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ST MARY'S HALL

EDITORIAL

When the Magazine last year found itself scanning its horizon from an outpost in the North West of England, instead of from a drier and more colourful eyrie in the Monserrato, it naturally examined its present and future with unusual interest. Nearly twenty years of fairly even existence had given stability to the VENERABILE ; its policy and aims were clearly defined. But the accident of exile must certainly affect our fortunes, and there was some speculation a year ago on the changes that must reflect themselves in the pages of the Magazine.

After a year we find that with the help of contributors there is little need to diverge from the path formed and followed since the beginning. True, the diary must be less crowded with incident, and without the archives there is little matter for articles of research into past college history, or for those topical hark-backs which adorned the Nova et

Vetera column. But our sojourn in England allows for work on the College Martyrs; the surrounding country treasures memories of many of them, and it is hoped in the future to publish studies of their history. Then there is much ground to cover in more recent history, and we are glad to publish in this issue articles on a period about which we know little. Nearly every Roman has an idea, a subject he would like to see written up, something that has escaped the attention of others, and he laments his own lack of leisure or ability to record it. These are the ideas that can now be aired in our pages, and upon which the prosperity of the Magazine will largely depend. There remains the task of urging on the writers. No accomplishment arouses so much diffidence and such welters of self-depreciation as the elementary craft of writing, and the numbers who bewail their inability to write are legion. But happily there are some ready to risk all and to plunge into print, and they are the mainstay of our Magazine.

Criticism is always welcome as it invariably embodies an idea, or corrects a wayward tendency, and serves to help us see everything in better proportion. With the co-operation of subscribers we should contrive to meet the desires of all, and maintain the policy of the past with only the adaptations made necessary by the change of abode. This is our aim, and it should not be beyond our scope.

ST MARY'S HALL, STONYHURST

For not quite one hundred years, with one short break, St Mary's Hall was a house of studies for the English Province of the Society of Jesus, and its history is that of any such institution—the story of a peaceful, industrious, self-contained existence, revealing little to the outsider. “Minister's Journals” and “Beadle's Logs” may teem with interest for those who have the opportunity to delve into them—for the pages of the *VENERABILE* a plainer tale will suffice.

In the first years of the last century the somewhat dilapidated mansion of Stonyhurst was the only Jesuit house of any importance in this country and, until the restoration of 1814, was only “Jesuit” by an uncanonical and informal reunion with the remnant of the Society surviving in White Russia. Like us, its inhabitants thought of themselves as exiles in their own country, well content with any expedient or make-shift to tide them over the difficult days and carry them on to the great day of return to the glories of Liège. As the wars dragged on, however, and the establishment prospered, the buildings became quite inadequate for the growing numbers of school-boys, novices, brothers, scholastics and fathers. The transfer of the novices and the smaller boys to Hodder, the hasty erection of the old playground front in 1808, and the opening of a college in Ireland eased matters considerably, but within

a few years further building again became necessary. In 1828 the momentous decision was taken to found a new, permanent and completely separate building for the students of the Society, then numbering 16. By this decision the dream of returning one day to the continent was finally dissipated, but something of the uncertainty of the time, close as it was to Emancipation, may be learnt from the following extract from a letter :—

“ I occasionally hear from my highly valued friend Brownbill, Master of Novices ; among other things, he says, in a letter dated last month : the great news of the day is the erection of a new house for the Higher Studies All seems to be going on well and happy at Stonyhurst, and it is not apprehended that our situation will be molested by Government measures ; in fact, it is thought that we are in less danger from the present administration than we should have been from the late Ministry. . . .”

The decision having been taken, a certain Father West was charged with the undertaking, acting as architect and also supervising the building operations in person instead of employing a contractor. The stone was brought from the quarry at Kemple End and, according to the method then in use, was placed in position by means of an inclined plane, called a “run”, which started by the present entrance gates, up which the barrow-loads of material were trundled. The only use for a crane was to hoist the large gutter stones into position, and this was done with the aid of simple “shear-legs”. The work proceeded steadily, for Father West was an energetic task-master, but the smallness of the beer he supplied to his labourers earned for the building the name of “Thin-drink Hall”, by which title it was commonly known for several years—and might well be ruefully so named by its present occupants. All was finished and the building solemnly blessed and occupied on the feast of St Ignatius, 1830.

The Seminary, for the name of St Mary’s Hall was not in use till some 15 years later, was independent of the College with its own Rector and staff. This first building consisted, of course, only of the centre block with two little projecting

wings at the back, and with accommodation for no more than 40—Philosophers, Theologians and their professors, with a small Tertianship. It must have looked a pleasant little place from across the Seminary pond, with the sun shining on the newly cut sandstone and its rows of chimneys smoking in the breeze, a ready and willing candidate for the top half of a page in Pugin's contrast. That Father West was a superb builder and contractor cannot be doubted: his abilities as an architect are more open to discussion. "Priest factory" we hear one snort. "The work of a hod-man and his dull industry alone"—the description has been applied to the Seminary. But Father West himself was only following, and following well, the architectural style then in vogue, for the hod-men had been busy at Ushaw and St Edmund's as well as at Stonyhurst, to name only the obvious examples from a list which might include many a stately mansion and public building—putting up houses as sound and honest and four-square as themselves, basing their designs on their requirements and the means at their disposal, and surely earning the gratitude of those many succeeding generations who would dwell in comfort in their solid handiwork. Their walls were thick, their windows squared to let in the greatest possible amount of light and air. Handsome may be as handsome does, but here were buildings to be lived in first and looked at later, when the weather or the creeper had been given time to do their cunning work of perfect ornamentation.

In 1845 the experiment was made of bringing the Jesuit students back to the College and placing the lay philosophers in the Seminary, a minister being now appointed under the jurisdiction of the Rector of Stonyhurst. The arrangement lasted only for a few years, and is only really interesting for the fact that the Seminary thus became involved in the Tichborne Case,¹ for Roger Tichborne was one of these philosophers:—

¹ Roger Charles, heir to the Tichborne estates, sailed from Rio Janeiro in the *Bella* which foundered at sea, April 1854. His mother refused to believe in his death and advertised for her son. A claimant, Arthur Orton, appeared in Australia in 1866, was accepted by Lady Tichborne as her son, and a trial began in the court of common pleas on May 11th, 1872. It was largely on his ignorance of Stonyhurst that the claimant wrecked his chances. In the end, Orton was committed for perjury and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labour, February 28th, 1864—the longest trial known in England.

“ Did you ever go to the Seminary at Stonyhurst, or near Stonyhurst ? ”

“ The Seminary ?—Do you mean the cemetery ? ”

“ No, I mean what I said. I do not mean the cemetery : I mean the Seminary. . . . ”

Much play was made by counsel about details of daily life, including illegal smoking, with a long wrangle about whether the hedges were cut down because they were liable to be smoked behind or for some better reason.

“ Did you get into a flue by a ladder and smoke in a flue ? That you can hardly have forgotten, if it is true. Did you get into a flue by a ladder, and smoke in a flue ? ”—“ You mean by a flue, a chimney ? ”

“ I mean by a flue, a flue. Did you get into a flue by a ladder and smoke there ? ”

This mysterious flue may well be the one in our garden, locally known for some reason as a “ cockle,” a wide waterless well, from which a vaulted passage leads into the cellars, part of an abortive system of heating by hot air, and no doubt at one time a very comfortable place for a clandestine weed. The badgered claimant must have come to dread mention of Stonyhurst or the Seminary.

When the Theologians were moved to St Beuno’s in 1848, the secular philosophers returned to the College and the Philosophers of the Society settled down once more in St Mary’s Hall, this time for nearly 80 years. Though both remained under the jurisdiction of the same Rector, the separation between the Seminary and the College became more marked, as Stonyhurst progressed and absorbed the modern requirements of a great school, and the Seminarians studied their Philosophy. When the vast South Front of the College was built the old Seminary pond had to be drained, a great loss to the amenities of the place, though the old landing stage and steps remained and can still be seen in the garden. Meanwhile numbers had increased and so Messrs Dunn and Hanson, having completed the new college, came across to the Seminary and built their two wings alongside Father West’s centre block—adding some

50 rooms besides a new refectory, recreation room, library and lecture rooms. At the same time the chapel was lengthened, the roof and windows raised, and the sanctuary made beautiful with the fine altar and *opus sectile* decoration of the apse. It must be confessed that in its work at St Mary's Hall the famous collaboration does not appear at its best. It is these two vast wings which have destroyed the proportions of the original building, though it is difficult to see how a great number of single rooms, as many as possible of which should face south, could be provided without sacrifice of elegance to an over long and certainly over dull frontage. The new wings were solidly built, but the workmen had not the careful supervision of Father West to keep them up to the mark. In one of the chimneys a beam was left exposed, which might well have caused a disastrous fire, and a defective drain under the refectory made the whole of the west wing damp. At first there were no windows to the attics, and the piercing of the roofs to make the dormers caused much difficulty with leaky slates.

Grown thus to its full stature the Seminary now began its golden age: when so many famous names may be found on the lists of philosophers, when the "Stonyhurst Philosophical Series" was compiled to become a standard work and earn the praise of Leo XIII himself, when the Seminarians with their catechising and their archaeology, their fishing and their public works—such as the steps through Hodder Wood to the bathing place and the stepping stones below Black Wheel—formed an essential part of the community of Stonyhurst and the countryside.

In 1926 the blow fell. With the foundation of Heythrop as a *collegium maximum* the Seminary was abolished and St Mary's Hall left desolate and uninhabited. There was a shadowy revival from 1930 to 1932 with what was called the Junior School. Destined one day to be an intermediate and quite independent stage between Hodder and the College, it began with the use of St Mary's Hall merely as a dormitory, the boys only going across to sleep, returning to the college after Mass for breakfast. But St Mary's Hall did not welcome small boys.

Abandoned again for another eight years it awoke to find itself transformed into a barracks, and was rightly resentful. Our first arrivals could detect the same half bewildered look of injured pride, which still haunts the Post Office of San Silvestro or the Museo delle Terme. When the Venerabile moved in, one could almost detect a sigh of relief from the old house, for here was a return of familiar things—of lectures and recreation and reading in the refectory, of handball, tennis and gardening, of concerts and plays and reading of papers to learned societies and debates. So many things are the same that one oldest inhabitant thought we were the Jesuits back again: “Aye, you’ve had to come back. Happen you found things weren’t to your liking down south after all”. But St Mary’s Hall knows the difference and perhaps remembers something of that old nostalgia for the continent which still survived amongst those first to dwell within its walls, and so sympathises with the natural desire of the Venerabile to be gone again. Meanwhile, in the words of one of those pioneers, “The building is well planned, commodious, and most beautifully situated; it is absolutely a paradise”: adding piously, but, perhaps, a little inconsequently, “Woe to us, if we profit not by the means afforded us for our sanctification”.

PETER F. FIRTH.

MONTE PORZIO CATONE

To give it its full name. "A cross between a catacomb and a rabbit-warren" was Mark Habell's description of the Villa Inglese; but then he knew it only for one inclement Easter-week already described in Bishop Burton's diary (VENERABILE, October 1937), which ended in a glorious Low Sunday, for we stayed on till Low Monday that year—1890.

When Cardinal Wiseman was dying, tired to death, so that he said he felt like a schoolboy going home for the holidays, he found spirit enough to long for one more hour of Monte Porzio. To go from stuffy Monserrato at the time of year when after dark we walked home down the middle of the street just to escape the heat from the walls, and to find ourselves on the terrace above the rural entrance about five p.m. on a July evening, with the Tyrrhenian gale its gelid wings expanding, and waving the olives as it were to fan us, was quite intoxicating; so that the descriptive, graphic, special-correspondent pen goes giddy and flouts the urgent hand.

The gale was wont to die with daylight, and on one occasion the thermometer stood all night at 90°, but the magic of the change persisted. The chapel with windows on each side opening on to the roof was nearly always 60° before we crowded in. What it was when we crowded out for breakfast an hour

later amounted to comparative warmth. In the cool refectory we fanned ourselves back to consciousness with hot coffee, which then made the pergola outside seem cool. But no one stayed there long as the still heat made the tree-cricket quite obstreperous, and we sometimes blamed them for making it hotter. Under the terrace, marching with the way out, was the only cool spot where one might say Little Hours if, and when, qualified; but how hot it was even there on the morning of the Transfiguration 1894! The new boys used to be frightened in advance, being told that even in holidays they had to study all the morning, but no one could move, even in the shade, until the sea-breeze waved the acacias punctually at 11 a.m., and then the tree-cricket took a rest until the next morning, and there arose a great hubbub in the village as the inhabitants all came back from working the vines. They had to leave off, as not even natives could go on in the open sun; but they had been working since 3 in the morning, all having heard Mass at 2.30. Dogs barked, doors banged, children tried out that large repertory of noise in which they specialise, but at 11.30 or so all were fast asleep until 4 p.m. You could hear the village breathing deeply, and the thousand million flies drying up sliced tomatoes on the wooden trays on window-sills in the sun. It was all so quiet that these sounds went to decorate the stillness.

The leavings of the wooden age were ours, and dinner was quite an onerous affair, a meal designed for heavy winters, so that conscious dyspepsia invaded our first-class insides and was smothered only by swinish slumbers. Or we adjourned to the Pio garden across the road. This was a boon, for the Pio garden, being a spur of the giddy height jutting out into the valley separating us from Tusculum, caught the Tyrrhenian gale in mid-career. (Remember, I say gale advisedly, because it sometimes came near to breaking branches off the trees).

We could sling hammocks, or lie along the tops of the box-hedges to drowse, or set stag-beetles to fight. I heard their cries in top register quite distinctly the first time I looked on. Our own garden had box-hedges the height of a man, and we used to speculate on their age (it must be three-hundred years),

and we loved to think how the martyrs had seen them take root even in the sixteenth century.

At the far end of the college garden near the mokery—i.e. the backyard where the donkey dwelt and the tub was set for the wine-treading—was the ancient draw-well which let down a monstrous iron-bound pail into a still more monstrous rain-water cistern. This was all right to begin the summer with, cool and clear, but at the end of a dry summer going low in its mind and breeding the most powerful mosquitoes. Their grubs used to show off in our decanters about the end of September. No other water was available. Even the village had only one fountain, a small half-inch vein, not so gushing as the female figure intended to commend it. (According to the boys, this did not guarantee either purity or freshness).

Above the draw-well was the Rector's balcony, and below, the den of the Wolf, screened with battened broom. The Wolf used to hang round doing odd jobs, the servant of the servants, so gaunt and so obsequious that it hurt. The boys had a legend that the Wolf and his family went into winter-quarters from November to July, as they seemed to have no visible means of subsistence except the dim religious light of our countenances.

The Rector's balcony was spacious, and the room behind it elegant, but an incredibly large telescopic camera took up the space and the view for about ten weeks at a time. It was focused on Salomone and Tusculum, and it may have been intended to snap us at our nicotinish moments, but these did not arise. Beside the draw-well a wooden gallery ran along the outer wall and led painlessly to the Pio playroom, a handsome and commodious apartment with the altar in the corner screened away, while at the opposite end a light balcony projected over the road. Why this was never used on the hot mornings instead of the stuffy Chapel of Edward the Confessor is a secret which our spiritual forebears all carried to their graves.

The refectory was just as in the old days when Leo XII came over from Castel Gandolfo and distributed to the boys the very special dinner provided for himself, as told by Wiseman or even earlier.

Tradition had it that Monte Porzio village was begun by German workmen engaged on the building of the summer palace of Paul V—Mondragone—and it certainly yielded not in clannishness to the other *castelli*. Race is real and the Porziani were partial to the Inglesi not only for bringing grist to their mill, but in more minute and subtle ways. We really did understand one another, and a secret sympathy was felt between ourselves and the Giammaria family whose well-kept smithy was on the long straight road leading up from the cross-roads. They were of the slow and thoughtful type, broad and big-boned, as if they had kept their northern blood less mixed than some others had. The town band serenaded us during the St Edward's dinner, and on a specially wet day they played under the terrace. The band-master looked somewhat like Sobieski, and his name was Gasparre Polacco.

In the street leading from our back-door straight to the village square a vociferous burst of "Aarooshee" meant that someone was wanting or ragging Lucia, one of the oldest inhabitants. She was well known to us by name at least.

That town square saw wild doing, heard wild noises, during Antoninus week, when we sent up a fire-balloon there. To see Italian crowds at their funniest, send up a fire-balloon successfully, or only just. When the Pio college were in residence they were intriguingly fussy about something a long time before September 2nd, then they brought out a life-size elephant in paper with chafing dish for the hot air on each leg. When all the women had screeched themselves mute and the men had pulled up just short of battle, murder and sudden death, the Great Beast rose slowly, very shakily, as the Pio students had somehow overlooked the expansion of the trunk, but he got just out of everyone's reach and sailed slowly down that wonderful back street which for ever views Soracte. As the crowd began to hold back in the hope of seeing him take the air in glory, he went sideways, cannoned against a window sill, rolled over on his back and blazed to ashes.

Fire ballooning was a flourishing industry all around us in the Castelli. One August night, as we sang soft music on the terrace in melting mood, watching glow-worms in the hedge-

row and listening to that queer cricket-beast that punctuates the moonlight with that lovely plaintive note (who could ever forget that has heard?), Monte Compatri began to celebrate; a big fire balloon arose and drifted majestically high up and straight towards us; at its greatest elevation it burst into flames and fell right on our garden hedge, the driest spot on a parched mountain range. The alarm was as instant as the blaze and we put out the perilous bonfire with a few buckets of water and a prodigality of fire-beaters and bad language. Soot is not the best trimming for a hot summer night, but there was a lot of it about, and on the fire-fighters especially.

The Porzio Pine was public property, but who ever saw or sang the glories of our Porzio Laurel? It grew in the garden beneath the terrace and spread over the sloping way down to the road. On a night of full moon in dead stillness it was a study in light and darkness, live silver flashing from the polished black leaves, a veritable *Laura Regia* of vast expanse seen from above. I brooded over it amid the languid chatter or the languorous singing of the small sub-committee on the affairs of the nation. Suddenly we became aware of concerted music fitting into the stillness like a well-oiled piston. It seemed to come from the Church square and it slowly grew and gathered: flute, mandolin, guitar and tambourine: the mandolinist in white flannels leading with taste and judgment. Even the most disgruntled were moved almost to asphyxiation by the mere glory of sound, and one more knowing than the rest whispered: "That's Gasparroni, he of the pass; he's just finished his twenty years sentence!"

In Easter week we went out after dinner over the pass to the left of Tusculum citadel, right to the top of Monte Cavo, the hollow hill, and were back in good time for seven o'clock without moulting any feathers, showing what a choice of good walks radiated from Monte Porzio. Palazzola was a short day's expedition too. Our afternoons in the heat were much the same stroll, up to Camaldoli fields and along the exquisitely laid walks round to the amphitheatre and up the "long white street" to the theatre under the citadel, where we read Shakespeare, three of us, taking each part as it came, just to have

something to talk about. Thursday was Tusculum day; we set off about ten, the lazy ones paying for it by specially sultry experiences. Hammocks and white umbrellas were affected by the more sensual warriors (a phrase from Avancinus). Sensual was not derived from sense in the higher meaning of the word, for we slung those hammocks among the pines below "Cicero's Villa", about the very hottest place in all the range. Yet Burton afterwards could rhapsodize about the sparkle of the Tyrrhenian sea as if it had cooled us. We merely baked ourselves in contentment, showing how comfort is often subjective. We had come out to enjoy ourselves and we did not allow even the heat of the pinewoods to interfere with that. A more authentic marvel used to force itself in course of years upon our credence. In July-August the horizon line of ocean was as high as the top of the Alban Mount: in August-September it would lie beneath our feet ever so far out. Some solved this riddle by passionate denials.

We took picnic in the grove below the Classic theatre, behind the scenes of the same, and below the towering steep of the citadel. The faithful retainers brought up the provisions, including an ass-load of wine, and they allowed two hours for the filling of the water-bottles at the trickle under the auditorium of the theatre and some way behind it. A pre-historic arch of massive blocks opened above this tiny fount, going back into the heart of the hill, explored but only for a short way by the smaller band of us. Curious to see a pre-historic military disposition still in working order. The water was excellent perhaps because it was so scanty, always cold. Away down the long white street and past the pine-woods and through the thickets and braes, if you kept on, you heard the thunder of a waterfall! And in a hill of scoria! The first time, I thought it too good to be true; but whatever the drought, this wonderful cataract poured on, feeding the fancy waterworks of the Villa Aldobrandini.

A feature of the picnic was that it began with *prosciutto* and fresh figs, or better, golden plums, with *mezzo pollo* to follow. How easy to get poetic on such material! It was usually after this that we went to bake in the pine wood.

Rocca Priora was a brisk walk for us when the mornings cooled. It was so much higher up that I can still recall the superior bleakness, just as one experiences at Perugia in hot weather. The first time we got to the Rocca, select natives were holding a cheese tournament on the road sloping down from the village; it was, of course, *pecorino*, and I do not remember a single instance of a degenerate *pecorino*. We enquired diligently at the parish church for the reliquary which for so long had held a feather from the wing of St Michael. Archbishop Stonor told us that Rocca Priora in its pride of place had defied all efforts to get hold of this feather, mistaking notoriety for fame. At last, Pius IX came in person to venerate the feather, and nothing has been heard of it since.

High above us, on a kind of spur of Monte Salomone, was the great Carmelite Convent of San Silvestro. It still has, for all I know, an incorrupt body in a glass case. The process of beatification was on when the French troops entered Spain, but as they destroyed all the papers, the body, which is in splendid repair, must remain just outside the Church on the way to the vestry. But it has a miraculous Madonna. Tradition says she stopped a plague which was ravaging Monte Compatri in the eighteenth century. We chanced on the anniversary of the wonder, and a great procession was toward: we were invited to grace the occasion, which was intended to be a great one for the monastery. We processed down the hill and up to Compatri, where a shrine had been dressed outside the main gate. The Master of Ceremonies, a forceful young cleric from the diocesan seminary, marshalled the procession, including the Madonna and the Bishop, to say nothing of ourselves, not to the shrine, but into the village and up to the Parish Church which was draped in red and gold, quite by accident. From the time that the procession entered the town, the principal feature was noise. Choir and counter-choir screeched "Evviva Maria" in every key. I saw the Bishop nearly trampled underfoot inside the church, with his mitre knocked off, whilst two *carabinieri* carried him out of the crush. No violence, of course, was intended, but it became plain as hours went on that the *frati* of San Silvestro were not going to get any change out of

their grand celebration. There was to have been very solemn Benediction in the evening at the Monastery, but all solemnities were transferred to the village church. Miracles were at once forthcoming, and we used to watch for fireworks from our safe resort at Monte Porzio. There was a poor creature dragged or carried behind the miraculous picture. She was pale and haggard, and not quite human, but the whole country was agreed that she was possessed, and the women kept knocking her head on the floor to cure her of whatever it was. There was a special deal of knocking when the procession had to swerve rudely away from the bright shrine into the dark village. Is it necessary to say that Monte Compatri mobilised itself and stood on its hind legs for a fortnight, making super-festa? An anticlerical, reacting violently, stretched out of an upper window shrieking: "Evvivano i prepotenti. Abbasso i Baggarozzi". But it ended there in a minority vote of one.

On some mornings, from the window of the chapel herein-before mentioned, Rome lay, clear as crystal, and with a field-glass you could easily see the ribbing of the dome. From Camaldoli fields, before or after rain, there was visible to the naked eye a blue tent peering over the right shoulder of Soracte. It was a mountain ninety-two miles away, but no glass could discover it unless the refraction were such and such. In Autumn, coming down the pass under Tusculum, one could easily discern Bracciano, or perhaps its exhalation.

For a fitting conclusion, see Bishop Burton's moving Latin farewell to the Alban Hills. Burton used to speculate on the Catone: was it there that Cato retired when he sickened of professional politics? Cicero called his *De Amicitia* after Cato. Did they foregather in the district and discuss things remote from intrigue? Just like us!

JOHN O'CONNOR.

ROMANESQUES

33.—THE ARCHIVES

“*Punch*,” said the Senior Student, “never has been as good as it used to be.” And while the Public Meeting proceeded to discuss the advisability of buying the periodical in question a certain Seventh Year man, comfortably aslouch in his chair at the back of the common-room, let his mind wander back over the course of his seven years in Rome.

The Venerable, he reflected, was like *Punch*: it never was as good as it used to be, and yet it did not seem to deteriorate. Take the men of his own year, for instance. They were a most ordinary set of fellows, not to be compared with the giants who walked the Venerable in his first year in Rome. What an impressive set of men that seventh year had been—men who had talked familiarly of professors at the seminary he had just left, critically of professors at the University, and casually of Cardinals and Ambassadors. And perhaps the most impressive of all those giants had been the Archivist. Others, he had been told, had got two *summas* last year, others were born actors, linguists, or raconteurs, but somehow these talents had not been so tremendously impressive—probably he thought their prowess by no means beyond his powers. But the Archivist! Never

before had he met a live Archivist ; and though physically the man had been nothing much to look at, with his unruly mop of hair, his harassed look, stooping shoulders and dusty cassock, his very name inspired awe in all the First Year men.

How well he remembered their first meeting. It must have been two or three weeks after his arrival. During this time the Archivist had of course been pointed out to him, and he had seen him too arguing with the Vice beside the notice-board, a bunch of papers in one hand, and a formidable key in the other. And he had caught the word *pergamenon* as he passed—a word that then meant no more to him than *merenda* or *Chi Lo Sa*?. The Archives too had been pointed out to him. That had been on his first day at the College, when, as they were leaving the library, his cicerone had casually indicated a small, dark corridor facing them, residence of that awesome trinity, *padre spirituale*, *ripetitore*, and the archives. Evidently that corridor contained the essence of the Venerabile : a balanced mixture of spirituality, learning, and antiquity.

And then had come his first meeting with the Archivist. One evening, as he sat in his room with Remer's *Ontologia* and Smith's Latin-English dictionary open on the table before him, his researches into the meaning of the word *ens* had been interrupted by a long procession of visitors ; the Secretary of the VENERABLE peddling Obit Books, the Concert Committee man, Props, the man who ran the Martyrs' Association, the Presidents of the Debating and Wiseman Societies, and a fellow First Year man to announce that he had succeeded in translating the first paragraph of Remer. Towards the end of the procession came the Archivist. But his method of approach was peculiarly his own. The other visitors had insisted that every true Venerabilino ought to buy an Obit Book, join the Wiseman and Debating Societies, and so on. The Archivist began by assuring him that not everyone was called to take up Archive work. Only the favoured few, the élite, who possessed a discriminating mind and a capacity for hard work (work that would be unappreciated by the rest of the College, and jeered at by the more ribald)—only the élite were fitted to begin research work in the Archives. How he had fallen for

this subtle flattery ; but then, people always were taken in by it. Only the other day he himself had employed the very same method of attack on young Bill Bloggs, the most intelligent looking of the new men, and young Bill had swallowed the bait, hook, line, and sinker, and liked it too, judging by the self-satisfied look on his innocent young face.

And then the Archivist had proceeded to dilate on the excellence of the Archivist's work. Original research, he had explained, was what made a man a real historian. Any Tom, Dick or Harry could mug up Lingard, Cobbett and Gasquet, but the real historian was he who had gone back to the *fontes*, mastered the facts, and weighed up the evidence for himself. Further, in the VENERABLE he would have a ready-to-hand opportunity for publishing his findings. At this point the Archivist's voice had taken on a solemn note of warning. The Editors, he explained, gave far too much attention to the popular appeal of the Magazine ; they had perverse and ridiculous ideas about a "light touch" and "general interest" and it behoved the Archivists to take a firm stand in their dealings with them, and to permit of no tinkering or cutting of their articles.

By this time, he remembered, he had been completely persuaded. The suggestion that he himself should undertake original historical research, and the picture so adroitly suggested of his dealing in high-handed fashion with the Editor, had overwhelmed all his defences ; and he had eagerly accepted the offer of a conducted tour of the Archives next Sunday morning after High Mass.

But of course it had not gone so smoothly as that. In the intervening days he had heard snatches of gossip in the common-room about the Archivist's trick of beguiling new men into undertaking Archive work, and then, once he had them in his clutches, loading them with tedious and exacting jobs that involved more perusal of Catholic Records Society volumes and of Foley and Tierney-Dodd than of original documents. A couple of cartoons and a libellous poem in *Chi Lo Sa ?* helped also to make him regret his rash acceptance. However the idea of himself doing original research work still appealed to him.

In short, he was neither hot nor cold : he felt a certain inclination for Archive work, but did not relish the drudgery and the demands on his free time which such work would involve. Consequently he did not like to commit himself. And when Sunday morning came round, he managed to back out of his arrangement to inspect the Archives on a plea that he must visit St Paul's. For some weeks he had succeeded in putting off the Archivist, excusing himself on the grounds of urgent shopping, a visit to the Vatican galleries, the Catacombs, and so on. Left to himself, he might never have put foot inside the Archives : but the Archivist was not the man to let his plans go awry so easily. Patiently he had bided his time till one Thursday morning when torrential rain made any sortie from the College impossible—except, of course, for the men who visited Pamphili every Sunday and Thursday morning, wet or fine, for the whole of their seven years in Rome. As the five-to-ten bell had sounded that morning, the Archivist had stalked firmly into his room and found him unprepared for this direct frontal attack.

“ Well, what about having a look round the Archives ? ” he had said—a rhetorical question this, for his manner and tone of voice brooked of no contradiction. Together they had proceeded downstairs ; and he remembered his mingled feelings of apprehension and excitement, apprehension at the thought that he was now definitely committed to Archive work, and excitement because at long last he was to see for himself papal bulls, parchments and documents centuries old, and relics of the dim and venerable past.

He could not quite remember what his mental picture of the Archives had been ; probably he had imagined something spacious and imposing, combining the airy orderliness of a large public library with the security of the Bank of England vaults. But the reality had been as disappointing as St Peter's is to the new man on his first visit. Instead of the Archivium of his imagination he had seen a poky little room, dark and dusty, and smelling of something that might be the odour of antiquity, but was more likely to be a faint touch of mildew. From dusty floor to cobwebbed ceiling the walls were hidden by old

wooden shelves, on which books and packages of all shapes and sizes stood or leaned drunkenly together. In the middle of the floor stood a small table and a mass of large and dilapidated filing cabinets. Truly there was nothing very impressive here.

Yet somehow that dusty little room did have something about it that is missing in the large and airy apartment in which the Archives are now housed. The steel shelving, steel filing cabinets, and large steel desk, the neat tiled floor and large, airy window give an air of up-to-date efficiency and "pep" that seems at times strangely inappropriate!

Well, he had not been very impressed by his first glimpse of the Archives. But the Archivist had not allowed his enthusiasm to cool. Apparently at random he had picked out a number of books and parchments from the shelves and spread them on the table for inspection—the Bull of Foundation of the College, and inventory of the goods of the hospice taken in the year fourteen-ninety odd, the *Liber Ruber*, the visitors' book, and the MS. of Wiseman's *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*. It was astonishing the ease with which the Archivist read even the worst of the crabbed scrawls of these documents, and the smooth and witty flow of his commentary. But this was a perennial source of astonishment: later, he himself invariably impressed new men whom he was showing round the Archives, and who did not realise that he was not so much reading as reciting something he knew by heart. For instance, the opening words of the Bull of Foundation were "Gregorius Tertius Decimus, Servus Servorum Dei," but it was still far easier to trot them out glibly from memory than to read them word by word from the parchment. And he still used the same words of explanation when showing new men Milton's name in the visitors' book—"Dmns Miltonus cum famulo, et excepti sunt laute—that means they had a binge."

The last exhibit shown to him by the Archivist had been the *Liber Ruber*. He realised now that that was part of the plan of campaign. The Archivist had wisely said very little about the *Liber Ruber*, but had let its first page do all the persuading, a thing it was very well able to do, with its almost monotonously

recurring marginal notes of *hic postea martyr, confessor, confessor, martyr*. And then the Archivist had suggested that he should undertake to write the life of one of the College martyrs. It would be as well, he said, to start work on something definite, and the first fifty years, from 1580 to about 1630, formed the most interesting and the best documented period of College history.

He had not added, however, that this period was also the one most written about, or that the documents in question dealt with College affairs, and did not offer much personal information about the martyrs to even the most industrious of gleaners. He remembered the fine fervour with which he began to collect material for his Life, and the successive dead-ends and disappointments he had encountered in the course of his researches. Over a period of weeks he would spend all his free mornings deciphering some tattered document, only to find, when he had succeeded in transcribing and translating it, that Brother Foley of the Society of Jesus had covered the ground before him, and had printed the document in his compendious Annals. Eventually he had found that his most profitable hunting ground was not the Archives but Foley's Annals, the volumes of the Catholic Records Society, Tierney-Dodd, back numbers of the VENERABLE, and, best of all, a C.T.S. pamphlet-life of this martyr. It was from these sources that he composed his life, and composed it slowly and painfully. Gone now was his first fine careless rapture, and the spur that produced the little he did achieve was not high zeal for historical research but the ceaseless badgering of the Archivist. Every time he met the fellow, in the common-room, coming home from the Greg., even in the peaceful walks of Pamphili, he had been greeted with the question, "How about that Martyr?" But at last he had got the thing finished, a mosaic of quotations rather than the balanced historical essay of his first zealous dreams. Still, it was finished; and at last he was able to start work entirely on his own.

Even then, however, his work had been a series of disappointments. Time and again, when he had felt that he was on the point of making some big discovery, he had found that

others had covered the ground before him, or that the vital document was missing from the Archives, or else it was so badly written, or so decayed with age, that he had been unable to decipher it. By this time, too, the Editor of the VENERABLE had got wind of his Archive activities, and was continually dropping hints that an historical article for the next number would be most acceptable. He had even descended to disguised bribery, remarking casually that of course contributors to the Magazine received their copies free of charge. But with his experience of his Martyr still fresh in his mind he had been chary of undertaking definitely to write an article. A note or two for the *Nova et Vetera* pages he had written, and to his disgust had discovered that these did not rank as articles, and so did not entitle him to his free copy.

Eventually, however, he had written an article for the VENERABLE. He couldn't quite remember exactly how long it had taken him, for it was only after spending two or three years of desultory research on this, that, and the other document which had caught his attention, that he had realised that many of the rough notes he had taken could be worked up into a short article describing the sort of life the Martyrs had led in the College. A short article he had imagined it, and quite easily written: but how he had been mistaken. Many of his notes were so fragmentary that he had to transcribe again *in toto* the greater part of the documents; while both in the Archives and elsewhere he kept finding fresh material. Of course he worked far more quickly now, for his eye was accustomed to the crabbed scrawl of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But on the other hand it seemed that he would never get to the end of his materials: every book and document that he consulted gave him pointers to other books and documents, so that at last he had to make a self-denying ordinance and say to himself "Thus far and no further." Even then his notes were so voluminous that he had to spend several hours classifying and indexing them. Fortunately he had not told the Editor that there was an article coming, and so was able to work away at it peacefully and without undue hurry. Which was just as well, for the article had taken him several months to

write. And even so he had quickly abandoned his plan of writing in a fine literary style: he had so many quotations and references to incorporate that its composition resembled more than anything else a jigsaw puzzle. This method of writing had one definite advantage: there was no need to worry over the conclusion of the article, no need for the construction of a flowing and resonant period leading up to the final full stop. All that had to be done was to pick out a particularly striking quotation from one of the documents, and leave it at that.

But at this point his reverie was interrupted. The man sitting beside him jumped to his feet and aggressively addressed the meeting: "Mr Chairman, it's a question of principle." At this everyone in the Common Room sat up and prepared for a long and strenuous argument, and our Archivist settled himself more comfortably in his chair. The Public Meeting had now got its second wind, and would last for another two days at least.

GERARD SWINBURNE.



FIFTY YEARS AGO (1890-91)

A. O'Loughlin, B. Miller, C. Cronin, A. Hinsley, J. Taylor, E. Mostyn, W. Keatinge, P. Mason
J. O'Connor, G. Barrett, A. Spurrer, A. Moriarty, J. Barton, G. de Domenico, E. Bennett, A. G. Clarke, J. Mahoney, F. O'Farrell, W. Croke
R. Nash, H. Kelly, F. Lloyd, Dr Prior, Mgr Giles, A. Peacock, P. Kelly, S. Mongan

FIFTY YEARS AGO (1890-91)

It was on the evening of Monday, October 20th, 1890, that two Edmundians, James Driscoll and I, left Victoria to journey for the first time across Channel, *via* Newhaven to Paris, en route for Rome. Driscoll was to enter the Apollinare. He had asked to come to the Venerable but Cardinal Manning had refused, saying, "No! I will place you where you will be under the Pope's own eyes!" There were many misconceptions in the highest clerical circles in England in those days. Today it would seem ludicrous to set off on such a journey in a silk top hat: then it was quite the done thing. We spent a couple of days walking about Paris. This, even though tiring, is the only way to get to know a city.

A couple of hot-water foot warmers and rugs seemed to promise comparative luxury for a night journey from Paris to Basle but there were no corridors in trains then, and a period of nearly three hours spent in a lavatory compartment, entered at one station and left at the next, while the train sped through the frost over the great plain of France chilled one of us to the very bone.

The St Gothard Tunnel and route was but eight years old and ranked among the great wonders of the world. At Goeschenan there was a pause for a hasty meal: there we met

Charles Cronin also on his way to the Venerabile. He came on to Milan and spent the night with us. The glory of the Cathedral with its High Mass in the Ambrosian Rite next morning was our first sight of Italian ecclesiastical splendour. Cronin was anxious to get to Rome and left us. We wished to see more and stayed a night at Genoa and after a few hours in Pisa got to Florence on Saturday night. There three days of sightseeing and arrival in Rome late in the evening and a night at the Hotel Continentale.

Next morning we heard Mass in S. Maria degli Angeli, went to St Peter's, had a look at the *outside* of our respective colleges, returned for a farewell lunch at the Continentale, called for *carrozze*, drove off "to give ourselves up".

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The green inner door swung open and Augusto the porter was there with a smile of welcome. He bade me wait a few moments while he informed Monsignore of the new arrival. Then the sound of footsteps descending the stairs and the vision of a sturdy figure in a plain black cassock, with a pink fresh face, a halo of pure white hair and another smile of welcome, and at once: "What kind of camera is that? I take photos, too". Then "There is a retreat going on: I'll show you your room. Do you know anyone here?" I said I knew Peter Mason at St Edmund's and also Mongan and Kelly who were Portsmouth students. I was led to the *Quadraginta quattuor* corridor and to the fifth room in the gallery opposite the playroom. Just beyond a locked door barred the way to the old Collegio Pio.

It was quite a nice room. The wallpaper in quite good condition, not more than 40 or 50 years old. The bed of the type the martyrs used and Anthony Munday described in 1582, i.e. two iron trestles and wooden planks thereon and a mattress stuffed afresh each year with Indian corn leaves on which it was impossible for the weight of the body to make any impression. The pillow was also very hard, covered with coarse clean linen. The thick coverlet invaluable in winter was of indeterminate age. The old two-beaked brass lamp for olive oil with its pendent brass tools and coil of wax taper with sulphur-tipped matches to foul the air at 5.30 a.m. A very exiguous hand basin and

ewer on an iron stand, a somewhat damaged mirror, a chest of drawers, table and chair, a large bookcase—what more could be desired? I found it well to imitate others and invest in a bath and water-pail. I found the shock of cold water, so enjoyed by many, too much for me and I made friends with the cook and got a pail of hot water from the kitchen for a luxury wash down on Sunday mornings after breakfast. Of course there was no heating in the rooms. My window faced north and only a few beams of sun reached my room on a few days in the year from a small window on the side of the corridor if my door was left wide open. With the first sirocco in winter the linen sheets of the bed absorbed moisture and I found it wise to discard them and to sleep in my travelling rug. We used to dry our pillows at the embers of the fire in the playroom after night prayers.

* * * * *

But I am anticipating—I had hardly begun to unpack my belongings before there was the Rector again with Driscoll who had found that the Apollinare did not open for another week. I suggested his putting up at the Minerva in the meantime. He was also rather worried at being asked by the porter at his college as to whether he had brought his own bed. Then Dr Prior came along in a capeless cassock *more Romano*. I thought he was one of the students and was rather cheeky. He asked if I had come to do Philosophy. I said, “Good Lord, No! I have begun my Theology”.

So I had met “Pa” and “Ma” and it only remained to meet the rest of the family, “The Boys”. I found Mason and Kelly sucking cold, dry pipes to soften the rigours of the retreat. The rest showed themselves at supper. We only used in full the south side of the refectory with the tail on the garden side nearest to the door. It was explained that the other side nearest to the top table had to be kept free because you never knew when the Collegio Pio (closed for many years) might not be reopened. It was yet to be years before the Collegio Beda was to take its place.

Charles Cronin who had got to Rome some days earlier and had been put into retreat in consequence was on my right.

Arthur Hinsley arrived next morning and was put on my left. Dr Giles told us we were free of the retreat and could go where we would, returning for meals. We were able to see a good deal with Driscoll as our companion in the next couple of days. Hinsley had some difficulty with Dr Prior who wished him to do another year's Philosophy: it was only when he urged that, having been employed as a Minor Professor at Ushaw for some years, he would be too old to join the Clergy Fund unless he was ordained in four years that he was allowed to proceed to Theology.

* * * * *

With our small numbers we were really a family and a very happy one. Those of us who still survive are still just the same with one another (Mason, Cronin and I who sat next one another at every meal for four years are now all members of the Old Brotherhood of the Secular Clergy which meets for business and a meal twice a year). There was no side or posing about the Rector and the Vice. Dr Giles was only a *Cameriere* and did not bother about promotion. It was not till the autumn of 1891 that Mgr Stonor insisted that it was due to the College that he should be at least a Domestic Prelate. The future Dean of the Rota was just Dr Prior.

The Rector was not above doing many little menial tasks. He made his own the care of the four "powerful" lamps with a kind of Argand burner, which rested on stands of Austrian bent wood in the four corners of the choir enclosure of the College Chapel. This had to be done before meditation at 6 a.m. when the Rector would be found kneeling in his place by the earliest student to arrive. But one morning there were but three lamps and there was smoke and stench of burnt oil. The Rector had dropped one of the lamps into the great *scaldino* of charcoal and flames had shot up many feet into the air! There was a funny sequel: Brown of Nottingham who had been for some time weak in the matter of early rising and in consequence had been given a place in chapel just in front of the Rector that his delinquencies might be duly noted, had that morning missed both meditation and Mass and had not heard of the incident. At the Visit after the midday meal he sniffed

a lot and turning round to the Rector complained of a nasty offensive smell, thus giving himself away and securing, to the amusement of everyone, the bad mark that the Rector had been too agitated to make earlier in the day.

But I must not be led on to retell the tale that has been told so well by Mgr Prior in the *Edmundian* of December 1911 and Bishop Moriarty in the *Clergy Review* of December 1931.

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Apart from the sterling example of our two Superiors, the two annual retreats, the short and the long, and the gentle help of Fr Chierici, C.S.S.R., our confessor, there was no deliberate attempt to give us spiritual direction. The formal points of a Latin Meditation book were read out over night but few seemed to follow that lead. Most followed their own tastes. The Rector himself was a beautiful reader and always undertook himself that office at Spiritual Reading in Chapel. It was said that he had never preached in his life. There was no attempt to teach elocution. A couple of sermons were supposed to be written by all during the *villeggiatura* with a view to future delivery. Only two or three were actually preached in my time. We could, of course, go to hear Advent or Lenten sermons in English at S. Silvestro or elsewhere. There were great orators to be heard at the Gesù or S. Andrea, but there was generally something of unreality about these oratorical efforts. Was it just commonplace vapouring, or had the preacher really something to tell and did he succeed in doing so? Lads are quick to sense incapacity or insincerity. It was the same at the University. Was the lecturer a "Windbag" or not? Not always can you swear in the words of your master. We were there to think. Was it sheer impudence to anticipate the verdict of posterity? Whose textbooks or manuals have survived these fifty years? To my mind the outstanding merit of the Venerabile in these as in so many other matters was that we learned to stand on our own feet.

There was the utmost freedom of speech. All were on an equal footing. It was said, rightly or not, that in another national college of about twenty students, the latest arrival had, if the Rector and Vice were included, twenty-one superiors.



Not so in the Venerable. Can we twist the text a little :
 “ Senectus enim Venerabilis est non diuturna neque annorum
 numerus computatur ; cani autem sunt sensus hominis ” ? Does
 not such liberty provide its own safeguards against demon-
 strating one’s own foolishness ? There was no danger in Rome
 of thinking oneself omniscient. The brightest star in the College
 would make but little show in the firmament of the Gregorian,
 and then to think of the great old luminaries and heroes of the
 Church to be seen and even heard in Rome every day !

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Was not this the real advantage of being in Rome and not
 in any provincial seminary ? Why, even if you were but
 content

“ to walk the streets
 to smell the scents
 to gather information on the monuments ”

as Burton sang, you were doing quite a lot by intrasusception.

“ To walk the streets ”, and rub shoulders every day with
 all classes as we went to and fro, morning and afternoon, to
 the Gregorian : the streets gay with military and religious

uniforms and costumes of *contadini*. To climb the Pincio in the evening and listen to the civic or military bands ; to watch the sunset and then to plunge down into darkening streets with their twinkling lights as the *Ave* sounded.

“ To smell the scents ” : the full-flavoured odour of the one-way ventilated *pizzicherie* : the more delicate flavour of the lower church of S. Clemente or the catacombs : the fairly thick reek of the theological hall at the Gregorian at the second lecture of a warm but wet day : the animality and garlic-ality of the Chiesa Nuova on St Philip’s day : the fragrance of flowers and fruit in early morning (not noon) in the Campo. How they all come back !

“ To-gather information on the monuments ” : perhaps the easiest way of learning history. Once seen, always remembered. All other cities seem empty of history compared with Rome.

Here are two pen drawings by John Hally in 1892, near enough in date to accompany this article—the Campo and the theology lecture hall at the Gregorian loaned to the Philosophers for a *menstrua* with Fr De Maria presiding.

As I have hinted it was not only things but people of outstanding prominence that one saw in Rome. In the very first



month in Rome I heard the famous John Baptist de Rossi lecture at the catacomb of Ponziano. There were cardinals who had played their part at the Vatican Council; Malchers of Cologne had been imprisoned by Bismarck. Cardinals shared with the English College the freedom of the Villa Pamphili on days when it was closed to the general public. Parocchi was Cardinal-Vicar and most impressive at ordinations. Archbishop Lauti the Vicegerent was not so attractive, rather expansive in outline and bulk. I do not think I ever saw in my first year the greatest man of all, Pope Leo XIII. There were not many opportunities, for he never sang Mass in St Peter's during the whole of his long Pontificate. Nor do I remember any beatifications or canonizations that year. Those were sad days for Leo. You will find this in his various Consistorial utterances that year. Yet he was busy with many things and on May 15th 1891, issued his famous encyclical "De Conditione Opificum". We had to wait till 1893 for his episcopal golden jubilee and consequent publicity.

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The most startling event in 1891 was the blowing up of the magazine under the fort of Monte Verde on St George's day. It is curious how Bishop Moriarty in the *Clergy Review* above quoted speaks of its happening in 1893, and Marion Crawford, who makes use of it in his novel *The White Sister* and states that he was in Rome at the time and therefore ought to have known better, writes "the sunset glow had faded and twilight was coming on". Actually it was soon after 6.50 a.m. The Rector had just given communion and we were at our thanksgiving. The first shock, of course, came through the ground. Looking up we saw daylight through the roof as the tiles were lifted by the blast, and as they fell into place sent the dust down that Bishop Moriarty speaks of. Windows on the Monserrato side of the triforium were blown in; the walls of the three rooms in the "Pio" next to mine collapsed. Altogether damage to the extent of over £200 was done in the Venerable. The most unconcerned persons were the Rector who was then at the Ablutions and remained at the altar while his server, E. K. Bennett, pitter-pattered away with the rest of us; and Bishop

Butt of Southwark. He was sleeping on the Rector's gallery and was to say Mass at 7.30 or 8. His door was blown off its hinges, but being of Crimean experience he simply said to himself: "There goes another shell", and finished the rest of his sleep. After the High Mass some of us went to S. Maria della Consolazione and watched the arrival of those maimed and wounded, seemingly an unending stream. After Vespers we went to Monte Verde but a cordon of infantry kept us from the site. Next morning was not a *docetur* day at the Gregorian, and some of us finding the cordon withdrawn were able to go down into the crater itself, and fill our pockets with unexploded fuses and other relics. There was devastation over a large area, and we heard that over 200 persons were killed outright in a very poorly populated district.

The greatest *fiesta* of that year was the tercentenary of St Aloysius kept up in glorious style at S. Ignazio. It is difficult to imagine anything better done. A special commemorative medal was struck, and every member of the University received one.

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It is sad to think that one feature of our Roman days is gone for ever—the Magliana days. We were free to vote not more frequently than every fourteen days to have our midday meal there on *non docetur* days, returning to Rome by the *Ave*. The voting for this started at breakfast at the bottom of the House and a simple majority carried it into effect the following day. There were three ways of getting there—by St Paul's, by "Choked Ass Lane" or by the Forts road. The latter was the longest, but in part over open country, sometimes dangerous on account of Campagna dogs and herds of cattle.

For many years past if I have to start singing a Litany of Our Lady, to which there are so many tunes, I have to close my eyes and fancy that I am kneeling on the broad brim of my hat on cobble stones before a little chapel where are white-haired Dr Giles, and Lloyd and Kelly on either side as cantors. There is a hedge of pink roses in full bloom on my right and a pig tied up by a hind leg. With this little composition of place I can invariably start up "The Magliana Litany".

My last visit to Magliana was in 1911. At dinner I remarked to Bishop Giles that in my time we used to have a little reading from *The Imitation of Christ*. He replied, "Quite right, but since poor Francesco died (about ten years before) we have not been able to find the book"!

From the point of view of health and pleasure it is a loss to have Magliana no more. And then to think that when it was sold the superiors quite forgot that the subsoil was *pozzuolana*! You should have heard the then Bishop Hinsley dilate on this ineptitude when I stayed with him in 1927. It had been shipped away even as far as Sardinia, and at least a moderate fortune was lost by the sale.

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Perhaps one reason why we were so happy is that we were fed so well. It is wonderful how the roll, butter and coffee sustained us from seven till noon. Then we were sure of soup, the boiled meat from which it was made with one vegetable, followed by roast meat with another vegetable. Then a sweet on Sundays, Thursdays and feast days, and cheese, fruit and a bottle of wine every day. Anthony Munday in 1582 speaks of "a round boarde which hath a staffe about halfe a yarde long, made fast through the middle of it", carried by the servers with the portion of food placed by the cook upon it "which they bring, and holde over the table, when as everie man taketh his own messe". So it was in 1891. Coffee was taken standing in the ref. on our return after the *Ave* in Winter. *Merenda* could be had before going to schools in Summer, but few ever availed themselves.

Supper, with a dish of hot meat and a vegetable followed always by cheese and salad and fruit with another bottle of wine, was an ideal meal. When there was no reading it was the liveliest meal of the day; the past day always provided topics for conversation or argument to be continued perhaps during recreation in the Common Room.

We were sure of the quality of our food for Pa and Ma shared with the boys. There were no extra dishes on feasts that we did not share. Everything was cooked over wood or charcoal and better than in these days of gas or electricity. The

abacchi either roast in Rome or *alla cacciatore* with rosemary at Magliana are still dreamed of: wild duck with lentils; *torchi* and *beccafici*—did one ever taste better? True in Summer we could easily get tired of veal and tomato sauce at Monte Porzio, but there were compensations in other ways.

The only long day-expedition that I think we had in 1891 was to the old monastery at Farfa. As there was little to be obtained in the local inns save bread and wine we had taken our own provender. Everyone was supposed to have a pocket knife, and we were shown how a convenient two-pronged fork could be made out of a bit of *canna*. Haversacks were provided for every two persons and portions of cold beef, chicken, cheese and “cartwheel” (i.e. baked pudding) and fruit. It was almost a rule to have a discussion at breakfast as to whether the accent should be placed on the first or second syllable in “cartwheel”.

We had to walk up to the terminus; there was no jumping on to trams then, and we detrained at the station of Fara Sabina, miles distant from the hill town of that name. After some miles on the highroad the Rector told us to descend to the left to the bed of the Farfa streams which would afford an attractive even though rather a toilsome route to our destination. It was a trying day and hot; even though we refreshed ourselves at the streams and gathered some watercress, we were tired and hungry when at last we sat down in the inn. Bennett began by calling for bread, but the Rector burst in: “For God’s sake bring the wine”. I have often wished to have another visit to Farfa. I think very few people ever visit it. I still recall our march back to the railway: at one stage we said the Rosary and sang the Litany of Our Lady, Henry Kelly being cantor.

* * * * *

Now what of the boys? Those who survive of the Fourth Year Theology are Augustine Peacock, Henry Kelly, and Stephen Mongan; they have now kept the Golden Jubilees of their ordinations. Their lives have been fairly peaceful; the first named has long been a canon of Northampton; the last has been for thirteen years Provost of the Portsmouth chapter. Francis Lloyd was brilliant as a student and as professor of theology at

Oscott. His early death was a great loss to Birmingham and England. Patrick Kelly was brilliant in other ways; he wound up as a clerical journalist and editor of *Rome*. Robert Nash was alone in the Third Year. Who could have foretold that he and William Keatinge in the Second Year were to spend the better part of their lives in the army? The first was to get the D.S.O. and the second the C.M.G. and to be the first Episcopus Castrensis for the British Army and Air Force.

Edward K. Bennett was quite a model student: it was natural and unaffected for him to be so. Although he never rose to higher dignity than an honorary Canonry in Liverpool everyone knows of his life-long devotion to his work, parochial and educational.

Albert George Clark was a convert from Anglicanism, and had been a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and then a missionary in Ceylon. He was the oldest man in the college, next to the Rector himself in age. It was natural that he should find our life a little difficult. After some work in the Portsmouth diocese considerations of health made him migrate to the Antipodes. He had some money of his own which at his death he left to church building.

Now for the First Year. I must be careful, for most of them survive. Ambrose Moriarty has been in Shrewsbury ever since ordination, as curate, as administrator, as bishop; and his priests and people revere him. Quid amplius? James Taylor after good work in Salford vanished some thirty years ago. Is he alive or dead? Those of us who survive would dearly like to know. He was a good fellow and entirely earnest. Alfred Spurrier, a doctor and convert from Anglicanism, went back to his doctoring and to Zanzibar where he was a tower of strength to Catholicism. He also got the C.M.G.

William Croke gave up and took to literary and antiquarian work in Rome but he died young. "Father" Peter Mason of Southwark has consistently refused all honours and titles except those given by his brother clergy. Charles Cronin after some mission work returned as Vice-Rector to the Venerabile; later was Rector of Oscott, and is now whole-time Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Birmingham. I have been employed on

curacies in Portsmouth and Guernsey to be followed by five years at Woolston as Rector, and am now in my fortieth year at the town of Aldershot.

Arthur Hinsley was to be in turn a Professor at Ushaw, and founder of a secondary school for boys at Bradford. Then, coming South, he was Rector of Sutton Park and lecturer at Womersley. Later parochus of Sydenham and Rector of the Venerable, Apostolic Visitor (later Delegate) in Africa—"Episcopus Noster Africanus" of Pius XI—Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal of S. Susanna. Easily our star turn!

* * * * *

And now the Philosophers. George Barrett was a gentle soul and not over strong. He was of Southwark, and, it was said, a "ward" of Mgr Bourne. He became second Rector of Womersley seminary and then Rector of Richmond where he died. John O'Connor is still very much with us. His literary and artistic tastes have been well nourished with the years. To many he is better known as "Father Brown" of Chesterton's stories. There was a real John Brown in their year to whom reference has been made; he left the college, however, before the photograph was taken. Andrew O'Loughlin had come from Lisbon; he was facile as a linguist and had assurance to a remarkable degree. He also had a presence that impressed strangers, and once shone at a menstrea at the Gregorian, taking snuff while replying to the objectors. He spent many years as a chaplain to the convict prison at Portland. We had expected much more from him. Giovanni de Domenico was a Maltese. Though only a lad he was already a canon of a collegiate church there and entitled to wear a mitre and pectoral cross. I never heard what happened to him in the course of years. I tried to find out in Malta in 1934. They were all in the Second Year.

John Barton was, I think, for the Clifton diocese, and on account of his size was known as "The Bambino" or shortly "The Bam". Joseph Mahoney, Edward Mostyn and Bernard Miller were all Southwark men. Mahoney and Miller both got their D.D., and the latter his Ph.D. as well. Mahoney was on the mission all his life until he broke down. Miller was to spend the better part of his life teaching theology at Oscott. Mostyn varied

his life by different periods when he served as Naval chaplain in China, and as an army chaplain in the Great War. He spent his last years at Haslemere, where he had a beautiful church and house of which he was very proud.

* * * * *

I do not think that Pa and Ma have any reason to be ashamed of their boys of " Fifty Years Ago ".

FRANCIS O'FARRELL.

PALAZZOLA LOST

There are truant thoughts that wander
 from a silent, sombre room ;
There are fingers at the curtain letting
 gleams light up the gloom ;
In the firelight's endless fancy, ever
 fading, faintly seen,
Flames a sunset on a lakeside where
 are white walls robed in green.
Oftentimes upon the asphalt by the
 pavement crocus springs,
And I'm treading ways forgotten while
 all close about me clings,
With a strangely thrilling nearness
 yet a sense of loss forlorn,
All the vision I thought vanished,
 all the ghosts of things were gone.
Just the rising scent of Summer, just
 the Autumn's whispered sigh,
Brings the mourning to the memory
 for the gentle days gone by.

Shining silken strands of gossamer
from Palazzola's paths
Have entwined our arms for ever
and imprisoned in their clasp.

Could we ever lose the lustre, will
we ever quite forget
All the merriment and magic, those
rejoicings not regret ?
Trailing laces on the lakeside ere the
sun had paled the sky,
Dream and glamour of the daytime,
evening Aves answering high ;
Shimmering heat-haze, far beneath us
wavelets whitening in the breeze,
Gold of butterfly and blossom flashing
torches through the trees
Then that strange but kindly season
which we did not know at home,
When Autumn sad in mourning garb,
amber and cyclamen,
With Summer lingering at her side
wandered the woods again,
Leaving the wonder to the world, the
healing with the pain.

Life was lavish of its bounties, lacking
naught of grace or worth,
Those the best months of a lifetime
in the best spot of the earth.
Like the golden grapes we gathered danced
those days of gold behind,
And the kindly scenes and lovely bred
a love of action kind.
Never heard was dint of discord
all the long light of the day ;
Never known the least despondence
nor the welcome worn away ;

While a zeal of coming labour gave
 a zest to ease immense,
 Gave to every humblest happening
 pregnant hope and hidden sense.
 As the darkness on Faete and the
 dew fled from the dawn,
 So the Villa's good and gladness
 barred the very power to mourn.

Used you ever go at crocus-time to the
 woods where the hazel-nuts hide,
 By the path that was bent like a beggar
 but appavelled like to a bride ?
 That wonder way of shining steps and
 hedgerows flowering,
 Where grace was wooed by nature
 and wedded with her ring,
 Where loveliness with holiness made
 magical a spell,
 And loneliness was luxury to
 thoughts too true to tell.
 An incense fragrance hovered from
 the hedge-hung censers there,
 And the celandine and crocus pointed
 holy hands of prayer ;
 While the gorse was aflame with candles
 and the lake like an altar of glass,
 When I walked in thankful wonder in
 the days when I first said Mass.

May we again those footprints seek
 that mark the ways we went,
 Before old paths are overgrown and old
 delights are spent.
 God spare those walls our warfare
 and keep that garb of grace,
 That like a halo clustered about that
 hallowed place.

The love of loveliness we learned, that
 love of all most true,
The shades that lay on life and scene
 be spared their every hue !
Unaltered and unblemished till the nations
 learn too late
That they could love each other, but
 could never learn to hate.
And if we long to haste away
 from lakes and hills of home,
Ah ! God will forgive forgetfulness in us who
 remember Rome.



THE MOUNTAIN GITA

The proverbial student of psychology would find a great deal to interest him in the Common Room after a long gita. Here he would find all the devotees of the various cults pursued in the Venerable. There are the young art enthusiasts back from Siena who have just put away their elegant ferraiuolas, immaculate hats and neat suit cases; those inspired by the Belloc fire who have tramped fabulous kilometres along the dusty roads and mixed with strange men; the enterprising sightseers, the lovers of simple, undisturbed leisure, returned from the quiet of a convent, or from the sea. All these are familiar types, but what would he make of that number of fierce-looking fellows with dark faces who are telling their incredible Odyssey to an astonished group? This fanatical set needs some explaining.

The present interlude in the life of the College seems an appropriate time to make some mention of the activities of these people who gained a considerable following in the last fifteen years. The chief difficulty is to give them a name. To speak of mountaineering might confirm and mislead those alarmists who always pictured us hanging by our finger-nails on a ledge of rock, while the generic term of climbing might hardly mean more than the mule-like sauntering up kindly

slopes which the sceptics attributed to us. Rock-climbing was never seriously tried by anyone, as nearly all our excursions were confined to regions where snow and ice predominated, but there were many who could have tackled almost anything involving snow- and ice-craft exclusively. Hence our development was one-sided, and precludes us, I think, effectively from referring to mountaineering.

Every generation of Romans as they came down from Pamphili through the Porta San Pancrazio on a clear Spring evening must have seen the sun gilding the snows of that lovely mountain, Monte Velino. That such an outpost and promise of magnificent scenery should appear to have invited so little attention must seem strange to the modern Abruzzi fan, and he will not be surprised to learn that it was the desire to see beyond the Land's End of the Sabines, to visit the country and see the people of those mysterious white peaks beyond, which promoted the first Abruzzi gitas. A few parties were organized, and we set out one Easter week to explore. How the others fared I do not remember in detail except that one party was marooned in a *tormenta* on the plain of Ovindoli the first day. For us in low shoes and totally unprepared, what were to be gentle mountain *traversate* took on a most unexpected character. Snowdrifts, fierce weather conditions, passes scarcely navigable for deep snow, and the difficulty of finding the way in seas of billowy white, all these features of travel now so familiar were entirely new to us. Yet, strangely enough, despite the many varieties of physical discomfort, it was far from being unpleasant. As we moved from one village, remote and fantastically situated, to another it was no longer a question of devouring kilometres, or of hours of mechanical motion. Every half-hour brought us new difficulties to face, new decisions to be made, and new vistas of uncommon grandeur. The enlarging panorama of the receding valley wreathed in violet mist, the opening vista of peaks, the white undulating upland, and the return to the perpetual Spring below the snow-line, here were permanent and lasting glories, not mere incidents of travel. Can it be wondered, then, that as successive waves of invaders from the Venerabile stood on one *colle* after another,

their eyes should have wandered to the more forbidding peaks, and the thought have arisen "Why not?"

And so it began. The passage from the enterprising mountain walk to something fully adventurous can best be dated by the first expeditions to the Gran Sasso d'Italia. These were on a grand scale. A week's provisions had to be carried. Ice-axes, ropes, and heavy clothing added to the impedimenta and sometimes skis completed the burden. In the earlier days these had to be carried up to the Passo Portella, a narrow defile that in bad weather was a nightmare, and across the Campo Pericoli to the little refuge that nestled under the main bastion of the Sasso. This journey was anything but uneventful, and the destination was not the end of things. The refuge lay completely under snow, and an entrance had to be dug out in the teeth, perhaps, of a howling *tormenta*, and the place made habitable. In later years these preliminary difficulties were much reduced by a funicular railway which terminated well below the massif itself, but cut out many hours of climbing and made a second refuge more accessible. Once established on top, a suitable opportunity was awaited for gaining the peak. The actual climb consists of a steep rise, followed by the usual type of knife-edged crest leading to a few rocks and the summit. In ideal conditions everything is straightforward, but these conditions were an extremely rare occurrence at Easter, and an appreciable amount of nerve was called for from our untrained enthusiasts. Sometimes the top was reached, sometimes not; it depended chiefly on whether the season was a lucky one.

The Gran Sasso is utterly unlike anything in the Alps. Its position is quite unique. Like a huge Colossus sitting astride the peninsula it dwarfs everything that can be seen from its summit from Ostia to the Adriatic. It was natural, therefore, that it should have engrossed our attention, but the other mountains of the Abruzzi were not overlooked. Terminillo, Velino, Greco, Petroso, Sirenette, Viglio and a host of others were climbed in time. Some of these, even in Winter, are only strenuous trudges in snow, but our mountain-lovers thought none too easy to disregard. The only peak that has consistently opposed all attempts during the Spring period is the Majella,

and this is due to the unusual combination of weather conditions required to overcome the difficulties of the length and curious nature of the climb.

It could not be long before our experiences in this little-known hinterland suggested the Alps. The fashion began for priests and Third Year Philosophers on their way home to spend a few days in the mountains, and for the less fortunate to take their September gita there. In this way some actually had their first experiences of climbing in the Alps instead of the Abruzzi. For economic reasons and perhaps a snobbish antipathy to the tourist climber, few of us cared to go into Switzerland, while the French Alps were, for the most part, too much out of the way. Thus our favourite hunting grounds became Piedmont with the Mont Blanc-Monte Rosa chain, and the various groups of the Alto Adige Ortles, Adamello, Brenta, Stubayer and others. Though there has never been any hare-brained spirit of rivalry among the climbers of the College, it would be invidious to single out any of the innumerable climbs made in these parts. On the map one mountain may offer a great more difficulty than another; in the concrete the relatively easy one may, under certain snow conditions, prove more formidable. Even the unambitious *traversata* which made many a gita would, when the way was lost, turn out more exciting than the regular climb. On the whole our exploits would not be recognised by mountaineers as of more than medium difficulty, but in compensation it must be remembered that they were almost invariably guideless. An obstinate sense of independence and shortage of cash made them so.

This brief survey of its history brings out three characteristic of the mountain cult in the College. It was entirely spontaneous, developed without any external training, and all the experience acquired was acquired of ourselves. It consisted almost exclusively of attempts where only the difficulties of snow and ice had to be faced. It was motivated more by the sheer attraction of the mountains than by any idea of performing physical feats, of "bagging" peaks, or indulging in foolhardy exploits.

Nothing shows more clearly our lack of contact with the world of experienced climbers than the way we first reacted

to what was popularly known as the Abruzzi face! The first to acquire this unenviable anatomical feature had no idea what that furious burning portended as they sat at night over the refuge stove. With blithe indifference the programme of the gita was carried through, and not until the descent to the land of the living when the inflammation began in earnest did the truth dawn. The agonies that followed taught us little. Instead of looking for expert advice, make-shift remedies were devised with butter, soap, lanoline, sun-burn lotion, and most other concoctions that aggravate the affliction. Not until a few years later a preventative was stumbled upon in an Alpine resort, and the problem solved. Such was our insularity at its worst. In the use of the axe and the rope our experience was assisted by the aid of sketchy little Italian books and occasional encounters with a few Italian experts in the refuges. In the same way we acquired sufficient knowledge of skiing over ground made difficult with deep snow, although none of us had the time or opportunity to get proficient at its major uses of swift and graceful descent; thereby hangs many a tale. It may all have been very stupid, but eventually our experience by trial and error became more surely grounded.

In the development of snow- and ice-craft the Abruzzi proved a wonderful nursery. The dangers here are negligible while the opportunities are many. The ridge joining the Umberto to the summit of the Terminillo is a perfect Alpine crest in miniature. Under certain snow conditions it requires a reasonably careful negotiating, and yet the possible event of a slip, though psychologically unnerving, would not normally be serious. Similarly in the bowl of the Velino the consequences of a faulty foothold are sufficiently uncomfortable to stimulate caution. The Gran Sasso is more imposing, but only requires an elementary degree of prudence. The specific problems of the Alps avalanche, underlying ice and hidden crevasses are absent almost entirely, but this is compensated for by an influence more problematic than in the Alps—the weather. The weather is the dominating force in climbing. In the Abruzzi it is everything, and no one who has spent a few gitas there will ever make the mistake of underestimating it. Only the veteran of the

Himalayas or the old sea dog will have the same respect for it. The Southern latitude of the Abruzzi adds the sun of the *Mezzogiorno* to the usual climatic conditions of altitude. Within the same week you can be almost immobilised in deep snow or pushing it down the mountainside with every step ; suffering the fierce blast of an icy wind that freezes the surface ; finding your way through a *tormenta* that beats unmercifully and limits your vision to a yard ; and then again labouring under the rays of a burning sun. There is no variety of snow conditions, no extremes of heat and cold that you will not experience on the average gita. To face it all requires determination, resourcefulness and endurance combined with prudence—the major part of a mountaineer's catechism.

Lastly our enthusiasm for climbing was explained simply and solely by the subtle attraction of the mountains. It is easier for people who have never seen the mountains in their glory to picture the discomforts and privations involved in climbing than to recall the climber's recompense. How can one convey any idea of the mountains' appeal ? How can one describe the first sally into the diamond air when one sees the stars for the first time in one's life ; the first toils of the ascent as the morning light gilds the distant peaks ; the gradual quickening of the blood as the sun thrusts its broad shafts across the glacier, and the snow—not the dull mantle of the plains—flashes back fire of silver ; the approach of day when the sky becomes a dark, unfathomable purple ; the crossing of the crevasses into the land where no living thing grows or stirs ; the hours of struggle and communion with that stupendous trinity of ice, rock and snow ; the awe and mystery of the Great Silence magnified by its occasional interruption as thousands of tons of rock and ice crash with a sullen roar into the abyss ; the sense of achievement, of dominion, of power, as the peak is reached and the vast horizon unfolds itself ; and finally on the return that indescribable sense of buoyancy, of well-being, physical, moral, mental, aesthetic and spiritual—the complete re-integration of personality. What more could you ask of a gita than this ? Those who would condemn our keenness as foolishness know little of what they are condemning.

As one writer has well said, to describe the appeal of the mountains to the uninitiated is useless and always inadequate, to attempt it is to attempt the impossible ; they belong to another world. Qui legit, intelligat.

Dangerous ? When this criticism comes from those who would start a car journey across Europe without any qualms it is laughable. When it comes from those who would rule students on the principle that they must be presumed to have no sense or intelligence one may beg to deny the suppositum. The fact that we were not actively discouraged has been justified. In the past fifteen years there has not been so much as a broken ankle or wrist.

Waste of opportunity ? It is certainly a more serious criticism that the cultural advantages of life in Italy may have tended to be neglected. Where this has happened it is to be deplored. The obvious remedy, however, is not the discouraging of climbing (which has a cultural advantage of its own) but the stimulation of other interests also.

All these things are now things of the past, but unlike much of what has had to be sacrificed, the opinion may be ventured that the demise of the mountain gita has come at an opportune moment. Recently skiing has held the field to the detriment of mountaineering. Skiing is a fascinating sport and an extremely difficult art to learn, but the cult of the pleasure of motion for its own sake lacks all that which gives mountaineering its virility, its asceticism and ultimately its fundamental satisfaction. The proper place of skiing is as *ancilla* to the higher art. The present generation may contend this. As they have changed the custom, the *onus probandi* is on them.

WILLIAM PARK.



COMO GRANDE
GRAN SASSO D'ITALIA

NOVA ET VETERA

RICHARD CRASHAW AND THE ENGLISH COLLEGE

Some years ago, when working on the articles "A Martyr's Expenses," I noticed in two of the account books the name Crashaw, and was interested to find that the poet, like many of his compatriots, had used the College as his banker during his stay in Rome. Fortunately I copied the entries, which, whilst giving us some scraps of information about the poet's last years and specimens of his signature and handwriting, establish the date of his arrival in Rome, correcting on this point the Dictionary of National Biography. He is also mentioned in the register of guests at the College, but for that information we must wait until the archives are again available.

Here is a summary of the relevant section in the D.N.B. Crashaw became a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, in 1637, and in 1643 he was expelled as he refused to take the oath of Solemn League and Covenant. He became a Catholic, went to Paris and, in 1648 or 1649, to Italy with a letter of introduction from Queen Henrietta Maria to Cardinal Palotta. He became

an attendant or secretary to the Cardinal in Rome, but on his complaining of the ill lives of some of the attendants, he was removed by the Cardinal, to protect his life, to a position at Loreto. He became a sub-canon of Loreto on April 24th 1649, but died before August 25th, and was buried at Loreto.

		Book E. p. 73
Havere		Sre Rich. Crashaw
A di 7 Gennaio 1647 Sc.	21.70 for ye valew of 7 Spanish pistols consigned to ye cassa this day	21.70
Item the 30 of March	for ten pistols Spanish	31
Item twelve pistols	recd. from him this 25 of May	36
Item 3 other viz on doblone and on single pistol both much deficient in weight		
It ye 29 May anzi a di 4 otre	scudi diciotto e mezzo per la valuta di lire ster : cinque come a carta in qto	18.50
		<hr/> 107.20

Dare

A di Gennaio 1647 b.20	payd to Ludovico ye gardiner and his wife for their bed etc.	.20
Ye 3rd of April 1 Rich :	Crashaw have received two pistols moneta Romana	6
Item ye 6th of May	received six crownes	6
Item ye 25 of May	received ye doblone & one pistol both light	
Item for 2 quire of paper	b.11 & a half	.11½
Item ye 22 of May	received six crownes	6
Item ye 18th of July	received twelve crownes	12
Item ye 31st of July	received twelve crownes	12
Item ye 2 of September	received six crownes	6
Item ye 12 of October twelve ...	12
..... 15 of Oct one	1
..... 25 November six	6
Item ye 30 9bre	to ballance this account put upon his credit in ye book F.	39.88
		<hr/> 107.20

A half baioccho is omitted in the last entry although added in the total.

Book F. Page 21

Sig. Richardo Crashaw as by his accounts ballanced in ye book E f. 73 crownes thirty nine b 88½	39.88½
Decembr. 17 1647 received of F. George Gray minister twelve crownes non segue	
Jan 2 1648 received non segue	
A 31 Xbre 1647 lire 243 to bee made good to Mr. Crashaw as by fr. Rich. Bartons accounts from Paris 6 Xbris 1647	72.90
	<hr/>
	112.78½

1649

A di 10 May sc 47 b 90 put into the Colledges keeping after he had sought divers means and none succeeded to send them to Loreto	47.90
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The debit side has the first four entries in his own writing.

Decembr 17 1647 received of F. Grey minister twelve crownes	12
Item ye 3d of January 1648 received of Fr. John Crips twenty seaven crownes b. 88 & a halfe	27.88½
I Underwritten have received five and twenty crownes of F. John Cripse Procurator of ye English Colledge: in wittnes whereof I have subscribed this 18th of May 1648 (Ric : Crashaw)	25
I underwritten have received forty seaven Crownes nine Julioes this 31 of October 1648	47.90

Anno 1649

13 May For a cloake and coate to Edward Baines in questo 19	6.0
For two shirtes	2.0
For foure nightcaps	0.20
For two paire of linnen drawers	0.70
For a pair of calzettoni	0.35
For a pair of linen stockings	0.30
A di 16 May sc 9 b 30 given to Mr Chrashaw	9.30
A di 3 Agosto sc vinti mta. for so much payed to Sr. Pier Francesco Busca, by Mt. Richard Crashaw his order, who had received the like summe at Loreto from Sr. Canonico Bassi as by his order which I have	20.0
To ballance these accounts	9.05
	<hr/>
	47.90

A note on the coinage may be of use. Ten baiocchoi equal one giulio, ten of which make a crown or scudo. The Italian scudo was worth about four shillings. The pistole was a gold coin whose value is given (for the Spanish variety) as about 18s. A doubloon was properly a double pistole with value about a guinea (cf. Universal English Dictionary). In these accounts there is mention of a roman pistole, whilst the value of each is three scudi, and a *doblone* is counted as two pistoles.

The accounts of Edward Baines (Mico, Harvaeus) are on page 19 of book F, and were printed in the VENERABILE, April 1937 (Vol. VIII, No. 2).

From these accounts it becomes clear that Crashaw arrived in Rome early in January 1647, and up to the end of May had deposited four sums in foreign currency, pistoles or pounds sterling. It appears that on the night of his first visit to the College he lodged with the Gardiner—hence the entry on January 8th for their bed, since twenty baiocchoi would hardly buy it. From April 3rd he withdrew every few weeks either six or twelve crowns, until January 3rd 1648 when he took a larger sum. There are only two more entries that year, May 18th and October 31st. Then follows a gap until 13th and 16th May 1649. The entry for August 3rd, unlike the others, is not a personal payment.

From all this we may infer that Crashaw was resident in Rome throughout the year 1647. When the accounts were transferred to a new book on November 30th he had a credit of 39 crowns 88½ baiocchoi, which were exhausted by his withdrawals on December 17th and January 3rd. The further credit dated October 31st must have been added after this for it follows the two mistaken entries for December 17th and January 2nd (partly deleted, with the added comment “non segue”). It seems likely that this marks the date of his move to Loreto (i.e. early January 1648) since he emptied his account with an unusually large withdrawal, whilst the additional sum added to his account may have been withdrawn on two visits to Rome. At any rate the infrequency of his visits and withdrawal in large sums requires some explanation.

On April 24th 1649 he became a sub-canon, and on May

10th is apparently again in Rome depositing a sum which he has been trying to arrange to be sent to him. In any case the debit side specifically mentions a sum paid to him on May 16th, and various things bought on the 13th. Hence we have evidence of about a week's stay. This was apparently his last visit. Later Canon Bassi advanced him 20 scudi against his note of hand, which was honoured by the College on August 3rd ; before the 25th of this month he had died, leaving a balance in his favour of nine crowns five baiocchi.

When the Visitors' book is again available we may perhaps learn a little more of his stay in Rome, but at least we have made it clear that he was in or near Rome throughout 1647, and must have been a well known figure at the College. The specimens of his autograph may also be of some interest.

F. J. SHUTT.

THE REUNION

The idea of a reunion, however small, now that the College was so much nearer, was an attractive one, and many must have entertained it throughout last year as a possibility, only to put it aside in face of the great wartime difficulties of rationing, transport etc. But the Roman is made to overcome difficulties, and we were delighted when Dr Lennon of Upholland suggested getting together a party of about thirty, including a cricket team, and asked the Rector to offer what hospitality we could afford for one day. On July 14th, a lovely morning, this party came from several parts of the North West to make our acquaintance, and, as a sideline, to match themselves against our cricket team. We did our best to receive them *more Romano*, and were soon escorting the parties around the house and garden where as friend met friend they broke off to discuss things, old and new. But as lunch hour approached all were shepherded to the Common Room, where in the few minutes that remained before the gong, we of the present generation were able to identify the giants and heroes of the past. Never-

theless we were very much at home, for they spoke the same language as ourselves despite the aureole of greatness with which Time and the raconteurs had provided them.

The refectory reminded one of Palazzola at the end of October with extra tables down the centre, so that there was scarcely room for the servers to pass between. But we all found places, three generations of students sitting down together, and were soon gratifying appetites sharpened by the bustle of the morning. We had wondered how the Sisters could possibly deal with thirty extra people, always confident, however, that the result would be worthy of the occasion. Yet even we who knew their vast capabilities were astonished by what they achieved. After lunch, over coffee and port in the Common Room, the Rector was called upon for a speech, in the course of which he expressed our gratitude to Dr Lennon for organizing the Reunion from the guests' side, and sending out the invitations. Dr Lennon replied, thanking the Rector for the generous hospitality, and prophesying hopefully a victory for the Past in the cricket match. Dr Goodear, the oldest guest, also honoured us with a speech, after which the circles resumed their conversation until the call to cricket.

The match attracted a good bank of spectators. The English College man, whether playing or not, is always a good spectator, and today with the sun shining, he was out to enjoy himself, applauding and deriding each side indiscriminately. The Past bowled accurately and fielded energetically, so that our own eleven were dismissed for what seemed an easily beatable score. But when facing the bowling the elders appeared suddenly to lose all confidence in their own ability, and the game ended quietly in a victory for the Present. Still, the result meant little to either players or spectators, and we drifted back to the house for tea very content with the afternoon's entertainment.

In the Common Room after tea a sing-song inevitably developed, and innumerable old favourites were revived. Many were still in vogue, others were resurrected for us by former stars of our stage and by the Past in chorus, to which we replied with one or two numbers of recent days. An "Auld Lang

Syne" reminiscent of New Year's Eve in Rome marked the end of the day, and we turned out in force to cheer each departing car, not forgetting the motor-cyclist, who made the most triumphant exit of all.

We hope our guests enjoyed their day, and found us still Roman in spite of exile; and we assure them how much we appreciated their visit, for they brought Rome back to us, as does every visitor who had the good fortune to spend all his days between Monserrato and the Villa. We envy them that good fortune, while remaining not a little proud of our own responsibility for maintaining the same spirit in England, not, we hope, without success.

We print below a list of those who spent the day with us, and look forward to the next occasion on which we may enjoy a reunion. Rev. J. Goodear, W. Park, J. Campbell, V. M. Fay, J. Slater, *L. J. Wilkinson, W. Lennon, J. Park, R. Flynn, A. Jones, T. Marsh, F. G. Ellison, F. Fleming, J. A. Lyons, V. Marsh, G. Tickle, T. Fee, G. Malone, E. Doyle, M. Elcock, S. Lescher, J. McDonald, G. Mitchell, G. Swinburne, F. Duggan, L. Wells, E. Coonan, H. Martindale.* (*Cricketers in italics*).

COLLEGE DIARY

FEBRUARY 23rd. *Sunday*. "You shall give straw no more to the people to make bricks, as before; but let them go and gather straw. And you shall lay upon them the task of bricks, which they did before, neither shall you diminish anything thereof."

In recent days we have been gaining insight into the reactions of the Israelites to this edict—to be precise since the day when the Editor insinuated himself into our room and suggested silkily that we should take over the duties of Chronicler on Quinquagesima Sunday. Compared with the lot of the diarist at St Mary's Hall, the way of the transgressor is a constant round of pleasure. For instance we can no longer overcome the difficulty of the first paragraph by a dirge on the dishevelled Common Room, shorn of its Christmas decorations. True, it usually is dishevelled and shorn of almost every vestige of decoration, but that is a commonplace unworthy of explicit mention. Moreover, Roman diarists could, and, we suspect, often did, consult the pages of past numbers to find suitable matter for comment. But how will my spavined Muse react to the information that on this day last year Mrs Pam was seriously ill? And yet our days do not pass without some fragment of interest. There was the man this morning who was emptying ash buckets belonging to the top corridor: a crafty spirit furtively carried off and refilled the returned empties, even going to the length of forcibly cleaning other people's grates. Consequently there were always two full buckets of ash awaiting the return of the faithful helot. After the twelfth bucket a discerning director of works unmasked the fraud. But it brightened our morning and even when tomorrow's gita was postponed, owing to unfavourable climatic conditions, we remained cheerful.

Tonight we were invited to a conjuring display at Stonyhurst, and

provided the greater part of the applause—years of training during meetings of the Literary Society have turned us into the most intelligent-looking audience you could wish for.

24th. *Monday.* This morning we rose at 6.30 instead of 6 a.m., a fact which the majority failed to realise until it was too late to enjoy the lie-in. As with most days on which a gita has been postponed on account of bad weather the sun shone brilliantly, the sky was blue, the remaining snow-drifts had an invigorating effect which invited deeds of prowess. Some people were so affected they obtained permission for a day's walk, and many peaks were scaled. Some few of us went out to do battle with the College where and when opportunity offered. We have had several satisfying bouts during the recent snows. The technique of joining battle is invariable. When we sight a Stonyhurst group approaching we look as like stage clergymen as possible. The temptation is irresistible and soon the first snowball is thrown, landing near but never scoring a direct hit. This is taken in lieu of a gauntlet, and we return a better aimed one. This is the declaration of war. We then fight ferociously until other duties call one side away. And we manage, in spite of the encumbrances of clerical attire, to give a reasonably good account of ourselves.

This evening we had a film show in the Common Room. Talkies are, of course, out of the question, but we use the Vice-Rector's projector and borrow films from Hodder. The three or four "shorts" that we saw left us with the feeling that the whole affair had been engineered by the Concert Committee to ensure tomorrow's concert being, by contrast, an overwhelming success.

25th. *Shrove Tuesday.* We had our pancakes with a difference. This was the threepenny bit in each. Only one person could have thought of this pleasant surprise; of course it was Mother Clare. Our Indian missionary did well on the proceeds, though I hope they are given a wash and brush-up before being added to his vicarious bank-balance.

Fr Miller S.J. from Hodder shared our pancakes, and, I suppose, our threepenny bits.

This afternoon we attended the Shrove play at Stonyhurst and recognized favourite stars from Christmas. Then, putting to an extreme test the maxim that you can't have too much of a good thing, we returned to our own Theologians' Concert.

1. SEVENTH YEAR SONG

Chorus: Urbs inter omnes nobilis
 Nutrix viridissima
 Nos in exilium depulsi
 Tenemus sacratissima
 Quae Venerabilis semper
 Florescens in aeva
 Propugnator tenuit
 "Pro Petri fide et Patria".

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| 2. | ORPHEUS | <i>Buccaneers</i>
<i>Row, Boatman, row</i> | |
| 3. | MONOLOGUE | . | Mr Reynolds |
| 4. | ITEM | <i>Two Bachelors Gay</i> | Messrs Brown & Holland |
| 5. | INTERLUDE | Seventh Year presents
"When Thieves Fall Out" | |
| | | <i>Domenico, hospital attendant</i> | Mr P. Clark |
| | | <i>Rinaldo, wounded soldier from Libya</i> | Mr Hiscoe |
| | | <i>Angelo, wounded cavalry officer from Albania</i> | Mr J. Harrison |
| | | <i>Ugo Fettucini, of the Italian Intelligence</i> | Mr Firth |
| | | <i>Count Ciano</i> | Mr K. Connolly |
| | | <i>Benny the Bum</i> | Mr McKenna |
| | | <i>Herr von Ribbentrop</i> | Mr P. Storey |
| | | <i>Adolf Hitler</i> | Mr Gannon |
| | | Scene: A ward of the hospital, Via Monserrato 45 | |
| 6. | QUARTET | <i>Jack and Jill</i> | Messrs Gibb, Walsh,
Alston, Hanlon |
| 7. | COLLEGE SONG | POT-POURRI | Fr Dyson, S.J. |
| 8. | ITEM | . | Vice-Rector |
| 9. | ITEM | <i>Two Cads</i> | Messrs Murtagh & Hannon |
| 10. | SOLO | <i>An Eriskay Love Lilt</i> | Mr Gibb |
| 11. | SKETCH | <i>Thread of Scarlet</i> | |
| | | <i>The Landlord</i> | Mr Key |
| | | <i>Breen, an odd-job man</i> | Mr Hannon |
| | | <i>Migsworth</i> | Mr Reynolds |
| | | <i>Smith</i> | Mr Chapman |
| | | <i>Butters</i> | Mr Jones |
| | | <i>A Traveller</i> | Mr McEnroe |
| | | Scene: Smokeroom of a small country inn | |
| | | Time: Late evening in March | |

Many representatives of this faculty have been down to the grindstone of examinations since well before Christmas, so it came as a surprise and a revelation when the concert proved better than most Theologians' concerts; and for once the middle-aged gambols of the faculty challenged comparison with the Philosophers' elaborate production in November. The singing of the Seventh Year song certainly confounded those whose judgment of the vocal capacity of Top Year was founded on their rendering of the *Ite*, while their interlude left us wondering how anyone could be so ingenious as to write a twenty-minute sketch without a word of sense. But a little folly now and then is welcomed by the wisest men, and we all laughed heartily all the time—just to be on the safe side—not forgetting to admire the costumes, which were outstandingly good.

Old favourites enlarged their repertoire at the expense of the Peculiar People, who thrive amongst us with traditional profusion, while Father Dyson's impassioned appeal to "give another hoy-a and a chew-chew ra-ra" was responded to with gusto. One would have expected the play to be

threadbare, for it is a stock favourite with amateurs ; but the actors added just that little bit of their own which makes all the difference, and we carried away with us no end of καθάρσις, retiring to bed suitably chastened for

26th, *Ash Wednesday*, a day of good resolutions and depressing Plain Chant. The coffee, for the occasion, tasted like nothing that could legitimately come out of even a college coffee-pot ; there were no gleaming tonsures to diadem white choir ; it is very cold again. In short, Lent has come to stay. In spite of all this, the Subdeacon braced himself for an elaborate Epistle tone, and, such is the power of mind over matter, actually carried it off.

27th. *Thursday*. The gita having been irrevocably fixed, the day started dull and miserable and worked up to a good, steady downpour at about the hour when we ought to have been having dinner. Actually houses of refreshment could offer us no refreshment whatever, volunteering nothing but an involved paraphrase of the time-honoured remark, "There's a war on". On our return we trembled lest by some grim telepathy the Sisters had discovered the secret of the Roman gita day supper. But no, they provided tureens of rabbit stew which vanished in a manner unthinkable after a day at Monte Porzio or Montefiascone. Mr Murtagh left us today.

28th. *Friday*. It is nearly a week since we had an examination, so, filled with the hardihood of the man who has walked to the edge of beyond and has had to walk back without refreshment, we went up and asked for one this evening, and thus spent an edifying half-hour discussing this and that with admiring professors. An enjoyable time was had by all.

MARCH 1st. *Saturday*. We are reminded by a letter on the board that tomorrow is the second anniversary of the present Holy Father's election.

2nd. *Sunday*. A day of recollection gives great scope for choir notices ; the present Choirmaster takes full advantage of this, and we had a notice with the particulars of the Mass, a notice—much longer—containing the programme for the Holy Hour, and a proclamation dealing with singing in general—all about full bars and breathing spaces and what to do with odd asterisks. The new broom is entitled to his discreet sweep, but this rather resembles a perpetual spring-clean.

3rd. *Monday*. A popular sort of Lenten penance is digging in the garden. The "sort of gaffer, Mr Chairman" who was elected at a Public Meeting digs and weeds, plants and sows, and talks about onions in October ; thus we flavour our dishes by anticipation. He is supported by as many henchmen as he can equip with tools, and every day they cover an imperceptible tract of long-neglected garden. A five year plan would be an optimistic way of allotting the work, so they just dig doggedly, finding many weeds and no little spiritual exaltation.

5th. *Wednesday*. The Common Room, never at its best after lunch, was today "a seat of desolation bleak and wild". The reason was the first practice of a monster Orpheus for St Patrick's concert.

6th. *Thursday*. We have a gramophone room, a barren, cold, ugly room. It has, however, a gramophone and many excellent records, thanks largely to the magnanimity of one of the staff. Of almost equal importance are two easy chairs, hard, old and knobbly and really anything but easy—but they serve their purpose. Today a careless match or cigarette-end found its way into the interior of one of these precious relics by one of the many chinks in the armour of its upholstery. Some hours later an alert youth traced a strong smell of smoke to this room and this particular arm-chair, and narrowly averted a major disaster overtaking the chair, if not the whole house. As it is, the scarred veteran remains, a little more knobbly than of yore, but still having about it a *je-ne-sais-quoi* which distinguishes it from a miserere seat, scavenger's daughter or other less subtle instrument of torture.

7th. *Friday*. Volunteers are wanted by the Blackburn hospital for blood transfusion. A host of unlikely people seem confident that they have blood to spare, although one or two look as though the loss of a whole pint would leave them absolutely dry.

Zealous whitewashers today, tearing down old electric wires which obstructed the smooth surface so beloved of the conscientious decorator, in a burst of misguided enthusiasm removed a length of telephone wire. The electrician was summoned, and it is reported that he played for hours, and even succeeded in mending the 'phone. Surely a record?

Capac presented a stimulating paper by Mr Holloway on *The Spirit of Catholic Action*.

8th. *Saturday*. A notice, heralding a Public Meeting for Monday, invited the disgruntled and ingenious to bring out their dead or jangle the skeletons of someone else's cupboard.

9th. *Sunday*. Vespers without an organ is a hazardous affair. Unless the *In Exitu* is started above the average tenor range it may safely be expected to fall below the reach of the deepest bass. To lunch Mr Tobin, one of the Stonyhurst masters.

10th. *Monday*. Captain Ervine Andrews, V.C., is visiting Stonyhurst and a concert has been decreed in his honour. As the College had little or no notice to make their preparations, we were asked to add to the bill of fare. Luckily we still had the Theologians' sketch at our finger-tips and were glad to offer that with a few of our hardy annual sea-shanties as our contribution to the evening's entertainment.

11th. *Tuesday*. At the Public Meeting today Mr Auchinleck took over the reins of office from Mr Clark, and covered much routine business in a gratifyingly short time. Mr Oswald Goodier, former Mayor of Preston, came to lunch.

12th. *Wednesday. St Gregory.* Today we celebrated our traditional holiday. In the garden after Mass the birds sang very sweetly in the fresh morning air. In the refectory the students, with the fervour of apostles, were converting plates of eggs and bacon into good Christians. Tonight there was a film, six reels of bold, bad villains, of handsome heroes (if you did not look too closely) and of heroines who by no stretch of imagination could be termed anything but dowdy—a commentary on the progress of art and science in the last twenty years. With a concert brewing for St Patrick's and all the societies throwing off their winter sleep the Sketch Committee decides to commit suicide.

13th. *Thursday.* Last night planes were heard soaring near, and several times windows rattled ominously, but tonight, during the talk by Fr George Burns S.J. on Modern Europe and English Catholicism, the noise was distracting even for those who lived in danger areas during the Summer or Christmas holidays.

14th. *Friday.* Perhaps these warnings prompted the men who today at the Public Meeting proposed that we add to the A.R.P. Committee a separate Fire Watchers' Committee. Before nightfall the man appointed to take charge had made friends with all the hydrants and was explaining casually to an admiring circle all about pressure and gauges. Officials appointed by a Public Meeting vote seem always to acquire *ipso facto* all the requisite skilled knowledge. (We must think of something profound and witty to say on this subject in a circle some night. We believe it is quite original.)

16th. *Sunday.* The English-Irish soccer match was fought out under a warm sun, and the final goal, giving victory to the Irish, was scored in the last second of the game. The referee was a Welshman, and was considered above suspicion.

Fr Dyson took us, not by magic carpet but by magic lantern, to the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and in particular to the tomb of Tutankhamen, whom we now feel we have known all our lives.

17th. *Monday.* Very few green boxes found their way through the post this year, yet somehow most of the usual people displayed a sprig of shamrock—happily more modest than in past years. To the concert we were glad to welcome the Sisters, and they were a most encouraging audience. The Tannhauser chorus reminded us how useful it is to know our limitations.

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|----|------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. | PIANO INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS | | |
| | <i>Grand March from Tannhauser</i> | . | Mr Rawcliffe and Orpheus |
| 2. | PIANO SOLO | <i>3rd Sonata—Mozart</i> | . |
| | | | Mr Rawcliffe |
| 3. | ORPHEUS | <i>Onward March</i> | . |
| | | | . |
| 4. | ITEM | <i>The Duce</i> | . |
| | | | Messrs Key and Gannon |
| 5. | SOLO | <i>The Kerry Dances</i> | . |
| | | | Mr Walsh |

6. INTERLUDE *For England—a moving drama*
Sir Gregory Wye Mr J. Harrison
Lady Myrtle Wye Mr Gibb
Captain Swinton Mr Fallon
Thérèse—a maid Mr Fooks
Bodger—the butler Mr Peters
Lieut Egbert Wye, R.N. Mr Killeen
Orchestra Messrs Kelly and Chapman
7. QUARTET *Liebestraum* Messrs Gibb, Walsh,
Hanlon, Kelly
8. ITEM *Keeping up the Old Traditions* Messrs Hannon and Kelly
9. QUARTET *Italian Salad*
10. SKETCH *It's Autumn now—a comedy*
Elliston Drury, an actor Mr Pledger
Edna, his wife Mr Buxton
Mrs Duxbury, the landlady Mr Richards
Mr Pomfrey, a personage Mr McKenna
Mrs Pomfrey, also a personage Mr Campbell
The Strange Lady Mr Tyler
Scene: The sitting-room of Elliston Drury's lodgings.

18th. *Tuesday.* It proved to be the last time we should hear our talented and hard-working pianist, Mr Rawcliffe. He left us today.

19th. *Wednesday. Feast of St Joseph—and a holiday.* Before it is too late I should like to introduce you to my fire, a strange, fitful companion, like some will o' the wisp. It follows its own sweet will, and no matches or bellows of mine can keep it in when it decides to go out. There are days when it obsesses me—I become acutely fire-conscious. I coax it and pet it, and feed it with lumps of coal as one might feed a pet spaniel with sugar. No sooner is my back turned than, forgetting all my kindness, it goes out again. An unlovely element.

21st. *Friday.* Fr Brassell S.J. arrived to take Top Year under his wing for an ordination retreat. Fr Warneken O.F.M. to tea.

22nd. *Saturday.* The ordinands went into retreat, accompanied by Mr Walsh, of the Beda, whom we met long ago in Rome when he “chaperoned” the immortal conjurer, Adamo. We others, meanwhile, began girding ourselves for the week of penance which starts tomorrow.

23rd. *Laetare Sunday.* We were drawn by rival spirits, that of the mid-Lent rejoicing and the leaner genius of penance; compromise left both aspects a little anaemic. We are having exposition every night from 5.30 to 7.30 and two fast days, of which the first is

24th. *Monday.* After a morning of lectures on a *frustulum* which would have met the approval of the most severe moralist, we applauded the discretion which had forbidden a whole week of such discipline.

Tonight Fr O’Hea S.J. told us about the Social Guild, its haunts and habits.

25th. *Tuesday.* We celebrated the feast of the Annunciation and our ascetics course by playing a soccer match between those in the Purgative Way and the more exalted denizens of the Illuminative. The children of this world being wiser in their generation, the Purgative Way won.

27th. *Thursday.* When you buy our little book on the amenities of seminary life, under the heading "a hundred and one ways of spending a Thursday morning" you will find, among others, "Scrubbing Chapels". For some time stalwarts have been converting two rooms into chapels for the new priests. Part of this process was the distempering of the walls, a task they carried out by the simple expedient of shutting themselves in and running berserk with a couple of buckets of distemper and several large brushes. It was quite against our will that we were enrolled to scrub the floor of one of these chapels this morning. But the eye of our head house-worker would make the Ancient Mariner's look like dead cod. He handed us a brush and waved us to work. We poured pailfuls of hot water on to the floor, scrubbed sporadically, and were soon successful in removing most of the distemper from the boards to our own person. We then withdrew for a prolonged wash.

Fr A. Hulme arrived today for the ordination and addressed us in the Common-room on "Life on the Mission". We expressed our appreciation in the slightly unusual way of throwing him out—a method of applause that deserves to be more popular.

28th. *Friday.* A day of Recollection for those getting Minor Orders tomorrow. In preparation for any visitors that may chance this way there was a concerted attack on all parts of the house by sweepers, dusters and takers-away-of-ash-buckets-and-other-refuse. At Stonyhurst after dinner we carefully rehearsed all the finer points of bowing, genuflecting and rising with the bishop. Of course we shall probably forget all these in the heat of the moment, but it is nice to know how we should have done it.

Fr Rope arrived in the evening for a long-promised visit, looking but little affected by the raids and even by the evacuee, who, he declared in a moment of abstraction, came over nearly every night, sometimes dropping quite near by.

29th. *Saturday.* The ordination was due to start at eleven, as His Lordship of Salford insisted on sleeping as usual in Manchester, lest in the event of a blitz he should not be at hand. At eleven promptly he appeared, in a way reminiscent of Archbishop Traglia—and of no other Roman ecclesiastic we ever met. *Prosit* to Messrs K. Connolly, P. Storey and Gannon, who were ordained priests, and to Messrs McKenna and Hiscoe, who received the diaconate. At the ordination we recognised an old friend in Mgr Duchemin assisting Fr Walsh, to whom also our best wishes. To lunch, at 2.30, we welcomed the Bishop, hoping that this would be the first of many visits. This time he escaped without making a speech, an oversight due only to the general sixes and sevens atmosphere.

In the Common Room afterwards we welcomed a few friends from the Beda, who had planned and executed a gita-cum-pilgrimage in traditional style. Before we could settle down, some of us were drawn from the restful smoke for which we had long been pining by a practice at Stonyhurst for tomorrow's broadcast. Rushing back at five o'clock, fearful lest we had sat too long at their tea to get in on our own, we found it mysteriously postponed until six, and were able to work up a new appetite by singing through two or three operas in the interim.

30th. *Sunday*. This morning Messrs Firth and J. Harrison were ordained at St Augustine's, Preston, by their own bishop. *Prosit*. Mr Storey said his first Mass in the College chapel, before taking a couple of days' holiday at home, whither the other *novelli* had already gone. Fr D'Arcy S.J. broadcast a sermon from St Peter's Church, and the Stonyhurst choir provided a framework of music to which we were asked to lend a few tenor and bass voices. Flattered as we are by their very hospitable insistence that we share their limelight, we wonder how long it will be before they discover the flies in our ointment—or should we say the frog in our throat?

In the evening Fr D'Arcy gave us a stimulating talk on things philosophical which left our mental ganglions tingling for days.

31st. *Monday*. This morning we said a regretful farewell to Fr Rope and Fr Brassell; the latter, who has already made himself one of the family, promises to return next week, as he is giving a retreat at Stonyhurst.

APRIL 1st. *Tuesday*. The practical joker is not encouraged in our society, all jokes being carefully preserved on paper for the periodic disapproval of *Chi lo Sa?* nor have many people the time for the complicated jests of the remote past. But there lurks in our midst some hark-back to mid-Victorian or maybe Regency days. Such a person last night expended much energy and brown paint in daubing some vital door handles. Many sleepy students were this morning reminded that today was their feast day by finding their hands coated and sticky when they tumbled out to draw their shaving water. In spite of prolonged search and close questioning of suspects they were able to prove nothing conclusive. We rather enjoyed the joke, as we live outside the danger area, but some people have a meagre sense of humour.

Fr D'Arcy came to lunch, and in the evening Messrs Connolly and Gannon returned, bringing tales of war-scarred Wallasey and battered Birkenhead.

3rd. *Thursday*. A dull green mist has been spreading over the sky all day, casting an eerie light over the scared faces of Londoners who have never seen anything like it before and think the last day is at hand.

Every term members of the Stonyhurst choir are rewarded for past achievements and encouraged to yet greater display of prowess by a special supper. To such a meal tonight the Choirmaster invited those who had assisted in the broadcast programme. Trebles played the host to our

basses and tenors and floored us as completely as usual by that most devastating question, "What is Philosophy?" Will somebody please deal with this evergreen enquiry in intelligible language, the length not more than that of the average Catechism answer? Afterwards in the congenial atmosphere of the Stuart Parlour we reminisced (with suitable condiment), and many Lenten resolutions of asceticism went up in smoke before we made the last speeches of gratitude and scurried home for night prayers.

4th. *Friday*. "Can you make a canopy?" Not a further instalment of last night's questionnaire, but a remark we overheard passing between the Vice-Rector and the sacristans. We are singularly unprepared for any ceremonies involving liturgical furniture, but I anticipate that an exchange of ideas between the sacristans and the Props. Men will soon result in the production of the necessary articles.

Tonight we had the kissing of hands of the *novelli sacerdoti*.

5th. *Saturday*. Some time ago it was decided to place a second notice board under the clock for some obscure reason long since forgotten. This seems to have roused a hitherto unclassified passion simultaneously in the breasts of the Vice-Rector and Choirmaster. Today a jig-saw of notices appeared, ranging from the hour of rising on Good Friday to the name of the man who is to sing the "Nabuchodonosor Rex" on Saturday. It is interesting to compare their respective ideas on the retreat programme.

6th. *Palm Sunday*. "Super flumina Babylonis sedimus et flevimus." Never before did we realise how much we enjoyed tearing round Rome under a hot sun, trying to visit the Seven Churches and get back in time for a smoke before retreat. But the latter item remained, and after a last social holocaust in the Common Room, we retired into the *hortus conclusus* of the Holy Week retreat, with Fr George Burns S.J. as gardener. At least this year our periods of fresh air will not be limited to a few reflective gasps near the goldfish pond.

9th. *Wednesday*. We emerged from our spiritual spring-cleaning with incipient laryngitis. The Choirmaster won hands down on the retreat programme, filling in all the gaps left by spiritual duties. This morning the Schola practised from half-past nine until twelve o'clock. It has been arranged that we sing *Tenebrae* in collaboration with the College; tonight we were left to wander at will through the Responsories, while in the Psalms the Schola alternated with the combined forces of the rest of our choir and the College. Soon certain technical differences of opinion became apparent—both Houses took their stand firmly on the tradition of ages and refused to budge. This divergence of musical traditions led to a now classic conversation between two Old Stonyhurst men, as they left the church after *Tenebrae*:

"Who were those people in the stalls?"

"Those—oh, they're called the English College."

"Then d—— the English College!"

Our special correspondent, walking just behind them, removed himself unobtrusively, but without wasting any time.

The Altar of Repose is in preparation, and many unsuspected pieces of trimmings and expensive-looking draperies are festooned round a very plausible altar in the library (which room, under another formality, is known as Aula II). In fact it takes the experienced eye of old Props. Men and similar unpleasant people to detect the weak spots in this masterpiece of liturgical ingenuity.

10th. *Maundy Thursday*. Our liturgical processions become more and more like obstacle races, although perhaps the narrow flight of stairs to be negotiated twice in each of these functions should help us to think back to the stepped streets of Palestine.

11th. *Good Friday*. Fr Burns left us today. On both sides at tonight's Tenebrae there was such politeness in the singing of Psalms that on occasions it seemed as though we should never get started at all; at other times each school so persistently adopted the other's technique that the discord was as pronounced as on the first night. Both last night and tonight the Responsories were sung by the Stonyhurst choir to the setting of Fr de Vico S.J.

12th. *Holy Saturday*. An unusually tuneful *Exultet* awakened in us Paschal feelings from the word "Go"—once we had recovered from the suffocation brought about by a fire that would have been excessive in the furnace of the Coronation Scot. However we cleared our throats, sang through the tracts and listened carefully to prophecies which were, throughout, disappointingly orthodox. The list of Offices went up this morning, reduced now in number, and some of them but the shadows of their important Roman equivalents. The Schola, sticking to its guns willy-nilly, still practises furiously, apparently for its own satisfaction. The resemblance which the Choirmaster is said to bear to the Duce must be more than facial.

13th. *Easter Sunday*. High Mass before breakfast *more Romano*—then off to St Peter's, not via S. Girolamo this year, but to the Stonyhurst parish church of St Peter as Plain Chant choir for the most important High Mass of the year, an honour which we appreciated and did our best to deserve. Afterwards we watched the inspection of troops by the Rector of Stonyhurst; and after many Italian Empire Days the sight of the real thing at last was a pleasant and much admired change. Dinner was an elaborate affair in honour of the new priests, followed by coffee and—I suppose one could call it *rosolio*, but the label on the bottle said "port". After getting agreeably soaked watching the Past *v.* Present rugger match (did some wit of the Lower Line really dub us the Black Watch or is it merely some *Chi lo Sa?* minion hiding his light under a bushel?), we responded in force to Stonyhurst's invitation to "Youth at the Helm", a really excellent performance.

Chi lo Sa? made its bow after dinner (a well-worn cliché having no

relation to the event ; it was brought into the Common Room on a fire-bomb shovel). It seems incredible that, shorn of so many traditional founts of humour, from Greek rites on Holy Saturday to back numbers of *Punch*, it should not only preserve its high standard but even improve on many recent issues.

14th. *Monday*. True to a long-standing tradition it rained today. But, contrary to custom, even after the gita had been postponed it remained noticeably humid. Fr Brassell, who arrived back last week and preached a splendid sermon at High Mass yesterday, entertained a large circle in the Common Room this morning with anecdote and song. Later in the day fun and games were in progress as clerics, broken-winded through years of smoking and spaghetti, blew-football until they were blue and some even bright purple, while the steady tap-tap as of a zealous woodpecker reminded us that the dart board had been unearthed. And, of course, Monopoly was in progress. We took the water at Stonyhurst swimming bath, but found it colder than we could wish. After supper we made noisy visits to many old haunts by means of the Vice-Rector's ciné-camera.

15th. *Tuesday*. The day promised well for a gita, and parties, strangely clad in preparation for any weather, struck off over fell or through valley. Spring is just beginning to give decisive signs of her approach, green tips appear in the hedges, under foot, among gaunt branches. Up on the top of Longridge Fell we crunched the crisp dry heather and drank in the brisk air, revelling in that intoxication which always affects one looking down on the world from a height. Luckily for our more mundane appetite which was but sharpened by such an aesthetic banquet, we had brought our own lunch ; for famine seemed to stalk the land. But we stumbled on one sheltered spot where nobody said, "Do you know there's a war on ?"; nestling in Arcadian vale, a shrine of unequalled excellence to the gods of good living—Plantation Farm—where we had one of those teas which can be found only in Lancashire.

16th. *Wednesday*. This afternoon we took a hockey team of seven across to Stonyhurst and had a vigorous and enjoyable game with the Jesuits. A breath-taking swim and a cheering tea at the College put us in just the right mood to go to Scotland with the Rector and admire the Highland tints which his coloured films reproduce so well.

17th. *Thursday*. The second Easter gita. One party set out for Claughton by the half-past six bus from the bottom of the road. From the bus terminus *ad quem* we had an eight-mile walk through the fresh morning air to the church, whither we arrived just after half-past eight. After Mass we went to the Presbytery and broke our fast, an operation in which Fr McKenna most hospitably supplemented our own rations. After walking many miles from there and feeling that the time for re-victualling had come, we walked still further in a vain attempt to find the Promised Village where we should obtain refreshments and cigarettes. Despairing of ever again seeing these amenities, we stood by a gate in the pouring

rain like so many head of cattle and chewed fragments of pork pie. We discovered the village round the next bend. At this El Dorado we obtained five Woodbines and moved on. The inanity of English commercial hospitality was heavily underlined at our appointed tea centre. No sooner had we let ourselves wearily into the easiest chairs and proceeded to assemble our tired limbs than a brazen blare of misnamed music rose from an obscure corner, nor could we summon up courage to tell the grim harpy who presided that we were quite capable of providing our own song if and when and in what measure we needed it. We paid heavily for the privilege of eating up last week's bread ration and some apparently pre-war cakes. Give me a primus stove and a broadminded *padrona* in the Abruzzi any day.

18th. *Friday*. It occurred to us this morning as we meditated over deep theological problems that our room differed strangely from any of those we had in Rome. Due investigation revealed the reason as the presence of air—not that thick, Morals Aula, spread-it-on-with-a-knife substance with which we used to fill our lungs at stated intervals, but the genuine article to search for which we toiled every day to Pam and rushed from Rome on every possible occasion. And here it is, rolling in through the window, the door, the chimney and various other less orthodox channels, inserting itself among our notes and papers and waiting to be used. Gratifying!

19th. *Saturday*. The cigarette famine has become so acute during the last week that to the usual tall stories of gita we added those of men who had bought twenty Players in the same shop.

20th. *Sunday*. No Fiocchi procession, so we sang our first Low Sunday Mass for many years. The Choirmaster sailed gracefully over this last hurdle of his Paschal obstacle race, the obstacles being shortage of libers, shortage of time, husky voices, rasping voices or no voices at all, and the goal a really worthy presentation of Holy Week and Easter music. He made it in grand style; under his enthusiastic and competent direction we look forward to an increasingly high standard of Church music in general.

Tonight Fr Brassell, before leaving us again, gave us a talk on work among boys which was convincing and had the weight of experience, besides being unusually entertaining.

22nd. *Tuesday*. A consignment of cigarettes arrived today, and we smoked again, with butterfly disregard for the morrow.

23rd. *Wednesday. St George's Day*. The occasion was brought home to us by a few limp roses on the Altar, obtained for a fabulous sum in Clitheroe (the roses). We honoured the feast in coffee, just the same in complexion and flavour as in Roman days. The concert was postponed until the return of our only competent pianist at present—the Vice-Rector, who is talking in Edinburgh. Instead we finished off our inspection of the Highlands under the aegis of the Rector.

24th. *Thursday*. To the lay mind sweeping a room is no doubt a colourless, mechanical performance, unworthy to be classed among the fine arts. There he is gravely in error. The master mind is required at every turn, a quick and clear decision, involving something of military genius and something of aesthetic sensitiveness, is frequently called for. How long to leave the room without facing the situation squarely is a problem in itself. Once the decision is taken the acquisition of a broom, the way to deal with the gale blowing round the window frame through the neatly piled dust-heaps, the question whether to dust immediately, before the dust has settled, or do it later and send up fresh clouds—all these and other difficulties must be solved by the conscientious cleaner. Small wonder that we are inclined to leave our Augean stables till the door scrapes stiffly on the dirt underfoot.

25th. *Friday*. We have abandoned the vagaries of Charles Waterton, which have long been giving us indigestion, and turned for refectory reading to past numbers of the magazine for refreshment and inspiration. We hear with deep sorrow that Southwark cathedral has been burnt out, a tragedy felt not only by Southwark students but by all who ever welcomed Archbishop Amigo to Rome.

26th. *Saturday*. We played a soccer match against a team from the local military and won 4—0. Just as we thought Spring was setting in it grew much colder again; we wonder if that warm spell was Summer and we are now embarking on the long Northern winter.

27th. *Sunday*. Tonight we had one of those impromptu concerts which can be got up so easily because they need no practice. Of course this does not exclude a little "collaboration", and for some days people have been feverishly collaborating in every spare corner in every spare moment. If you had not known otherwise you might have thought that they were practising for a concert. Cider, biscuits and chocolate played their part in the physical dispositive causality of the concert's undoubted success. We had it in the Common Room without curtains or scenery. In fact the final sketch depended on the absence of scenery and props., the Producer and Props. Men forming part of the cast, and the actors got the best out of some splendid opportunities for burlesque. "The Flop of Flops" was a series of tags from past plays, tags which had gone wrong or had made (or ruined) some man's reputation. They were put together with the ingenuity of a Chinese puzzle, and the whole was almost intelligible, rather in the same way as a modern picture which has an arm in one corner and a face elsewhere peering out from a jumble of unrelated objects. We liked it.

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|------------|----------------------------|--|
| 1. ORPHEUS | <i>Victory March</i> | |
| 2. QUARTET | <i>Mother Goose Medley</i> | . Messrs Gibb, Walsh,
Hanlon, Kelly |
| 3. ITEM | "A" <i>Flat Fantasy</i> | . Messrs Gibb, Hanlon,
Kelly, Clark |

4. SKETCH *The Flop of Flops*
The Players : Messrs Roche, Holland, A. Storey, Pledger, Wyche,
 Brown, McKenna
5. ORPHEUS *Who Sails with Drake?*
6. SOLO *M'apparì (Marta)* Mr Gibb
7. INTERLUDE 1. *The Common Room*
 2. *Under the Cypresses*
The Players : Messrs O'Neill, Key, Hanlon, P. Storey.
8. OCTET *Annie Laurie* Messrs Gibb, Brown,
 Hiscoe, Alston, McKenna,
 Peters, Hanlon, Kelly
9. ORPHEUS *Row, Boatman, row*
10. DUET (IOLANTHE)
None shall part us
If we're weak enough to tarry Messrs McEnroe and Gibb
11. SOME COLLEGE SONGS *Part I* The Audience
12. ORPHEUS (PIRATES OF PENZANCE)
With Catlike Tread
13. COLLEGE SONGS *Part II* The Audience
14. SKETCH *The Play's the Thing*
Dickson Mr Peters
Rosemary Mr Tyler
Adrian Mr Hannon
Mrs Ledbury Mr Jones
Henriette Mr Chapman
John Ledbury Mr Kelly
Mr Pinchley Mr Groarke
Producer Mr Auchinleck
Effects Messrs T. Harrison and
 Richards

29th. *Tuesday*. An invasion of headmasters to confer at Stonyhurst gave many of us the chance to serve Mass there this morning. The Bishops of Nottingham and Pella and many former masters of present Venerable men came to view our abode this afternoon.

30th. *Wednesday*. *Solemnity of St Joseph*. Bunches of daffodils by the Lady statue reminded us that May is in the offing, the month of thesis sheets and daily tanks, of the Chiesa Nuova and cherries for supper. The picture thus conjured up made us hug our two pullovers and wonder whether we ought to have a fire. Tonight we debated whether it would be a good thing to exterminate the cat. Fr G. Burns, S.J. was at supper.

MAY 1st. *Thursday*. A hobby of exiles is keeping up traditions—this morning before breakfast we sang that High Mass for the Conversion of England which used to be celebrated in the catacombs of S. Callisto. Rasping throats and a sleepy inability to find the place make such functions rather a depressing beginning to the day, which was on this occasion,

however, so good that the Choirmaster obtained permission for some members of the Schola to have a long day out. Instead of night prayers we had a spiritual conference from Fr Burns.

2nd. *Friday*. Once upon a time we had a tobacconist in the College, who did a flourishing trade pending official recognition by the tobacco magnates. He was not recognized. Not to be outdone he began a regular correspondence out of which it ensued that the I.T.C. would supply an extra ration to our local Pam shop for the sixty smokers arrived since war supplies were regulated. Sixty people who could manage on what they have granted would not warrant the title of smokers at all.

Tonight after supper Canon Cunningham of St Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, and Fr Corboy of Ushaw were with us in the Common Room. More of us would have liked to meet them, but they were so humbly tucked away in a corner that many did not know they were there and they almost became embroiled in a rough-house.

3rd. *Saturday*. Life is full of little thrills and surprises, making up in quantity what they lack in quality. There is the never-failing excitement, for instance, of tracking down in Billot the work that is being done in lectures. My edition remembers 1900, those on either side of me are different from mine and from each other, while the professor's stands apart from all of these. So fertile was the brain of the *clarissimus auctor* that he could never send an edition to press without touching it up with a fresh scholion or a natty quotation from Tertullian, thus changing the pagination. The resulting confusion makes necessary a sort of stalking of the professor which is far superior to the game of Murder which we played in brighter moments at the Villa. Then this evening we found that the Choirmaster (an unfeeling man) had written on a blackboard, for us to copy, the music of tomorrow's proper Mass. Shades of the men who used to go through their whole course of lusty singing without ever taking their eyes off the ceiling! And those other few who would sing carefully through Mass IV while reading the notes of Mass VIII. O tempora, o mores! We were reminded that, whatever luck the monks had in copying with quill pens, these horrid little neums do not lend themselves to treatment by a blunt pencil. So we shall have to read off the ceiling after all, which is perhaps as well.

4th. *Sunday*. In spite of rising blear-eyed and fuddled at what should be four o'clock, one hour after the time when human life is at its lowest ebb, we dealt manfully with the peculiarities of a Mass of the Martyrs which nobody had seen before, and the Schola threw itself vigorously into a motet composed by the Vice-Rector. After coffee and port eleven College martyrs, new style, turned out on to a wind-swept pitch to score two goals against an army team who rather neutralized the effect by scoring two themselves.

5th. *Monday*. We might have foreseen it. You cannot elect a committee and then expect it to lie obligingly dormant; it must express

its Ego in notices on the board and notices round the refectory and—worst of all—in the iniquitous practice of co-opting. It was so with the Fire-fighters. Not content with having no fires to fight they want the whole House to join them in watching these fires. But the various powers who have a voice in drawing up the regulations are not yet singing in harmony. Certainly the man who has to leave a warm bed when the siren goes and prowl round darkened corridors, to roost in a stuffy attic, with no chance of making up his lost beauty sleep, must find the whole thing very, very flat.

6th. *Tuesday*. The possible approach of Summer was brought home to me by the appearance in my room tonight of a large, carnivorous-looking insect. Delighted as I was at such an omen I restrained my pleasure lest it should be misinterpreted and the insect return later with innumerable relatives. Mr Killeen read a paper to the Social Guild on “How to pay for the War”; I should still hate to attempt it myself.

7th. *Wednesday*. An inter-diocesan handball tournament is being arranged. We notice with suspicion that it is in the hands of a Westminster man, who, with his partner, is famed for playing all he knows. To such a perfection has he brought his art that little hope of victory remains to the simple-minded sons of Liverpool, Leeds and Lancaster. Perhaps he will see the error of his ways after listening to tonight’s preacher, who rammed his biretta low upon his forehead and looked like an incarnation of the spirit of Jansenism.

8th. *Thursday*. Today about twenty people went on an official pilgrimage to Cloughton with the kind co-operation of Fr McKenna. Fr Dyson took us on another pilgrimage tonight—this time through the Holy Land—in an engrossing lecture well illustrated by lantern slides, so that he was not the only one surprised when we discovered that the time was twenty minutes to eleven.

9th. *Friday*. Top Year dealt with a Scripture exam., rain came at last to a parched garden, and the servers in the refectory appeared with great trays which will reduce to a minimum the inconveniences of their lot. To think that we ever complained of the lack of material for an interesting diary!

11th. *Sunday*. The Day of Recollection was distinguished by the number of prayers that, in accordance with various pious motions, had to be fitted into Benediction.

12th. *Monday*. The blow has fallen: once again it is our week for sweeping corridors.

13th. *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Robert Bellarmine*, which we celebrated with beer for lunch. On this day of celebration I should like to sing the praises of one of our own members. Perhaps it is the influence of the Obit book, for I am all in favour of memorial slabs, and I hope a particu-



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larly fine one will be reserved for the man who manages to get a weekly supply of cigarettes from an unknown source, and passes them on (without profit) to the less fortunate.

15th. *Thursday*. Fr Carter, once of the Collegio Beda, arrived last night and tonight gave us a talk on how to publish a book. We wonder if it is worth it.

17th. *Saturday*. We wrestled with a new Litany tune at Benediction, being equally confused by the men who thought they knew it and didn't and those who knew they didn't but thought this should not be allowed to cramp their style.

18th. *Sunday*. A year ago, on Sunday May 19th, we arrived at Southampton. Top Year commemorated this historic anniversary by providing beer and cider for lunch.

19th. *Monday*. We sang our Rogation litanies around the garden this morning, hoping that our supplications might "take" more readily if poured out immediately upon our deserving vegetables. Contact with the fresh morning air blew away the cobwebs, but not sufficiently to prevent many pirate versions of the final *Amen*. Fr Ashworth arrived for a short stay, and Dr Heenan popped in and out very quickly, being in the neighbourhood for the *Rerum Novarum* jubilee.

20th. *Tuesday*. Dr Butterfield was the star of our own mild celebration tonight; he gave a very vigorous talk on the meaning of *Rerum Novarum*, under the patronage of the Social Guild, with some practical deductions that were very timely.

21st. *Wednesday*. Our Rogation litanies have been heard, and we had a nice wet day for which we are trying to be duly thankful. Free cigarettes at a time like this seem in the nature of a miracle. The thaumaturge was Fr Ashworth.

22nd. *Thursday. Ascension Day*. Tonight a well-staged farewell to Messrs Connolly and Gannon, the first priests to be sent out from the Venerable in England, included new songs, a prize-giving and fancy dress.

23rd. *Friday*. While we cheered their departure from the dryness of the front door the outside world received them with tears. A very damp day.

24th. *Saturday*. Again we played the Army at soccer, and again, out of excessive politeness, both sides scored the same number of goals—two each, as a matter of fact.

25th. *Sunday*. At the Pater Noster the celebrant traced his way through most of the known liturgical tunes except perhaps the *Exultet* and the Solemn Gospel. Hitting by chance on the right one he finished in good form. There appeared in the Common Room a picture of Croft Lodge painted by an artist grown on the premises. *Chi lo Sa?* pundits preened themselves in the glory fallen on their protégé, Mr Richards.

26th. *Monday.* Enterprising souls spread copies of the hymn to S. Filippo and tonight we sang it with rather more spirit than beauty, conjuring up pictures of the Chiesa Nuova. Alas, they are but visions, and there were no cherries for supper.

28th. *Wednesday.* Some time ago a framed sketch of the College (Monserrato) appeared in the bottom corridor, to be followed by a view from the piazza S. Caterina and later by an engraving of Gregory XIII's monument in St Peter's. This morning we were intrigued to find leaning against the wall two new pictures of quite different subjects. They are reproductions of richly coloured oil paintings, one of them obviously portraying Catherine of Aragon pleading her cause before Wolsey; the other remained a mystery for some time, while we crawled on the floor beside it, collecting evidence for its identity. Just as we reached a triumphant conclusion someone suggested turning it round to read the title on the back. When we arrived in the refectory the porridge was cold.

It is the Vice-Rector's birthday, a day which calls up memories of the Villa at a season when Rome begins to pall. He hopes, weather and war permitting, to celebrate the event at a later date.

29th. *Thursday.* Today the Beda visited us, ostensibly for the annual cricket fixture. After a meal which made the war seem far away twenty-two people toyed with bat and ball until driven in by rain to join everyone else in swapping cigarettes and reminiscences. This has ever been a social event rather than grim sport and the score is of small consequence. After tea we borrowed the talented pianist they had brought and an impromptu concert was soon in full swing, being wound up all too soon by speeches of mutual admiration and a noisy send-off.

30th. *Friday.* Thesis sheets are rearing their heads rather later this year and we notice with disgust that Philosophy are having only forty-three theses: now in my time . . .

31st. *Saturday.* Fr Charlton C.SS.R. arrived to conduct the sub-diaconate retreat, and all schools were vacant.

JUNE 1st. *Whit Sunday.* Thirty or more members of the House were asked to repair to Stonyhurst for High Mass, to fill the stalls and add another touch of solemnity to an already imposing function. The Vice-Rector preached.

2nd. *Monday.* A holiday. Strange how one's scale of values changes with the years. We used in our innocent childhood to look on buttercups as dainty little flowers that went with daisies in making attractive woodland garlands. Now we know them for a malignant and tenacious growth which must be vigorously attacked and exterminated before one can with perfect peace of mind set about growing potatoes and onions and things. Fr Shutt arrived for a few days.

4th. *Wednesday*. A gita day which proved admirable for tramping over moorland and enjoying distant prospects of villages nestling around protective steeples; of the gaunt dignity of these landscapes relieved by an occasional snug farm-house with smoking chimney-stack; of a wide, clear sky never long without some familiar bird call; and of the ribbons of grey stone walls, probably one of the most picturesque sights in all England.

5th. *Thursday*. Dr Park, who arrived on Tuesday in quest, one supposes, of a little vagrant *romanità*, left us today, refreshed, we hope, by the spirit, if not the wines, of the Castelli.

6th. *Friday*. The Apostolic Delegate arrived for tomorrow's ordinations, with Fr Cashman as secretary and Master of Ceremonies. Dr Kavanagh (1898—1905) has come up from Liverpool for the ordinations. This is his first visit to the transplanted College but Liverpool is within easy reach of us, so we have hopes.

7th. *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs McKenna and Hiscoe, who were ordained at Stonyhurst this morning. They left later in the day for a short stay at home.

8th. *Trinity Sunday*. To coffee and *rosolio* we welcomed Fr Mangan S.J., Provincial of the Society, Canon Prescott of Preston and Fr Belton S.J. The Rector was unfortunately ill, but the Vice-Rector set the ball rolling for the speeches which followed from the Apostolic Delegate, the Provincial and the Canon. One point amid so much kindly oratory especially interested and relieved us: it was when Canon Prescott said that he was beginning to understand the anomaly of Englishmen in England calling themselves exiles. We had thought that attitude unintelligible to all but Romans.

9th. *Monday*. Mgr O'Connor is with us for a few days, and to lunch came also Fr Oldham S.J. Tonight Mr Robert Speaight spoke to us on "The Sword of the Spirit", and, perhaps because of this meeting, on

11th. *Wednesday* Mgr O'Connor escaped without being captured by any society.

12th. *Corpus Christi*. Today we were invited to swell the ranks of the clergy at the Stonyhurst procession; pre-Reformation chasubles of elaborate and costly workmanship excited our interest in the sacristy, when we were not busy learning or expounding the mysteries of vesting as sub-deacons; still more of our number donned copes and tried to look as though they could sing Vespers in their own right. The day was ideal, while the military guard of honour and the scarlet splashes of the *assistenza* would have recalled the variety of a Roman function, had not everything been so orderly and well-organized as well.

13th. *Friday*, a day on which anything might happen. Fr Dyson seemed to think the same for after supper he drew crowds to the hard tennis court and surrounding grass patch and instructed some enthusiasts in the mysteries of baseball.

14th. *Saturday*. In future only a third of the Schola will perform in the special pen ; the rest will mix unobtrusively with the vulgar herd and try to impose by stealth some of the theories upon which the Choir-master has spent so much valuable paper. The power of milieu is of course considerable but we suspect the cure will be worse than the disease.

15th. *Sunday*. "Do not sing flat as a habit of life." An icy comment on the board à propos of our own Corpus Christi procession. The evening proved fine enough for a walk round the garden, with Benediction in the hand-ball court, and neighbours were delighted to hear again the sounds familiar in the days of the scholastics. Doubtless distance lent charm but, considering our "reduced circumstances" we felt that the function did credit to all, especially the hard-working and ingenious sacristans.

16th. *Monday*. To lunch Fr T. Marsh and Fr Wilson O.S.B., and to tea Frs Howe, Tickle and Elcock. We paid a silent tribute today to the thoroughness of the Philosophical course, when a Second Year man paused with his spade through the vertebrae of an ill-fated worm to point out that he was multiplying vital principles.

17th. *Tuesday*. To lunch today Frs Pearce and E. Malone. A lively Public Meeting began, in the course of which we recommended unanimously that First Year be taught Italian. The representatives of that year were rather uncertain whether they were accepting a privilege or an imposition. They will learn in time.

18th. *Wednesday*. No account of life here would be complete without a few words on the College barber. He cuts hair in his spare time, of which he seems to have very little, judging by the speed at which he despatches his victims, in moments of great excitement even tucking their heads under his arm in order to get a better grip. For this crude manoeuvre he is loaded with bullion, while for allowing ourselves to be thus viciously attacked we do not even get a commission.

20th. *Friday. Feast of the Sacred Heart*. The Hodder draws many contemplative souls these days. One can sit on a stone or lie on the grass and puff peacefully while we watch the river swirling by boulders and cascading over miniature waterfalls. At present it is lazy and rather reduced by the heat. Feeling much the same way ourselves today, we entered its cool depths and found them unexpectedly in sudden potholes which ceased disconcertingly against jagged rocks. Its beauties may be found suitably extolled in many a guide-book ; we are more concerned with hard (very hard) facts as they impressed tender shins.

21st. *Saturday*. An enterprising games man has installed a ping-pong table in a disused lecture hall, whither strong silent men repair to find the thrills so noticeably lacking in after dinner conversation during the lull before examinations. Today Third Year did their Scripture exam.

22nd. *Sunday*. Fr Sire S.J. to lunch. Someone has found a disused quarry at convenient distance from the house and far from the madding crowd which on sunny holidays like today invades the banks of the Hodder for miles. Nobody seems quite sure of the depth, but it makes very good swimming and is even better on rainy days than in the present heat wave.

23rd. *Monday*. The Italian pronunciation of Second Year readers in the refectory persuades us that these Italian classes are indeed a necessity.

28th. *Saturday*. A cricket match against Stonyhurst second eleven resulted in a draw. It happened thus. Stonyhurst declared at 119 for 9; we were given half an hour longer than was originally arranged and after losing our opening pair for no runs, ended play at 114 for 8, with both men nicely settled in for the night.

29th. *Sunday*. *Feast of SS. Peter and Paul*. We celebrated the *feast* by High Mass and an excellent dinner followed by coffee and *rosolio*. Our guests were Fr Watts and Messrs L'Estrange, Copeland and McGill S.J. Benediction in the early hours of the afternoon is no longer the subtle torture that it used to be in Rome and we can skip blithely out for a walk at a time when the good Roman would be tottering uncertainly to his bed.

30th. *Monday*. Fr Atkins and Fr Fanning arrived for a week's holiday, apparently bulging with cigarettes which they insist on giving away. It is a timely visitation as our stock is lower than usual, and we are duly grateful. What happens when the notice says, "Two tabs each if non-smokers don't take any"—then smokers take two and non-smokers give theirs away twice over?

JULY 2nd. *Wednesday*. Lectures ended yesterday, and today was a *dies non* which did not mean much with exams so uncomfortably close.

3rd. *Thursday*. Mr Morris, now a Corporal in the Field Intelligence, paid us a visit for a few hours today. We embarked on a new programme involving three hours' private study in the morning, study from two to three o'clock, followed by Rosary and Spiritual Reading. Walk time lasts from four o'clock to six-thirty, between which times everyone must get at least one and a half hours in the fresh air. Study follows on one's return.

6th. *Sunday*. Today we played Hodder (Preparatory) School at cricket, and the final score, a victory by one run for Hodder, speaks volumes for the histrionic abilities of our players, whose light shone out now and

again unintentionally, thereby provoking a storm of abuse quite in keeping with the rest of this delightful, if somewhat topsy-turvy, game. Messrs Enright, Wright and Skellie S.J. came up from Hodder for supper.

7th. *Monday*. Fr Pitt dropped in from Salisbury in time to lend moral support to two tennis doubles—fruitlessly, for we lost both matches to Stonyhurst.

8th. *Tuesday*. Honours were reversed. Two singles later on may decide the issue. Lengthier comment from one so inexperienced would merely rouse the anger of athletes, ever a thing to be avoided.

9th. *Wednesday*. Feast of SS. John Fisher and Thomas More. Thursday programme, a little different from other days, with study still predominant. This period of the year does not invite chatty loitering.

10th. *Thursday*. We shut our books with a delighted bang this evening and turned to the more congenial task of receiving the Monitors who came over from the College to tea and such entertainment as we could think of at a time when the mind tends to run in grooves and these of a markedly academic nature. The Vice-Rector showed us some of his films including some shots of Stonyhurst *e dintorni*. This is a good thing and deserves to become a Tradition.

12th. *Saturday*. Frs Swinburne and Martindale arrived, to stay a few days. Mr Brosche received the Tonsure this evening from Bishop Marshall, and on

13th. *Sunday*, retired to Blackburn to receive the first two Minor Orders. Even a day of Recollection did not stem the zeal for knowledge which has burst out in Dogma repetitions during these last days of revision.

14th. *Monday*, and a memorable day, on which we saw the house re-peopled by Venerable men who had left the Monserrato for the Mission at various times in the last fifteen years. It was a jovial gathering and the genius who conceived the idea has a place waiting for him on the wall of the College Chapel. For the details of the day we refer you to another page of this issue.

After supper we had just sufficient energy left to sing *Ad multos annos* for Mr Hiscoe; we then drowsily awaited the bell for prayers.

15th. *Tuesday*. We said goodbye to Frs Swinburne and Martindale, and with them went Mr Hiscoe to put the conversion of South Wales on a sound basis. A run in the rain, a quick plunge in the quarry pool, always warmer on wet days (is it just by comparison?), a return run downhill, knowing that we could get no wetter, and, finally, a hot bath, put us in trim for an evening's study. There are many eccentric outbursts of this sort just at present, lifelines of sanity which give overtaxed brains a chance of letting off steam without harming anyone.

16th. *Wednesday*. Fr Beddoes, once of the Beda, arrived for a day or two. We have been seeing some things through rose-coloured spectacles for the last day or two. The transformation of the College from an empty, unfurnished, rather battered house to its present modest comfort has been so gradual that we had hardly noticed it till the surprised comment of other generations caused us to look again. After all, the Common Room is airy and light although some of the chairs do collapse under the unwary; and the refectory tables without their cloths (or when covered with food) look almost as attractive as even our beauty spot at Palazzola. But the comfort of private rooms is due to private enterprise, and when an energetic tenant has moved out, taking his curtains, light-shade, ornaments and home-made armchair the room is much the same as any other cell. So now that we are engaged in choosing rooms for next year we are rather in the position of Buridan's ass. But careful study reveals certain distinctions which make one room less desirable than others, as we learned after we had taken the plunge. It appears that the chimney of our new room is rather "difficult"—in fact it is extremely doubtful if the fire can ever be lighted.

18th. *Friday*. People keep taking examinations here, there and everywhere. It is of course the silly season, so we need not try to defend the practice. Perhaps, however, we should chronicle the fact that the hundred theses in Theology was taken today (syntax correct in our parlance)—or left—before a board of professors, the victim facing all four for an hour while they took turns at badgering him. This hark-back to prehistoric Gregorian custom was viewed with suspicion, but the examiners seemed to think it was a good thing.

Any number of people look almost with disapproval on the idea of getting up at four-thirty a.m. on the day we go home in order to get a train from Preston, so the Usual Man was approached, and he entered into negotiations to provide us with a private bus, as at Christmas. Now he paces the corridors with a worried frown, answering questions about luggage-in-advance and connections at Crewe.

19th. *Saturday*. Mr O'Malley, one-time member of present Second Year Theology, returned to spend the week-end with us. During the coming week Clitheroe is going festive. For the benefit of those to whom, like myself, the North of England is a closed book (of course Lancashire is North—everything above the Thames is the North of England) I should explain that the Clitheronians, in common with other Lancashire towns, celebrate a long drawn out August Bank Holiday, with all the shops closed and lots of visits to Blackpool. This latter aspect moves us little, but no shops means no vegetables, so we have to be self-supporting. The Gaffer seems to have grown a few inches since the news was announced, and any number of hirelings, dreading an attack on their stomachs, have offered to pick peas and red currants for tomorrow.

23rd. *Wednesday*. All exams. finished yesterday, and today we heard suddenly that we were to go home tomorrow instead of Friday. A

period of intense activity followed, and by night most people were ready to make an early start on the morrow. A sing-song in the Common Room was a natural complement to the Te Deum at Benediction, and we retired without reluctance to prepare for early rising tomorrow and to end the year. A pioneer year, perhaps, exciting at times and eventful, at others ordinary and (particularly in the early days) uncomfortable, but leaving a feeling that it has been well spent—a sufficiently comforting thought to end this chronicle.

24th. *Thursday.* We rose at five-thirty and by seven-fifteen most people were out of the house. One or two left later on bicycles. One unhappy man had his luggage carried off to an unknown destination in another man's taxi. But in the bustle and scurry and the succeeding stillness and awe the chatty diarist finds no place. We shall break our pen and be silent. No, on second thoughts we shall do nothing of the sort—with careful tending the pen will last for years. So, we hope, shall we.

JOHN PLEDGER.

PERSONAL

We send our best wishes to those of our Alumni who celebrate the Jubilee of their priesthood this year.

There are three Golden Jubilarians to whom we send a very special wish. They are CANON HENRY L. P. KELLY, chaplain to St Mary's Convent, Shanklin, Isle of Wight; PROVOST STEPHEN MONGAN D.D., of Ryde, Isle of Wight; CANON AUGUSTINE PEACOCK of St Pancras', Ipswich, Suffolk.

There are five Silver Jubilarians. VERY REV. MGR J. MOSS D.D., of Wigan, who celebrated his Jubilee in June, and REV. M. O'SULLIVAN of Bristol, in July. And on October 28th HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP GODFREY, Apostolic Delegate; REV. LAWRENCE CHARLIER D.D., of the Cardinal Vaughan School; and REV. JOSEPH MORGAN D.D., L.S.S., of Liverpool.

We congratulate REV. R. O'REILLY (1905-12) of St Chad's, Birmingham, who has been made a Canon of the Archdiocese; and REV. M. MC-NARNEY D.D., D.C.L. (1919-26) who has been made a Canon of the Lancaster Chapter; also REV. J. DINN (1922-29) who has been appointed a Privy Chamberlain of His Holiness the Pope.

REV. D. CASHMAN (1933-39) has been appointed secretary to His Grace, the Apostolic Delegate. We wish him well in his new post.

The first Top Year to spend their last year in England are now appointed.

MR P. CLARK to St Joseph's College, Mark Cross.

MR T. MCKENNA to St Michael's, West Derby, Liverpool.

MR P. FIRTH to St Patrick's, Barrow Island.

MR K. CONNOLLY to Our Lady and the Apostles, Stockport.

MR J. HARRISON to St John Vianney, Marton, Blackpool.

MR P. STOREY to the Cathedral, Middlesbrough.

MR J. GANNON to the Cathedral, Shrewsbury.

MR G. HISCOE to St Dubritius, Treforest, Glamorgan, South Wales.

We are glad to hear of the recovery of REV. J. LYONS (1928-35) from an encounter with an incendiary bomb. He was detained in hospital some weeks but is now completely recovered.

We inadvertently omitted in our last issue to pay tribute to the work done in producing the *Liber Ruber* by REV. H. E. G. ROPE and DR OLIVIA LITTLEDALE. They were largely responsible for the precision and excellence of the volume, and we here acknowledge our debt to them in editing a work so dear to the College.

THE EDITOR THANKS THOSE WHO SENT IN INFORMATION FOR THIS COLUMN.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Readers will have noticed that the recent issues of the **VENERABLE** have appeared in May and November, and will perhaps have suspected this was merely a stratagem to cover up woeful unpunctuality. In actual fact this dating of the issues was decided upon over a year ago, before we left Rome, but the upheaval that immediately followed made us chary of announcing an innovation that had yet to be tried, and in circumstances that it was not originally designed for. However, it has now been tried, and is in every way suitable, and so for the present it shall continue. Since our last publication the staff has been increased by a sixth member, Mr Barry, who is assigned to the secretarial side.

The staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Lavery

Sub-editor : Mr Chapman

Fifth Member : Mr Buxton

Secretary : Mr Harrison

Under-secretary : Mr Groarke

Without Portfolio : Mr Barry

NOTE

Owing to the loss of capital resulting from the “exodus” and the expenses of starting anew here in England we must ask subscribers to pay their year’s subscription in advance. This was the original rule of the **Venerable** ; of late it has been in abeyance, but circumstances now demand that it be restored. The bills sent out with this issue will therefore include the subscriptions for both May and November 1942.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Baeda, The Beda Review, Claves Regni, The Cottonian, The Douai School Magazine, The Downside Review, The Edmundian, The Lisbonian, The Oratory School Magazine, The Oscotian, Pax, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine.

LITERARY SOCIETY

When, at the end of October, the postponed Business Meeting of the last Roman session was held at St Mary's Hall it appeared likely that the Society would find great difficulty in obtaining speakers from outside and that the main source of eloquence would be found in speakers from the House. In Rome, even in war, the unwary visitor would soon be standing in front of a gathering of the Society, and wondering how it had all happened; this had not been part of his programme in the City. But at Stonyhurst it was different. The speaker would have to be persuaded to make the journey for the express purpose of addressing the Society; there would be no scope for trickery here.

Yet it happened differently, and we must record the first year in the Society's history in which no paper was given by the House, a lapse that we hope will not be repeated. Unusual circumstances were against us, and the next session should see the House giving at least a proportion of the papers to the Society. Mr Christopher Hollis opened our first season in England with a most enlightening account of American Politics on the very eve of the American elections.

This was followed by a delightful and amusing account of the history of Stonyhurst by Fr Philip Watts S.J. which was made even more enjoyable by really excellent lantern slides. The Society was fortunate in having two other talks illustrated by lantern slides, both of which were given by Fr Dyson S.J. The first was on Egypt, and the second on Palestine, and both were absorbingly interesting.

Fr Turner added to our already enormous debt of gratitude by a talk on "Liverpool Metropolitan Cathedral". Addressing us at a moment's notice the speaker made even the most resolute critic of the Cathedral long for it to be completed.

Fr George Burns S.J. gave a talk that was both provocative and refreshing on "English Catholics and European Catholicism", in which he gave us much information about modern youth in and under present conditions. "Book Production" was the title of a talk by Fr Douglas Carter who came all the way from Oxford to speak to us. We learnt how to write a book attractively, how to entice the publisher to accept it, and also how a book is actually produced. The last talk of the year was given by Mr Robert Speaight on "The Sword of the Spirit". He gave us much information on a much-discussed movement, and inspired us with some-

thing of the vast fervour which is animating it. The speaker dealt successfully with some very searching questions.

Thus we have ended our first year outside the City, a year which inevitably was largely experimental. Although perhaps we could have had more meetings, those we had were received with great enthusiasm and with the same volley of questions which has always been a feature of our meetings. The year was fittingly ended in July when Mr Firth retired and was succeeded by Mr Hanlon, and Mr Kelly became secretary in place of Mr Tolkien. The Society is a hundred years old this year, and we look forward to celebrating the event in the coming season.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

Was it the Society's doubtful promotion from the heartening informality of the Roman Music-room to the stern associations of the Aula Secunda? Or, was it just an instance of the success of Ministry of Information propaganda? Whatever the reason a real Careless-Talk-Costs-Lives reticence seemed to grip members during more than one battle of words.

The year started vigorously enough, for more than one half of the House came to debate the old question of the value of professionalism in sport, proposed in a new guise by Mr McEnroe. The opposition led by Mr Holland put up an able defence of the motion and carried off the honours of the evening by a narrow margin.

By way of an experiment the Society staged a Balloon and nearly emptied the Common Room. The problem in aeronautics was briefly explained; eight travellers were in a balloon which, although all the ballast had been thrown out, was falling rapidly. If they were to be saved one member must be thrown overboard. All had to produce arguments for their survival. The eight travellers were:—

The Long-Expected	.	.	Mr Fraser
M. Stalin	.	.	Mr Reynolds
George Bernard Shaw	.	.	Mr Pledger
Signor Mussolini	.	.	Mr McKenna
Dean Inge	.	.	Mr Lavery
Henry VIII	.	.	Mr Tolkien
Herr Hitler	.	.	Mr Groarke
A Greg. Professor	.	.	Mr O'Neill

The last was true to scholastic method: "Ad argumentum. Systema Kantii est rejiciendum. Atqui ego non sum systema Kantii. Ergo." And he ended with an impassioned plea for the ejection of the Chairman and Secretary. But the vote went against M. Stalin, and in the freer space of the Common Room he was tossed in the carpet.

After this brief lapse from decorum Mr Alston brought the Society back to something more literary, and urged that the modern detective

novel had won a place in English literature. The voting, however, went to Mr Key and the opposition.

“That the root causes of the Leakage are moral rather than intellectual” was a serious debate and aroused great interest. Mr Groarke carried his motion through although he had to face real attack from Mr A. Clark. The Chairman offered his congratulations on the high standard of speeches maintained throughout the debate.

The last debate was in a lighter vein. Since Christmas a certain cat had loomed large on our social horizon. A sociable animal, it had not failed to make itself at home, and nowhere more quickly than in the refectory. It had been entertained in the Common Room, gatecrashed into a lecture on the divine attributes, and almost succeeded in joining the White Choir. A menace to public peace and order? Mr Hanlon thought so, and pressed for its immediate extermination. Mr Kelly undertook the office of Cat’s advocate. The voting showed an even division, and the Cat, unaware of the controversy, carries on amongst us.

The year closed with a business meeting in May, and the affairs of the Society were entrusted to Messrs McEnroe and Campbell, the newly-elected President and Secretary for the coming season. We wish them *auguri* for a successful session, while Messrs A. Storey and Tyler retire after the Society has been securely founded in England.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

The past year might have proved fatal to the Wiseman Society, but we can look back on a season as successful as any in our history. With the great majority of Theologians faced with their last year’s examinations until well on in the year, the secretary might well have feared for the success of the first session in England.

Even after a paper had been promised there was reason to doubt whether it could be written for we had no library of any kind. The discovery of the County Library at Preston was most opportune; practically all the books used in the composition of papers were obtained from that source.

The first paper read before Christmas by Mr O’Neill was really outside the scope of the Society, and on a subject hardly suited to the Wiseman; but at least it did serve to remind the House that the Society still existed. It was entitled “The Apostleship of Prayer”.

“Hilaire Belloc—his Prose and Verse”, given by Mr McEnroe, was an excellent paper, as well as a fine piece of literary composition. The writer intended that it should serve rather as an introduction to the prospective reader of Belloc, than as a tasty morsel for Belloc’s confirmed readers. There was no one who did not learn a great deal from it, and popular opinion ranked it one of the best ever given to the Society.

Mr Hannon insisted on the harmonised efforts, the perfect collaboration of Gilbert, Sullivan and D’Oyly Carte as the cause of the success and

durability of the Savoy Operas ; and, of course, with such a subject there was a great deal of scope for humorous touches.

That art is the contemplation of unchanging reality was described by Mr A. Clark as the hinge of his thesis in a paper on "The Art of Music". Though academic the paper was well received and appreciated by all, without regard to highbrows or lowbrows.

Mr Pledger summed up his paper on "The Importance of being Shaw" as a covert attack on the smugly and unintelligently orthodox. It was a fine analysis and most instructive, and, of course, packed with Shavian brilliance and double-edged quips. The paper was as stimulating as is Shaw himself.

The meetings were all very well attended, and the interest in the Society is obviously keener. There are high hopes for a good season next year when Mr Whitehouse succeeds Mr Wyche as secretary.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

On a chilly afternoon in October we began our first session in England with a most enthusiastic business meeting. Maybe it was because we were the first of the societies to come to life, maybe (as a malicious diarist has already hinted) our "Aula Prima" was warmer than the Common Room ; whatever the reason ninety per cent of the House attended and cheerfully voted for more subscriptions, more circles, more papers, and more Christian Democrats. We even agreed unanimously to send some gift to our retired secretary who had done such magnificent work for the Guild in the previous year. We began the year with some misgivings ; we had no books, and were unable to fall back on those Practical Exercises which had helped in recent years. But the keenness of the business was maintained throughout the year, and there was little difficulty in securing papers. The lack of books remained a drawback, but this has been partly remedied by the gifts of several kind friends, and we hope to acquire a few more standard text books in the coming year.

The general papers during this session dealt with the various ways of spreading social doctrine, and examined existing organisations—Sword of the Spirit, Y.C.W., Apostolate of Christ the Worker etc. Towards the end of the year we had stronger meat—papers on the Keynes Plan, and Family Allowances. We collaborated with Capac in running two circles on the Family, while other groups studied International Relations and Modern Economic Problems.

The high-light of the session was, of course, the lecture from Fr O'Hea S.J. of Oxford. He spoke on the work of the C.S.G. in time of war. This was the inauguration of our celebrations of the Jubilee of Rerum Novarum, and was followed by talks by Fr A. Hulme (secretary 1939-40) and Dr Butterfield (secretary 1928-29). On May 15th, the actual anniversary of Rerum Novarum, the Rector offered the Community Mass for the intentions of the Guild, and for the propagation of Catholic social principles in this country.

MARTYRS' ASSOCIATION

In November 1940 a letter was sent to the Catholic Press explaining the aim of the Martyrs' Association and appealing for new members.

This year, in preparation for the annual Novena (April 26th–May 4th) besides old members, we invited parishes, religious orders and convents to join in the Novena, particularly those with some connection with the martyrs, or whose churches were dedicated to them. As a result we received 250 letters, most of which enclosed petitions, and fifty enclosing petitions but giving no address. There are about 350 new members of the Martyrs' Association, the result of the year's work.

We should like to express our gratitude to Fr Sumner for his invaluable help and suggestions to the Association. He is now retiring, and we should like new helpers outside the College among English College men. The sojourn of the College in England has been of great advantage to the spread of devotion to the English Martyrs and in arousing interest in the Novena. To maintain this interest and devotion we need new helpers from outside, whose aid will be especially valuable when the College returns to Rome.

An effort is being made to reproduce the Martyrs' picture (small size), and soon we hope to have copies available at a reasonable price. We already have an illuminated list of the College martyrs, framed and displayed in the College as in Rome. Similarly the names of individual martyrs are also exhibited in a frame on their anniversary days. A copy of the Martyrs' picture has been hung in our Martyrs' chapel at St Mary's Hall, while the nucleus of a library dealing with the martyrs has been begun.

On the Thursday following the Martyrs' feast a pilgrimage was made to Cloughton-on-Brock where several of the *novelli sacerdoti* had the privilege of saying Mass, and of using Blessed Edmund Campion's chalice. We are most grateful to Fr F. McKenna for his kindness in allowing and assisting the pilgrimage, and also for his hospitality to a gita party who visited the shrine on another occasion, armed though they were with their own iron rations. Fr L. Waring likewise offered refreshment to those who went to Catforth to say and hear Mass in St Robert's and see the relics of Fr Philip Holden, while a company of three who had Mass in the Convent Chapel at Fernyhalgh were kindly entertained by Fr Sullivan at St Mary's.

Our thanks are also due to Stonyhurst for allowing us to venerate their relics of the English Martyrs on the Feast of our College Martyrs last December.

C.A.P.A.C.

Probably the greatest difficulty that any Catholic Action students' society has to face is what it ought to study in the field of Catholic Action, and how it ought to study it. One might wonder, indeed, what is the use

of a C.A. society in a seminary ; is it not stupid to pretend to deal with imaginary layfolk and reach fanciful conclusions that may prove misleading ? This year Capac, benefiting by experience, was able to steer a useful course clear of these difficulties. We had decided that our best means of study was through the small study circle, and this system proved its worth. There were five circles originally which were later reduced to two because of extraordinary pressure of outside work. They were organised differently and, all things considered, gained no small success. Two of the groups studied the Family, in conjunction with the Catholic Social Guild, and the other for the younger members concentrated on the fundamentals of Catholic Action. Thus, if whilst still at College we can get no practical experience of the missionary difficulties of C.A., at least we have done valuable work in studying the problems that have caused the need for C.A. which are indeed the problems that face the average layman today in the intellectual and moral order. This groundwork is as good as any which can be studied in a College.

At the same time we have endeavoured to pay attention to the present working of Catholic Action in England, and we are in constant touch through our members with the Grail, the Y.C.W., L.O.C.K., and the Legion of Mary. We owe our deep gratitude to the Baroness Yvonne Bosch Van Drakestein for an excellent address on the Grail, also to Mr M. O'Leary for a talk on the Y.C.W. and Mr Swan for one on L.O.C.K.

Finally we must pay our thanks to Dr Butterfield for his constant and kindly interest in us. He gave us invaluable help in planning our year's programme, and was ever ready with sympathy and advice.

OUR BOOK SHELF

Present Problems Series. Edited (with Forewords) by Archbishop Downey. First Three Volumes. *The Heresy of Nationalism Socialism* by Irene Marinoff (Paper 3s.): *Man's Suffering and God's Love* by Mgr J. Messner (Paper 2s.): *Why Does God Permit Evil?* by Dom Bruno Webb O.S.B. (Paper 2s.). Published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne Ltd.

The clue to the nature of *The Heresy of Nationalism Socialism* lies in its title. The writer is concerned entirely with portraying National Socialism as a heresy, that is, an ideology which claims for itself religious value, and which strives to replace true Christianity, the basis on which Europe's greatness is built. This ideology sets up race, in place of God, as the shrine at which man must worship. It substitutes pride, national exclusiveness and complete self-sufficiency for true humility, universal charity and a sense of the need of God's grace, which are the characteristics of genuine religion. National Socialism is not purely a political programme, nor merely an organisation forced on an unwilling people. It is essentially a system of beliefs; belief in the racial superiority of the Aryans, in the immortal destiny of the Germanic race, and in a man who has been sent by God to lead Germany to the heights which fanatical race-consciousness represents as the end of Germanic aspirations. This evil system, essentially based on racial pride and arrogance, has obtained a firm hold of the minds and souls of the German people.

The problem of how a doctrine so perverted became widely accepted, how it strengthened and closed its grip on a nation, are the main subjects discussed in the book. Particularly interesting and revealing are the chapters entitled "A Survey of National Socialist Criticism", "The Totalitarian State", and "National Socialist Education". A further

chapter on the conflict with the Church prepares the reader's mind for a final analysis of National Socialism as the "New Idolatry".

The conclusion of the book is valuable and hopeful. It insists on the necessity for patient effort in re-educating the German nation, once the brute force on which National Socialism is maintained has been overcome. Victory of arms is not enough. There must be a triumph of the spirit, a triumph which will delete from the minds of German men and women their overbearing pride of race, and put in its place the true Christian spirit of humility before God and charity to all men, without which man ceases to be human. The writer shows the possibility of this spiritual regeneration by insisting on the essentially transitory nature of National Socialism which is not a higher synthesis, providing a constructive solution to the nation's difficulties, but a one-sided insistence on obsolete values which constitutes a definite spiritual regression.

G.E.

Why Does God Permit Evil? By Dom Bruno Webb O.S.B.

Man's Suffering and God's Love. By Mgr J. Messner. Translated by Sheila Wheatley.

The problem of evil is perennial and manifold; it is well that attempts to grapple with it should be the same. Suffering is so varied and calls forth from so many different hearts the agonizing question Why? Why? It is well that the answer to that should be varied and should come in different tones and accents. Hence these two books, most excellently chosen in a Present Problems series, should meet a warm welcome and should enjoy a wide circulation.

Nothing in these books is so striking, or more consoling, than their optimism. Both insist that it is God's love that sends or permits suffering; that suffering can always be a means to a greater good, and that an order of providence in which there is suffering pays humanity a greater compliment, in giving real scope to human efforts, than an order in which there would be no suffering at all. Both books will help one to face pain courageously and to make it a means to achievement and blessing. Both rightly insist that the human mind, unaided by revelation, is unable to solve the problem of evil, and that only Faith can give surcease to the obstinate questionings of the human heart.

It is tempting to cite some of the good things said. For instance, this from Dom Bruno Webb: "Throughout God's dealings with fallen man one thing stands out most markedly, it is what we may call God's matchless courtesy. He never patronizes man as a philanthropist. God could have said to man: 'You have made a mess of things, so I will put it right for you'. But He was honouring man far more highly when He said: 'Since you have made a mess of things, I will help you to put things right for yourself'." (Page 75). Again: "Epicurus said: 'Omnipotence could, Benevolence would have prevented evil!' 'Omnipotence could' oh, yes! But 'Benevolence would'? Epicurus could not see through the canvas. Only from above, by supernatural light, can we see the divine

needlework. Omnipotence could, but, reverencing man's power of free choice, divine Love would not prevent evil, for the sheer joy of pouring such an abundance of mercy, of stooping to embrace man in the Incarnation, and of raising him to such a height. . . . O Felix Culpa ! ” (Page 77).

Dom Bruno Webb applies his optimism not only in theory but in practical applications. Dealing with the question of the salvation of men through belief in God and His providence over us, he cites the case of apparent unbelievers. “The writer well remembers how a young Australian soldier in 1917, who paraded the fact of having no religion, after telling of a terrible bombardment he had gone through, added, ‘and I don’t mind telling you fellows that I damned well prayed. You may not believe it but it’s a fact!’ Such men are legion, and in so far as they sometimes raise their souls Godward they are making an act of faith in God’s providence.” (Page 100), “In quoting the following words from a Catholic review,” proceeds Dom Bruno, “we imply no approval of the Communism which, being grossly materialistic, has proved itself in Russia the most ruthless tyrant over the poor, and which thrives upon the demoralisation of its recruits. ‘The god whom the atheists . . . attack is the god of the capitalists . . . I have a collection of atheistic cartoons varying the theme of “god” . . . In most cases he looks like a fat banker with a silk hat, a dinner coat, a big cigar, a brutal face, the eyes of a drunkard . . . He usually wields a money-bag as an emblem of power . . . If that is the atheistic conception of God, we can draw several conclusions. One concerns them: they hate their own hand-made idol. The god they hate is the injustice, hypocrisy, baseness, greed and tyranny of their fellow-man, not God. But there are also conclusions for us to draw. How is it possible that men, surrounded by Christians and living 1800 or 1900 years after Christ, could convince even one single person that this execrable demon of lust, greed and injustice was the true, scientific portrait of what millions of intelligent and obviously honest men worship as the Supreme Being? It is impossible that this should be all their own fault . . . I do not think that Trotsky or even Lenin were quite unselfish or without ambition and lust for power, for fame . . . Yet they were possessed by the ideal of justice, albeit bitter, distorted, mechanical and cruel. Outraged justice, revengeful justice, perhaps, but still justice. They found injustice all around them, perpetuated by a world which claimed to be Christian. They did not find believers in God with a consuming zeal for justice. Were they so wrong if they called religion a dope for the under-privileged, the desperate and the dying, when the strong, the lucky and the healthy paid only lip-service to it and went ahead in their reckless and selfish lives? The conclusion for us to draw, therefore, is that the god whom the godless fight bears the features of a Christian hypocrite. He is the portrait of what a desperate and outraged man saw, when he looked at contemporary Christendom from outside, painted in the burning colours of revenge and hatred—the children of desperate justice. But when we say justice, we say God. In the depth of the soul of these rebellious men is a hidden image of the true God, the just Creator . . .’ ” (Pages 100–103).

Nor can we resist the temptation to cite this from Mgr Messner : " Thus surrender to God's will has nothing in common with mere resignation. This is only the submission of the defeated, the slackening of the weary, the succumbing of those who shrink from action, and again surrender to God's will has nothing in common with fatalism, the belief in a blind destiny to which man is assigned, and into the hands of which he is helplessly cast. Such resignation and such fatalism know nothing of wrestling with God for the release from suffering or for the strength to endure. It is this wrestling in which man likewise raises himself on high towards God. Surrender to God's will also does not involve simply handing over oneself to suffering, want, anxiety, illness, difficulty and bitterness. For by God's will man is obliged to perform multifarious duties in his life. As often as suffering hinders him from fulfilling them, it is the command of God's will to use all the means of prayer and of human ability to free himself as much as possible." (Page 35).

His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool in his Foreword to Dom Bruno Webb's book, remarks that Dom Bruno is " little concerned with metaphysical speculation, and is less taken up with the nature and origin of evil than with its function." This is most wisely said, and the same applies to Monsignor Messner's book. It is in vain that a philosopher or theologian will look in these books for an answer to the question why God does not give efficacious grace to all man and so both save free will and obviate at least moral evil. It is unfair to ask such questions of such writers, as it would be likewise to complain that their views differ even in very fundamental points (*Cf. v.g. Messner p. 20, and Webb p. 28 ; Messner 76 and Webb 78*). But perhaps a theologian may rightly complain that both assert too categorically that free will necessarily involves the right to say " No " to God (*Webb p. 71, Messner p. 76*), and both assert too absolutely various things which at least some reputable theologians strongly deny, or call into doubt (*v.g. the " infinitude " of the malice of sin because of the dignity of the Person offended, virtue to be measured by its difficulty, shame only explained by the Fall, Christ bore mankind's suffering as if mankind's whole guilt were His own, it is established beyond all doubt whatever that all peoples have some belief in God, etc.*). Nevertheless solid spiritual profit may be drawn from both books and accordingly they are to be highly commended.

B.L.

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