition of *Chi Lo Sa?* has been without its ration of quotations from the current book, yoked in glorious incongruity to some flight of the artist's imagination. Or we are treated to some sample of the author's style, such as the following effusion provoked by Bishop Ward on priestly recreation:

The afternoon stroll to Rocca di Papa, perhaps the quaintest and most unspoilt of the Castelli towns, is a custom of the summer months familiar to villagers and students alike, and contributes in no small degree to the enrichment of the former and the entertainment of the latter. So natural is it for the fledgling cleric—fatigued from a crabbed passage in Irenaeus perhaps, or from some teasing syllogism of the schools—to leave his dusty (though indispensable) scholastic toll for the open hearths of rustic jollity, and so manifest are the advantages of this felicitous intercourse of town and gown, that to speak long on the subject would rightly incur the reproach of redundancy (1951E).

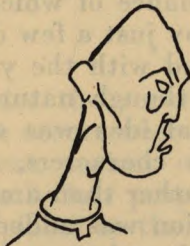
It is not hard to see why it should be such a popular subject. In general parody is the easiest form of humour to produce, and the most flattering to recognize; and in this case you are quite certain that the parody will be obvious to all. And above all, the book can be lampooned as hard as you like without there being any danger of hurting anyone's feelings—it is the perfect subject, on which you can write without the slightest worry about sensibility, censoriousness, or censorship.

Second to this in popularity comes the Public Meeting. A much more dangerous topic, which needs careful handling; but

one which is, of course, of much greater interest to posterity. An early editor went so far as to say that 'no number of *Chi Lo Sa?*' should be without its report of a public meeting', and his maxim has been faithfully carried out—sometimes too faithfully perhaps. Following from Public Meetings comes another evergreen topic—the vexed question of Christmas guests, and artists in all ages have enjoyed themselves with pictures of their friends condemned to speak Chinese throughout a concert or of the Common Room bursting under the strain of that extra Private Guest.

PUBLIC MEETING EXPRESSIONS

CLS? 1934



*Reasons!*



*Has that motion been seconded?*



*There seems to be a general impression in the House that...*



*This is the thin end of the wedge...*

There are many other topics which are peculiar to certain times of the year. At Easter the Retreat is just over, and the fishpond is sure to come in for a joke: there was a delightful picture in 1947E of one fish saying to another, 'Don't look now, but I think we're being watched'. Instructions from the M.C. are unusually rife at this time of the year, and they are a favourite target for satire. This one appeared in 1951:

On receiving your palm : the right-hand is the right-hand for those on the right-hand, the left-hand is the right-hand for those on the left. The palm should be held inside the fingers (not the palm) of the outside hand (except in the procession when those who are outside may hold it on the inside so long as they are outside, but once they are inside they must again hold it in the outside hand.) Finally, all those outside will go inside with their palms on the outside, and will return to their places by the front of the bench if they were in the front back benches, by the back of their bench if they were in the back benches, back or front, or, if they were in the front front bench, by the middle (i.e. the back).

The most perennial theme of the Villa numbers has been, of course, the Opera, the second performance of which usually precedes the appearance of *Chi Lo Sa?* by just a few days. The method of commenting on it has changed with the years, and there have been three distinct periods, though naturally they have overlapped sometimes. The original idea was simply to draw colourful sketches of the various characters, with the intention of recording the performance rather than amusing the reader. The next stage was when a caption was added, usually a line from the Opera : you would draw the reluctant policemen of *The Pirates of Penzance*, and entitle the picture 'We go, we go !' (1930S). The disadvantage of this kind of picture was that the humour of the situation had already been exploited, either in Gilbert's dialogue or during the stage performance, so that in effect the audience was being asked to laugh twice at the same joke. The most recent method is to keep a line of the Opera for the caption, but to draw as a picture an entirely different situation to which the words, by a stretch of the imagination, also apply. Of this sort is the notorious 'apprenticed to a pi lot' of 1945E which depicted a haloed student wearing a seraphic smile. The last method is on the whole initially funnier, but posterity will miss in recent numbers those dainty little vignettes which used to catch the spirit of a Palazzola Opera and record the features of the caste for future generations to admire.

Of course all the year round there is the food to talk about, and ever since the poet sighed 'I wish I could be funny, *à propos* of tunny' (1928E), there have been certain dishes that have been more in the public eye than others. Most picturesque of the regular topics is the Indian Student (*vulgo* the Nig) whom the College has supported these last fifteen years. He once wrote

to *Chi Lo Sa?* after being informed that his financial position for a certain year was precarious :

Dear Mr Nig-Man,

Many thank yous for your last letter, to which your stamp had not prefixed. I was devastating to hear that the position of my fiancée was gregarious. All things being equal, I was looking into a supper collation. You see, I am to take the stock this year. I want badly a new cotta, as I have erased the sleeves of the inveterate one. The Bishop enuntiates me that he has received several attributions from the Venomous English College, but they are not enough and I would be ingratiated very much if you could jazz the boys up a modicum.

Credit me,

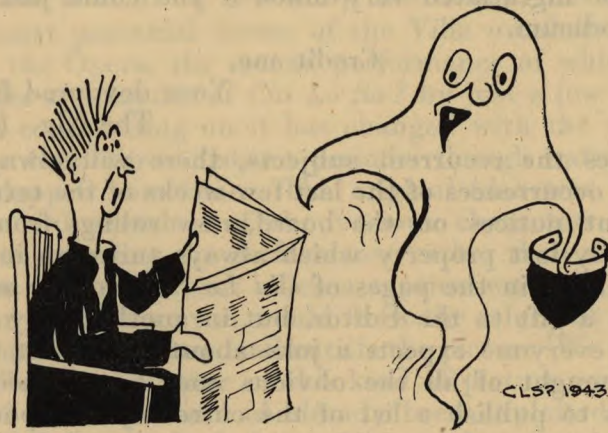
Your devoured friend,

The Nig (1944E).

Besides the recurrent subjects, there will always be the particular occurrences of the last few weeks of the term to work on—current notices on the board, new rulings from officials, and recently lost property which always turns up in the most unlikely places in the pages of *Chi Lo Sa?* In one sense these things are a gift to the Editor, but in another they set him a problem : everyone expects a joke about them, but they have already thought of all the obvious ones for themselves. One solution is to publish a list of the current jokes, portrayed in the most obvious way possible, with statistics of the number of requests for each, heading the whole page 'We cannot disappoint our readers'. Another is to draw a throng of people and call them 'A few of the crowd who wanted a joke about the Hole in the Wall', or somebody being bitten by a horse, or whatever it is—you are sure to recall at least one instance of it, for it is a hardy septennial.

There are some topics of long-standing interest which occur surprisingly few times. The infirmarians, for instance, rarely receive mention in *Chi Lo Sa?* and the servants, a favourite theme in the early years, are never heard of now. More surprising still is the decline of the Gregorian as a subject of humour. During the 'twenties it was one of the leading targets of satire. There was a long series of Quaestiones Disputatae on points such as 'utrum dulce debet a superioribus saepius provideri'. There were imaginative accounts of examinations, pages from the diaries of Titius and Bertha, satirical poems about Scholastic

luminaries (I wonder how many people, by the way, have rhymed 'flesh' with 'Vermeersch' . . .) and even a potted history of philosophy in slightly erratic verse. No doubt the building in the Via del Seminario was a more picturesque place than its comfortable and colourless successor in the Pilotta; but the methods and maxims of Scholasticism and the mannerisms and manias of Scholastics remain themes as promising as ever. Yet since the war, apart from a rather jolly series of punning pictures on the names of adversaries such as Poschmann, Parenti and Palmieri, there has been hardly a single shaft aimed Pilottawards.<sup>4</sup>



#### SPIRITUAL STOCKTAKING

The issues of *Chi Lo Sa?* which were brought out at St Mary's Hall are of great interest in that they provide a completely new set of topics—serving in the Refectory, turnip-picking, and Friday's 'starvation breakfast' (so called because it consisted merely of bread, butter, jam and porridge without any bacon!) and many others. But in spite of these, the Editors had a difficult time in producing *Chi Lo Sa?* without the stimulus that the full life of Rome provided. They met the difficulty in several ways. One was that they began to concentrate on cartooning as an art to an extent to which it had never been studied before, so that for sheer excellence of draughtsmanship and caricature some of the Exile numbers

<sup>4</sup> A glance through two recent numbers selected at random shows that between them they only contain one joke about the University, and that a mere revival of the hoary 'circulus vitiosus' pun. Even during the later post-war years the decline in the number of such jokes was beginning; one of the last was the definition of the Via Lata as 'the broad road which leads to hell' (1936E).



are unsurpassed by any others. They were obviously influenced by the work of Giles, but they took his style and evolved it into one peculiar to *Chi Lo Sa?* which has predominated ever since; so that some of us have come to regard it as the only traditional style. Another method was that they filled out the issues with jokes different from the usual *Chi Lo Sa?* style. There was, for instance, an unprecedented number of punning pictures: there was Hake Dies, Clergy Revue, Rising Belle, Spiritual Stocktaking, Pie Reading, Byrd for five and many others. (I leave you to imagine the drawings. They were nearly all excellent, which must have been how they got away with it!) Or they would import non-topical jokes from *Punch*, or some book of witty wisecracks, and dress the protagonists up in cassocks. In the normal run of events this would be quite contrary to the meaning of *Chi Lo Sa?* but exceptional difficulties call for exceptional solutions, and these Editors did fine work for which we who come after must be ever grateful.

A history of *Chi Lo Sa?* would not be complete without a consideration of *Chi Lo Sa?* as history itself. In the Editorial of 1935X the Editor describes how he saw in a vision 'archivists and historians of many decades to come, probing in vain among those stern pages of our junior contemporary—pages strangely and frigidly indifferent to the passage of events—in an attempt to learn how the men of this age lived and acted. And then . . . oh ethereal vision! we saw stretched out before us row after row of *Chi Lo Sa?* then from volume to volume in quick succession a cry was taken up: "L'histoire, c'est moi". A quaint conceit, which needs qualification—the most obvious being that the maxim should read 'L'Histoire de la dernière semaine de la semestre, c'est moi', for few Editors have the hardihood to rake the ashes of some long-forgotten incident to provoke a spark of humour; and quite important events will go unrecorded if they occur in January or June. For all that, the maxim contains a great deal of truth, and the history of the College can be closely followed in the pages of *Chi Lo Sa?*

Sometimes it is an article which tells us about an innovation, such as the electioneering addresses which began to appear when the custom of voting for the Senior Student was introduced. Sometimes it is a cartoon which illustrates a historic event—it is in this way that we learn that the College once beat the Swiss Guards at football, or that boxing was taken up at St

Mary's in 1945. So startling a departure as the temporary introduction of six as the camerata number, or the threatened nine years' course, was felt to demand several indignant poems (1927E and 1930X). Sometimes only a careful study of the details of some irrelevant drawing will reveal some new piece of College furnishing—if you look between the helmets and frog-men apparatus of 'Divers Churches' in 1923X, you will notice a careful reproduction of the new benches which had just been introduced into the main chapel. Changes in the staff, of course, receive their due meed of attention: after a Regency period during which you may find cartoons of the Vice-Rector dressed *à la* Beau Brummel (1938E) the new Rector will be solemnly greeted. The first time he appears he will be artistically welcomed in the guise of Godfrey de Bouillon, or given a studied portrait as a new star in the College firmament (1930S and 1939E)—after which he will be reduced to the indignity of a caricature with the rest of us.<sup>5</sup>

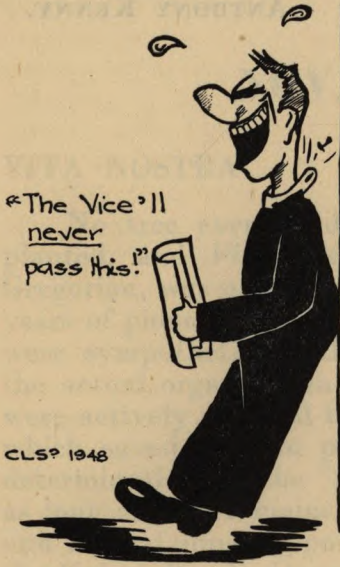
But it is time that we left the armchair of the critic and tried to penetrate, for a few moments, into the fevered atmosphere of the *Chi Lo Sa?* room itself. There is plenty of help from the pages of the issues we have been examining, for ever since the early days the 'reflexio supra seipsam' type of joke has been a favourite. In the second number the Editor remarked, with pained surprise, that a notice on the board requesting articles had produced no result at all, and only repeated personal application had enabled him to persuade people to contribute. It is a lament which would be echoed by many a subsequent Editor who has done his best to fulfil the ideal that *Chi Lo Sa?* should be written by the House, and not by a small staff. In 1930X we had a graphic drawing of 'that last five minutes before *Chi Lo Sa?* comes out', and two years later one of 'the Editor trying to get a funny idea out of the fact that he hasn't got a funny idea'. He was not the last to do so, and there has been a spate of articles written about writing articles for *Chi Lo Sa?*

But no cartoon or article could do justice to the labours of those last few hours before the appearance of a number. There

<sup>5</sup> *Chi Lo Sa?* often reflects external as well as internal history. The *Piano Regolatore* (1926X) might come under either heading, but the Lateran treaty and the Italian occupation of the Dodecanese too are well recorded in its pages. The Abyssinian war and the Sanctions crisis produced a 'diary of the siege of the College' and 'Frontier Notes' (1935S and X), while there is a satire on the hysterical speeches of Mussolini (called 'Johnson' always in *Chi Lo Sa?*) in 1926X. Had it reached the Palazzo Spada it might have brought its perpetrator to the Regina Caeli!

are the black periods when all minds seem sterile, and the artists sit listlessly toying with their pens, waiting for inspiration. There is the anxious weighing-up of the possibility of hurting somebody's feelings. There are the ideas that are censored, and have to be pasted over at the last minute; the Indian ink that spilled over one of the best drawings. (One Editor made the most of this by covering the whole page with the ink and captioning it 'The Moon is Down'—the title of a Christmas play in that

year.) There is the exasperating discovery that one page has been left blank on one side and needs filling up in a hurry. And behind all this there is a rising cry from the Common Room, becoming more insistent as the repertoire of Christmas carols begins to run out or the guests start to leave the coffee circles. At last it is bound between the battered cardboard covers, and is brought downstairs by the tired but triumphant Editor. It is left to the mercy of its victims, to the misguided efforts of the Joke Explainer ('you see, it's a pun on *hake* and *haec*'), to the scorn of the Higher Critic ('of course, the



CLS? 1948



CLS? 1948.

"I say, I gotta smashing idea."



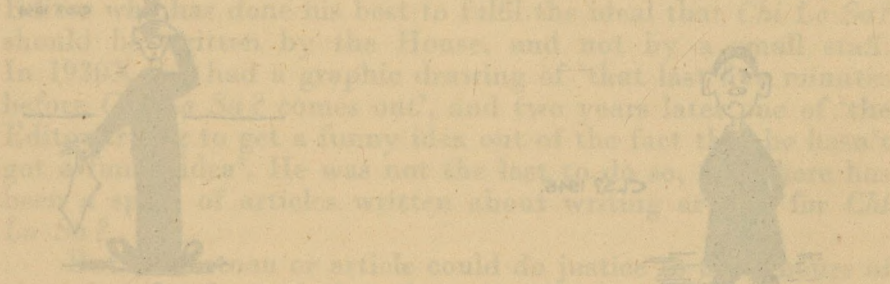
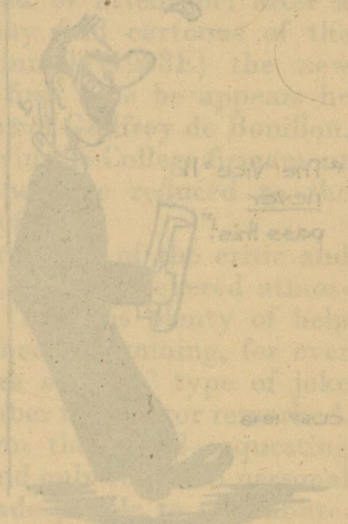
CLS? 1948

"Look — will you please jizz this up!"

main interest in *Chi Lo Sa?* is finding out who wrote the thing . . .') and perhaps—who knows?—to the laughter of the young in heart. And the staff relapse into happy anonymity.

There they will remain, unknown and unpraised, until Macaulay's Australian, having had his fill of the broken arch of Westminster Bridge, delves into the archives and fills a thesis with the names of the great men to whom we owe the inception or the continuation of *Chi Lo Sa*? We owe them a great debt. They have hidden their light under a bushel; but if you take the trouble to delve into this great bushel of chaff, you will find a surprising amount of rich golden wheat.

ANTHONY KENNY.



*[Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

## NOVA ET VETERA

### VITA NOSTRA

No tree ever yielded fruit in the year in which it was planted, and *Vita Nostra*, the students' organization at the Gregorian, was no exception. The years from 1947 to 1950 were years of pioneering. Although the vast majority of the students were sympathetic to the idea, and even benevolent towards the actual organization, only a mere handful—a score or so—were actively engaged in promoting it. Indeed, the two factors which saved it from perishing in its infancy were the sheer determination of the 'pioneers' never to acknowledge failure as long as *they* remained at the University, and whole-hearted and never-failing support and encouragement of the Rector of the University, Fr Dezza.

At the beginning of 1951, events took a new course. Interest had slowly been spreading, and the inauguration of a Common Room at the University was a great step forward. True, the long-awaited *Sala di Ritrovo* was tiny in the extreme, a symbol rather than a rendezvous, but, in justice to the University authorities, it must be said that they could not grant any other aula without upsetting the time-table. Nevertheless, it gave the movement a territory over which it could fly its flag unchallenged and the installation of a post box at the door has solved the long-standing difficulty of making contact with the organizers, and making enquiries, criticisms and suggestions of any kind. The room itself, too, has proved far more useful than its size would lead one to expect; during the last year over one hundred periodicals, Catholic and non-Catholic, were made available from all over the world, the English section being represented

by the *Tablet*, the *Catholic Gazette*, *Blackfriars*, the *Illustrated London News* and several other reviews. Moreover, there is still a well-founded hope that a much bigger room may be placed at the disposal of the students in the coming year, for the present one is not regarded as anything more than a temporary home. Like Mr Micawber, we are living in hourly expectation.

But the most remarkable development of the past twelve months has been in the manifold new activities which have sprung up under the aegis of *Vita Nostra*. In November a 'Catena Missarum' was begun, and during the academic year a Mass is offered daily, usually by a student priest, for all the professors and alumni, past and present, living and dead. Many study circles have been formed, and it is interesting to note that, as the movement has become somewhat more serious than hitherto, it has attracted roughly ten times as many students. The circles appealed to a wide variety of tastes: there was a philosophical one, directed by Fr Naber, which dealt with modern questions—*Humani Generis*, Marxism, Existentialism and so on—and discussed also how to study philosophy and how to teach it in a seminary. There was a very popular liturgical one, to which all the nations under heaven brought their ideas on how to induce the laity to take an active part in the Mass. The Apologetics' Circle was purely theoretical, and spent the entire year studying in detail the meaning of *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*. Another group organized a number of exhibitions on foreign missions, including an excellent one on Russia. Sociology, Catholic Schools, Islam, Art, Music and Stamp-Collecting all arranged study circles or talks or concerts or meetings to enable the various *dilettanti* to contact each other. The Choir, too, continues to do valuable service on special occasions, and even the spendthrift, the miser and the bookworm can find an outlet for their desires in a regular catalogue of second-hand books, wanted or for sale.

In other directions *Vita Nostra* continues to organize leagues for volley-ball and basketball, and to promote many 'friendlies' at soccer, which not infrequently draw crowds of two or three hundred. Finally, the *rivista*, now established on a sound financial basis and not duplicated, but printed, appears about six or seven times a year with from eight to twelve pages of copy, and at the nominal price of thirty lire (which is rather less than fourpence).

One must also mention the first appearance of an 'Annual Souvenir Album' produced by Fourth Year Theology, containing individual photographs of all the professors and of all the members of their own year, and of a number of outstanding events of their Roman course. All in all, *Vita Nostra* has made striking progress in the last eighteen months, and about one student in ten is actively engaged in it in one way or another. The future looks most promising, and the possibility of a Gregorian Theological Week, to be held in different cities of Western Europe every four or five years, bids fair to become a reality in about four or five years' time. But the future does not belong to the sphere of things *nova* or *vetera*.

#### MARTYRDOM AND FAMILY FEELING

The sayinges of helen Allen wyfe of Wyllm Allen Lynnen draper & cytisen of London.

That she the same helen & Raphe Sherwyn being brothers children The same daye that the said Sherwyn was executed & passinge by uppon the hardell by the said helens howse hard by Saynt M'tins The sayd helen beinge at that instant great w<sup>th</sup> chielde & sore dismayd w<sup>th</sup> the sight of her Kynsman, after the thronge of people were gone by, she went over the way to one of her neighbours houses called Richard Amyas, who presently sayd unto her, I am sory for the heavynes you take for you<sup>r</sup> Cosen Sherwyn, & she answered indeed I am sorowfull, but it is for that he hathe led so evell a life as to deserve this deathe. And Amyas sayd holde you content, for they that have procured their deathes wyll come to a worsse ende. And she that is the cause of it one mischefe or other wyll happen vnto her, & then the world wyll amende, & vntyll then it wyll not.

State Papers 12/170, no. 95.  
Undated, 1581.

helen allens x marke  
William Allen her housbond

G. Elyot.

## RE INFECTA

A discourse of Alyson brought by Sr Tho. Chaloner. Undated, c. 1605.

There was about a twelve month ago one Lowe (whose father is steward in the English College in Douay) who as it seems had formerly discovered his intent to some of his college (himself being then of the English College in Rome) and at length it came to Fr Parsons ears who is the Rector there, that he would be a Benedictine, for wch he took displeasure against him and turned him out of the house very poor without clothes or money, and he going afterwards into Italy making his mean to one Fr Byfield a Benedictine was by him received, well furnished, and by his means placed in that order; wch the Jesuites take in such ill part that any man should receive whom they had cast off, that thereupon grew a great hartburning and many invective Ires were sent up and down on both sides, and after a time they began to wax cool in the matter, but now upon some new discontent it will be revived again.

Hatfield MSS. 140/180.

EIGHTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ROMAN  
ASSOCIATION, YORK

2ND AND 3RD JUNE 1952

The following is a brief report of the Business.

COUNCIL MEETING

2ND JUNE

The Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports were accepted by the meeting and the names of deceased members were announced. Fr Killeen was proposed for membership. Application from the four members of Top Year had not yet been received.

The first business to be dealt with was the Report on the Scholarship examination held last summer. It had not been possible to conduct the examination strictly according to the new system, since the time of preparation had been too short, so an adjustment of the qualifying part was made. All candidates had to submit Qualifying papers in Latin and Mathematics or Physics. Ten men out of eleven survived this round and



proceeded to the General Paper and Interview. The Interview took place at Manchester and each student received ten minutes. In answer to a number of queries the President assured the meeting that the Interview had proved very helpful in revealing qualities in competitors which were not always obvious in their written papers. The expenses of the Interview would be greatly reduced if some College could offer us accommodation instead of our being forced to use a large hotel. A motion was then proposed and forwarded to the meeting providing that the two 'ordinary' members of the Interviewing Panel should be proposed by the Council and appointed for five years.

Further attempts had been made in Rome to secure the privilege of the Martyrs' Mass for our men in England but Rome will not give this sort of privilege to individual groups.

The Council recommended award of the Delany Fund money to top Year, and then proceeded to nominations of officers to settle the date and place of the next meeting.

## GENERAL MEETING

3RD JUNE (seventy-three members present)

The Meeting discussed the Report on the Scholarship and passed the Council's motion concerning the appointments to the Interviewing Panel. This time the Council has recommended Mgr Smith and Dr Duggan for the two places.

Concerning the Martyrs' Mass the Rector of the College and other members urged that we should try to get this devotion to the College Martyrs on the wide basis required by Rome before such privileges are granted, and some discussion as to ways and means took place.

*Election of Officers.*—President: The Very Rev. Canon McNally. Trustee: The Rev. P. Storey. Councillors: The five due to retire were re-elected.

The next meeting will be held in London, 25th and 26th May 1953. This year the change of date to Whit Week had been forced upon us. But in the event members of College staffs found themselves free to join us for the first time for years because of this change, so it was decided to use the corresponding dates next year.

The meeting then concluded.

JAMES MOLLOY (*Secretary*).

## COLLEGE DIARY

Why the Diary? Only those who have lived a similar round of events can really appreciate the background to such a superficial record. The accomplishments of years in an hour-glass. But perhaps it will satisfy if these pages, reviving old memories, enable the reader to re-live the past in a few moments of time.

JANUARY 7th *Monday*. The Gregorian has gulped us down again into its three mouths more hungrily than usual, it seems, after the delay of those two days holiday given us by Fr Abellán to celebrate the beginning of his Rectorship. So we must brace ourselves a second time to face the new Scholastic Year. Meanwhile we clear away the debris of the festive season. The refectory still makes a feeble pass at festivity with its adornment of dissipated holly, but the Common Room is stripped bare of all decoration. We are glad, however, to be able to say that the word 'debris' does not apply to the new stage which has been carried away in whole bright new sections. Prosit, Mr Broome and his minions! We round off to-day with an Epiphany Octave function at Sant' Andre adella Valle with Benediction by Archbishop Pisani.

8th *Tuesday*. Well, the first day wasn't as bad as expected and we were ready for the full rigours of long reading in the refectory where Lloyd George took his place on the Opposition Bench. In the evening came a cheaper if more effective piece of nostalgia on the past glories of Empire in the American film version of Kipling's *Soldiers Three*.

12th *Saturday*. Our resolutions have by now worn a little thin. A few lines of print cannot do justice to the change since our last entry, we can only say that 'cold and foggy' is an adequate description of the last three days, and that with the dreary nasal trumpeting that surrounded us and still do, we fancied ourselves back in England where, we imagine, 'coughing drowns the parson's saw' as usual. It was cheering to catch a glimpse of the annual children's recitation at Sant' Andrea this afternoon, they were obviously enjoying themselves.

13th *Sunday*. *The Feast of the Holy Family*. We leave aside all artistic prejudice as we file into the fresh simplicity of the chapel of the Little Sisters of the Poor for the annual function. The Rector sang High Mass while the Schola thrilled the little old ladies with Perosi's *Missa Davidica*; the rest of the choir sang in plain but proper fashion. After the ceremony the nuns regaled us as usual with *Frascati secco* and *panettone* for the traditional Christmas 'sop in wyne'. This was in fact a day of Recollection.

15th *Tuesday*. Lloyd George is finally dead and buried and we carried straight on with the next book, Knox's *Enthusiasm*, a gift from Professor Lloyd as was the last. The first chapter was omitted in order to begin with the second.

*At last I see the murky face of time revealed*. The mason sets to work cleaning the forgotten monuments in the bottom corridor—one way of keeping warm!

16th *Wednesday*. The reader in the refectory was to-day carried away by his enthusiasm and jumped to chapter eighteen, giving us Wesley's formula for growing old gracefully—talk much and sleep well.

20th *Sunday*. Our night of the Church Unity Octave at the Gesù; Archbishop Tonna gave Benediction and then the Schola tried to resurrect the ghost of Christmas past with a harmonized version of 'Good King Wenceslas'—and this put an end to the ceremony.

The spectacle of Dr Hulme dashing around on roller skates would not surprise those who know of his locomotive powers. 'An Apostolate on roller skates' was the title of the talk he gave us this evening; we learnt all about how few Catholics you can have to the square mile in the Northampton diocese and how few Protestants can resist Dr Hulme when he presents himself with the challenge: 'I've come to be hated'.

22nd *Tuesday*. We were sorry to hear of the death of Provost Hazlehurst who visited us at the Villa some time ago. R.I.P.

23rd *Wednesday*. *Agayn the sonne, and Chauntecleer so free  
Soong murier than the mermaid in the see.*

But when the dawn comes earlier than 5.30 musical appreciation won't stand a chance. The fact is that Raniero has added a cock to his fowl exhibits in the garden. Dr Hulme left Rome to-night with the Vice-Rector who is visiting the Venerabilini in the sanatorium at Montana-sur-Sierre before proceeding to England.

27th *Sunday*. The last fortnight has been the coldest spell that anybody likes to recall, an excellent opportunity for the boiler gremlins, who did their work well, and this meant of course that we did ours badly. However, we eventually became acclimatized to the cold and even made some capital out of the situation talking to our acquaintances at the Gregorian. We had also by this necessary abstention preserved a good fuel balance which could be used to give us luxury for the rest of the winter. But this squirrel's dream turned sour on us to-day for it is very hot and muggy and the heating is working as it has never done before. We must not doff any extra clothing for fear of catching a chill, so we are a little hot and bothered.

30th *Wednesday*. We celebrated the Rector's birthday in accustomed style with *caffè e liquori* after dinner. The Senior Student's speech had the peculiar distinction of being the last of its kind to be delivered by a student from St Mary's Hall.

FEBRUARY 2nd *Saturday*. The Rector made the traditional offering of a candle to the Holy Father and returned with his special blessing for the students. Fr Kirschbaum attracted many to the Gregorian this evening with his coloured lantern lecture on the excavations under St Peter's of which he is second in command; it became very like a thriller as we dug deeper into the foundation of the Basilica taking with us a worm's eye view of each century in reconstruction, but there was scarcely time to wait for the *dénouement* because we had to rush back for Benediction.

4th *Monday*. The College XV to-day matched itself against a team of Rosminians, Irish Dominicans, Propaganda and Scots students: in fact all the English speaking clerics in Rome. To such a plethora of variegated talent we are eventually obliged to admit defeat at 5—8.

6th *Wednesday*. The sad news, rumoured during the morning, was confirmed at dinner when the Rector announced the death of His Majesty the King.

7th *Thursday*. The Hopkins enthusiasts were delighted this evening when Professor Lloyd stressed his importance in the Welsh word-craft tradition. The talk was on medieval Welsh poetry and accompanied with such illustrations as would have charmed the ear of any Cambrian.

8th *Friday*. The survivor in to-night's Balloon Debate was no less a person than Avancinus.

11th *Monday*. A two minutes silence in honour of the late King preceded the annual match with the Scots College at Gelsomino. The game was played in slight rain and a goal for the College from a free kick in the last minute made the game a draw 1—1. To celebrate this precarious survival of our undefeated record since the war there was smoking after tea. We began to-day a novena to beg the intercession of Blessed Ralph Sherwin for the cure of Mr Somers Cocks's child, Pippo.

15th *Friday*. The memorial service for the King was held in the Dodici Apostoli. Mgr Heard officiated at the ceremony and there were several Cardinals present. The British and Dominion students from the various colleges shared the honour of assisting in the sanctuary. President Einaudi and Signor de Gasperi together with Sir Victor Mallet and Sir Walter Roberts were among those in the congregation. The Cappella Giulia sang as they know how, and at the end we ourselves sang for the first time 'God save the Queen'.

17th *Sunday*. Long live the Queen! *Caffè e liquori* after dinner and we toasted Queen Elizabeth II. To complete the celebrations for the Queen's accession we had a film after supper, *The Dark Man*, a murder story with the usual car-chase and man-hunt before the happy ending.

21st *Thursday*. The unaccustomed luxury of gin and vermouth lightened the homeward steps of those who attended the party given by the Minister to the Holy See. In the evening Fr Murray of the Gregorian spoke to us on the approach to non-Catholics.

24th Sunday. The Forty Hours Exposition at the parish church of San Lorenzo in Damaso ended with the Mass of Deposition this morning. The College provided the choir and *assistenza*, and the Papal Master of Ceremonies punctuated the ceremony with sibilant directives.

And now for this evening's concert which was almost entirely devoted to *Princess Pauper*. We have been looking forward for some time to this revival of Mgr Smith's operetta after the glowing accounts of it given by an earlier generation but even so we were not really sorry to hear that the office of critic had been entrusted to another. So as we fall back in our chair waiting for the curtain to rise, we pass you over to the evening's James Agate, Mr Brown.

## SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1952

## PIANO SOLO

The Alligator Crawl . . . Mr Higginson

## SKETCH

## THE OLD FIRM'S AWAKENING

*Herbert Marks* (a bookmaker) . . . Mr Taylor  
*Fred* (his clerk) . . . Mr Doran  
*Little Nell* . . . Mr Rossiter

Quod opus duodecim abhinc annis  
 saeviente iam bello  
 paulo ante exsilium  
 a Vice Rectore compositum  
 primo in has scaenas editum fuit :  
 idem reddita serenitate  
 eidem Rectori Ioanni Macmillan  
 dedicatur

## PRINCESS PAUPER

A Not Entirely Original Comic Operetta  
 By Richard L. Smith

*Ethelred the Unready*, King of Lusitania

*Ermentrude*, his capable Queen . . . Mr FitzPatrick  
*Sophonisba*, their daughter . . . Mr Formby  
*The Lord Chamberlain* . . . Mr Bickerstaffe  
*An Envoy from Mauretania* . . . Mr Broome  
*Chorus of Maids* Messrs Turnbull, Smith, Foulkes,  
 Kenny, A. Davis and Mason  
*Chorus of Cooks* Messrs Hunt, B. Murphy-O'Connor  
 Curtis Hayward, Brewer, Ash-  
 downe, C. Murphy-O'Connor

*Pianist* . . . Mr Collingwood  
*Musical Director and Conductor* . . . Dr Clark

The Operetta produced by Mr Lloyd

'At the start of things the outlook seemed serious and the case grave (to spring at once *in medias res*). On the credit side you had only the prospective producer who had read the script, and one copy each of script and score. The debit side we must leave decently veiled—provided we admit that no one else seemed to share completely the producer's optimism, and that the Choir Master refused point blank to have anything to do with the music.

It is surprising, though, what a little enthusiasm can do. And three weeks before Shrove our producer had assembled a willing cast, a few more copies of the script, the consent of authority and, most important of all, Dr Clark in charge of the music. Perhaps it *might* come off after all.

*Post factum*, of course, there could be no doubt. It *did* come off, and with no half-measure of success. A body of principals ranging from the competent to the inspired, a chorus better-trained and more vivacious than we have known for some time and some truly delightful work at the piano (the transforming effect of one or two of the pianist's original harmonies had to be heard to be believed), combined to do full justice to Mgr Smith's entertaining musical.

From the word "go" the chorus had us in the palm of its hand. Bedecked by our hard-working and seemingly inspired 'Props' men in modest dusting-caps (the maids) and high hats (the cooks), the singing from their first entry was so confident and vigorous that we realized at once we could leave ourselves in their hands without that continuous nagging from our critical faculties that can do so much to ruin a musical show. The conductor had their immediate response *ad nutum*, and made the most of his expressive control. Their dancing, too, was well-known and well-contrived. How pleasant to see everyone moving together, and all the girls turning the same way when required! We were at once transported to the hurly-burly of the Lusitanian court, the Royal breakfast on its way to the Royal table, solid enough fare despite the ersatz coffee and the leanness of the bacon.

With the entry of the Queen we discover that all is not as well as appearances might suggest in the state of Lusitania. The exchequer has run dry—a prey to the extravagance of the King, more interested in his food than in his country's affairs. All this, we are assured, is not the fault of his good Queen: "The King would be bankrupt, the palace a wreck, were both not in charge of Mylady!" A lump came into our throat when we realized that this performance was to be the Queen's swan-song on the College stage. But at least it took place in a blaze of glory. The ghosts of so many well-enjoyed maiden aunts, dowagers and disappointed spinsters seemed to vanish with the Queen at the final curtain, but they left us with the memory of some fine performances. He had a happy knack of delivering his lines without any of that buffoonery which would perhaps have gained more belly-laughs but at the same time would have made impossible any attempt at more subtle characterization. A victim of type-casting, perhaps, but we would not have had it otherwise.

Now enters the King, and with him something of a mystery. At the dress rehearsal I had been amazed by the vitality and absurdity of this

portrayal. Here, undoubtedly, sophistication held court, though timing, intonation and gesture conspired, I suspect, to give a different picture from that intended by the author. But, on the night, many of his subtle effects, I felt, just didn't come off. Over and over again the audience seemed to miss the full humour of a situation. Am I only imagining that far more was put into this part than seemed to be appreciated by the greater part of the audience?

Sophinisba, the young Princess, completes the family scene. A young lady with a ready wit and mind of her own, she lays bare her romantic day-dreamings in a charming waltz, and puts zip into the dialogue with some most unmedieval chatter. But we have to admit that, though she found her voice better than ever before on our stage, she did seem at times to lack the vitality called for by her dialogue. And then we were conscious of sag.

The touching domestic scene is interrupted by the arrival of the Royal Chamberlain, who does his ludicrous best to salvage the appearances of Court etiquette against all the contrary efforts of his betters. He is the herald of stirring news. An envoy has arrived post-haste from neighbouring Mauretania with the threat of an immediate war. What is to be done? The army is shrimping at the sea-side to take its mind off pay day. There is no time to send a Messenger to Mauretania to delay the start of hostilities. The Court seeks solace from a tuneful gavotte—a remedy bitter-sweet at best. The Envoy arrives in person. The palace staff rises to a man. All is not lost. The six cooks give voice to a grand burst of patriotism. “Unleash the dogs of war”, they cry, stirred on by the eager maids to unsuspected heroism. Only the Princess realizes how hopeless a pass things have come to. The Envoy catches her in soliloquy and is fired into love by her show of spirit. Even a blow from the royal hand is not enough to damp his ardour, and our hearts rejoice to see the Princess attracted to her new suitor (“what lovely legs he's got !”) in spite of all her apparent hostility. The threat of a rich Jew from the dungeons as a suitor for her we have no need, by this time, to take seriously, and it is but a moment before we discover, in the *dénouement*, that the Envoy is really the Prince of Mauretania in disguise, out to see for himself how the Princess of Lusitania (a most suitable political match) conducts herself in an emergency, and whether she is likely to offer a fair portion of married bliss to her spouse. All answers by now being safely in the affirmative, no more remains to be done but for us to fling ourselves with musical and choreographical abandon into the delightful finale. An evening of catchy tunes here o'ertopped itself, and there was nothing half-hearted about the way in which the audience demanded to hear once again “They called me John” and “When a man is in love with a beautiful maiden” danced to a hotch-potch of chorus steps from the inevitable backwards and forwards of all College finales to the more abandoned gyrations of the Cachuca.

The King was ably assisted in his bursts of slapstick by the Royal Chamberlain. There was some well thought-out team-work between these two which seemed in no way inferior to that provided by other funny men of the recent past. And if the Chamberlain's vocal line was at times a

little weak, it's not everyone, after all, who can touch off a resounding bottom "D" at will. We know by this time that the Prince's voice will never fail us, and the duets towards the end of the operetta between the Royal lovers were a musical treat.

In conclusion, our thanks must go out undimmed to all those who saw to it that the production was so swift, so efficient and, in the result, so enjoyable.'

25th *Monday*. *Tempo Serenissimo* ! Rising early in the morning with a gondolier's alacrity, first things first and accomplished, we clambered on the bus for an exhilarating day's ski-ing at Terminillo. What a contrast with last year's blizzard conditions ! Second Year managed to find the main run for the first time, but everyone had enough scope to discover that *farinosa* is an absurd adjective to apply to snow in any condition if abrupt contact with the more sensitive parts of the human body is considered. The day was strenuous—we will say nothing of those unfortunates who failed to get their money's worth on the ski-lift and had to return the way they came down, except perhaps that they were financially more fortunate than those who had to pay for their improvident companions blessed with short memories.

27th *Ash Wednesday*. After yesterday's recovery respite, tonsures were spring-cleaned and the sack-cloth taken out of moth-balls in preparation for the Lenten season. The Rector distributed the blessed ashes and sang High Mass. This afternoon's maudlin tints helped our medieval imaginings of old Papal processions up the Aventine as we wended our gentle way to the first and most attractive Station church of Lent. Those graceful piers, ancient wooden doors, that legendary orange tree those crushed bay leaves yielding up their sighs of gentle perfume as we trod the floors of Santa Sabina . . . You will want to interrupt, perhaps to complain that you have heard all this before, that you even seem to remember those very words in a diary two years ago. True, but as plagiarists we are in good company for—

*When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,  
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea,  
An' what he thought 'e might require,  
'E went an' took—the same as me !*

*The market-girls an' fishermen,  
The shepherds an' the sailors too,  
They 'eard old songs turn up again,  
But kep' it quiet—same as you !*

*They knew 'e stole ; 'e knowed they knowed.  
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,  
But winked at 'Omer down the road,  
An' 'e winked back—the same as us.*

We hope you will adopt the suggestion.



29th *Friday*. Just managed to squeeze this day in. The Public Meeting opened after dinner and Mr Broome filled the chair—our congratulations to Mr Hunt on his retirement from office.

MARCH 1st *Saturday. St David's Day*. Until the impossible happens and St George and St Patrick share the same feast day in the Calendar, the rival claims of mixed ancestry will continue to rive the breast of many an English College man. Most of us, however, are able to celebrate St David's Day with joy unaffected by divided loyalties. The Rector sang High Mass. We welcomed our friend Professor Tecwyn Lloyd to dinner and coffee in the Common Room. The evening closed with the film version of Terence Rattigan's *The Browning Version*.

2nd *Sunday*. Dr Clark gave the first of his series of Lenten sermons at the English church of San Silvestro.

5th *Wednesday. Disputationes Publicae*. Mr Inledon opposed in the faculty of Philosophy.

6th *Thursday*. Mr Christopher Serpell, the B.B.C. correspondent in Rome, read the Literary Society a keenly reasoned paper on 'The Anatomy of Persuasion'—though the analogy was intended for Burton's 'Anatomy' it applied perhaps more nearly to Stephen Potter's 'Lifemanship'.

8th *Saturday*. Mr Robert Speaight, who arrived in the College yesterday, gave up some of his very limited time to read us some passages from the works of Shakespeare and Eliot.

10th *Monday*. Yesterday Fr George Pitt came to supper and to-day some of his naval comrades finding their land-legs were shown round the City by selected students; a reminder of their natural element was provided in the form of a constant downpour of rain.

11th *Tuesday*. In the refectory we heard the first instalment of John Gerard's autobiography, being a personal account of a missionary during the days of persecution.

12th *Wednesday. Feast of St Gregory*. The function at San Gregorio went off in traditional style; we were saved, however, from an overdose of complacency by an overzealous native organist who successfully frustrated all the Choir Master's attempts to start the final motet. Next came the usual exhibitionism by those who wished to be seen first in the tank this year; they only just missed having to break real ice. In the evening we had a 'Smoking Concert'.

16th *Sunday*. Rome stirs itself for a great spiritual revival, and to-day the College took part in a procession from the Chiesa Nuova to St Peter's in preparation for the *Settimana della Fede* next week. Mr M. Keegan created a self-styled stirring of the dust with his paper on the poetry of Hopkins.

17th *Monday. St Patrick's Day*. Shamrock sprouted and wilted above loyal hearts, and those of pure Irish descent went to enjoy an evening with the Irish Augustinians. The feast brought for the rest of the House only smoking after tea, and the St Patrick's concert seems to have disappeared from the programme for good.

18th *Tuesday*. After supper Mr McHugh challenged the social conscience of the House with his paper on that popular theme 'What's wrong with the C.S.G.?' The speaker had wisely left his bombshell to a time in his college career when he could not be called upon to practice what he preached by taking over the Society next year.

20th *Thursday*. This evening Bishop Gawlina, formerly head chaplain to the Polish forces, made a deep impression on us in his talk on Poland and the War; a calm wave of the hand was all that accompanied the mention of each terrifying incident of mass annihilation and transportation carried out by the Russians, so normal had the conditions of persecution become for him.

23rd *Sunday. Laetare Sunday*. We saw the film *The Wooden Horse* in which the excitements of escape from a German P.O.W. camp became so vividly real to us that when the projector caught fire at a really tense moment it made a sensation out of all proportion to the damage.

24th *Monday*. The recent disturbances in Trieste were the signal for the University students of Rome to indulge in a demonstration of their own. Bands of young men and girls roamed up and down the streets waving banners and shouting anathema at the Allies all and sundry. The police seemed quite content provided the students restricted themselves to smashing windows and chalking 'abbassi' signs over the walls and windows of Rome's shopping centre. Bus drivers looked on nonchalantly as the rioters similarly decorated the public vehicles, knowing well that others would have to clean them up when the day was done.

25th *Tuesday*. An otherwise undistinguished Theologians' concert finished with a remarkable Russian salad in doggerel by Top Year in which Mr Carson was eventually discovered to be the Vice-Rector very heavily disguised.

### THE THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, LADY DAY, 1952

- |   |            |                                                          |             |
|---|------------|----------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 | PIANO SOLO |                                                          |             |
|   |            | 'Consolation' No. 3 in D Flat ( <i>Liszt</i> ) . . . . . | Mr Kirkham  |
|   |            | Prelude in B Major ( <i>Kirkham</i> )                    |             |
| 2 | SONG       |                                                          |             |
|   |            | The Trumpeter . . . . .                                  | Mr Turnbull |
| 3 | SKETCH     |                                                          |             |
|   |            | ELEGANT EDWARD                                           |             |
|   |            | <i>Burglar Bill</i> . . . . .                            | Mr D'Arcy   |
|   |            | ' <i>Mr Treherne</i> ' . . . . .                         | Mr Travers  |
|   |            | <i>Mrs Treherne</i> . . . . .                            | Mr McConnon |
|   |            | <i>Police Sergeant</i> . . . . .                         | Mr Leonard  |
|   |            | <i>Police Constable</i> . . . . .                        | Mr Rossiter |

## 4 MONOLOGUE

Runcorn Ferry . . . . . Mr Abbott

5 'AT HOME': Messrs P. Keegan, Fitzpatrick, Kirkham, M. Keegan,  
Vella and Rice

## 6 SONGS

Waiting for the Robert E. Lee	Mr Bickerstaffe
Yeomen of England . . . . .	Mr Collier
No John . . . . .	Mr M. Keegan
Drake goes West . . . . .	Mr Brown

## 7 TOP YEAR SKETCH

## INSALATA RUSSA

## A Jocular Morsel with Four Ingredients

## The Recipe :

<i>Gogol Goldstein</i> , a wandering Jew . . . . .	Mr Dakin
<i>Kropotkin Vissleoffsky</i> , a trans-Siberian Engine-driver . . . . .	Mr Hunt
<i>Natasha Polovsky</i> , a beautiful fellow- traveller . . . . .	Mr Byron
<i>Kushi Butterfield</i> , a misplaced person . . . . .	Mr Carson

29th *Saturday*. Prosit to Messrs Broome and Grech on their subdiaconate. A hot wind caught us as we turned the corner into the Piazza Farnese on the way to the Gregorian this morning ; a reminder of what we must now expect as normal for the time of year—this winter had almost made us forget what it was like ! However, the presence of the *sciocco* does at least give us some excuse for our short temper.

APRIL 3rd *Thursday*. The fine spell has lasted and we even heard the swifts doing a little preliminary squealing round the Cortile four days ago. All of which meant that we had almost cricketing weather for the great 'Game with Rugby Roma'. It was an exciting match and the spectators were able to get a first-rate view from the new grandstand at the equally new pitch at Aquacetosa instead of standing in the mud and peeping out from under half an umbrella as last year. But these improved conditions did not favour our success and we lost after an exhausting struggle, 11—15.

4th *Friday*. A return to English weather heralded the return to-day from that country of the Vice-Rector ; he looked even more than his usual self and received a spontaneous welcome on his arrival in the refectory for tea.

6th *Sunday*. *Palm Sunday*. Dr Clark sang High Mass and distributed the Olive branches. An informal farewell dinner was given for Mgr Flanagan who is leaving the Scots College this week to take up his new post as Rector of the Scots College in Valladolid. The Retreat opens this evening with Fr Healy S.J., lecturer in Moral Theology at the University, giving the conferences.

9th *Wednesday*. We came out of Retreat this morning to find the warm weather back again and this time the swifts were in force, diving, swooping, and swerving round the buildings like mad things. If they have come to stay this is certainly a reliable forecast. This evening the Canons of San Lorenzo shared their stalls with some of the students who attended *Tenebrae* and gave melodic utterance to the Lamentations.

11th *Friday. Good Friday*. The effects of fasting rather blurred our memory of the beauty of the morning ceremony but it will suffice for old Venerabilini if we say that we are confident that they would have been glad to have been with us for it. One of them at least did just come in time to be present, for Mgr Elwes arrived this morning as our guest for a week.

13th *Easter Sunday*. After a few preliminary shufflings the curtain covering the Martyrs' Picture was safely lowered, and with Glorias and bells ringing in our ears we assisted for the second year at the midnight Mass of Paschaltide, sung by the Vice-Rector. This morning's High Mass was sung by the Rector, and then we went out to hear the Holy Father's Easter allocution in the Piazza San Pietro; last year it had contained a note of sorrow and forboding but this time there was encouragement and a tone of quiet joy. This evening we were put in truly lighthearted mood by Alistair Sim's unique form of foolery in the film *Laughter in Paradise*.

19th *Saturday*. The week has passed quietly for those who remained at home; there were *gite* to all the old familiar places: Tivoli, Anagni, Horace's Villa, Anzio, etc. Two parties attempted Semprevisa and neither reached the summit; only one of them was honest enough to admit it was in fact trying to do just that; we suspect the other was too heavily equipped for eating. On Thursday we wilted in the antiseptic atmosphere of hospital life with the film *White Corridors*. And now upon our peace come the hunting-cries of *gitanti* from afar, bronzed and full of life, seeking their prey; it is to be hoped that their stories have been properly worked out amongst themselves.

20th *Sunday*. We set out immediately after breakfast for the *focchi* procession at San Lorenzo—the Vice-Rector carried the Blessed Sacrament to the sick of the parish. The first posters in the campaign for May's municipal elections are now appearing in the streets. The Communists have a pertinent poster describing conditions in the Cappellar'—nine hundred families overcrowded in tumbledown houses, and rampant tuberculosis: we share their worries.

23rd *Wednesday. St George's Day*. The Rector sang High Mass. To dinner we welcomed many guests among whom were Mgr Duchemin and Mr Somers Cocks. In the interests of high finance all but one of the students refrained from wearing a rose. The more consciously English of our number watched carefully at Benediction to see whether our comrades of more Irish leanings were joining as lustily in the hymn to St George as we did for St Patrick five weeks ago.

25th *Friday*. Bishop King of Portsmouth arrived for a short stay in the College and brought with him to supper the Mayor of Bournemouth.

MAY 1st *Thursday*. Rome lies lifeless under the spell of Labour Day. The Vatican showed a courageous independence by providing transport to take the Schola to the Papal broadcasting station where it made recorded broadcasts dedicated to the English Martyrs for Britain and Malta. This afternoon a *camerata* trying to find a quick way from Peter's to Pam got caught up in a Communist-inspired proletarian garden party near the Villa Belvedere: it managed to remain suitably aloof. After supper Sir Walter Roberts read the House a paper on 'Both Sides of the Iron Curtain'.

3rd *Saturday*. This afternoon we were roughly introduced to a meditation on the exact speed at which time flies by the arrival of the dreaded Sheet. This event is not wholly disconnected with the increasing tendency to choose Sant' Onofrio as a destination for the evening walk, in spite of the fact that the arrival of the 'Comet' can be better observed from there.

4th *Sunday*. *Feast of the English Martyrs*. Bishop King sang Pontifical High Mass and replied in moving tones to a farewell speech by the Rector at coffee after dinner. The Vatican broadcast was relayed to us during supper by two wireless sets at strategic corners of the refectory and thus the man who had acted as compère in the broadcast was enabled to compel our attention to his words and eat at the same time—a feat which has hitherto been beyond him.

10th *Saturday*. Bishop Flynn is now staying with us for a few days. This evening the future Choirmaster tried his hand for the first time and courted our favour by a practice of only a quarter of an hour.

12th *Monday*. The election campaign is now in full swing. Signor Rebecchini, the Sindaco of Rome, to-day carried the war into the enemy's camp, addressing a crowded gathering in the Piazza Cancelleria. Rome must be the bill-sticker's paradise at the moment with plenty of work for all. Signor Nitti, the octogenarian head of the professedly independent *Lista Cittadina*, appeared in a masterly drawing to-day pulling a dust cart full of Communist rubbish and labelled '*Nittezza Urbana*'.

15th *Thursday*. To-day we made a promising start to our cricket season by defeating the Beda by 60 runs to 25. Dr Clark left for his holiday in England.

19th *Monday*. The short Roman spring gives place to summer as the wistaria declines, the grass in the forum goes yellow, and cineraria makes room for hydrangea in the Villa Wurts. But the sunnier days bring the children and their parents out for whole afternoons on end. I wonder whether anyone can explain why nineteen out of twenty babies are always wrapped in blue and pink rugs? On Saturday Bishop Flynn left and Bishop Grant returned in book form to the refectory. Yesterday we had as our guest for lunch Dr Wadham of the World Council of Churches. And to-day Professor Lloyd said farewell to us though we hope to see him again soon.

20th *Tuesday*. The election poster battleground has been diminished by the area of our church wall from which we scraped several weeks' argument to-day.

21st *Wednesday*. It was announced that the Rector had appointed Mr McHugh to take the place of Mr Grech as Deputy Senior Student ; the change has been made necessary by Mr Grech's ill health—we hope a holiday in Malta will soon restore him. To-day saw the end of Bishop Grant at Norwood and the beginning of Archbishop Cranmer at Aslacton.

26th *Monday*. *The Feast of St Philip Neri*. Fr Philip Caraman S.J., who translated John Gerard's autobiography, came to lunch. This evening Cardinal Micara gave Benediction at what must surely be for us the most Roman of our functions : the closing ceremony of the festival of the 'Second Apostle of Rome' at the Chiesa Nuova.

27th *Tuesday*. Sunday's polling day passed quietly in spite of predictions to the contrary and the one million one hundred thousand voters made very little display of themselves. And now the results are out : the middle parties retain a precarious hold on the city, and the *Provincia* remains firmly Communist, though at last Castel Gandolfo has a Christian Democrat *Sindaco*. These results reflect the outcome of the Christian Democrat policy of appeasing the northern left-wing groups ; in the south the Monarchist and M.S.I. parties are of much more account than any leftist sections except the Communists so that the latter, taking advantage of the split voting, remain in a strong position.

28th *Wednesday*. Fr O'Neill to lunch. Top Year (all four of them) went bust in providing us with a tea that loses nothing by comparison with past occasions. *Prosit!* Fr Rope's history of the College is out, but not yet for private consumption.

31st *Saturday*. The Rector left us on Thursday for the Roman Association meeting. Voting for next year's Senior Student closed to-day without a poster campaign—only free envelopes.

JUNE 5th *Thursday*. Our last little spree before the final sprint of the year took place this evening when thirty-five of us milled about on the Embassy terrace at the party for the Queen's official Birthday. We are now getting the full benefits of the Italian sun ; this was all right for recreation purposes, and the Fregene party at the Whit Monday gita looked quite happy after their return in spite of their boiled lobster complexions, but now we should like a change, thank you.

6th *Friday*. Fr Alfred Wilson, our Spiritual Adviser, gave his first Conference since being re-elected for a further term as Procurator-General of the Passionists. *Prosit* and *Auguri!*

7th *Saturday*. There were ordinations for Third Year Theology at All Saints in the Via Appia this morning. Mr Broome became a deacon while Messrs McHugh, McManus, Lloyd, D'Arcy, FitzPatrick, Kirkham, Boswell, Rossiter and M. Keegan all became subdeacons. Mr Brown's postively last official choir practice took place though we fancy his influence will continue to be felt not very far behind the scenes until the Villa is over.

10th *Tuesday*. Lectures finished to-day and we went for the Thanksgiving service at San Ignazio where Fr Lombardi S.J., addressed us on the nature of our various home missions, and the General of the Society, Fr Janssens, gave Benediction. We can't help feeling it is a little inappropriate that they should treat the Scholastic Year as rounded off at this point when the worst is still to come.

12th *Thursday. Corpus Christi*. We wended our way to the Little Sisters' this morning making use of every square inch of shade along the route, but that two minutes round the Victor Emmanuel Monument might as well have been spent in the Arabian desert, and we arrived considerably stickier than we left. The little old man at the door, however, soon restored our flagging spirits with his jubilant military greeting, and the Mass and procession through the vegetable garden hung with white and yellow bunting went off in traditional style.

14th *Saturday*. Our new Villa caretaker, Alfredo, son of Luigi, was married at Rocca to-day. We welcome Canon Kelly of Macclesfield and his brother as our guests : they have incidentally brought us a goodwill offering in the shape of some cricket gear which will shortly be put to good use. Meanwhile more melancholy reflections :

*My candle burns at both ends ;  
It will not last the night ;  
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—  
It gives a lovely light !*

17th *Tuesday*. The little anxious queue at the first floor landing is now usually the first thing we meet on our way upstairs after dinner ; we are glad to be able to say, however, that the first Philosophy Licentiate results are all successful : the first two of Third Year left for their holiday this evening just after the Rector's return from England.

18th *Wednesday*.

*My temples throb, my pulses boil,  
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—  
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,  
And pour it on a lobster salad.*

It is about this time when we realize for two short weeks how true it is that it is far less trouble to work a little all the year through instead of all at the last minute.

*Ad Multos Annos* Mr Dakin, whom we shall nevertheless be seeing again in October.

24th *Tuesday*. To-day we had *caffè e liquori* for the Rector's official feast day, a moment of relaxation in a tense period : we are glad for their sakes that our readers do not have to live with us the entire unrecorded substratum of these entries. *Ad Multos Annos* Mr Byron.

25th *Wednesday*. Fr Rope left for his holiday this morning in the traditional *carozza* to the accompaniment of a rather emaciated blast on the Props

trumpet. We who have our ordeal still to come do our best to ignore the existence of those over-cheerful individuals who are usually to be seen lolling round the tank. Incidentally the task of the Tank Man has been considerably lightened by Mr Kelly's chemical prescription which turns green water blue and appears to dissolve dirt completely.

29th Sunday. *Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.* Mr McHugh received the diaconate to-day, returned for six hours, and then went off with Mr Broome to begin their retreat for the priesthood at the Jesuit *Casa*. The Advance Party have left for the Villa—we hope they will leave us some furniture. This evening we do the procession for the Feast of the Precious Blood at San Lorenzo; it has been specially transferred from Tuesday to enable us to take part. And now we can apply our thoughts more directly to the *Villeggiatura*: did we really choose the right room?—can we think of some way down from the Sforza which does not pass the Vice's steps when work is in progress—how many of the gardeners' carefully tended blooms have survived the perils of the sheep above and the goat below? There are in fact reinforcements for the garden above the iron steps; they have been carefully tended for some weeks in boxes above the top balcony here.

JULY 1st *Tuesday.* A comprehensive bus scheme for transporting everybody at once painlessly to Palazzola—failed; and the traditional staggered and dispersed itineraries that have always found their way there in the past were once more the order of the day. We ourselves prefer the approach by the Albano path—more rustic, and makes our destination seem far in the depths beyond Albano instead of just off the main road between Marino and Velletri; for this route the electric train is a comfortable and fitting preparation. And now, while we start to worry about our golf handicap and the other thousand and one trivialities of Villa life we hand you over to the next Samuel Pepys.

MICHAEL MOORE.



## PERSONAL

We offer our sincere congratulations to the RIGHT REV. MGR PROVOST PEACOCK (1885-91), who was made a domestic prelate on the occasion of the centenary of the Northampton Chapter. Our congratulations also to the RIGHT REV. MGR BIRD (1907-14) and to the RIGHT REV. MGR ELWES (1922-25), who have been made domestic prelates and to the VERY REV. MGR B. O'NEIL (1935-42), who has been made a papal chamberlain.

We were pleased to see once again in Rome HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP KING (1899-04), while HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRIMSHAW (1919-26) and His Lordship Bishop Murphy were welcome visitors to the Villa.

Among other visitors to the College, either in Rome or at Palazzola, our records list the following former students : REV. W. BOULTON (1911-18), VERY REV. CANON KELLY (1920-27), RIGHT REV. MGR ELWES (1922-25), REV. F. DUGGAN (1932-39), REV. G. PITT (1933-40), REV. A. HULME (1933-40), VERY REV. MGR O'NEIL (1935-42), REV. I. JONES (1937-44), REV. J. O'HARA (1944-51), REV. M. BUCKLEY (1947-51).

Of the last top year only the REV. E. BYRON (1945-52), who is at St Peter's, Leicester, has gone to the mission fields. REV. W. HUNT (1945-52) is studying classics at Cambridge, while Mr Dakin and Mr Carson are still with us, pursuing their studies in the Faculty of Canon Law.

We offer our best wishes to the RIGHT REV. MGR CANON ATKINS (1921-28), RIGHT REV. MGR CASHMAN (1920-27), VERY REV. CANON MILAN (1920-27) and to the REV. A. BALWIN (1920-27), J. CREGG (1920-27), R. DELANY (1921-28), G. WORSLEY (1920-27), F. R. MILLER (1921-28), J. FORBES (1920-27), all of whom celebrate the Silver Jubilees of their ordinations this year.

It was with regret that we heard of the death of the REV. B. KAVANAGH (1898-05) His obituary and that of Provost Hazlehurst will be found in the present number.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Lloyd

Secretary : Mr Leonard

Sub-Editor : Mr Kenny

Under-Secretary : Mr Brady

Fifth Member : Mr Curtis Hayward

Sixth Member : Mr Brennan

We should be grateful for any information about Archbishop O'Callaghan, Rector of the College before Bishop Giles, so that we may continue the series 'College Rectors' which has been discontinued for more than twenty years.

### LITERARY SOCIETY

In all we had thirteen talks from October until May. Although none of the papers came from the House despite the fact that the relative positions of the Literary and Wiseman Societies had been made clear at the business meeting, a paper from the House could hardly have improved upon or added to the scope and interest of the talks we did have. The excellent practice of using the Society as a means of keeping abreast of day to day thought on modern problems in Italy as well as in international affairs was kept up with two papers, one by Mr Francis Giles, the *Times* correspondent in Rome, on the difficult question of Italian land reform, and the other by Mr William Braine on Labour Organizations. Although we live in Rome, our overall view of things Italian is limited, and papers such as these help to broaden our outlook and prevent the formation of facile opinions. On the wide issue of Population Problems we were addressed

by Mr Colin Clarke of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization. In addition to these papers we were fortunate in having Sir Walter Roberts, H.M. Minister to the Holy See, to talk to us about the political situation on 'Both Sides of the Iron Curtain'.

The only paper which really justifies the title of the Society was given by our good friend and guest, Professor Lloyd, on 'Welsh Literature'. However, several other papers dealt with the arts in general, notably 'The State and Art' given by Mr Kennedy-Cooke, the Director of the British Council in Rome, and 'Rome and the Baroque' by Professor Sencourt. Mr Robert Speaight, paying a short visit to Rome, managed to spare some time from his busy round of activities to address the Society: instead of a formal paper he read selected passages from Shakespeare and Eliot.

But the selection of individual speakers and papers is rather invidious in a season so well-balanced and varied as this one. Several of the speakers are now familiar figures to the Society and future presidents may rest assured that the nucleus of regular speakers, 'hardy annuals' one might say, is sufficiently large to ensure a good supply of papers in any year.

The Business Meeting was held very late this year, because there was a hope of further talks right up to the end. When it was finally held, in June, Mr Kirkham was elected President and Mr Inledon Secretary for the coming year.

CHRISTOPHER LIGHTBOUND.

## PRIVATE SOCIETIES

The Wiseman Society meetings have been well attended this year, but it is to be hoped that speakers will not in consequence play too much to the gallery just to detain the large numbers for the second night. The first paper, by Mr Curtis Hayward, on 'The Principles of English Law' was perhaps too general in its scope, though the standard of the brief discussion at the end showed that the ground was anything but well known to the audience. Mr McHugh in his paper on St Luke's Gospel was, however, on more specialized territory and had a fairly unobstructed run for his proposition of the hypothesis which makes the whole Gospel turn on the Resurrection and the Ascension. Mr Vella gave a very general paper on Dante but the quotations in Italian were appreciated. The Society was treated to yet another exposition of Mr FitzPatrick's provocative philosophy in an attack on 'metaphysical works', but by this time reaction had set in and he had a very stormy passage. The two last papers were literary; the first, given by Mr M. Keegan, was a vignette that took us to the boundaries of knowledge and wonder with Gerard Manley Hopkins as guide, while the second by Mr Murtagh, was a deal more solid because it concerned Dr Johnson, a biographical sketch and an attempt at analysis of his character. The Society also sponsored a gramophone recording of Mr T. S. Eliot reading his 'Four Quartets': a guide to their punctuation as also an insight into his personality.

The Catholic Social Guild has been fairly lively this year. There were three circles which maintained their existence throughout the year : on Fundamentals, on English education, and a discussion group which covered a multitude of subjects including Italian land reform. There was in addition a paper on Juvenile Delinquency by Mr Kearney, and a paper attacking the way the Guild was being run here and now, by Mr McHugh. The latter was one of a series which is fast becoming a perennial theme : a radical inquisition into the reason for the Guild's existence ; the conclusion seems to be that the Guild exists in the College for whatever purpose the current Secretary thinks it should exist : the effect being a fluctuation between attention to principle and attention to practical problems.

The proceedings of the Grant Debating Society have been marked by the usual tendency to encourage as many speakers as possible to take the floor. While this is obviously laudable in principle, perhaps it does over-encourage those who come with no preparation to take part in a debate ; the standard in consequence has not been as high as it might have been. With the exception of a very successful Balloon Debate it cannot be said that the Motions this year have been very lucky in their inspiration ; perhaps their wording did not have that zest which is necessary to provoke the instincts of battle ; in any case they did not very often really come alive. It would not be fair however to deny that they have had their very entertaining moments, arising sometimes from ready wit but more often from College personalities just being themselves.

The Mezzofanti Society has had a more lively year than usual. It culminated in a dead heat on whether 'Manners maketh Man' (an adage which the indefatigables managed to render painstakingly into a number of foreign languages) in which no less than seven tongues were spoken and only one without permission.

THOMAS CURTIS HAYWARD.

## CRICKET

It was with enthusiasm and eager anticipation that we gazed on the recently completed concrete wicket on arriving at the Villa. A concrete surface and a leather coated cricket ball, as someone observed, would be an expensive combination, and it was fortunate that the College had recently been refurbished with matting. Since the opera was yet in the distant future the props men with willing and skilled hands quickly gave the cricket square a new look. But alas, the matting proved too heavy for regular transportation, and reserving this luxury for the more important fixtures we experimented with a rubber composition ball, much to the disgust of the seam bowlers.

Two evenings each week we played intra-College fixtures, and the distinguishing marks were perhaps two in number. Our ideal, though difficult to realize in practice, may be described as democratic cricket in which the opportunities offered to the more talented players were limited.

Having established the principle, the natural hazards, spots on the wicket and a slow outfield, fortified by propaganda from would-be century makers, encouraged air shots to the exclusion of the cover drive. In the first of our all day fixtures, the North unexpectedly passed the South's total with three wickets in hand. The second match will be remembered for its high rate of scoring, Theology passing the 150 mark with less than two hours batting before lunch. This vigorous exercise may have in part precipitated Philosophy's batting failure.

The most entertaining display of the season resulted from Top Year's challenge to the rest of the House. The challengers, batting in alphabetical order, produced, discovered or invented sufficient shots to fill a new manual of cricket, but then orthodox shots are only intended to help the ordinary player, and these were no ordinary players! The Rest, anxious to show their ambidexterous qualities, were not far behind in originality, the favourite shot being the cover drive to fine leg. Eventually the tactical superiority of Top Year became evident in their team placing; runs became more difficult, and when their wicketkeeper discarded his pads to bowl the last over, but one run separated the teams and the last man was in! Tension mounted. The new bowler fixed his victim with a look which seemed to lament 'Oh, if only I were ten years younger', and spinning the ball with his strong muscular fingers casually remarked—in a voice calculated to carry round the Sforza—'the last time I bowled, he (the batsman) was still wearing three cornered trousers'. The tension was broken while the umpire gave yet another guard to the batsman, but formalities over the wicketkeeper delivers his first ball which may perhaps be described as going away outside the off stump. Certainly the batsman let it go and braced himself with far greater confidence for the second delivery which he dispatched towards mid-wicket only to see it plucked from the sky by a scholarly looking gentleman who, having overcome his initial surprise, expressed his jubilation in Hebrew amid the vulgar congratulations of his comrades.

Our annual encounter with the Beda College is always a popular social event. I say social because the Rome Rugby Ground, after a heavy season, offers considerable assistance to any type of bowling. This year Dame Fortune was on our side and we were victors by 60 runs to 25. Propaganda Cricket Club, drawing their strength mainly from Australia, India and Ceylon, were our guests at the Villa towards the end of August. Batting first we reached the 100 for the loss of four men, and sacrificing wickets for quick runs declared at 130 for 9. Following a slow start against our accurate opening attack, Propaganda were immediately behind the clock, and when the tail failed to wag they were dismissed for 62 runs. Early in July Sir Victor Mallett led a formidable Embassy team out to field, but they could not prevent a century of runs before our tea time declaration. The traditional fault of English cricketers, failure to use their feet, brought about the collapse of our diplomatic friends, who could only record 39 runs to their credit.

WILLIAM BURTOFT.

## OBITUARY

### THE VERY REV. HENRY PROVOST HAZLEHURST D.D.

Henry Edward Hazlehurst was born at Latchford, Warrington, on 13th September 1879. He entered the College as a student for the Diocese of Shrewsbury on 29th October 1898. He was ordained priest on 1st November 1904, and is entered in the College register as Laureatus in Theologia. He left the College on 9th July 1905.

His first appointment was to SS. Peter and Paul's, Newport, Salop, where he was sent for three months to assist the treasurer of the Diocese, Father Giles, relative of Bishop Giles. He stayed there for twenty years all but three months, and eventually took over the work of treasurer—a post he retained for many years. In 1924 he succeeded another famous Roman, Provost O'Toole, as Parish Priest of St Joseph's, Birkenhead. He was Parish Priest for St Joseph's for twenty-seven years, until his death on 16th January 1952.

In 1926 he was appointed to the Shrewsbury Chapter, and he became Provost in 1932. He was for several years the Secretary of the Diocesan School Commission, and for thirty years Treasurer of the Shrewsbury Sick Clergy Fund.

'The Prov' was an institution in the Diocese; slow, a little ponderous, completely imperturbable he was the typical Englishman, but the amount of work he got through without any fuss or haste, was prodigious. His attention to detail in every one of his many duties, was fantastic, and his judgement was sane and sound. Many people, especially his fellow clergy, went to him for advice and comfort. With his famous soothing moo, and his queer little snigger when amused (and he was easily amused), he was the solidest—most comforting person one could imagine. And despite his solidity, he was by no means a stick-in-the-mud—right up to his death he had a young, enquiring mind—he was always ready to try new ideas—and he was particularly at home with young people.

The Venerable has lost a distinguished son who shed a calm but steady lustre on the term 'Roman', and the Diocese of Shrewsbury has lost a devoted and generous leader.

J. GOODEAR.

## THE REVEREND BERNARD KAVANAGH D.D., PH.D.

Dr Kavanagh was in the same year at the College as Provost Hazlehurst, Canon Burke, and myself—a year of which I am now the sole survivor. In Rome he had a successful career, taking his doctorate in Philosophy and Divinity.

After our return to England I kept in close touch with him, though we were not in the same diocese, and so had an opportunity to see aspects of his character that were not obvious to many others. He was Franciscan in his simplicity of life—he was in fact enrolled as a tertiary at the Portiuncula when we were on holiday in Assisi in 1920, but did not compel his curates to follow him in his austerities. He did oblige them to attend the principal meals, but this was because: 'I want them to know that they will have better meals here than they will get outside'. He never spared himself in parochial work and was a great example to his assistants. At work he was always thorough and yet at play he could enjoy himself as much as anybody. But even on holiday he always insisted on his daily Mass, even at a time when this was not always the custom for priests on holiday. Indeed on the question of daily Mass he once crossed his Bishop's path by refusing to make a retreat without offering it—omission of it during retreat was then the rule—and won the day; now, of course, it is the usual custom for priests to offer Mass during retreat.

After his retirement from parochial work he carried his Franciscan way of life into the Curial Offices as Treasurer of the Archdiocese of Liverpool. There was no material comfort but he was always happy. When I remarked on this severity, he would say: 'I've a bed and a chair, and I've only to cross the landing to my chapel where I say Mass'.

For many years he suffered from a complaint which prevented him from any bodily exertion but he never complained. He never lost his love for the Venerable. He visited Rome in the Holy Year, though how he managed to perform the necessary exercises for gaining the Indulgence I cannot imagine.

A letter to me from his solicitor after his death mentions that he was living for the most part without a housekeeper and that, when at last he was prevailed upon to enter a nursing home, it was discovered that he had been, unknown to himself, suffering from diabetes for quite a long time. It also stated that he was quite cheerful. I doubt my correspondent when he says the diabetes was unknown to himself. From my knowledge of Dr Kavanagh he would have known quite well, but would not say anything about it. He had also completely lost his sight before the end.

He suffered greatly and with Christian patience and fortitude. He was extremely devout. He tried to imitate his great patron St Francis. He concealed all he could of his austerities from others; he was always 'quite cheerful' even in death. He was a priestly priest. He never coveted honours though I know he could have had had them. The diocese has lost a great man and the Venerable a worthy son and a great friend.

W. WARD.

# Altar Wines

Fully Certificated and Guaranteed

Authorised by the Archbishops and Bishops  
of England, Scotland and Wales.

		Per bottle	Per gall
"No. 1"	Cyprus Medium Sweet	8/6	48/-
"Lizbona A"	Light Medium .....	9/6	54/-
"Muscatel"	Medium Sweet .....	9/6	54/-
"Malvino"	Pale Sweet Lisbon Malaga .....	9/6	54/-
"No. 5"	Sweet and Mellow	10/-	56/6
"No. 9"	Dry .....	9/9	55/6

Carriage Paid on orders of Six bottles and over

*Less 2/- per gallon for orders of 28 gallons*

*„ 3/- „ „ „ „ „ 56 „*

---

**Standish & Co. (Wine Merchants) Ltd.**

3 Tithebarn Street :: :: Liverpool 2

(Cellars : GEORGE STREET)

TELEPHONE NO. - CENTRAL 7968





# CASSOCKS

*with a world-wide reputation*

Established over 150 years, our experience of Clerical Tailoring is particularly wide and extensive. A Wippell Cassock, for instance, individually cut and made, incorporates all those refinements of detail which make for comfort in wear.

Many of our customers find our ready-to-wear service a great convenience, and we shall be glad to send details on request.

**J. WIPPELL & CO., LTD.**

**55-56, HIGH STREET, EXETER.**

**LONDON: 11, TUFTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.**

**MANCHESTER (2): 24-26, KING STREET.**

# VANPOULLES

(GOV. DIR. L. C. APPLETON of Lisbon College)

**LTD.**

Telephone : VICTORIA 3932

Telegrams : "Vanpoulle, Churton, London"

**Ecclesiastical Embroiderers**

**and**

**Complete Church Furnishers**

**258/260 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD**

**WESTMINSTER S.W.1**

**Vanpoules for Vestments of "CORRECT" make**

(LIST ON DEMAND)

EVERY WEEK

READ :

THE

# CATHOLIC TIMES

EVERY FRIDAY

::

PRICE 2d.

# CHARLES FARRIS

LTD.

*Head Office and Works :*

BISHOPSGATE WORKS  
HOUNSLOW, MDDX.

Telephone : Hounslow 1161/2

*London Showrooms :*

WORMWOOD STREET  
BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2

Telephone : London Wall 1397

ESTABLISHED 1845

*Candle Manufacturers for over  
100 Years*

*Enquiries invited for . . .*

**BEESWAX, VEGETABLE & VOTIVE  
CANDLES**

**'OLIVINE' SANCTUARY OIL**

**'ALTO VINO' ALTAR WINE**

**CHARCOAL . INCENSE . WICKS**

**TAPERS . VOTIVE LIGHTS . Etc.**

**FREE CATALOGUE  
ON REQUEST TO  
HEAD OFFICE**

# JOHN HARDMAN'S STUDIOS

ARTISTS IN STAINED GLASS

MOSAICS, MEMORIAL TABLETS

AND ALL FORMS OF CHURCH DECORATION

IN PAINT, WOOD, MARBLE AND STONE

43 Newhall Hill,  
Birmingham, 1  
Tel. : Central 5434

Or by Appointment  
at 1, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
Piccadilly, LONDON, W. 1  
Telephone : REGENT 5477

Rookley, Shenley Hill  
Radlett, Hertfordshire  
Tel. : Radlett, Herts. 6412

**HAYES**  
AND ————— LTD.  
**FINCH**

*Catholic Makers of Beeswax Candles*

*Silversmiths and Woodworkers*

*Church Furnishers*

Candles of every size and quality

Finest Vegetable Sanctuary Oil

Charcoal

Incense

Tapers

Wicks

etc.

**LIVERPOOL :** *Head Office and Works :* 30-38 Vernon Street  
*Telegrams : ' Beeswax, '* Telephone : Central 3114

**LONDON, W.C.2 :** 14 Bedford Street, Strand  
*Telegrams : 'Ecclesiasticus, Lesquare'* Telephone : Temple Bar 7218

**GLASGOW, C.1 :** 42 Howard Street  
*Telegrams : ' Beeswax '* Telephone : Central 5971

**MANCHESTER :** 19 Blackfriars Street, Salford  
Telephone : Blackfriars 7525

*Read the . . .*

# CATHOLIC HERALD

**AN ESTABLISHED CATHOLIC FORCE**  
young, fresh, alive to the times. Backed  
with initiative and knowledge. Produced  
with care. Read by men who discriminate.

*Read the . . .*

# CATHOLIC HERALD

**OUR AIM** is to help you to judge and  
value facts and current opinion in a true  
balance and form an opinion based on reason.

*Read the . . .*

# CATHOLIC HERALD

**AND READ YOUR WAY** to a  
Christian outlook and a clearer  
understanding of the news that matters.  
For the latest news, pictures, and features of  
world-wide Catholic interest and concern

*Read the . . .*

# CATHOLIC HERALD

**67 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4**

FRIDAY  
THREEPENCE

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:  
INLAND: 19/6 OVERSEAS: 17/4

# **Boarding and Day School for Catholic Boys**

Founded by: His Grace the late Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark  
Conducted by: Secular Priests of the same Diocese

# **SAINT PETER'S GUILDFORD**

The School covers the full scale of present day educational requirements for boys from the age of eight to eighteen years, preparing for all Examinations and Careers or, if desired, for entry to our Catholic Public Schools.

Most attractive premises in twenty acres of garden and playing fields, half a mile from town centre and on the fringe of the Surrey Downs.

*All enquiries to:*

**THE HEADMASTER**

**The Reverend E. H. Wake, D.Ph., D.D. (1924-1931)**

**SAINT PETER'S, HORSESHOE LANE, MERROW**

**GUILDFORD, SURREY**

**Telephone: GUILDFORD 61350**

# LAVERTY & SONS LTD.

## OBJECTS OF DEVOTION

Prayer Books, Missals, Rosaries, Medals,  
Statues, Crucifixes, Holy Water Fonts, &c.

## MISSION STALLS

On Sale or Return Terms.

## CHURCH METAL WORK

Chalices, Ciboria, Monstrances, Pyxes,  
and Metal Work of all Descriptions.

## CATHOLIC CALENDARS

Original and Best Weekly Feast-Day Block.

## CHURCH CANDLES

Sanctuary Oil, Prinknash Incense.

1 HILLARY PLACE . . . . LEEDS 2

# WOOD CARVING

**ALTARS - PULPITS - CHOIR STALLS**  
**STATUES - CRUCIFIXES - GRIBS**  
**STATIONS OF THE CROSS**

*Please write to us for estimates of any work you desire.*

*Shipments to Great Britain are now possible.*

Our work may be seen:

London : Ealing Priory, Ealing, W.5  
St Mary's Priory, Fulham Road, S.W.10

Manchester : St Bede's College, Alexandra Park  
St John's High Lane, Chorlton c. Hardy  
St Mary's, Oswaldtwistle  
St Anne's, Greenacres, Oldham

Downside Abbey : Stalls and Organ screen

**FERDINAND STUFLESSER**  
**ORTISEI 15 (Bolzano) ITALY**

Established 1875



**STELLA**  
CHURCH CANDLES

**SANCTUARY  
OIL.**

**CHARCOAL.  
INCENSE.**



**BURN  
PERFECTLY  
TO THE  
END**



*Manufactured by*  
**MAWSON CLARK & CO. LTD.**  
3 CITY ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE  
*Established 1858*

# SALMOIRAGHI S.p.A.

Roma - Piazza Colonna (Ang. Via dei Sabini)

Teleph. 63.100

GRADUATE OPTICIANS & PHOTOGRAPHIC ACCESSORIES

---

Gratuitous tests carried out by first-class medical eye specialists

Prescriptions and repairs to spectacles executed  
with utmost care

---

DEVELOPING, PRINTING & ENLARGING    Most accurate work    Quickest service

# DITTA GIOVANNI ROMANINI

(FOUNDED 1790)



THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM  
OF CHURCH FURNISHERS  
AND EMBROIDERERS

---

ECCLESIASTICAL TAILORS  
FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE

---



ROMA (112)

Via di Torre Millina, 26-30 (Nr. Piazza Navona) Teleph. 50-007



TAILOR TO POPE PIUS XI

# DITTA ANNIBALE GAMMARELLI

SACRED FURNISHINGS · SILKS

EMBROIDERIES · DAMASKS

PAPAL UNIFORMS

Vestments furnished for the Conclave 1939

ROME — VIA S. CHIARA 34

Cable : Gammarelli - Santachiara - Rome

Tel. 51.314

Tel. 474501 - 471410

Cables : Dinesen Roma

# HOTEL DINESEN

ROMA - VIA PORTA PINCIANA 18

★

Modern Comforts

# NAZZARENO BERETTI

PIAZZA DELLA MINERVA N. 68—Telephone 63-894  
ROME

ROSARIES - MOSAICS  
MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN  
PHOTOGRAPHS - STATUES AND OTHER  
RELIGIOUS OBJECTS - GREAT VARIETY  
OF SOUVENIRS OF THE  
HOLY CITY

NO BRANCH STORES

We undertake to get objects blessed by the Pope, to procure signatures for the Apostolic Benediction with Indulgence

ORDERS CAN BE ACCEPTED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE

(ESTABLISHED 1803)

# COSTANTINO PISONI

CORSO VITTORIO  
EMANUELE 127-129

ROME

PIAZZA S. ANDREA  
DELLA VALLE 1-2

TEL. 53-531

CHURCH CANDLES  
INCENSE SPERM OIL CANDLES CHARCOAL  
DECORATED CANDLES  
NIGHT LIGHTS

ORDERS DESPATCHED TO ALL COUNTRIES

"Our liturgical candles have been burning for the last two centuries all over the world"

**STELLA**  
CHURCH CANDLES

**SANCTUARY  
OIL.**

**CHARCOAL.  
INCENSE.**



**BURN  
PERFECTLY  
TO THE  
END**



*Manufactured by*  
**MAWSON CLARK & CO., LTD.**  
3 CITY ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE  
*Established 1858*

# The CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

publishes pamphlets on a wide range of subjects. Of special interest to the Clergy are the Papal Encyclicals. Our latest publication is 'Menti Nostrae'

## THE PRIESTLY LIFE

THE APOSTOLIC EXHORTATION  
OF HIS HOLINESS

**PIUS XII**

Price 9d.



By becoming a Life or Guinea Member of the C.T.S. you will keep abreast of all topics of current interest. Members are entitled to receive free copies of most

### NEW PAMPHLETS

Publications are made possible through Members' subscriptions

For details and Free Copy of **THE C.T.S. AND ITS WORK** write to the Secretary

**CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 38-40 Eccleston Square, S.W.1**



BURNS  OATES

Suppliers  
of  
Everything

for the

Church



*Head Office :*

**28 ASHLEY PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1**

*Branches—*

LONDON	129 Victoria Street, S.W.1
LIVERPOOL	30 Manchester Street
MANCHESTER	71 Deansgate
BIRMINGHAM	1 Edmund Street
GLASGOW	248 Buchanan Street
DUBLIN	21 D'Olier Street

# SALMOIRAGHI S.p.A.

Roma - Piazza Colonna (Ang. Via dei Sabini)

Teleph. 63.100

GRADUATE OPTICIANS & PHOTOGRAPHIC ACCESSORIES

---

Gratuitous tests carried out by first-class medical eye specialists  
Prescriptions and repairs to spectacles executed  
with utmost care

---

DEVELOPING, PRINTING & ENLARGING    Most accurate work    Quickest service

# DITTA GIOVANNI ROMANINI

(FOUNDED 1790)



THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM  
OF CHURCH FURNISHERS  
AND EMBROIDERERS

---

ECCLESIASTICAL TAILORS  
FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE



ROMA (112)

Via di Torre Millina, 26-30 (Nr. Piazza Navona) Teleph. 50-007

TAILOR TO POPE PIUS XI

---

**DITTA ANNIBALE GAMMARELLI**

SACRED FURNISHINGS - SILKS

EMBROIDERIES - DAMASKS

PAPAL UNIFORMS

Vestments furnished for the Conclave 1939

---

**ROME — VIA S. CHIARA 33**

Cable : Gammarelli - Santachiara - Rome

Tel. 51.314

PIAZZA DELLA MINERVA 69-A

Tel. 60-431

ROME

**GUGLIELMO GAUDENZI**

ROSARIES : MEDALS

MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN

MOSAICS : CRUCIFIXES : PHOTOGRAPHS

**A GREAT VARIETY OF RELIGIOUS OBJECTS**

We undertake to have Papal Blessings for the hour of death  
signed by the Holy Father, and other devotional objects blessed

# NAZZARENO BERETTI

PIAZZA DELLA MINERVA N. 68—Telephone 63-894  
ROME

*ROSARIES - MOSAICS*  
*MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN*  
*PHOTOGRAPHS - STATUES AND OTHER*  
*RELIGIOUS OBJECTS - GREAT VARIETY*  
*OF SOUVENIRS OF THE*  
*HOLY CITY*

NO BRANCH STORES

We undertake to get objects blessed by the Pope, to procure signatures for the Apostolic Benediction with Indulgence

ORDERS CAN BE ACCEPTED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE

(ESTABLISHED 1803)

# COSTANTINO PISONI

CORSO VITTORIO                      ROME                      PIAZZA S. ANDREA  
EMANUELE 127-129                      DELLA VALLE 1-2  
TEL. 53-531

CHURCH CANDLES  
INCENSE      SPERM OIL CANDLES      CHARCOAL  
DECORATED CANDLES  
NIGHT LIGHTS

ORDERS DESPATCHED TO ALL COUNTRIES

"Our liturgical candles have been burning for the last two centuries all over the world"