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CROFT LODGE

EDITORIAL

It has become almost traditional to apologise for delay in publication. In present circumstances, however, we feel more like bursting into a psalm of praise at being able to appear at all. For the fact that we can still claim to be the official organ of a living college we have to shower our gratitude in many directions.

It is needless for us to dwell here upon the Rector's assertion that the hand of God has supported us in a remarkable way; the recent adventures of the College leave room for no other conclusion. Nor must we forget the influence of Fr Welsby who always declared St Mary's Hall the ideal site if ever we had need to leave Rome.

On a terrestrial level we have found in His Eminence the Cardinal a real protector and source of optimistic courage in the days of suspense before we finally arrived here. The English Provincial of the Society of Jesus, Fr Mangan, has cordially continued the good relations which we have always had with the Society by his munificent gesture in lending us the Hall and sending us two valuable professors. This cordiality has been warmly seconded by

the Rector and Staff of Stonyhurst College. To all these we are most grateful, as also to so many others whom we cannot commemorate here, for their name is legion. But, in case others forget what we have seen to be true, we must record our deep sensibility of the devotion shown to the best interests of the College by both the Rector and Vice-Rector. We have seen something of their tragic and responsible task and ask leave to doubt whether it could have been better carried out.

Turning to less vital issues, we anticipate considerable criticism of this number and would like to reassure readers that the omission of the *Nova et Vetera* is not intended as a precedent ; but for this number they were crowded out by more important matter. We wish also to apologise for any, possibly many, lacunae in the compiling of the Personal Notes. Our recent travels have prevented due vigilance being observed on the columns of clerical appointments and have sometimes led to the loss of precious memoranda.

EXODUS, 1940

Probably lights were burning late in the Government offices on the Wilhelmstrasse on the night of Wednesday, May 15th, 1940. Reports were being precisely filed and indexed from Rome, which at this period Teutonic thoroughness had seen to it should be truly spy-ridden with Nazi agents in and out of uniform—all to weave a steel net to strangle any remnant of Catholicism in the policy of the Fascist State, whether at home or abroad. And in Rome, though the conscript soldiers down in the Farnese must have realised semi-consciously how near Italy was to the folly of war, yet, as they straggled home to barracks after a day's vigilance against "spontaneous" demonstrations, they looked puzzled on noting the brilliant lit windows on the Monserra' and the Montoro. For it was 10.30 p.m. of a day which we had spent in feverish activity. The rooms and stairs still presented a scene of savage confusion. Wildly-scrawled notices flapped lop-sidedly from wall and door; a musty tang hung in the air, and many a trunk, spilling over with objects made priceless by years of hoarding, tripped some unwary *chargé d'affaires* in his career down the corridor, so that his scattered orders became menaces, or finally petitions; but still no one listened. Each man was tortured with the same tantalising problem: whether to leave or not to leave a zimarra, a cherished print or rare text book. Half-clad figures yelled derisively to one another as they added yet another rag to

the dump beneath the clock, and parted cheerfully with garments fit only for the confines of Palazzola, and now bequeathed to the imagination of Rinaldo or the genius of the Little Sisters.

The order to go had followed two days of tension after the cancellation of the Fregene gita. All official announcements had been sufficiently non-committal to warrant suspicion. But once the Vice-Rector had broken the news, it was a marvel to see how the plan of withdrawal unravelled itself. The College had not left Rome for 140 odd years, and then its scanty numbers were less than a modern Third Year Philosophy. But now we were eighty in number, and the smooth efficiency with which the preparations to leave were carried out, indicated a very skilful ordering, planned months before, and now accomplished with both speed and decorum. Never in the history of the Venerabile were there so many Public Meetings in so few hours—and all the motions were from the chair!

The actual Dunkirk began somewhere about 4 a.m. on the Thursday morning, an hour when matter definitely triumphs over spirit, and the sleeper accepts a violent awakening with bad grace. The first mass was said in St Bridget's side chapel, and it was barely six o'clock when our party of eight, with an attendant taxi to carry personal chattels, swung out of the cortile, and past the Farnese, where the newspaper kiosk had not yet hoisted its daily tirade against "plutodemocratic England's" designs upon the poor but proud Italian people.

Once arrived at the Termini we set about supplementing our hurried breakfast. Watching from one of the tables, I viewed the amazing phenomenon of the Venerabile *in viaggio*. It is true that Third Year Philosophy made an excursion home every year, but there was usually enough *borghese* available in the House to fit out eight or ten of them, especially in the Bohemian costumes which the wearers boasted were *il trionfo della moda*. But now there were eighty of us! Sources hitherto unknown had been tapped to clothe many whose cassocks, while acceptable enough in a country where the clergy get a *ribasso* on the plea of their appearance, would cause a stir across the Channel. For the time these cassocks were our official dress, but hints of strange things to come were given in unguarded

moments. When we had finally crossed the border, suits appeared in all their glory, many of them strongly suggestive of the sporting parson; hats with a shape or lack of it that indicated a contempt for the world; and a type of tie, with a dash of colour, judged violent by the artistic, but having a shrewd air of quaintness which gave it something of character. A typical example of the accommodating character of the Venerabilino was one, who, clad in light grey and a Roman collar, clung affectionately to his Roman hat, an affection that was amply repaid, for after he had been finally induced by sensitive travelling companions to part with it, it was returned to him when he reached England. There were sweaters, too, usually unearthed solely for the esoteric rites of a *Cave gita*. And I was pained to observe the shoeing of the party; no cobbler, Rocca or Roman, could give shape as well as strength to his handiwork. But I am anticipating.

Our coach was reserved, but as Italian reservations have none of the sacredness of the English railways, ingenious methods of entering and guarding it were devised. Stocks of *aranciata* and *Acqua San Pellegrino*, jostling neck to neck with the more plebeian ration of sardines and bully-beef, suggested that we were going to some parched Libyan waste along with the troop train at an adjacent platform. The commissariat, in the hands of one of our cookery experts, had been generous and we piled up the tins of meat, sardines and fruit, until our carriage looked like an offshoot of Ricci's.

Many had come to wish us "*buon' viaggio*". The Rector was accompanied by our Irish students whose passports had not been given the same preferential treatment as our own. Though they had to remain they knew not how long in an unsettled city, they allowed no gloom to settle on them, and we appreciated their pluck. But there was a hint of tragedy in the truly Catholic act of two of our friends from the German College who came to see us off. They recalled that it was almost twenty-five years to the day since the German College had left Rome upon the alliance of Italy with the Entente in 1915. Mgr Hurley, now a bishop in his own country, had graciously come and joined our guard of honour. Such courtesies were

hard to return in the excitement of the moment ; nor was there time to feel dispirited as personal luggage was whisked away by a formidable gang of heroes, who showed, under questioning, a disconcerting vagueness as to where exactly it had been put ; and a packet of " Philip Morris " cigarettes, bought especially for immediate needs, and stuffed in the outer pocket of a haversack, seemed lost for ever.

The minutes slipped by to the hour when even the most experienced railway official loses his grip on reality, and his native sense of the dramatic comes to the fore. He waves flags, curses subordinates, blows a whistle and brandishes a tattered timetable in the face of some laggard engine-driver, who continues to smoke unperturbed. It was the psychological moment, too, when one says something banal spontaneously, and with no particular intention of saying anything at all ; and when something of embarrassment shows on the faces of the most hard-headed, men moved only on special occasions. Then we were off and recovered ourselves and cheered, so that the station echoed to a roar the like of which had not been heard since Chamberlain visited the City over a year ago. We waved a last "*a rivederci*" to the rear-guard, looking rather forlorn on the platform ; then recoiled into the compartment, and settled in the most comfortable position for a long run. We gazed non-committally at St Paul's, as we passed smoothly over the bridges beneath which, when a Third Year Philosopher chances that way, he raises his hat with a silent prayer that the Italian Railways will still be functioning in the following July. So did the "*pazzi Inglesi*" step out of the stream which swirls around the foot of the Vatican hill. We did not shed a tear. There were no lumps in throats, nor far-away looks in misted eyes. With that greatest of blows had come a merciful numbness which made the whole affair seem like a dream out of which we should awake to turn with redoubled energy to the question of pending examinations. The awakening is slow, and Time has kept its healing properties.

It is difficult to remember what happened on the run up to the frontier. Everyone soon had his own method of opening tins of sardines, as the Italian tin-openers had retired from

active service quite early in the fray. It was nerve-racking to see the novice prise off the top of a bottle, and calculate how much smaller your drink was going to be. Sardines were our Waterloo; little wonder that the Vice-Rector shuddered as he passed our compartment. Not even a tin of very moist pineapple chunks could dispel the pervading atmosphere of fishiness.

And then, just past Cività Vecchia it began to rain, not for the first time in recent days, for the whole country was sodden, like Old Trafford in August. I remember noticing an airfield under water and we fell to guessing how long it would take Italian pursuit planes to get into the air when Genoa was bombed.

Whenever we stopped for more than a minute, a large posse of foragers would make for the buffets to restock the compartment racks. But when any of the travelling trolleys were sighted on the platform, the flanks of the party wheeled, and, as one man, descended on the bewildered youth in charge of the contraption. Looking down on one of these seething mobs, and trying, first with honeyed words, and then with blood-curdling imprecations to persuade one of the skirmishers to "get me something", I could peer into the centre of it all, and hear the outgeneralled *ragazzo* crescendoing from an inarticulate "aspett'" to a wilder "magari", in an endeavour to meet the situation.

The country near the coast looked very fresh and beautiful on that May afternoon, and the roadsteads near Genoa had a good quota of shipping as well as several submarines. A rush to the window by the younger members, cameras in their hands, had announced that the Leaning Tower was in view. La Spezia showed a couple of seaplanes, and did not look as busy as the newspapers would have it to be. Meanwhile we smoked and chatted, indulged in tea, and gradually returned our surplus lire to the Ministry of Finance, without regret. But not entirely, for these coins had been the price of many a pleasant day in the Castelli, now slipping into the realm of memory. Passing through Turin, we viewed with interest the bulky length of the Fiat works, so soon to be "on the little list" of the Bomber Command.

As the train pulled out of Turin, we learned that five of our number, in search of *cestini*, had been left behind. The officials expressed a hope that they would catch us up at Modane, but were not very optimistic. As we neared the frontier we went in search of dinner, and, coming back from the dining-car, found our "posti occupati", this time by French refugees from Venice. In halting French I explained to a rather heavily-built woman that these seats were reserved, but she, lapsing into *la lingua*, maintained that findings were keepings. I was urged by the party to tell her what we thought of this almost Nazi aggression, but we realized that an altercation in the old style was out of the question; and before one of our travellers had settled matters by finding the good woman another seat, we were all engaged in friendly conversation. The train was packed with French people leaving the factories of Northern Italy, and soon we were running through the tunnels, and past the brilliantly lit villages that led from a neutral country. We gazed up the towering sides of the foothills, still capped with snow, and the skiers took a last lingering look at the mountains before we plunged into the blackness that led to Modane.

The frontier station was a strange fantasy of darkened lamps and windows curiously criss-crossed with paper. This was new to most of us, and the first time we had set foot in a country at war; but this first glimpse of France, grim and mysterious as it was, bade us welcome, and we felt at home. It had been dark enough on the Italian side, but this was Acheron itself for gloom; since so few of us had seen London blacked out on a December evening, or had walked from Victoria to Knott Hill down Deansgate at midnight to catch the last train home. We had been fairly silent on the last run up to Modane, but now our pent up feelings broke out in a full-throated cheer, when we saw a French sentry, with a fiercely long bayonet, stalking unconcernedly up and down the platform; until there came a reminder that our boisterous conduct might hinder the Rector's safe return from shutting up the College in Rome. We detrained and moved towards the Douane. It was bleak and chilly, as it always is at Modane. But we were warmed to

see these French veterans, and to breathe an air of reason and quiet confidence again after the display of bravado and bluster which had been paraded before us for the past months in Rome.

We had hardly any time to wait at the customs. The Vice-Rector seemed to have a key to every door, and quickly shepherded us through, and back to our train. The officials were most genial, and showed willing to delay the train until the black sheep with the bent for *cestini* might be returned to their rightful fold. They arrived in good time, however, and we stocked our compartment for what was for us perhaps the worst night we would ever spend together. Others fared differently and declared the whole business to be luxury compared to some journeys about which they would willingly have waxed eloquent. For us the crucial point was that there just were not enough square feet to go round; eight bodies, with the obstruction of the seats, would not, or rather could not, curl up however much one used one's neighbour as a pillow. So many things militated against sleep. Some of the blackout had been scraped off an electric bulb and a shaft of light shot right into the eye of a would-be sleeper. Muttered exclamations cleft the gloom, as a twitching boot found its billet in another's stomach or an elbow slipped and came to rest on an indignant nose. Soon there were two hostile camps and a solution was found only when one of the party induced a colleague to accompany him into the draughty corridor. These were relieved by another two, who sank into a corpselike slumber, as the train shuffled with frequent halts towards Paris.

In the morning, after the luxury of a shave, I entered our compartment at about eight o'clock to find a sharp discussion in progress as to whether we had or had not passed Dijon. Some held that we never did on this line. Not that the question held any real charms for us, but we were ravenously hungry with a gargantuan hunger which was not to be put off by the remains of an emaciated sardine or a small tin of jellied meat. We waited with hunger gnawing persistently, and passed the time thinking of what we would have when we reached Dijon. We arrived late, and, though we scoured the platform and almost started a riot, there was no food. Our train was a back-

number on the railway that day, for we stopped time and time again in the open country, and not until a large munitions train drew past us did we recover our normal speed. It was about two o'clock when we arrived in Paris.

The morning had been unpleasant, for there had been a lack of washing water as well as food; but we did our best to pass the time playing pontoon with a mixture of Italian centesimi and French centimes. I won the bank once, and promptly lost it to my neighbour—though neighbour is hardly the right word to use among that party, than whom no professional sharpers could be shrewder. Arrived at the Gare de Lyons, we decided it would be folly to leave our luggage in the hands of the few porters who were already overwhelmed by but a portion of our belongings. We worked in parties, each compartment a team managing its own impedimenta. The men of muscle handed out the trunks and cases through the windows, while the more acquisitive emerged from odd corners, each with a trolley trailing behind him. A far-seeing and forceful advance party had already gone ahead to secure taxis. Within a quarter of an hour we had cleared the platform of everything, suitcases, rucksacks and shapeless bundles, while the porters scratched their heads at this impromptu, but certainly instructive, lesson in the art of porting.

Taximen thought that the millenium had come until the time of reckoning, now at the Hotel Londres-New York close to the Gare St. Lazare. As soon as we learnt that no boat was sailing until the following night, we had a good wash, one of those long, lingering ceremonies with lots of hot water and a quite unnecessary amount of soap, and then we set about breaking the ice for the meal which we were to take together in the evening. The Champs Elysées offered a variety of cafés, one of which we entered at the bidding of a man of luxurious tastes. Quickly we repented of our prodigality, and pined for the humbler and squarer meals of less pretentious establishments. A waitress reminded us, as she handed us our sandwiches, that we had to pay cash down. We complied, and there was added the further reminder, oh! so gently, that service was ten per cent. I replied blandly that I would remember

this. But some people are hard to satisfy, and she was soon in conference with the head waiter, a truculent being, who swept down on us with the pertinent remark that service was ten per cent, and that we were not in England. One of our party cynically replied that we had so far no reason to suppose that we were. To soothe him we paid our ten per cent but, when we had advanced as far as the cakes, there he was again with his superfluous commentary on our position, "though in England they do not go in for the French custom, messieurs are not in England now and it is usual in France to pay ten per cent service." This was too much for our domestic cynic, who replied that we had not arrived from a lunatic asylum, could divide by ten and had come from Italy where head-waiters were more civil.

The devotee of the decimal system retired abashed and so did we. We did not relish being thrown out on to the Champs Elysées. The more vulgar-minded then repaired to a back street where they bought digestible sandwiches and passable drinks.

At dinner we saw one another again as respectable human beings and not the jaded playthings of Continental Railway Companies. The unshaven, blear-eyed, monosyllabic tramp of a few hours back became in Paris the well-groomed, smiling raconteur and we heard and told strange tales. We applauded the strategy of the party who had filled the gangway in their compartment by shifting the moveable tops of the seats and then lain down for a well-earned sleep; grieved over the frustration of their plans by a chance traveller who had invaded their reservation and insisted that all should be returned to normal; followed brightly the story of how they then tried to convert him from Atheism; and marvelled (a little unconvincingly) at their failure. We listened to a detailed analysis of the feelings aroused by the sight at five in the morning of a chunk of jellied meat balanced on a piece of bread that has been retrieved from under the seat; to a lengthy description of how a certain individual always spends his nights on a train, being as he is a martyr to insomnia; to the explanation of the person who was charged with talking loudly all night outside

a compartment where only his piercing tones prevented peaceful sleep. Nor did we let others escape hearing our own little epic.

After dinner we sought suitable entertainment ; the black-out through which we made our way home was a farce. A Frenchman questioned on the subject said that Germans could find Paris anyway. Another party met a taxi-driver who, after eyeing them suspiciously, showed them a loaded revolver which he was keeping for the first Quisling he met.

On Saturday morning some of us went to Montmartre where I served a Belgian priest, a non-commissioned officer in the Belgian army, recalled from Rome along with the Belgian College. During the morning we idled around the Tuileries, recovering from the effects of the journey which had passed and preparing for the journey which was to come. We had time to drift gently along the banks of the Seine to Notre Dame before returning to have lunch with those breathless people who had been doing an American tour of the city or had driven out to Versailles. In the afternoon there was a preference for the Bois de Boulogne. Our crew won a subsequently mythical glass of beer from our opponents in a race down the lake ; and there it was that I saw a priest of staid reputation lustily singing himself to victory as I sat in the stern-sheets and steered for the goal. Returning home we were surprised by the air-raid sirens. After hearing our own " Wailing Winnie ", I long for the tuneful klaxon of the French Metropolis ; in fact the first people to recognise the noise as a siren were those who had not experienced the English warning. Half an hour later, after some distant gun-fire we were free to race for home and learned that sixteen Germans had made a bid for the city and been beaten off with loss. Several people were caught in uncomfortable places—our archivist sat disconsolate on a piece of machinery and was unable to tell us which offended him more, the raid or the railway carriage.

Soon we were entraining again—an arduous business of getting across to the station some three hundred pieces of luggage, the distance seeming to double at each journey. On the platform one of our party, conspicuous in a black roll-top sweater, lapsed unconsciously into Italian just as two British Tommies

were passing. An angry look passed between them and their remarks about the "Fascist" were at once colourful and pithy.

Just past Rouen the siren on the train began to whine, but we continued the process of ridding ourselves of encumbrances in preparation for the voyage. Strange souvenirs must have been picked up next morning by some of that mighty army of French peasants whose main function in life seems to be standing by the track staring incredulously at the trains. The journey to Le Havre was accomplished without incident, though we later heard that Dieppe had been bombed. The worst part of our journey lay ahead in the jostling queue outside the customs house, where for some weary hours we were surrounded, insulted and charged in the back by British subjects against whose haughty discourtesy methods which had proved deadly when practised on a Latin were of no avail. But by a combination of the Vice-Rector's influence and our own brute force we got aboard our ship before midnight.

The mate and crew of this ship will go down to history. The former was annoyed by the amount of our luggage, which we had deposited boldly just where we could keep an eye on it. "How do you think you're going to swim for it when the ship goes down with all this luggage around?" he asked lugubriously. When we were issued lifebelts, an old salt remarked with relish, "It will probably break your neck when you land in the water". Though we met these doleful prophecies with a suitable barrage of chaff, the cold feeling that sometimes assailed the pit of the stomach could not be entirely ascribed either to the badly fried eggs we had bolted in Paris or to the dank atmosphere of the port. I was somewhat warmed by an altercation with some unlicensed French porters who had brought our luggage on board and now demanded all the French money I had—however, they were appeased with forty francs!

With the engines running when we boarded at midnight, it seemed likely that we should get away by one o'clock, but the Aurora was already in the sky when we cleared the harbour mole at four in the morning. I had taken thought for the morrow to the extent of a full flask of brandy and it was heart-breaking to see others come and callously ask for a nip, "just

in case, old man. . . .” with the sea like a sheet of glass. Bunks were few and hard to find and it was amazing to note with what ingenuity some people found themselves an anchorage for the night. Accompanied by one of those people of remarkable acumen who get made secretaries, I arrived at the blanket store and there, far from the madding crowd, we made up excellent couches out of blankets. A soldier saw another of our number lying on the deck and magnanimously threw his great coat over him with an implied “your need is greater than mine”. A row of people sitting upright and sleepless decided each to use the next man as a pillow, which worked very well except for the man at the wrong end.

I later repaired to the life-jacket store and, as it got light, was joined by another man in search of sleep until he found it too hard on the joints. But it was not until 8.0, when most people had either sunk into the sleep of exhaustion or were sitting in deckchairs, rolled up in rugs and in a state of semi-conscious coma, that we were all awakened by three loud crashes. I was told that we had probably struck a mine, and my informant thought he had better have a wash before going on deck. However, it turned out to be the ship’s gunner engaged in his daily practice against a home-made target. A little later a Scotsman and I entered the First Class Restaurant, in spite of clothes that would have looked shabby in the hold, and had our first English breakfast for a couple of years. The effort required after such a night to face a plate of eggs and bacon was considerable but proved well worth it, in view of later developments. For our troubles were not yet over.

We came in sight of the Isle of Wight soon after nine o’clock but it was not until two hours later that we docked in Southampton. We entered by Spithead and had our first view of a balloon barrage in the one over Portsmouth. An outbound convoy straggled past us off Ventnor; and as we moved up the Water, we got a glimpse of the “Cossack” in a refitting yard. It was 11.0 before the first passengers were allowed off—with the exception of Sir Neville Henderson, who had come up from Paris and was naturally the first to leave the ship. The Immigration Officers, besides being overworked,

were also very strict and the continued delay did not augur well for the 12.0 train. However, a sprinkling of Romans caught this and were welcomed at Waterloo by Archbishop Godfrey, Mgr Elwes, Fr Rickaby and Mr Walsh.

As the morning dragged out in heat and hunger, we stood doggedly in our queue or accepted the philosophy of Mr Arnold Lunn, who made no effort to leave until there could no longer be any opposition. He thus remained one of the most tranquil passengers aboard. Conversation became desultory or ceased except for an occasional word of bitterness against the efficiency of the spy-detectors on the quay. But we heard they had caught several Germans trying to land under cover of Czech passports, which consoled us somewhat. And there was still the five o'clock train to hope for. One of the priests already disembarked kept up our flagging spirits with supplies of ham-sandwiches and cigarettes until asked by a policeman how he got to the buffet without going through the Customs Office. As he was unable to give a satisfactory answer to this conundrum, our appetites were left to sharpen until, after a brief and courteous examination by men who looked as tired as we felt, we caught the train and solaced ourselves with tea and cake. One of the Gregorian professors who was travelling with us had spent so long all day helping the bewildered on board—of whom there were many—that this tea was the first meal he had had since Paris. We steamed into London on the stroke of seven and Londoners that night had their homes filled to capacity. Most of the Northerners stayed for the night in a hotel which in the bitterness of the moment they compared unfavourably to the more genial hostelries of the Castelli. The next morning at the Cathedral the Cardinal welcomed us home and his stirring and fatherly words made us feel really at home, more even than did the domestic glow of the family circle in which by that night most of us were sitting and thawing into a flood of anecdote.

It had been a strange epic in the history of the College, this deserting of Rome; yet with the issues at stake little choice was left. We all applauded at the time the decision of our superiors, even those who did not expect Italy to take the final step; the decision was confirmed by later events. But

it lay ultimately with our own Rector and Vice-Rector and we can guess the reception they might have received had the withdrawal proved unnecessary. But they were concerned with the future of the College and of us ; we sympathise with their sorrow, increased by a burden of responsibility of which we had and could have no share. Every Roman will appreciate our own feelings at being so untimely snatched from so much that the Venerabile means. But it was right that at such a time as the present we should have our share of sorrow, which is the more precious for being incommunicable to any who have not known the spell which Rome weaves through the English College.

ALAN CLARK.

THE AMBLESIDE EPISODE

On June 17th, 1940, France capitulated before the armed forces of Nazism. We heard of the catastrophe, as we sat in a stuffy compartment on the west-bound train, our destination the Lake District. For we had not capitulated. Some sixty members of the Venerabile met that night at Croft Lodge, Ambleside, and asserted by their presence that, though the pressure of unjust aggressors might drive them from their historic home within the shadow of the Cupola, one thing they had not left behind in the picturesque flight from Rome—the *Romanità* which is the glory of the College and of past generations and which must now be trained for a time to take root and flourish in surroundings as like as we can make them to those of the Eternal City.

A brief month before, these same sixty members had separated at Westminster, wondering where and when, if ever, they would meet again. The answer came sooner than any had dared to hope. On a memorable day in June came the paradoxical letter calling us to Westmorland with as little luggage as possible but prepared for much rain, some tennis and no books. Laden in a way corresponding to the importance we attached respectively to the shortage of books or the shortage of space, we arrived at a staid Victorian mansion in England to open a fresh chapter in the history of the College of S. Thomas of the City, the very title of which reminds us that Rome and nowhere else is its rightful place.

It will be the purpose of this article to show how we faced this unprecedented, and apparently fatal, crisis ; it can then be left to individual judgment to decide whether we achieved our aim in maintaining the essential spirit of the College by making in accidentals a graceful concession to the demands of the hour, while clinging tenaciously to what was fundamental. During the process it should become clear what is precisely the historic moment of this uneventful sojourn in none too favourable circumstances. For the whole adventure in which we are still engaged is of vast interest to the historian of the College. True, it is not the first time the Venerabile has disbanded. But when General Berthier led the Napoleonic troops into Rome and stabled his horses in our chapel, the English College had reached the nadir of an inglorious reign of unsympathetic Italian secular priests, the fruits of which were apparent in the fewness and unsuitability of the students. The present generation of exiles, in numbers exceeding all that have gone before, may claim also to be living still in the Golden Age of Cardinal Hinsley, which bears comparison with the Golden Age of Wiseman.

But more interesting yet than these changed circumstances in the actual disbanding is the decision to refound the College on English soil, and those who have not played their part in it may well wonder how an institution where every brick was Roman has fared in an alien land. Does not every memory of the College and every anecdote recall an Italian sky, and a colourful and noisy Italian setting in the Via Monserrato or among the infinite hues and tints of the Alban hills ? The popular Italian types, beaming cardinals and excitable *monsignori*, philosophical *contadini* and hospitable country *parocchi*, with their naïveté, natural courtesy and astonishing breadth of mind (often seen to advantage in the interpretation of an awkward ecclesiastical law), are not these the eternal subjects of a Roman's delight and amusement ? Grim shall be the fate of the would-be raconteur who cannot begin to spin his web with the words " I remember once at Picinisco. . . ." But though this race has not yet died out (may its lustre never dim !) our six week stay at Ambleside, brief as it was, did demonstrate that *Romanità* can bloom in an *ambiente* far from Italian. For

this reassurance Croft Lodge will always be remembered with something of affection by a grateful generation.

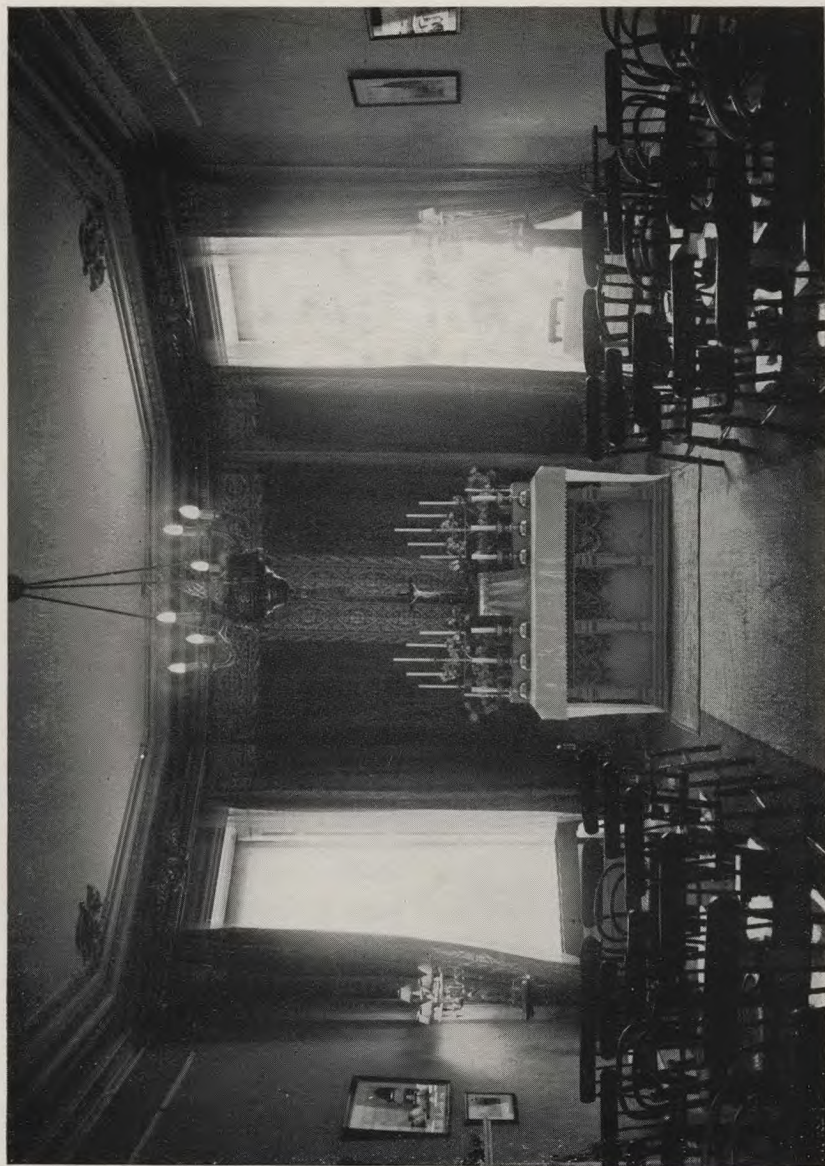
First we must give a picture of the difficulties which we had to meet ; then we can more easily describe how we overcame them, circumvented them or bowed to the inevitable, by which time we shall have given as complete a picture as necessary of the interregnum between the loss of our old home and the finding of our new one. Croft Lodge was built over a hundred years ago, a roomy country house looking out to Lake Windermere. It was sublet by the tenant (who retained the first floor for herself) to the Catholic Holiday Guild from whom we leased it for six weeks. The surrounding country presented a striking panorama of lake, mountain and meadow, a sumptuous feast of beauty for eyes used to the sight of many tiles unrelieved save by an occasional line of washing. Even the Southerners among us said (apparently with the best intentions) that it reminded them of Surrey. Amid such inviting country it seemed rather ungrateful to let a full programme of four or five lectures spoil a chance which we might never get again. Moreover, many of us had already taken our examinations. Clearly, this situation called for judicious adaptation, an *horarium* based on our life both in Rome and at the Villa.

Difficulties presented themselves indoors as well ; for Croft Lodge, though a large house, was a small college and every inch of space had to be turned to account by an ingenious advance party. It was, moreover, impossible to get sufficient maids to keep the house clean and for some time we were without even the one unfortunate who was doomed to spend her life scraping potatoes for our meals. Lesser hindrances to what we were accustomed to in Rome are easily imagined ; we will now give some idea of how we built on the minimum required by tradition if we were to remain the Venerabile in anything but name and the maximum obtainable from our circumstances. Where to begin is a problem but we shall not be far wrong if we base our pen-portrait on the ideal rule of life once propounded as "Prayer first, study second and all the rest as the budding forth of the life within".

The chapel was a converted reception room which, thanks

to the combined generosity of the Administrator of Lancaster Cathedral and the parish priest of Ambleside, was adequately equipped for all normal daily functions. In fact, the red hanging behind the altar and the flowers frequently renewed from the garden struck a pleasing note among the furnishings, for there remained on the walls gilt mirrors complete with stands on which rested china shepherdesses and tinted wine glasses, which threatened to shower in splinters over our heads if we so much as sneezed. The sacristy was compacted in a bureau at the back and the sacristans deserved high praise for keeping all tidily out of sight. In this chapel we received permission to have every night two hours Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, for which we were most grateful, providing as it did a substantial hub around which the rest of our rather unorthodox life might safely revolve. A Litany of the English Saints was compiled under the auspices of Capac and approved for recital during the evening Benediction. In this chapel too we had a weekly conference from Fr Atkinson, before confessions on Friday night.

The thought of study leads to an introduction of our Common-room—the main lecture-hall. It was in fact a most uncommon room and, we believe, in its furnishings something more than was envisaged by the canonists of Trent. Two leopard skins, several tusks and a snake-skin replaced the episcopal portraits “in serried ranks assembled” on the wall of the Roman Common-room, while the huge head of a melancholy bison glowered over one of the settees. The chairs and sofas were of a kind more suited to civil pursuits and, though they had probably weathered many an “at home”, showed tendencies to buckle under the appreciative mirth with which a college wag would applaud his own best story. Carpets were another departure from the Tridentine code and gave the Common-room men untold work trying to preserve the urbane decorum of this palatial room. They have good reason to welcome our return to the simpler social life. When we add that it was almost a mathematical impossibility to fit everyone into it at once (with the inevitable corollary that even the most solitary figures developed unsuspected social leanings), it will be seen that its drawbacks rivalled its amenities.



THE CHAPEL AT CROFT LODGE

Nevertheless, despite its exotic trappings, it was a handsome Aula Magna and proved at least as conducive to study as its grim Gregorian counterpart. In fact, during an engrossing lecture on the misdemeanours of King Clovis, I once mused on the desirability of a more imaginative furnishing of Roman lecture-halls with some of the emblems of imperial prowess that adorned Croft Lodge. What a boon for the professor who is driven to using the Silvestrini hat, perched precariously on the cone of a fire-extinguisher, as an example of an *ens ab alio* through sheer lack of more attractive decoration! We did our best but, after all, hats can do little to embellish an aula without sympathetic support from authority. The driest professor could at least elaborate an annual joke about a leopard skin. And who knows but that the Roman bent for making relics out of the least promising material might attach legends to these and newcomers to the University might be stirred to great things by the sight of such messengers of history? But to return to Clovis. . . .

For, unruffled by the jaundiced eye of the melancholy bison, the Vice-Rector lectured for an hour each morning to the Theologians on his own subject of Church History, to which he gave a topical twist by emphasising the relations of Church and State—and with the invaluable trimmings of “general culture” which gained him a reputation in days gone by. This proved a happy choice of subject for they had no common dogmatic ground. Dean McKenna of Barrow-in-Furness gave a weekly lecture on a series of points in Pastoral Theology. The hour’s study before lecture and the two hours in the evening were intended for the completion by private study of our interrupted Roman year’s work. The Philosophers attended lectures on the work they would have been doing in Rome, Fr Ekbery gallantly coping with the range of four subjects and casting his pearls in the refectory. At the end of the period, the amount of knowledge imbibed was tested by that time-honoured gauge, the oral examination. Such a time-table may seem a little strange to the uninitiated but was attuned to the needs of the hour and worked very smoothly.

Mention of the refectory as a lecture-hall tides us over to

more mundane affairs. It was once part of the kitchen offices and consisted of two long rooms, on the former use of which, despite many discussions, we never reached a unanimous decision. Reading was out of the question; no reader could have been heard in both rooms at once, nor was there anywhere for one to stand. As it was, all but twelve could sit down to meals and luckily twelve proved a very workable number to serve and wash up during meals. To this change from *more Romano* we accustomed ourselves on the first evening and became masters of our own house in every sphere save the kitchen. The cooking was at once too delicate and too important a task to entrust to a dilettante, no matter how proficient a chef he may have proved himself in the Cave or by Algidus fountain. The capable manageress sent by the Catholic Holiday Guild to keep a vigilant eye on their interests was soon reinforced by a most capable cook, who set our hearts at rest and left us free to spend our best energies in devising a system of turns in the various menial duties and in carrying out our share with a thoroughness which would have staggered *la gente Collepardese*. In some things all men are equal and all barriers fell before the labour organisation which presided over dishes, rooms and corridors.

For in the rooms we encountered an even more acute form of the space shortage problem. The skill shown by the advance party in arranging the greatest possible number of beds in each room might have rivalled the military's bent for economy of space. Beds rested at every possible angle, lengthways, crossways, diagonally. As a natural result the rooms needed cleaning every day, a task to be performed with a shortage of brooms before the morning lecture. This and kindred questions were thrashed out in a public meeting very soon after our arrival. We launched the new epoch on a sunny morning, sitting on the lawn with the shade of the copper beech as the floor of the House. The voices of familiar orators were reassuring as they expressed their profound thoughts on matters of moment with the same confidence and finality as of old. I think this, perhaps, more than anything else strengthened our confidence that the real Venerable was not dead and would not

die while it could produce these village Hampdens. Elections were held for a number of posts, mainly servile, as we have said ; one however was named boatman, an official who soon had his hands full—mostly of broken oars.

For the programme allowed us to take advantage of the attractions offered by our ideal situation. Every afternoon from lunch until tea we were free—and rowing was the most popular form of exercise. Combined with the other new recreation, fishing, it was pursued unless a veritable storm was raging. Thursday continued to be our *dies non* and remained the rainiest of the week with a fidelity to tradition which we would gladly have waived. But in spite of the weather, all the peaks were scaled and dales traversed by *gitanti*. Great Gable, Helvellyn, Scafell Pike and the Langdales, these were the names that superseded the time-honoured Algidus, Tusculum, Soracte and Gennaro. One alone remained the same—“ The Lake ” for those who, like the Water-rat, were content to “ mess about in boats ” all day and enjoy the peaks from a distance. Some became true disciples of Izaak Walton and took their fishing very seriously, but time did not permit of their learning to catch more than a languid eel or perch which, as the guide book rather brutally puts it, “ abound in Windermere and are easy prey for the amateur angler ”.

But sometimes the weather was so bad that even this pastime had to be abandoned and so, in the absence of private rooms, indoor games played in the Common-room became much more popular than in Rome or at the Villa. The bridge circles continued their eternal conclave. “ Monopoly ” drew men of business acumen and there were those who threw an occasional dart with commendable accuracy. On the eve of our departure a grand concert in the best Roman style, despite the bewailed absence of *vino e biscotti*, celebrated many of our recent achievements in topical song, while the vulgar plebs was allowed to give renderings of Gilbert and Sullivan and the Operetta. *Chi lo Sa ?* made its bow towards the end of our stay and caricatured our best efforts at being useful. It was something of a “ Scoop ” number, and one wonders how ever it was produced with so little room anywhere in which to pound on a typewriter or carve out a joke.

The nearest we could get to the favourite Roman custom of entertaining an *eminentissimo porporato* was when Bishop Flynn honoured us with a visit ; albeit we were unable to fit another person into the refectory and the superiors for that day had to take their *pranzone* in Olympian aloofness, thus precluding the speech which usually marks the first appearance in our midst of a new friend from the hierarchy. However, he later gave Benediction and recited our Litany of the English Martyrs.

Fr Atkinson was a frequent and very welcome visitor. He helped us to solve many of our difficulties with a readiness and *bonhomie* which will be remembered long after the seamier side of our Ambleside episode has been left behind by all except the incurably reminiscent. He helped the advance party with altar furnishings and hard labour ; he heard confessions and gave us a weekly conference. He welcomed us to his Church of Mater Amabilis at Ambleside and on the last Sunday of our stay we sang High Mass—the second ever heard there—and supplied the *assistenza* ; thus was he instrumental in re-establishing another cherished Roman custom, that of functions. At the farewell concert he was the guest of honour, but he paid his entertainment tax in a much appreciated topical song and his own enjoyment of our very Roman playlet showed him as a man after our own heart. We can but wish him very sincere *auguri* in his share of the rather grim task of spreading the Good Tidings through Westmorland.

I think enough has been said to suggest that any casual Venerable man walking in at the gate might find no essential difference from what he knew and enjoyed years ago. The array of deckchairs will recall memories of Palazzola ; and what if the readers have abandoned P.G. in favour of P.U.G. ? It is merely typical of our method of coping with the situation. But it is in the Common-room that the wise man will test the temperature of *Romanità*. And that, after the first shock, becomes the same Roman Common-room. The notice-board with a few *gita* lists, advertising their attractions with the same Latin quotations ; never without its notices of articles “ Lost,” “ Mis laid ” (from the more charitable), or “ Mysteriously

appropriated" (from the aggrieved)! The conversation remains fretted with invaluable Italian tags—the untranslatable "*gita*," the indispensable "*più*" (illustrating the decent obscurity of a foreign language), and the irrepressible "*si, si*" used to friends, Romans and countrymen alike. The passing Roman would here recognise the very air that had reared him and would renew his youth and he would leave, as we did, with every doubt about the future of the Venerabile in England and the integrity of her traditions happily solved.

For there had been grave doubts and with reason. History had in her rolls nothing to reassure us, no precedent, no similar problem encountered and overcome. In one short month from singing the Salve on the stairs in Rome, we were tackling the same impossible reciting note in the chapel at Ambleside, fitting symbol of the life which has been uninterrupted for one hundred and twenty years and which we do not want to be the generation to overthrow. Any prophet who, say, in April had foretold the history of the College during the next three months might reasonably have been without honour in his own country. Yet truth is always stranger than fiction and the transition from one environment to another (for it was little more) was effected so easily that the pain of parting was deadened and the possible dangers, collective or individual, minimised almost out of existence.

Now that we are ensconced in a college, more roomy and more suited to our needs, the vision of Croft Lodge may lose much of its first glamour. But we shall never forget that, in its time, it was a most welcome refuge and played a vital part at a vital period of history. In that lies its importance and for that it will always claim our gratitude as will all those who, second to our indefatigable Rector and resourceful Vice, helped to forge that precious link between the Via Monserrato and St Mary's Hall.

HUGH LAVERY.

MUTINY AMONG THE MARTYRS

(Concluded)

THE answer to our problem is revealed by a clear idea of the characters involved and of their motives. Let us start with the mutineers, and immediately the paradox strikes us that we must put "that sweetest of martyrs", Blessed Ralph Sherwin, at their head. Now, in the course of the mutiny he wrote: "I call God to witness, Who readeth all hearts, that it be solely to the increase of His honour and to the profit of my country that I judge the regiment of this Seminary should be given to the Fathers of the Society; and so I humbly entreat."¹ Richard Haddock in his own name and in that of his younger brother George, the future martyr, made the same petition "coram Deo et Gloriosa ejus Matre". But typically, after what we have seen of him, he added a second petition under the same heavenly patronage, "ut in causa nostra tanti momenti loqui permittatur". Martin Array calls God to witness the insufficiency of poor Morys Clynog, while Gifford adds the piquant detail that Clynog himself often owned to his deficiencies. The martyr, Blessed William Hart, asks for the Jesuits very suitably "ad Majorem Dei Opt. Max. Gloriam propagandam".

¹ Ego Rodulphus Cervinus Deum testor cordium omnium servatorem me ejus tantum honoris amplificandi patriaeque juvandae causa regimen Seminarii hujus Patribus Societatis committendum censeo (sic) atque supplex peto (sic). In *C.R.S.*, vol. II, p. 118. The other extracts are from the same volume, pp. 118-120. That of Martin Array runs in the original: *D. Mauritium virum inidoneum ac insufficientem coram Deo ex certa scientia et experientia probata obtestor*. The pertinent part of Gifford's contribution includes the sentence: *cum in dies magis, magisque seditiones ex D. Mauritii insufficientia (quod et ipsemet saepius ore protulit) iam se manifeste prodiderint*.

One cannot put these solemn affirmations on one side, seeing the mould of the men who wrote them. They were not prone to take the name of God in vain, with the exception of Gifford, who was sincere enough at this time, but who later called God to witness many a lie. Of the others, however, we can safely adopt the tribute of the Protestant Meyer: "The traditional view which represents the Jesuits and other priests who worked in England as being essentially untruthful and underhand and hypocrites is false—the truth being that they were men who said what they thought in spite of the gallows and the knife."¹ After all, it was only what had been prophesied of them when they said what they thought in spite of Cardinal Morone. So when they declared in God's name that their sole motive in agitating was for God's honour, the good of their country and the benefit of the College, they are entitled to be believed. Still more so when we enquire further into what manner of men they were.

The Annual Letter of 1580 describes the students, that is the late mutineers, by saying: "Omitting for the present further mention of their piety and virtue, of their detachment from earthly desires and from the goods and comforts of this life, the loftiness of their purpose to aim at nothing transitory or mortal, and many similar virtues, it were hardly possible to express their great yearning for martyrdom. So eager are they to shed their life-blood for Christ, that this forms the constant topic of their conversation and of the trial sermons delivered in the Refectory at meals."² In view of the story we have told, the next year's entry is more significant still: "It is truly wonderful to see so many young men united together in the bonds of brotherly love, despite the diversity of their condition, standing, tastes and characters, to see them superior to all worldly views, intent only on procuring the salvation of souls, and eager to shed their blood for religion."³ So they could, and did, get on with each other.

But after all, these official accounts were written one and two years after the triumphant return to the College that Ash

¹ *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*, p. 161.

² Foley: *Records of the English Province, S.J.* vol. VI, p. 71.

³ Foley: *op. cit.*, p. 75.

Wednesday of 1579, when they had got their own way and Jesuits ruled the House. It is more to the point to quote the testimony of eye-witnesses during the mutiny itself. What of the Jesuits who were in the College during all the pother? "F. John Paulus . . . who in the beginning of their troubles was taken from them and sent Rector to Siena, being a man of himself much reserved and austere, yet he so fell in love with their virtue and gave them such a commendation at his departure to our Superiors, that they marvelled. And touching his successor F. Alphonsus, he in very small tyme took such a liking of them, that one day in the midst of his troubles, being warned very gravely by F. Generall to take heed of meddling any thinge in their matter, but to stay them what he could, because of the rumors cast against the Company, he answered that he had done and would doe. 'Marry notwithstanding,' said he, 'I must tell your fatherhood that I cannot but love the yong men, and if you will prohibite me that, you must take me from thence, for if your Fatherhood did live there amongst them as we do and know their consciences, and see their acts as I doe, you could not but extremely love them too.'"¹ This Father Alphonsus was the Agazzari who became the first Jesuit Rector, under whom the Annual Letters I have quoted were written, if he did not write them himself. And their tone bears out Persons's testimony.

What we know of the characters of the individuals concerned is all of a piece. Everyone has heard of Sherwin's impulsive answer to the question, whether he was willing to go to the English Mission: "Yea—to-day rather than to-morrow."² Not that his zeal was the cruel flame of the fanatic, as the whole history of his imprisonment and passion abundantly proves. His sweetness of temper was experienced by his fellow-prisoners, his gaolers and torturers and judges alike, and was bravely acknowledged by the crowd at his martyrdom when they cried out: "May the Lord God receive thy blessed soul, good Sherwin!" The bearing of Arthur Pitts, who had provoked the notorious scene in the College refectory, and of

¹ Father Persons to Father William Goode. C.R.S., vol. II, p. 152.

² Potius hodie quam cras. *Liber Ruber* in Archivio Ven. Coll. Anglorum.

George Haddock before their persecutors, won them the description of "little men of great courage".¹ Haddock's uncomplaining fortitude during two years' imprisonment, when he suffered all the time from bad health, not assisted by the noisome dungeon in which they confined him, became one of the topics of conversation among those who managed to visit him. His brother Richard, whose more aggressive nature has permeated the story of the College mutiny, suffered prison with equal tranquillity of soul, laboured long in England, returning to the country a second time, but dying eventually in Rome. Blessed William Hart's lovable character shines forth in the letter he wrote to his mother on the eve of his passion; there is nothing more tender in the whole literature of martyrdom. Blessed Luke Kirby showed exactly the same tenacity of argument on the scaffold which the mutiny had brought out in the thirty-three Englishmen, when he gave his informers, Anthony Munday among them, such a drubbing that they were glad to see the cart pulled away from under him. But the drubbing was of a very Christian sort, recounting his treatment of these villains on the continent, how to some "he gave the shirt off his back and travelled with others forty miles for their safe conduct, and only for good-will. And as for Munday, he had written a letter to a friend to Rheims to deliver him fifteen shillings, which he never received, because he never went to receive it."²

That being the kind of men they were, we can more easily believe Persons when he writes: "Touching the keeping of charity with them of the contrary part"—he is speaking of course of the mutiny—"when they were admonished by me divers tymes in the heate of the contention, they always answered me, that they were not only ready to pardon whatsoever the Welchmen had done against them, or should do, but also were ready to kisse their feet, and to serve them at table, and otherwise wherein soever they should have neede, upon condition that they should be content to joyne in the procurement of a good government and discipline. And albeit

¹ Morris: *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*. Series II, p. 33.

² These details of the Martyrs are from Challoner's *Memoirs*.

I tooke these words then as spoken from their harts, yet I have more beleevd them since the end of the matter, for as sone as ever the government was committed to our Fathers, they came in my presence to their Rector, and requested him very earnestly, that for the uniting better of the two Nations together and the better satisfaction of the contrary part, that in the begining of discipline all matters of burden and payne might be layd upon the Englishmen, and all prerogatives, both in apparell, bookes, chambers and all other thing might be given to the contrary part. . . . Marry truth it is, that one English Gentleman named Pasquall, stept up and said that he understood this in all things except in his portion of meate, wherein he desired to be equall to any of the other partye, for that his appetite or stomacke yelded to none of theirs.”¹ That rings true, I fancy.

It will not have escaped notice that these privileges which they were so willing to yield are the very matters about which they had formerly raised such a storm. But many a man who will give away a fortune in charity resents being done in a business transaction ; it is one thing to renounce what is rightly ours—it is quite another thing to see it unjustly denied to us, or even taken out of our possession. But a still more important conclusion emerges from this incident, as related by Persons ; and that is that the Englishmen did not feel national antipathy to be at the root of their difficulties. Despite their outbursts, despite the petty suspicions and rash judgments to which their indignation gave birth, they were not so concerned with the Welshness of their Rector as with his incompetency to prepare them for the arduous task which lay ahead. Now we touch the kernel of the story, for this is the burden of the incessant memorials with which they deluged the Pope, the Cardinal of Como and especially their exasperated Protector. I will give you the pith of just one of these memorials, from which you can judge the rest.

“If we were seeking liberty and licence, as young men sometimes will, we should not be surprised to receive such harsh treatment from your Eminence. But when we ask for

¹ C.R.S., *op. cit.*, pp. 152, 3.

discipline, which we have lacked nearly these two years past to our great sorrow ; when we ask for spiritual help, that our zeal and devotion may be fostered, and the ending of dissipation and licence by which we are now worn out ; when we want nothing other than to be brought under discipline, to be taught and quickened in temper and in zeal, to have the causes of discord, of idleness and of unquiet conscience removed (under which we are now sinking and by which we are almost submerged) ; when finally we beg nothing else but that the purpose of his Holiness be fulfilled so that this singular charity of Gregory XIII profit our mother-country and not private individuals, asking only for ourselves that our zeal to help our suffering and afflicted country and to die for the Catholic Faith, which is now so attacked, may be encouraged until such time as we have enough knowledge to return to the vineyard whence we came ; when this, I say, is all we ask, if we are refused by your Eminence in so just and holy a cause, we will bear even this as we have borne other things for Christ's sake, and we will suppose that some secret sin of ours or of our motherland's is hindering the full benefit which could be looked for from this seminary. One thing only your Eminence will give me leave to declare, since it is Christ's cause : that this regime which we have hitherto endured is so removed from our ideals that none of us who are here now, nor any other Englishman who in future shall leave his country with the same purpose as we did, will suffer such danger to soul and character, for the sake of any human advantage. It was to strengthen our fervour and our zeal, not to lose them, that we came to Rome. . . . God must be served before men. We shall only ask for the blessing of his Holiness and a like favour from your Eminence, and then we shall beg our way back whence we came. For we shall live there in less danger to our souls than we do here."¹

These are strong words to use about Rome to a Cardinal, but I believe that they were dictated, every one, by the very spirit which drove these men on to give their lives for the survival of the Faith in their beloved country. It is motives like

¹ Dodd-Tierney, vol. II, p. cccxlviii. Persons includes the same memorial with slight variants : printed in *C.R.S.*, vol. II, p. 104. He also gives other memorials to the same effect.

these which explain the activity of Sherwin and Haddock and Kirby and Hart in the ranks of the mutineers. They needed to be keyed up to the standard of sacrifice, and that was just what was not being done for them. Allen had achieved this wonderful training at Douai, as they had all experienced. But Clynog did not even know what they were talking about, and neither did Morone. Hence their exasperation, and the paradox that such heroes could descend to personal abuse. They were being thwarted, not by the enemies of the Faith, but by those put in authority over them, from whom they had a right to expect help and encouragement, and the training for martyrdom. As they said in this very memorial, they did not ask for anyone in particular to be their Rector, since they were not concerned with human motives, but only that they might be given the Jesuit fathers, since they were "balanced of judgment, spiritually minded, learned and experienced in the training of youth". Here is no word of hatred for the Welsh, nor does Clynog's name appear in the document at all. Later developments drove them to attacks upon him, but their motives remained substantially the same; and those who refused them the training they so sorely needed and so earnestly demanded must bear the bigger share of the blame for any excesses of which they were guilty. After all, their grievances were very real, even in the material order. Persons admitted: "I have seene and knowen somewhat which caused my hart to ake, concerning the necessities of these youthes. Thus I can say that after in the sturres they avouched to the Pope in word and in wrytinge that many of the Priests and others of the best borne Englishe went all this wynter with naked thighe and full of lice, and all the Welchmen double apared."¹

For a complete picture it only remains to discover why the Venerable in its beginnings fell so lamentably below the standard of Douai; and this enquiry will have the advantage of putting the Anglo-Welsh antipathy in right proportion, because the answer is the character of Morys Clynog. Allen called him "honest and friendly"²: but after the mutiny, he

¹ C.R.S., *op. cit.*, p. 144.

² Allen to Lewis from Paris. *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, p. 79. Also in Dodd-Tierney, vol. II, p. cclxvi.

roundly told Owen Lewis: "right sorry we were of that error that Mr Maurice was made Rector . . . (a) charge for which indeed, no dishonour be it unto him, he was not sufficient."¹ This seems to have been the general verdict of his contemporaries, who described him as "held to be a good man, and no stranger to letters, and fit for a far greater charge—for in the times of Queen Mary he had been named to the bishopric of Bangor—(but) being but one man and much advanced in years, nor ever having had experience of such a government, could not readily in those early beginnings meet the needs and wants of the scholars."² Which is only what the mutineers had said all along.

It is not for a mere Englishman to probe the Celtic mind, and therefore I take from Doctor Mathew the description of "that utterly alien speech and background and temper of mind, which divided the Welsh from all the non-Celtic countries. It was not a question so much of an absence of endeavour and sympathy on the part of the English, as of the presence of a barrier, that lack of understanding which they could not avoid. . . . In no aspect of life is this more marked than in the practice of religion, where the patriarchal custom of the Celtic gatherings contrasted with the complex and settled English ways. For across the stretches of Wales, open and bare of enclosures, there was the day's work for the Welshmen in the grudging and rock-sown soil and the pastures, and in the evening the ale at the rough-fashioned tables, with the singing of the long monotonous legends of Gwynedd and Powys, against the wind rising in gusts through the valleys. In the background there were all the complicated duties and bonds of the kinship and above them the protection of Lord Michael the Angel and the holy host of the saints. Llanvihangel, Llanvihangel—how constantly is this name of St Michael repeated across the empty and desolate spaces? . . . Even yet, the ancestral and almost

¹ From the same letter.

² From a document called *Initia et Progressus Collegii Anglorum de Urbe*, printed in *C.R.S.*, vol. II, p. 91. Doctor Mathew presumes that Clynog "had hardly kept up his learning" from Lewis's report that "the chaplains (of the English hospice) although pious were old and not addicted to studies of any kind." In view of the direct evidence in the text and of Allen's additional tribute that Clynog was "a great advancer of the students and seminary's cause", it seems unkind to deprive him of learning with so much else.

mythical divisions still lingered and all the men would now gather from the old lands of Gwerthryinion and Elfael to honour the saints in the calm nights, as the torches wavered.”¹

That was Clynog’s background, that was the Wales he had left on Elizabeth’s succession. He had since spent a comparatively placid exile of twenty years, “honest and friendly” in the company of the Hospice chaplains: “It is significant that no Pope felt compelled to confirm him (as Bishop of Bangor) or to offer him some other see”. And with the passing of time he only grew more friendly, liking to “share with his kinsmen the last crust of the Hobnails, as the English were so justly called”, and to hold little parties in his room where over the amber wine “talk could run freely at last on the stock of Collwyn ap Tangno and the saints of the high lords of Gwynedd.” His nepotism was simply the duty of a nobly descended Christian, as his clan instincts gave him to see it; as to his preference for his own countrymen, who could wonder at it that had ever been in the company of these perfervid English youths?

It was not that he had not tried. But when he sat among them by the fire in their Common-room, they showed themselves strange, taut-strung creatures, for ever discussing grizzly details of torture and martyrdom, calculating the ebb and flow of Catholic fortune in this district and that, fastening on news of defections or conversions, of new laws and tactics by the Government, of new schemes for getting across the Channel. There was nothing restful about them, they did not understand the art of easy conversation, the familiar sentences of like-minded men who sit round the board and take delight in the very company of their kind. These Englishmen lived for the future and in the future, they battered on horrors and stress and strain of every sort; they had no abiding place here, and so they made poor companions for an old, friendly priest who wanted to live in the past, to talk of the places he knew and the people and the ancient ways, which were calm and assured, not hectic and hysterical like this present age. And he would get up from his chair in despair, feeling depressed and an alien in his

¹ This and all following quotations not expressly acknowledged are from Doctor Mathew’s *The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe*, chapter V.

own house, and would beckon to one or two of the Welshmen to follow him to his room, where they could drowsily recapture "the tide making and the heavy sea upon Malldraeth, the rain beating uneven on the new and the old thatching, and the warmed ale and the song . . . (or) the feast day at Llangadwaladr, with the heavy carts lurching across the rough tracks of the island and the gathering at the altar of all the prime men of his country and, in the high seat by the chancel, the old and white bearded 'Esgwier', dozing at the thought of the roast that his bounty provided." This was the Anglesea of Owen Lewis, and that great man would drop in and make one of them, as if the law suits of Cambrai and the throbbing court at Milan counted for nothing with him when men spoke of the green straits by Menai.

But the English students, left alone in the Common-room, misunderstanding as they were misunderstood, felt the chill lack of encouragement, the absence of all support in a super-human task to which they had dedicated themselves, and could see nothing in the Rector's departure but the flagrant favouritism of another nation. It was not only race which divided them : that might not have mattered much, against the common ambition to save the Mass in both their countries. There was more than race to divide Clynog from his students. Trent and the Counter-Reformation had intervened since he left Wales, and the whole of Europe was throbbing with a new spirit which had passed by the ageing exile and had left him to fire-side dreams. Even Lewis did not fully understand the world in which he lived. He was intent upon producing a native clergy for Wales : he saw the need and more honour to him that he should have sought to supply it. But he thought of priests whose task it would be to preserve the old Catholic tradition of their countryside, whereas the English vocation was to reconquer as well as to consolidate, they had to attack where the Welsh still needed to do little more than repel. The spirit of Campion's *Brag* was the spirit of the Common-room in Rome, and nothing could be further from Clynog's understanding. After Allen's formation and the busy enthusiasm of Douai, so near the Channel, and news of the campaign that was being waged beyond it for

the soul of England, this College in Rome seemed a dreary backwater to the English, not so much placid as stagnant : until they felt themselves being drained of that exuberant life which pulsed through Elizabethan England, and of which they knew they would need their fill afterwards, to sustain them in their hunted careers, when lonely and tired in body and soul, they must dodge from cover to cover with the pack of pursuivants baying at their heels. They saw themselves as a holocaust for the salvation of the realm, they needed to be tuned up to the pitch of an athlete to run that course ; and of what use to them were the interminable genealogies that so delighted their Rector ?

The picture of Morys Clynog is perfectly clear to me : I find Owen Lewis a more ambiguous character. It is not within the scope of this paper to sit in judgment on him, since he cannot be fully assessed without reference to the later troubles in the College which provoked the visitations of 1585 and 1596. But in view of the fact that he has already been ably defended in the pages of *THE VENERABLE*,¹ one ought to record Segar's verdict—and the Cardinal was a man well-used to weighing both sides of a question—that Lewis was responsible for the chance “ that the new foundation was well nigh strangled at its birth. To him we may trace all the quarrels and disturbances of which the College has been the theatre.”² Still one Cardinal can be set against another, and it is well to remember that Lewis retained Allen's warm friendship till his death. A full study of Mr Archdeacon is overdue.

One charge against Clynog and Lewis is definitely untrue.³ In the heat of the mutiny, they were accused of housing unworthy fellow-countrymen, who came to the College simply to live in idleness on the fat of the land, with no intention of ever returning to work on the Mission at home, whereas they rejected Englishmen, thoroughly fit subjects, who were fired with zeal to spend themselves in labouring for souls in persecuted England. It was to settle this matter that the Missionary oath was instituted and first administered on April the 23rd, 1579.

¹ By Doctor Crowley. *VENERABLE*, vol. II, p. 116 et seqq.

² Foley : *op. cit.*, p. 6.

³ “ The most parte of the contrary adhering to D. Lewes and W. Morrisse refused to take this oath to goe to England and for that cause were dismissed out of the Colledge.” *C.R.S.*, vol. II, p. 87.

Of the seven Welshmen, all but two took the oath, and these were dismissed the house ; but an Englishman, Thomas Lovell, also admitted that he had no purpose to face the rack and the rope, and he too had to leave. Meredith showed the same apostolic spirit as his violent antagonist, Richard Haddock : Clynog's nephew Morgan, whose clothes had been such a bone of contention, faced up to the future and played his part like a man. Even Hugh Griffith, the mischief maker, took the oath ; but later the Jesuits had to expel him for incorrigible insubordination. One thing may be said, that at least the Welsh had no traitors among their number ; the English could not boast so much.¹

The conclusion of the whole story is surely this. That whatever faults they may have shown in the heat of the fray, the thirty-three mutineers were fighting for the real interests of the College, and that was a holy cause. Throughout, they were conscious that their impelling motive was zeal for Christ's flock, and it is due to their tenacity that the Venerabile so soon became another mother of the Machabees, rearing soldiers of God, rejoicing in their glorious deaths, and exhorting her other sons to follow in their footsteps and to suffer all rather than disobey the divine law. The spiritual temperature of martyrdom warmed this ancient house because they fought to preserve it against those who should have been its natural fosterers, but who did not understand what the times demanded both of them and of their charges.

But there is a tragedy in the background of this triumph, not at all the tragedy which is usually depicted of scandalous bickerings and insubordination and national hatreds and such-like "garboils". The men who were defeated were no villains, but good men with ideals of their own, and the defeat of those ideals meant that Wales came to be starved of a native clergy. Her sons abroad found themselves strangers in the new seminaries : no provision was made for their particular needs any more than Clynog had understood what provision to make for the Englishmen's special wants. And so the stream of candidates

¹ Cf the first pages of the Diary in the *Liber Ruber*. Among the forty-three Englishmen in the College at that time, April the 23rd 1579, four became martyrs, ten confessors for the Faith, and seven apostatised either temporarily or permanently.

for the priesthood from Wales dwindled to a mere trickle, and eventually dried up. Had Clynog been any other sort of man than he was, Owen Lewis's dream of the Venerable as a nursery for Welsh vocations might have come true, and then Wesley would have found Wales as barren a land as Cranmer and Burley had found it before him. As it was, the Principality lay defenceless before the Nonconformists, but only generations after England had succumbed to the Reformation. The great difference between the two countries was that in England there never lacked a succession of priests, and so while Wesley carried all before him in Wales, in England Catholicism retained its roots deep down in the soil, ready to shoot up again in God's good time, to leaf and bud and blossom when the sunshine came once more with the second spring. The blood of martyrs is always the seed of the Church.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

ROMANESQUES

31.—RIVER SPORTS

Men of discerning mind, knowing the literature of the Babylonian Captivity, will find little difficulty in instituting a comparison between the exile of the Venerable and the more celebrated calamity which some time earlier befell the Chosen People, especially when we add that the English College, shortly after its entry into the land of bondage, came to rest beside a river. Not that we ever found a harp hung on the willows in its midst, nor heard anyone weeping as he remembered Sion. But certainly the chosen people of the English seminaries sat by the banks to fish, and anyone who travelled the strange road from Rome to England in our company, especially the night we entered Modane, might think that "they that led us into captivity required of us the words of songs, and they that carried us away, said : Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Sion".

The Venerable from the days of its beginning has been established beside the banks of a river, none other than the Tiber with its swirling, yellow waters. But it was never much use to us unless it overflowed and barred the way to the Roman College. And even this rare favour has ceased since they built the Embankment, no thing of beauty, though they disguise the fact with regiments of plane trees. Let winter come, and the embankment is revealed for the open sewer that it is. Water

lay beneath us again at Palazzola ; but it was no use to us either, though this time it might be beautiful beyond compare. We could bathe therein—and where in the world is there better bathing?—but it meant toiling back up the “struggle” to the Villa, and we had no boat of our own to explore its vastness. I had almost said there were no boats, and anyone who has wrestled with one of the craft they hire out at the Villini will pardon my exaggeration.

But when the College was transplanted to Ambleside, not only was there Windermere lying before us, sometimes as blue as Albano itself, but a river ran at the foot of our garden wall, where at Palazzola the road bears shadows from the cypresses : and besides a real river we found ourselves possessed of our own boat-house and our own boat. This river knew its own mind as the best, and almost the only, way of arriving at the Lake ; and who will not appreciate that who has memories of following someone else’s short cut to Albano’s edge ?

From the first to the last day of our stay in Westmorland the Brathay was our constant friend and companion. While the floods were on, it threatened to become too friendly and to sample the hospitality of the transplanted English Hospice. Possibly it wished to help in our domestic tasks. No one would have objected to letting it clean the stairs, carpet and all, confident that little damage remained to be done to either after the exertions of our labour battalion : and if it had entered the scullery, it could not have broken more crockery than we did by our washing-up. But it stayed in its bed, even after the bell had rung for meditation ; and, after all, this was its right place—between us and the field of a short-handed farmer. It really was a most agreeable river.

On the first evening a ruminating philosopher discovered that the river boasted fish. There followed an exodus to Ambleside, again almost of Israelite proportions, to buy fishing tackle. But the compleat angler is apparently born, not made, and soon the devotees had dwindled to a hopeful few. This averted the threatened shortage of bait, for the minnows were wary by now of the strange rat-trap which had caught them by the score at the beginning. So a handful of loyal souls

were left under the old tree to cast their lines into the chuckling river. The course of true angling rarely runs smooth, nor is every real fish a poor fish; the watchers turned scoffers after hours without result; even the joy of seeing lines inextricably caught in branches began to pall, and the loungers strolled away, while the anglers continued doggedly their whipping of the stream.

And everything comes to them that wait. Eventually some dosing dab, some negligent perch, snoring with its mouth open, would swim into the ken of the fishermen, bump against the expectant hook and be landed amid great enthusiasm as the loafers hurried back to see what was happening. Who can describe the pride of the successful angler, standing in a circle of rivals, towering over the panting, twitching catch, as it



-- standing in a circle of rivals --

bewailed its carelessness on the parched grass? What discussions, what comparisons! Never was there less truth in the adage "parvum pro nihilo habetur".

Provided the victim were large enough to be used as anything but bait, it was carried in triumph to the kitchen. And at the next meal its captor would seal his triumph by picking two mouthfuls from among its bones. Confidence born of success would encourage him to sweeping gestures about the one that got away; and as we looked at the fish upon his plate, haughty-eyed and rigid-tailed (left on to add weight to his epic), we would feel tempted to ask why he had not let this one go, too?

Most evenings an elderly angler, unconnected with the College, despite his venerable beard, appeared silently in a boat and sat long over his rod. He was never seen to catch anything and yet there were always fish in his creel. Romans could not avoid thinking of the Jew who was reputed to turn up every Holy Saturday to be baptised at the Lateran. The ancient angler was a deaf and suspicious character; to the enquiries of our bathers whether they were disturbing his fishing, he



Every-one felt certain he
could manage a boat

answered angrily that he had a perfect right to be there. How many of our young hopefuls will have beards like his before they catch anything?

There existed, however, a greater menace. While most people thought they could fish, everyone felt certain he could manage a boat. The Venerabile has sponsored many clubs in its time embracing members both paying and non-paying, especially the latter; but we never before heard of a boating-club—a boating club, mark you, complete with boat. But just as we cannot wash a cup without a washing-up committee, nor sweep under a bed without a housework committee, so no self-respecting Roman would condescend to pull an oar unless under the aegis of a boating club. Possibly we may here trace the influence of long residence in a Totalitarian State; equally possibly it may be the strain of parliamentary procedure in our blood.

The boat in question is just now coming round the last bend in the river, manned by lusty and individualistic oarsmen. The grating noise you hear is locally known as “smelling the bottom”. It is a habit deeply ingrained in our boat, which must have been built as a submarine and only converted at the last minute. The fantastic surmise it was put together next door to a man who bred blood-hounds: the Catholic Actionaries in our midst are peculiarly sensitive to foreign words; breathe “milieu” to them and they think they have explained everything.

Our little harbour has a protected entrance and a wall. The boat comes straight for this wall and hits it dead on: at present it is the only way we have of stopping it, but no doubt we shall evolve a better one in time. Who shall halt the onward march of civilisation? Certainly not the man who now lies at the bottom of that writhing mass of clergy. For the crew are knocked flat by the impact and we can cast an appraising eye over them as they lie struggling in the scuppers. Golf at the Villa presented a unique fashion parade, but for sheer inventiveness it must hand the palm to that which now litters the bottom of the boat, a jumble of khaki and grey, with bits of Old School Tie or sweater and the Madre’s speciality height-

ening the effect like a counter melody in a symphony. Two Roman collars may be distinguished in the scrum, but they look as though someone had been using them as bait.

One noble man tried for six weeks to avert this method of landing. He possessed the technical jargon and would bellow from the stern sheets, "Back her down bow" or "Easy stroke", "Ship your oar three" and "Touch her up two", every time it fell to him to bring her in. But as bow did not answer to his name nor stroke know what was meant—he had found everything the reverse of easy since he took an oar—the resultant confusion and the impact were even worse.

The bell for spiritual reading would cut short the last act of the comedy—or tragedy, according to whether you were on shore or not—but even at lunch the crew still looked damp, their slightest movement causing squelching noises suggesting that the gallant craft had not been docked without a fight.

Rain or shine, our boat daily navigated the Lake, to the secret envy of the L.M.S. Steamer which, scenting a rival to its own hitherto unmolested service, could do no better than make a wide detour in the effort to capsize us as it passed. Since we were capable of doing this unaided, the attack left us cold.

Moreover the boat provided a ferry to "the Rock", a steep headland at the mouth of the Brathay which furnished excellent swimming, with the advantage of privacy—at least, according to the notice boards placed at either end.

No account of the Boating Club would be complete without mention of the man who steered straight into the harbour without first trying a short cut through the wall. We do not know how he managed it, nor does he, so the secret remains inviolate; but the actual deed lives as a spur to the ambitious.

Then, on a certain day, the boat was seen nosing its way guiltily home, and as it came into the straight the reason of its curious, lop-sided motion was discovered in a broken oar. The bewildered artisan at the handle had no rational explanation to offer, though the rest of the crew knew exactly how it had happened and covered him with confusion by explaining to all and sundry. But every cloud has its silver lining and the

subsequent voyage on the Lake to distant Bowness in search of a new oar, proved so attractive that an epidemic of breakages set in. Conspicuous among the crew on these long morning trips were men who by the merest coincidence were booked for arduous domestic duties. At length the boatmaker suggested kindly that we should buy the oars in bundles. Financial stress alone put an end to what was definitely "an abuse that had crept in", as Superiors have it in the time-honoured phrase.

In the early morning pause after breakfast, the Lake lay peaceful and often at its most beautiful. So, before the manual and intellectual labours of the day, we would dig the blue depths with a contemplative oar,

--- we would dig the blue depths with a
contemplative oar ---



and then both of us settle down, we to a pull at someone else's cigarette, the Lake to those precious last minutes before the steamer announced the beginning of another day. No room here for the early morning feeling which

gave first schools their evil reputation in Rome, as we sat nodding to the sun rising above the Langdales to remind us of warmer friendship in the dog-days when we climbed the hill to Pam.

Back at our vest-pocket Seminary in the Croft, as we waved a distracted duster, we would glance occasionally from the window and contrast the peaceful sight with the washing that waved mournfully over the Capellà—strangely enough, not without sentimental regrets. Then domestic duties finished, in a way which to a *Collepardese* would have smacked of fanaticism, those with no lectures again betook themselves to the river side, this time with books. The philosophical thoughts which drifted down with the current out of the grasp of the poor student, who had begotten them, would fill many volumes; yet I doubt whether the most liberal-minded Gregorian professor would have risked sponsoring them, even in a note.

Then, after six weeks of such close acquaintance, the morning came when our path left the river bank and we departed more heavily laden than we had come—in Rome 'twas ever thus—the Boating Club put up its shutters, the oarmaker's dreams of

early retirement in affluence vanished in the smoke of the trains that carried us away, and the ancient angler sculled up strangely quiet back-waters to perform his evening rite unseen of human eye, uncommented of ribald tongue.

But the Brathay still flows on its talkative way from the Langdales to the water of the Lake, and I, for one, shall always be glad to renew its acquaint-

ance when next I tramp the hills and come down into that friendly valley where Windermere first suggests the existence of an outer world.

J. FRASER.

The oar-
maker's
dreams ---
--vanished--



COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Sunday*. Five-thirty! We turned like the proverbial door on its well-worn hinge. "What!" you cry, "still in bed?" Which proves that you have an uncharitable mind. Where else should one be on the morning that follows the Opera? These extra thirty minutes must be enjoyed to the full. No diarist yet has given them their due; no poet has sung their praises. But they are the dying breath of the Christmas festivities. As such, respect them.

Five fifty-five. Do you recall the story of the porter whose whiskers would waggle as he said it? Strange thoughts at such a time. That is the bell mournfully tolling. Christmas, plays, Opera—one knell for all. We hope you are moved. We admit that we have already been to the Greg since Christmas. What of that? A scholastic flash in a festive $\pi\alpha\nu$. Only now do you see the Greg for what it is—something hideous and soul-searing. Do you feel that dread paralysis which you associate with wet retreats or a diarist bemoaning a dismantled stage? We thank you. That was our intention.

After breakfast (we couldn't go sooner—it would not be polite) we formed fours and marched to the Little Sisters, where the annual wine and maritozzi were preceded by the annual function. A wizened inmate explained to her friend "*Non sono religiosi. Collegio Inglese e poi basta*". At the time we bowed politely. We have since had our doubts.

Compline at three o'clock gave us a long afternoon; and it was one of those delightfully crisp afternoons when most people feel like a brisk walk along the Appia. For sheer cussedness we maintained that this was the day for an easy stroll among mellowed bricks. We found three simple souls who willingly walked to the Palatine, listened to the band and admired the colour splashed around. Then the editor of THE VENERABLE appeared from behind a bush and reminded us that our duties began today. And so our day was ruined.

8th. *Monday*. "Surely he won't have the nerve to tell us about returning from the Greg and finding the stage gone and the holly gone and the Common-room looking lonely?" He will not.

9th. *Tuesday*. At dinner the men of Discerning Palate (a brood of imposters whom we distrust) maintained that Giobbi had arrived with a cartload of wine. They gave their reasons. The Dogmatic Deniers (who correct their brethren on every occasion) went into action. They maintained that the water supply had failed. They, too, gave their reasons. A violent cosmological argument ensued in which both sides quoted St Thomas in support. Then the bell was rung and the dusty footprints from cortile to vestibolo proved that the Palates had not been deceived. Further proof followed. On the Common-room table lay some five and thirty letters which had been hidden in a sack of potatoes since last October. The letters were there. The explanation is our own. We defy you to find a better one.

(To the utter confusion of *Chi Lo Sa?* partisans the October number of THE VENERABILE appeared in the Common-room tonight—three months late but as lively and entertaining as ever. Advt.)

10th. *Wednesday*. A dark and dismal morning which turned up trumps and began to rain. Three hearty cheers greeted the first short bell of the year. It could not last, however, and we thought hasty thoughts when we slipped in a puddle on our way to second lecture. But the Greg held a pleasant surprise. For some time now a certain professor (may his tribe increase) has been experimenting with a wheezy "mike". Today he had a new one and the effects were extraordinary. Lectures sound more like a Silly Symphony than ever. Tertullian was there giving his impression of a rattlesnake and Origen was playing a saxophone. This, we decided, was good and we came home gratified.

11th. *Thursday*. Mgr Civardi's conference on Catholic Action was the attraction of the day. A heavy shower of rain had done what it could to save the faces of the Rugger Committee, and we tripped gaily to the Greg. Never have so many English College students gone to one place on a wet Thursday—unless there was something being given away. Professors cleaned their spectacles and looked again; lay brothers fainted. But the inspiring (and witty) lecture was sufficient reward. One of our number, usually phlegmatic, flung his notebook from the "gods" on to a shaven non-Nordic pate. An unusual way of signifying approbation, but doubtless it satisfied some inward urge. We must consult Fr Siwek.

As we sat in our snug little circle after supper listening to the rain in the cortile, we felt warm and kind and full of song. We had solos; we had choruses. We went right through the first act of the Opera. Then a few Philosophers of the basser sort gave a syncopated rendering of their notorious octet. A good thing of which we have had too much.

12th. *Friday*. After a grim struggle against a Tramontana and a billowing cassock we reached the end of the Via Giulia and gained admit-

tance to S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini for the second time in five years. We went to see the crib. At night came the Benediction at Sant' Andrea—booming organs, timid litanies, unusual *Tantum Ergo*. One of these years we may find out what we are supposed to do. At the moment "that function is smothered in surmise" (Macbeth, Act I, Scene 3, line—).

13th. *Saturday*. Domenico is depressed. He has been forced to admit that this is the coldest winter that he can remember. He prophesies more snow. Rinaldo, suffering from his usual obsession, prophesies rain. That man is a trifle scatter-brained. Since the war began he has fancied himself as a junior partner in the firm of Old Moore, and has even composed a little ditty (it neither scans nor rhymes) on Italy's entrance into the war. But no man can tell what his neighbour will do next. Mine has started to sing his Hebrew psalms.

Nowadays "*milords inglesì*" spend more time in the Common-room after dinner. They lounge carelessly in armchairs and tell us why the Cabinet is wrong.

14th. *Sunday*. A day of Recollection. You know those breezy individuals who sail into breakfast and slap you heartily on the back. That's why we like days of Recollection. After Fr Lawson's conference an all-round improvement was noticeable. It lasted until the *dolce* arrived. A propos of nothing in particular we have just heard that those people in the flats have worn a hole in their gramophone record. We bet their new record has the Skaters Waltz on one side.

15th. *Monday*. Mr Ward Price, who knows these dictators, addressed the Literary Society.

16th. *Tuesday*. For days we have viewed with suspicion the evil leers of a bearded *poverello* who sits in our Aula. He has made obvious attempts to attract our attention. This morning he came over. After many an expressive nudge and wink, he produced from his sleeve a book of fairy stories. In English, of course. He had taught himself the English, but had not learned no grammar. Just from little dictionary what he got give. Lots of words but for making sentence not much good. So. . . . ? We were firm. Polite, but firm.

17th. *Wednesday*. Backed by birth certificates, dismissorials and quires of dispensations four First Year Theologians retired to Sant'Alfonso for spiritual uplift. In the refectory "*The Escaping Club*" gave place to the "*Fight of the Firefly*", and once again Rector and reader air differences of opinion on nautical pronunciations (fo'castles, leewards and other what nots). The author, like ourselves, finds some difficulty in writing his log. Oh well! It's a knotty problem.

18th. *Thursday*. Another fall of snow, "and, I fear, a light one".

19th. *Friday*. You probably noticed it in your Kalendarium some time ago. We refer to the breakaway from the monotonous *Lun docetur*,

Mart docetur, Mercurii ditto. Omnes scholae vacant. The University authorities provided the usual light relief—disputations. Third and Fourth Year Theologians were interested in the morning, Second and Fourth Year in the afternoon. First Year (like the second little piggy) stayed at home. Philosophers had to go to both sessions, and very good for them, too.

20th. *Saturday.* A day of Recollection for those about to receive the Tonsure or First Minor Orders. Recollection is presumably a relative term, but no one is sure of its full connotation. We all agree that it includes absence from the Greg, a visit to St Peter's and a bath. Stricter definition is undesirable.

At the unearthly hour of three p.m. we had a Sermon class which was very much like any other Sermon class only worse. We provided a large *assistenza* for the evening service at S. Paolo alla Regola where we wasted as much time as ever, sang as lustily as ever and hung around as expectantly as ever. A jolly good function!

21st. *Sunday.* Ordinations at the Leonine College. You think you know the Leonine College. Have you ever been there on a January morning with an icy blast whistling round your legs as you answer "*adsum*" to a mumbling M.C.? Have you stood in that cold cortile till your feet were numb in your three pairs of stockings? All this could be borne did we not realise that on our return our tonsure would be patted and slapped; that someone would say that it looked like a soup plate—or a rugger pill—or a five cent piece. And we knew that this was inevitable.

22nd. *Monday,* was a whole holiday to celebrate the *onomastico* of the Rector of the Gregorian. We bestirred ourselves, avoided the Ponte Sisto and went to examine the fun fair at the Circus Maximus. We walked round it, peered in through doorways, and went to the Palatine for an aerial view. We were disappointed. The roundabouts are slow, the Figure 8 is tame and the bulbs in the shooting give a very poor "pop". This O.N.D. recreational centre succeeds the Empire exhibition which succeeded the Textile Exhibition which came after various displays that followed the Baby Show which took place in my first year, Mr Chairman, and there was nothing but grass there before.

Mr A. Clark gave a lecture to the Literary Society on "War at Sea". With the aid of a large map, a few notes and that unmentionable bottle of water he gave one of the clearest and most entertaining addresses we can remember.

23rd. *Tuesday.* We have lately been reading an Encyclopedia. It may have been there, though it probably wasn't, that we heard of the vulture's technique. It is very strange and fascinating. It reminds one oddly of our college societies and the methods employed by their secretaries. These remarkable people come looking for money when the heart is soft and the pocket light. They pick you clean and depart. They sit, so to speak, on your doorstep, and wait till you save for a *gita*. Then they drift

in and rob you. They will take no refusal. They will be satisfied with two lire or three lire or twenty lire—as long as it is all you possess. Five of them came tonight, collecting subscriptions for pious causes, which we foolishly patronised a long time ago. One was content with our best pair of shoes. Another was staved off with old Christmas cards. We hear he makes fire screens for Nigerian babies.

24th. *Wednesday*. Once again the minions of the Nettessa Urbana pulled up their socks and then, “a most ingenious paradox”, removed them altogether and did battle with the Farnese fountain. In this age-long tussle the fountain is weakening. We say fountain in the singular advisedly. The one on the right as you pass out of the piazza has long since succumbed. They washed it and polished it and added modern improvements. Then it gave up the ghost and it trickles no more.

At dinner the reader embarked on a scholarly tome—Fr Broderick’s life of St Peter Canisius. It may last for years or it may last for ever.

25th. *Thursday*. Sugar is rationed. A bitter blow. *Oggi dolce, ma non c’è più*. A warm sunny afternoon proved that there were other things in the world besides Catholic Action.

Help! another collection.

26th. *Friday*. A postponed requiem which most people had forgotten.

Yesterday we lamented the passing of the *dolce*. Today the sugar bowl disappeared from the tea-table. We are writing a poem about this event and when it is finished we will put it to music and the Concert committee will see that it is a good thing and will let us sing it. It starts like this:—

Oh you who took one spoon
And you who take none
Those sour-faced old Fascists
Have dished you. You’re done!

There are twenty-five stanzas, all about the sugar rationing and the suppression of the individual’s liberty. There will be one very good verse about the man who put sugar on his bread, and another about the man who wanted to draw maps on the tablecloth. You will like it.

27th. *Saturday*. The Rector sang Mass at San Georgio this morning. He was assisted by Fr Ekbery and a few Canon Lawyers who were offered breakfast but could not stay. Bad management somewhere.

28th. *Sunday*. Our tall handsome soccer captain led twenty-two splendid specimens of British manhood on to the pitch at Pamphillij. You think I am lying? Of course I am. At any rate there was a practice for the Scots game.

In the evening most of us went to the Adriano where the “*Eine Kleine*” came at the climax of a really magnificent concert.

29th. *Monday*. There must be a thousand and one stories of little boys who asked too many questions. They all have a bad end. Here is

the tale of an inquisitive youth who was forever bothering us with his Hows and Whys. This afternoon he ventured into the Embassy Church "to see what the inside was like". He spent the evening tottering from Moralist to professional Canon Lawyer, totting (as he tottered) the penalties incurred.

30th. *Tuesday*, was a great occasion. For this was the Rector's birthday. Lest he should forget, a floral tribute was laid beside his morning loaf. The hint was taken, we celebrated with coffee and *rosolio*, drank his health and despatched First Year to their afternoon schools.

31st. *Wednesday*. After dinner we clustered around the notice-board to see the names of the eleven immortals who would beat the Scots. We immediately began to point out why our own selection would have been different and better. The football captain smilingly refused to give a rough estimate of the number of goals by which we should win; but his big feet and his guileless face inspire confidence.

(It is curious that we should be reminded of feet. We have our own tale of woe. Yesterday the Rocca cobbler took away a pair of our shoes. You will remember that the Little Sisters or some other deserving cause had decamped with the best pair. And having three pairs to start with, that left one—the pair we are wearing. Very good. We are coming to the point. We raced up the Greg stairs this morning hoping that we should be in time, and hoping also that these shoes might not burst. We were. They did. And it rained. And our feet are very, very wet. Which was all by way of parenthesis).

After lectures we realised that this was the feast of St John Bosco. So we raced to the Sacro Cuore. In the yard of the Salesian school nearby there were vast crowds of boys, boys of every size and shape, who jumped and shouted and blew bugles and banged drums, and did all the things which were calculated to annoy the neighbours and gratify their patron saint. We watched them paternally, bestowing a benevolent smile. Then one of them threw an outsize in muddy footballs at my lovely new hat.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Thursday*. We played the Scots on a neutral ground. With boundless hope and a two lire map we found the football stadium. You know the rest. It rained, we lost, and the *bombe* were stale. There was one departure from tradition—we were awarded a goal which we hadn't actually scored though we looked like scoring. What might we not accomplish if this principle were generously applied?

2nd. *Friday*. *The Feast of the Purification*. Brooding on yesterday's debacle the Rugger stalwarts have decided to go into stricter training. The honour of the College is in their hands. (There's a hidden meaning somewhere but we are blessed if we can find it). A merciless struggle was seen in Pamphilij wherein there were many bruises, torn shirts and dirty faces. It was unanimously voted a splendid game and they all returned home happy.

3rd. *Saturday*. On our way to the Gregorian we paused and pondered on the latest excavation. It beats all previous holes hollow. It is the biggest and best we have ever seen. It is deep and narrow and highly inconvenient. It starts at the Vicariate and runs round several blocks. Have you ever wondered what happens to the man who can dig such a hole? Do they let him start work on an underground railway? Or does he retire to his home town and sit outside an Osteria with lots of money and lots of wine—a model for the local youths?

4th. *Sunday*. Today we hear that “old Mrs Pam” is seriously ill. Since her husband’s death she has had very poor health, and even when well enough to sit by the door she has had little to say to any of us.

5th. *Monday* and a *gita*. Now the worst of these Shrove *gite* is that they smite you (so to speak) in the eye, before you have recovered financially from Christmas and predatory promoters of pious causes. Of whom no more. Nevertheless the *gita* is very welcome. How else can you explain the fact that we freely rose at unearthly hours (two people were left for Community Mass) and strode forth into the morning mists? We threw back our heads, distended our nostrils and took a deep draught of the Tiber air. We coughed and hurried on. An enterprising party leader had telephoned to the Ministry of Communications and the Grand Slam himself had granted a “scouts special” to Viterbo. This, we said, was not to be missed. And we tacked ourselves on. At St Peter’s we entrained, looked round our compartment, sampled the atmosphere and returned to the back platform. At Viterbo we unravelled ourselves and set out for Montefiascone and at this point we made a fatal error. We entrusted ourselves to One Who Had Been There Before. Have you ever heard of E. V. Lucas’s “Compleat Chauffeur”? He always asketh the way of the wrong people first. He hath a genius for approaching those who are “strangers here”. When at last he findeth one who knoweth, he forgetteth the direction given to him and is forced to ask again. Our guide was like that, though it was an hour before he admitted that there was any need to ask at all. After a sticky time in ploughed fields and marshes we returned from byways to highways and at length reached our goal. We would like you to know that the *fettucine* are quite as good as the *Est Est Est*, and than that no man could say more.

6th. *Shrove Tuesday*. Scissors snipped busily all through the House as tonsures were trimmed for to-morrow’s parade. Large ones and small ones, square ones and straggling ones, all were on show at supper.

The Concert was a splendid effort. Seventh Year topped the bill with an unusual Year Song which took the Common-room by storm and the success of the following items was assured.

1. SEVENTH YEAR SONG.

Chorus Aedes Venerabilis
Mater, te linquentes
Salutamus canticis

	Angliam petentes Benedic tu filios, Mater perdilecta, quos Deo peperisti.	
2. PIANO SOLO	<i>Impromptu (Schubert)</i>	Mr Le Blanc Smith
3. OCTET	<i>Widdicombe Fair</i> <i>Mulligan Musketeers</i>	Messrs Gibb, Hiscoe, Pledger, Brown Hanlon, McKenna, Iggleden, O'Neill
4. SKETCH	<i>The Cure</i>	
	<i>John</i> . . .	Mr A Hulme
	<i>Mary</i> . . .	Mr G. Pitt
	<i>Mrs Parrot</i> . . .	Mr E. Coonan
	<i>Mr Parrot</i> . . .	Mr H. Martindale
	Scene : A Sitting Room	
5. DUET	<i>Allan Water</i>	Messrs Grasar & Gibb
6. ITEM	<i>Albert and the 'Eadsman</i>	Mr Pledger
7. SKETCH	<i>Queer Street</i>	
	<i>Bill Hart (a Burglar)</i>	Mr A. Iggleden
	<i>Liza Hart (his wife)</i>	Mr K. Connolly
	<i>Edith Hart (their daughter)</i>	Mr J. Daley
	<i>Albert Smith (Edith's young man)</i>	Mr W. Brown
	<i>Joe Smart (Bill's partner in crime)</i>	Mr I. Murtagh
	<i>Detective (in plain clothes)</i>	Mr F. O'Leary
	God Save the King.	

7th. *Ash Wednesday*, and steak and onions. The meat restrictions have led to revision of the abstinence laws.

We took one of First Year in tow and whisked him away to Santa Sabina. We told him about Stations and indulgences ; we introduced him to the rosary sellers ; we let him smell the bay leaves. Then we showed him the day's star turn—the painted pillars. He said that any fool could see that they were fakes from a mile off. A little hard, even for the first day of Lent.

8th. *Thursday*. We should hate to be suspected of scurrilous defamation and therefore we mention no names. Yet you would be disappointed if we omitted all mention of the incident. Let us record it simply. We clambered into White Choir for this morning's requiem over the slumbering form of one from the prayerful south.

10th. *Saturday*. The anniversary of the late Holy Father's death. The university cancelled the morning lectures and we went to the Requiem Mass.

Discarding its sham respectability the Grant Debating Society tonight staged a Mock Trial and succeeded in emptying the Common-room. A past editor of THE VENERABLE sued the editorial staff of *Chi Lo Sa ?* for publishing a libellous obituary notice. The present editor of *Chi*

Lo Sa? is also the present editor of THE VENERABLE, and the present secretary of THE VENERABLE was once sub-editor of *Chi Lo Sa?* We add that to make things clear.

11th. *Sunday*. Well, well, well. Another day of Recollection. Doesn't time fly? Fr Lawson was too ill to give us the morning conference and we had readings from the *Imitation* instead.

The Mock Trial had its final session. *Chi Lo Sa?* called its final witnesses and the editor of THE VENERABLE made an ignominious exit, as did the Judge.

12th. *Monday*. We were sorry to hear that "Mrs Pam" is dead. R.I.P.

13th. *Tuesday*. Another little map appeared on the board telling us how to get to the Roma Rugby pitch. Needless to say, we will pay no attention to it and we will follow somebody who knows the way.

14th. *Wednesday*. Yet another fall of snow. Appropriately enough today's Station was at St Mary Major, but few of the Romans appreciated the coincidence. Instead they huddled in doorways with reproachful, upturned eyes.

15th. *Thursday*. "Romans now have thews and limbs like to their ancestors." We believe we are quoting the Immortal Bard. We also believe that we played a game against Rugby Roma today but there were so many linesmen and Irish Augustinians co-opted on to their side that a few doubts still linger. They ran about much and displayed many rounded sunburned limbs, but they have yet to learn to tackle.

16th. *Friday*. A crowded meeting of the Wiseman Society. One of our Latter Day Saints read a learned (and whimsical) paper on the validity of Anglican Orders.

17th. *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector and Fr Ekbery went to Sicily. They flew through the air with the greatest of ease. Some more of Second Year Theologians went to the Leonine College to receive their First Minor Orders. They returned with the story of the acolyte who tinkled his bell and then walked off with it whilst irate M.C.'s pursued him and hissed.

18th. *Sunday*. Station at S. Maria in Dominica. At Vespers our cantors have treated us to some unusual variations on original themes. We went to the Station and heard the Irish College doing the same. Then we thought it would be an excellent thing to see the Villa Celimontana. We found thirty other youths with the same idea, so we went to the Forum instead.

19th. *Monday*. Contrary to all University traditions a cheer was heard in the Dogma Aula. We had a visitor—a long lean tomcat of the mangy type that eats fishes' heads in the Pantheon. With careless stride he loped into the Aula, leered at the professor and passed out. No self

respecting diary would lose such a chance of producing a Latin tag, so here we are : “ *Exitus ut classi Felix faustusque daretur* ” (*Lucr. !*).

20th. *Tuesday*. For several weeks our clocks have been trying to catch each other up, but, as the porter philosophically remarked, what would be the good of having two clocks if they were both the same time ? Today the big clock struck twenty-seven times, then succumbed to internal disorders.

21st. *Wednesday*. And the ever popular Station at S. Cecilia. Even hardened sinners who long since gave up all pretence of doing the Stations turned out today. After all it is on the way to Pam.

22nd. *Thursday*. Another Rugger match ; this time we were playing the Irish Augustinians and it was a clean lively contest which we lost by the only try of the match. From the moment that the opposing scrum lost half his nether garments we knew that the game would be thrilling.

23rd. *Friday*. The confusion caused by the two line Roman Martyrology died down when we realised that it was Leap Year. The one brave soul who had murmured “ *Prosit* ” patted himself on the back and got entangled in his spaghetti.

24th. *Saturday*. As we straggle along to first schools the guns boom, the flags flutter and the *Messaggero* headlines proclaim the birth of the Principessa Maria.

25th. *Sunday*, saw an innovation for we sang some very solemn First Vespers. Very interesting, too. First we have the organist—quite orthodox, followed by a plaintive piping on a tin whistle. Then through the church float eerie wailings and you know the cantors are canting. An anxious pause. Soon the silence is shattered by a free interpretation of all that has gone before. The Choir have by this time found the page in their Libers, and the ceremony proceeds.

26th. *Monday*. All Italy has a *dies non* to honour the new-born princess. We had our own celebrations. On behalf of the students the Senior Student gave Fr Rope a chalice for his Silver Jubilee and in a characteristically humorous speech Fr Rope expressed his gratitude. The Vice-Rector and his partner in crime returned at dead of night.

27th. *Tuesday*. Fr Rope said the Community Mass on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. With stiff upper lip we set out to face our semester exams. But shades of Gianfranceschi ! What is this ? A chimia exam. to which you can bring unlimited tomes. It was not so in our first year. We were made of sterner stuff—a thesis which we proved once more in the Villa Pamphilij when we thrashed those Philosophers by five goals to one this afternoon. A very respectable victory even when you concede Fr Ekbery was helping the Philosophers.

28th. *Wednesday*. Thank goodness those Third Year Theologians have finished their Oriental Theology. Now at least we may eat in peace.

During coffee and *rosolio* we called on Fr Rope for another speech (though he protested that the only light he liked less than electric light was the limelight).

29th. *Thursday*. A couple of *imbottiti* flapped from cortile windows as with fitting pageantry we bade the Rector Godspeed on his journey to England. Then we hurried away to Santa Prassede to the tenth anniversary Requiem for Cardinal Merry del Val.

Our team of probables for the match against the Royal Guards was routed in Pam by a gang of the "toughs", and we hear that these selfsame Guards today defeated the Scots. Thus doth Leap Year add to our woes.

MARCH 1st. *Friday*. The feast of St David brought with it 4 p.m. schools, 6 p.m. tea, daffodils for the superiors and *ferraiuolas* for Top Year. Deo Gratias. We have escaped from the clutches of a dangerous lunatic who insisted on going "the long way" to Pam.

2nd. *Saturday*. We play a more elaborate form of Postman's Knock. The "Chairmen" line up in the middle of the Refectory. The Wallflowers come round to the chairs; the "Chairmen" change places, then go to the wall. You congratulate your new acquaintances on their good fortune—then you turn round and see that you still sit beside the empty-headed personage who finishes the spaghetti and tells you to send out for "manca".

Our fanatical Ultramontane distributed free cigarettes, thus reminding us that today is the Pope's birthday and the first anniversary of his election.

3rd. *Laetare Sunday*. Law-abiding Romans could but wonder and stare as Venerabile *camerate* darted from all quarters of the city and converged upon the College at 5-10 p.m. We ourselves performed no mean feat, for we travelled from the Coliseum to the College in thirteen minutes. Fr Rope was providing a Jubilee tea with unlimited cake and *bombe*.

After an unnecessary supper a film, whereat those at the back said they couldn't hear a word and those at the front made unkind remarks about those behind.

4th. *Monday*. The usual animated breakfast scene which follows any film. Life holds few things so aggravating as the attempt to explain the point to those who could not see it, to those who thought there was no point, and to those who later admit that they were not there.

After dinner we presented our billet doux to the Rocca cobbler and straightway fell into pensive mood. Our cobblers do measure feet in a primitive way. They take a page of the *Popolo di Roma* and make it into a hat, a boat, a glider. Then they tear it into strips and take a few rapid measurements of the lower extremities, notching and snipping the while. Then they take another page and draw a lightning caricature of the foot as a whole. The rest of the newspaper is thrown away. The means are

justified by the result—for a month or more your feet cry out in anguish ; there follows a year of sullen silence. Yet the system has manifold advantages. You will need a still smaller pair of shoes the next time, and after seven years you will have a pair of feet that Cinderella might envy. Above all, you will leave for the mission conscious of having done your best to balance the College budget.

5th. *Tuesday*. Since S. Lorenzo in Damaso is no longer all that it used to be we held the Station in Sant' Andrea. Mgr Respighi lent tone to the proceedings, and for various reasons, none really good, the Madre gave the cantors bread and cheese and bottles of wine.

6th. *Wednesday*. A cheerful sort of day on which we had Disputations at the Gregorian accompanied by hail, rain and snow. Mr Walker defended his Philosophical reputation and Mr Fahy proposed insuperable Theological difficulties.

7th. *Thursday*, coinciding, of course, with the feast of St Thomas Aquinas. It is a well-known historical fact that the Jesuits had no sooner got the Pope to establish the Gregorian than they forced him to reform the Calendar. Think on't.

8th. *Friday*. Probably something important happened today, but we can't really remember . . . Oh yes ! There was another " *eco mondiale* " in the Italian press. A cynic has suggested that when Italy enters the war there will be an " *esplosione cosmica* ".

10th. *Sunday*. We sat in comparative comfort at the Angelicum, enjoying a film about the life of St Thérèse of Lisieux, and admiring the ingenuity of the man who made the Gregorian desks. He would have made his fortune in the time of the Inquisition.

11th. *Monday*. A Public Meeting at which we elected Soccer, Rugby, Common-room, Concert, Cricket and Sketch Committees. When each man had a job, and no man was satisfied, we adjourned for an indefinite period.

12th. *Tuesday*. The first anniversary of the Pope's coronation. We could not attend the Pope's function, however, for St Gregory's and its potted palms called us to the Caelian. From some dim and distant corner a Camaldolese choir gave us throaty plainsong. The organist was trying, too !

Mirabile dictu ! as another Roman once remarked. The University invited us to turn up in our hundreds to a concert and a film. The film dealt with the first year of the Pontificate of the reigning Pope and we were secretly gratified to observe that Fr Soccorsi had as many troubles in projecting the film as our College electricians have. But he never projected it upside down.

13th. *Wednesday*. A hard bargain has been struck. If we go to lectures on the postponed feasts of the Annunciation and of St Joseph, we can take all Easter week as a holiday. On top of this magnificent gesture came the news that those who do not go away for *gite* will migrate to the Villa for the week. A slight reshuffling of *gita* parties followed, but the Abruzzi remain popular and doughty deeds are planned.

14th. *Thursday*. We lost another soccer match. Humbly hoping to spectate we left the College at 2 p.m. and found that the game was half over. Well, I ask you! We slept soundly, awoke at the final whistle and agreed that the Guards had made us look small.

15th. *Friday*. Beware the Ides—we resumed our Public Meeting. Foreseeing liturgical difficulties we held our St Patrick's concert tonight. Our soloists sang beautifully and our professional clowns provided an hilarious item. The sketch was, in itself, one of the best we have had—but a wee bit too serious.

ST PATRICK'S CONCERT

- | | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| 1. SOLO | <i>Savourneen Dheelish</i> | . Mr McNamara |
| 2. SONG | " <i>King Neptune</i> "
(<i>Merry England—German</i>) | . Mr Hanlon and Chorus:
Messrs Brown, Buxton,
Hannon, Grasar, F. O'Leary,
O'Neill, Murtagh, Sowerby |
| 3. ITEM | | . Messrs Key, Holland and
Fallon |
| 4. SOLO | <i>M'Appari</i> | . Mr Gibb |
| 5. OCTET | <i>The Mulligan Musketeers</i> | Messrs Hiscoe, Gibb, Pledger,
Brown, Hanlon, McKenna,
Iggleden, O'Neill |
| 6. SKETCH | <i>The House with the Twisty Windows</i> | |
| | <i>James Roper</i> | . Mr McKenna |
| | <i>Charles Clive</i> | . Mr Hannon |
| | <i>Teresa (Lady Ponting)</i> | . Mr Buckley |
| | <i>Heather Sorrell</i> | . Mr Rawcliffe |
| | <i>Anne Sorrell</i> | . Mr Tyler |
| | <i>Derrick Moore</i> | . Mr Auchinleck |
| | <i>Stepan</i> | . Mr McDonagh |

Scene—A cellar of a house in Petrograd during the Red Terror

16th. *Saturday*. A salubrious scent as of many whelk stalls. The tank is being emptied.

17th. *Palm Sunday* and the feast of St Patrick. Loaded with palms and various emblems we spent the morning in St Isidore's, waiting for Cardinal Pellegrinetti to finish his sermon. Some foolish folk thought a warm afternoon the ideal occasion to do the Seven Churches. Not so the hardy annuals. We retired to St Patrick's where Mgr McDaid preached the panegyric. At an early hour we stole back to college and Fr Dolan, O. Carm., took us under his wing until

20th. *Wednesday*, when we came out of Retreat and discussed his *zuchetto*. We sat in the Common-room after breakfast watching the haloes grow dim one by one. Mr Alston, retired to the less rigid discipline of the "*Casa di Cura*", is now recovering rapidly from his minor operation.

21st. *Thursday*. A few fanatical camerate went to Sant' Atanasio for the Greek rites, to hear the many weird incantations. Our own Hellenophile sits in the front bench with a suitcase of bibles and sundry "rites". Most of us still reserve an afternoon for San Girolamo on the Aurelia Antica, though the monks are now fewer and the singing thin. Sant' Anselmo is recovering pride of place.

22nd. *Good Friday*. After struggling to the top of the Scala Santa we went over to Sant' Atanasio where we were sprayed with scent, explaining the while to our incredulous companions that these people really were Catholics but (most emphatically) not English.

23rd. *Holy Saturday*. At home, a pinched and pale faced throng, we shivered round our Easter fire. We shuddered more as we saw the gorgeous flowers around the Paschal candle. But what were our sufferings to those of the *ordinandi* who beheld the unveiling of the South American Madonna? After supper a magnificent Disney cartoon—the *Old Mill*.

24th. *Easter Sunday*. All good Romans fought their way, by fair means and foul, into St Peter's for the *Urbi et Orbi*. We returned to the ever popular "cold luncheon" and afterwards found *Chi Lo Sa?* in the Common-room surrounded by the usual throng of wits, half-wits and ex-editors. An excellent number.

We welcomed to supper Fr Hoffman and Dr Sabbatucci; a healer of souls on the one hand, a healer of pains on the other. We toasted them in Aurum, for Dr Sabbatucci has been attending the College for twenty-five years and is a well-known authority on divers afflictions brought on by the habit of "smoking too much".

25th. *Monday*. With a gentle prod of the hob-nailed boot we awakened the Editor and whispered "substitute". Then we strode towards the hills that lead to Collepardo, leaving him to pick whom he will. Let his story commence.

After saying good-bye to a few of the people who were off on *gite* and to all those whom we afterwards met at the Villa, we left for Palazzola which we found a little bleak and wind-swept, but still the Villa... We spent the rest of the day doing nothing very slowly.

26th. *Tuesday*. Some people aroused aches in muscles which they did not know existed by playing handball. Many went to knock about at the cricket nets; a few swung out on the usual walks; but whatever we did we enjoyed it. In fact it was with mixed feelings that we learned of the *gita* tomorrow.

27th. *Wednesday*. We set out with light hearts and purses correspondingly heavy with the 15 lire which had been given us. Most people seemed to turn to Velletri via Tusculum or Monte Porzio via Algidus. In fact, most roads seemed to lead to Tusculum where we met some Scots accompanying their Rector to Frascati whither also a small but select band of our own was wending its secret way. The chords of the *Mikado* as rendered by throats well tuned by several litres of Monte Porzio's bottled sunshine called forth an enthusiastic encore from some appreciative diners who were unaccustomed to this *coro inglese* as a condiment to their mid-day meal and obviously decided they were on a good thing. Hot wine parties later rent the sky at Palazzola with similar concerted efforts again to the unqualified approval of all hearers. As in this latter case these were all performers, we may here detect the note of bias creeping in.

28th. *Thursday*. A gallant attempt to open the cricket season in scarcely cricketing weather was abruptly terminated by a very determined downpour and the party, its spirits scarcely even humid, retired to the golf-house to apostrophise the torrents and tempests. In the evening a party of snap players greatly disturbed the Senior Conservative tone which the Common-room receives from its nightly bridge devotees.

29th. *Friday*. We were reluctantly compelled to admit that it was snowing this morning—when it was not raining, of course. Parties who ventured out to Rocca later in the morning saw Tusculum, Cavo and even the Rocca road and woods powdered with snow more liberally than one would expect in late March. After tea a treasure hunt occupied the brains of the house in a very enjoyable hour's thinking. An extra *bicchiere* at supper reminded us that tomorrow we shall be girding ourselves for the last lap of the Roman year. Afterwards corpses strewed the corridor, and the best brains of the Venerabile Intelligence Department occupied themselves with the problems arising from the game of Murder, which drew even a few bridge fiends from their beloved two no-trumps. Some circles still remained, however, to lend that air of maturity to the Common-room.

30th. *Saturday*. Amid sunshine better than any we had seen this week we stocked impossible numbers into hired cars and returned proudly to present our week's jottings to the official chronicler.

Here endeth the tale of the substitute. Pretty thin? I thought so, too. But I burst with news of Collepardo. There men are men; children creep out in the gathering dusk and yodel from peak to peak—thus do they qualify for making beds in the Monserra' and collecting bottles after supper. Giuseppe who is as active as ever—a tribute you will readily believe—brought us to his house and treated us to home-made wine and buns. Then, while awed villagers peeped through the window, we toasted Venerabilini of several decades.

There was also a snag. There always is. At Piglio the suspicious maiden in charge of the *trattoria* made us pay for our beds in advance. On that subject we are eloquent, but we refer you to the pamphlet which you will soon be able to purchase—"Piglio, its works and pomps".

31st. *Sunday*. A very disappointing Fiocchi procession. It was bad enough that we should have to start from the overcrowded S. Pantaleone "*perchè S. Lorenzo in questi giorni non c'è*" as we explained to a passing carabine, but many other traditions were broken. We had no rain, they gave us no candles to be blown out and we only visited one home. The usual garbled version of the Liber page passed from end to end of the procession (and, as usual, it did not matter, since all our well modulated warblings were drowned by a dozen children singing "*T'Adoriam*").

APRIL 1st. *Monday*. The summer programme, five lectures, long reading and a Public Meeting. But look at the date.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Our head sacristan has left his bells, books and candles and once again we see him at prayer. Never more will he prowl, taper in hand, lightening our morning meditation. Enough, he laboured well, and deserves our praise.

No one had the courage to propose an adjournment, so the Public Meeting died of senile decay.

3rd. *Wednesday*. At the business meeting of the Golf Committee we agreed to purchase some new bags, a few dozen balls and a couple of scythes. Presumably, the Rector will bring these from England. He *will* be surprised!

4th. *Thursday*. To dinner Fr Lawson, S.J., and Mr Utley. We were very glad to see Fr Lawson looking so well after his recent illness. For the third year in succession we put our name on a list which promises to secure us typewritten copies of Fr Hurth's *Morals* notes. We can only attribute it to an incomplete recollection of the lessons of the past.

6th. *Saturday*. A few young Philosophers (very few and very young) were frisking about in the tank today. These are the "raw recruits". We looked at the glittering pale blue waters, looked at the clouds, looked at the waters once more. Then walked away.

We see that we have praised the hole on the way to the Gregorian. What then shall we say of the new excavation that extends from the Ponte Sisto, up Pam steps, as far as the *Acqua Marcia*? A noble and an admirable hole! And, hallmark of all good holes, there is a superabundance of sticky brown clay that will cling to your shoes when it rains.

7th. *Sunday*. To dinner Mr Rothay Reynolds, *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Rome. In the evening Dr Fredericksson spoke to the Literary Society on the Swedish attitude towards the belligerent nations.

8th. *Monday*. A murky morning with much rain which stopped at 8-5 a.m. and began again at 8-15, becoming torrential by the end of third lecture. We noted the invasion of Norway as an answer to last night's speaker.

9th. *Tuesday*. Egbert, the tortoise, is out. We saw him racing round the garden this morning, very much his old self. Cuthbert, the vest pocket edition, is slumbering still.

10th. *Wednesday*. *The Solemnity of St Joseph*. Our candle sacristan did not rise to the occasion. He got sixty-four candles on the altar, falling twenty short of his previous best.

A soccer list went three times round the Refectory before it got twenty names. Then it rained.

11th. *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector read a paper on the Martyrs and the College Rebellion which has since become common property.

12th. *Friday*. Scandinavia is now very much in the war zone and we have bought a bigger map for the Common-room. We are no longer brushing up our geography; we are learning some for the first time.

13th. *Saturday*. A very impromptu debate.

14th. *Sunday*. A warm afternoon tempted many of us to try cricket in Pam. The first ball smashed the batsman's spectacles, and the batsman himself was carried away by the infirmarians. The polyglot onlookers stood aghast, but we airily pretended that this was part and parcel of a true British game.

15th. *Monday*. Mr Rothay Reynolds lectured to the Literary Society on Hitler.

17th. *Wednesday*. A small stage appeared in a corner of the Common-room and romping heavyweights are testing it sorely. At last we are officially informed that we will have an Operetta on St George's feast, though we all knew what those practices meant.

Another letter from a doting father who wants his daughter (aged 8) to come to the "English Seminary" to learn "our customs and language". We could probably give a most unusual education along those lines, but he seems to be particular about the people she meets.

18th. *Thursday*. "Newman & Chesterton." An unusually academic but most interesting talk from Mr Douglas Woodruff. Mr Fahy also spoke.

21st. *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Revv P. Clark and T. McKenna who received the Subdiaconate, and Mr Alston and Mr Whitehouse who got their last Minor Orders.

22nd. *Monday*. The South American College had got hold of a rumour about our imminent departure from Rome. We added corroborative details.

23rd. *St George's Day*. Fr Ekbery was the celebrant at High Mass on this his *onomastico*, and Mr Clark sang a tuneful first Epistle. The Cardinal Protector was our guest at dinner with Mr Osborne, Bishop Hayes, Monsignor Heard, Clapperton, and MacDaid, Dom Philip Langdon and Rev D. Leahy. The Cardinal stayed to give Benediction.

All day we had looked forward to the Operetta in the evening. We heard rumours that it would be good; we found it magnificent. The reasons are not far to seek. It is the delight of a professional company to obtain a production written to exploit its own particular talents. Such a circumstance, unique in Venerabile tradition (there were not even the one or two imported tunes that have saved many a home-brewed Pantomime) played a large part in the success of *Princess Pauper*, which many declared to have surpassed the famous second performance of "Trial by Jury". The composer knew the musical ability of the people who would be called on to render his music; so that its charm was never at the expense of a simplicity which left the producers more than usually free to pick vocalists who could also act and who were really enthusiastic about their parts. It also made possible some remarkable effects with preposterously high notes or incredibly low ones, which the composer knew were within the range of actors capable as well of the acting required for the parts. In general well-trained voices and careful production were needed to secure the best effect rather than outstanding individual ability. That the music has stood the acid test of being sung and resung since the night of the show, and that with unflagging enjoyment, reflects credit on the composer and on the musical producers whose efforts were largely the cause of its immediate good reception.

We say "producers" because its appearance during the latter half of the Roman year seemed to warrant the calling in of anyone whose talents could add to the finish that is a *sine qua non* of success for this type of entertainment, but which could not in the time available have been supplied by one or two men, as at the Villa. Though the main onus fell on the men who are given the customary honourable mention, many of the telling refinements were added at the suggestion of the conductor or of the composer, who was always ready with useful hints when, and only when, they were needed and with the encouragement which is always needed to carry through so ambitious an undertaking. While anyone who marvelled at the drilling of the Bridesmaids in "The Trial" or of the Fairies and Peers in "Iolanthe" could not fail to trace the same sure touch in the production of the Cooks and Maids.

In case you are misled by the description, let us say that the operetta was misnamed. It fulfilled the requirements of an operetta, but there can be no doubt that "extravaganza" is the *mot juste* to describe it. The plot was more slender than anything in Gilbert; it was so patently nothing more than an excuse for dainty tunes or rousing choruses, brilliant fooling from the main actors, elaborate costumes and make-up that showed something not far short of genius, that even the actors in their blissfully inconsequential attitude suggested that they knew all along what would happen in the end. At the same time it was far above the level of pantomime; the attention to detail, the delicate touch apparent in the music, the humour and the general production placed it in a class apart as far as Venerabile entertainments go. The plot, slender as it was, was never forgotten and was always being helped on whether by quartette, quip or

chorus. It was like a life-line running through a sea of merry-making and gave the whole a continuity that some of us would welcome in the scrappy lack of unity so pronounced in the Christmas pantomimes. But it had this much of weakness; the Lord Chamberlain, a gigantic figure of fun, came too little into the action and being, quite without grounds, nervous of his reception, showed a strong tendency to retire to the back of the stage when he was not urgently required to give a cue or indulge in some of his side-splitting antics. A better-defined part in proceedings would have held him more in the limelight.

A second obvious criticism is that the ends of the plot had been securely tied together before the beginning of the Finale. This was long and contained a succession of good tunes, and much excellent play from the chorus which was sufficient apology for its existence; but the artistic weakness remains as evidence of the speed at which the whole composition was put together.

The chorus throughout was of unusual importance. During its three appearances it was never content to stand in a line and repeat the last remark sung by a principal. It took a Greek interest in the unfolding of the action and was never afraid to join in the conversation of kings whether to sympathise, to reprove or to congratulate. Moreover, every individual had an interesting and enthusiastic personality; which led many people to watch one or two members of the chorus for the whole evening almost to the exclusion of principals; this was due not to any inartistic obtrusion from these members but to the supreme enjoyment with which they were "living the part".

The show started more punctually than usual and into the Royal Breakfast Room, its dignity enhanced by a new dais hung with many impressive draperies, tripped as neat and well-drilled a chorus of maids as we have seen. While we were still admiring the picturesque daintiness of their blue and white dresses and the demure way in which they sang their chattering song, we were carried away by the entry of the cooks, a pompous regiment in red smocks and tall white hats, who carried the Royal Breakfast with a series of elaborate convolutions in which the burlesque never became slapstick. Soon the two choruses were singing one against the other, but still so clearly and with such well-balanced volume that we could listen to either or both, as we wished. They passed to a friendly romp set to music which must have been well drilled to appear so spontaneous. Then the Queen, a magnificent figure of a woman with forbidding head-dress, burst on the scene using the same unconventional entrance as the cooks, from behind the throne.

As the chorus departed, leaving us in great good humour, they and we met the King. He was the perfect king of extravaganza, never vulgar, always vague, enjoying life as it came, too busy to be serious. The other principals sometimes suggested that they had over-practised or were afraid of their reception. The King never left any doubt that he expected everyone to be staunch monarchists—and we were. It was rash of the composer to leave him for nearly half the time, eating his breakfast—not

on the face of it an action of great dramatic moment. But this King made it a joy for ever. His cockeyed crown and silly little beard, his sparrow-like gestures and genial inconsequence ensured his popularity, although on the first night the beginning of the dialogue hung fire for a few minutes while both their majesties got their parts a little entangled.

The Queen, being efficient and proud of it, was not such a sympathetic figure. But she was every inch a queen and her one or two sentimental lapses, far from making us feel uncomfortable, only showed a welcome chink in the armour—which speaks well for her acting. The Lord Chamberlain made a lugubrious entry and his make-up—so appropriate as to be little short of genius—his frantic stammerings and vocal eccentricities led him to be greeted with more enthusiasm than any other individual actor.

The Prince and Princess had the thankless task of providing the inevitable motif about the course of true love. The Prince, being a monument of convention, deserves great praise for the way in which he carried off his part so that it never grated; he had too little confidence in his own voice but together with the Princess put in some excellent work in duets and quartettes. The Princess was brought up to date and avoided the droopiness of the stock heroine; but this was sometimes by means of slang expressions which created the impression of sophistication and even of cattiness. This she could not entirely dispel, though for polished skill her performance has had few rivals in recent years.

Enough has already been said to show that all the subsidiary work, dresses, make-up, lighting, programmes and the new arrangement of the Common-room which included a genuine “gods”, co-operated smoothly and successfully towards obtaining a production in which minor blemishes were eclipsed by major excellences and which was granted a reception hardly second to that associated with the Savoy Operas. The programme was as follows:

PRINCESS PAUPER

A Not Entirely Original Comic Operetta in one act

Written and composed by R. L. SMITH

Characters:

<i>Ethelred the Unready, King of Lusitania</i>	Mr A. Clark
<i>Ermentrude, his capable Queen</i>	Mr Iggleden
<i>Sophonisba, their daughter</i>	Mr Groarke
<i>The Lord Chamberlain</i>	Mr Kelly
<i>An Envoy of Mauretania</i>	Mr McEnroe
<i>Chorus of Maids</i>	Messrs Jones, Wall, Campbell, Pledger, Coonan, Tyler
<i>Chorus of Cooks</i>	Messrs Fallon, Hiscoe, Shelton, Sowerby, Barry, Holland
<i>Scene</i>	The Breakfast Room in the Royal Palace
<i>Time</i>	Vaguely medieval
<i>Musical Producer</i>	Mr Rawcliffe
<i>Acting Producer</i>	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Dresses</i>	Messrs T. Harrison, J. Finigan

24th. *Wednesday*. Didn't those South Americans get a shock ?

25th. *Thursday*. The steady tap-tap of typewriters reminds us that the Canon Law faculty is finishing its theses, and a few more good *parrochi* are convicted of theft. The balcony circle is now in full swing.

26th. *Friday*. We glumly munched our morning roll, and watched our consumptive neighbour toying with his breakfast egg. The egg, you must know, has replaced the time-honoured *zabbaione* in these days of *ersatz* and rations. Every day we hope that a chicken may pop out ; never have *uova* been half so *sperate*.

27th. *Saturday*. Top Year had their photograph taken and shook the University dust from their feet. The *festa* (need you take a peep at your Missal ?) was celebrated with very short reading.

28th. *Sunday*. Today's Subdeacon, clad in tunicle, retired to the garden to pose for a photograph. He said he was going to make a splash. He did !

10 p.m. That girl on the Monserra' is at it again. Why can't they give her the dratted key ?

Much later. We have given up all hope of sleep. A budding centre-forward is dribbling a *pomodoro* tin very slowly from end to end of the Monserra'.

29th. *Monday*. Litanies, and a sweet improvisation for the final *Amen*. We went to S. Maria sopra Minerva to see the preparations that are being made for the Pope's visit. The floors are polished and dangerous, and the whole place reeks of methylated spirits. Chubby little Dominicans swarmed over altars and climbed up the sides of enormous candlesticks. Important looking Chamberlains came from St Peter's to direct operations.

30th. *Tuesday*. Not a very nice sort of day, but many people braved the tank. They "went in" in April and saved their reputations, in spite of their knocking knees and chattering teeth !

MAY 1st. *Wednesday*. "Omnes scholae vacant." Once again the Greg had their little joke and held their disputations. Mr Wall argued in philosophical circles.

2nd. *Ascension Thursday*. The Pope canonised S. Gemma Galgani and S. Marie Pelletier. The continuous drizzle scarcely damped the spirits of the great crowd which flowed to St Peter's from a very early hour. But it interfered with the purple patches of the highly-honoured student who was giving a commentary on the ceremony. We did not envy him his task, though we would not have minded his vantage point.

We bolted our supper and rushed out to St Peter's to see the illuminations. We feared that bad weather had caused their postponement.

3rd. *Friday*. In Pincio we watched weary horses scrambling through hedges and were told that this was the *Concorso Ippico Internazionale*.

4th. *Saturday. The Feast of the English Martyrs.* A repeat performance of *Princess Pauper* and again we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Even the amateur photographer did not disappoint us when he tried some "flashlight" snaps. He bought eight of Salmoiraghi's best magnesium packets. The first three exploded without flashing. The fourth and fifth hopped round like squibs and disappeared out of the Common-room window. The deadly work continued. The sixth blinded the conductor and the seventh singed the pianist's hair. The last might have succeeded but the tripod collapsed at the critical moment.

5th. *Sunday.* Thousands of Romans, hoping and praying to be kept out of war, gathered to cheer the Pope as he passed along the streets to "Sopra Minerva" for the celebrations in honour of St Catherine of Siena. Though admission was reserved to the specially invited—and the English College was not invited—we were present in very large numbers.

Once again we nearly choked ourselves trying to eat a very large supper in a very short time. Then out to the illuminations, which most of us were seeing for the first time. Now that the Borgo is clear there is a wonderful view from the Ponte Sant' Angelo. We pondered as we elbowed our way through the throng, for impressed though we were, we were just a little disappointed after those hair-raising stories about men on the ropes.

6th. *Monday.* A crowd around the University notice board was obviously in humour, so we poked our nose in to see if this could possibly mean another holiday. Alas! it was a display of photographs of the Licentiate years. What a fine set of fellows they thought they were when they posed. The head with a thoughtful tilt, the intelligent gleam in the eye. So studious and saintly. But the camera never lies, and so we understood the laughter of the plebs.

After the third lecture we assembled in the Aula Maxima to pray for peace and for the welfare of the Gregorian students who have returned to their native lands. These prayers will be offered daily.

8th. *Wednesday.* Enter the thesis sheet.

Don't disturb me! Real honest hard work! Wonder where to start. Morals. No, too easy, can do them anytime. Something that needs concentration—Dogma. Lots of time to get down to it this morning. Where are those notes? Perhaps they are in that book. No, not there. Better empty this drawer—what a lot of rubbish. Ah! here they are in the waste paper basket. Now we've got to tidy the table. Tut, tut, 8.30. Might as well tidy the other table and put these books in the bookcase. There we are. Holy smoke! we've tidied the notes away with all the other junk—better do Morals after all.

Who's banging at the door? Avanti! Yes. No, it's a foul morning. Fancy thinking we'd have a corkscrew. Back to . . . more banging! We don't care whether it's First Year, Top Year or the Cardinal Protector, we will *not*—Oh! A servant with a brush and he wants to clean the room. Let us get out.



ST PETER'S, MAY 5TH, 1940

9th. *Thursday*. For the Catacombs Mass today—transferred because the traditional day fell this year on the feast of St Mark—the same enthusiasts walked out in the early morning, ostensibly because they like walking out in the early morning. Staider folk (and those who like a Continental breakfast) arrived at the usual time—that is, ten minutes after the function was supposed to commence. Some time later the early birds put in an appearance trying to look as though they had been praying just round the corner. The singing was in customary style interrupted by sight-seers, who thought we were a relic of Early Christian days—this year a regiment of chattering school-girls under the leadership of some very sibilant nuns. A very welcome visitor, however, was the German bishop who strayed in and remained until the end.

As we stretched our legs and massaged our knees afterwards, it occurred to the Vice-Rector, viewing the distant heights of Cavo, that the Villa would be an ideal spot to take photographs of the Operetta costumes—a suggestion whole-heartedly supported by those who thought they would qualify for membership in the party. On our return to the College we sighed for the traditional tanking scene, shivered and hoped it would be warmer on Monday.

10th. *Friday*. Invasion of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Ditto of the Vice's room to hear Mr Chamberlain's speech. Strange rumours float around concerning a public burning of the *Osservatore*.

11th. *Saturday*. "*Inghilterra ha perduto l'autobus.*" "*Fallimento d'Inghilterra.*" It would seem that the crisis is upon us, for every street in the city is plastered with anti-British posters. The government says it did not put them up, but it will not allow them to be taken down. Nevertheless at least one *camerata* did a good morning's work, and there are rumours of prisons packed with Scots and Rectors of French Colleges. Perhaps that is just to lend verisimilitude.

Few of us could bother about such small matters, for there was serious business afoot—our *gita* shopping. Furtive figures slunk along the Via Monserrato, concealing under their wings baskets of strawberries or bouquets of lettuce and radish. At any street corner you might see the puckered brow of someone who was calculating how much he could save if he took all his bread from the Refectory. Surely you hadn't forgotten that on Monday we go to Fregene!

12th. *Sunday*. *Whit Sunday*. The Beatification of V. Philippina Duchesne. To dinner Frs Renard and Lawson who broke down under cross-examination and told us the latest Jesuitical rumours.

At supper the Vice-Rector announced that he had been to the Embassy, that the situation was very grave and that we could not go away for a *gita* tomorrow—and he added that it would be advisable to look up clothes and make tentative preparations for a hasty departure.

Jaws dropped, eyes opened, lips parted, then tongues wagged. We were thinking of the jellies and trifles upstairs which were showing signs

of incipient decay. We would have to eat them or throw them out—we couldn't live in the house with them. It came as a relief to learn that tomorrow we could bring our food into the Refectory.

13th. *Monday*. And perhaps the strangest Whit *gita* which has ever been known. Mgr Clapperton and the Vice-Rector went to the Vatican for news and advice. In the meantime some cooked and some shopped—but the shoppers returned at 10 a.m. to await information from the Vatican diplomats. No news came, bad, good or indifferent, so we went on with preparations for dinner.

We arranged our *mortadello* and tomatoes in appetising and colourful groups; we draped the lettuce round the sausages and filled up the spaces with onion. The Madre cast a jealous eye over the dainty dishes entrusted to her care and promised a special hot meal to all who had not provided their own. She rose to the occasion. It must have been one of the best dinners she has ever produced—at least it seemed so to us as we nibbled at our lettuce and pretended to enjoy it. It is astonishing how distasteful an *alice* may seem when the fellow opposite is gloating over some cheesy, buttery spaghetti. Yet in spite of the nuns' unfair competition, we agreed that the meal was a great success—especially when granted the favour of favours, smoking in the Refectory.

Tea was like most *gita* teas, very smoky, over milky, and scented with paraffin and moth-balls. Yet even such tea (we speak without bitterness) was welcome after half an hour spent in the Music Room peeping from under a table at the man who was pumping the Primus. After supper a key to the general tension was given by the Vice-Rector who paced the Common-room awaiting a telephone call from official quarters.

14th. *Tuesday*. The morning brought no further news from the Vatican but we decided to make preliminary arrangements for an exodus. With a bundle of visa forms from the Palazzo Farnese we went to the Common-room (seniores priores) and there we filled them in. We needed none of those embarrassing domestic details which must be disclosed in the smaller Italian *trattorie*, but our style was more or less cramped by the linguistic expert (the genuine product of a notorious French seminary) who made guttural noises at the back of his throat and spoke with a very grave accent. Then we were marched to the Balcony, the Garden or the Queen Mary to face batteries of cameras, after which we were to go from room to room discharging or contracting debts.

The blow fell just before Rosary—a time when one is not quite awake to the world and its wickedness. A telephone message came from the British Minister at the Vatican and the Vice-Rector told us that we were advised to leave the country as quickly as possible. It was hardly unexpected for we had seen the signs and omens, but there were few who had thought that this step would be necessary. We had little time for reflection now. At first we fixed Wednesday morning as the date of the Hegira, though it was soon clear that the French Consulate would not complete the visas in time. Third Year Theology were recalled from their Sub-

diaconate retreat. This morning's photographs would come too late, so we went round the city to the various *Foto e Pese* machines, arriving in tens and twelves and pretending to be perfectly normal.

Many mighty deeds were done. Four of the priests went to the Gregorian and demanded their Licentiate exam. One man went to Beretti's and paid a bill. French consulate officials, bewildered by our urgency, gave us the necessary documents and a consulate stamp and told us to issue our own visas! Anything for peace. *Mais oui*. We returned to our Common-room and sat down at tables, and we wrote and snipped and stamped and clipped until well-nigh the witching hour.

15th. *Wednesday*. To the utter confusion of all spreaders of rumours we arrived at the Greg in full force. We admitted that things looked none too good and that it was wise to be prepared for the worst. Truth to tell we did not prepare for the worst, we sailed into the exam. room, confident that the examiner would expect very little. Many discovered for the first time that Gregorian professors could be helpful, human and generous. Nevertheless they made all who wanted degrees submit to a test in free courses and auxiliary subjects—which in some cases meant from two to three hours of unadulterated exam.

We had an excellent dinner (the Madre is revealing her long suspected better nature). During it the Cardinal Protector paid us an unceremonious call to bid us good-bye. He blessed us and we cheered him. After that coffee and *rosolio*, during which the spare set of photographs arrived—a pretty addition to any Rogues' Gallery, then back to our boxes and trunks. Books by the hundred were packed into drawers and stacked in our hiding place—the organ loft above the church (which Comm. Freddi will have bricked up and camouflaged until it looks like a loft above the church). Those who had time paid a last flying visit to Peter's and Pam—and outside St Peter's there were children—hardly more than babes in arms they seemed—demonstrating against the *Osservatore*, and we echoed the comment of a by-stander, "*Che spontaneità!*" After supper we cheered the Rector who had arrived from England to bid us good-bye. We buzzed around collecting addresses—and in the intervals sang choruses around our old friend, the piano. But the time had never seemed so short. After night prayers the packing continued and our commissariat expert—a man of appropriate corporeal globularity—fluttered about with tinned food and *pannini*—tomorrow's iron ration.

16th. *Thursday*, had hardly begun when our "knocker-up" arrived, efficient and heartless as was ever his wont. His matutinal perambulations were never appreciated; but we admit his usefulness and dismiss him forever. Our Instructions were clear, "Mass at five, platform at quarter past seven, travel in cassocks". We went to a chapel, cheerless enough since the Martyrs' Picture disappeared last September but now quite bare; and there the Rector said the last Mass which the community heard in Rome. Breakfast was solidly satisfying for those who had time to eat it. The Madre wept. Her community wept. The servants waited

outside, doubtless ready to weep, should occasion arise. But that is a hard saying, for they have lost their employment and are faced with a war. We gathered our precious belongings and piled them in the *cortile*. Taxis are scarce these days and we have time to reflect that we never did like Roman taxis; they rattle and bounce and are painted pea-green. We have known the day when taximen clamoured for custom. Today we are praying that at least one may come. But Raniero has done his work well and here comes one. Pile luggage into it until typewriters fall from the window and golf-sticks protrude through the roof. Shades of a *Terminillo gita!* Now taxi follows taxi, until the *cortile* overflows. Raniero must have been all around Rome. We fill some with priceless luggage and some with mere students. Every car that departs is cheered by the group that remains. The last one cheers itself. We are still in a daze as we circle round. We see Dom and the Clock and the boiler-man's wife. Then through the Monserra' and the Farnese and the Campo. They are still selling strawberries but this year we shall not eat them at the Villa on the Vice-Rector's birthday. We dodge between buses on the Vittorio Emmanuele and catch a glimpse of the Greg, as we are whirled round corners, jerked along between red lights and flung out at the Termini. After a vain plea for a *sconto per collegio* we disentangle our baggage from the pile at the entrance and head for the platform, although we know that we have an hour to wait. There we find the Scots, travelling in "civvies"; a few Propaganda students are there as well, some as our companions, some to see them off. Fr Lawson and Fr Dyson from the Gregorian and Biblical Institute are expected, too. We cheer, and are cheered by, a train-load of soldiers leaving for Africa. Then our train clatters in and, leaving our luggage on the platform, we make one wild swoop and start reserving places with hats, coats and handkerchiefs. Years of practice in the Common-room have made us so expert that within a few minutes we have bagged half the train. We clear the platform simply and speedily; we push the nearest case through the nearest window. Well-meaning souls may have reserved *posti* for you in four or five different compartments. Some of these claims must be unstaked. Your luggage is scattered; a rucksack here, a case there, a fiddle under somebody's cabin trunk; your typewriter is hopelessly lost. But you are not alone in misfortune and confusion reigns in the corridors. In the middle of the chaos the doors are banged, and the train gives a lurch. We wave to the Rector who is covering our retreat and the German student running along beside the train to get a last photograph as we pull out. The journey had begun.

Already some of us are dozing in uncomfortable positions—this much we learned in Rome. Others hang round the windows to raise a faint cheer when they catch a glimpse of Peter's dome. A Roman hat shoots out and up, pauses a moment and dips from sight. We are going home to exile.

About noon we feel hungry and make an inventory of food—tinned salmon and pineapples, four tins of meat, a pot of honey and eight *pannini*. We also possess a rusty knife and a tin plate. The orgy begins. We are slipping into that museum of modern art known as Florence station.

Fr Rope looks out and shudders—and we pass on. We gaze fondly at the Tuscan country—and remember our second year *gita*. We recall ever fresh memories. Do you remember the concert at Siena and the cream buns afterwards? the moonlight walk round Vallombrosa? the cold wet night we climbed to Camaldoli? Cease this sentimental whining and look instead at those nice modern telegraph poles. So we look and quite naturally fall asleep; we sit up with a jerk at Pisa.

Here we begin to tinker with a tin of pineapples. At Genoa we are battering it furiously. At Asti it is open. At Turin we make a wild dash for food; but the man who knew of a place at the other side of the station where they sell cheap *cestini* is no longer with us, neither are the simple souls who allowed themselves to follow his parsimonious guidance. As we near France, so does the tension lighten. At Bardonnecchia soldiers standing by the track wave and cry, “Evviva l’Inghilterra!” A *militare di treno*, in fittingly conspiratorial tones, assured us, “Tornate presto—troverete un cambio di guardia nel Governo”.

We roar over the frontier and somebody starts a cheer that echoes down the train. Then we sing the “Marseillaise” and cry “Vivent les alliés”. We give a bewildered Polish soldier half a dozen packets of Italian cigarettes. There is no difficulty at the Customs or with the money declarations. The Vice-Rector claims that we are honest and the officials are deceived. After a visit to the Bureau de Change we revictual and return to our now blacked-out train and meet the lost ones arrived from Turin. The second stage of the journey takes us past the early hours of

17th. *Friday*, as we sit in a darkened carriage eating chicken and hard-boiled eggs out of our *cestini*. We have wine, too, which is cheap, coarse and red but which makes us feel pleasantly drowsy. We twist and turn ourselves into comparative comfort and awake in the morning rather stiff, wondering where we are. Nobody can tell. To facilitate troop movements we have embarked on a tour of the lesser known regions of France. Even at that early hour people came to their doors to watch and wonder. Perhaps this track had lain forlorn for a few generations; perhaps no train had been seen on it before. Station after station was empty and foodless and the country lost some of its charm. We drew up at a platform where coffee and rolls were on sale; in five minutes the stall was picked clean. Still rather hungry we joined the queue waiting to shave. After an hour we get our chance to wrestle with a basin that will not fill and sway unsteadily before a cracked mirror, hacking as best we can. We return to our compartment and sit in gloomy silence calculating the number of hours we are late. Before we have recovered from the experimental solution of the old chestnut, “What would happen about clothes if the whole coll. went home together?” we are in Paris. Porters hurry from carriage to carriage throwing out hats and cassocks which have been discarded; we catch them and throw them in again. How the game will end we do not know, because we are called away to push a luggage-trolley. We hail a taxi; the driver is a villainous-looking character who takes the shortest route

and demands no tip. He must be one of these parachute troops. At the Gare St Lazare we find that we cannot cross to England until tomorrow, so we go off to the Hotel Londres-New York and, after a shave, set out in search of food. Having dealt adequately with this question we return to the hotel for dinner. Food, you will notice, has been before our mind all day. At dinner we sample many strange vintages, which we leave with a rush from time to time to watch the progress down the street of a British officer. We feel that the French air of confidence must win the war; somebody sipping quietly on the *trottoir* later in the quiet of the night declares that he can very faintly hear the sound of the guns at Sedan. But we are inspecting Paris by black-out, a term apparently of wide connotation.

18th. *Saturday*. We had community Mass in a church near the hotel, so obscurely situated that people spent most of the time they had allotted for meditation in trying to find it. The few who overslept walked straight to it without difficulty. The first sign of our changing estate was the use of English for the prayers after Mass—though few even noticed the break with Roman tradition. We spent the morning brushing up our Paris and noticed what we had overlooked yesterday—the number of refugees pushing all their personal belongings in prams. In the afternoon as we hurried back from all points of the compass to assist at the high tea arranged for half-past four, we were caught by an air-raid warning. Some of us wandered towards a shelter in a block of offices and, at the pressing invitation of the caretaker, descended to a damp cellar full of lead pipes and gas meters, pronounced it very nice and returned to the surface. Sheltering under an arch, we dispelled illusions about our being Polish, Dutch or Swedes. After the “Raiders Past” we raced for hotel and tea; we found that those who had arrived before the raid had finished their own tea and most of ours—didn’t like to see it being wasted, they said. Later, on the station, a hat was passed round to collect spare francs for the Belgian refugees whom we saw being fed on the platform. We crawled to Le Havre through another air raid warning. We had an easy passage through the Customs but there was a weary scrutiny of passports and visas. We had no berths reserved on the boat, but there were many to spare and it is only from hearsay that we knew that the boat sailed at three in the morning.

19th. *Sunday*. We were awakened by gunfire and shot out more quickly than we ever did on the Monserra’ but it was only the crew having their daily practice. Still, we remained up and went on deck to admire the view; the sun now high in an almost cloudless sky shone on the Isle of Wight, which lay straight ahead, rich and green and peaceful. Very nice, we thought, and went below for breakfast. There was no longer any breakfast and we returned to the Isle of Wight which had suddenly become much less pleasing to the eye. An hour later we drew in beside the Customs house and the first party disembarked. Slowly they trickled past the passport officials, spy spotters and statistic compilers. After half an hour

the second party landed. At noon they tired of waiting and went on to London to arrange about the night's stay there. At one o'clock the officials retired to lunch; we wished we could, too, and shifted our weight to the other foot. At 2.30 they returned and at 4.0 they let us off the boat (mind you, we are not complaining; it is good to be reminded that there is a war on). At 5.15 we entered the Customs house, were rushed through and pushed on to the train, still fasting. We collapsed into a corner and screamed for tea. It came—eventually—a poor substitute for a meal but we were hungry and liked it.

At Victoria the Vice-Rector and the *Ripetitore* met us and directed us to the Hotel Royal. There, too, we met Mr J. Dawson who returned to share our last dinner and coffee and *rosolio*. During that august function the Vice-Rector thanked Fr Ekbery for his able management of the details of the journey, especially those connected with finance which had been his peculiar care. And lest we seem ungrateful in what has gone before, let us say that the unobtrusive work of Fr Ekbery, so essential to the good order of the party, is better appreciated in retrospect than at the moment when crises and dilemmas were the order of the day. But we found time even then to admire his efficiency and apparently easy calmness, and the passing of months only adds to his glory. The Vice-Rector, expressing the hope that we should be kept together, proposed an “*Ad multos annos*”—very softly and sweetly sung. On behalf of the House, Mr McKenna thanked the Vice-Rector for making the trip “as enjoyable as a *gita*”, a perfectly true statement which contained the highest praise of his part in the evacuation. We sang another “*Ad multos*” and, after dallying with precious memories, retired to bed.

20th. *Monday*. Our final corporate act was to attend Mass in the English Martyrs' Chapel at Westminster Cathedral, a Mass said, of course, by the Vice-Rector. Afterwards His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley came, and we knelt to kiss his ring. He spoke shortly and simply—and promised to support our efforts to keep together. He then gave his blessing and we dispersed, some to their trains, some to the hotel for breakfast.

And there we must end, sooner, much sooner than we expected. Instead of Giobbi lifting trunks on to his lorry, we have a porter putting them on the “*Mancunian*”. Instead of the Lake and the Villa, the Opera and hot vino in the Wiggery, we will spend our summer in England—part of it at home. What will happen next? Will the College be disbanded? Not if we can help it. Like Micawber we are waiting for something to turn up (which, we may say, we are hourly expecting).

H. REYNOLDS.

JUNE 17th. *Monday*. And what happened so improbably to Micawber has happened almost as improbably to us. Something did turn up. Dickens had a habit of making his characters happy with a series of miraculous upheavals of the plot. We are always urged not to multiply miracles, but there seems little other explanation for the letters which we received the other day, with the news that the College would re-assemble in Westmorland. Even when the Catholic papers repeated

the story, we set off for Ambleside, mystified but ready for anything that could possibly be labelled "English College".

So here we are at Croft Lodge ; and there sure enough is Lake Windermere, while shouts and splashes from the end of the garden announce that some of the earlier arrivals are taking a plunge in the shallow waters of the Brathay, where it skirts the grounds before turning sharp right and losing itself in the vast expanse of water now gleaming gold in the evening sun.

Supper is at half-past seven—an inspiring thought ; so we make a hurried tour of the building to inspect the Herculean labours of the advance party and to wander vaguely amid the corridors of our new home. It is a typical English country house, with this difference, that rooms originally intended for one or two guests are now ingeniously bedded for ten ; even those which may have been given to one small maid now hold four large clerics—and very little else. Even the wash-stands are in the corridor, except in the case of the bigger rooms. But further details can more fittingly be read in the article on our sojourn at the Croft. Here let us record only the sigh we heaved on seeing the chapel ; a room remarkable for containing more mirrors than any other room in the house ; while the antiquated miniatures and ornate chandeliers were a pathetic exchange for the Martyrs' Picture and the "Memorial slabs on the wall of the College Chapel". But to avoid the lasting enmity of the heroic advance party, we hasten to add that wonders had really been worked with a rather out-dated lounge before it could present the appearance of the photograph reproduced elsewhere. As we are now going to bed with a sick headache, impatience for further facts must be curbed until the morning.

18th. *Tuesday*. A talk from the Vice-Rector after a very good breakfast reminded us that we had not come on a protracted *gita*—which cleared up the doubts of a good many optimists. While we were forbidden to carry rifles, he pointed out that we had other weapons to turn against the enemy. To assist us in our own war, the programme is to include Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every evening from 5.0 until 7.30, during which anyone will be free to watch.

Groups now drifted off to visit the nearby village of Ambleside—it probably calls itself a town but it is no use blinking the facts. There we bought what we hoped would be useful at Croft Lodge and rejected most of the things which really would have been worth buying. Some people took a boat down the river to the Lake ; or swam in the Brathay ; or explored the countryside. We are taking washing-up in our stride ; but there is a Public Meeting threatened for tomorrow at which much damage may be done. The most noticeable change from the Roman programme at present is the increased time for recreation after meals, without which the refectory servers would hardly have time to borrow a cigarette before being called to some other duty.

Tennis and boating during the evening recreations find no precedent either in the circles of Rome or the moonlight prowling at Palazzola ; but

the ever vigilant Guardians of the Spirit of the House will see that no harm comes of the innovation.

19th. *Wednesday*. Breakfast, with its cereals and marmalade flanking the *pièce de résistance*, is taking on an importance which could never honestly have been conceded to the Roman roll and coffee—so solemn is it that all must leave chapel together after the *Maria Mater*, to assist at the opening of the ceremony. And let the man of long prayers look to his sugar ration!

At the Public Meeting we defined our attitude to stampmen and tabmen, elected a boatman and graciously accepted the apologies of all who meditate pressing us into their house-cleaning chain gangs. The head sacristan proposed a conundrum (or it may have been a motion) about the chairs in chapel. Should we lean against the chair of the man in front; if so, what of the front row (for we boast no kneelers)? Or should we bring our own chairs round in front of us, in which case what of the noise? We all laughed heartily but nobody made any sensible addition to the *Status quaestionis*—so perhaps it was a motion.

This evening, before we should get out of hand, the Vice-Rector began to stir the murky depths of fifth century Ecclesiastical History for the edification of the Theologians; and the Philosophers, generalised by Fr. Ekbery, continued their skirmishes with Scotus, Occam and the other weavers of philosophic fallacy.

20th. *Thursday*. We put in an hour's study after breakfast, balanced on deckchairs that tended to collapse under the strain of so much concentration, or leaning against trees that were very knobbly, or in peripatetic fashion among the roses. As sweet music to our ear came the dusty murmurings of the slaves of the broom and dustpan, who must perform their unclean rites every morning from nine until ten o'clock. At this latter hour they stack their domestic arms and we meet in the Common-room. Distributed in armchairs, rocking chairs and on settees (there being nothing like a Gregorian bench in the whole house, nor probably in the whole of England) we accept the tuition of the Vice-Rector; and it speaks well for his eloquence that only one man fell asleep. The uncharitably observant maintain that he is never awake before dinner anyway, so perhaps he should not be allowed to spoil a good average.

Talking about dinner reminds us of another change. Our mid-day meal is now known as lunch (except to the unregenerate) and we dine at 7.30. Nor is tea the grim travesty which, as merenda, made a man hope that his merits were greater than the reward suggested, and afternoon hikers are goaded to scale great heights by the vision of how they can placate the appetites thus roused.

21st. *Friday*. The human mind is ever ready to acquire a new art. Yesterday some quick-witted youth learnt how to break an oar and this morning he gained his first disciple. There is ominous talk about raffles. We have long since given up any serious hope of bettering our own estate by this form of legalised highway robbery. I wonder why the powers

behind the lottery do not drop these unwieldy trappings of civilization and admit their descent from former denizens of Newgate. Perhaps they are deterred by that same strange delicacy that causes a man to talk of "borrowing" a tab or an umbrella on a rainy day or a pair of greys for the rest of his course.

22nd. *Saturday*. We woke early to the sound of rain; we pulled our two blankets round our shoulders and sighed for the more genial temperature of the south—even if it were only south of the Thames. It rained on and off all day—a nice soft rain which the Men Who Know assured us might last for days or even for weeks. One or two stray copies of the VENERABLE arrived this morning, redirected from home addresses.

A short public meeting after breakfast drove the Superiors to the refectory for their smoke and dealt with the laundry question. Another committee! All we need now is a committee to coordinate the committees. We hear that the Rector is returning tonight, though where he is to sleep baffles even the omniscient beings already mentioned.

23rd. *Sunday*. The Rector slept at the Presbytery; and we saw him, as we wandered in the garden before Meditation marshalling our three points, arrive at the Lodge in time to start the prayer punctually and so confound those troubled with a mild attack of sleeping sickness. Our own second Mass was at 9.30. After the second Mass at Ambleside there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and *cameratas* kept up a fairly regular attendance all day. During the Holy Hour which ended the Exposition the Schola demonstrated how well it always follows the beat by rendering two Motets very indifferently because it could not see the conductor.

24th. *Monday*. It still rains but with less fixity of purpose. The Rector has been seen with Arnou's *Metaphysica Generalis* under his arm. Two and two are being added together and the result is running into thousands.

25th. *Tuesday*. This afternoon Fr H. Martindale arrived from Barrow-in-Furness to view the estate. He was accompanied by Fr Dewhurst.

The Vice-Rector returned from the village with some jig-saw puzzles and we spent a feverish evening looking for a green bit with a red line running through it, dislodging enthusiasts from the back of our neck and preventing well-wishers from fitting together by main force pieces which belonged to opposite ends of the puzzle.

26th. *Wednesday*. A curious ritual is practised between 6.0 and 6.30 every morning. No verbal portrait will really do it justice but the main rubrics are these. At 6.30 we are awakened, if the man who wakes the official knocker-up has not broken his alarm. With the *magnum silentium* thick about us, we make a wild dash for the bathroom and commence to shave. It sounds easy, no doubt, but wait. There are two mirrors, one

bath, and two basins one of which has a tap. Enough, you say, for the numbers who shave before Meditation. An inspection of chins in the Roman Common-room after breakfast might have fostered that view. Perhaps we always saw the wrong chins; perhaps they had shaved but forgotten the blade. Whatever the solution may be, there is no disputing the fact that by five minutes past six about half the College seems to have fitted into a moderately small bathroom and to be lathering, stropping and scraping as for dear life or a Parish Bazaar competition. The silence is broken by a hiss, a gurgle or a yawn. Four or five men stare into one mirror, a sixth squinting round somebody's ear and gashing himself with gusto. The six use one towel (five have forgotten theirs) and finish off one piece of soap borrowed from an oblivious seventh. The more moderate souls arrive in time to wash three in a basin and start on a new piece of soap. The more exclusive who perform the ceremony in their own rooms have the added thrill of falling backward over a bed, if they only move to observe the effect of the last slash.

27th. *Thursday. Oggi gita.* We set out with three sandwiches and an orange (rather like the Distributist's three acres and a cow). We climbed Scafell, Helvellyn or Conistone Old Man. As climbs they did not compare to Gennaro but the view was an improvement on the Roman Campagna. Apparently Nature does not keep all her eggs in one basket. We found in the yarn-swapping after dinner at night that our adventures had been hardly less exciting than when we used to ski down the Terminillo or mingle Castelli wines in a libation to the spirit of *Romanità*.

28th. *Friday.* At Pastoral class this morning the Theologians met for the first time Dean McKenna, who took his own anecdotes with a pinch of snuff. In the evening Fr Atkinson, from Ambleside, gave us a conference with a very practical turn; and the Rector departed after challenging us to examinations before we disband—a challenge we would willingly not accept.

29th. *Saturday. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.* We were promised really Roman weather this morning and after breakfast the Magazine staff held its business meeting on the lawn. A number of sociable people drifted up to smoke a pipe with them and were beaten off with tactful hint or open abuse. But after the second Mass at half-past nine the weather gave up all pretence of geniality and in the afternoon the rain was back making up for lost time. With it came several young stalwarts who had set off at an early hour for Windermere where they were registering with the military. It is typical of the way the human mind works that many people registered unnecessarily while at home and an equal number of those who should have done so did not. The Senior Student, surrounded by much paper, has had a merry time working out who must be bailed out and who must be handed reservedly to the nation.

Fathers Hyam and Antrobus, who came over for the afternoon, could have done little but admire the rain, which has washed out all scenery.

30th. *Sunday*. We have been given new sheets—not just clean sheets or fresh sheets but stiff, crackly, well-starched new ones. Getting into bed now reminds one of a knight-errant being screwed into his armour. They bend enough to avert bruised knuckles or barked shins but when a sleeper turns the noise is as of many coals being shot into a cellar. We are now well-stocked with blankets, too—thick, woolly ones that shed fluff without provocation; and since the only place to sit is on the bed, you must either roll all the clothes up under the pillow or take off your cassock before commencing a letter or the next chapter of Vermeersch.

The Vice-Rector preached at Ambleside tonight and we provided a strong support in the back benches, trying to look as though all the sermons in the College were of equal excellence.

JULY 1st. *Monday*. A fresh crisis is looming up. The maids having been dismissed, those who are not occupied with housework are invited from 9.0 to 10.0 to repair to the scullery and scrape potatoes. There is one scraper and something that used to be a scraper before it tried its vocation as a sharp-toothed saw. The knives that falter before a tough piece of meat are no match for an elderly potato. However we make encouraging progress with a couple of scrubbing brushes and a mesh pancer and solace ourselves for minor deficiencies with the thought that the best part of the potato is in the skin. Meanwhile the floor resembles a marsh—the kind of marsh in which one catches malignant fevers. *Prosit* to Mr P. Storey who arrived tonight with the subdiaconate. Also a belated but none the less sincere *Prosit* to Messrs P. Clark, McKenna, Firth, Gannon, K. Connolly and J. Harrison, who received their subdiaconate during the interim between Rome and Croft Lodge. The men who rowed down to Bowness to bring Mr Storey back found the Rector there as well and he returned steering. But the shallow reaches of the Brathay proved a little disconcerting to a seaman used to plumbing by the fathom.

2nd. *Tuesday*. We have a tennis-court at last. At least we have permission to bring into use one which was abandoned some time ago. So naturally (having a committee already) we must have a Tournament. This is a ruse of the Secretary to prevent inquiries about the subscription which he recently on specious plea wrung out of us.

3rd. *Wednesday*. Today's public meeting will stand forever as the one at which we repudiated potato peeling with scorn. Since nobody suggested that we should cease to peel potatoes (this would mean either eating them in their jackets or not eating them at all), it is hard to see just how far this motion took us. But everyone was immensely pleased with it. First Year, throwing off its becoming bashfulness, expressed itself with pith and precision on the examinations by a board of three, a fate to which popular rumour has with relish condemned them.

4th. *Thursday*. Through the rain which rarely abated we struggled up Scafell Pike and in a wind that threatened to freeze our soaking clothes, we tried to think beautiful thoughts, when the mists rolled aside for a

moment revealing vignettes of Borrowdale or Westwater. Then, huddled against wet, grey slabs we swallowed thick bread and butter and hard-boiled eggs and sang our First Year song. Pretending that we were now quite warm and thoroughly refreshed, we waded through the swamps which in drier weather are admired as the Borrowdale Valley. After steaming in a farm house for the space of a good tea, we raised many blisters, nearly missed the last bus home, contracted stiffening of the joints that made us late for dinner and could not get near the bath until the hot water supply was exhausted. A magnificent *gita* in every way.

5th. *Friday*. A notice round the refectory invited the sadistic to suggest mortifications for the week of penance.

We have a new committee to meet the darning problem. Socks on which the laundry has worked its will are taken by this confederacy to a respectable Dorcas who has undertaken to "do for us". They return much improved by this grand tour but with a hole in the toe.

6th. *Saturday*. During next week we are observing the strict fast with Stations of the Cross, other penances being left to individual imaginations. It has begun to rain and certain do's and don'ts have been circulated about the amount of laundry to be sent in future. Which all helps the general depression inseparable from a fast day.

7th. *Sunday*. A piece of dry toast and a cup of black coffee (without sugar) becomes less appetising than it sounds, as we eye the plate of bacon and kindred luxuries being carried through to the man who is not fasting. Of course, it rained as we went down to Ambleside for second Mass.

8th. *Monday*. In the absence of the Vice-Rector who is preaching penance at Lancaster, the Rector delivered a few points to the Theologians.

The general renunciation of smoking has struck a severe blow to the amiability of the Common-room. Groups no longer form around the man who has just lit a match; one cannot fill an awkward pause by pulling profoundly on one's pipe; or silence a dialectic opponent by asking him for a tab. The sizzling and bubbling of the novice are not heard in the land; while the few Philistines who still puff contentedly must be avoided, for the flesh is weak. The hands fiddle aimlessly. The man with large feet cannot justify their existence by tapping out his pipe on them. We feel awkward, liverish, cold and it has begun to rain. Mr Walker left us this morning to join the Navy.

9th. *Tuesday*. *Feast of SS. John Fisher and Thomas More*. High Mass was impossible, for we have neither vestments nor Libers; but we had Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day. Rain fell almost incessantly. In a smokeless Common-room groups huddled round the fire and thought of the hour when they could light the one cigarette of the day. One man, feeling the strain of human society too great, retired behind a huge green volume of St Augustine's *Opera Omnia*. We felt depressed as well. A few braved the weather and returned, wet and cold,

to a cup of tea and a canonically adequate *ne potus*. After supper we welcomed the Vice-Rector's film machine and returned in spirit to a sun-bathed Villa to relive *sforza gita* or *cortile* practice.

10th. *Wednesday*. The burning question at supper is "How much does it weigh?" A hot dish of dubious weight is followed by cheese. Can a man have two helpings of hot pot and follow that with a piece of cheese and a large slice of bread? The opinions are as varied as the appetites. The man who brought in a pair of scales was not popular nor was he much consulted. Some held that, as long as you ate less than you wanted and did everything according to the mind of the Church, all was well. One man made a trifling error in the early stages of his calculations and discovered after the meal that he had eaten about twenty-four ounces instead of eight.

11th. *Thursday*. We have no public wireless and newspapers appear very spasmodically—we have never belonged to the league that seems to get the latest one on the first day of its appearance in the Common-room, and after that it is all rather hackneyed and unexciting. However, our surmise that the war is still on was confirmed by the arrival of some local authority to give the superiors lessons in working a hand-pump. Moreover, a small bridge which joins the two parts of the garden and passes over the public road is to be manned by look-out men; if we enter the grounds after eleven at night, we shall be liable to be shot. So we may expect an epidemic of enthusiasm for night strolling which is the usual reaction to any prohibition.

12th. *Friday*. In these days we sometimes think of the old Prayers for the Conversion of England which owing to shortage of copies have given place to a more abbreviated form. Avancinus, too, has fallen by the way-side and the *Imitation* is now read at night—to the great relief of Second Year Theologians whose quantities are weak.

13th. *Saturday*. We were visited today by Bishop Flynn and his secretary, Dr Tootell. To receive our guest in fitting manner, we had to borrow the owner's private dining-room; so that our first official sight of His Lordship was when he gave Benediction.

14th. *Sunday*. We celebrated the end of the week of penance with a *Missa Cantata* at Ambleside—the first ever sung there. We had about a dozen Libers, which were distributed chiefly among the Schola. Even so, one book between three does not make for courteous treatment of odd epistemata; and looking over the book of a man in the bench in front leads to pirate versions which are received with little sympathy by the ribald plebs. In the evening there was a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, during which we shook the rafters with the Lourdes version of "*Benedictus qui venit*".

15th. *Monday*. If you wish to follow the fashion, you must play "Monopoly"—if you can get a game. A wave of enthusiasm has swept the House, similar to that accorded in turn to ping-pong, darts and, in faithfully recurring spasms, to crosswords. The man with the far-away look in his eye is not racking his brain for that quotation from *Macbeth*; nor is he trying to perfect a grip that will give him a double twenty every time. He is wondering whether he should sell Mayfair and put more houses on the scarlet block; or whether the Angel is a better site than Piccadilly. The delight with which a man is hounded to bankruptcy has led to its condemnation by the purer spirits among us. But even from these ranks there have been lapses and *corruptio optimi pessima*. Weathering the storm in their own exclusive corners are the aristocrats of the Common-room who play Contract loyally and without enthusiasm.

16th. *Tuesday*. Another competition which never loses popularity is seeing how long you can keep your soap. The rules are few and quickly learnt. Buy the soap; put it carefully away in a box; lock the box. Then continue to use the piece which some half-wit or public benefactor has left in the bathroom for the last day or two. When that goes, you wait for somebody else to fill the breach. Sooner or later everyone gets a twinge of conscience and produces a new tablet. The man with the toughest conscience wins. But you know that on the day you take it to the bathroom, it will be seized by a dozen hands, anxious to be clean at your expense. After that it is not worth taking away and you leave it to its fate.

18th. *Thursday*. The rain today was so resolute that all hopes of a *gita* were abandoned. *Chi Lo Sa?* workers retired to odd corners to perfect the masterpieces which they are threatening to present to us in the near future. Passers-by stop to offer criticism, usually destructive, and the Editor wonders whether anyone will be left by the day of publication who has not seen all the jokes—or failed to see them. A telegram of good wishes was sent to the Cardinal Protector on his *onomastico*.

19th. *Friday*. A solution to the shaving difficulty is to get up soon after half-past five. You can get a bowl and mirror to yourself and retire well-groomed before the common herd is released. You may even have a bath. Most people however do not regard this as a solution at all.

20th. *Saturday*. The excellent weather today merited the proclamation of a *gita*. One party followed a famous path-finder until they were all miles from their destination. In an attempt to reach civilization and parkin they infringed some jealously guarded grazing rights and, after being abused in remote Cumbrian, were tracked down by the local special constable. By a miracle of Providence they all had their identity cards; but apparently their poor opinion of the quality of the local grazing was shared, for they never heard any more of the episode.

21st. *Sunday*. The mortality among the glasses is rapidly assuming the proportions of an epidemic. No server ever drops one; no washer-up ever handles them carelessly. But nobody can deny the existence of a growing row of chipped, cracked or broken glasses, so that some people have to drink their water from breakfast cups. At the same time, the general efficiency of waiters is far above that even expected from the servants in Rome. There is the added advantage that in moments of dissatisfaction one can put forward one's own view in forceful English unhampered by the pauses during which one had to grope for a word and the servant moved off to the safety of the kitchen.

22nd. *Monday*. The tennis tournament in spite of torrential rain has slowly dragged itself into the final round and today Messrs Hanlon and Roche were declared victors after a well-contested match and were offered the option of a box of cigarettes or three shillings and sixpence in hard cash.

23rd. *Tuesday*. On the last *gita* of the season, announced after Mass, we set off on the walk we had been meaning to do all the summer.

24th. *Wednesday*. *Chi Lo Sa?* appeared after lunch in a new orange cover and was accorded a good reception, perhaps because so many people had had time to digest the jokes before being called on to appreciate them publicly.

One day a monument must be erected to the Venerable clocks at the expense of the diarists of the magazine. No diary is complete without a few words about their vagaries. The Ambleside substitutes deserve their place. There was the clock over the stable which was the official time-piece; and the little one in the Common-room that might tell the same time but more often did not. Then just as we got used to following stable time, that would suddenly become very unstable and we would switch over to the smaller one (to the confusion of those who support the theory that to get in before the prayer is just as unpunctual as getting in after it); after a day in which the Common-room mean time approximated less and less to wireless, watch or sun, we would transfer our allegiance again. Thus was confusion worse confounded.

25th. *Thursday*. Examinations started tonight for those who wished to try their luck.

26th. *Friday*. All day people were going to examinations and returning with much the same remarks as have been heard so often in the Wiggery or during the pause before one attempts the fifth hole.

27th. *Saturday*. The concert which has long been maturing burst out tonight in a resurrection of old favourites, a commentary in verse on current affairs and a good sprinkling of fresh items. It speaks well for the genius of the Committee that so long a concert should have been such a success without the support of either sketch or *vino*. After the first half we adjourned to a cold supper which recalled memories of the night of the Opera at Palazzola.

PART I.

ORPHEUS	<i>March of the Guard</i> <i>Jolly Roger</i>	
PIANO DUET	<i>Slavonic Dance (Dvorak)</i>	Vice-Rector, Mr Rawcliffe
MONOLOGUES	<i>Runcorn Ferry</i> . . .	Mr Holland
	<i>Sam's Medal</i> . . .	Mr Pledger
ITEM	<i>Medley on the Tin Whistle</i>	The Rector
SONGS	<i>Underneath the Blasted Oak</i> <i>The Parish of Croft Lodge</i>	Messrs Brown and Holland
SELECTIONS FROM THE MIKADO.		

PART II.

	<i>Choruses from the Pantomime "Ali Baba"</i>	Tutti
SOLO	<i>An Evening Song</i> . . .	Mr Gibb
	<i>If somebody there chanced to be</i> (Ruddigore)	
ITEM	<i>History of the College in Song</i> <i>Clerical Advice</i>	Messrs Key and Fallon
INTERLUDE	<i>The Examination</i> <i>The Professor</i> . . .	Mr O'Neill
	<i>The Student</i> . . .	Mr Morris
QUARTETTE	<i>The Far-Sighted Drunkard</i>	Messrs Fallon, Hiscoe, Alston and McKenna
DUET	<i>I Know a Youth (Ruddigore)</i> <i>None shall part us (Iolanthe)</i>	Messrs Gibb and McEnroe
ITEM	Fr Atkinson
ITEM	<i>Croft Lodge Capers (a Medley)</i>	Messrs Hanlon, Pledger and Buxton

Selections from the Operetta.
God Save the King.

28th. *Sunday.* We sang High Mass at Ambleside—*con slancio*, as every diarist worthy of his office must say about something. The Rector told us that we should be reassembling at Stonyhurst in September, thus resolving at last the many contradictory rumours which have attended his comings and goings of the past month.

29th. *Monday.* At an early hour beds were being dragged downstairs, bedding arranged in what were thought to be neat piles and after a royal breakfast a bus load of people left at seven o'clock. A select few were rowed down to the Lake side to catch their bus. While others drifted away from time to time, the Vice-Rector and a few volunteers began to sweep and wash and tidy up until Croft Lodge looked as though the English College had never been there.

30th. *Tuesday.* We passed down the drive in the clear morning light, clanging the iron gates for the last time, and we thought with pleasure of this stay amid some of England's most natural beauty. Yet we left Croft Lodge without regret, for our affection still centres on the Via Monserrato with its cobbles and operatic housewives and on Palazzola, our own palace of delights.

J. PLEDGER.

PERSONAL

AMONG the first of the visitors to our newly-found home at Stonyhurst was His Eminence the Cardinal, who, in an informal speech, launched the new epoch and blessed our work. This is not the place in which to thank him for his help and sympathy in an hour of need. Let it suffice to say that we wish him many more years with us, and pray that he may be able to see us again soon in our rightful abode.

To BISHOP FLYNN we owe our gratitude for the hospitality he accorded to us in a very pretty corner of his diocese of Lancaster, and were particularly pleased to have him with us for an afternoon during our stay at Croft Lodge.

Since then we have crossed the frontier of Lancaster into Salford, and are on the territory of Bishop Marshall whom we hope to welcome to the Venerable very soon.

In forming a teaching staff, the College welcomes three old friends. Dr W. BUTTERFIELD, who takes the chair of Moral Theology, is an old student of the College. And Revv B. LEEMING and R. DYSON, S.J., graced rostra at the Gregorian and Biblical Institute respectively, and visited us frequently in Rome. Fr LEEMING was at the University until 1937; and Fr DYSON, who taught Scripture at the Biblical Institute, travelled with us from Rome in May. He takes the two upper years of Theology for Scripture, and First Year Theology for Fundamentals. Fr LEEMING is Professor of Dogma to the rest of Theology.

Six priests ordained last year are now appointed.

Rev G. PITT at St Osmund's, Salisbury.

Rev H. MARTINDALE at St. Mary's, Duke Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

Rev E. COONAN at Our Lady's, Birkenhead.

Rev A. IGGLEDEN at St Raphael's, Surbiton.

Rev A. HULME at the Cathedral, Northampton.

Rev M. CASSIDY at St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

As yet we have no news of Rev P. MACNAMARA, also ordained last year. To all in their new posts we say *Ad Multos Annos!*

To date we know of five Romans who are chaplains to H.M. Forces.

Rev Dr CUNNINGHAM has left the naval metropolis at Portsmouth for an outpost of Empire. His new address is : H.M.S. *Sultan II*, Singapore, F.M.S.

Rev Dr IBBETT (1923-30), R. P. REDMOND (1926-34), T. J. LYNCH (1926-34), G. PRITCHARD (1927-34) are chaplains "somewhere in England".

While wishing them success in a new field of the apostolate, we must apologise to Rev W. FORD (1930-37) for unofficially making him a chaplain. The error was due to confusion with another priest of the same name and in the same diocese.

The Scots College has, for the time, disbanded, and the students are divided between the two seminaries at Bearsden, Glasgow, and Blair's, Aberdeen. Mgr CLAPPERTON is now in charge of a parish, and Fr FLANAGAN is on the teaching staff at Blair's. To all of them we send our greetings, and look forward to the day when we shall visit them again at the Via delle Quattro Fontane.

We have several changes of address to chronicle. Those who were engaged on post-graduate studies when the evacuation began are now appointed to secretarial or parochial posts.

Rev J. BUCKLEY is secretary to the Bishop of Clifton.

Rev P. CUNNINGHAM is at the Cathedral, Salford.

Rev E. GRASAR is at St Barnabas' Cathedral, Nottingham.

Rev P. PEDRICK is at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Exeter.

And Rev Dr J. LEAHY, after prolonged Scriptural studies, receives his first appointment at St John's Seminary, Womersley.

To all these who had to leave their academic courses before completion, we send our sympathy, and wish them well in their new abodes.

In the Hexham diocese there are some changes to record.

Rev Dr DELANY has gone from St Mary's Grammar School, Darlington, to St Bede's, Jarrow.

Rev Dr MACDONALD has left St Anthony of Padua's, Walker-on-Tyne, for St Mary's Grammar School, Darlington.

Rev Dr H. MCNEILL has returned to the post of Bishop's Secretary, after a period at St Oswin's, Tynemouth.

Rev G. SWINBURNE, after a year's teaching at St Mary's Grammar School, Darlington, has gone to St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

In the Salford diocese there are five changes to note.

Rev Dr BARRE (1914-21) has gone from Bishop's House, Salford, to Hulme, Manchester.

Rev Dr. J. TURNER (1916-21) leaves Blakeley for St Mary's, Heaton Norris, Stockport.

Rev J. McNULTY (1919-26) leaves Bolton for Rusholme, Manchester.

Rev Dr B. SLEVIN (1920-27) goes from Rochdale to St Joseph's, Salford.

Rev Dr DUGGAN, M.A. (1926-33) leaves Bishop's House, Salford, for St Bede's College, Manchester.

Rev Dr L. J. WILKINSON (1925-32) in the Lancaster diocese, has left Kirkham for St Peter's, Lytham, Lancs.

Rev Dr W. PARK (1923-30) has gone from St Helen's, Great Crosby, to a temporary chaplaincy of Lindley, Freshfield.

Rev J. WALSH (1929-36) is now secretary to His Grace, the Archbishop of Cardiff.

Rev E. DOYLE (1930-37) has gone from the post of Bishop's secretary to be curate at St Alban's, Liscard.

To all of these in their new appointments we wish every success.

Lastly we send our congratulations to Rev Dr J. HALSALL (1924-31) who has become Vice-Rector of the Beda, now at Upholland.

His place as Professor of Philosophy at St Edmund's, Ware, is taken by Rev L. McREAVY (1930-37) who has left the Cathedral, Nottingham. May he flourish in his academic post!

We send our sincere congratulations to Dr GEORGE FORD (1921-1928) on his recent elevation to a place in the Plymouth Chapter.

The present Senior Student is Mr P. CLARK.

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

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

THE Magazine suffered the same fate as other organizations, in having to abandon most of its property when the College left Rome. The Secretary managed to rescue his account-book and our capital had already been transferred, so that only about eighty lire remains in the Roman bank. Our most serious immediate loss was having to leave all but one of the Magazine typewriters, so that now punctuality in appearance becomes more difficult than ever. Later on, Editors will feel the need of the Magazine archives which were never brought back from the Vatican; past students can now give added assistance in maintaining the standard of the Magazine by cooperating in efforts to record the history of the College between the end of Cardinal Gasquet's history and the beginning of the printed diaries. For all such assistance readers and staff alike will be most grateful.

Subscriptions may now be sent to:—

The Secretary,
Venerable English College,
St Mary's Hall,
Stonyhurst,
Nr Blackburn.

The Staff is 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 Downside Review, The Edmundian, The Millhillian, The Oratory School Magazine, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, Clavis Petri, and St Joseph's Magazine.

We thank Messrs Chester for the *Chesterian* and gifts of music. Owing to the recent disturbances of Magazine routine we cannot guarantee this as a complete list of acknowledgments. If we have inadvertently omitted any mention which is due, we offer our sincere apologies.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

Apart from the absence of the greater part of the French College, the University was more or less at full strength when Cardinal Pizzardo inaugurated the new session at Premiations last November; and there were high hopes of continued peace in Italy, and a complete year's work. Snow covered the path to the University on several occasions, but did not prove anything more than that the legendary holiday for "prima nix" was still a legend.

The invasion of the Low Countries dealt a sudden and what turned out to be a mortal blow to the year's work; and, at the same time, revealed the sterling qualities of the professors. Within two days the Dutch and Belgians had been examined, and were ready to leave. That was a miracle of achievement in itself. But when, on the evening of Tuesday, May 14th, Fr Becker said the English College could take their examinations, we could hardly believe our ears. But on that Wednesday we took ninety different examinations in twenty-nine different subjects, and, what is more, the professors kept to the normal course of lectures. Our thanks for this generosity go to the professors, many of whom examined at a moment's notice, some caught on their way out for a walk, some as they left the lecture-hall, and one unfortunate roused from his siesta; but particularly we must thank Fr Becker, who spent the entire day arranging examinations, and finding professors for us.

Arrived in England, though hundreds of miles from the University, we follow very closely her programme of studies, and are fortunate in having two of the University professors on our staff, Fr B. Leeming, S.J., who left the University in 1937, and Fr R. Dyson, S.J., who returned home with us from the Biblical Institute. Under their able guidance and with the assistance of the Rector, the Vice-Rector, Fr Ekbery and Dr Butterfield, we are following the University course in every detail, and hope, in consequence, that the Gregorian will see its way to conferring degrees on its exiles.

During the year, Fr Lopez, S.J., established a circle at the University, which assembled each week to pray for peace, and also made it possible for students of different colleges to make contact with alumni and friends of the University who were prisoners of war, or in concentration camps, or

suffering in any other way as a result of the war. May this excellent work of charity continue, in spite of increased difficulties.

As far as we are able to summarise the examination results, they are as follows. One hundred and eighty-eight examinations were taken; out of which one hundred and eighty-seven were passed. Summa cum laude was gained thirty-one times, Magna cum laude forty-two times, and cum laude forty-two times. There are still twenty results to come in, and we are expecting them soon.

Messrs Buckley and Cunningham of the Faculty of Canon Law had handed in their theses, but were unable to defend them.

Among the books published at the University during the year were the following:—

- De Deo Creante et Elevante.* Boyer. 2nd Edition.
De Deo Uno. Lennerz. 2nd Edition.
De Ecclesia. Vol. I. Zapelena. 2nd Edition.
Enchiridion Status et Ecclesiae. Lo Grasso.
Theologica Ascetica. Hertling.

LITERARY SOCIETY

In a European war the Society had an event that might have threatened its existence and a topic that might have overwhelmed it. Both these dangers were averted and the Society has survived the second war in its history. A leak in the blockade allowed seven speakers to reach us from England; and the danger was always present to the mind of Mr Cassidy, the President, who added a fine spice of variety to the talks, so that, though the *quid*, *quo* and *quomodo* of the war were discussed, we never became war-weary. When the leak in the blockade seemed likely to be closed, the Society emigrated to England, a land to which it is a stranger but about which it has heard a lot.

To one race of men in particular the Society is indebted, the journalists who were the mainstay of our literary edifice. Mr Mackenzie of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr Ward Price, Mr Rothay Reynolds, Mr Arnold Lunn and Mr Douglas Woodruff all found Rome an interesting city under the gloom of approaching war, and the Society found them equally interesting and more entertaining. Mr Woodruff deserves our especial thanks for the only talk that verged on the literary, a study of "Newman and Chesterton", two opposite characters, pessimist and optimist, who followed the same kindly light along different avenues. Mr Lunn, whose hearth is two continents, Europe and America, asked the question, "Whither Europe"? and answered in the light of his recent experiences in the Balkans.

Mr Ward Price introduced us to some "Personalities of the War", in the mountains of Berchtesgarden, at the Wilhelmstrasse and at Nazi gatherings, and we learnt something of the German leaders "at home"—Marshall Goering, sporting a strange hunting costume of his own design, and Herr Hitler, exhibiting innate Willenskraft during a stroll before

afternoon tea. Mr Rothay Reynolds, of whose death we have recently heard with great regret, in his eighteen years as "Foreign Correspondent in Berlin," was more interested in the pariahs of the Herrenvolke, Catholics, priests and Jews, many of whom he knew intimately. Mr Mackenzie, out of a store of memories collected during "Forty Years in Rome", treasured most the recollections of his earliest days in Italy, when one could live in a good hotel for "*cinque lire al giorno*", and as Vice-consul learn to be a very efficient journalist.

"Scandinavia and the War" was the title of a talk by Dr Fredericksson, a Swedish convert, who introduced us to some problems of the Northern countries, where racial feeling has a very real influence on political life. We went farther North with Dr Heenan, a former President of the Society, who had visited the U.S.S.R. and told us something of his "Experiences in Soviet Russia," collected in a fortnight's tour, conducted mainly by himself on lines that required some presence of mind.

There were two talks from members of the Society. The Vice-Rector arranged with the editor of THE VENERABLE to read the article on "Mutiny among the Martyrs" of which the conclusion is printed in this number. Mr Alan Clark, in a very up-to-date paper on "War at Sea" put us abreast of some recent nautical curiosities, such as paravanes, hydrophones and the Italian Fleet, and with the aid of a large map revised many of our notions on geography. A tenth lecture was in the offing when we had to take our leave and so Mr Cassidy cast off the Presidency without the glamour of a business meeting to celebrate his retirement. This meeting was conducted at St Mary's Hall by the retiring secretary, Mr Lavery, and the Society is now in the capable hands of Mr Firth and Mr Tolkien. Though more roads lead to Rome than to Stonyhurst and many more travel over them, we have no fears about the future of the Society, now approaching its three hundredth meeting. There is always the eloquence of the House to tap and in this the Society has a guarantee of its continuance; whether in Rome or in England. *Prosperè procedat et regnet!*

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

In the middle of the feverish activity of the last few days in Rome, when packing was almost taking precedence over the satisfying of bodily necessities, the Secretary of the Debating Society was confronted with a hideous dilemma. It was either the minute book or the mountain boots. There was no room for both—either a. or b. must go. Perhaps it should have been b. but it is too late now; we can only offer the consolation that the records are safe and well-hidden; so well hidden that no predatory Italian or prying Fascist, nay not even the Secretary himself, will ever find them without considerable difficulty.

Now, for the man writing up an account of a society's activities during a given period, the remarks scribbled periodically in the minute book, however meagre, are of great assistance. Without them he becomes

conscious of a grave lacuna in his MSS. What alternatives remain? He could make up an imaginary account of the debates, working on the hypothesis that there are a certain number of motions common to all societies which rotate in a five year circle. But it is five to one against picking the right year; and even if you did, the people who attended, though unable to remember what they had said, would probably remember that they had not said what you said they had said. Similar solutions present similar difficulties; so there is nothing left but to rack your brains for vague recollections of the glorious battles fought out under the shelves and shelves of *Civiltà Cattolica* and *Dublin Review* in the Music Room.

The first result of this mental struggle was the hazy memory of a curiously worded motion, "That in spite of everything we are still in the Sacristy", proposed by Mr Hulme and vigorously though vainly attacked by Mr A. Storey. It was a serious debate on the progress of the English clergy in establishing the contact with laymen which both parties agreed was a vital prerequisite for the Conversion of England. It was well debated and we went to bed stimulated and perhaps a little wiser.

Then there was the motion that "Fanatics rather than men of calculating reason have done greater and better things", over which people flung famous fanatics across the room and the men of reason were hurled back in reply, with greater effect according to the result. At another meeting we attempted to solve all the major European problems at one blow with the motion, "A United States of Europe is a workable solution of modern economic difficulties". The motion was carried. When it was suggested that "Men educated entirely in Seminaries tend to lack the broader human sympathies", there ensued a lively debate in which the Old School Tie triumphed by a large majority over the Cassock.

The most successful session of the season was the Trial. The October number of THE VENERABLE did not appear in the College until after Christmas; therefore the Christmas number of *Chi Lo Sa?* published an obituary notice of THE VENERABLE (which it still refers to as "our junior contemporary".) The editor of the October number prosecuted the editor of *Chi Lo Sa?* for libel. The President of the Society, robed in wig and red cloak, sat upon a dais; the counsels for either side appeared in barristers' dress; the Editor of THE VENERABLE in his top hat provided a fitting contrast to the defendant who wore a three-cornered hat and eye-patch, while he flourished a hook instead of a right hand. The various witnesses—and the sub-editor of *Chi Lo Sa?* who divided his time between the witness-box and the dock—dressed in whatever suited their fancy. The scene was something very new in the annals of the Debating Society.

It attracted a large audience and provided an opportunity for many of the college humorists to exercise their talents; though it may be criticised for leaving so many people simply as an audience, without active participation in the trial—except for the sentence, by which *Chi Lo Sa?* was acquitted with a good majority.

The final meeting was devoted to impromptu debates in which on the whole the standard of speeches was good. This was true of the whole

year; in fact the leaders were uniformly excellent and more keenness was apparent than in some past years, leading to many speeches by "dark horses" instead of the onus being left with the few regulars. We are still waiting for Mr Holloway, the President, to wind up his affairs in a business meeting and retire with his secretary, Mr Groarke, to the peaceful security of the back benches.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

This year, under the aegis of Mr Key, the Wiseman Society decided to devote its efforts to the study of the English Martyrs, intending not only to write papers on the lives of individual Martyrs but also to study the setting of their lives, contemporary personalities and prevailing cultural conditions. Although in the event we were not faithful to our original scheme, three of the year's papers were directly inspired by it.

After a straightforward narrative of the history of Glastonbury, Mr Cotter dealt at length with the state of the Monastery just before the Dissolution and gave special attention to the character and witness of the last Abbot. Fr Rope read a general paper on Catholics in English literature, in which he challenged or at least modified Newman's statement that our literature is of an essentially Protestant genius. He gave a list of poets and prose-writers of high merit, most of them sadly neglected, and quoted them with evident relish. It was a paper which might well have provided a starting point for several special papers from the members, for instance, one on Blessed Robert Southwell. Mr Hulme's paper—the last in order of time—should logically have been the first, for it attempted to give a general background to the whole proposed scheme of study. The asides and specific examples he introduced to substantiate some very general remarks showed an accurate and widespread knowledge. His thesis was that interest in the Martyrs should not be an isolated academic pastime but a dynamic force in converting England and reconstructing the Social Order. This certainly seems startling and comprehensive enough and it should be added by way of explanation that it was the last of many papers given to various societies during the last few years and the speaker tended to embody in it all his most cherished convictions. Two other papers were offered during the year. "Anglican Orders" by Mr Whitehouse was strong meat for an armchair audience and the subsequent discussion was spoiled through lack of precise information—an essential when historical questions are at issue.

There was something delightfully refreshing about our excursion into Old and Middle English with Mr Tolkien as our guide. He concentrated on "Beowulf" and "Sir Gawain and the Grene Knight"; Chaucer was pronounced a modern which made us feel very young indeed. But actually it will be seen that almost unconsciously the paper fitted into the scheme, for it helped to make us alive to the Catholic heritage in England which is far larger than we sometimes allow ourselves to think, and which may eventually greatly assist our work in the conversion of England with the help of those very English men, the Martyrs.

We have come to look upon five papers a year as a good number for the Wiseman and, if the experiment of unifying the subject of study was not entirely successful, it certainly had the effect of reawakening interest in the Society.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The C.S.G., thanks to zealous work in the past, began its jubilee year strong and full of vigour, and went on from strength to strength.

The first *avviso* struck the key-note, a pictorial notice showing a cross resurgent over a shattered hammer and sickle. Possibly the best thing of the year, it might well be described as a Sam Weller among the Pickwick Papers of our notice-board. June was a hectic month of taking a census, arranging groups, and ordering sensible text-books. Palazzola saw five groups at work, thirty-five meetings being held. One of them studied Totalitarianism, getting its matter, though not its ideas, from the enthusiastic Ministry of Propaganda.

Back in Rome circles worked at varying pressure on the Encyclicals, Money, Distribution, International Relations and the Family, the last a circle in collaboration with C.A.P.A.C. Papers were read on "Calvin's Influence on Capitalism", "London's Housing Problems", "The Family Wage, a strictly Just Wage", "St Augustine as a Mentor for Modern Europe", "Distributism", and on the "Moral basis of Money Problems". Most were Practical Exercises for the Licentiate, though one hero did the reading for his whilst at home after Philosophy!

In these days when everyone would rationalize, the Guild welcomed and supported the drive to get all the groups in the House working together as one apostolic unit, rather than as Lutheranistic individualities. The Guild, in fact, constantly stressed its part in Catholic Action, which is the learning of doctrine, afterwards to be spread; for social doctrine is an integral part of Catholic doctrine.

Throughout the year we were always clearly conscious that we were living sociology as well as studying it. The noise of war's winged chariots dinned constantly in our ears; the mechanics of "rigging the exchanges" were a refectory commonplace. At the finish it was only fitting that the year should be closed in the bustle of escape. The new secretary had been elected, and the minutes were brought to England intact.

The war interfered with the Jubilee. We hoped for an interview with Mussolini, and maybe we should have converted him. This was postponed again and again for obvious reasons. A talk from Father Coffey, the University Sociology professor, was promised to the Literary Society, but before it could be given, he had been asked, as a speaker on the Vatican Radio, not to give outside talks. A proposed *Missa Dialogata* at the appropriately sociological catacomb of St Domitilla also came to nothing. We had hoped to celebrate this in May. But the practical lesson in international relations at the end of that same month partly compensated for graces lost.

The main project of the year is still pending ; to produce a synoptical plan to cover the whole of Social Study, systematic and scientific, together with a simple but complete bibliography. When this is done, it should be sent to all ex-members of the Guild who might very well respond at a time like this by helping to build up a temporary library in England. Books are always the great need : the library was carefully arranged and the catalogue overhauled by a zealous librarian. It is well used, and badly in need of supplementing, especially in the section which is bare of standard text-books. No one reads sociology in a foreign language.

MARTYRS' ASSOCIATION

The Martyrs' Association had for some years deliberately adopted a policy of silence. Last year it was felt that the time had come to be active again.

An able committee drew up a plan of campaign. The Wiseman Society fell in with the suggestion that papers written as a series, " Background to the Martyrs' Period ", would be acceptable, and modified its constitutions accordingly.

Papers were read on " Glastonbury ", " The Anglican Ritual ", and " The Martyrs' Period ". At this last, the Music Room was turned into a gallery, with pictures, statues, medals of the Martyrs and an array of books and pamphlets dealing with their history.

The priests were able to say Mass in turn at the High Altar during one of the novenas, and at the Blessed Ralph Sherwin altar during the others. During the novena to the College Martyrs *santini*, devotional rather than aesthetic in inspiration, were distributed of those of the College Martyrs who were Jesuits. Another means of stimulating interest was introduced at Palazzola when books on the Martyrs were brought down to the Common-room, and freely borrowed. Finally, magnificent *santini* of the Blessed Ralph Sherwin window were obtained : there was a reproduction of the window in *THE VENERABLE* of October 1936.

Much was done to aid the cause of the Martyrs during the year, though no one would pretend that it was anything except " in spite of all difficulties ". The Martyrs' picture lay in the Vatican *pinacoteca* the whole year ; also the archives round which the committee had built its fondest schemes were housed in the Vatican for safety. And the end of the May octave found us almost in flight, with the best paper of the year still unread. The Vice-Rector read one on the College Martyrs to the Literary Society, which is printed in two parts, in this and the last issue of *THE VENERABLE*.

Whilst the College is in Lancashire there will be a great opportunity to visit and discover shrines in a county which abounds in them, and the cause of the Martyrs will be furthered even more during this period of exile.

C.A.P.A.C.

In past seasons we had studied the structure and framework of Catholic Action as seen in the parochial system advocated by Pope Pius XI. This year we decided that it would be wise, before a more detailed examination of its form and activity (more particularly in the light of letters sent us from priests on the mission), to return to a study of its dogma with special reference to the layman's part in the Redemption. Therefore the two main doctrines on which we had to concentrate were the Mystical Body of Christ and the participation by priest and people in the priesthood of Christ through the Mass. Here a course of lectures at the University proved very timely, and especially Fr Boyer's discussion of "The Fundamental Dogmas of Catholic Action" with St Paul as his primary authority. A final paper to consider the application of the Grace of the Redemption in the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation was planned but, before it could be published, we had already crossed the Alps.

The scheme of papers was as follows. An introductory essay on the nature of Catholic Action summarised the past year's work and, aided principally by careful reading of Papal writings on the subject, suggested a definition of the relation of the branch organisations to the main stem. The writer emphasised the point that ultimately the bishop decides the form through which Catholic Action is to work in his diocese, since it is a sharing in his work as an apostle. He gives it legal standing and, through the parish priest, it is controlled by him. Hence the laity, by a special call to the apostolate due to special circumstances, are united to the hierarchy and Catholic Action emerges as one whole organisation, which works through the four parochial groups, subject, as we have already said, to the direction of bishop and priest. In this way it embraces all men and furthers the Church's mission to bring everyone into the heritage of Christ.

This heritage of Christ was the subject of the second paper. The Christian, as "*Consors divinae naturae*," is called by God to enjoy his sonship. The writer examined this question at length and how each one is called with his fellow-Christians to partake of the divine life of Christ. "All life, all sanctity, all holiness is to be by Grace what Jesus is by nature—the Son of God" (Marmion in *Christ, Life of the Soul*) and thus Christ's sacrifice for souls becomes their sacrifice. Their co-operation with Christ in applying the fruits of the Redemption expresses itself most perfectly in the Mass, in which all the faithful, even if present only in spirit, become, in union with Christ, both priest and victim. The argument underlined this cogent reason why the Mass must be the centre of the Christian's life. And in fact the discussion which follows these papers often throws into memorable relief aspects of a doctrine which we might have underestimated when studying our text-books.

The Mass and the Mystical Body of Christ were also studied by separate circles. In addition, one circle in collaboration with the C.S.G. discussed the training of youth for marriage and the duties of the family as an arm of the Apostolate of the world, and the unit of society.

Before we left Rome, the constitutions of C.A.P.A.C. were drawn up anew and discussed in a business meeting, where the liveliness of the debate showed the enthusiasm which has already arisen around the society and suggested how it can be made even more widespread. This reorganisation was a much-needed measure and now, with its course settled to the general approval, we can look forward confidently to a prosperous session at St Mary's Hall. The priest-assistant, Mr Coonan, and the secretary, Mr A. Storey, having resigned and the vacancies being filled by election, the C.A.P.A.C. committee is now comprised as follows:—

Messrs Gannon, Hanlon, A. Clark, Cotter and Holloway.

MUSIC NOTES

There are a number of keen students of Plain Chant in the College but practices in Rome were too short to allow time for any but the most rudimentary study of theory. A Plain Chant study did something to remedy this but naturally its influence was felt only by a few. Now that the time for practice has been extended we shall be able to revise what has been already learnt and make considerable progress besides.

The acoustics here are so much better than those of the Roman chapel that our once radical defect of continually going flat has almost disappeared; moreover people are able to hear their own singing and it gives them both confidence and encouragement. The Schola still prospers with a membership of fifteen. We have mastered a large proportion of Graduals, Alleluias and Offertories and can show an increased proficiency in execution.

As regards polyphony the Schola during the year has concentrated on music of the older Roman and Spanish composers—Palestrina, Vittoria and Anerio. At Christmas a choir from the College performed an interesting broadcast programme from the Vatican, when we illustrated in music a paper by the Vice-Rector on the paradox of Christmas in wartime. We were able to include some choice English carols which were probably the part of the programme most appreciated.

During the coming year the Schola hopes for a large increase of its repertoire, paying particular attention to English composers. We hope also to make progress with interpretation. Too often the motets sound as though they are being sung rather from a sense of duty than for any other reason—a sure sign of failure to grasp the dramatic interest and presentation which should figure in all well-performed music—even ecclesiastical.

In the concerts and throughout the year generally part songs remained very popular. The "*March of the Guard*" and "*The Jolly Roger*"—relics of a couple of years ago—are still revived with enthusiasm. Mention should be made, too, of the splendid concert at Ambleside in which topical song accompanied more serious items in an entertainment the success of which was due mainly to the musical talent displayed. Enough has been said elsewhere about the "*Mikado*" and "*Princess Pauper*" to show that musically as well as dramatically they amply fulfilled great promise.

A combination of unfortunate circumstances led to the disbanding of the orchestra during the year ; but there remained even in Rome a small band of keen instrumentalists and there are signs that in England their numbers will be swelled.

The House as a whole has especially in recent years shown growing appreciation for classical music. This was helped in Rome by the use of a public gramophone—a loss which we feel acutely—and by the opportunities afforded by occasional permissions given to attend the Teatro Adriano. For one or two concerts more than half the House attended and we had great hopes of turning this interest to the common good in the production of the Opera. That possibility is still open to us.

OBITUARY

FATHER JOHN MURPHY, D.D.

It is relatively seldom that a priest lives to see the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood and the only one to do so in 1939 was Father John Murphy who celebrated it in retirement at Amble and six months later went to his heavenly reward. He was born in June, 1863, and ordained in Rome in 1899. After serving as curate at Newcastle Cathedral for three years he was Parish Priest of Felling from 1892 until 1905 and the modern parish of Felling may be said to owe its existence to him. St John's School and the Church are his work, and in building them he assured the continuance of the work of those who had gone before him and laid the foundations of the future prosperity of the parish. In 1905 he went to Wigton where he stayed a year and then after two years at St Joseph's, Benwell, he became parish priest of Bellingham where he spent the remainder of his active priestly life. Even when over seventy years of age, Sunday after Sunday, he used to say one Mass at Bellingham and the other Mass was said either at Kielder or at Otterburn, journeys that would have dismayed many a younger man. A man of exceptional talent, he impressed all by his humility, kindness and gentleness. At the end of 1938 he underwent a very serious operation and, after an unexpected recovery, he asked to be allowed to retire. The remaining months of his life were spent at Amble to the edification of everybody. Right up to the end, although racked by unceasing pain, he refused any alleviation by drugs and died, as he had prayed he would, in full possession of all his faculties. May he rest in peace.

H. COGAN.

(Owing to circumstances beyond our control, it has proved impossible to publish in this number other obituary notices which we had hoped to include. We hope to remedy this defect in the next number. They are of Fr Matthew Gosse and Fr B. V. Miller. R.I.P. At the moment of going to press, we hear with regret of the sudden death of the Very Reverend John Canon Lee. R.I.P.—ED.)

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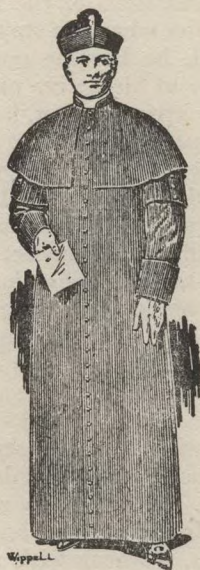
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