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THE GARDEN UNDER SNOW

EDITORIAL

The war has had its effects even in the remote corner of Grub Street in which the VENERABILE resides. The heaviest blow has been the precautionary removal of the College archives to the safety of the Vatican in the uncertain days of last September. With the main prop of his literary house thus rudely knocked away, the editor would have felt justified in giving up the ghost. But the never-failing support of some distinguished contributors has made it possible for him to read the table of contents without a blush of shame : still even the able and obliging pen of the College Archivist, which has defended the quality of the Nova et Vetera pages, could not ward off the attacks on its quantity and variety. And for this we ask your indulgence.

There is one way in which those in England can help us very materially. Speedy communication with England

is almost at an end ; therefore it is impossible to fill up at a moment's notice blanks left by the non-arrival of a contribution. If on the arrival of a letter from the editor begging for an article the victim would send a card accepting (or declining) the invitation, he would be greatly assisting the harassed staff ; especially if he follows that up by despatching the article in time for the number for which it is intended. Silence is hard to interpret at the distance of a thousand miles. And even if the reply contains only a refusal, it remains possible for the editor to start barking up another tree.

THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM GILES

D.D., M.A. (LOND.)

Archbishop of Philadelphia. (Not in America but in the Apocalypse.)

An Act of Reparation. Belated.

WHEN the evergreen present writer went to the Venerabile in October 1889, the subject of these remarks was merely Doctor Giles. Three years later, he came from what he called to our snorting indignation, " that sloppy little island ", to Monte Porzio as a two-horse Monsignore. (Yours truly is now of the one-horse variety.) We were more conscious of the honour than if it had been our very own, and we prepared a state reception, with concert and illuminated address complete. " *The Red Cross Knight am I* " was the end of one stanza of our star item, and at rehearsal our soloist, Peter Mason, translated it into : " I am the Red Cross Gi." This made it extremely popular, but in the presence we contrived to sing the authentic text. The illumination was done on the premises by a student who was always useful, though the boys voted him singularly undecorative. It was a good and tasteful piece of work.

Dr Giles had been Vice-Rector for twenty-five years when he succeeded to Archbishop O'Callaghan in 1888. He was the first Catholic Master of Arts of London University. He had been received into the church at the age of nine. Two fine steel-engravings of his parents hung serene over the fluctuating

accumulations of his inmost sanctum, above the piano. Handsome old dears were both parents. Their religious history is worth narrating as I heard it.

The Giles family constituted among themselves a domestic church at Greenwich. (He himself told me never to say anything but *Grinnidge*, and he was meticulously a scholar, just what I was anything but.) To the number of forty they foregathered at one another's houses on the Lord's Day to read the Bible and hear one another's comments, for a goodly portion of the forenoon, and then to partake of Sunday dinner. After years of regular attendance, they agreed that Baptism was clearly necessary to salvation, so in the summer, betimes on the Sabbath (or wasn't it ?) they adjourned to Margate, took bathing machines, and solemnly baptised one another in the sea. Then after they made a systematic and critical visitation of the London places of worship, and came to the conclusion that the Catholic Church alone corresponded to the Scriptural ideal. So, like simple Britishers they took the needful steps to be " made Irish " as the Bradford phrase has it. (Oh dear no ! nothing to do with the Oxford movement.) The new boys were always told to ask Dr Giles about his connexions with Newman and Co. They used to be planted next to him at " Coffee and hair-oil " early in November, and the riper wags who had long since sown their wild oats, waited in subdued confabulation, toying with their cups, to see the old man go up. He never disappointed.

He never was subtle enough to mask his susceptibilities which were numerous and strong, so there never was a student of his period who failed to rag him in some way or other, were it guileful or merely unwitting. He passed for *Inglese Italianato*, but give him a Pickwick hat and a pair of top-boots and he would have made a better image of John Bull than has yet appeared in our wax-works. A rubicund round face crowned with snowy hair, the soul of a scholar and gentleman, and the heart of a child, but much softer, a capacity for indecisions and a readiness to be upset by trifles with a true bulldog faculty for sticking things out, especially in opposition to his " boys ", I think made the Gi such a character as could only be utilised or ex-

ploited to the full by many generations of sophisticated youth ! When in doubt he often consulted himself aloud ; when he stuck for a word in his after-dinner speeches, someone was sure to prompt him with the most impossible expression indignantly discarded loudly, in favour of something even worse ; what pantomimes flowered around his feet !

I said I was green, did I say that I was in the green-apple stage of sourness ? I saw nothing of the possibilities of amusement as the others saw them ; I only resented the having no one I could look up to. So much for the wrong turn taken so soon. I must have wounded the soft old heart and got inside his guard many a time, and now when self-complacency becomes a menace, I recall some momentary encounter in which the wrong person was badly hurt, and I can strike my breast, as it is easier than kicking myself.

Talking of footwork, Dr Giles walked on his heels when full steam ahead, and this allied to corpulent tendencies, destroyed his chance of looking dignified, so that the more grave and reverent seniors were seen to smile at his resemblance to the manifold caricatures of himself and his ways evolved by the cheery younger end. He was very, very strict against smoking and made it a cause for expulsion, until forcibly opposed by our Spiritual Director, Padre Chierici, who once left his confessional at Monterone to threaten to place his resignation there and then in the hands of Leo XIII. It saved a tragedy, but it did not lift the ban. He snuffed with abandon and the boys openly disapproved.

Unreasonable, excitable, obstinate, incapable of dignity, what wonder that his boys found his doings a natural relaxation from the strain of serious studies ? He once drew us all up in line in the entrance corridor for the state reception of an Archbishop (Stonor, who ragged him about everything), and in his excitement, in the full panoply of a Domestic Prelate, rushed head-long to open the great door to His Grace of Trebizond. So far not so ill, but he remained holding the door for His Grace's footmen, leaving the Juniors of the line to keep the Archbishop in countenance until the Rector should realise his false position. This absent-mindedness may have grown

upon him through his habit of taking only four hours' sleep at night. He often slumbered deeply during dinner until the boys by common consent hushed every noise, upon which he awoke with a start. When he gave out notices between the meal and the grace he would lose himself and fall back upon Dr Prior at his side. It was most ticklesome to observe Prior prompting him as 'twere secretly, and with incredible self-restraint enjoying the fun and giving no sign. But even he was known to break down to inextinguishable laughter.

Whatever Dr Giles's hand found to do, that with all his might he did. With so many irons in the fire, he was bound to have some cooler than others. Water-colours, photography, Plain Chant, Ceremonial Practice *and* Theory, all were followed with vigour and devotion and delicate attention. But in Plain Chant the vigour predominated, and the English College Chapel was a cave of such vocal villainy as perhaps was never before nor since. (We heard Dom Pothier conduct a Mass by the French College, and we said it made us cough.) All young lions want to roar, but our Old Lion could outroar anything on land. This of course made the young lions emulous, but it did not train their voices. The Vesper Psalms often sang themselves out of tune. He gave us a most enlightening lecture on how to handle a thurible. Out on the chapel-floor he took his stance with the aforesaid instrument. We listened and looked on fascinated. It was really good. But a ripple of unease began to steal along the stalls. One of the boys had bet that he would not end without getting his feet through the chains. And that boy won !

The grand hysteria of laughter swept us all on a Good Friday night, when we practised the Holy Saturday procession. He led the whole battalion stately enough to meet the sacred fire in the outer corridor, but coming up against the central pillar he completely lost all his bearings, unable to decide on which side of the pillar he was to take us.

What the old man must have suffered from mere shyness all the days of his life only the Recording Angel can estimate. It ruined all his elegance, and he was a cultured man ; and it nearly destroyed his usefulness, whereas he loved being useful.

The old bathroom on the first landing was his photographic glory-hole. We counted eight cameras mouldering in the marble bath. He took six with him to England once, but he brought back eight, and then there were ten. A magnificent telescopic camera was on his balcony at Porzio all through the summer months, but we never heard if even one photograph were the result.

Mighty pedestrian, he knew all Central Italy like the palm of his hand, time-tables and bus-routes and qualities of hostelries. He planned all our gitas and stood all the expenses, and the parties were made up in order of merit. As thus : Porzio to Assisi, first-class in the best train of the day, with nosebags : four days at the Subasio, time to explore all the shrines : Perugia, one night : Trasimene, in the very mist in which Hannibal caught the Romans ; Orvieto, two days ; Rome for luncheon, and Monte Porzio again. *Second-class gita :* Siena by train : Monte Oliveto by diligence ; Poggi Bonsi, Colle di Val d'Elsa, San Gimignano, up from Val d'Elsa by carrozza, down on foot, night at Poggi Bonsi, home. Third-class : Anagni from Valmontone, up to Veroli in diligenza (two hours and three quarters, *on a fast day*)—seven hours without a meal, down to Cassamari on foot ; night at Monastery, eight ounces or less to go to bed on ; off at nine a.m. on Sunday on foot to Trisulti through the desert with nothing at all to eat until 7.30 p.m. going up to 5,000 feet on rugged tracks all the time. Early away to Collepardo on the Monday ; hire a carriage and pair (pony and mule), down to Alatri ; thence up to Guarcino where the fleas kept us all awake until 3 p.m. when we rose with the best will in the world. Off at 5 a.m. to Subiaco arriving at 5 p.m., little to eat and less to drink all day, but Benedictine hospitality salved our sores. From my undervest I eliminated 84 drowned fleas : Mostyn said he accounted for 167, the others forgot to count. I don't suppose Guarcino ever missed them. Rest at Subiaco much-needed if not well-earned (the road we came for four hours was a torrent-bed shelving steeply to one side). We halted at Olevano for luncheon, where He Who comforts the afflicted had arranged that the Irish Augustinians from Gennazzano should be having a festal outing. Mutual rejoicings,

back with them to their Convent where they washed the feet of the saints most handsomely, and so to Monte Porzio.

These details are needed to show that whilst the old man was perpetually being taken aback by his boys, give him time and he could do even-handed justice, as between war-horses and cab-horses, to use the current idiom of the Venerabile.

Of sanguine and energetic temperament, he was by acquired habit full of hesitancy, and in self-defence clung to a principle of *nihil novi nisi quod traditum.* " Never been done before " was his reply to most suggestions. The English College was in straitened circumstances, but he tried to supply from his private means whatsoever tradition laid down, and in the commissariat he shone. But this bore the heavier on him since he would never apply to the Bishops about anything, lest they trespass on his close preserve of tradition, the captain-jewel of his coronet, the Venerabile as he had received it. For this reason too, he fought shy of the University authorities, despite many amiable overtures on their part. It needed a long campaign to get priests ordained before the end of the course, and he was tough, oh tough ! The year above me in Theology received the Priesthood at Christmas 1893, but only half of them ; the rest were ordained in Lent. I was not ordained in the following year until Passion-tide, and so on. In my first year, Burton in his 38th year was not ordained priest until Trinity Eve. But he was always solicitous for our appetites, stocking us up with captain biscuits and chocolate for the ten days retreat at Monte Citorio, lest we experience that nasty gnawing. He was beaming with pleasure on our expedition to Volscian or Sabine or Alban Hills, if we made short work of the wine provided by the management; and he ordered more at once. He said it saved doctoring.

Instead of ordaining a Senior Student, he had two Minor Canons of St Peter's to sing our Sunday Mass by turns. As we were never more than twenty or twenty-two, and sometimes only sixteen, everyone had a turn at everything, and he contrived to turn us out well-practised in ceremonial. Only one bit of figured Music was tolerated, Webb's *Haec Dies* at Easter, in which he led and also conducted. There was nearly a riot over the *Adeste* at Christmas, but Prior supported us, and the

Adeste came off. But he was getting old then, and let Prior conduct our Gregorian in the Triforium. That Midnight Mass was thrilling to us, but Dr Giles's approbation was most discriminating. The local bard took his revenge by inditing among the memorable lines :—

He goes on Sunday to the Church
And sits upon his boys :
He hears the Preti-hoot and screech,
He hears his own sweet voice ;
And it sounds (to him) like an Angel's voice
Singing in Paradise.

Every hour of the Venerabile time-table was dear to him as life ; indeed the Venerabile was his life, his joy, his pride. It had the whole devotion of his heart and a big heart that was. I, even I, could see it in the end, and I saw even clearer still that if he had not been saintly deep down, I should have been incontinently fired more than once, for I tried him beyond the limit, jackass that I was. It may be that Dr Prior intervened with strong compulsion in my favour, but I remember several occasions when I was trying, even to him.

One more instance of his toughness. When his former Rector, Dr O'Callaghan had retired from an unsuccessful and brief pastorate of Hexham and Newcastle, he gave quite unmistakable signs of wishing to reside at the College. It seemed the ideal settlement even to the impartial judgment of Leo XIII. But not so to Dr Giles. For a meal, welcome ; for a month at Monte Porzio, what better ? But to reside in the Venerabile, that had no relish of salvation for our Rector. So he kept out of the way of the Vatican, even pretending to Leo XIII that his Latin was constipated and his Italian quite inadequate. He was a classical scholar in both languages of antiquity, and his Italian was, how shall I say it, fit for a museum. That is to say every word was ideally articulated, but a deal too careful for our common diction. Indeed he was a Don who missed the way.

With equal toughness he kept out those postulants who must go to England for the summer holidays. Goodrich, Basil Feilding, Cary-Elwes, Armstrong, Old New, New New (father and son) che so io ?

Even thus hermetically isolated, he never lost touch, and no one ever had a better choice for books to read in the Refectory, or picked better ones to read to us at the Spiritual Reading before Supper. He read Avancinus' Meditations after night prayers until they got the better of him. Even Prior was knocked out by Rodriguez' *Christian Perfection*, but only in one passage. It is a most admirable book, but to read it aloud may prove perilous to gravity. As, for instance, that passage where the two holy men in the desert are reported as disputing all night as to which of them should divide the loaf brought by the faithful raven.

A few notes are necessary to keep these airy reminiscences from going quite off the map. Monsignor Prior in the *Edmundian* of December 1913, gives facts and dates more juridically from the first hand evidence of Father Chichele Giles and Mother Loyola. I have retailed the current hearsay of the College in our own time, which held that the whole forty baptised one another at Margate. More picturesque, but not accurate.

One of his treasured customs was to post himself outside the Triforium steps after dinner and to claw out of the single file those who were ailing or whose absence from morning meditation might bespeak indisposition. He must have allowed himself to be upset by the challenging stares of those who were conscious of that rude health which takes the morning meditation in its stride. He often let the more conspicuous absentees pass by, missing others in the vain effort to retrieve, and at times embarrassed the healthy with enquiries intended for their less robust companions.

Our Shrove Tuesday trip to Fara Sabina remains historic for one reason. We went round by the Sabine gorge to tackle the ruins of Farfa Abbey from the rear. It was at the last lap a rude and wild clamber, and one of the boys tore his wrist somewhat noticeably on the rocks. So we arrived sharp set at the ancient hostelry of the village, and ordered all the house afforded. The Rector came last, and even more worn than we were. After a long pause came the steward of the feast with a bag of coarse tablecloth which he shook out in triumph, pelting about thirty knives on to the festive board. The boys

made a great fuss. Knives ! Knives ! " Oh DAMN the knives, tell him to bring the wine," says the way-worn Giles. He was too cross and tired to order it himself, and that big, big D must have used up his remaining strength. Fara Sabina looked over south-west to St Peter's dome, only fifteen miles away. It was a village of three thousand, without a priest, with its church sadly mouldered. The American Rector for years ordained a theologian a year in advance and sent him at the expense of the College every week-end to supply the crying need. Paddy Horan, peerless impersonator, was the incumbent in our day. We laid strong hold on this queer detail of the spiritual welfare of one of the Seven Suburban Sees, for Dr Giles's special benefit. Just then he was incapable of thinking such a thing as ordaining anyone until his last week in Rome. Interesting psychological point : what instinct was it that made the boys simulate intemperate joy over those knives ? They loved to tease the old Rector, but there was only the faintest notion of it in their heads that memorable day: " The day the Gi said damn".

Shall we laugh in Heaven ? If so, put me once again among the boys, and let William Giles conduct that choir !

There were no undeserving poor in Rome in his time, the convention being that anyone who wanted something for nothing *must* be hard up to take such trouble as to beg. Dr Giles lost literally untold sums by that leak in his pocket, but one thing he never lost, Charity.

JOHN O'CONNOR

January 5th, 1940.

ROMANESQUES

30.—PROCESSIONS

It all started at coffee and *rosolio*. We had been talking about cricket at Palazzola, and, somehow or other, we found ourselves discussing processions. Now I maintained that a procession is something stately in which two lines of people get from one place to another. "Nego", said a segment of the circle in the superior manner of the schools, "suppositum". "What about a camerata, then", I said, "Isn't that two lines of people getting from one place to another?" "Yes, but is it stately?" retorted the segment, probing the depths of my definition, "and, in any case, a line has length and no breadth".

This, I felt, was avoiding the issue, and said so. You know how, after an extra *bicchiere* and *strega*, you are ready to take on any six, and don't mind how big the ruffians are. However, though we were loud and eloquent, the conversation came to nought—the destination of every common-room argument. You argue, and your adversary tears your arguments to shreds (although you would never admit it). You then use his arguments in another circle, but fail to notice that he has just sat down beside you. He then accuses you of talking moonshine, and you register strong indignation. "That's what I was trying to tell you this afternoon, see?" you say, and subside, contented.

Remember how after a film or a Literary Society meeting you went down to night-prayers, very preoccupied, and answered " Amen " in the wrong place, and you will forgive me for being persistent and pedantic enough to root out a more exact definition of a procession. Frankly, I was worried ; and the theme came back to tease me. This is what I found : " Proceeding of body of persons (or boats etc.) in orderly succession "—so I was more or less right except for the " stately " clause ; but I confess I can't see what boats have got to do with it. I can remember big umbrellas leading the way in Basilica processions. In fact, I once tried to help. The bearer was one of those confraternity *soci*, and was strapped up like a brancardier. My intention was honest enough—to help him manoeuvre the handle in to the socket ; but one archconfraternal glare of disapproval completely intimidated me. It was clear from every line of his grimace that he was recalling the years in which he has carried umbrellas in processions—thirty-five, wasn't it, come next Lenten station ; so he certainly didn't need *questi Inglesi* to show him how. As I was saying, we remember umbrellas, but boats never.

In Roman processions there is no shilly-shallying. There is a fixed processional hierarchy. The confraternity, carrying candles in cages, leads the way. They know they lead the way ; they would like to meet anyone who doesn't know they lead the way. A fellow historian of mine has already discussed the confraternity and its insignia, the *saccone*[1] ; but not in relation to processions. He was enlarging on functions, and although a function is incomplete without a procession, he manfully resisted the temptation to poach. For it is in the procession that the confraternity shows its worth. This is its mean of self-expression, the test of its confraternal mettle, of its native esprit de corps. For it is the task of the confraternity to steer the entire procession around the piazza in safety, and it does this well. In a confraternity, notes my fellow-historian, all men are equal, for the *saccone* makes them so. One *socio* can recite a Litany as well as the next man. If one gives out candles, they all do. If one sings, they all sing. If one looks

[1] VENERABILE, April 1934, p. 377.

"If one...glares at the ragazzi..."

round, and glares at the *ragazzi*, they all look round, and they all glare.

For the *ragazzi* follow second. It is probably the dearest ambition of these youngsters to don the *saccone* of the men's confraternity and to grow a moustache as luxurious as that of the elder who bears the left string of the banner. Theirs are not the dreams of driving a Roman tram, or of wearing the blue outfit of the *Nettezza Urbana*, and playing a hose on the streets of the City. The confraternity is more glorious than these ; it is the highest of all achievements. And they can sing too, these *ragazzi*. Mind you, they haven't an extensive repertoire, but give them a chance and they will encore the *T'Adoriam* with increasing vigour *ad libitum* until silenced by reproving *soci*. It is a moot point which is the most effective way of obtaining silence, but I stand for the Roman " Shshsh ! " —which again is part of the confraternity's job. One member, an opera singer *in petto*, decides that the confraternity must assert itself in song, and either he rises to an introductory croak (probably a bar of *T'Adoriam*, just to show the *ragazzi* that it is not their monopoly), and immediately they all take up the strain according to confraternal equality ; or else he turns round, waves a candle violently, and shouts " Shshsh ! " It is important not to shout it in unison, but in quick succession, and in a variety of tones,

"...the elder who bears the left string..."

"...*an opera singer in petto*..."

which in combination will drown every other Roman sound.

Next come the students: two lines of them, schola and non-schola. The students are the beasts of burden in a Roman procession. You can imagine the liturgists of yore: "Let us play a rubrical prank", they say, Menghini, Martinucci, and the rest of them, "at the expense of the students". And so they decreed with a sly chuckle the following feat of jugglery. "In the student's left hand there shall be a Liber Usualis; in his right hand, a candle. He shall proceed through the sacristy. Without stopping he shall take off his biretta at the church-entrance, and shall offer holy-water to his partner." Picture them at the procession after the decree, peeping from behind a disused confessional, and watching the success of their prank. "*Ecco!*" they say, digging each other, "*buon' scherzo, eh? Ma si.*"

The worried student assembles all his impedimenta, trips over the step, and is now at the mercy of the M.C. Gone are all ties of friendship. Forgotten is the occasion in Second Year Phils. when you whispered the answer at a Greg. repetition. He does not recall that helping hand past a posse of

"*The students are the beasts of burden in a Roman procession.*"

guards at St. Peter's. Those loans of a *Tre Stelle*, the times you said, " No, old man, it's your turn for the hot vino ". Abruzzi gitas together ! All are forgotten with " Genuflect in fours ! In Fours ! *IN FOURS !* " You acquiesce, but it is with an ill grace. No-one would complain if the M.C. were similarly laden, but unencumbered, he has a decisive advantage, and presses it home. Personally I have no use for amateur M.C.'s. Give me the Papal M.C. with his cottas which cost fifty lire each to be washed and rewrinkled, and who is not above whiling away an elaborate " Gloria " with reminiscences of " Functions I have M.C.'d." They are of the very stuff of Rome.

I hold no brief for the student who would have everything perfect. In England, yes ; in a Roman procession, no. The choir-master, conscientious fellow, does his best to see that his *puncta quadrata* are treated with respect. But is it really necessary ? I mean, in a Roman procession ? Which Roman matron will faint at the growlings of a jerked *climacus ?* Will any paterfamilias be upset if an *episema* be unduly prolonged ? No, a *salicus* whether flexed or not is a mere bagatelle, a mere *ens rationis* lacking a fundamentum in a Roman procession. The students, I maintain, should fall in with the mob, and sing as good a strophe as the *ragazzi*. In fact, speaking for myself, I should prefer to sing the encore of the Litanies with the mob rather than with the élite. It is much easier ; you needn't have your eyes fixed on your Liber, and you can sing right lustily without any restraint, free to come in when you like and to go on for ever if you want to. In fact, there is no obligation to keep to music at all. Recitation, loud and irregular, has the full approval of Roman custom. And then you have the added enjoyment of watching the confraternity going round corners.

This is an event outside the common run of human enterprise. When the procession comes to a corner, the *soci*, in accordance with ritual, must look round to see that the procession is still following their lead ; not been stopped by the *carabinieri*, or torn by dissension. Do not misunderstand me ; they have been looking round at intervals, but a corner is the

signal for a grand, concerted effort. The *soci* on the inside begin their turn ahead of time, candles aslant, while their brethren on the outside proceed in the opposite direction, and it is not until the next corner that they again meet.

The *ragazzi* are faithful to the example of the *soci*. But, once again, the students are models of decorum and order. They left-wheel with precision, shoulder to shoulder, and it is obvious that they know *a priori* that the rest will follow. But one or two black sheep cannot resist. With a furtive turn of the head they seek further corroboration. After all the *a posteriori* is the more convincing method.

It is good to get away from Anglicanisms for a time. Forget your " oh-raw proh noh-bis " and join with the Roman in his " 'ra pr' nob's " which means so much more. And it means that you are a Roman. And do not imagine that you can oust the Roman accent. Better stay at home and study Hebrew than to anglicise the *Pater Noster* in response to the *parroco* on *Fiocchi* day. And, who knows, if you are really Roman, but that in your top year you may reach the " Amen " even before the confraternity ? But that, I allow, needs practice. Likewise with the *Te Deum*. You can hear the *tonus communis* anywhere. But where else than in Rome can you enjoy the rich *tonus Romanus* ? The populace thrives on the *Te Deum*, and will sing it anywhere. Those last few notes, prolonged out of sheer exhilaration almost reach the sublime. It is the hymn *par excellence* of the Roman, for they all know it, and will sing it at the slightest provocation. You remember Luigi, *custode* at the villa ? He plucks as good a tomato as any *custode*, but no tomato, be it e'er so ripe, will keep Lui' from the Retreat *Te Deum*. As you know, the retreat is not part of his horarium, but he is a Roman by proximity, and blood will tell. I confess I have not heard it sung at a Lenten Station procession, but I do not regard it as improbable. For a Roman procession is like this discussion—mixed. Now we seem to be doing a circuit of some piazza in Lent ; or are we in the *Capellar'* on *Fiocchi* day ?

After the students come the ministers, and for one glorious hour the Deacon and Subdeacon are arrayed in Roman purple,

setting off the lace of their albs. But the ministers are not interesting. The subdeacon may have put his biretta on backwards in the confusion, but that is hardly an error in a Roman function. The motley retinue behind, however, command our attention : the Roman mothers, or the *Azione Cattolica Femminile*, or just ordinary *cittadine*. And all carry candles, equipped with delicate glass bowls to shield or, as actually happens, to obscure the flame.

These candles play no small part in the enactment of the drama. The candles of the confraternity, if blown out, cause quite a crisis in the course of a procession. The question is debated with anyone who cares to listen. There wasn't such a wind in '23, when Archbishop Palica did the function ; and does anyone remember the time when it rained, and they walked four times round the church before they reached the Agnus Dei ? Eventually they decide to relight their candles ; and the procession is able to continue. The *ragazzi* are not given candles, and so they cannot hold up the procession. But the student ! He passes his candle over his partner's Liber with an air of " if there is a wind my candle will be blown out ; it is not my fault, and I won't hold up the procession". Poor student! In any event that M.C. would see that he didn't.

Thus the procession completes its circuit of the *piazza*, and is brought back to church. It has passed every true Roman type ; the officer, the carabine, the *campitelli*, the chestnut vendor, the clerk secular, and the clerk regular. These types have viewed the procession, and others wait at the door to have their scrutiny. A lady is sitting at the door with a burse for the " *pia associazione delle vocazioni ecclesiastiche* ". She always sits beside the door, and I didn't realise it until last Quarant' Ore. She came up to me, rattling her *borsa*. " Is there any place where I can sit ? " she said. " Why, yes," I answered, and pointed to the gloom beyond, " *Ecco* ". " I like to be near the door," she said simply.

Then there are those of more tenacious mind who remain in church to retain ground space for their chairs. This does not mean, however, that they take no interest in the procession. On the contrary ! They carry their chairs to the door, and

watch from that point of vantage. They are akin to another type, and often coincide. I mean those who tell their beads very ostentatiously, and who close on the procession when it returns, in order to sanctify their beads with a touch of a fading cotta or dalmatic, on the off-chance that they may be in communion with an unknown saint. *Omne ignotum*, as I am not the first to say, *pro magnifico*.

And now the procession has finished, and the function carries on. I have spoken only of the bigger processions, but that does not mean that the smaller processions are uninteresting. The biggest procession of all is, you may remember, that of the *Azione Cattolica* on Corpus Christi. This takes about four hours to pass a given point, and if the notice tells you to be at the church at three o'clock, you arrive at five, make the Holy Hour, and then prepare to start. But the ordinary function has the procession which is more to our taste. It is the students' monopoly, and they can be excused for executing it with real dignity. It is, I fear, often a means rather than an end; for which Roman does not remember the *vino* and *biscotti* after the Chiesa Nuova function, or after the Corpus Christi procession at the Little Sisters. The labourer, we are told, is worthy of his hire; but if there are too many labourers the *parroco* cannot afford any hire, and the function ends on a more sober note.

We have followed our Roman procession from *Procedamus* to *Prosit*, and have dropped out of line, just as our confraternity *socio* would, whenever we have met anything to interest us. And as we fold up our cotta with unwonted care for the third time so that we shall not have left the sacristy before the vermouth arrives, we allow ourselves one last thought. We heard, an hour and a half ago, the M.C.'s *Procedamus* and could not answer back. From that moment we were in his grip, and in that of his satellite, the *caeremoniarius*

"The labourer...is worthy of his hire."

alter. But now we are better disposed, for have we not examined all the interesting scenes a Roman procession can offer? And his *prosit* is our *prosit*. Not the "proh-sit" of the Englishman, nor the "prahsit-er" of the Roman sacristan, who thus congratulates a visiting celebrant, while marking a missal with one hand, and ringing a bell with the other; but the "prawsit" of the Venerabilino. A prosit that rings of the Monserra', which reminds the Venerabilino of the actor in opera or play; of the refectory when he has helped to greet a noble prelate or a much humbler guest; of the stairs where he has prosited a Summa or a prob. with equal vigour; of a cryptic festa telegram; of all those nooks and crannies where the *novello sacerdote* has given his first blessing, " . . . et maneat semper. Amen. *Prawsit*!" And to you who would agree with all I have said I have but one more word: *Prosit!*

BRENDAN K. O'NEILL

MUTINY AMONG THE MARTYRS

THERE are many extraordinary incidents in our history, but one story, as it is told there, sounds manifestly impossible. If it is to be believed, young men, who as Church-students refused to his face to obey the Pope, a year or two later died on the scaffold rather than deny his authority ; if it is to be believed, these same young men, who hurled coarse insults across the refectory at their fellow-students, a year or two later showed invincible meekness when calumny and gibe and abuse were poured upon their own heads ; if it is to be believed, men who could not prepare for the priesthood without intriguing against their Rector, without stirring up the dregs of national prejudice, without imputing the basest motives to all who disagreed with them, a year or two later proved themselves models of obedience and charity, dying with the constancy and the unruffled sweetness which Stephen learned from his Master and which has ever since marked out Christ's blissful martyr from the fanatic. Here is sharp paradox indeed. In College, surrounded with every help to take the supernatural view of life, preparing for the priesthood in circumstances which made it doubly precious, sobered by the thought of the trials awaiting them, nevertheless they revealed human nature at its most petty. But once faced with the rack and the thumbscrew and the rope, not a hasty word escapes their lips, they are on fire with zeal for the souls of their persecutors, and they die at

peace with the betrayers. How can this thing be ? It is not even as if they had repented their mutiny in College. On the contrary, they had got their way then, and they always considered they should have got their way. Blessed Ralph Sherwin on the scaffold would not have repudiated the things he said and wrote about his former Rector and all Welshmen : but if we read those things, it is little of the spirit of charity that we can find in them. Surely there is need of some explanation—somewhere.

The main facts are not in dispute. Circumstances had placed the beginnings of the College in the hands of Welshmen. Owen Lewis, tortured by the cry of his native country for priests of her own blood, had first joined forces with Allen at Douai and had then gone on to Rome, where he gathered some students round him in a house near Saint Peter's. When the idea was mooted of changing the old English hospice in the Via Monserrato into a national College, Lewis was an ardent champion of the scheme. It was a happy chance that the warden for that year was a fellow-countryman of his, Morys Clynog, since the warden was the obvious choice for first Rector and so one College at least would devote itself seriously to providing Wales with a native clergy. Allen sent a number of men from Douai and then from Rheims, Owen Lewis added his own complement, and with Clynog at the head of affairs the new College started on its career, one foot in the Monserrato and the other planted near Saint Peter's. Meanwhile negotiations were in progress with the old chaplains for the hospice with all its buildings and revenues to be handed over to Clynog, so that he might unite his community and their future be assured.

It all seemed so promising ; until one day, open mutiny broke out among the English students. Anthony Munday gives a vigorous speech of Sherwin's describing their grievances : " When he that is the head shall fail in his duty and urge an inconvenience among a quiet assembly, no marvel if the worm turn, being trodden upon, and we speak, being used with too much spite.

" Master Doctor Morys, whose age we reverence and obey the title of his authority, dealing with us so unfriendly as he doth, we can hardly bear it, much less abide it. . . .

"When any Englishman cometh to the Hospital if his learning be never so good or his behaviour never so decent, except he be pleased, he shall not be entertained. But if a Welshman come, if he be never so wild a runnagate, never so lewd a person, he can not come so soon as he shall be welcome to him; whether he have any learning or no, it maketh no matter, he is a Welshman and he must be permitted. Then which of us hath the best gown, he must receive one that is all ragged and torn, and the newcome Welshman must have the best, because he is the Custos Countryman; and many nights he must have the Welshmen in his chamber, where they must be merry at their good cheer, we alas to sit in our studies and have an ill supper, because M. Doctor wasteth our Commons upon his own Countrymen, so that we must be content with a snatch and away.

"If there be one bed better than another, the Welshman must have it; if there be any Chamber more handsome than another, the Welshman must lodge there: in brief, the things of most account are the Welshmens at command. This maketh many of us to wish ourselves Welshmen, because we would gladly have so good provision as they, and being Countrymen to our Custos, we should all be used alike: excepting Master Doctors Nephew Morganus Clonokus—he must be in his silk, though all the rest go in a sack."[1] It is always an unhappy state of affairs when sarcasm rules the roost; but Sherwin's indignation is so hot that he cannot keep up his sneering when he thinks of the Rector's nephew Morgan and he breaks out into downright bad temper.

This all sounds sad enough; but from such petty detail the malcontents descended to accusing Owen Lewis, Morys

[1] *The English Romayne Lyfe* 1582: Anthony Munday. Chapter vi. Munday is not considered a reliable authority, and yet in this instance at least he does not go beyond his brief as is evident from the memorials presented by the students to the Pope and the Cardinal Protector. For instance: "nam ut illi augere possent numerum Wallorum in seminario, convocabant illuc ex omni loco et admittebant Wallos sine commendatione aut examine, nam admiserunt fere senes et ineptos, nulla habita ratione aetatis, aut morum, aut literarum. . . . Ex contraria autem parte, Anglos nullos admittebant, nisi theologos aut philosophos, et variis modis commendatos, et eos etiam difficulter, imo aliquos tales repudiarunt et aliquos ad sex usque menses expectare coegerunt. . . . Post autem admissionem in seminarium, iniquissime distribuebant (omnia). Nam Wallis integra cubicula, Anglis arctissima loca; Wallis vestem novum et duplicem pro hieme, Anglis, iisque sacerdotibus et nobilibus multis, nullum hiemis vestitum; imo cogebant eos secretiores vestes aestatis praeteritae ferre laceratas, et omnino vermibus infectas. . . ." Archivium Coll. Angl. Lib. 304. Scritt. vol. 29. No. 23. Quoted in Dodd-Tierney, 1839, vol. II, p. cccxlvi.

Clynog and all the Welsh of trying to secure the College for their exclusive use so that, when England returned to the Faith, they would all profit by being under the Pope's eye and be given the ecclesiastical plums in the English pie. After that the rest is mild reading: how it was just as impossible for a Welshman, apart from supernatural help—a deliciously theological concession—to treat an Englishman handsomely once he had any authority over him as it was for a Moor to show affection towards a Spaniard. After all, the malcontents admitted airily, they were both dispossessed people and inclined to be resentful. The simplified history lessons which these church students read to the Pope, to the Cardinal Secretary of State (as he would be called now) and to their Protector, did not spare the national feelings of the other party. They were a fugitive remnant in a barren and hilly corner of the island, which they called Wales, and where they lived under English rule. And they differed from their overlords in language, in manners and even in character. It was the heretic Henry VIII who had made the mistake of giving them equal privileges with the English, so that now when they wanted anything they called themselves English, but all the time they kept their hate locked up in their hearts and only looked for some position of authority which would enable them to vent it. For this reason the Welsh were seldom allowed to reach high place in England, and in the Universities sôme colleges excluded them altogether, while others limited their numbers severely: even so, the few living there managed to disturb the peace most mightily.[1]

[1] "Isti duo homines, qui tantum nos affligunt, sunt gentis diversae ab Anglis, et vocantur ab Anglis Walli; ipsi autem se vocant Britannos; nam sunt reliquiae illorum Britannorum qui ante ingressum Anglorum . . . possidebant eandem insulam: post autem victoriam Anglorum, qui superfuerant redacti sunt in quandam partem insulae montosam et sterilem, quae ab illis Wallia dicitur, ubi degunt subiecti Anglorum imperio; sed tamen et lingua et moribus et loco habitationis et natura etiam multum differunt ab Anglis. Henricus tamen octavus, rex hereticus, concessit illis privilegia Anglorum; unde nunc illis foris, quando beneficiis et privilegiis nostris utuntur, Anglos se appellant: sed tamen antiquum illud odium in totam Angliam et gentem nostram retinentes, ubicumque occasionem aliquam aut potentiam obtinere possunt, congregant se statim contra Anglos et eos affligunt. Unde Walli in Anglia rarissime permittuntur ad honores magnos ascendere; et in universitatibus nostris, fundatores collegiorum providerunt et statuerunt, ut ratio habeatur huius rei, ne pax totius reipublicae perturbetur. Unde in plurimis collegiis expresse praecipitur ne ullus Wallus admittatur: in aliis exiguus quidam et certus numerus Wallis recipiendis statuitur. Et licet hoc ita sit, tamen illi pauci qui ibi degunt continuas et perpetuas factiones contra Anglos in iisdem universitatibus tuentur. . . . .

At tam impossibile est naturaliter (nam excipiamus quosdam pios ex ipsis viros) Wallum bene tractare Anglum, si illi praesit, atque est Maurum amanter tractare Hispanum; quod etiam

That was the story as the students told it to bewildered Italian prelates, trying to understand what all the trouble was about. And then that cultured Monsignor Lewis, the Archdeacon of Cambrai, would come and tell such a different story; and he would bring Doctor Morys with him who had been so long in Rome and understood the Roman life, and they both seemed so courteous: they could not be the uncouth people these English students described whenever they mentioned the Welsh. The Italians could hardly be blamed for their perplexity; and so memorial after memorial went into Cardinal Morone's waste-paper basket, until the malcontents became desperate.

Then, when it seemed they were never to be given a hearing, the Protector summoned Rector and students before him, and delivered a lecture to the malcontents, threatening them with expulsion if they did not obey Master Doctor Morys, promising them great favour "if they would be quiet". Then he dismissed them, thinking the audience was over. But they thought otherwise, and either Sherwin or Martin Array stood up and told the Cardinal it was now a matter of conscience: they could not stay under the Rector's rule at peril of their souls. The Protector bade this impertinent youth hold his peace, but immediately John Gore jumped up on the other side "with marvellous liberty and protestation that it was *Causa Christi* spoke three times more than the other, and touched Mr Morys's government so pithily and vehemently that Mr Morys stood up and said, *Illme Domine, iste est Gorus ille, qui decipit et seducit bonos hos iuvenes.* Wherewith his Grace was very angry with Mr Gore, but presently all the company spoke of one voice, that they were all of the mind that Mr Gore was, whereat the Cardinal was yet more angry. Then on the other side stood up Mr Haddock, D. Allen's nephew, and more at large spoke and more vehemently

experientia probavimus in hoc tam exiguo regimine D. Mauritii et Archidiaconi supra nos in seminario nostro."
From the same document.

In his *Storie of Domesticall Difficulties*, Father Persons gives the text of several more of these memorials (printed in Catholic Record Society, Vol. II, pp. 102–131). It is significant that Persons, who was distinctly for the English faction, does not always give the whole text of these documents, writing on one occasion for instance: "the rest for that it was long and over bitter against some particular men I thought it good to leave it out".

than they all, and so answered the threatening of expulsion, and how little they all esteemed that in respect of the least hurt that might be of their conscience, and how ready they were not only to beg but also to die for the least part of a just cause, that the Cardinal did never after threaten them more expulsion, but for the space of an hour harkened most patiently to all that they said."[1]

This seemed like triumph, especially when " this act of theirs before the Cardinal was straightway known and talked of all over Rome, for there were at it all the family of the Cardinal and did wonder to see such liberty of speech before so great a personage. And albeit I think there must needs pass many excesses amongst so much as was spoken in that place of so many youths ; yet many men did imagine to see a certain company of *Lawrences*, *Sebastians* and the like intractable fellows, who brought emperors and princes to desperation to deal with them, for that they could neither with giving or taking away, neither with fair words nor with foul bring them to condescend to any little point that they misliked. Many also strangers made this consequent ; that if these fellows stand thus immovable before such princes in Rome, what will they do in England before the heretics ? And many said that they doubted before of things reported of English priests in England, and of their bold answers reported by letters ; but now they could believe anything of them."[2]

Nevertheless their boldness does not seem to have achieved anything with the Cardinal Protector, who was wedded to the cause of Owen Lewis and Morys Clynog. So the malcontents, seeing how badly their affairs were going, "in all these adversities they quailed not, but went and got audience of the Pope, and there so handled the matter with him that, the next Sunday after, contrary to all men's expectation, the Cardinal having been with his Holiness called them all to him, and there in the

[1] Father Robert Persons to Father William Goode, printed in C.R.S. II, p. 140 et seqq. The main authorities for the Englishmen's mutiny are this long letter of Father Persons and one equally long from Richard Haddock to his uncle, Doctor Allen, in Rheims, printed in Dodd-Tierney, appendix p. cccl et seqq. Owen Lewis also gave Doctor Allen a shorter account (Dodd-Tierney, p. ccclxi). There is no substantial difference between the three as to the course of events, though the emphasis is different in each case.

[2] Persons, loc. cit.

presence of them all accepted Mr Morys's resignation and gave them leave to choose a new governor; this mutation made more talk about Rome of the matter than before".[1]

The day seemed won, but Owen Lewis was not beaten yet. The English party handed in a number of memorials asking for the government of the College to be given entirely to the Society of Jesus, and explaining how the Hospice and the College might economically and profitably be merged in one, so that the traditional hospitality could be kept up without any further burden to the Holy See. All might have ended there, had it not been that Rome was soon seething with rumours of mysterious origin; how that the whole dispute had been engineered by the Jesuits to get control of the College. Then Lewis called upon the General, Father Mercurian, suggesting in the most friendly manner that the only way to scotch such baseless calumnies was to let it be known that the Society would in no circumstances accept the government of the English College. Mercurian answered truly that they had done their best to have nothing to do with it in the past; that Owen Lewis himself had been one of the promoters of the scheme whereby, under Clynog, two Jesuit fathers looked after the discipline and the studies; and that when Mercurian had wanted to withdraw them, Lewis had protested loudly that they could not be done without. Next day the General sent a deputation, including Fathers Agazzari and Persons, to ask Lewis what definite charges of interference he made against the Society; the interview ended with both sides politely calling the other names. But the Archdeacon had achieved his purpose, for Mercurian was more determined than ever to have nothing to do with so troublesome a heritage.

By this time the students saw that Cardinal Morone was set on restoring Morys Clynog. It was only a question of time before their Protector should have his way with the Pope, and—desperate cases needing desperate remedies—on the evening of Saint Matthias's day, 24th of February 1579, four of them set out to catch the Pope who was on his way back from Cività Vecchia to Rome; once in the City Cardinal Morone would

[1] Persons.

easily have audience of him : the students were determined to get their word in first. It was after six and dusk when Sherwin, Martin Array, John Gore and Richard Haddock slipped out of the College and set off along the Via Aurelia to intercept the Papal retinue, which they expected to meet before the eighth mile stone. Their absence would be discovered at Vespers and supper, as indeed it was ; but they were sure to have got beyond reach by then, and they trusted to their interview with the Pope to save them from later unpleasant consequences. However they found that the Papal retinue was nowhere on the road at all. Determined that nothing should stop them now, they walked on—a historic camerata—through the night ; twenty-four miles they walked till they came within half a mile of the Farnese castle at Pallo, "right upon, or rather within, the seas,"[1] and some ten miles from Cività Vecchia. Gregory was lying here the night, as they discovered. So they waited in the outskirts of the hamlet until it was day and an hour at which they could decently call on the Holy Father and then boldly went up to the castle, only to find everything in confusion as the Court was preparing to move on to the Capital that day. Nevertheless the four Englishmen managed to reach the Pope's presence, to kiss his foot and to present their memorials asking for the Jesuits as superiors. But a proper audience was impossible in the circumstances, the Pope telling them—if Haddock is to be believed about Gregory's latinity—" *that non erat tempus nunc* ; by these words referring us to come unto him at Rome ".

It was rather a disconsolate quartette that watched the Papal cavalcade mount and ride off towards Rome, leaving them stranded by the blue sea, and thinking of those weary miles between them and the great drum of Saint Peter's, which the workmen were toiling to prepare for the dome that was to rise above. They would dearly have liked to be looking upon that sight, or better still to have ridden off in the Papal retinue. But they had been left behind, and " that night therefore, though with no little pains, we returned to Rome, twenty-two miles after eighteen o'clock ; but with great difficulty, and glad to take horse a great pace".[2] They were evidently foot-sore

[1] Haddock, loc. cit. [2] Haddock.

as they hobbled down the Gianiculum, and they had had little or no sleep for two nights. Nevertheless, they were promptly at the Papal Court for the answer which had been promised them ; and the Maestro di Camera, who had been their good friend throughout and had smuggled them into the Pope's presence more than once, told them the Holy Father would send someone to the College to hear both sides and to make a definite end of all these contentions. So they went home rejoicing ; how they were received by Master Doctor Morys is nowhere stated.

Then Mr Archdeacon, as they called Owen Lewis, went in haste to Cardinal Morone and to sixteen others of the Sacred College, and wrought with them that the whole matter should be brought up in the next day's consistory, to prevent the Pope from sending the referee he had promised. He had three sorts of enemies, he said : boys, Jesuits and prattlers. As " for the boys, he would answer them unto their beards, if they had any."[1] Considering that Sherwin was 29, Haddock 27, Martin Array 28, John Gore 32, Luke Kirby 30, and not more than five were under twenty years of age, the lack of beards can only be ascribed to some ecclesiastical regulation, even possibly to a College rule which they were obeying.

Though Owen Lewis might be a little wild in his threats, he nevertheless had his way, and at the consistory Cardinal Morone took to his knees before the Pope and refused to move for half an hour (so Owen Lewis reported) until Gregory had revoked his purpose of sending a referee to the College. And when in the same afternoon, 27th of February, some of the English students went to the Cardinal of Como, to whom the deputation had presented a memorial at Pallo at the same time as to the Pope, he answered : " *Legi rationes vestras singulatim, quas probo et valde approbo. Tamen, non expedit ut pontifex concedat vobis petitionem vestram, licet essetis tam sancti atque Sanctus Paulus*".[2] Before he had promised to do all in his power for their cause ; now he would only refer them to their own Cardinal Protector.

Accordingly, the next day and the last day of the month, Sherwin, Array, Gore, Rishton, Harrison, Pitts, Gifford and

[1] Persons and Haddock. [2] Haddock.

Haddock himself waited on Cardinal Morone to know his pleasure. It was an interesting delegation which stood before him, and doubtless he would have been startled to know what different futures lay before his interrogators. Sherwin, of course, was to be the glorious proto-martyr of the College ; Array, Rishton, Harrison, Pitts and Haddock were all to be confessors for the Faith, suffering bonds and some of them being condemned to death and then saved by exile ; Gore apostatised at Paris in 1582, was reclaimed by the grace of God, and ended by losing his reason altogether ; Gifford's is perhaps the most execrable name in the whole history of the College—he became Walsingham's spy while still a student, was eventually expelled, intrigued and informed against his former companions, and died in a Paris prison, where he had been thrown after some obscure brawl. This was the company that stood before Cardinal Morone, and listened while he told them they could not have the Jesuits, but must obey Mr Morys or depart : otherwise he would have them arrested and flogged for their contumacy. It was no wonder that his Eminence spoke somewhat violently, because when he said that the Holy Father would have them obey Mr Morys, Haddock answered they would believe that " when they heard the Pope say so". This information comes from Owen Lewis ;[1] but as Haddock admits that the Cardinal said to them " *Non vultis mihi credere, qui sum cardinalis* ? ", it is quite clear that they must have made some such reflection on the Cardinal's truthfulness as Lewis relates. The end of it all was that the Protector gave them twenty-four hours in which to decide either to obey Doctor Clynog or to leave the College ; and as the eight of them came out of the Cardinal's residence, they were disputing on his door-step between themselves whether it would not be better to leave the College at once, for Clynog they would not have at any price. But in the end they returned home, wishing to do everything in consultation with their fellows.

The next day was Quinquagesima Sunday and the first of March. All the morning the Welsh were going about the house with a memorial to the Cardinal, promising obedience to the

[1] Owen Lewis to Allen, loc. cit.

Pope and to Doctor Morys, seeing who would sign it. The English answered that they had their own report to make to the Cardinal that same evening, and would sign nothing else. Whereupon Clynog took umbrage and forbade John Gore to come into the refectory for dinner. This meal saw the strangest conduct on all sides. First of all, Clynog produced letters of appointment and bade Hugh Griffith read them to the community to show that he was Rector. This was a cause of comment in itself, since one of the Jesuit fathers always appointed the reader at table, and it was Arthur Pitts's turn that week. However Hugh Griffith could not manage the Italian of the document and so Clynog had to be content to hand it to Pitts, who read it through and then calmly pocketted it. When Doctor Morys demanded it back at the end of dinner, the Englishman at first refused to give it up ; but upon the other's natural insistence, he opened it and showed it to some of his companions, to prove that it was the old brief of appointment which was no longer valid, since Cardinal Morone had accepted the Doctor's resignation and as yet no new brief had been drawn up. But the fat was in the fire when Pitts showed this paper round, because he maintained that Clynog had forged it to look like a new brief, scratching out the month May and putting in March, and making the date the 7th, which was extremely clumsy of him, since it was only the 1st. Such is Haddock's account. Father Persons gives a slightly different version. " Whereupon at dinner Mr Morys caused to be read certain patents from the Cardinal, whereby he was appointed Rector, which astonished the scholars much. Marry at the end, albeit the day of the month written in figures were scraped out and changed, yet the year which was written in letters remained, and so the date appeared to be for the year past, and when Mr Pitts, who read that day at dinner came thither, he stayed and said *falsatum est.*"

Both Richard Haddock and Father Persons agree on the scene that followed. Clynog from the high table indulged his tongue at the expense of those of the students whom he disliked, and at this lead the Welsh picked up their knives, amongst them one in particular whose action astonished the Englishmen, since

they had always regarded him as a quiet fellow. But now the Celtic blood was up, and if the two Jesuits had not busied themselves quietening everybody except Clynog, who seems momentarily to have been beyond the power of reasoning, it looked as if violence would have broken out in a room dedicated to the urbanities. But the Jesuits bustled from table to table, the Englishmen sat grimly still, offering that most provocative form of non-provocation, an expression of injured innocence, and gradually the Welsh resumed their seats and peace was outwardly restored. Only Doctor Morys continued muttering threats to his plate.

That evening after Vespers the English had a stormy interview with the Cardinal Protector. They tried to re-open the whole case, but quite understandably Morone refused to listen : " *Ego nolo audire ; habeo aures surdas, et laterem lavatis*". All he wanted to know was whether they would obey or not. They began to distinguish ; they would obey the Pope, and if they were assured that he had reappointed Clynog Rector, then they would obey the latter so long as they accepted the Pope's bounty by staying in the College. At this, Morone who had already told them the Pope wished them to obey Clynog, utterly lost his temper, bade them " *abire in malam crucem* " and cut the audience short by storming out of the room. There was no other way of stopping these English once they began complaining.[1]

The next morning, Monday, the 2nd of March, the Archdeacon and Mr Morys attended on the Cardinal, and the result of their visit was revealed when so soon as dinner was done, one of the Cardinal's chaplains came with the message that Array, Gore, Haddock and Mush were to swear obedience to Mr Morys or else depart, *depositis palliis decedere.*[2] John Mush is a new name in this story. He was 27 at the time and in Minor Orders ; he laboured afterwards for years in the north of England, especially in Yorkshire, where he gained a great reputation, and his name was often on the pursuivants' lists, but they never seem to have caught him.

The four expelled students, two priests and two scholars, thereupon chose formally to depart, and made a little speech to the rest, bidding them stay and obey : " You may perhaps

[1] Haddock. [2] Persons and Haddock.

do it with a good conscience and to your commodity, but we cannot".[1] However there was a general howl of derision at this : " No, Noe : *sed ibimus et moriemur vobiscum*". This unanimity impressed the Cardinal's chaplain, and he was further astonished when little Christopher Owen " having half an ague in his chamber, came running down and would go out too, and said, *Volo potius mergi in Tiberim, quam sine istis hic manere*".[2] In parenthesis, I may remark on the strange fact that in Father Persons's account the English students talk better-running Latin than do the greatest prelates of the Papal Court in Haddock's version.

The four prepared to go, but the other English would not let them until they had made one more assault upon Cardinal Morone. The four did not mend matters by telling their Protector they would have pleasure in obeying his command to depart, since they could not obey his other command to accept Mr Morys. Wherewith the Cardinal professed himself content. But he was staggered when all the rest proceeded to take their leave as well, and in similar terms. However, he put the best face on it that he could, and said : " If you cannot abide with safe consciences, *Ite, et salvate animas vestras*, and so dismissed them".[3] As it was late at night, they all came back to the College.

On Shrove Tuesday they dined in the College and received Mr Morys's command to leave the house before nightfall. They therefore prepared themselves, and in the afternoon six of them went in search of the Pope to beg his blessing on their departure. They found him in Saint Peter's, inspecting the erection of a new altar, and followed him about with their written supplication, as he turned away and tried to shake them off. Sherwin seems to have been especially importunate, but Gregory cut him short, saying : " *Si non potestis obedire, recedatis*". So they asked his blessing at which " his countenance changed wonderfully " and he lifted up his hands and blessed them ; and what is more, he seems to have written at the bottom of their supplication that they should all come and kiss his foot and get his final blessing before they went.[4]

[1] Persons. Strangely enough Haddock is not nearly so full about this incident in which he was one of those principally concerned.
[2] Persons again. [3] Persons. [4] Haddock and Persons, and also Owen Lewis.

So they came back to the College where the Jesuits told them supper was prepared for everyone and persuaded them to stay the night. But next morning, being Ash Wednesday, they packed all their belongings in carts and set off in a body for the house of an Englishman, in the city, one Mr Creed who had offered to find them all beds. As they crossed the College door, Mr Morys bade them leave their gowns behind them; but they exhibited the Pope's command at the bottom of their supplication, and told him they would leave their gowns at the Holy Father's feet, when they went to take their leave. And so they set off down the Monserrato, with their carts and their goods and chattels, feeling that they had scored at this last meeting with Doctor Morys Clynog. But it was not to be their last meeting.

Now that they had burnt their boats, I imagine they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Some of the thirty three set about scouring the city for alms, while the others busied themselves in Mr Creed's kitchen, preparing whatever food the mendicants brought in from time to time. Then they all had dinner very merrily together.

Meanwhile " Monsignor Owen, as he was now known since his papal appointment, was left alone in the College with the ancient and garrulous rector, Dr Morys Clynog, some seven Welsh students, who were mainly relations, and the admirable and courteous Fathers of the Society, who had been brought in to teach the just vanished apostles. . . . Upstairs on the 'piano nobile ' the Rector was enjoying a moment of freedom, while he could view with more equanimity these disturbing events, as the wine from his own vineyard on the Via Aurelia sank down in his glasses. . . . Beside him was his nephew, young Morgan, and the Monsignor's nephew, Hugh Griffith, who had leaped in the College Hall, shouting, ' Who now but a Welshman ? ', a gallant boy, but tempestuous, and then there was Lewis Hughes, the Monsignor's cousin, with his sharp North Welsh wit, and Meredith, that man, strong and determined, who had raised his knife at the English and was making such a fine attempt to begin to learn Latin."[1]

[1] *The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe*, David Mathew : page 80 and page 82. I am unaware of the evidence for Meredith having been so conspicuous in the knifing episode. Haddock says he was the Captain of the Welsh, but Persons describes him as an Englishman. Writing to Owen Lewis Doctor Allen describes Hughes's wit as more than sharp " You must temper your cousin Hughes's tongue and behaviour who is of bitter, odd and incompatible nature . . . his disordered humours have been a great cause of your hatred and of all these garboils".

But Mr Morys would have found less consolation in his wine had he known what was happening outside in the City. The whole of Rome was buzzing with the story of the English exodus. It would not have needed long for such a tale to get about in any case ; but the news was on every one's lips immediately because the whole population flocked to the churches for ashes, and the Jesuits manned their pulpits and pleaded for alms as a viaticum to these poor youths, who must foot the way back to England where such danger awaited them. Money started to pour in on the astonished young men, who found themselves turned into heroes in a moment. These sermons started in San Lorenzo in Damaso, but soon the praises of the thirty three were all over Rome ; how that they were come " out of England for their consciences (and) were now to return thither to defend the Catholic Faith against the heretics". Those who came to them with gifts found it " marvellous to see the economy and government of these youths, also their provision for themselves when they were out. First they appointed out amongst themselves all officers, so that some bought the meat, some dressed it, some served the table, some did read, some other provided money, and I think they kept better order and discipline that little time they were out than in two months before in the Seminary."[1]

But all this public interest in their case could not fail to reach the Pope's ear. As he came back in the afternoon from the first Lenten station at Santa Sabina, he heard so much of the general compassion that he realised their treatment was evidently developing into a scandal. And there and then the old man decided to take the matter into his own hands. He called one of his attendants to him in the procession, and bade him seek out the Englishmen and bring them to the Vatican. This man came to the College where one of the Jesuits told him the English were all gone ; but he found one later in a street, and by him sent word of the Pope's command to the rest. There were only sixteen or seventeen at Mr Creed's house when the message reached them that they were to go at once to the Pope, which they did, not knowing in the least what

[1] Persons.

to expect. But there was their good friend, the Maestro di Camera, all smiles and cheerfulness, to admit them to Gregory's presence. And the moment they were on their knees, asking the aged Pontiff for a final blessing on their leaving Rome, they found that all their troubles were over, for here indeed they were come into the presence of a father, who meant to have everything put right, and that speedily. The audience lasted nearly an hour, and they all seem to have cried copiously, Gregory himself and the toughest among them. The Pope asked them why they had left the College without appealing to himself, evidently forgetting their meeting the day before in Saint Peter's, and told them it was never his will that they should leave Rome, but that they should go home again and have what they desired. At which good news they all started to weep afresh: "very fast, that they were heard sob and could scarce speak unto him and he unto them".[1] He was very interested to know what they had intended to do, and made them describe their plans: how those who were priests should have gone to England and the rest would have tried to finish their theology elsewhere. And he was astonished that Christopher Owen and Pitts and Gratley were divines, they looked so young. "He asked them very particularly . . . what they ate that day at dinner, where they had money to pay for it, how it was drest. And then a little boy named Gratley"—he was 23 really, and ended badly as a spy and an informer, tasting the dungeons of the Holy Office for five years—Gratley piped up and answered the Pope: "*Pater Sancte his nostris manibus*, whereat the old man took much delight".[2] At the end he bade them go back to the College: "and give me the names of some of your countrymen; and you shall have one of them: for this you shall have no longer."[3] So he dismissed them; but as they were going a thought struck him, and he asked whether they would not like one of his chamberlains to accompany them and to acquaint Mr Morys with the Pope's decision and the reversal of his fortunes. To which they said Yes, for they were already wondering how they should convince the Doctor that he was not, after all, left in possession of the field of battle

[1] Haddock and Persons. [2] Persons. [3] Haddock.

So Gregory rang his bell and produced a chamberlain, who found himself forthwith part of a triumphal procession across the Ponte Sant' Angelo, down the Banchi Vecchi and the Monserrato. History draws a discreet veil over his interview with the crestfallen Clynog : but Haddock does not fail to tell of the general rejoicings over the exiles' victorious return. They had not slept even one night out of the College.

Owen Lewis tried to fight a rear-guard action, and suggested to the Bishop of Ross that the old national hospice ought to house Scots as well as English and Welsh. But the students, riding the tide of success, opposed this strenuously, not wishing to be overwhelmed by a conjunction of Celts, when one branch of that race had already sufficed to expel them from their own house. And so the project fell through : Owen Lewis went off to be Vicar General to Saint Charles in Milan and poor Morys Clynog, deprived of Rectorship and Wardenship, sailed for Spain, only to be drowned on the way.

That is the story as it is told : not edifying in this version, however diverting. The Englishmen showed grit and determination, but no other virtue. As for obedience and charity, the corner stones of a man's preparation for the priesthood, this tale reveals them to have possessed the elements of neither. One can only agree with Allen's verdict : " which animosity and contentious dealing is far unfit for the state of students ; and after, joined to hatred, emulation, detraction, and other sins thereon depending, yea, it went so far, woe be to our sins, that, as we were advertised, mischief and murder had like to have been committed *in ipso collegio*".[1]

And yet the story, as here told, is not only scandalous but bristles with difficulties. If these thirty three Englishmen were so disobedient and so obstinate in their own conceit, how could so many of them have been the characters to tend Christ's persecuted flock, not only with such courage, but with such patience and gentleness ? How could the Jesuit Fathers so openly have taken their side, both in the College and outside ? And how could the Pope, with the best will in the world, have given in to them and let them choose who should govern the

[1] Allen to Owen Lewis : printed in Dodd-Tierney, appendix, page ccclv.

College ? Must that not have been the end of all discipline, so that any new Rector, looking at the thirty three, would reflect how they had destroyed his predecessor and might well try to do the same to him if his ways did not please them ?

Obviously, there is much more to this famous story than mere national differences. It is time justice were done to an episode of our history, which—on the balance—will prove to be far more edifying than at first sight seems possible.

(*To be continued*)

R.L.S.

THE ROAD TO ROME IN 1563—4

FEW English travellers came to Rome in the first part of Elizabeth's reign, and fewer left us any account of their journey; but those few are of much interest. For these early years, when Cecil's Nazi rule was not yet securely riveted upon England, we have Richard Smith's description of Sir Edward Unton's Journey to Italy, a little before the Roman sojourn of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, the chosen bearer of a gracious oral message from Pius IV to Queen Elizabeth, then considered as not disinclined to retrace her steps. This account was printed for the first time by Mr A. H. S. Yeames in the Papers of the British School at Rome, volume VIII (1914), pp. 108–110[1]:

> "In sienna is the most curyous churche that ever I sawe wrought with marble blake and whyte, bothe within and withoute as well the pavement as the reste so curyously wrought that it is merveyle to se. From thence the 9 of August and bayted at a lytell borow called bons convento, xvi myle of and so to an other lyke place called san quirico belonging to sienna xiii myle from thence wher we lay, ffrom thence the 10 of Auguste to a hostry called paglia xiii myle and so to an other litell towne called aqua pendente xiii myle. this towne is under the pope all the rest from our first bayte

[1] An unpublished fragment of an itinerary of a journey in Italy in 1563–4 is in the British Museum (Sloane MS. 1813. D.N.B. s.v.).

from bolonya ar under the duke of fflorence, our vittayles all the way and also for the moste parte of Italy is only chykens and pogens poringe ordinary for our horse and ourselves after the rate of xiiii^{d} pence a man and horse at dyner and xxi^{d} at supper. ffrom aqua pendente the 11 of Auguste to another towne called monte fiascone xv myle of the popes. this towne of the popes though old yet seemeth stronge and the contry fruitfull of corne and wood and shepe, and to roncilione xx myle more to bed passing a proper cytie of the popes caled viterbo which standeth in a good contrye as it semeth. from roncilione the 12 of August to Rome 30 myle bayteng at an ostrye in the myd waye. Rome standeth in a very faire pleasaunte contry environed with plain fields, being very whote ther all the somer and not very cold in the wynter it hath ben so often spoiled that it semeth not exceding beutyfull, but notwithstanding ther ar many goodly palaces of cardenalls. of any old auncyent buildynges nothing lefft standinge, the best that is standinge is the church that was called the pantheon which was of all their gods and now is the churche of all saincts being buillded far unlike the churches now a dayes for that itt is round withoute any window savynge a round hole in the toppe which gyveth such lyght into the churche that it is lyghter then[1] any of the rest. also ther is standinge yet the pillers of Anthonynus and Trajanus emprours of Rome, which ar mervelous curyous wrought of a great heyghe[2] (they) be only of whyte marbell. also ther is standinge dyvers of the tryumphantt arkes[3] of dyvers emprours also ther is the pryson of saunte peter which is now a blynd chappell, ther is a nold[4] church that was buillded to Romulus and Remus in fashion of the pantheon. ther ar other dyvers monuments of auncient things whose ruins ar ther to be sene but utterly rased and spoyled. the pope Pius Quartus buildeth very much in Rome as in making the wale of the towne, and in beautyfienge his pallaice which wille beinge fynyshed the goodlyest palace of the worlde, he buildeth much also at the church of saynte peters, which wille (be) a goodly churche and[5] it wer ended the which is not lyke

1 than. 2 height. 3 arches. 4 an old. 5 if.

THE MIKADO

to be many years. in this new church ther standeth a marble piller uppon the which they say our savyour chryst leaned when he preched in the temple of salamon in jerusalem. this piller is of whyte marble lyke unto it ar seven more in the old church of s. peter, very curyously wrought aboute xx fote hyghe or therabout. nere unto this church of sainte peter standeth a notoryous piller of red marble which is ix fote square and lxvi fote hye uppon the toppe therof ther is a gret round obale wheirin was put the ashes of Julius cesar. this is the gretest and longest piller beinge of one stone in Rome, and is to be mervelled how he was set uppe for the hugenes. ther ae dyvers other things of as old pictures, holy reliquykes which I pass over for tediousnes. we went from Rome the second day of september toward bologna passinge thourow[1] the contry of Romagna."

Sir Edward Unton of Wadley, near Faringdon in Berkshire, was knighted at Queen Elizabeth's coronation in January 1559, having married Anne, daughter of the Protector Somerset in 1555. In 1567 he became sheriff of Berkshire, M.P. in 1572, and entertained his queen at Wadley two years later, and died September 16th 1583, after a successful Protestant career (" To follow him after his death were too curious "). His son, Sir Henry Unton, was a soldier and diplomatist of distinction, dying in France while ambassador to Henry IV in 1596. The name was also spelt Umpton, and the Edward who was imprisoned for a time by the Inquisition in Milan, whom Dr Owen Lewis helped to set free, as we learn from Fr Parsons' Notes concerning the English Mission,[2] must have been Sir Henry's elder brother. A priest named Umpton was chaplain to Sir Thomas Gerard in 1629.

The spelling of the Italian names in the Itinerary is correct enough; the phonetic " Bolonya " is interesting. " Bons convento " is Poggibonsi. Sir Edward was contented with a brief sojourn indeed at Rome, perhaps finding it too " whote " in the second half of August. He seems to have been easily contented with what his guides told or were understood to tell him about antiquities; but, then, to put up a church to Romulus and Remus was exactly what might be expected by an Eliza-

[1] through. [2] Catholic Record Society 1907, pp. 126–137.

bethan Protestant of those blind Papists in Italy; it might be taken for granted by a wealthy traveller. The church in question is that of Saints Cosmas and Damian, projecting into the Forum. This consists of two ancient buildings joined together to form a Christian church in 526. For my part I cannot understand how any Catholic could regret such a destiny for a pagan temple, and I rejoice to know that the Parthenon was once a Catholic cathedral, that the builders builded better than they knew, and the maiden temple was to become a shrine of the Maiden Mother of Our Redeemer. However, in this case the most fanatical humanist could not speak of sacrilege, for, as Grisar tells " when, during that year, the *templum sacrae urbis* with Romulus's Rotunda on the Roman Forum were turned into the church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, that could scarcely be called putting a heathen temple to Christian use, for both buildings were public rather than religious edifices, and not exactly temples ".[1] The rectangular temple of the sacred city of Rome " had been utilised as a Registry for the care of survey and assessment rolls ",[2] while the circular temple had, of course, nothing whatever to do with the founder of Rome, or his shadowy brother Remus, but was built by the emperor Constantine, in memory of Romulus, son of Maxentius " to the honour of his house, just as other temples had been built by this Emperor to the glory of the *gens Flavia*. They were simple monuments devoid of all religious character ".[3] The round temple " had scarcely been built ere it was dedicated as a secular monument to Maxentius's victor, Constantine the Great ".[4] Pope Felix IV asked and obtained of the Gothic Queen Amalasuntha these contiguous structures and made an archway to connect them. Had our traveller had any interest in Christian things he might have seen there some of the earliest and most excellent mosaics in Rome or elsewhere, but the figure of St Peter might have given him a cold on his conscience. He must have been a delight to whatever guide he employed. One wonders what other tales he swallowed, or whether he was shown the birthplace of Pope Joan on the Palatine for a couple of *scudi*. Hearing the word Romulus his schoolboy memories

[1] *History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages*, English translation, vol. 1, p. 20.
[2] Ibid., p. 22. [3] Ibid., pp. 22–23. [4] Ibid., p. 232.

supplied Remus, and he was satisfied, although the building had been the Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian for one thousand and thirty-eight years at the time of his visit. However he had " done Rome ", as his later like would say, in August, in just over a fortnight, and seems to have been quite pleased with his doing of it, and we might reasonably guess that his guide was no less satisfied.

However he has given us a very tolerable general impression of Rome, and of the roadway thither. The " ostrye in the myd waye " between Ronciglione and Rome was, no doubt, Baccano, through which until the middle of the last century travellers by land from the north would commonly pass, like Charles Waterton in 1840 or the Abbé Gaume in 1841, before travel was done by catapult.

A little before Christmas of the same year 1563 there arrived in Rome Thomas Sackville, son of Sir Richard Sackville, a worldling who had done very well out of the plunder of the Church in the reigns of Henry and Edward. This Thomas had also voted for the new laws in Elizabeth's first Parliament, yet the generous English Hospice invited him to dinner.[1] Not long after, before Christmas, he was imprisoned by the civic prefect, the *Governatore* of Rome, as a dangerous heretic, or suspected to be such, together with Mr William Travers and two servants. The Hospice on hearing it at once set to work to restore his credit and addressed to the prefect a joint testimonial of his respectability, dated 19th January 1564. It was printed with three other relevant documents by the Catholic Record Society in 1906. The testimonial is signed by Bishop Goldwell, Dr Maurice Clennog and other six. Their friendly advances did not pass without criticism, but they went further and obtained for him an interview with the Holy Father.

There was at this time a considerable, if short lived, rally of Catholic hopes in England, and wise heads in Rome wished to make prudent use of the occasion that seemed to offer itself. Here was a young English patrician, well educated and highly connected, a worldling, maybe, but no fanatical Protestant.

[1] In March 1586 Thomas Morgan wrote a letter (intercepted by the traitor Gifford, Walsingham's tool) to Queen Mary of Scotland from Paris, in which we read : " some hold Buckhurst for a Catholic in his harte ; but if he be, he dissembleth the matter egregiouslye " (Cath. Rec. Soc. Publ. 1919, vol. XXI, p. 149). Le mot juste !

So thought the staff of the English Hospice, and it is very clear that Pius IV was of their mind. Rome certainly went out of her way to give him every kind attention in her power. The English Hospice, by inviting him to dinner had aroused some natural misgivings ; they had testified to the high standing, wealth, royal kinship and influence of Master Thomas. He may have been already released when the Hospice heard of his detention, which in any case was very short. Their letter is given in facsimile in the Catholic Record Society's publications (Misc. II, 1906), where the story may be read in detail with its documents.

Sackville was given interviews with Pius IV, Cardinal Morone, the Protector of England, and Cardinal Borromeo, at which Abbot Parpaglia, who had been intended nuncio for England, but refused admission by Cecil, who overbore Elizabeth in this and other matters, was always present. The courtesy and liberality of all, especially Pius IV, to this traveller, who had voted for the wicked laws of 1559 at home, is amazing. The Pope offered to ratify whatever, so it were consonant with justice and the Faith, the English Government should decide to surmount the obstacles surmised to hinder England's return, the confiscation of church property, the divorce, the parentage of Elizabeth ; these should not for a moment stand in the way. The Pope would do all in his power to make the retracing of steps as easy as might be. About this time even Leicester was held to be a secret favourer of the Catholics and De Quadra seems to have had some gleams of hope. They did not know as well as we do the utter deadness of Cecil to every human appeal, his obduracy in malice.

Sackville was commissioned to convey to the Queen and her Council these tokens of good will. He went on his leisurely way and reached Flanders by the autumn, writing to his father, Sir Richard, an account of it all. The latter wrote strongly dissuading his return at present, probably fearing that Cecil would use the Roman episode to ruin the family. Sir Thomas went to France and from Paris wrote to Rome, saying what had chanced.

The Catholic Record Society gives drafts of letters of reply by Cardinal Morone, approving the young man's conduct, and

urging him to seize the first occasion that should offer. The shrewd Spanish ambassador, Don Guzman de Silva, only too truly commented " but indeed I fear that it is all words and talk, as they say. This is her manner of negotiating", the only gleam of hope being that Elizabeth had given her non-committal verbal answer without consulting Master Cecil. In 1566 Sir Richard died, and his son returned home to wealth and honours and high station. His promises, like those of so many Protestant wooers of Catholics, vanished in the blaze of fortune's sunshine and prizes obtained. Indeed he became a typical Elizabethan man of career, taking his part in condemning the martyrs, such as Blessed Philip Arundel (also Queen Mary of Scotland) to judicial murder, and prospered as such men do. Altogether he is an interesting if hardly an attractive character, and illustrative of his disastrous time. About ten years after Sackville's Roman sojourn Sir Philip Sidney met Blessed Edmund Campion in Bohemia, and came under his spell. After their conversations Sidney professed himself convinced of the Catholic claims, but said he must remain as he was, but would not persecute the Catholics. Even this promise made by Leicester's friend was broken. Between worldliness, waiting on events, and compromise, England was lost to the Faith.

However, Sackville befriended Parsons honourably at the time of his conversion, as the latter most gratefully records. And Grace was yet to win him at the last. A little before his sudden death at the Council Board of James I (at which a lapsed Catholic, Queen Anne, was present) in 1608, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, had been received into the Church by Father Richard Blount. Forty-four years had gone by since his journey to Rome, during which the English Hospice had given way to the English College, and Cecil and Elizabeth gone to their account, and a new period had begun. Many must have been the prayers offered for the rich young man who had won the outspoken, affectionate regard of Pius IV and the Catholic English colony in the Holy City, and the hour had come when the old man found these a better treasure than all the world's estates and titles, fortunes and favours, and the false splendours of the unhappy Gloriana.

H. E. G. Rope

A STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

" THERE are good and cogent reasons," remarks the writer of the first Romanesque, " why new men should not give the House their impressions of Rome on St. Catherine's Day. But . . . tradition says that the stranger within our gates must give his first impressions of Rome on St. Catherine's Day and that's the end of it." These impressions " are refreshing and unbiased and they are almost always wrong". Hard words follow on the demerits of this august institution, the St. Catherine's Day Speech. Small wonder then that I kept my own counsels on that day of grim disclosures ; and present them now, when they have had time to simmer and cool and set, for this reason.

More than one of those Venerabile men whose first acquaintance with the Villa was at Easter and who realize that, like most things Roman from siestas to *toscani*, it is something of an acquired taste, have wondered what are the reactions of men brought fluffy and unfledged from an English public school or junior seminary when they are first faced with Palazzola. An attempt is here made to supply, not *the* answer, but *an* answer. 'Tis a poor thing but mine own and worthy, perhaps, of attention because the reflections and impressions recorded have the slight merit of being original. For who but the newcomer himself can fathom the depths of bewilderment and panic that ring in the gloomy chasms which serve the First Year man for an intellect what time the genuine scholastic perquisite is being

forged in the aulas of the Gregorian ? Who else shall presume to interpret those chaotic and indecipherable passages which are imprinted on his mind by the first few days of a man's Roman course ? Perhaps when you compare these with your own early memories of the College in Rome or even of the Villa at Easter, you will decide that the Roman is a perennial breed and one generation differs little from another, at least in the nicely blended emotions with which he reacts to his first adventures in the Venerabile.

With but the sketchiest instructions on how to find the man who was to propel me across Europe, I arrived at Victoria station and, having allowed my attraction towards men in " clericals " to draw me into a short and painful encounter with an unsympathetic Low Churchman, I directed my next assault at that unmistakeable sign of a vocation, a black and shapeless hat, which was adding the last touches of gloom to a face already registering most of the emotions generally associated with dyspepsia and suicidal tendencies. This was my future guide, theologian and friend, a man who brightened considerably as the journey passed. A companion of my former efforts to avoid academic distinction had joined us and to the two, interested but vaguely sceptical, he retailed the glories of the gita, the Opera, the Cave and all the other indescribable wonders which are too marvellous to be understood by a merely English-bred fellow.

But at the time I knew nothing of that. However, it was at Modane that I sustained my first major shock. My companion singled out of a group of typical station-loungers one more wretched than his fellows, and, speaking to my amazement in English, hailed him affectionately and introduced him to my mystified companion and myself as "one of the lads". I felt it would need all the amenities already hymned to counterbalance the effect of living in a community of which this was a specimen.

The agonies of night-travel leave one with but scant reserves of courage or resistance power—of energy nothing. The inferiority complex produced by the self-conscious possession of an unshaven chin ; the creeping paralysis which starts from

the neck and extends over the whole body; and that last overwhelming melancholy which results from the remoteness of breakfast; all combined to render me particularly unfitted to face the shocks which awaited me during the next twenty-four hours.

It was early morning when I sat dazedly watching an evil-looking Italian opposite me making determined inroads into an already badly battered sandwich—' mortadella ' said my guide and ' deadly ' I translated with an inaccuracy made pardonable by the sight and smell of it. Suddenly with a gasp he emerged from the depths and began thrusting on boots, collar and various other sartorial after-thoughts which he had shed during the night. A few minutes later the train, still swearing softly under its breath, rocked into Roma Termini and, after a preliminary rattle, gave up the ghost. While I was yet wondering whether one's first thought on reaching the Eternal City should not be concerned with something nobler and more fragrant than the probable hour of breakfast, I was hurled aside by the other occupants of the compartment, who, while showing no joy at the arrival, were bent on getting down to business with all despatch. Extricating myself from a pile of luggage and the mortal remains of the sandwich, I was enlisted to push suit-cases through the carriage window—and several times only just failed to bring down a really fine soldier or well-pelted official.

An affectionate greeting between two old gentlemen caused me to breathe a sigh of relief that no tender-hearted fellow-diocesan had arrived to welcome me with similar marks of esteem. In fact, I felt almost contented again until our guide began to haggle with a taxi-man about the luggage tariff. Before this bucolic person had agreed to accept a third of his original demands (thereby, as he pointed out with some heat, dooming himself to a miserable end in the gutter), we were surrounded by a throng whose partizanship was so clearly marked that I sighed even for the scant protection which I might have obtained from my expensive English umbrella, had I not lost it in Paris. But when they realised that no blood was to be shed, they regretfully leaked away, murmuring ' Si, si, Americani '. At the time I regarded this as a deliberate evasion of the issue, since it must be as clear what our nationality was as if we had had the

Union Jack tattooed on our foreheads ; but after a long experience of '*Irlandesi*', '*Spagnuoli*', '*Sanzionisti*', '*Tedeschi*', hissed, gurgled or chanted according to the mood of the moment, we now receive rather a jolt if by chance we hear '*Inglesi*'— especially as this is usually qualified by '*pazzi*'.

We jig-sawed ourselves into a taxi, feeling faintly luxurious in spite of knobs of luggage which put a veto on any real comfort. In our journey from the Station to the College we collected a colourful impression of uniforms, florid hotel fronts, carabines' hats, the Monument (about the artistic merits of which we decided to reserve judgment), express coffee bars and some of the most prodigiously fat men I had ever seen. Our strivings to put order into all this confusion were not assisted by the taxi-driver, who skidded with the abandon of a Blackpool holiday-maker, leapt round corners as though hoping to surprise some one in the next street and kept taking both hands off the wheel to attend to a cigarette which we had in a moment of misguided camaraderie pressed upon him. After a while we plunged into a labyrinth of side streets, where grubby washing dripped despondently on to pedestrians, many of whom rarely made closer contact with water; and where piles of refuse had assumed such an appearance of antiquity that they might have been the remains of an *al fresco* lunch given by Romulus and Remus. As we were making mental notes always to avoid these quarters during our stay in Rome, our guide with conscious pride remarked, " Well, we're here, boys." Aghast, we noticed that we had slowed down and there, in fact, we were.

My companion had seen a photograph of the College before ; he thus had an unfair advantage over me in ability to resist the shock of the first actual encounter. I shivered at the thought of seven years in that crafty little street and thought regretfully of the rolling green prospect of an English seminary ; while my jaundiced eye momentarily missed the romance of the primitive garage across the street. As for the marble doorstep, if I thought of it at all, it was only in connection with the hearth-stone which was so regrettably absent.

We stepped into the corridor ; my companion's advantage vanished and we were equally horror-stricken by the long, bare

corridor in which the clouds of dust were emphasised, while nothing was cheered, by the light which stole in apologetically through gloomy, uncurtained windows. The Venerabile guide of the party, sensing a certain tension, poured out a string of fumbling excuses. We nodded grimly and rejected them as unconvincing ; then turned resignedly to the ragged, white-washed, paper-capped figure which was trundling a barrow towards us, to the excruciating accompaniment of ' O Sole mio !' But this was not another student (by this time it hardly mattered, I think, though it might possibly have proved the last straw) ; it was only one of the workmen, whose presence in the house was supposed to account for the universal desolation.

We saw no point in adding unnecessarily to our suffering, so we decided on a shave, followed by Mass in St Peter's which in turn should be followed (aeons hence it seemed) by breakfast. After plodding up flight upon flight of stairs, we were ushered into our friend's own room. The atmosphere was sinister, forbidding, making us long for the comparative geniality of the recently despised lower corridor. I can still see the bed piled high with *imbottiti* and unswept mats, the room congested with gaunt, cheerless furniture, emaciated wardrobes, empty bookcases and ancient desks. I wondered a fortnight later how I ever thought any room on the Monserra' over-furnished, and it was some months before I settled down to the view that an Englishman's room is his palace. Quickly we shaved and rushed from that chamber of horrors. Of course, we found St Peter's disappointing and ridiculously small ; breakfast came too late to be really welcome ; dinner followed far too soon and, while spaghetti added to a meal that element of the unexpected which the human soul craves, it had obviously been overrated.

Finally, in a collar that was much too small and a cassock that was much too big and a hat which was the pride of my heart until I discovered that a smooth, shiny surface was the ideal to be aimed at, I was bundled with six others into a car intended to hold four and we set off for the Villa. As I felt the inexorable progress of the pins and needles up my left leg and wondered whether I dare address the blasé cleric on my right, I meditated the poignant truth of the old proverb that there is

always room for one more sardine in the tin. I kept one ear on the conversation which went on behind me but I waited in vain for a sentence not mangled into incoherence by a reference to tabs, zabs, gitas, Febo and a host of other unholy sounds which revealed themselves later as endearing pseudonyms for some of the future bishops of the English hierarchy.

For a time I watched the eccentricities of our driver, who, after assuring us that he had a good eye, proceeded to a practical demonstration which, in the event of his being proved wrong, would leave us in no fit condition to argue the point. Further silence being beyond me, I addressed a pertinent but respectful question to my neighbour ; I thought his reply unnecessarily obscure, until I found that he was as new as I was. I spent the rest of the journey telling myself what kind of a fool I was not to have seen it straight away.

A nerve-tearing grind of brakes and a jolt announced our arrival ; a short walk in the gathering shadows brought us to the Villa, where I had time to get an impression of rounded arches and senile decay before the bell went for chapel. The romance which I was still seeking was again excluded, this time mainly by the sight at an open window high up of a red-headed individual energetically brushing his hair. Everyone was rushing wildly around, borrowing cassocks or cigarettes according as they had spent their summer in England or at the Villa ; while the reputation of the Tower of Babel suffered a severe eclipse amid the torrent of Italian, Latin, Venerabile slang, barbarous nicknames and the colloquialisms of a dozen counties which flowed around us.

In chapel mounted on my first-year perch (those were the days before the restoration) I cricked my neck to see a Baroque altar which made me pine for the most pedestrian of English architectural spasms and to marvel at the waywardness of sanctuary curtains which kept rolling back at the wrong time while the Italian which got mixed up with the Rosary disconcerted me only less than the fixed stare of the row of pious youths opposite, whose expressions suggested that I was the " unkindest cut of all ".

At supper, after a long grace which kept finishing and then

starting off again with renewed energy, came my first chance of taking stock of my companions ; I decided they were very intellectual. This view was confirmed by the ethereal lack of interest with which they regarded the question of ' più'. Fearing that their nervous systems would sustain lasting shock if I showed a livelier concern, for several days I suffered, spiritually rather than physically, at not having done justice either to myself or the meals. So when a servant picked up a more or less empty dish and enquired in unpolished tones, " Fini ? ", we all gravely nodded and murmured, "Si, si". Suddenly a troubled voice piped, " Aspetti un momento. Perchè fini ? Deve essere finito, non è vero ? " The servant grabbed the dish and fled ; but the linguist, disregarding our looks of shame, plunged into a critical survey of the various Italian dialects. For the rest of the meal we listened in awed silence.

In the common-room I began to see faint glimmerings of the reality behind that much abused phrase, " the spirit of the English College ". The air was saturated with geniality and good cheer, receiving help from the combined smoke of every weed known to the Italians as tobacco, while able reinforcements from the mediaeval wood-fire in the open grate warmed the heart and clogged the lungs most agreeably. Contrasting this with what I had seen in Rome, I understood (I thought) why the Villa was a fetish for every Venerabile man. Familiar strains of Gilbert and Sullivan drew my attention to one of the superiors enjoying himself on the piano ; the last touch needed to make the happy family atmosphere complete. Three people who looked like superiors and one who had the self-effacing manner of the model student were playing bridge (I discovered later that they were three philosophers giving the *ripetitore* a game). I inspected the bookshelves with approval, examined some antique furniture which was apparently still in use and gazed with quiet satisfaction at the jovial individual in the far corner who was inviting the world to join him in a game of pontoon. I reflected that one might settle down to it all in time.

I was now besieged by many sociable people, some of whom gave me their names rather formally, while the rest without bothering about introductions addressed one another in terms

so affectionate or insulting that they were clearly not intended for the lips of a new man ; while the use of a surname would probably be regarded as an equally outrageous social solecism. This remained for weeks my most perplexing difficulty. These friendly people assailed me with a thousand ridiculous questions, what did I think of the Villa (I was too polite to say) and what did I intend to do tomorrow (again courtesy forbade the obvious reply). The thread of the conversation was frequently broken by the breezy intrusion of other wild clerics who made cryptic remarks and applauded themselves with wild whoops ; when an introduction of sorts had been effected, they would shout, "Oh, so this is . . ." and again roar with laughter. I later discovered that this latter roar was merely a friendly smile ; but at the moment it increased my state of nerves. Though I knew what to do with English cigarettes, I found everyone politely declining them ; in view of my later experiences, I am still unable to explain this phenomenon.

I found my way inevitably into the garden to join in a sing-song round a leaping wood fire, with a guitar and an accordion giving the required Italian touch to the whole scene. Here for the first time since I started my journey I felt completely at home ; and that though the Venerabile sing-song is unique—a merry potpourri of Music Hall, Opera Grand and Comic, apt College ditties with cryptic allusions which I never found quite as unintelligible as a new man should ; the whole being rounded neatly off by the ' O Roma felix ' a minute or two before the bell brought that transformation which never loses its wonder ; when a howling, cheering, shouting mob of hooligans in the twinkling of an eye becomes a decorous body of clerics, going gravely to study the three points of Fr Avancinus and to serenade the Villa Madonna in an almost beautiful *Salve.*

After this full account of my earliest impressions a selection of the more vivid of those which remain will complete the picture which I have been trying to paint. Of these is my first walk to Rocca, in the fresh morning air, bathed in the clear early sunlight and at the same time in that feeling of absolute well-being felt nowhere so completely as at Palazzola ; crushing softly under foot the thick carpet of pine-needles and making

among the dead leaves that rich sound which always reminds me of somebody eating hot buttered toast. Meanwhile I still had an admiring ear for the wisdom of the second year man, whom I took to be a theologian of long standing ; who told me the meaning of ' si ' and ' grazie ', which I knew already, and of the regularity with which one was bitten by scorpions or succumbed to chill on the stomach—which proved to be quite untrue.

My next expedition was less devoted to didactic monologue ; I climbed Monte Faete under the aegis of the Editor and sub-Editor of *Chi lo Sa ?* How I envied them the ease with which they flung out their carelessly brilliant witticisms—I still do—and vowed that rather than dilute such a pure stream with my own ineptitudes I would remain permanently silent ; a vow which I failed to keep—to the further edification, I hope, of succeeding generations of awestruck philosophers.

The thought of a six-day Retreat was more oppressive than the actuality. In the blessed solitude of the silence I studied types, found out people's names by reference to the notice-board and tried to shake off the spiritual petrifaction with which my own year had originally struck me ; while the thrill of singing the Office of the Martyrs is one that grows with the years and one to which justice cannot be done here. And did I not spend many profitable hours drinking in the glories of the Villa view ? Is there a man with soul so dead that he has forgotten the recurring miracle of the Lake, presenting every day some new feast of beauty ? Or the sunsets splashed in glowing colours over the gigantic canvas that canopies the Campagna ? Or the Milky Way which to the new man first justifies its name when it is seen from the garden, a wealth of starlight unknown to the Northern sky ?

Even so, one cannot spend twenty-four hours a day admiring the view, however beautiful it may be ; and the characteristic devotion to the Villa seemed to have little rational basis in the trials of " barracking ", the absence of hot baths, the dust of the cloisters which seemed to invade every nook in the place, and a certain maturity in the furniture which detracted at once from its usefulness and its beauty. Still, there was ' something '

about the Villa—a presiding spirit which filled up what was wanting in social amenities—and I was content to leave further exploration of it until the following summer.

Meanwhile I wanted to get into Rome and I was not sorry when the day of Exodus came, especially after a few days of that persistent rain without which no Retreat is complete. I wanted to see Rome. I wanted to command a room of my own. I wanted to discover if lectures in Latin were as unintelligible as I feared and whether Philosophy could possibly be as bad as Mathematics.

The whole college had undergone a change so radical that it was hard to see in it the dismal hulk from which I had fled in horror a brief fortnight ago. Curtains and carpets, polish and dusters (even though these latter be wielded rarely and by inexperienced hands) had cast over all an air of opulence which was little short of miraculous. But the common-room was obviously the focal point of the sociability which now began to manifest itself in the least likely people. Grave elders unbent to relate extravagant tales of gitas, tales in which bears, mountain refuges and other remote ingredients figured colourfully, the whole being so cunningly wrought that for weeks I believed them—though I had long ago mastered the air which prevents the inventor knowing whether or not he has made a catch. Circles formed easily in this social lake, the operative stone being again that indefinable spirit which would defy the penetration of an Aquinas. One of such undetermined social function as a first year man should tread warily, I thought, and adopted temporarily an attentive manner which went down very well, especially with Second Year with whom naturally we had most contact.

But even the delightful symbolic function of coffee and *rosolio*, of which I became on first acquaintance an ardent devotee, hardly justified our presence in Rome and I was still looking forward rather apprehensively to my introduction to the University. I walked to *lectio brevis* with one of those men who do not arrive at full possession of their faculties until well after ten o'clock ; but as a concession to my newness he unbent sufficiently to inform me that the lectures were deadly and most

of the professors unintelligible, but it didn't matter, because it was all in the book. As for examinations, you could not really fail in first year ; after that it became equally difficult to pass. I hoped he was biased, as apparently he was, having failed in Hebrew twice that year.

I think it was as we crossed the Corso to S. Ignazio in a dense, multi-cassocked mob, holding up the traffic for minutes at a time, that I felt the grip of Romanità. I began to see the real point of Rome which transcends the unintelligibility of lectures or for the matter of that the whole educational system of that centre of education. And once a man has done that, he ceases to be a thorough-going new man and all his future impressions are so coloured and interpreted that they can claim place no longer in an article such as this.

A.B.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE RALPH SHERWIN WINDOW

We have been asked to announce the following :

The " Blessed Ralph Sherwin Window ", which was reproduced in the Venerabile (Vol. VIII, 1) for October 1936, has now been reproduced in a small size—4″ x 3″—under the auspices of the Martyrs' Association. This second reproduction, like the former, is a work of art of its kind. The original was designed and worked by Sister Margaret of the Mother of God, of the Carmelite Convent of Rushdene, a sister of Fr Rope.

PAMPHILJ

The following fragment from Waterton's *Essays on Natural History* published in 1854 will be of interest to most of us :

" I know nothing in the environs of Rome half so grand and charming as the ornamented grounds of the beautiful villa Pamphili Doria, the gates of which are always opened to the public. A blessing be upon the head of its princely owner, for this prized permission to the world at large ! May his liberality never suffer by the hand of wanton mischief, nor ever be checked by the presence of a rude intruder ! Many a time, when fairly

tired with the never-ending scenes of painting and sculpture within the walls of the Eternal City, have I resorted to this enchanting spot, here to enjoy an hour or two of rural quiet, and of purer air ; and, could I have had a few British gardeners by my side, the enjoyment would have been more complete ; for gardeners in general are choice observers . . . . The marble fountains of Pamphili Doria, its lofty trees, its waterfalls, its terraces, its shrubs and flowers and wooded, winding path, delight the soul of man, and clearly prove what magic scenes can be produced, when studied art goes hand in hand with nature. The walk, canopied by evergreens of ancient growth, and at the end of which a distant view of St Peter's colossal temple thrusts upon the sight, has so much truth and judgment in its plan, that I question whether its parallel can be found in the annals of horticultural design. When St Peter's dome is illuminated, whilst standing under the wooded archway of this walk, you may fancy yourself on the confines of Elysium. As an additional charm to the beauties of Pamphili Doria, the birds are here protected, so that not one of them which comes within its precincts is ever transported to the bird market at the Pantheon in Rome, where individuals of every species known in Italy, from the wren to the raven, may be had, ready trussed for the spit . . . . Towards the close of April, the walks of Pamphili Doria resound with the sweet notes of the nightingale both day and night ; and, from February to mid-July, the thrush and blackbird pour forth incessant strains of melody. There stands in this enclosure a magnificent grove of stone pines, vast in their dimensions, and towering in their height. Here the harmless jackdaw nestles, here the hooded crow is seen, here the starling breeds in numbers, and here the roller, decked in all the brilliant plumage of the tropics, comes to seek his daily fare."

THE VILLA CHAPEL

An addition is needed to the note published in the November issue of the Magazine, describing the recent completion of work on the Villa chapel. In the description of the flooring a mistake

was made, since the red brick is relieved by a band, not of travertine, but of *trani*, a sort of alabaster. The benches, it should be noted, are of chestnut drawn from the Rocca woods ; while the finding of the marble *tympanum* was the first indication which we had that the original shape of the door has been altered. This, the most important archaeological discovery of the year, enabled us to revert to the first and more beautiful plan.

We can hardly expect to find further treasures inside the church ; but the campanile and sacristy may give up much of value when the war allows us to commence work again.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 8th. *Saturday*. Giobbi was early at work this morning, staggering through the garden under great loads of intriguing shape, which constitute the Madre's contribution to the general Exodus, now noisily preparing all over the House. Pink with exertion, Giobbi still finds breath to laud his own prowess, while we are visibly impressed. For this is an important man. A few well-chosen words with him and that precious case containing your books will be sent off quickly and will be waiting for you at Palazzola. As the heat-withered, thesis-harrowed student steps for the last time into the Monserra', the black clouds of ignorance abysmal or knowledge unstable lift momentarily and he sees the glowing vision of his approaching liberation from the Scholastic thrall. The effect is instantaneous and remarkable. His eye gleams, he breathes once more as a free man instead of in those nervous puffs which he has been practising as a way to the heart of a persistent professor ; he steps out lightly under his bumping, badly-packed rucksack nor cares one jot for the universal disapproval with which it is received on the buses. On the tram is a kindly tolerance manifested, as befits people who are in perhaps daily contact with the mellowing influence of Lake Albano and the Rocca band. At last as you mount higher, you can see in the far distance a faint greyish smudge which they will tell you is Rome. Without a sigh you turn your back and plunge into the generous shade and great silence of the wood. It is not long to the Sforza gate and—another Villa has begun !

The object of universal interest this year is the Villa Church. The many improvements have already been chronicled, so let it suffice here to say that we thought everything splendid—the sanctuary laid with marble of a delicate pale green, the choir paved with red-brick, a broad strip of polished cream-tinted marble (which we are told is *trani* and are little wiser for that knowledge) running down the centre, the magnificent wooden studded door at the back of the church crowned with the College arms ; everything, we say, pleased us, though perhaps we thought wist-

fully of Fonseca, when we gazed upon the inscription on the side of the church. Poor Fonseca ! His tablet has been banished to the obscurity of the sacristy and there we leave him in a decent oblivion.

9th. *Sunday*. Many a high-spirited batsman has quickly come to grief on our Sforza but seven wickets for two runs . . . ! Even Carnevale's cows in their dreamy way seemed to be registering a more than usually pronounced expression of stupefaction at the length of the procession.

This evening the Retreat for the *Ordinandi* began. We were delighted to welcome two members of the Scots College who, together with the Senior Student and his deputy, have placed themselves for the next six days under the aegis of the Vice-Rector.

10th. *Monday*. There are many well-intentioned souls who saunter around these days, book in hand trying to persuade themselves that they are actually working—a pitiful piece of self-deception which impresses nobody ; viewing the estate, anyway, is a full-time job with which no Scholastic definitions or heretical opinions, however momentous in their own sphere, should be allowed to interfere. Tobia the mason is everywhere just at present. He has already promised to cement our wickets, he has completely tiled the sides of the tank, and he is now engaged on building a shed for the use of bathers. A group of leisured and betowelled critics gather there every morning to dispense free advice, which will remain harmless as long as he disregards it, and to comment judiciously on its rising architectural proportions.

11th. *Thursday*. The Golf Course and the Tennis Court are being attacked in real earnest. " Attacked " is the right word. Morning and evening a little army come surging up the iron steps armed with every type of strange tool known to the peculiar art of gardening as practised by Luigi ; a strangely-clad mob reminiscent of the more sinister comrades of the French Revolution. By now their Shanghai methods have become notorious, so their approach produces a flutter of alarm among the more contemplative philosophers at the top of the step, who are unjustly called by these men with a mission " loiterers". A stern and industrious tribe these sons of the soil, with clear-cut and well defined ideas on Work and the Dignity of Man but inclined to be a little woolly on the subject of the Liberty of the Individual. The plea of yet another encounter with the Inquisition of the Pilotta wins for some of us freedom from their embarrassing attentions and they pass on in search of easier prey, while we continue to gaze on the sparkling lake and meditate somewhat querulously why every year fashion demands that thesis sheets be worn longer and longer.

12th. *Wednesday*. An enthusiastic cheer this morning from the first tee announced the good news that once more the Golf Course was open, and that, as usual, the Senior Student had muffed the first shot. There was a scramble to the nearest thicket and a triumphal procession back bearing one brand new ball badly seared with an ugly half-moon scar.

13th. *Thursday*. This morning we said good-bye to Messrs Swinburne and Ashworth and cheered them off from the Villa wall. To dinner came Dr Rea.

14th. *Friday*. The fruits of numerous meetings of the Tennis Club and endless discussions amongst its members are now becoming apparent even to the most casual layman. A hole of alarming proportions and " as black as Acheron " has been dug in the middle of the old Tennis Court, and the soil, stones and derelict wire neatly piled at the side give one the impression of a primitive attempt at A.R.P. work. The materials thus excavated are to be used in the construction of the new Tennis Court. What though to the inexperienced eye they would seem to present a monument of uselessness which would perplex even Mr Heath Robinson ! The experts have spoken and who would be so rash as to doubt their word ?

15th. *Saturday*. The Villa clock has always come to the rescue of the diarist, and there seems no good reason for breaking with the tradition. For some days the struggle has been going on with the whole weight of popular opinion solidly on the side of the old clock. However, even its staunchest supporters began to have fears that it would succumb to the series of attacks that were launched on it. But we were wrong ! At one o'clock this morning it rallied magnificently and struck eighteen—a spirited protest which has completely restored the confidence of the House and reduced a baffled Clockman to moody silence.

To celebrate the end of examinations we have been granted several " no-bell " days. This evening we were delighted to welcome back again Fr. Rope.

16th. *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Mr Martindale and Mr Coonan who received the priesthood today—also to Mr McNamara who was ordained Subdeacon. To dinner came two of the College personnel and in the afternoon we said goodbye to Mr Ronchetti.

17th. *Monday*. *Primitiae Missarum* with all the traditional festivities —*pranzone*, coffee and *rosolio* and afterwards the kissing of hands. At dinner our guests were Canon Byrne and Mr R. Coonan.

In spite of the festivities, the Tennis enthusiasts grimly continued their task. It is heart-breaking work digging out a new court under a blazing sun. Watching them from a respectful distance, one begins to acquire a new respect for the Israelites under the Pharaohs.

18th. *Tuesday*. By now the old Villa Golf House has been almost completely dismantled and is a desolate ruin, but gradually the beginnings of another, larger and more commodious, are rising in its place. During the process the more socially inclined have been cut adrift. The Cricket tree has been tried and pronounced useless, the Wiggery is too small and the Pergola gives no shade, so by common consent they have gravitated to the bottom of the garden steps.

19th. *Wednesday*. This morning the flourishing deck-chair colony at the bottom of the garden was broken up in confusion. Clouds of thick

brown smoke came pouring across the Handball Court before rolling over the Villa wall to the lakeside. This marked the beginnings of our rock garden, though the half-asphixiated victims took over long to establish the connection of cause and effect. Actually it is simple. The waste ground near the tank is being turned into a rock garden, so all the vegetation is being burned as a preliminary gesture. A rather frantic notice on the Common-room notice board to the effect that anyone who knows anything about Rock Gardens is expected to do his duty set us wondering how long it would be before this vanguard attack is likely to be followed by an effective general offensive. Still, many of us joined in the fun—a most exciting morning and a cheerful blaze, but the excuse is a little too far-fetched, a little too ingenious perhaps—a Rock Garden ! Forsooth ! !

20th. *Thursday*. The first Sforza gita. Half way through dinner the familiar figure of George the Beggar appeared, tottering unsteadily across the first green. He stayed to dinner and afterwards kept a large circle interested on the subject of Italian wines—a topic on which long experience has given him the right to speak with some authority—but he has many new stories too of the present Holy Father who often met George on the Rocca Road and would stop to talk with him and give him an alms.

This evening an extra *bicchiere* at supper—a stirrup cup in honour of three of our guests who are leaving tomorrow.

21st. *Friday*. We said farewell to Messrs Wells, Duggan and McKeever. In the afternoon the loose pages of this diary were blown over the Villa wall and only saved from destruction by a former Boy Scout, who picked them up on the lakeside, recognized the hand-writing and returned them in a neat pile. Three cheers for Baden-Powell.

22nd. *Saturday*. From the Common-room this morning we heard the first strains of a timorous chorus volunteering the repeated information that they were gentlemen of Japan. It was the first of the Opera practices. Having little in common with these high-born Orientals, we migrated with souls of similar antipathetic tendencies to the bottom of the garden and prepared for a state of siege until the first throes of the teething stage have been safely passed.

This evening we welcomed back the Rector and honoured his return with Solemn Benediction.

23rd. *Sunday*. Luigi still seems a trifle over-awed by the splendours of the renovated church, and singing is strangely restrained these nights. Still, he occasionally revives and attacks with something of his former spirit the hymn in English at the end of Benediction. Marietta, too, has lost much of her " first fine frenzy " but we can still rely on Piccolo Bill to improvise a few apocryphal invocations during the Divine Praises. A strange thing family pride !

24th. *Monday*. At long last the scirocco wind which we have borne with varying success for the past two weeks has lifted and today we were given our first uninterrupted vision of clear open skies. This evening the Holy Father began his period of summer residence at Castel Gandolfo,

It was late when he arrived, and we had to race back round the lake for supper. To dinner Mgr Clapperton of the Scots College.

25th. *Tuesday*. Having soundly thrashed the opposite side of the " Ref " at cricket we persisted in drinking their health, a little ostentatiously perhaps, throughout the whole of supper. Our proffered toasts were ignored so consistently that we had to admit at least a moral defeat.

26th. *Wednesday*. Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, the College Protector, today paid us an informal visit. To celebrate the occasion we had coffee and *rosolio*. Later His Eminence, before leaving, inspected the progress of the labour Corps on the Tennis Court. These stalwarts are at present trying to cope with the problem presented by the huge masses of rock which their digging operations have discovered. After blistering many hands and blunting many tools, they talk darkly now of gunpowder. The rockery gardeners have, of course, been infected with a like germ.

27th. *Thursday*. Another Sforza gita, made remarkable by the numerous suicidal attempts to ride Carnevale's new horse. After two gitas it remains unconquered and views our puny efforts with a faint interest not unmixed with much humiliating equine contempt.

28th. *Friday*. In yet another direction have the disciples of the spade and *ronca* been at work. Steadily the waste space between the Pergola and the Wiggery is being cultivated, and after two years of patient labour the many new flower-beds which have been added make a brave show, as their nodding blooms catch the bright morning sun and scatter it like fairy pollen. Among the aristocrats of the horticultural world which preen themselves thus gaily has crept in an impudent poppy right in the middle of the pathway to the Pergola, obtaining for itself in this point of vantage an interest denied to nobler flora in less strategic positions.

29th. *Saturday*. The shell of the Golf House has been completed and the benches are now being added. Someone has discovered the skull of an ox and it holds a place of honour over the doorway beside the venerable bone. This new building is a very solid piece of work and even boasts several flying buttresses. Yet although in almost every way better than its predecessor it lacks the cosiness and compactness of the old. It was no inconsiderable advantage to be able to dig a chestnut out of the fire without abandoning your place to the onslaught of some prowling pirate ; or to be able to shoot to hit when your partner showed a tendency to anecdote at your expense.

30th. *Sunday*. At Cricket a surprising but well-deserved victory for 2nd Year Philosophy over the rest of the house.

31st. *Monday*. After a complicated and skilful piece of stalking, Piccolo Bill succeeded this morning in capturing a young lizard among the privets. The catch was carefully examined and found to have three white spots on its tail, a fact which Bill insisted proved that it was a *serpente*. After this remarkable diagnosis it was quickly dispatched by being thrown over the garden wall.

THE GOLF HOUSE

AUGUST 1st. *Monday*. We wished the Vice-Rector " Buon Viaggio " when he left us this morning for his holiday in England.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Another Sforza gita. George the Beggar is meeting with competition. His rival has appeared twice now to give us an account of his own virtues, almost lyrical in tone, in contrast with George's alleged profligacy. After which he swept off his battered hat, filled it with water from the Sforza tap and drank about a litre to demonstrate his own sobriety. All this time, George looked on with almost classic calm, with supreme contempt for the type of creature that had lived so long without realizing the purpose for which water was originally intended.

There should have been a film this evening but at the critical moment the lights failed. There was a rush for the sacristy, but the sacristans were early at their posts prepared to stem the tide of pillage. Instead of a film, we listened for an hour to a crooner on the terrace, had night prayers by the light of a solitary candle and trooped off to bed in a thoroughly chastened mood—for which the candle and the crooner must take equal responsibility.

3rd. *Wednesday*. After supper we had the long deferred film, " Flight from Glory ", in which a long succession of calamities and casualties of the most harrowing kind culminated in an extremely happy but rather sudden ending.

4th. *Thursday*. Should we have bay leaves for tomorrow's *festa* ? That is the question which has been exercising the house for some days. The Traditionalists say of course we should. The Purists cannot imagine so typically Baroque an adjunct in so typically Gothic a church. Happily, Authority decided in favour of Tradition and we celebrated First Vespers by strewing them liberally down the aisles.

Today we welcomed to our midst Fr Tickle to whom we had to confess shamefacedly that we had lost Febo's wire comb and that nowadays nobody looks after him.

5th. *Friday*. *Our Lady of the Snows*. But a most unpropitious beginning for the *festa*. Strong gusts of wind came sweeping through the chapel and sent the bay leaves dancing unliturgically along the aisles during High Mass. Still, it cleared up later and we had the usual festive coffee and *rosolio* outside on the terrace. Marietta appeared decked in the robes of her gladness. True, their former splendour has become a little faded with the passage of time. But they are still a pleasing symbol and by now a part of the *festa* at Palazzola.

6th. *Sunday*. Tonight we sat under the cypresses and watched the hill near the Capuccini lit up with myriad lights. It was a firework display —part of the *festa* at Albano.

7th. *Monday*. Our somewhat scornful words about the Rock Garden were spoken in haste and, like most such words, were wrong. Already the makings of a very pleasing rockery are appearing, and soil is being carried down from the tennis court. Soon the garden will be ready for planting.

8th. *Tuesday*. Another exciting cricket match in which the Philosophers won a narrow victory over the Theologians.

9th. *Wednesday*. A somewhat soporific first session of a Public Meeting.

10th. *Thursday*. A Sforza gita and the first cortile practice. The new horse on the Sforza is misbehaving itself badly. It is continually chasing Carnevale's cows, it has kicked Febo causing him to limp badly, and today it refused to be harnessed for the daily trip to Albano. Altogether a black record, but in spite of it all it is steadily rising in popularity owing to the superbly easy way it eludes Domenico and all our young Lochinvars.

11th. *Friday*. The Public Meeting gave general satisfaction to all by dissolving itself in a cloud of explanation and amendments.

12th. *Saturday*. The glorious twelfth for the Luigi family who gave us a stupendous rendering of the *T'Adoriam* at Benediction.

13th. *Sunday*. A fire broke out just below the tool shed today, and has left a desolate trail of burnt grass and shrivelled bushes right down almost to the Pergola. How it started is a disputed point—the non-smokers, of course, blaming the inevitable cigarette end, while the smokers have replied with a theory about the sun shining through the spectacles of a non-smoker. A pipe smoker seems the best party suited to arranging a compromise.

14th. *Monday*. If you care to risk your neck you can get luscious blackberries by hanging at an angle and steadily ignoring the drop below. A small party did so today. After long labour they collected a good supply, then someone discovered it was a fast day. A passing philosopher offered to eat them, and did so with what we thought was somewhat indecent relish. The others looked on " silent and unmoved ". This evening we welcomed Fr G. Pritchard and Fr A. Jones.

15th. *Tuesday*. The *festa* at Rocca and the annual procession with its usual complement of angels and saints. The rather hackneyed trio, Lucy, Agnes and Cecilia were reinforced this year by a splendid Joan of Arc. Gabriel of the Seven Dolours was there, too, flourishing his scourge and making a great commotion till we caught his eye and recognized him as the chief suspect in the raid on our mole-traps. Young but already a versatile genius !

With the greatest regret we said good-bye to Father Tickle.

16th. *Wednesday*. There have always been two schools of thought about the wireless—Beethoven and Music Hall, but tonight a new element unexpectedly entered the list, and we were given a medley of an orchestral piece and 47 Ginger-headed Sailors—a triumphal resurrection of a long-forgotten friend, our gramophone.

17th. *Thursday*. The problem down at the Rockery these days is to find the Meridian. Success has only served to make them rash, and they

are trying now to make a sundial. It certainly is a difficult business, and our old, out of date edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica has little to add to the grains of knowledge gleaned from potential astronomers among the brethren.

18th. *Friday*. We watched a lantern approaching us from the Albano path late this evening, and thought it was the return of a wanderer who has been convalescing in Switzerland. There were encouraging cries of " Free Tabs " from the Villa wall, but as no reply came back we concluded it must be a shepherd.

19th. *Saturday*. The first day for some time that a long-suffering cricket captain managed to get some water for the pitch, so, of course, in the afternoon it rained heavily—the first real storm we have had this villa.

20th. *Sunday*. The *festa* of Madonna del Tufo. At High Mass the band stood just outside the open doors and provided the music—the idea of a legalist no doubt among the *frati*. At the Elevation there came an earsplitting burst of fireworks from somewhere outside. " Which only goes to prove," said one of our guests, " that Rocca is becoming more liturgically minded. A few years ago they would have had them inside."

21st. *Monday*. We met Propaganda at cricket, and passed the afternoon happily enough retrieving our opponents' ball from the boundary

22nd. *Tuesday*. The return of the wanderer from Switzerland.

23rd. *Wednesday*. A heavy downpour of rain made a Sforza gita impossible, so we had it instead in the cortile. Our guests from Propaganda arrived in the afternoon, and completed the work begun on Monday by dismissing our batsmen cheaply, and so winning an easy victory. *Prosit* !

25th. *Friday*. Before breakfast this morning a large crowd watched one of the cypresses being felled. It had been struck by lightning in one of the winter storms two years ago, and was in such a dangerous position that it threatened to crash of itself over the wall. Two workmen quickly sawed through it, gave it a vigorous push, and sent it majestically over the top. It crashed straight below, and, after rebounding a little lay still across the path. The experts who had predicted that it would roll over the lakeside were confounded, and spent breakfast explaining it away. After many consultations and many anxious looks at a doubtful sky it was decided to present the opera. Several times during the day a sorely-tried stage-manager had to dismantle the cortile and retreat with all his frail properties to the shelter of the cloisters while the storm spent itself. However, perseverance won in the end, and when darkness fell the tiny lanterns gleamed forth showing us a cortile transformed with the " mystic scrolls and rhymes of far-away Japan," while scenes of the mountains capped by brilliant snows glowed in the background.

26th. *Saturday*. The Rector left for Rome this morning to superintend the removal of our Archives to the Vatican—a preparation we are taking should war be declared and we have to leave the country.

27th. *Sunday*. A cricket match, Opera versus the Rest. After both sides had finished off the match wrestling in the ferns they adjourned to the Golf House for hot wine and yet another unofficial version of the *Mikado*.

28th. *Monday*. Six volunteers left to aid the Rector in Rome in packing away our College treasures.

29th. *Tuesday*. Who did win today's cricket match ? The South were supposed to have won by one run, but a later auditing gave victory to the North—a nice point which has provided endless arguments. A well-meaning golfer, thinking to pour oil on troubled waters, asked innocently why the match couldn't be halved, and only succeeded in irritating further both sides. The scorer is a past member of the Bank of England—so much for Threadneedle Street !

30th. *Wednesday*. Another Sforza gita. Deep in the solemn stillness of the afternoon our two guests, Frs G. Pritchard and A. Jones, stole away.

31st. *Thursday*. And today we welcomed back Fr Carroll-Abbing.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Friday*. How wonderful the " Ref " looks by candle light with the pale flickering light reflected from the polished tables, weaving fantastic chiaroscuro effects on the old familiar features opposite. For several nights in succession now we have experienced these black-outs, which luckily last only a few moments.

2nd. *Saturday*. Volleys of golf balls dropping from all sides, a babel of shouted directions, groups of wandering golfers hopelessly adrift in a stormy sea mean only one thing to the untutored—that the long course has started and the Sforza from being a pleasant spot for a peaceful mid-morning reverie has now become a death-trap.

3rd. *Sunday*. Today we listened to the speeches of His Majesty the King and the Prime Minister, Mr Chamberlain, and learned with certainty that we are now at war. Among the peace and sunshine of Palazzola with the daily trifles going on all around as usual, it is hard for us to believe that Europe is on the verge of another catastrophe. Still, we have determined to remain cheerful. There was a scratch cricket match in the afternoon and later the Rector officially opened the new Golf House. There was a house warming with hot wine and more *Mikado* until Benediction found us with our vocal cords strained to breaking point.

4th. *Monday*. Rinaldo and the Empire broadcasts seem to be our only sources of information these days. Of post we receive practically none—this evening for instance one solitary postcard.

5th. *Tuesday*. A day uneventful in every way, saved only from mediocrity and oblivion by a wonderful sunset.

6th. *Wednesday*. Our last Sforza gita celebrated with the traditional *Pollo e Dolce*.

7th. *Thursday*. At long last the foundation of the new tennis court has been uncovered, and the last shovelful of earth removed. A desolate

stretch of uneven rock has been uncovered, a " blasted heath " well fitted for one of the gloomier scenes from Macbeth. They are now carrying the rocks from the old court to the new by means of hurdles, and the " tout ensemble " is distinctly funereal. Strike up a well meant *Dies Irae* and you have to dive for shelter amongst the trees to escape showers of stones and soil, and if you mean to play golf the first tee has to be abandoned as coming within too easy range.

8th. *Friday*. The first game of soccer in a blazing sun.

9th. *Saturday*. At last the political situation has reached something like an equilibrium even if at present it be only an uneasy one.

11th. *Monday*. Theologians left for gitas, Aosta and Savoia the goal of the strong. We who stayed, 28 in number, enjoyed a No-bell day, and, in the evening, joined the labourers at a tea party held in the Golf House.

13th. *Wednesday*. The first of the gita days showed that the traditional places are the most popular ; the Castelli, Algidus, and Acqu' Acetosa.

14th. *Thursday*. The first post since the outbreak of war brought three copies of the *Times*, so that crossword votaries are hard at it, trying to reduce arrears.

15th. *Friday*. The tank is almost full.

17th. *Sunday*. " *Piove* " was Rinaldo's laconic but accurate summary of the meteorological situation which lasted all day. Table tennis rises in popularity as the barometer falls.

18th. *Monday*. A handball tournament is in progress when the weather permits.

19th. *Tuesday*. We were glad to entertain a party from the Scots Villa today, and they showed true, native prowess at golf and football on our rather tricky Sforza.

20th. *Wednesday*. Gita day. " Good old Monte P." is a heading sure to collect a long list.

21st. *Thursday*. No-bell day, though we heard a lot of the Bow bells when waiting for news from the B.B.C.

22nd. *Friday*. Third Year Philosophers set off in torrents of rain for Umbria, and later in the morning the Americans arrived from Santa Caterina.

24th. *Sunday*. This afternoon Carnevale's cows penetrated our barbed wire defences and were found contentedly nibbling at the roses near the Pergola. Our gardener is away on gita, but they were sighted by Fr Rope who energetically drove them up the bank and rounded them up and then successfully steered them back through the gap in the fence.

25th. *Monday*. War conditions have driven us back to the land, and we are attempting to grow our own potatoes. Luigi along with a band of volunteers is attacking the waste ground near the old tennis court. To tea Fr O'Neill, rector of Santa Susanna.

26th. *Tuesday*. We returned the visit of the Scots College and spent a pleasant day enjoying their hospitality.

27th. *Wednesday*. A day-gita. A party walked so far that immediately after supper we found one of them lying on a bench under the cypresses fast asleep.

29th. *Friday*. The proverbial last rose of Summer has departed. The woods everywhere are deep in leaves, the lake has lost its gorgeous blue and everywhere there are signs that the end of the Villa is approaching. We were housebound all day, listening to the incessant tip-tap of the rain on the window panes, watching the clouds drift up to us from the lake, and hoping in vain for the heavily laden skies to clear.

30th. *Saturday*. The whole College were invited " en bloc " to the American College Villa. We ended a very pleasant day with a film, " Lost Horizon."

OCTOBER 1st. *Sunday*. Have you ever wandered forlornly through Marino in a vain quest for potatoes, thoroughly miserable and not daring to appear before a hungry gita party down at the lakeside empty-handed ? Perhaps the pleasure has not been yours, but if so you will have resolved to cut Marino completely out of your life. Yet in spite of this we determined to give it a chance, and see what it could provide in the way of wine festivals. There were gaily painted carts patrolling the streets from which generous clusters of grapes were dispensed. Down in the piazza the town band did steam-hammer work, while the local gendarmerie helped everyone to a free drink from the fountain—and it was wine, though we had strong suspicions that the fountain's water supply had not been very efficiently blocked. At night from under the cypresses we heard the noise of fireworks and learned that next day there was to be a bicycle race and a greasy pole competition. Evidently on the whole a fairly full-blooded affair.

2nd. *Monday*. Second Year Philosophers left us this morning for Subiaco and in return we welcomed back Third Year from their wanderings in Umbria.

3rd. *Tuesday*. Bravely from day to day our potato patch creeps slowly forward.

4th. *Wednesday*. Another disastrous gita to Tusculum. Weary and broken after three hours in the woods the last remnant struggled in during Benediction, their leader imperturbably maintaining that, although they had not come by the orthodox path, they had never been lost.

5th. *Thursday*. A day of new arrivals, viz. one lamb born under the Sforza Cricket tree, Mr W. Brown from England and Second Year Philosophers from Subiaco.

6th. *Friday*. We are in the throes of an unprecedented tomato famine. There seem to be plenty in the garden but Luigi is still enigmatic on the point, Domenico mysterious, and the rest of the House puzzled. There you have our case.

7th. *Saturday*. Sunny, crisp and keen these October days which make many of us realise that after all golf is a game and not a pastime. Stung to activity by the bracing weather we launched a handball tournament in the morning and in the afternoon had our third game of soccer this villa.

8th. *Sunday*. There are many styles of dress on the Sforza during these cold days—gentlemanly flannels, bourgeois plus-fours and even a spartan pair of *tande*. Today they were joined by a pair of *Avanguardisti* trousers, adding a somewhat bizarre but charming military air to the fellowship of the Golf House.

9th. *Monday*. " Campo day is to be abolished "—that was the news today from Rome. There was an indignation meeting on the terrace after supper and much speculation as to how some of our friends would fare—the old man on the corner of the Via Babuino who reads all day and in his odd moments casually sells laces, the liberally minded Arrotino who always has a cheery word for the jaded victims of five schools, and the old women who regularly make attempts to sell us eggs every Wednesday morning.

10th. *Tuesday*. A trip up Faete in the small hours of the morning or the late hours of last night—one never seems quite sure which. Still, it is an experience worth having and not to be sneered at or lightly dismissed. How cold and still the lake looks in the starlight and the Sforza seems to be peopled with a silent ghostly company till you draw near and realise they are the old familiar olives over which you have broken many a lance in defiance of the rules of the Golf Club. On the road your footsteps ring out uncannily and almost instinctively one talks in whispers. The woods were dripping wet and we arrived at the summit only to find ourselves in cloud. No, we did not see the sun, but there were gallons of hot tea and liberal supplies of bread and butter and honey—and that was all we needed to fortify ourselves against the scoffers down below, just rising to wend their sluggish way to meditation in the middle of our day. In the evening we drank the health of Sor Domenico who is celebrating his 25th year in the service of the College. Mr J. Pledger arrived today.

11th. *Wednesday*. The usual party were lost coming back from Tusculum—only this time they did not even get in for Benediction.

12th. *Thursday*. The Pergola vine is a hardy plant. It has weathered the smoke and sparks of innumerable gita parties but tonight it actually caught fire. One man so forgot himself in the excitement as to throw wine over the flames, but the others promptly stopped him and eventually it was extinguished by the usual factotum—a villa hat.

13th. *Friday*. The feast of St Edward usually heralds the end of the Villa. In the morning the Rector sang Mass assisted by one of the newly-ordained Deacons and the Luigi family.

14th. *Saturday*. A letter from the Vice on the notice board tells us that our brethren in England are to rejoin us, and that in spite of the war we are to have a first year. *Evviva* !

15th. *Sunday*. We were given a glorious night for the second performance of the Opera, just sufficiently cold to make one appreciate the need for hot wine. We stood in the cortile and drank the health of the new arrival (for Luigi is now a grandfather and Chiara a mother). Once again we trod the roads of Titipu and listened to those tunes which seem to have become part of ourselves during the last few weeks.

16th. *Monday*. The Rock Garden has at last been finished. A maze of well-laid paths in crazy paving meander round the ill-fated sundial, up the many terraces and round by the caves at the back of the tank. Everywhere at every conceivable angle there are tiny flowerbeds now a mass of bloom and flowers. It is by far the outstanding achievement of the Villa and we congratulate its originator even if he has been told he has a twisted mind, and a warped imagination.

17th. *Tuesday*. We had our last gita of the Villa and returned to find, as we had expected, that none of the new men had arrived from England. Mr Roche, however, appeared punctually in time for supper.

19th. *Thursday*. Piccolo Bill's first day at school must be recorded. A tremendous cheer greeted him this evening as he walked through the Golf House carrying his satchel and chaperoned by Marietta on his way home from Rocca.

20th. *Friday*. Another sunrise expedition to Faete and again no sun. Three more First Year Theology arrived and with them the first new man, Mr Dockery (Shrewsbury). In the evening the Retreat Father (Fr Dowdall, O.P.) shepherded us into retreat until

26th. *Thursday*, when all emerged safely. Strange the reactions after retreat. At breakfast to maintain four or five cross-conversations seems to be everyone's ambition. People who have spent their Villa pottering round the fountain or reading in the Pergola suddenly pounce upon you and whisk you up Faete or try to inveigle you down to the lake. Everywhere there is noise, confusion and a babel of shouted directions. We heard it all from above the terrace and wondered if we would be so rowdy on the morrow, for we were spending an extra day in retreat and still in the grip of a very superior sort of spiritual pride.

27th. *Friday*. We said farewell to Palazzola for the last time, of all experiences the most miserable. Go round the lake to Albano on a sunny day with the Villa radiant in the morning sun of a fine October day, and the lake below sparkling more invitingly than ever and it makes you think bitter thoughts about Rome ; but leave it under gloomy skies and in steady rain, save yourself the long, tormenting vision of a derelict Villa by squelching along the bottom path to Rocca and the wrench is not so great. Still, we all felt far from cheerful, and the Castelli tram put the last nail into the coffin. It was still raining in Rome, so we spent the afternoon putting our house in order.

28th. *Saturday*. " En masse " we advanced on " Peters and Pam."

29th. *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Pitt, Iggleden, Hulme, McNamara and Cassidy who today received the priesthood at the Gesù from His Grace Archbishop Traglia. In St Peter's the Holy Father consecrated twelve missionary bishops and two of our number managed to attend.

30th. *Monday*. *Primitiae Missarum*, but the usual celebrations were deferred until the return of the Vice Rector.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Wednesday*. To lunch came Bishop McCormack, one of the missionary bishops. We had no coffee after dinner but *rosolio*. A happy combination of a 21st birthday and a new priest's celebrations helped to fill the cigarette cases of the malignant or improvident.

2nd. *Thursday*. Late at night the Vice and the Ripetitore crept into College accompanied by four new men, Messrs Swaby (Nottingham), Tyler (Brentwood), Barry and Richards (Westminster).

3rd. *Friday*. And this morning came Messrs Killeen (Leeds) and Wall (Shrewsbury). We left them having breakfast and toiled off to *Brevis Lectio*.

4th. *Saturday*. Ah—and things really are starting! A nice bright green notice re the Vestibolo on the notice board.

5th. *Sunday*. Fr Dowdall came to share our *pranzone* in honour of the *novelli sacerdoti*. Two new arrivals, this time Canon Lawyers, Messrs Cunningham and Hyland, made their appearance in time to attend a film " Winterset."

6th. *Monday*. There is an indescribable air of adventure these days in entering the refectory at breakfast. New—we will not call them strange —faces appear every day to grace our modest board. There were two more this morning, Messrs Shelton (Birmingham) and Tolkien (Birmingham) who arrived close on midnight and missed a disorderly but interesting repetition of yesterday's function at the Gregorian.

7th. *Tuesday*. " The Recollections of the Four Last Popes " by Cardinal Wiseman. We heard it in the refectory today in our first long reading for many weeks and are beginning to realise that life is meant to be a serious business after all.

10th. *Friday*. Should the book be called " The Four Last Popes " or " The Last Four Popes "—a knotty point on which the reader and the Superior's table do not see eye to eye.

11th. *Saturday*. You bend double, touch your toes (without bending the knees of course), breathe in and out quickly about ten times and then collapse into a Common-room chair where you are supposed to be in a fit condition for the singing of Plain Chant. It is a new idea of the choirmaster—a bit violent, no doubt, after years of those somnolent Saturday evening functions, but we have no doubt that it does one's laryngeal organs all the good in the world.

12th. *Sunday*. The Rector, the new priests and the inevitable Wiseman family all had their photographs taken today in the garden.

13th. *Monday*. We welcomed Mr Chadwick (Northamptonshire) the last of the new men to arrive.

14th. *Tuesday*. A very healthy supper with lots of brigands, soldiers, Camaldolese monks and dignified English ecclesiastics skirmishing for our benefit round " the mountain fastness of Tusculum ".

15th. *Wednesday*. Almost the whole of First Year were inveigled into attending the first debate of the Roman year.

16th. *Thursday*. The work begun on the Cardinal's gallery during the Villa is still being carried on. The portraits are being let into the wall to the nerve-racking accompaniment of hammer upon chisel. Sad that one of the most dignified and sheltered backwaters of life in the house should have become a storm centre. Dodge the flying splinters of plaster or concentrate on picking a tortuous way between the many trestles and you are sure to trip over a half submerged bucket. When at length you do recover and pick yourself up you are met by a crushing glance of disapproval from one of the portraits. Thoroughly chastened you creep upstairs and wonder why diarists are supposed to take an intelligent interest in this sort of thing.

17th. *Friday*. Yet more hammers ! This time in the Common-room—a disreputable hat, a strident voice and the book auction has begun. Slowly the collected débris of generations is transferred to other hands, yielding a meagre but annual rental. They were all there, all the old favourites, " Scatizzi ", " Fabrini " and a well-known work on Indulgences.

18th. *Saturday*. Amidst showers of C.T.S pamphlets and a disorderly scene round the auctioneer, the auction came to an abrupt end.

19th. *Sunday*. The organ is still silent and Vespers is gradually merging into a complete mental and physical black-out.

20th. *Monday*. " Battleships " has been revived owing to someone having discovered several books of the game in a Common-room drawer, and at present is having a stiff fight with crosswords for possession of the bottom table.

21st. *Tuesday*. The first Tramontana of the year sent us racing through to S. Cecilia for first Vespers. Plain Chant, which the Romans have borne grimly for the last two years on this *festa* has at length been abolished and the " five-francers " have been re-instated to their rightful place of honour.

22nd. *Wednesday*. And today by a roundabout way owing to building operations near the Colosseum, to San Clemente for the *festa*.

23rd. *Thursday*. The annual encounter between Theologians and Philosophers at soccer. There were white umbrellas, a rather overworked motor horn and several hats—a symposium of salvage from the wreckage of past Pantomimes—but in spite of it all after a very keen game Theologians managed to win.

24th. *Friday*. The portraits in the refectory have been re-arranged and the classic repose of that solemn, silent company who for past years have impassively watched your progress up the refectory has been disturbed —almost sacrilegiously it would seem. The paintings of the last three

Rectors have been introduced, Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop McIntyre and Archbishop Godfrey together with Mgr Talbot; but we were sorry to see that the magnificent Lazlo portrait of Bishop Stanley has been taken from us.

25th. *Saturday*. Santa Caterina with coffee and *rosolio* and the usual oratorical demonstration from First Year. After the evening function a really splendid concert.

ST CATHERINE'S CONCERT

1. FIRST YEAR SONG
   Chorus : Ex oris Angliae
   Pergentes inclytis
   Armis iustitiae
   Victorum spoliis.

   Excipe nos,
   Tu, Venerabile,
   Insuetum indignos
   Nutrire Patriae.

2. OCTET — *March of the Guard* — Messrs Fallon, Buxton, Hannon, Groarke, Barry, Kelly, Sowerby, A. Clark

3. FIRST YEAR INTERLUDE

New Venerabilini .	Messrs Tyler, Shelton, Richards
Porters .	Messrs Tolkien, Dockery
H–tl–r .	Mr Killeen
G––ring . .	Mr Swabey
Sir Chesterton ffips	Mr Barry
Mr X .	Mr Wall

4. SONG . — *The Two Grenadiers* — Mr Kelly

5. INTERLUDE . — *The Family Group*

'Enery (*Father*) .	Mr Fallon
Emily (*Mother*) .	Mr Hannon
Ede (*their Daughter*) .	Mr Groarke
Granma . .	Mr A. Clark
Aunt Maria . .	Mr Holloway
Photographer .	Mr Buxton

6. PIANO SOLO — *Sonata IX* (*Mozart*) — Mr Rawcliffe

7. ITEM . . — "*Bells*" — Mr Buxton

8. SKETCH . . — *Master Mariners*

Cap'n Benn Bradd . .	Mr Chapman
George Smith (*his mate*) .	Mr Sowerby
Cap'n Zingall . . .	Mr T. Harrison
Cook	Mr Morris
Bill } (*hands*)	Mr Wyche
Joe }	Mr Kelly
Mrs Bradd	Mr Campbell

26th. *Sunday*. We listened tonight to a very amusing talk given to the Literary Society by Mr McKenzie, past correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

27th. *Monday*. At last the Cardinals gallery has been cleared of its impedimenta and mindful of past experiences one can advance cautiously down it to see what really has been done. The portraits have been let very neatly into the wall and the ugly, cumbersome frames have been banished—to the cellar no doubt. The gallery is now lit by flood-lighting from the roof. All the miscellaneous articles of furniture, the tables and the clock have been removed and the combined effect is one of increased dignity and spaciousness.

29th. *Wednesday*. We said good-bye today to the pleasant biographies of the " Last Four Popes," and have suddenly been brought face to face with the present crisis in " Our Case " by Christopher Hollis.

30th. *Thursday*. To dinner came Mgr Babcock, Vice-Rector of the American College, accompanied by Fr Vaughan, S.J.

DECEMBER 1st. *Friday*. During the High Mass of today's *festa* we missed more than ever the Martyrs Picture and the relics which during the crisis were placed in the custody of the Vatican. To dinner came Mgr McDaid, Rector of the Irish College, Fr Lawson, S.J., and Mr Bernard Wall. In the evening we watched a delightfully amusing film, " If only you could cook".

2nd. *Saturday*. The Christmas practices have begun and the Common-room is sadly depleted at nights—though all in a good cause. We received a very thoughtful telegram from His Grace Archbishop Godfrey.

3rd. *Sunday*. The first of our monthly " Recollection Days ". To dinner came Mr Munroe and Fr Lawson, S.J.

4th. *Monday*. Mr Arnold Lunn arrived to stay with us in the College and already is attracting large circles in the Common-room.

5th. *Tuesday*. By now the news-bulletin is an established feature in the College. The news given on the wireless is typed out and appears every evening on the Common-room board where it is always surrounded by an eager crowd. If you are a pretty proficient Rugger player, and happen to be wearing a strong pair of boots, you can join in the mêlée, but the normal individual hangs fire till the surging crowd has ebbed backward, and its appetite for news and yet more submarines has been whetted.

6th. *Wednesday*. We welcomed back the relics of our Martyrs which up till now have been in the keeping of the Vatican, and to celebrate their return they were exposed for veneration during the evening.

7th. *Thursday*. A brilliant and absorbingly interesting address from Mr A. Lunn entitled " Whither Europe ".

8th. *Friday*. How splendid the Holy Father looked as he drove slowly through the streets to St Mary Major today ! Many of those who left immediately after breakfast managed to get into the basilica to hear

the High Mass sung by Cardinal Verde, but we perforce had to wait outside. It was a beautiful morning. A warm, radiant sun touched everything to life, and made the streets golden. There was a pageant of colour on the steps of the Basilica, where Vatican and Italian troops mingled, Sardinian Grenadiers with the Palatine Guard and soldiers of the Royal army. The Holy Father gave his blessing to a vast, enthusiastic crowd, a great part of which surged round his car on its return to the Vatican, making a real triumphal procession.

11th. *Monday.* A new electric motor has been installed, and the lights all over the house have been greatly increased in power. We have finished " Our Case " in the refectory, and are now in a German prison camp with " The Escaping Club".

12th. *Tuesday.* The new scheme for supplying the organ with electricity is causing complications. There were no lights in the Martyrs' chapel this evening, and the Common-room was seen in candle light. With the aid of a few matches we managed to glean some news from the daily bulletin.

13th. *Wednesday.* Returning from schools this morning we were startled by bursts of music in the church. It was the organ re-introducing itself in a very hearty way.

14th. *Thursday.* In spite of the threatening weather most of us braved the long journey to the Motovelodromo where we played the Irish College at soccer. After a very fast and exciting game we managed to win 2–1. Both our goals came within the last five minutes.

15th. *Friday.* And today off to the Greg. to suffer the exquisite agony of long hours on the hard, uncomfortable benches of Alma Mater Gregoriana.

16th. *Saturday.* There is always a very human pleasure in watching other people work, but especially when they are putting up the stage. The Common-room seems to dwindle to an insignificant size, but it is quite as comfortable, and everyone brightens at the near prospect of Christmas. The days are over when you blistered your hands with blunt tools and strained to breaking point over erratic screws which bore the marks of past conflicts. Putting down the stage now seems to be a very swift *impresa.* With the professional eye of the former Common-room man we examined their tools and found them excellent, and then wondered how many ruses had been devised to get them. An innocent-looking stall at the fair, perhaps, where you pay one lira and win four. But it is not so simple as all that ; people think so, and hence Common-room men get their tools.

17th. *Sunday. Gaudete !* The organ gave a fine account of itself, and silenced the tyre-deflating operations of the mechanics opposite us.

18th. *Monday.* Fine sepia photographs of the Villa in mottled chestnut frames now adorn the Common-room corridor, a happy touch of *Rus In Urbe.*

20th. *Wednesday*. The church is being prepared for *Quarant' Ore*, and this time we noticed with interest the curtain over the High Altar is being draped in a different way—which comes as a shock after one has grown used to the same thing done the same way for seven years. Probably the absence of the Martyrs Picture explains the new design.

21st. *Thursday*. Today we started *Quarant' Ore* and welcomed most of our old friends into the church—the kindly little sacristan from Santa Maria in Monserrato, but the old beggar who used to spend the time on the sacristan's bench did not appear. We had the honour of welcoming Cardinal Cattani who watched during the first part of the night, and said Mass early in the morning.

22nd. *Friday*. There have been many mysterious practices in the Vice-Rector's rooms lately, and we had been puzzled to hear a medley of carols and music of the Passion. Tonight it was all explained when we listened during supper to a broadcast from the Vatican wireless, and heard a rapid résumé of the Liturgical year, given by a select choir of the Venerable English College. The Vice-Rector gave a commentary. Even we who were not actively represented felt a vicarious importance at hearing our gleemen on the air.

23rd. *Saturday*. The last day of *Quarant' Ore*, and the church was closed till St Thomas'. We settled down in earnest to make the final preparations for Christmas. It takes a long time to work through a bundle of holly especially if you are exclusive enough to want sprigs with berries on. One volunteer became so engrossed in his work that he did not notice that his pipe had fallen into a pile of holly until a thin column of smoke and a crackling of holly leaves warned him that something was wrong. By night time most of the work was finished and on

24th. *Sunday*, the final touches were added. A few brave cameratas faced horrid weather on a last minute shopping expedition.

25th. *Monday*. *Christmas Day*. A memorable day in many ways. There was the intoning of an antiphon at Lauds which defied analysis and caused dissension in the choir as to the best way of following through. *Chi Lo Sa?* appeared promptly, and in the evening came the pantomime —a really magnificent performance.

PROGRAMME.

1.	CAROLS		Messrs Gibb, Pledger, Hannon, Brown, Grasar, Kelly, Murtagh, Iggleden, McKenna
2.	PIANOFORTE SOLO	*Andante and Variations* *Sonata* 12 (Mozart)	Mr Le Blanc Smith
3.	SOLO . . .	*The Wolf* . . . *The Rivetter*	Mr Buckley

4. PANTOMIME . . *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*

Ali Baba (*a private detective*) . .	Mr Brown
Mustapha (*a wealthy Stockbroker*) .	Mr Firth
Fatima (*his grand-daughter*) . .	Mr Gibb
Witch Rosolio (*alias* " *Bertha* ") . .	Mr Finigan
Robber Chief	Mr McKenna
" *Slippery* "	Mr Shelton
" *Palatine Joe* "	Mr Key
" *Aliquis Titius* "	Mr Fallon
Other Robbers	Mr Hiscoe, Mr Keegan, Mr Jones, Mr Sowerby, Mr Wall, Mr Killeen
" *Barney* " (*a camel*)	Mr Fraser, Mr Dockery

Scenes : 1. Outside. 2. Inside 3. Outside. 4. Inside.

26th. *Tuesday*. There is a certain morning after the night before feeling which only has one remedy—Pam. A good brisk walk past the soccer pitch is a sovereign remedy for any complaint. A film, " Alf's Button Afloat ", kept us laughing both before and after supper.

27th. *Wednesday*. And this evening an old favourite of the stage " Tons of Money ", a real classic of its kind, and like all classics assured of a good reception.

1.	THE ORCHESTRA	*Folk Tune* (Fletcher)	
2.	OCTET . .	*The Pigtail* . .	Messrs Fallon, Buxton
		The March of the Guard	Hannon, Groarke, Clark, Barry, Kelly, Sowerby
3.	PIANOFORTE SOLO	*The Rustle of Spring*	Mr Rawcliffe
4.	SKETCH . .	*Tons of Money* .	
	Sprules (*a butler*)		Mr Kelly
	Simpson (*a maid*)		Mr O'Leary
	Miss Benita Mullet		Mr Buckley
	Louise Allington		Mr Tyler
	Aubrey Allington		Mr Barry
	Giles (*a gardener*)		Mr Coonan
	Mr Chesterman (*a solicitor*) . . .		Mr Hulme
	Jean Everard		Mr Roche
	Henery		Mr Pitt
	George Maitland		Mr McEnroe

Act I. Aubrey Allington's House at Marlow.
Act II. Afternoon (three weeks later).
Act III. Late afternoon (one day later).

28th. *Thursday*. On a rainy morning most of us went out to see the Pope pass along the streets on his way to the Quirinal. It was a fine sight to see such crowds braving the weather to see the Holy Father, and most inspiring.

In the evening we played cards, chess, " battleships ", and some even turned to dominoes.

29th. *Friday*. Feast of St Thomas. To dinner we welcomed our Protector, Cardinal Caccia Dominioni, Mr D'Arcy Osborne, Bishop Hayes, Monsignori Clapperton and Croft-Fraser, Rev. Fr McCormick, Rector of the Gregorian, Rev. Fr Flagagan, Vice-Rector of the Scots College, and Signori Sabbatucci, Freddi and Sneider. In the afternoon the Cardinal gave Benediction, and afterwards we cheered him off from the cortile.

In the evening a drama " Love from a Stranger "—one of the most superbly acted plays that we have had on the Venerabile stage. Even from the beginning the audience was gripped, and in the last twenty minutes the tension became almost too great to bear.

1.	Violin Solo	*Loure* (Bach) . .	Mr Chapman
		Serenata del Diavolo (Billi)	
2.	Quartet .	*The Camel's Hump* (German)	Messrs Hannon, Fallon, Alston, Groarke
3.	Item		The Vice-Rector
4.	Sketch .	*Love from a Stranger* .	
	Louise Garrard	. . . .	Mr A. Clark
	Mavis Wilson	. . . .	Mr Walker
	Cecily Harrington	. . . .	Mr Buxton
	Bruce Lovell	. . . .	Mr Auchinleck
	Nigel Lawrence	. . . .	Mr A. Storey
	Hodgson	. . . . .	Mr Lavery
	Ethel	. . . . .	Mr Daley
	Dr Gribble	. . . . .	Mr P. Clark

Act I. Scene 1. Cecily and Mavis' Flat in Bayswater, Early in March.
Scene 2. The same. Two hours later.
Act II. Scene 1. The Cottage. Six weeks later.
Scene 2. The same. September.
Act III. Scene 1. The same. A fortnight later.
Scene 2. The same. Forty minutes later.

30th. *Saturday*. This morning we awoke to find Rome covered with snow—not the evanescent, thin covering we had seen some years before, but a smooth thick carpet of three to four inches deep. An early morning expedition to say Mass outside gave us a view of Rome that we had never known before. The lines of campanile and palazzo were picked out in fringes of white ; piazzas asleep and looking more spacious with their surface of unbroken snow, and an unnaturally white light over the City, that is almost ghostly at this early hour. After breakfast most of us went to Pam where a long snow battle was fought, and we returned with tingling palms, glowing cheeks and a very sharp appetite for dinner.

31st. *Sunday*. All the old favourites at the fair, jostling cheek by jowl with more modern devices. There was an A.R.P. stall where one shot down aeroplanes that dangled lopsidedly above a massive balloon barrage. There was a solemn Benediction with a *Te Deum* before supper, and a stormy Common-room afterwards which ended with the traditional and breathless singing of Auld Lang Syne. We crept off to bed wondering what 1940 would bring.

JANUARY 1st. *New Year's Day*. And it brought us a fire, for we learnt with dismay at breakfast that our parish church of San Lorenzo in Damaso had been severely damaged by fire during the night. We rushed out immediately after High Mass to the scene, but it was impossible to see much. The police had cleared the piazza, and we could only get a passing glimpse of the ruins through the doorway. One could see that the roof had disappeared and that the frescoes on the walls had suffered. Masses of twisted iron girders hung dangerously over burnt scaffolding and the whole was a scene of desolation and destruction. We returned home discussing the many rumours circulating in Rome as to how the fire started. In the evening another excellent concert and a play which well maintained the high standard of performances given this Christmas week.

1.	The Orchestra	*Fiddle Dance* (Fletcher)	
2.	Octet .	*Full Fathom Five* .	Messrs Gibb, Brown,
		Hunting Song . .	Pledger, McEnroe, Murtagh, F. O'Leary, Iggleden, McKenna
3.	Pianoforte Duet	*Theme and Variations* (Beethoven) . .	Messrs Grasar and Rawcliffe
		Slavonic Dance No. 8 (Dvorak)	
4.	Solo . .	*To Anthea* . .	Mr Gibb
		Where e'er you walk	
5.	Sketch .	*Youth at the Helm*	
	Fitch		Mr Hannon
	William		Mr O'Neill
	Dorothy Wilson (*a typist*) . . .		Mr Campbell
	Randolph Warrender . . .		Mr Pledger
	An old gentleman		Mr Whitehouse
	Chairman of the Bank . . .		Mr J. McCann
	Ponsonby		Mr T. Harrison
	Yvonne (*Chairman's daughter*) . .		Mr Groarke
	Nicholson		Mr Tolkien
	Hollman		Mr Richards
	Lord Farley		Mr Swaby
	Roberts (*of the Board of Trade*) . .		Mr Le Blanc Smith

Act I. An office of the London & Metropolitan Bank. Monday morning.
Act II. The Board Room. A week later.
Act III. An office of the London & Metropolitan Bank. Two weeks later.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Mercifully the Gregorian granted us a respite by giving us a day's holiday, but on

3rd. *Wednesday*, we were back in harness. In the evening a party of us visited the Irish College where we were regally entertained.

4th. *Thursday*. Once more the strains of the Opera can be heard and we think inevitably of Palazzola radiant in the August sun with the lake sparkling below. Outside, alas ! it was raining, and a glance out of one's window over a sea of chimney pots and dripping roofs soon dispelled the haunting illusion of things pastoral and uplifting. An heroic camerata of zealots faced the rain to attend a lecture given by Cardinal Pizzardo at the Gregorian, the first of a series fixed (mark you !) for Thursday afternoons.

5th. *Friday*. Once again another fitful dip into " The Escaping Club". Our hero so far seems unlikely to escape, but the title of the book will have to be justified somehow before the armistice is signed.

6th. *Saturday*. Year after year you wonder as the curtain rises how the magic atmosphere of Palazzola can be recaptured for the Opera. There is no cortile bathed in moonlight, and the Common-room ceiling with its browning chains of holly is but a poor substitute for a serene starlit sky. Yet every year the combined efforts of producer, stage-manager and cast seem to achieve the impossible. This year was no exception, indeed the whole performance was an unusually happy example of the annual miracle. But here we are fishing in another's waters and cede the right of detailed praising to the pen of the official critic :—

" The third Venerabile edition of THE MIKADO was a brilliant success. It began well with a really artistic programme and, when the curtain went up, with a Japanese door back-stage which would have done credit to any D'Oyly Carte production. The curtain, of course, also went up on the men's chorus. It is difficult to speak soberly of their excellence. They got off the mark from the first moment, showing us what to expect from them throughout the Opera. The verve with which they sang, the clock-work grotesqueness of their changes of attitude in " If you want to know who we are ", put us in the greatest good humour from the outset. And they were so obviously enjoying themselves, which is the only spirit in which to play Gilbert and Sullivan. Naturally they had not the same room on our little stage as at the Villa, and some of their business had to be dropped ; but what remained was among the best chorus work the Venerabile has ever seen. They kept up the pace from that moment onwards. The neatness with which they collectively avoided Ko Ko's axe in " Behold the Lord High Executioner " spoke volumes for the producer's training. This hard-working official must have spent his best energies on the chorus, and should feel fully repaid for his pains. He was a man of genius, extracting advantage from the very limitations of our stage, as when he began the welcome to the Mikado outside in the corridor, where the echoes produced an atmosphere of awe-struck excitement better than anything that could have been done before the footlights.

The " troop of little ladies, wondering what the world can be " fully lived up to the standard set them by their men folk. Their demure slyness was irresistible ; they tripped and sang so lightly that one forgot their voices were an octave lower than God intended in school-girls. Altogether, whenever the chorus occupied the stage, the Opera was a feast both for eye and ear, especially in the glorious finale of the first act : whether they were cheering Nanki Poo and Yum Yum, or interrupting Katisha, or throwing their troubles to the wind in " We'll hear no more ", they achieved the perfect marriage between being well-drilled and spontaneous, than which it is impossible to give higher praise. Just one criticism : why did they baulk at the top B flat in " With laughing song and merry dance " ? Their musical compromise was also a musical anti-climax, and on the night's form they could safely have counted two notes above their normal registers.

The principals were, with one exception, in the authentic tradition of the Savoyards. Individually they were all on the top of their form, but the producer did not seem to have paid as much attention to their team work as to that of the chorus, so that, though their own timing might be perfect, it was spoilt more than once by another character on the stage. Pooh Bah has the best part in the whole cast, and this Pooh Bah made the most of it. He was handicapped by lack of space for his entries ; at Palazzola his mere walk across the cortile revealed the man even before he opened his mouth. And when he did speak, what luscious pomposity, what rolling of his tongue around the polysyllables Gilbert has given him ! Never once did he forget this hyper-enunciation, even when he was singing ; never once did he drop his deportment, even when called upon to dance. Of the many superb cameos his performance contained there will not be general agreement which was the best ; but I personally am still laughing at his " how de do, little girls " and his portentous expression over the trunkless head when it " bowed three times " to him.

The three little maids were perfectly cast ; they also understood the importance of team work. In their first song and particularly in " So please you sir, we much regret " they conveyed exactly the right impression of minxes, in love with life and determined to enjoy themselves despite a top-dressing of lady-like convention, acquired at school. They also contrived to be positively dainty—no mean achievement for men. Pitti Sing made the most of her part by enjoying it thoroughly, so that she was perfectly equal to the climax of the Opera, when with Ko Ko and Pooh Bah she grovelled before the Mikado. Also her enunciation when she sang was a treat of clarity. Yum Yum, too, acted and sang with the greatest joy in life. But " The Sun whose rays " showed her capable of even more artistic singing, so that it was a triumph especially at the Villa where absolute silence reigned throughout the song ; in Rome the low proscenium forced her to kneel all the time—no position for singing so exacting a song—since had she stood well forward, she would have turned from a delicate little Japanese into a towering female of overpowering size. In the first act Yum Yum had to make all the running for Nanki Poo, who only warmed up to his part slowly. At first he was too miserable for

words, and so failed to make the most of such a telling song as " A Wandering Minstrel ". But later he got a better conceit of himself and quite rose to the general level of excellence, so that by the second act he and Yum Yum made a joyous pair, despite their preoccupation with being buried alive, and their share in the Madrigal and " The Flowers that bloom in the Spring " was a delight.

The Mikado himself might have walked straight out of a D'Oyly Carte Company : his every action and inflexion was authentic Savoyard, and it was strange that he was not awarded an encore for " My object all sublime ". Katisha has a gorgeously rich voice in its lower register and did full justice to the most beautiful music Sullivan has put into the Opera. Quite rightly she stood stock still for "Alone and yet alive " and here the low proscenium helped her ; Katisha is decidedly a towering female. When her chance came at the end, she showed she could buffoon it with the best of them and her " caricature of a face " when she was singing her duet with Ko Ko, " There is beauty in the bellow of the blast", left Pooh Bah as her only rival. A pity they could not have been mated in the finale.

The interpretation of Ko Ko was the only one to give rise to doubts. That it departed from the Savoy tradition is not necessarily a fault, for any actor is justified in breaking with tradition if he can carry conviction over his individual reading of the part. The trouble is I was not quite convinced. This Ko Ko was the cheapest of cheap tailors ; so far so good. Yet his lack of dignity seemed too restless and self-conscious. Ko Ko is undoubtedly a common little piece ; but he himself should not be constantly aware of the fact—otherwise, I think, he ceases to be a figure of fun and becomes exasperating. Not that this interpretation of the character did not raise many laughs and deservedly ; it had some supremely good moments and " Tit Willow ", for instance, could hardly have been better sung. But one would have felt more sympathetically towards the Lord High Executioner if his buffoonery had been allowed to make its own way instead of being insistently underlined. As this particular actor had to devote most of his attention to the exacting business of teaching the music to the whole cast, perhaps this criticism may be personally a little ungenerous.

The producer's hand was again evident in the brilliant tableaux at the end of each act—they would have been even more effective if the gentleman at the curtain had pulled his strings with more self-confidence. And mention of this functionary brings me to all the willing helpers who worked so hard to round off the actor's success. The dresses were splendid ; evidently the Props have an eye for colour schemes. The Mikado in particular should be described as a creation, and the wedding trappings of Yum Yum and Nanki Poo were superb. The only unaccountable lapse was Pooh Bah's costume ; he looked far more like a Second Trombone than the Lord High Everything Else, and comparing him with the noblemen of the chorus, one felt inclined to sympathise with his openness to bribery. Praise has already been given to the effective setting of the first act, which was remarkable ; as much can hardly be said for the drop-scene

of Fuji-Yama in the second act. The make-up at the Villa was excellent, but not so good in Rome. The orchestra gave its accustomed unobtrusive support; theirs is an unselfish contribution, for they see little of the production. The pianist especially, who has to attend so many dreary practices, deserves a word of acknowledgment.

Altogether a most enjoyable evening, thoroughly maintaining our standard in these Operas, and in the production of the chorus probably improving upon it. It is because of this high level that I have ventured to criticise without fear or favour. As the curtain went down for the last time one wished the whole thing were beginning all over again; and people who had seen it three times cheered just as lustily as those who saw it for the first."

The accompanying programme contains the dedication composed for the second Villa performance, which was held two days after St Edward's Day.

THE MIKADO
OR
THE TOWN OF TITIPU

Tantorum progenitorum sequentes vestigia eorumque temporis acti viribus ex numero alumnorum haustis ingentes labores coronantes solis dierum festivitatem Regis colentes Patroni saltu gestuque una cum cantu diversionem offerunt HODIERNI HEREDES.

The Mikado	Mr Pitt
Nanki Poo (*his son*)	Mr Hannon
Ko Ko (*Lord High Executioner*)	Mr Hanlon
Pooh Bah (*Lord High Everything Else*)	Mr Auchinleck
Pish Tush (*a noble lord*)	Mr Iggleden
Yum Yum (*ward of Ko Ko*)	Mr Buxton
Pitti Sing	Mr Groarke
Peep Bo	Mr T. Harrison
Katisha	Mr Buckley
Chorus of Nobles	Messrs Coonan, Hiscoe, McKenna, O'Neill, Key, McEnroe, Alston, Fallon
Chorus of Schoolgirls	Messrs Keegan, Whitehouse, Kelly, Sowerby, Campbell
Piano	Mr Rawcliffe
Orchestra	Messrs Chapman, A. Clark, K. Connolly, Reynolds, McNamara, Le Blanc Smith
Stage settings	Mr J. Harrison
Lighting effects	Messrs McEnroe and Wyche
Programme	Mr M. Connolly
Costumes	Messrs T. Harrison, Jones and Finigan

Musical Director . . Mr Hanlon
Opera produced by Mr Pitt
(By kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte)

But all good things have an end, even operas and Christmas weeks, and breaking our worn-out pen in token of a finished task, we select another for the notes which Monday's lectures will doubtless provide—these are among the things which have no end.

M. Cassidy

PERSONAL

WE do not think that we shall be charged with importunity if we seize this occasion of again assuring our Archivist, Fr Rope, of our cordial good wishes at this time when we still have such fresh memories of his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee—not forgetting the " English " tea with which he insisted that we should celebrate it.

We must turn from this genial topic to lament the loss of two members of the English hierarchy ; for though tradition has limited such expressions of regret to old students of the College, yet both Archbishop Mostyn and Bishop Youens made themselves so much at home during their fairly recent *ad limina* visits, that we feel they are almost honorary members at least. We shall not soon forget the gifts as a raconteur with which the Archbishop kept his large circle enthralled on his short visit to Palazzola. While the charm and unassuming great-heartedness of Bishop Youens made him an assured favourite from the first day of his all too brief stay in Rome. May they rest in peace.

Dr MASTERSON (1919–1925) has been appointed Vicar-General to His Lordship of Salford and named Domestic Prelate. We offer him a joyful *prosit* on the dual dignity and all good wishes for his future work.

Dr W. PARK (1923–1930) has been appointed Notary to the Liverpool diocese ; and Dr RONCHETTI, who has just completed a post-graduate Canon Law Course, is going to exercise his knowledge and keep his laurels dusted as secretary to the Bishop of Leeds.

As the Motor Mission has (temporarily, we hope) suspended activities, Dr GARVIN (1923–1930) is now at Upholland with the Collegio Beda and Dr HAMPSON (1919–1924) is serving for the time being at St Elizabeth's, Litherland, Liverpool. Mention of Upholland reminds us that Fr ELLISON (1928–1935) has been appointed to the staff of the junior house there, where, we hear, he is discovering to his hearers the treasures of ancient Rome and Greece.

Dr CARTMELL (1919–1925) is the only new parish priest of whom we have news ; he has left Upholland for St Mary's, Chorley, where we wish him a fruitful harvest.

Among the curates Dr E. MALONE (1923–1929) is now at Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Silsden, Dr V. MARSH (1928–1935) at St Bartholomew's, Rainhill, and Fr F. DUGGAN (1932–1939) to St Joseph's, Heywood. To all these in their new surroundings we send an assurance of good wishes.

In that rank of newly acquired prominence, the army chaplain, we have so far discovered one Venerabile man, Fr W. FORD (1930–1937) ; while we hear that the new address of Dr CUNNINGHAM (1927–1934) is the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth.

An old friend of the British Ministry, Mr A. TORR, for several years attaché to the Ministry, has left us for Berne ; his place has been taken by Mr E. Smith.

We have been asked to assist correspondence between the senior student and those in England by printing his name in the VENERABILE. This column will, therefore, until further notice conclude with the name of the senior student for the current year ; at present it is Mr P. CLARK.

THE EDITOR WELCOMES ANY INFORMATION WHICH MAY BE SENT TO HIM FOR THIS COLUMN.

COLLEGE NOTES

NOTICE

The Secretary of the Magazine would like to give the following advice à propos of the paying of bills by subscribers during war time. There are several regulations governing the export of money from England, but they should cause no inconvenience at all. The bill can be paid :

1. By Postal Orders which can be sent out of England without any permit at all.
2. By a cheque sent out to Rome ; subscribers using this method are asked to apply to their bank manager for Form E.1, which is required for cheques going out of England.
3. By cheque sent to the Magazine bank account, which is in London, England. This is obviously the most convenient method for those wishing to pay by cheque. In order that it may be made even easier the Secretary will enclose with every bill he sends out in future a credit-slip. All to be done then will be to fill up the credit-slip and hand it in with the cheque to the nearest branch of your bank (any bank will do), or if you prefer, put the credit-slip and the cheque into an envelope and post it to the address of the Magazine account which is as follows :

The " Venerabile Magazine ",
Account No. 7651, Barclays Bank,
Chief Foreign Office,
168, Fenchurch Street,
London, E.C.3.

THE VENERABILE

Of course, we are not superstitious, but really the thirteenth editor of The Venerabile had all the worries that any man could reasonably expect, from the tantalising prospect of a splendid scoop which might just not come off to a war to upset all his good resolutions about a punctual appearance. That the last number came out at all and that he duly scooped a Papal Coronation, an Apostolic Delegate and a new Rector all in one number are sufficient tribute to the efficiency of Mr Firth, whose retirement we are now deploring after his long period of service; an efficiency manifested with none of the fussiness which makes many efficient people so irritating.

We owe a considerable debt of gratitude to the Rev. B. Foley for his kindness in reading the proofs for this and the last number, thus at least halving the difficulties attached to printing so far away from the editorial office in time of war.

Mr Brown, after much useful work on the secretarial side, has found it necessary to retire before blossoming into the full glory of secretary in chief. Mr Groarke now rejoices in the absence of a portfolio, thus bringing the staff back to its usual number.

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Pledger	Secretary : Mr Hanlon
Sub-editor : Mr Lavery	Under-secretary : Mr T. Harrison
Without Portfolio : Mr Groarke	

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Cottonian, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Oscotian*.

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and gifts of music, and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

A JUBILEE

The year 1939–1940 deserves some mention as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the starting of the College Social Guild. To be accurate, the first meeting was held on June 27th, 1914. Besides the present Apostolic Delegate, there were present Messrs Avery, Ball, Boulton, Smith and Morgan, the last an honorary member whatever that meant. But the first 'down to brass tacks' meeting seems to have been on November 12th.

The earliest minutes appear over the laconic initials T.C.S. and some interesting sidelights are given on the recent history of the college. ' Dear old Monte P.' was a centre of consistent work, without many of Palazzola's rival claims on time and enthusiasm. Montopoli had its sessions and there

was the period of the Exodus to England which must have made starting again difficult.

For several years visitors to the College might address the Society and in out-of-the-way places ; there was no Literary Society in those days.

The whole time there has been an atmosphere of struggle but all the time there have been a few keen members to carry on, ready to recharge the cell when it threatened to run down. The pioneers would probably be surprised at our present hopes but the increase in numbers in the House has radically altered the position. For instance the library has steadily grown without ever managing to outdistance the corresponding increase in numbers of potential users.

Reading between the lines of the minute book it is easy to see how much has always depended on the Secretary. Another striking feature is that the Society has always been one of serious, even solemn, workers ; none of your puff pastry dilettanteism here. But the Guild has played a useful part in the life of the College and nobody can fail to be glad that it is the oldest society carrying on with its original aims.

SPORTS

CRICKET

It's a beautiful day, as Howard Marshall would say, one of those July days which will make the memory of Palazzola vivid for ever and now makes Rome a fellow of Nineveh or any other city of the dim past. The sforza is looking its best—that is, your innings is still to come. In fact the whole season is still to come—like all cricket seasons, one of great promise. Is not the wicket chock-full of runs ? An Australian wicket this, of concrete laid by an expert Tobias—such an expert, indeed, that he scorned a spirit level. A wicket to delight the eye of the Captain—Mr P. Storey.

Mind you, we had some cricket in Pamphilj and at Palazzola during Easter week, but no true cricketer considers that the season has begun until he walks out to field under a blazing sun, with Cavo framing the pitch, or remains under the big tree to criticise the game, "as the run-stealers flicker to and fro".

The Easter games had been keen—and had got rid of those early season fumbles, when the ball invariably lights on the tips of your fingers. The absent Theologians heard disquieting rumours of an opulent Philosophers' side to be faced, so that the actual game at Pamphilj was a partial anti-climax. Both sides were convinced that they could not lose and neither was satisfied with the resulting draw.

We had all our usual luck against the Beda, so that, in spite of one period when anything might have happened, we seemed to win comfortably. As usual the fun which both sides got out of it made the result a secondary affair ; soon may the fixture be revived !

Here we are then at Palazzola, playing the first few games in honour of the last appearances of some of our stars ; some of whom had as many

"positively last appearances" as a Prima Donna. These "benefits" were won by comfortable margins but proved that it is no longer true that a run before twelve is worth two after it.

After a notable victory by First (or is it Second ?) Year *contra mundum* —in spite of an even more notable analysis by one of the other side— their elders decided not to take them so lightly next time ; and a second innings proved that once beaten, twice as hard to dislodge.

After this nobody could be surprised when Philosophy beat Theology, —at the post after the Theologians seemed to have the game in their pockets. There followed a series of narrow margins and heart-beating results : the South beat the North by one run after a game of see-sawing prospects such as only cricket can provide.

Forced in between was the game with Propaganda, renewed after a lapse of several years and by no means a close finish. In place of the easy game we had expected, we had to be satisfied with pointing out the healthy state of the game in the colonies and adding that after all we had played on an Australian wicket. What a pity we don't play Prop. at Soccer and the Scots at cricket.

But our players blossomed out in the next match when the Rest thrashed the Opera, at least one batsman wanting to get the taste of the Propaganda game out of his mouth.

The last few games were time matches, each side being given the same number of overs. Very popular they were, even if they appealed more to those who prefer slogging to skill, and they are to be recommended to future captains *per modum exceptionis*. To adopt them as normal would take away their chief appeal and would lower the standard of play.

Blondes *versus* Brunettes caused some strange classification and a wish in the interval to dye for the cause. The war-babies were out-classed by non war-babies, a protest that one of the latter was a Boer War baby not being maintained. Ironically enough this game was in progress when it was announced that England was at war. We felt it only right later in the afternoon to finish the game—Drake at least would have been pleased. Indeed the war and the postponement of gitas was responsible for an extension of the season and for a noteworthy final game in which the run-getting reached a climax ; one side made 186, and in all 314 runs were scored and several Palazzola records smashed.

It had been the best season for several years ; scoring was high, not entirely due to the pitch, though there still remains the strange psychological fact that the same batsman finds it twice as hard to score when he goes in low down on the list. Close finishes were the order of the day and new talent ample. There were often "wigs on the green" but as the man in Dickens would say, that only helped. And what would cricket be, even with Palazzola's tendency to indolence, without Mrs Battle's "vigour of the game".

The gifts of Frs McCurdy, Heenan, A. Jones and Lennon have done much to help towards the success of this year and we are duly grateful to them.

TENNIS

Like a gang of earthy trench diggers, carrying hurdles laden with rock, swinging picks or manoeuvring unwieldy Italian " spades", the Tennis Club, under the leadership of Mr A. Storey, passed the summer evenings, aided and abetted on all sides, lured on by the fateful mirage of a court-to-be. Still, the workers, seldom moved by pure altruism, worked so vigorously that, in spite of time-off to drink powerful " tea " in glasses or crockery of another epoch, and the inevitable smoke round the fire—sacrosanct to those worthy of their hire—by the end of the Villa the full court area was cleared to the bed-rock, and a healthy heap of stones piled high in the centre. Tennis teas were broadcast as an enticement to devotees of golf and cricket, and it was only the counter-attraction of the Potato-patch that caused a lessening in attendance. Proud of their achievement, with thoughts centred on that huge pile of rock which grew more massive and pyramidical in a fertile and fevered imagination, members evinced a certain amount of disgust against the surveyor who this February insinuated that we had exactly a third of the amount of masonry needed to build the small wall decided upon because of the sloping terrain. The War, moreover, had sent prices soaring, and our limited funds seemed in comparison to dwindle to insignificance. The programme then for the next Villa season is to uproot all the stone foundation of the old court and transfer it to the new—by then tea with a modicum of sugar ration will be more than palatable to the sweet tooths of a year ago.

The season in Rome 1939–1940 had been very keen, the new blood in the Club shocking the traditionalists in their thirst for as many games as could be squeezed in the limited hours available. Setbacks are frequent, for the courts at the Knights Ground near the Madonna del Riposo are capricious. And it needs very little urging on the part of the elements to bring a negative reply to the Secretary's request, made over the 'phone, couched in terse phrases, the commoner of which are—" *bagnati* ", " *stando in lavorazione* " or just " *ghiacciati* ". The *custodi* there, too, have a certain contempt for time, and players have often to paw the ground impatiently while the intricacies of a rolled up tennis net unravel themselves to the slow moving brain of these worthies. Perseverance at the 'phone over several days brings us the freedom of the court, a circumstance that causes its guardians to shake their heads solemnly and wonder why they should ever let these *stranieri* kick it up and so induce the roller out of its winter quarters. One camerata even had the experience of playing during a fall of snow. Sunday morning after High Mass is now a favourite time for three keen games before dinner, and unless outwitted on the 'phone, during the summer we ought to get a game every week—and perhaps be strong enough to beat the Scots before their Villa courts give them a chance to get into training. Paradoxically however the best games of the year are those during the winter months when the native teams are unwilling to shiver and we have the court to ourselves in consequence. A " filobus " service gets one there quickly, and has added zest to the season in Rome, which has in most respects been very successful.

From the point of view of standard of play, lack of practice has ingrained in most players an inability to serve without much double-faulting ; again, while " killing " at the net is very efficient, it shows an inability also to return " back-liners " with any margin of safety. Another obvious result of lack of practice are the puny backhands played. Apart from these faults which are to be expected, there is a fastness and accuracy in placing in many games much to be commended. When once this Villa court matures, we should be able to be a match for any other team which the Americans or Scots might turn out against us.

GOLF

Too long did the philosophers of the Palazzola Golf House assent to the dictum that there is nothing new under the sun, with the obvious and pernicious corollary that it was therefore ridiculous to attempt the construction of a new Golf House, much as this might seem to be needed.

Not every man, moreover, possesses the necessary qualities, especially when he must be at once architect and builder ; if Michael Angelo had had to quarry his own marble and mix his own mortar, we might be still waiting for the new S. Peter's. He must show a dynamic quality to initiate the enterprise ; which must be accompanied by sufficient calm to receive the more or less ridiculous ideas which, in a spirit of constructive criticism, are offered on every side ; this again must be stiffened by courage to discard them ruthlessly and to triumph over the myriad difficulties which spring up mushroom-wise before the artist-artisan.

But on a certain day came Messrs Hiscoe and T. Harrison with high ideals and a *ronca* ; to which they added that awareness of traditional values and discrimination in details which mark the true artist. The result of their labours was a noble structure in which the unflinching hospitality and simple sturdiness of the older house are carried a step further (for it is larger and more solid), the whole being planned with such nicety that the most rabid traditionalist will have difficulty in conjuring up one tear for the glory which is no more. Especially is that restfulness, so needful for successful reminiscence, accentuated by the use of the old stalls from the Villa church. The roof, consisting as it does of three layers (wood, tar-paper and thatch), is the house-agent's dream—cool in the sun, dry in the rain. No one could do justice to the Herculean labour involved but the College diarist in genial mood. These builders may take their rank with the great men of early Palazzola days and shall not be forgotten.

The actual golf season at Palazzola was influenced by the crisis which was the beginning of the war. Men cleaned mashies and niblicks somewhat furtively in anticipation of a sudden retreat to *cara Inghilterra*. The secretary, Mr McEnroe, became involved in a prolonged debate with the Minister of Transport anent the possibility of transferring to Rome the mid-season consignment of balls. Eventually the Rector declared a gita and in the atmosphere of lessened tension the furtive gentlemen returned to the Folly and even the Minister of Transport after a last volley

of *carte bollate* admitted himself beaten and the balls arrived. Still, the Secretary decided against the annual tournament which forms the climax of the Villa golf.

From all of which one may deduce that the season was not a memorable one ; nor was it. Yet it was very pleasant. One man only had the temerity to break 36 but the number who return a steady 40 has greatly increased since last year. The course played better than usual owing entirely to the unceasing activities of our groundsman, Mr McDonagh. This is not to detract from the efforts of our official huntsman who returned a record bag of moles. In fact the only worry for the new committee will be implements ; we need a good scythe if the cactus is not to spread, while the problem of watering the greens remains unsolved. We also anticipate difficulties about exporting balls from England. None of these difficulties, however, should prove insurmountable.

Finally, we are deeply grateful to Mr F. Dawson for his handsome gift of a bag containing several steel-shafted drivers and, among others, a mashie-niblick which has established itself deep in the affections of all.

ASSOCIATION

Has there ever been a season which was not at least as successful as any of its predecessors—with the proviso, of course, that you do not institute comparison with that period at the peak of the golden age when we beat the Scots ? This year was no exception. A keen and enjoyable season was given its first real fillip when Theology met Philosophy ; this was one of the best games of the year and that the final score rested at 2—1 in favour of the Theologians may safely be ascribed to that unaccountable factor, the luck of the game. The return match was played with a weakened Philosophers' team and the score made more decisive (5—1).

About this time the Rev. Gerard Hulme appeared mysteriously in Rome and left us two splendid footballs for which we are most grateful. The January snows left us without a game for four weeks but a change in the Sunday morning programme has made High Mass half an hour earlier, thus giving us time for a game afterwards ; this is a great consolation for the traditional rain which is always liable to turn up on Thursdays and festas—although so far it does not seem to have fathomed this latest ruse of ours.

Our first representative game was against the Irish College. It gave us rather a fright, because, in spite of their most popular game being Gaelic and the consequent expectation of an easy victory, they fielded a team whose skill and enthusiasm gave our men something to think about. They scored first and our first goal came within seven minutes before the end, the decisive goal coming again from our centre-forward in almost the last shot of the game.

However hopes ran high for the Scots match and we were not disillusioned until February 1st—which was incidentally the day rationing started in Italy. Among the first things to be rationed were our goals—

we got one to their six. Conditions, in the shape of a thickly mudded pitch, were against, and the Scots, in spite of gloomy forebodings about the worst team they had ever put up, played the game of their lives ; but we could not help feeling that on that day's play anyway they deserved the decisive victory. Our team of big men slithered and sat in the mud ; while the lighter Scots skimmed the surface and had the game their own way. In the face of this unnerving state of affairs only two of our men played anything like their usual game ; and each of the four goals which they scored in the first half was preceded by some notable blunder from one of our side. At the same time, we were at once delighted and dismayed by their attacking movements and it was mainly due to the brilliance of their left wing that the score was so formidable.

For ten minutes at the beginning of the second half we showed what might have been by driving them into their own penalty area and keeping them there until we had scored our first and last goal ; which even then was actually awarded by default through the errant hand of an over-enthusiastic centre-half. After that flash in the pan we retired bashfully to our own half and the Scots scored two more. After this eighth Bannockburn in ten years it is some consolation to recall that our ancestors waited a century for Flodden. We may be able to lower that record by some closer application to team-work. Optimism before and pessimism after the game lead nowhere. Since we cannot compare standards of play during the year, our only course of action is to reach the highest standard possible and play it when we meet them ; in particular, while our play has never been noticeably "*suaviter in modo* ", we might pay more attention to the other half of the maxim. As usual we will immortalize the team that played in the Scots game : Buxton ; McKenna, Fallon ; Brown (capt.), Wyche, Cassidy ; Murtagh, Finegan, Gannon, Hills, O'Connell.

Our third game, against the Royal Guards, has just been played. They scored two goals in the last five minutes, while an end of season lethargy seemed to grip our team and prevent our scoring. Still it was interesting to see what stand we could make against men as physically fit as they undoubtedly are ; and it should not be without its effect on next year's " will to win " which will bring us victory.

RUGBY

The season opened gloomily in every respect. Rugby enthusiasts seemed to be far fewer ; several stalwarts had left us and no successors were to be found among the new arrivals. However, the number of games was up to normal and, though on very few occasions was a full XV side played, the XIII-a-side games gave great promise. The standard of play definitely improved as the season advanced and the forwards showed up magnificently in almost all games and were quite surprisingly good on occasion, despite the great disadvantage of six-a-side scrums. Perhaps one of the most promising signs in the scrum play was the absence of the painful indecision as to what to do with the ball. New players seemed to

realize that it is almost better to do the hopelessly wrong than to dither and do nothing. This realization led at times to a spate of fly-kicking, but it kept the games going at a reasonable pace.

The three-quarters were definitely disappointing for the first part of the season and, though often given magnificent opportunities by the scrum, they usually failed dismally to utilise them. Hands were clumsy and knocking on was the usual thing, while kicking was uncertain. There was at first also a lack of combination, but these faults were largely remedied as the season progressed and several good movements were to be seen in the games.

Both scrum and three-quarters showed immense improvement in supporting fly-half and in combining in a few games before the Roma match, and most of the team seemed (to the pessimists) to be over-confident of victory. In actual fact, the victory of 24–6 against Roma was more than deserved. Roma was not up to standard and the College ran them off their feet at every turn of the game ; it is still a mystery to the Romans that anyone can tackle low, and we made the most of this bewilderment although there is still room for improvement.

The forwards ploughed their way through a far heavier pack, and the three-quarters more than held their own against faster opponents. It was rumoured after the game that the Captain was asking the transfer fee of our fly-half.

Yet the game was a poor one and not to be compared with the match of a few weeks later against the Irish Augustinians (which we lost 3–0), a game enjoyed equally by players and spectators. Though it never soared to the heights of " classic " play, it was a magnificent fight, fast, hard and fierce, with determined tackling and far better handling than in previous games. We started so confidently that we were surprised that anyone else could pick up a ball and run with it. This the Augustinians did in the first few minutes of the game and scored the only try of the match. That sudden shock awoke the College rather rudely and the fight began nor did it slacken, except for a few casualties and a trouser split, until the end of play. Again and again we almost scored ; always we just failed. The Augustinians were no less determined and dangerous in turn and deserve great praise for their magnificent game, especially as we hear they had little practice for it.

With this match the season ended practically speaking, rumours of a further match against the Army coming to nothing.

OBITUARY

Mgr Joseph Tynan, D.D.

Joseph Tynan was born in 1862 at Camross, Leix, Ireland, and commenced his student career at St Kieran's, Kilkenny. From there he went to Rome to study at the Venerabile and to be equipped with that solid scholastic training for which he was to be conspicuous in later life. After ordination he came to Salford and spent a short time studying Pastoral Theology at the Cathedral House. He commenced his career as an assistant priest in the Holy Family parish in Manchester, and then went to St Michael's, Ancoats, where he found an Italian colony in whose service his Roman training proved most useful. In his young days he came to a diocese where doctors of divinity were unknown and his degree immediately set him upon a pedestal in the eyes of his brother clergy. Whilst pride and vanity were not of his nature, his self-assurance accepted the position and he became the recognised expert on matters ecclesiastical. Neither was he unworthy of the position, for his brilliant intellect and hard application to study during his Roman course had fitted him for the work, and his remarkably clear mind could readily enable him to apply principles already learnt to the difficulties he was called upon to solve.

In 1895 he was appointed parish priest of St Gregory's, Farnworth. During his stay in this parish he became a Canon of Salford Chapter, Domestic Prelate, a member of the Financial Board and a representative on the Catholic Education Council of Great Britain. In 1913 he was transferred to St Mary's, Burnley, where he was made Rural Dean and later Provost.

In our student days at the Venerabile he descended into our midst, accompanied by the late Bishop Casartelli, for an extended gita. He was a great favourite of the Bishop, who no doubt relied a great deal upon his robust personality—the quiet scholar could find much strength from an alliance with such a strong character. It was typical of them that the

carozza driver should comment on the elderly appearance of the " Bishop's Secretary "—thus reversing the order of their seniority. When their stay came to an end, they delighted us with a talk in the Common-room—Mgr Tynan carrying the House by storm with his fiery eloquence and his burning appeal to us to study hard if we were to become fit apostles for the mission. This eloquence of his was a remarkable gift. I have heard it said that in the anxious days when Catholics were fighting for their rights in the beginning of the century, it was Fr Tynan's eloquence that swept an audience at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester into that enthusiastic demand for their rights which was typical of those days. He had a fine ringing voice that could penetrate everywhere in the assembly and, accompanied by a forceful personality and a logical driving home of his claims, could command attention of his audience great or small. He was always ready to avoid public speaking—the shyness of the truly great speaker—and would often bribe and cajole his curates to take his turn at preaching. But if he had to mount the pulpit, all hesitation would vanish. His people knew his gifts and he was always assured of an audience. He could build up a sermon on many an abstruse text, while he had a profound love for the Sacred Liturgy. I was told that one of his most famous efforts was a masterly development of those words of the Mass : " Deus qui humanae substantiae mirabiliter condidisti et mirabilius reformasti ".

In conversation he was an orator, his sentences beautifully formed and rounded ; even when he was chatting from the depths of an armchair, he was as careful in his choice of words and in the enunciation of his sentiments as if he were addressing a meeting. During my stay in Burnley these allocutions from his armchair were a joy to visiting clergy. He would converse as emphatically upon farming as upon Christian dogma. At Conference time he was the perfect chairman. No matter how rowdy or even hilarious the meeting became, his stentorian voice could always take charge and, if the arguments and difficulties proposed began to run vaguely and airily into flighty channels, his logical mind and neat expression would quickly bring them down again to the point under discussion. His conferences were happy and afterwards the attending priests would sit around to talk and argue with him.

He was a great ecclesiastic but of simple tastes. At holiday time he was always ready to return to his native town in Ireland—his summing up of these holidays was expressive of their restfulness—leaning against a gate, spitting at the cows.

He was a forceful personality in Burnley. Elected to the Education Committee he was a mainstay of Catholic education. Lay people were compelled by his intellectual gifts to listen to him and his grip of educational matters was a barrier against attempted interference with Catholic rights. He was deeply respected by all who came into contact with him and it was typical that when a Labour member of no fixed religious beliefs was elected Mayor, he asked Mgr Tynan if he might hold his " Lord Mayor's Show " at St Mary's. Whether the purist in liturgical affairs would agree with such a function, Mgr Tynan soon turned it to good account by his

masterly explanation of divine authority—delegated and held even by the civic authorities. His readiness at all times to entertain the civic powers undoubtedly helped the Catholics to acquire that position of respect which they enjoyed in the town.

He was a great lover of children—the little shop round the corner was weekly visited to fill his pockets with toffees for his tour of the school. Refusing to allow any celebrations or presentations to be organised for the golden jubilee of his priesthood, he celebrated it himself by giving a tea-party to the infant children.

As he grew older and his health declined, he yet retained to the full his mental vigour, especially his power to extract from all unnecessary detail the exact point at issue. Many were the visitors who came to him for advice, particularly in applying the civil laws of education to their particular difficulties. When a visitor called, he would put aside his rosary (with which a great deal of his spare time seemed to be occupied), armchairs were drawn up to the fire, cigars produced, and the rich, rolling voice would begin to declaim upon the subject under discussion. When ill-health put an end to much activity, his personality remained the centre around which things Catholic in Burnley circled. On August 12th, 1939, he went to his reward and a worthy son of the Venerabile completed his work. R.I.P.

R. EARLEY

OUR BOOK SHELF

This Rome of Ours. By Augusta L. Francis. With a foreword by Eugenia Strong. Pp. 259. (Rich and Cowan). 8*s.* 6*d.*

Although the guide-book has long held its place among necessary books, it still remains on the whole a dull and unattractive production, and has little to commend it to the person for whom it is meant, the casual tourist. This charge of dullness, in some instances, may be a caricature, but it is generally true that little originality is shown in the form of the average guide-book. In so far as it is neither dull nor unoriginal *This Rome of Ours* is not a guide-book. It is that, and much more, for the visitor to Rome will find here not only information, but pleasant company and a book that may be picked up at any time to refresh memories or to pass a pleasant hour.

This Rome of Ours reads as a story. With Pellegrina, the Angel Guardian of the Company, he sees everything that is of interest, churches, catacombs, towers, monuments. He chats with venerable *frati* and courteous guards ; he dines from Roman dishes in Roman *trattorie*, and, in time, is introduced to all those Roman habits and customs, which, perhaps even more than historic monuments, delight and interest the English tourist. It is a story of the ideal tour. He sees the right places at the right time ; the Vatican gardens on the sunniest of sunny days ; Rome at night from the top of Monte Cavo ; the Palatine on a fresh September morning. His tour is exhilarating, and never wearying. He learns the historical facts which give a background to what he sees in the course of a lively conversation, and escapes the trials of the tourist who must wade through pages of print and masses of irrelevant detail. All the stories and legends attaching to the quaintest names and places are here, told in a few snatches of conversation.

This original method of describing Rome to the tourist is an achievement. For he comes to know Rome as it really is, an old but living city, not a museum stored with relics and forgotten emblems. And, moreover, despite the lightness of tone and freshness of expression, the book preserves, as Mrs Strong observes in the Foreword, " that sense of the *Lachrymae rerum* which so readily appeals to tourists. Without this much of what Rome means, her eternal message, would have been lost."

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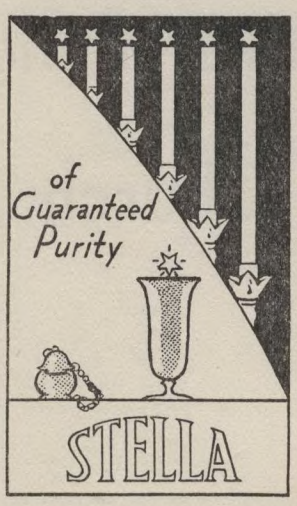

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