

THE
VENERABLE

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by the past and present students
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CROMWELL'S BRIDGE
(By courtesy of *The Stonyhurst Magazine*)

EDITORIAL

On February 8th we saw for the second time some of our fellow-students ordained here in England. Our joy at witnessing so happy an event was tempered with regret as we realized that yet another Year of men who knew Rome would soon be leaving us, yet another Year joining us to whom the Gregorian and Pamphili, *tramontana* and *scirocco*, the Monserrato and Palazzola will be known only as legendary mysteries, which creep with natural but baffling frequency into the Common Room conversation.

For the Magazine this foreshadows a practical difficulty: the numbers of those in the House who can write of our Roman life, numbers already much depleted, will steadily grow less, perhaps even dwindle away entirely. Yet is this really of so grave moment? We can, we believe, justly say that, since the sad day two years ago when we were uprooted from our ancient, settled way of life in Rome, we have striven successfully to preserve the essentials which made it the distinctive thing it was. We have come to realize that much which we have temporarily lost was a setting that enhanced its true values. With that old setting now stripped away, we are steadily

fashioning a new one ; and this creative work will naturally engross our attention more and more. We can, with full confidence, leave the treating of Roman topics in future numbers of the Magazine to past students : in our new life here in England we shall find abundance of topics equally worthy of record. And when the time comes for us to go home the Magazine will have recorded a full chronicle of this period of our history. Many of the important events of our past are shrouded in obscurity because in those days there was no VENERABLE : we shall ensure that at least our own time be fully documented.

THE VENERABLE COMES TO ST MARY'S HALL

By the evening of June 2nd, 1940, the last to leave the Venerable in Rome, two student priests and myself, had landed in England, and from that moment the exiled life of the College may be said to have begun. This life might have come to a premature end, but, as I write, it has survived trials, and thrived and flourished unto a second Christmas, and so the story of events leading from June 2nd to September 25th, 1940, the day on which the College took up its settled abode in exile, is sure to be of interest to future generations. Moreover, some of the details, some of the difficulties, did not fall within the immediate experience of any of the present generation but myself, or of my indefatigable Vice-Rector, Monsignor Smith—to whom I am indebted for being able to weave them into the account that follows.

Not many hours after alighting from the Paris plane at Heston I had arranged to call on Cardinal Hinsley next day, and to lunch with Archbishop Godfrey the day after. In this way I was able to piece together the urgent and far-reaching decisions that had already been taken by the Vice-Rector after talking things over with the Cardinal and while I was winding affairs up in Rome. I found that, agreeable to my promise to the students on the eve of their departure from Rome to try and keep the College together, it had already been settled that the students were to re-assemble on Monday, June 17th at Croft Lodge, a large house whose gardens come down to the River Brathay just before it enters the northern end of Lake Windermere.

This move served three important purposes. It relieved the English and Welsh Bishops of all immediate anxiety which they might have felt about their students waiting aimlessly at home, uprooted from Rome and in the dark as to their future studies. It rallied the students, and kept them in touch with the moves being made to re-open the College in a more spacious and suitable place. It also made this final re-opening of the College more feasible; at any rate, had many of the students been dispersed among the English Seminaries, it would certainly have made the re-opening less easy.

Here, perhaps, is the place to touch delicately on the difficulties surrounding the whole question of the opening up of the English College of Rome in England. True, the Beda had already spent a year of independent existence under the sheltering roof of Upholland College, but then there was no other Seminary existing in England for the training to the priesthood of candidates of more mature age. We, on the other hand, might have appeared to be adding just one more to the Seminaries of England, and at a time when the numbers of students were on the wane. Again, if we opened up in England, we could not pretend to give everything that the College, set in the midst of Rome, could give. And last of all there was the question of the standing of a Pontifical Seminary in relation to the English and Welsh Bishops, and concerning which no guidance was to be sought from precedents in English ecclesiastical history. However, the explicit wish, frequently expressed, of the Cardinal Secretary of the Congregation of Studies and of the Cardinal Protector that every effort should be made to restart the College in England urged me on to make every exertion to be able to present the Bishops with a concrete proposition, a definite College and a definite staff of professors. After all, no Bishop could have allowed his students to continue at the College unless satisfied on these two points, however willing he might be to befriend the College and help it to keep alive its precious spirit and traditions till the return to Rome. But a College and a staff are not found in a day, and the Vice-Rector's request to all the Bishops to allow their students to take up an interim residence of six weeks at Croft Lodge—a request to which their Lordships generously consented—was a move to gain time for devising ways and means.

The finding of a suitable building was a problem of greater

urgency than that of finding a staff of professors, especially as half the staff, the Vice-Rector, Fr Ekbery (already lent to us as *Ripetitore* in Philosophy by the Bishop of Salford), and myself were already to hand. From Cardinal Hinsley I gathered that the Vice had already, before June 2nd, been up to Stonyhurst to explore the possibilities of St Mary's Hall. Up to 1926, when they removed to Heythrop, this had been the House of the Jesuit students of Philosophy, and was a complete Seminary. For the greater part of fourteen years it had lain empty, but at the time of the Vice's visit it was under military occupation by some three hundred young soldiers constituting a "holding force detailed for dealing with enemy parachute troops". The Jesuit Provincial of the English Province, the Very Reverend Father Mangan, S.J., under whose jurisdiction St Mary's Hall lies, happened to be at Stonyhurst at the same time and expressed his sincere regret to the Vice-Rector that, owing to the military occupation, a place so fitted to house the Venerable could not serve that most desirable purpose. When I heard this I determined to see, if necessary, the highest military authorities, and beg them to release a building which I felt was the only one for us. I had no liking for private houses transformed into Colleges, and here was a ready-made Seminary cut off from, but next door to, a great Catholic centre of culture.

Before acting, however, I went north with the Vice-Rector to Ambleside in order to look over Croft Lodge. It was the ninth of June, and a lovely day in one of the loveliest summers in living memory. The grounds, the trees, the river running to the great lake were a delight to look upon; they would make up for the cramped accommodation within; they would soothe the first days of settling in exile. The Vice was indeed to be congratulated on having discovered this haven, which had lately been taken over by the Catholic Guild from a Miss Cobbe, who still retained a part of the house for herself. I felt only one misgiving, and that was whether there was room enough for sixty-three students. The event was to prove that they could just fit in.

Two days later I went over to Stonyhurst although the Rector, Father Belton S.J., was away. However, Fr Weld S.J. took me across to get a view of the outside of St Mary's Hall. I thought it better at the moment not to be seen exploring the inside, as the local military would very naturally have been

vexed had they guessed at my designs upon the place. From this brief reconnaissance I came away certain that there was plenty of room for us all, and that, if the place could shelter officers and men, it could be made quite serviceable for us as well.

That was June 11th. Italy had entered the war the day before, France was yielding, and England was about to face Germany and Italy without a single ally and with every expectation of being invaded. This might not seem the best moment for asking the military authorities to release a very useful building, but I set to work on June 13th. Fr Samuel Gosling C.F., whom I approached at the Cardinal's suggestion, offered to ask a highly placed Colonel at the War Office to find out if St Mary's Hall could be released to the English College just exiled from Rome. I waited on in London till the 18th, and so was unable to go up to Ambleside for the opening of the College on the 17th, but I saw many of the students off on the 10.40 a.m. train from Euston to Windermere.

When I rang up Fr Gosling on June 18th, I gathered that nothing could be done at the War Office. His Colonel friend, however, had suggested that I might try the M.G.A. (Major General in command Administration) at Chester. This was a most helpful piece of information, and I made up my mind to go in person to Chester, armed with a letter from the Cardinal. This letter warmly supported my quest, and assured the M.G.A. that he would take as done to himself anything that was done for me.

On June 20th I entered the headquarters of the Western Command, sent the Cardinal's letter up before me, and in ten minutes was in the presence of General Naylor. I briefly sketched the history of the English College, pointing out its claim to be of national interest, insisting that the survival and continuation of its traditions on English soil demanded a suitable building, and that St Mary's was just the place—the more so as we were not financially able to buy up, or even rent at normal rates, any of the hotels or mansions that might have been able to house us. The General listened with courtesy and sympathy. There was sincerity in his promise to do his best for me, and I left for Ambleside with a degree of confidence that St Mary's Hall would eventually come to be our home.

Over a week passed, and there was nothing from Chester.

I therefore left Ambleside and set off once more for Chester, and had another interview with General Naylor. I had just one fear, and that was that the General, not realising as I did the unique suitability of St Mary's Hall, and meeting with some difficulty, might be deflected to the generous and well-meant alternative of releasing from Army option a hotel he had spoken of in North Wales. I felt a personal visit would convince him of my earnestness on this point, and I was not disappointed, for he assured me that, unless something quite unforeseen happened, I could count on St Mary's Hall. But by July 9th there was still no news, and rain fell the whole of that day. Fears began to revive in me and I wrote to Chester, suggesting that I might call once more. The reply came that the matter was being dealt with, and that nothing would be gained by my coming down.

At this time, when nothing was as yet settled, notices appeared in some of the Catholic papers that the English College was going to St Mary's Hall! Also the military in that place now knew that their further stay was being threatened for the sake of some seventy clerics from Rome, and who could blame them for feeling annoyed? The local people, I believe, were also annoyed. I therefore saw Fr Belton S.J. on the afternoon of July the 15th, and discussed the situation with him. In a sense there was little to discuss as that very morning the Vice had 'phoned me from Ambleside, telling me of the letter from Chester bearing the news that we should be able to enter St Mary's Hall on September the 1st, as alternative accommodation had been found for the military. Two days later I had a very friendly talk with Fr Mangan S.J. at Farm Street and he was most willing, now that it was possible, to let us have St Mary's Hall for a pepper-corn rent.

I now felt free to write to certain of the Bishops, asking if they could spare me professors. Strange as it may sound, and for reasons I shall explain further on, it was not till more than a month later, August the 20th, that I finally decided to go to St Mary's, but I felt that I could at any rate fall back on it should no other place be available. The correspondence for professors brought to the College Dr Butterfield from Liverpool, and Fr Dyson S.J., both of them delighted to be of service to the Venerable, and released with great generosity by Archbishop Downey and Fr Mangan S.J. Bishop McCormack was willing

to let us have Dr Raymond Redmond, and the latter would gladly have joined us, but arrangements for his chaplaincy in the Army were already too far advanced. Bishop Marshall, who continues to be indefatigable in his kindness towards us, allowed us to keep on Fr Ekbery. This gave us a staff of five for Philosophy and Theology, but at least one more was needed if we were to comply with the requirements of the "Deus scientiarum Dominus" of Pius XI, and qualify for giving degrees in Theology. It was not, however, till we had settled in St Mary's Hall that my importunity was rewarded, and that poor Fr Mangan, after I had made a special journey to see him at Lowe House in St Helens, surrendered Fr Leeming S.J. It would be true to say that to no one benefactor does the Venerable in exile owe more than to the Jesuit Provincial, Fr Mangan.

But this last event is in anticipation. After things seemed settled in the conversations with Father Rector of Stonyhurst and Father Provincial on July 15th and 17th, the Vice-Rector and I began to be aware that the local hostility was causing considerable concern to the College authorities there, and we decided to see whether we could ease the situation by trying to find another place. The idea would not have appeared practical at all at this late date had the suggestion not been already made to me early in August by Cardinal Hinsley that, should St Mary's prove impracticable, we might be able to find separate accommodation at St Edmund's, Old Hall. Monsignor Bickford, the President of St Edmund's, his Procurator and his Headmaster gave the proposition their most willing and helpful attention, and on August 20th, the Vice-Rector and I travelled out from London together and had lunch with them. There was nothing Monsignor Bickford and his Staff were not willing to do to give us separate accommodation for lecture rooms, refectory, common room, professors' rooms, dormitories and playing grounds; the only thing that eluded the very best of good will was how to arrange for our separate use of the chapel. The Venerable ought never to forget this friendliness and generosity. But the very greatness of the offer, involving St Edmund's so obviously in the greatest inconveniences, made us all the more unwilling to impose ourselves. Nor could one ignore dangers to friendship to be apprehended from the many contacts between seminarists of different traditions, living indeed separately yet under a common roof.

In the meantime the difficulties at Stonyhurst were abating and being overcome by the goodwill of the Fathers. Fr Mangan and Fr Belton had always left St Mary's Hall open to us, and so, as time was pressing, I wrote on August the 21st to all the Bishops, begging them to allow their Roman students to continue at the English College, indicating that, should their Lordships agree, the date of re-opening would be September 23rd. I gave the qualifications of the Staff, and expressed the confident hope that the Gregorian University would be willing to recognise the studies and examinations conducted by them.¹ Within a few days all the Bishops had replied, and in the warmest terms.

This made it possible to settle finally with Fr Mangan the details of our occupation of St Mary's Hall. This took place at Farm Street on August 27th, when Fr Mangan renewed the pepper-corn offer and asked me to draw up in writing with Fr Vavasour S.J., Procurator at Stonyhurst, whom he made his delegate in the matter, the more detailed terms of our tenancy as regards upkeep and so forth.

Two things still remained to be done—to write to the students and to furnish St Mary's Hall: but even in this, as in all that had gone before, one thing had to wait upon another. The amount of furniture we could beg, borrow or buy would settle the list of things in which we might have to ask the students to supplement our efforts. However, on September 8th I wrote to all the students asking them to be at St Mary's Hall on September the 23rd, and only asking for their contribution in blankets, sheets and pillow-cases. As the day came nearer it became clear that the minimum degree of sufficient furniture would not have arrived in time, and so telegrams despatched to key men in different parts of the country held up the return of the students till Wednesday the twenty-fifth of September.

The furnishing, from starting point, of a modern College brings home to one the great number of things which are considered necessary but of whose cost the average person is quite ignorant. Without doubt the expense might have been very great, and even crippling, but friends came providentially to our aid. Monsignor Barton Brown offered to back us up, should we have to go beyond our means, to the extent of £1000.

¹ This hope was fulfilled when, in June of the following year, a letter came from Cardinal Pizzardo, Secretary of the Congregation of Studies, giving us power to confer the degrees of Baccalaureate and Licentiate.

This moving generosity made the possibility of furnishing the place a certainty, but it also made us determined to do all in our power first. Then the greatest possible help came to us from Dr Bentley, Procurator of Upholland College, and later from Bishop Poskitt of Leeds. From Upholland we were able to borrow furniture and cutlery which it would have cost us a fortune to buy new. As to the furniture and books in the recently closed Seminary at Leeds, the Bishop was able to let us have for good what we could take away. I went personally three times to make the selection, helped in loading the vans, and twice travelled with them back to St Mary's Hall. Beds and bedding were the biggest items that we had to buy new. The beds we were able to buy, in our quality of refugees, immediately on our return from Rome. We used them at Croft Lodge where the bedding, however, was lent to us by the Catholic Holiday Guild. Now we had to buy our own sheets and blankets, in which matter as in others of altar and room furnishing we were advised and helped by Fr Thomas Turner, Organiser at the Liverpool Cathedral Offices. Canon Brimley, Administrator of the Cathedral at Lancaster, helped us in the matter of vestments and altar furnishings. Many others, too, made us gifts, especially Monsignor O'Connor of Bradford, Dr Ellis, Administrator of Nottingham Cathedral, Dr C. Heenan, and Colonel Patrick O'Gorman, who put large parts of their libraries at our disposal.

Finally, before people could make even a start of living in the great building, the work of the Advance Party was absolutely necessary. The military were really very good and removed all rubbish from the place, but there was much to be done in the way of washing, scrubbing and painting. The Advance Party worked heroically to make things sufficiently ready for the 25th, and their arduous work was continued, at a gentler pace, for months after that great date. The Vice made arrangements for food supplies and so forth with the Stonyhurst farm and firms in Clitheroe, Blackburn and Liverpool. The kitchen staff had to be got together, and it was just sufficient to make it unnecessary for the students to have to peel the potatoes; but it was never satisfactory until the work was taken over in the following January by the Sisters of St Joseph of Peace from Nottingham.

That, then, is the unadorned and brief account of the main

things that made possible the opening of the English College in exile. At every point it could have been greatly expanded ; yet, having been a College Archivist in my time, and having often longed that the pens of past actors in the College history had been more prolific, I entertain the hope that the comparative fulness of what I have written may hold something of interest at any rate for future generations. While to all who have eyes to see it will be plain that the "mighty hand of God" has been near the Venerable, sustaining and guiding students and superiors alike, in days when friends were needed without, courage and faith within.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

FORTY YEARS ON (1895-1902)

The publication by Canon O'Farrell in the last issue of the *VENERABILE* has emboldened me to take out the old typewriter and set down, before it is too late, some of the things that happened during my stay in Rome. And I am the more inclined to do this because out of the twenty or so men who were in the refectory when I entered it for breakfast on a morning late in October 1895 there are only six left, Collingwood, Kane, Hall, Hyland, Bailey and Goundry. All the rest are dead.

Naturally I cannot put down everything that happened. There isn't room, for one thing. And for another, though this Magazine may be written by, it is not exclusively read by "the students, past and present, of the Venerable English College, Rome". It is also read by their "sisters and their cousins and their aunts" to whom much might be unintelligible. Therefore I shall endeavour to emulate the discrimination which marks the article by the "King". Our time was, I am given to understand, rather a hectic one; and looking back on it after forty years I am not prepared to deny that.

I left Cotton in July '95, with no indication as to where I was to go. I was pretty well convinced that I had failed Matric, as the phrase was, and the impression current among the boys of Cotton was that anyone who did not pass was sent to Valladolid. That, for some unknown reason, filled us with dread. I cannot understand why this should have been so, but there it was. I have met several Valladolid men and they all have a great affection for their College, and appear to have been happy

there; but I did not know then what I know now, and so it was a great relief to learn that I had not failed after all. Some time in August Bishop Carroll sent me word to call at his house. When I got there he introduced me to Monsignor Giles. That was my first meeting with the "old man", as I afterwards learnt to call him (together with several other names), although I suppose he would be only in the fifties then, if that. The Bishop also told me that I was to go to Rome. There was great jubilation in the Kearney family when I took back the good news.

I was to travel with a man from West Meath, named James Gibson, who was going on for the Middlesbrough Diocese. He came over to Birkenhead, where I lived, and spent a night in our house. Having spent some years at a French college and knowing what third class on French trains was like, he of course said we must travel second class. But I, in my ignorance, was horrified at the proposal; so we travelled third. Never again! We broke the journey at Paris, staying at a little hotel near the Madeleine called the Hotel Pasquier, very French and very good. It was there I saw for the first time candles with holes bored right through their length. (We went to bed by candle-light, of course.) This made the candles burn away more quickly and, as they were an extra on the bill, the hotel made a bit more. Next morning we climbed into a carriage marked III. The seats were of bare wood and the wooden backs were perpendicular. On my visits to Lourdes I used to notice that those carriages were still doing good work. The journey from Paris to Rome took something over twenty hours, and long before we got even to Genoa I was red hot. There I saw pillows on hire and I secured two. And then I got a surprise. The pillows were one franc or one lira each. I proffered a franc and a silver lira. The franc was accepted but the lira was rejected with scorn. That puzzled me and it puzzles me still. The only explanation I can offer is that, with the exception of pennies and halfpennies and 25 centesimi pieces, all the money was paper; and believe me, the 1-lira and 2-lira notes were pretty grimy. So my beautiful but unfamiliar silver lira was rejected, although I wouldn't mind betting that it contained a great deal more silver than a shilling does today.

Well, we got to Rome at last. We had picked up en route a student of the Canadian College returning from a holiday and

he was a Godsend. It grieved me much that I never saw him again. On arrival at the College we were admitted by Agosto, who then went into the church and brought out Fred Wright. Seeing him in cassock and collar we thought he was a priest and called him Father. He grinned at us: he was about to start his Theology. He took us up to his room for a very much needed wash and brush down. I fell in love with it at sight and determined to have it some time if it were possible. It was the second room on the cortile side in the slum. I did get it finally and was very happy in it, but I was allowed to occupy it for only one year. But to continue: Gibbons and I went into the ref. together for breakfast but he passed round the table and took his place before me. That made him the Senior Student of our year. If he had stayed the course he would have been Senior Student of the College in his seventh year but he had to leave after some years owing to ill-health. So in due course I became Senior Student. The post was very like the Order of the Garter; there was "no damned merit about it", as some nobleman is reported to have said. Neither was there any election, as there is today. The Gi frequently impressed on us that the Senior Student was not the Dean and so had no authority in the College. He was merely a go-between, and consequently got plenty of kicks and no ha'pence.

Well, we got down to our breakfast and after what we got at Cotton in those days I thought it pretty good. There were plenty of "paniots", as we soon learned to call them, there was a large chunk of butter and lashings of really good coffee. We never saw tea, until one time at Porzio, when I had been some years in the College, the Vice treated us to tea. It tasted quite good and afterwards it became quite common to have the necessary apparatus for making tea in our rooms: I think it was due to the people who were known as Douai 'Ogs. Anyway, no objection was ever raised by anyone in authority. At first we bought our tea at chemists' shops but it cost 15 lire the kilo and that was too much, especially as the tea wasn't too good. (The lira was then worth 10d.) So we cast about until we found an English place where we could buy it 8 lire the kilo, and quite good tea at that.

To return from our wanderings, after breakfast we had our interview with the Rector who gave us a few days to go about and see what we could; the other boys were in retreat. After a day

or two we were joined by the third member of our year, Tommy Hickey, who is now a member of the German Reich in the island of Guernsey. After we had explored the city, at least to some small extent, the Gi decided that we ought to make a few days' retreat so we went in and were duly presented with copies of the Breviary to do our share in the chanting of the Office. I don't suppose any of us had handled a Breviary before. We knew nothing of its intricacies and, owing to the retreat silence, didn't feel that we could ask anyone to explain them to us: no one ever offered to do so. So we were left to our own devices, to find our way about as best we could. It was a poor best; but I still recall the thrill I used to get when, by a stroke of good fortune, I happened to hit upon something the boys were singing and how gaily I sang with them, till they turned over a lot of pages and I was once again in the outer darkness.

After that came our introduction to the schools. We were still in lay clothes and looked very much out of place in that encassocked crowd. Our lecturer in Logic was Fr Madurera, a Spaniard, who spoke at terrific speed. He was a complete contrast to Fr Remer, who had us in Second and Third Years: his utterance was slow in the extreme. It was a curious thing, but when he lectured, although he said very little more than was in the book, everything was beautifully clear. But things were clear to him which were not always clear to us. For instance, a few days after schools started, Gibbons, Hickey and I thought it would be a good idea if we got together some evening and tried mutually to find out what this strange thing, Philosophy, was about. We did so, and went steadily through the first page of Remer's *Summa Philosophiae*. It was pretty hard going and at last we came to a sentence which knocked us out completely. The sentence was, as far as I can remember it after more than forty-six years, "Sunt quaedam veritates quae sunt per se notae, uti verbi gratia, omne ens vel est actus vel compositum ex potentia et actu." We paused. We looked at the book. We looked at each other. We looked again at the book, but the penny steadily refused to fall. So we said, "Perhaps if we put it in English it might be somewhat less unintelligible." We started to translate. "Omne ens." We agreed after some discussion that ens must mean being, though we had never met the word before. Very good. Then, every being is either an act or composed of a power and an act. We gave it best and

wondered what the rest would be like if that was a *veritas per se nota*.

Our attendance at schools in lay clothes soon came to an end : Agosto had us fitted out in a few days. It may be well to recall what we were allowed in the way of clothes then. We got a hat every eighteen months, a cassock every nine months, which was afterwards extended to twelve months, a *soprana* at the beginning of Philosophy and again at the beginning of Theology, and a zimarra which lasted the whole course ; in fact I have seen zimarras doing duty as cassocks in England. There was also at one time a shapeless garment called a *sotto-soprana*. The Gi didn't like people putting on their surplices over zimarras ; he thought the cape of the zimarra bunched out the cotta unduly, as indeed it did. So he had these garments made, but they didn't last long. Very soon everyone, including the Gi, was wearing his cotta over his zimarra when it was cold in chapel, as it very often was. I shall return to that in a moment. For the rest of our clothing, we got a stock and linen collars, shirts, vests, *mutande* and stockings as they were needed. We also got nightshirts, which were made of such stiff calico that they would stand upright when new. We also got two pairs of outdoor shoes and one pair of chapel shoes, as they were called ; these were renewed as needed. The outdoor shoes were the ugliest shoes I have ever seen—and the most comfortable I have ever worn. The shoemaker measured you for them with folded strips of paper, which he put round your feet in various places and nicked here and there. When the shoes came they stank to high heaven and were inclined to cause a pain in the shin-bone, owing to their very low heels. But once that went you could march all day and scarcely know you had shoes on. Lastly in the way of clothes, we got a pair of cloth knee breeches. We were never measured for these ; Agosto must have fashioned them under the urge of inspiration, aided, perhaps, by his recollection of our appearance on our first arrival. Naturally they weren't exactly Saville Row cut but as they weren't on view except at football that didn't matter. In addition to clothes the College supplied us with notepaper, envelopes, *carta commune*, ink and so on, which we got at the Vice-Rector's room after night prayers.

As regards the matter of heating of the College in winter, it was very like the snakes in Ireland. It wouldn't be absolutely

true to say that there was no form of heat in the College. There was naturally a fire in the kitchen and at certain times there was a fire in the playroom. (Who started the stupid fashion of calling this sacred room the common room? We called it by the name that had come down through the centuries, the playroom). The Rector had no fire in his room, nor had Dr Prior. Dr Cronin had a fire¹ and so the boredom of repetition was mitigated. In my first year there was a large pan of glowing charcoal in the middle of the church for meditation and Mass, and another in the refectory; but for all the effect they had on the surrounding atmosphere they might just as well not have been there. They were a sheer waste of money, as must have been recognised, because, after a few years, these cauldrons disappeared. At first, too, the fire in the playroom was kept burning through the day, and there was a heap of chestnut billets piled under one of the windows, from which one could throw a few logs on the fire from time to time to keep it lively. But this was changed: the heap of logs disappeared, the fire was lit during dinner and supper and no more fuel could be added to it. There was, of course, no heat in the rooms and so they were perishingly cold. You could get warm in the following fashion. You would come to your room, when the Ave was early, determined to put in a good couple of hours' hard study. You had an olive-oil lamp, like a brass double-spouted teapot, running up and down a brass rod. You adjusted that, put on the tin shade lined with *carta commune*, and set up your textbook on some little stand, which you had probably made for yourself if you hadn't inherited one. Then you put on your zimarra, put a rug round your knees and draped yourself in the *coperta da letto*. Then you slowly thawed out and then you fell asleep, until the bell roused you for Rosary. Finally there was the misery of getting out of your warm nest and going down to the triforium, where the temperature was somewhere close on freezing point. I liked the old lamps: the light was warm and soft. I was allowed two lamps because my eyes were not too good. Of course, olive oil is like *bonum*: it is *diffusivum sui* if it is not carefully watched. And the lamps stank if you had the flame too big. But, treated with care, the old lamps were very comfortable, and in summer time the oil was a gentle but efficient lenitive for certain afflictions of the flesh due to the heat.

¹ The chimney is now solidly blocked. Who is responsible for this vandalism?

There is one other thing I should like to mention, first because it has died out and secondly because I should think that tracing the history of it in the archives would be very entertaining. I refer to the College Oath, which had to be taken by all "alumni", that is, those educated on the foundation, shortly after their admission to the College. The "convictores", or those educated at the expense of their parents or of their Bishops, took the ordinary Mission oath before receiving the Subdiaconate. It happened that all three in my year were alumni. So a short time after we were clothed in the holy cassock the Gi presented us with a copy each of the oath and bade us study it. It ran, as far as I can remember, somewhat as follows :

- (1) To return to England and work on the English Mission.
- (2) To report oneself every year to Propaganda.
- (3) Not to join any Order or Congregation without permission *in scriptis* from the Holy See.

(4) Not to seek any explanation of the meaning of the oath from any person ; if anyone offered any explanation he was *ipso facto* excommunicated, interdicted, or suspended, all of which was reserved to the Holy See *specialissimo modo*.

We naturally wondered what happened to a man who either "chucked" or "was chucked". We concluded that he would have to teach in Sunday School, but there was none to tell us. Anyway, we swore. There was a man after my time, from this diocese, who told me that he had great trouble over this oath, and told the Gi that he could not swear an oath blind. The Gi replied, "Either you take the oath, or you go back to England tomorrow." He took the oath. As I have said, I should dearly like to know its history.

I could write a lot more. I could discourse at length on the food. I was immensely tickled when I read Canon O'Farrell's discreet statement that there were compensations for the feeding at Porzio. There were. Their names were : Mother's at Compatri, Auntie's at Rocca di Papa, and the Villetta at Frascati. Some of the "boys" went to see Auntie when we had a meeting of the Roman Association in Rome in 1922. She was very near her end then ; God rest her soul. She was a first-rate cook ; her *uova al tegame* were things to dream about. After a Hannibal Camp day when the Yanks, the Scots and the English for-gathered, that *trattoria* was a lively spot and we kept Auntie

busy. I could wax eloquent about Magliana ; I think I voted against it every time after the first. I could say a lot on many topics : but, like Saint Paul, I forbear.

We were a happy family, Pa and Ma and the boys. Pa, by the way, never received that title : he was always the Gi or the Gilee or the Heathen Gilee. But Prior was always "Ma", and the pronouns followed the noun. We always spoke of "her" ; so much so, that it was difficult in the extreme to use masculine pronouns when he ceased to be Vice-Rector. His successor was almost invariably "Tim", though sometimes other titles were used, but never "Ma". We cannot equal Canon O'Farrell's proud boast of a Cardinal, but we did produce one Bishop. And now

"Time rolls on and the happy years are fled,
And one by one the happy hearts are dead.
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
And the wild glad laugh re-echoes ne'er again.
Only thinking of days gone by,
In my heart I hear
Loving voices of old companions
Stealing out of the past once more,
And the sound of the dear old music
Soft and sweet as in days of yore."

PATRICK KEARNEY.

ROMANESQUES

34.—SPEKKING

Do you remember the letter you wrote describing your entry into the Gregorian? It contained a rather fine passage about the cosmopolitan crowd—or was it the polyglot throng?—and gave a vivid pen-picture of Germans clad in scarlet, blue-cinctured Spaniards and barefooted Frati. Concealing your utter bewilderment at the flood of eloquence which had emanated from the rostrum, you remarked on the aptness of a common language for the Universal Church and rounded off the period with a neat quotation about Parthians and Medes. As the days passed by individuals began to emerge from the serried ranks. Faces became familiar and names did not matter, for a man could be determined in conversation by his geographical position in the aula, or more often by some peculiarity of personal appearance. A religious habit might give his genus and an outrageous *tutti quanti* would specify him for ever.

One personality impressed itself on every mind from the first day: I mean the beadle. He had evidently sounded the depths of Philosophy years before he saw the Gregorian, for he acted as compère to the Professor, answering difficulties as they arose, reading quotations from obscure authors whose works he always had to hand; at a word from the students he would instruct his senior partner to speak more slowly or to clarify an indefinite statement, and if the bell for the end of lecture was ignored it was he who played the voice of conscience and brought the transgressor to book. It was something of a mystery

that so great a man should devote so much of his precious time and energy to cleaning blackboards, finding chalk, and similar tasks which are the very breath of beadling. Whether you availed yourself of his services or not, you knew that he was always there; and when *bidellus noster* was called upon to depute in a syllogism for Dux Wellington (*mortalis*), you applauded the choice and felt he deserved his place. There was Vasquez too, who was constantly called upon to answer for the philosophical indiscretions of his illustrious namesake. You smiled at the grim scholastic humour and devoutly gave thanks that you were not blessed with a name like Hobbes or Locke.



Bidellus Noster

So the ordinary man came to know his fellow students and it soon seemed natural to exchange an occasional "Buon Giorno" on the stairs and even to rise to a "Buon Natale" at the festive season. Although appreciating to the full that the University offered unique opportunities for linguistic studies, there were those who considered one foreign language sufficient for the day and during the intervals between lectures these die-hards would foregather to speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, entertaining, however, no narrow-minded prejudices against those who preferred Bobbie Burns' version, or another brand from across the Atlantic. This was not the stuff of which spekkers were made.

Who coined the verb "to spek" I do not know. Whether it derives from the German "sprechen" as the erudite suggest, or is a corruption of the English "speculate" I have never been able to discover.¹ The second theory, giving the word its strict Latin connotation spiced by its later association with the Stock Exchange, is favoured by many; it conveys the notion of the careful scrutiny which preceded the choice of a spek. Briefly, spekking might be formally defined as the partnership of two individuals of different nations for the purpose of learning

¹It is held almost universally by philologists of the *clero basso* school that the word originated in the historic introduction to a Literary Society Talk given by a French disciple of Saint Benedict: "Gentlemans, forgive my English, I spek de bad language."

each other's language. This usually took the form of a *combinar'*, by which one interval would be given over exclusively to English, the other to speaking the alien tongue. Spekking for the sheer joy of imparting or receiving information or of making friends did exist. There was, for example, that amiable soul who was content to converse daily with a bearded Russian in the mother tongue. They sat side by side in the aula for years and at regular



The Russian would proffer snuff.

intervals during the lecture the Russian would proffer snuff to his companion with the solemnity and courtesy which we of the West reserve for our religious ceremonies. Each week he received the current copy of the *Tablet* and read it as avidly as Josef Stalin might read his *Pravda*.

Just as everyone resolved at the Villa to go bricking on his return to Rome, in the same way many determined to improve the shining hour by some really serious spekking. In the event, those who

grubbed among ancient remains were about as numerous as those who slaved away at a foreign tongue. Looking back on the odd combinations of spekkers and speks I find it quite impossible to give any general principle on which a choice was made. Tastes are proverbially unpredictable. Certainly it was not a matter to be treated lightly or undertaken without much weighing in the balance; yet, do what you would, in the last analysis you were always buying your pig in a poke. Take the case of him who, intent upon learning German, looked out for the genuine Teutonic type. There was only one in the year who came up to the required standard—his head was almost a perfect square—and he was duly waylaid. After some weeks of first-

class speaking it transpired that this super-Deutscher was a Hungarian !

French was usually selected for the first essay. It is difficult to describe the embarrassment attached to the preliminary advances. Just as you were preparing to approach the object of your choice one or two of your fellows could be depended upon to arrive on the scene and give you a meaning look that said, "What, is Saul also among the prophets?" Eventually a propitious



... would drag three diffident companions to San Luigi.

moment would coincide with a burst of courage and you found yourself asking in the most sheepish voice, "Parlez-vous français?" "Mais oui, bien entendu", he replied and the ice was broken. Many a promising French course was cut short by the speaker disappearing to do his military service; but good effects remained and each year some enthusiast would drag three diffident companions along to San Luigi dei Francesi for the Lenten sermons. The popular belief that every schoolboy with a secondary-school education can speak French tended to make this form of speaking lose its glamour. Similarly, some people held that the tuition given in the College, improved by friendly intercourse with the natives, especially on gitas, was sufficient for Italian. Where speaking in Italian was favoured its benefits could be at once detected in a more polished rendering of the Italian prayers in church.

When a man began to learn German it was evident beyond doubt that he was a spekker. A lot of really good spade-work was done at Palazzola. Most of the labour was accomplished in the privacy of his room but as keenness increased he would venture to take his Otto down to the garden and sit beneath the ilexes, mouthing strong verbs as he gazed over the Campagna down to the sea. He had obtained a German prayer-book, which added new interest to his devotions, and in spiritual reading two birds were killed with one tome. In the first few weeks of term the daily tryst was a thing looked forward to. Time and again he filled his mouth with soap or gashed his face as he scraped his beard and peered too intently at the list of unpronounceable words which he had fixed to the bottom of his mirror. While he collected his books and donned his hat and wings he prepared the opening gambit for the morning's interview and would reply to the servant's salutation on the stairs with an abstracted "Guten Morgen". He would make a mental note of the news contained on the placard outside the kiosk in the Piazza Farnese and the sight of that mangy white cat prowling suggestively outside the "Sabato-tripa" shop on the Via Baullari would prompt a disquisition on the similarity of that animal's name in various European languages; returning home at midday he would formally tick off one more word from the list. He was an adept at turning the conversation round to the subject which occupied his thoughts. He spoke much of one Mezzofante, who was, apparently, something of a spekker in his day, and pointed out that for higher studies, especially in Scripture, German was absolutely essential. He had resolved that this side-line should not interfere with his work and conscientiously listened to lectures, though he occasionally allowed himself the luxury of looking ahead in the text-book for a quotation from "Rom und Christentums". During the interval he contrived to loiter awhile indoors before going out into the piazza, giving his companion time to demolish the large meat sandwich which, he was given to understand, he had received as a reward for foregoing his breakfast. The scheme has its merits but even so, to the English mind, there are ways and ways of eating a sandwich of these dimensions if, indeed, such an operation is to be performed at all in public. This exemplifies the broadening effect of spekking, for after a time he rather liked to see the spek devouring his belated breakfast and would say

politely "Gut Appetit" and even wish there were a German equivalent for "Favorisca". At first the conversation would be rather stilted and much of the time would be spent in pointing to things and people and calling them names. There was more scope for this pleasing little party game outside in the piazza where there were generally a few cars to study or a *carozza* horse; or, failing these, the pair could go over the points of the guard mounted outside the *caserma*. Passing through the *quanti cattolici* stage, their friendship ripened and a world of subjects lay open for discussion. The *spekker* had the feeling that country and empire depended on him as he answered questions, and in matters ecclesiastical he represented the hierarchy, explaining their Lordships' policy as far as the range of his vocabulary permitted. The *spek*, on the other hand, was the link between him and the dignitaries, clerical and lay, of his country. Books would be exchanged in order to keep in touch with the trend of modern thought abroad. At ceremonies in Saint Peter's they would be found together, and they would often take the opportunity of having a prolonged talk in Pam. As soon as possible after they had finished the course and settled down the *spek* must come over to England; perhaps he might preach, or at least read the notices. And, of course, the visit would be returned.

It was customary, too, to throw out an invitation to the *spek* to come out to the Villa during the summer holidays. The Germans paid a courtesy call shortly after the outbreak of war and on the return visit one *spekker* of note was grievously disappointed, for he understood only three words of the reading in the refectory—*der Heilige Chrysostomus*—and the second was a lucky guess. It was natural that lectures should sometimes be discussed during the morning talk and this often led to an exchange of notes—which gives me the opportunity of relating the Story of the Coloured Sheets.

The intellectual menu at the Greg included a special course on Characteriology, the high spots of which were a film showing the behaviour of a schizophrenic and an extraordinarily life-like imitation on the part of the professor of the last mortal moments of a chicken. When the programme for the examination was published there was a feeling among a certain section of the lads that the film show was not going to help very much, and no possible loop-hole had been left for

introducing the wretched fowl. At first they suggested that all the members of the year should pool their knowledge, but this idea of a Brains Trust on a national basis fell through when one of the promoters, the spekker κατ'ἔξοχήν announced that he had secured an excellent set of notes from one of his Spanish acquaintances ; these could be expanded and put into readable Latin, then typed out and duplicated. The fontes as supplied by the diligent scribe were copious and in parts almost illegible, and little dreaming at the time of their composition that they were destined for publication, he had written half in Latin and half in his native Spanish, sometimes switching from one to the other in the same sentence. The fact that he had made liberal use of a secret code of abbreviations and indulged a playful propensity for introducing dissertations on irrelevant subjects made the task before the compilers formidable. It will be recalled that Saint Jerome encountered similar difficulties when sorting out the Old Latin Versions with a view to establishing a reliable text of the Scriptures.

However, many hands were willing to lighten the work and the thick exercise book was dismembered and sections taken by members of the Combine, the Redactor expressing his readiness to come to the rescue for the Spanish parts. The work progressed. It was noised abroad at the Greg that notes were being published on this involved free course. Delegates approached the Redactor from most of the national colleges to order notes by the ream ; even the Mendicant Orders let it be known that they were game for a communal copy if the *elemosine* for the week were up to average.

Economic considerations rather than artistic taste determined the choice of paper and each set of notes was composed of red, yellow, green and blue sheets. With typical generosity the Redactor had recognised his indebtedness to the kind friend who had supplied the notes by placing his name at the head of the first page, making it clear, however, by the addition of another name in larger letters that the real source of the wisdom contained in the pages was none other than the Professor himself. With the modesty of true scholarship all mention of the compilers was omitted. They were so anxious for the work to appear on time that they did not submit it for expert revision : in fact, the print was still wet from the press as the precious cargo was stowed into Greg bags to be conveyed to the University. It

sold like hot cakes and the Redactor was thanked warmly in anticipation of the incalculable good his notes would do. The Germans considered it "ein wissenschaftliches Werk", the Spaniards preferred to think of it as a "verdadero tesoro" and the delighted "Voilà un très utile ouvrage" of a Frenchman gave one to understand that they all thought it was a really *gran' successo*.

On the following day for Characteriology the aula was a riot of colour, for hardly a man had failed to bring his notes. The Professor, too, had obtained a copy from somewhere and the Combine sat back prepared for more bouquets. Holding up the bundle of sheets in his right hand and making a threatening gesture with his left, he demanded in angry tones, "Quisnam patravit hoc immane scelus?"



There was a deathly silence. A remote convent bell called the sisters to prayer. There was a slight rustle as some traitor in the camp, an Observantine, mark you, of the Third Reform, tried to conceal the condemned opusculum in the folds of his habit. The Professor went on. After a cruel dissection of the work, which showed scant appreciation of the difficulties encountered in its composition, he dwelt at some length on his European reputation as a psychologist, and—unkindest cut of all—bitterly resented the generous prominence accorded to his name. Fixing an appointment with the anonymous Redactor—by now a pale shadow of his former self—he dropped the sheets contemptuously to the ground.

They fluttered slowly down, red, yellow, green and blue, and lay still. An international crisis was averted by the production of two full sheets of *corrigena*, suggested by the Professor, but published without acknowledgment. The Combine unanimously dissolved itself.

It would be erroneous to suppose that the Professors as a body frowned upon spekking: the contrary is the case. Sometimes they offered to accept examination papers in minor subjects in a variety of languages and a luminary of the History Faculty excluded only Gaelic from all the idioms of Europe. Among the sages opinion was divided on the advisability of writing in English. Some maintained that it argued an inability to express one's thoughts in Latin: others held that it showed a confidence in the Professor's scholarship, a gratifying expression of trust which might tip the scale in the writer's favour, and they entertained the pious hope that he would be bound in conscience to attribute any vagueness in the answers to his own imperfect linguistic abilities. How many have averted a crisis in oral exams by ostentatiously pronouncing Berkeley in the correct English way and answered the questioning glance of the interlocutor by explaining, kindly but at length, how wrong it was to pronounce it in any other!

The picture of spekking would be incomplete without shade as well as light, for there was an arid period, corresponding to the Dark Night of the soul. It often coincided with a time of physical debility or mental fatigue, when every social contact (not only breakfast!) was a real burden and you envied the Carthusian in his cell. In this mood lectures lost their thrill, yet they were a relief, for at least you could suffer in silence. But throughout you were tortured by the thought of the coming interval. You had not prepared a subject to talk about and anyhow you had made no progress for the last few weeks. You would excuse yourself occasionally by feigning urgent business at the bookshop, or else in frenzied despair seek sanctuary in the chapel. Coming out when you thought the coast was clear you would find the spek, *fedele com' il sole*, courteously proffering you holy water at the door.

It should not be forgotten that there were spekkers in other colleges and it was quite likely that someone would pick on you as a victim. Knowing the various criteria by which speks are selected you could but deem it a two-edged compliment. It

would bring the blush to my cheek to mention some of the ruses adopted to avoid the honour ; and I know not with what mental reservations one gentleman professed complete ignorance of English to a persistent Frenchman.

There was one man who set himself the task of learning the



There were spekkers in other colleges.

language of each country of Europe as it was invaded by the Hun. Warsaw had fallen and he was learning Polish. Before he had reached the proficient stage he followed the orthodox method of learning an occasional proverb. Now the Poles have an adage (I have this on the best authority) by which an intelligent man is said to be "shod on four feet". This is rather a neat way of putting it, but by the end of a fortnight it had become rather trite. Lacking any other approving adjective, he would solemnly affirm that everyone, from the Pope down to a passing road-sweeper, was "shod on four feet". Proverbs ! How the spekker loved them ! There was an appropriate comment for every occasion—"C'est le premier pas qui coûte—Uomo di vino non vale un quattrino—Ende gut, alles gut"; some ancient saw would be held ready for each season of the year and there was an annual rush on March the 21st to greet Domenico with :

*"Oggi è la festa di San Benedetto
La rondinella va sotto il tetto."*

The spekkers did not limit their activities to the University ; that was but the training-ground for greater things. Theirs

was the type that held conversations in trams, accosted pilgrims in Saint Peter's, and always managed to sit with the driver on a car gita. They could talk on anything or nothing: I have a vivid recollection of one of this great body, surrounded by a small crowd on Arrezzo station, who opened an illuminating lecture on the canine species by pointing to a bulldog and declaiming, "Ecco un cane del tipo inglese".

There is one class of spekkers, small in number but of undying fame, which lies quite beyond my ken. I saw and admired from afar. At the Greg they would hold aloof from their fellows and confer darkly with swarthy Armenians and smooth Greeks. Their main motive seemed to be liturgical, for they might be discovered in an unguarded moment reading from the Liturgy of Saint Chrysostom. To the ordinary man the distinction between, let us say, the Coptic and the Syriac rites is a very fine one, but to these men of Oriental leanings they were worlds apart. They might entice you to a service at the Greek Uniate Church and you would go with an uneasy conscience, trying to recall what the catechism says about "taking part in the services and prayers of . . ." Your concern would deepen as you observed your companion making the Sign of the Cross wrong way round and giving a profound inclination in place of a genuflection. The beauty of the ceremony and the wistful singing were not fully appreciated, because you felt you must look like a Protestant at a Catholic service. So long as the Orientalists were content with a passive assistance on the part of their proselytes you were not too painfully conscious of the strangeness of your position; but on one occasion, after we had to our great astonishment been sprinkled with scent, we were marshalled to pay homage to an ikon and to be presented with flowers. Two of us received daffodils and the third a pansy. This, we thought, was asking a little too much. The leader, however, was in his element, and on the homeward journey beamed with satisfaction as he was saluted on the Corso by a Greek with an inverted plant-pot hat.

Yes, there was something fascinating about spekking. A letter received not long ago from a newly ordained spek—none other than the Hungarian of the Lia for Rachel story told above—breathed this intangible spirit. It concluded: "Omnes carissimos collegas saluto—in sacris tui memor. Play the game!"

JOHN DOUGLAS KEY.

ROMANITÀ

Since the new Babylonian Captivity, our conversation, our letters, our prayers, the pages of this magazine, have all been full of the resolve to preserve our Roman spirit uncontaminated, undiluted, no matter what may befall. The mere fact that continuity had not been broken spurred us on. Was it not as much a pledge of success as a challenge to the effort? The mighty ones of the earth had risen in their wrath, Europe had been stricken down from the furthest boundaries of Poland to the shores of the Atlantic; yet, though it was caught in the storm, the Venerabile had not been engulfed, and had made its way to a safe haven in the nick of time.

Our reunion, then, at Ambleside was a sacred coming-together like the oath of Rütli, and meant that, faced with new conditions, we were determined to continue being what we had always been. Nostalgia was, in a sense, a duty as well as an ungovernable instinct. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten: let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." So, quite naturally, when we sat looking at Windermere shimmering in the evening sun, we talked and talked of Albano with its impossible colouring. So, quite naturally, when we forged along Helvellyn's Striding Edge, when we climbed the struggle of Hardknott or stood on the summit of Glaramara, we gossiped incessantly of Gennaro at Shrove-tide, of skidding down the Terminillo into Rieti, of the trudge "by vinous twilight" up from the Chianti valley towards the twinkling lights

of Cortona. Perhaps this incurable habit of reminiscence made us a little blind to the beauty that was round about us; for some of us it is only now that we appreciate the fragrance of Borrowdale, the majesty of the valley that led up to the foot of the Langdales, Wastwater in its remoteness, the exquisite miniature that was Buttermere. But at the time our memories of Italy were green; to look from Scafell Pyke over Sty Head Tarn down Borrowdale to Derwentwater and Skiddaw was to be reminded on the instant of the tumultuous peaks of the Romagna, tumbling away in haste from the slopes of Falterona.

Nostalgia was inevitable; it was also the first weapon to resolution's hand. Part of our programme consisted in sitting down and weeping when we remembered Rome. But there the Scripture precedent stopped short, for we saw no reason to hang our harps on the willows in the midst of the Brathay. Instead *stornelli Romani* boomed down the valleys that radiate from Great Gable; strange lays of Ancient Rome, sagas of the sleeping student and the hole in the wall and of Canon and Ham wakened the echoes by Wrynose Pass; *Facietta Nera* and *Ay-ay-ay* disturbed the solemnity of the cairns on Coniston Old Man. There was more than nostalgia here—there was challenge too. "How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?" But where was the difficulty? We both could and would. It was one way of asserting our lineage in the wilds of Cumberland.

But to live on memories is to run down like an unwound clock; to do nothing but recall the past is to resign the Venerable to premature old age—not to say senility. All this was well enough in the short six weeks of Lakeland. But time waits for no man. Was it to be the mainstay of continuity in our new home among the Fells? Perhaps the Diarist thought so: perhaps he was only eager to emphasise—in philosophical language—our consciousness of self-identity. Whatever his motive, he showed real ingenuity in hunting down all possible links with lost habits. That the Stonyhurst church should be dedicated to Saint Peter gave him a sense of home-coming, and set him looking for its twin and terminus—not Saint Paul, but Pam. He rubbed his hands on finding that we still had a pond in the garden and that like-minded folk were not lacking to store it with fish; he pronounced a sunrise over Pendle better than any he had seen from the top of Faete; it made his heart glow that we should still do functions outside our own walls; and if he could not find

a substitute for Pam, there was at least a Pam shop. But the question which insists on being asked is whether either he or we should look for a substitute for Pam. Do we need one, now that we are in the heart of the country, when we can go down to the Hodder and spend a Thursday afternoon idling by its waterfalls, or climb the Fells and sit among the heather, looking out across the Chipping valley to the wildness of the Trough of Bowland? So much depends on the length of the war. We are here, not in Rome, for the duration, if not longer. Can the College be alive at all and at the same time unaffected by its new surroundings? To ignore them, save when they remind us of Italy, "quid est nisi quaedam prolixitas mortis?"

The task to which we have bent all our energies is to preserve our Roman spirit. But that involves settling exactly what is *Romanità*, a difficult problem which completely floored our local Brains Trust when it was put to them. Yet I must attempt an answer.

Spirituality and learning may be had at home. I rule them out of this discussion¹—especially as, rightly or wrongly, the Gregorian did not take first place in our hearts. Not a bad method of finding out in what *Romanità* consists is to listen to the talk when old Romans meet, and it usually centres round memories of the Common Room, Pam, the Villa and gitas. The keynote of such reminiscences is comradeship, that sharing of experiences which doubles their value, and the delight of good talk which gives ideas to the talker as well as to the listener. Rome educated one almost unnoticeably. It was a University in the broadest sense of the term, because it introduced one to such a variety of interests. The shock of novelty awakened curiosity when it would have lain dormant in more accustomed surroundings. Everyone knows how he quoted Italian sayings whose content sounded quite banal in our mother tongue; it was the strange dress that gave us new eyes to appreciate the normal. Though Rome was ancient when our ancestors wore woad, she appeared more unexpected to the First Year man than would New York, Sydney or any other city of the English-speaking world. It was not only a question of language but of a mentality so different that the newcomer from the north was driven to the paths of discovery, which are also the paths of

¹ Primarily I rule them out because, as the deepest formative element in a College spirit, they are hardly suitable for discussion in an article like this.

education. To the student of the Venerabile a visit to the Catacombs, past the little hovels where craftsmen laboured at strange or familiar tasks, past ruins and rationalist architecture, past the spaghetti factory and the archaeological walk, through the gate of Saint Sebastian and among the *contadini* just outside, past chestnut-sellers, vendors of peanuts in paper cones, wine carts, lumbering petrol lorries, eaters of garlicked pork and beans ; to the man making such a bewildering journey, whether for the first or the twentieth time, Rome revealed herself as " a householder who bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old ". However confirmed a denizen of Pam, your talk was made up of a hundred vignettes from the streets of the city ; round the Common Room table you argued the politics of Italy far more often than the politics of England, because the former were enacted before your eyes. You could not go to Florence without suspecting that there was something in painting and in sculpture. Wherever you went you learnt what colour is. You were educated at the Gregorian, but your education did not stop when in *camerata* you left its massive portals. Alma Mater Romana was broadening your mind, deepening your perceptions, awakening your intellectual curiosity, from morning to night. And your talk reflected all this. That is why you enjoyed life so much : it was full, fuller than you had ever known life to be before.

That there was something for everybody might have made dilettantes of us all, but the intellectual treadmill in the Via del Seminario and then in the Piazza Pilotta saw to intellectual discipline. The powers of the mind were being trained just when its appetite was being so lavishly catered for. A curious proof of this was the ease with which *Chi Lo Sa ?* produced its Christmas and Easter numbers, the struggle it had to find copy at the Villa. It was not that copy lacked in the summer, but that we were not so quick to see it. The mind had rusted a little during *villeggiatura* ; at any rate it was more slow moving. It had browsed instead of churning, and all mental activity was the sufferer.

So, the conclusion is that *Romanità* must be the enemy of the one-track mind ; it canonises the social virtues ; it has learnt to penetrate appearances, knowing that the outside of the Minerva gives no clue to the profusion of decoration within ; it has understood that there are more ways of doing things than

one, simply because it has been brought up against methods different from the English ; it has acquired a great respect for logic while learning that it is not incompatible with compromise, for how often has it not haggled over a price ? In a word, *Romanità* is Catholicism with a small c ; it is a universality of outlook that will leave the devil a monopoly of nothing save sin. It reverences erudition, it appreciates the place of art, it enjoys humour, it is intensely curious and largely tolerant.

Now, if this diagnosis be even roughly adequate, we can face the question of the preservation of such a spirit in the exiled Venerabile.

Obviously it is a spirit which must take account of its surroundings, for that is the diet on which it has always thriven. The recipe, then, which I would suggest for the preservation of continuity is conservatism at home and the most eager reaction to all that life abroad has to offer. The very fact that there is less variety outside the College walls than was the case in Rome makes this difficult ; but before confronting the problem of how we can profit by conditions around us, I must point out the danger of resignation to its impossibility. That would be the easy descent to self-centredness, to becoming narrow and myopic : the very negation of *Romanità*.

I fancy there is little need to justify conservatism within walls. Tradition should not lightly be broken ; it is far harder to rebuild. " *Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*" Some day, in God's good time, we shall return to the Monserrato, and the hegira will be easier for having kept up the practice of chanting the Divine Praises in Italian, of introducing the Mysteries of the Rosary, of saying the October prayer to Saint Joseph, all in the same language. The *T'Adoriam*, the *Salve* before the Lady Statue on the stairs, Thursday as *scholae vacant omnes*, Coffee and Rosolio even in a substitute, the Christmas fire and a hundred other customs which crop up in the course of the year : there is no reason why these should be dropped, and every reason why they should be kept. Avancinus and Wiseman's prayers for England came back as soon as copies could be procured. The chapel has been arranged in stalls as soon as we could get the wood to do it, in order that our ceremonies might faithfully follow their Roman model ; Solemn Benediction still brings in the Celebrant at the *Tantum Ergo*. Owing to Stonyhurst's generosity we are able to venerate a relic of Blessed Ralph

Sherwin on his feast. The Obit Book is still read at dinner, though the British Martyrology is a casualty of the war. Would that we might alight on another copy of that surprising book.

The difficulty is not about these and similar things. Where the rub comes is in the difference between life in an English countryside and in the midst of Renaissance Rome; between life which took us to the University for lectures and which teaches us everything in the house, between life which sent us out to Palazzola for the summer and which now sends us home. What is to be done about all this?

Obviously, much has been lost. The Common Room has suffered for lack of many topics of conversation; and the war is a poor substitute. Because everything depends on the issue, it is right that we should take the greatest interest in its course, but we shall not be the complete men we were for becoming absorbed in its detail. We may learn more of our scholastic subjects under the present system of teaching, and our degrees are preserved for us; but however futile this or that Gregorian professor might be, there was a certain education in listening to experts gathered from the whole world, and seeking knowledge in the whole *coetus gentis Catholicorum*. To be surrounded by Germans, Lombards, French, Spaniards, Americans; to watch gaunt figures *Fratrum Minorum Capucinatorum* carry off the prizes; to realise that there are still such people as Crutched Friars in the world; all this was to acquire almost imperceptibly, almost willy-nilly, a standard of scholarship together with a visual appreciation of Catholicism. The University's motto might well have been: *Docete omnes gentes*.

What have we left? More perhaps than is sometimes realised by the nostalgic. First of all, we have an outside interest in Stonyhurst itself. This has enabled us to remain on a nodding acquaintance with good music: we have had the Hallé Orchestra and string quartettes in place of the Adriano and the Sala Santa Cecilia. If we have lost trace of "five-frankers", the loss is more than compensated by a good English choir. Stonyhurst trebles are a vast improvement on Monsignor Perosi's screeching youngsters in the Cappella Sistina. The last time I attended a function in Saint Peter's all the Italians around me were disgusted at the standard of the polyphonic music, and the Vatican Radio afterwards discussed whether it was worth while to broadcast such trash. Again, visitors to Stonyhurst swell the list of

speakers to our Literary Society, that valuable eye upon the world of ideas. We can watch good Rugger and Cricket teams, which was something we were denied in Rome. We can play these games, too, much more often than we could in Pamphili; if we have a large water-tower on the horizon instead of Michelangelo's dome, I do not imagine that makes much difference to the game. This is not a complete catalogue of our indebtedness to Stonyhurst. But here is enough already to show an influence working against becoming self-centred, against the danger that all our completeness must be from within.

I debarred learning from the discussion: so, I do not want to deal with anything but the loss of the University atmosphere. Those last words suggest a literal application in which we are incontrovertibly the gainers. How many diarists in the past have inveighed against the Gregorian's hermetically sealed windows, against the unspeakable frowst of a third lecture on some baking morning in June. Now there is no one to object to open windows. Lectures on Philosophy or Theology can be accompanied by the sound of distant mowing and the sweet smell of hay; there are trees to delight the vagrant eye, in place of tumbling roofs; there is room to rest one's elbows, there is space to make one's notes. All this will be readily admitted, and yet the Gregorian be mourned. Justly too. Nevertheless need there be any decline in the individual's standard of scholarship? It is not easy to see why there should be. But there is no library to speak of. I make bold to say that in an ordinary course more time is wasted than well used in a College library. The matter is different if doctorates or practical exercises be in question. And for private investigation, for instance into a Martyr's history, Stonyhurst has generously allowed consultation of its fine library. One must admit that something valuable has been lost by confining lectures to the house and a domestic staff: but if the best use be made of what is offered the loss will not be found to be irreparable. And—whisper it—perhaps there are some compensations. But this is not a subject that I dare develop.

And now we approach the kernel of the nut. All the powers of appreciation that had such profit of the Alban Hills, why must they pine and die because the only beauty offered them be English? This is a lovely land too. It may need more effort to see it: *ab assuetis non fit passio*. But that is exactly the

value of *Romanità*, that it extracts fulness from living, that it gives edge and direction to vision, that it lends eyes and ears and touch as well as tongue—else we were empty vehicles of bombast. Having our dwelling in such pleasant places, it is surely our own fault if “the heaven above be iron and the earth as brass”. Where is the virtue in not appreciating those cool “wheels” on the Hodder with the trees banked luxuriantly above the running water: that cleft in the hills at Whalley Nab that rewards every glance out of our front windows: the superb sweep from above Whitewell, ling and gorse, larch and fir, moorland and river, mountains and pass, grouped as if nature would imitate art: or from the tip of Longridge Fell the sight of distant Ingleborough, Pen-y-ghent and Whernside, standing up white and shining beyond the strong shadows in the foreground, where the pheasant and the partridge get up so suddenly before your feet and darken the sun with the whirring of their wings? This is a wooded land. Industrial Lancashire lies humbly hidden behind the great mass of Pendle, and we walk among giant beeches, oak and ash. There are thick rugs of bluebells in the woods and wild garlic to assault our noses: snowdrops and primroses, great seas of buttercups, how do these yield place to the cyclamen under the chestnut trees in the Rocca woods? There is beauty everywhere for those who see. To fail to find it is to stand self-condemned. And surely the man is no true Roman who will not try to look.

The attraction of Italy was not only its beauty, but the history that lay behind. This also is true. Even a drain gained interest by the escutcheon of the Pope who had it made; and to walk through the Latin Vale was not only to admire the line of Algidus or sniff the scent of narcissi in the spring—it was to think of the Via Latina and the legions descending on Valmontone. The Campagna was always so much more romantic from the Appia; the Tiber was the Tiber only under Soracte or where it swept round the ruins of Ostia Antica. To picture Augustine there with Monica was to forget the dirty cattle byres and the crumbling stucco of those dung-coloured walls. Can England show anything like this?

Romanità ought to have classicism in its bones, the love of good writing and proportion and sanity of mind. It ought not to be necessary for it to batten always on the romanticism of imaginative history. Yet even on this score we are not

without our props. Ribchester down the valley is a Roman settlement; a Roman road crosses Jeffry at our backs, as a Roman road climbed Cavo over our heads at Palazzola. It is good for us to remember that Wigan in the heart of industrialism was a Roman town; that Coccium was known when Berlin was the haunt of wild-fowl. Better men than I have wondered whether it was as great a joke in the canteens of the legionaries as it is today upon our music halls; the possibility itself is breathtaking. But there is more history in this countryside than that. Above Higher Hodder bridge are dwellings of neolithic man; a flint from a mesolithic axe was dug up in a field nearby not twelve months ago. And the whole district is full of Catholic memories, of places where our own Martyrs were born or bred or captured. "This hill-country, lying off the main west route to the north, was an even better country for running to earth than the flat reaches of the Fylde—and the history of the Missionary Priests, at least, was largely a history of running to earth. So, the woods which hid the old halls, the ravines running up to lonely farmsteads, and the top of this little world, the Forest of Bowland, all provided grateful shelter when a Bishop of Chester or an Earl of Derby was organising a drive. To walk these lovely fells is to be reminded of Cicero's praise of Athens: *Ubi-cum-que vestigia ponimus, historiam premimus*. . . Here is a field of research for filial devotion. There is more than one priest's hiding place at Stonyhurst, and Cromwell's table too, and his bridge below us,¹ whether his army went over it or not. There are Elizabethan gardens and Elizabethan towers at our very elbow; Jacobean ponds on the Avenue, and Jacobean Alms-houses on the breast of the Fells. No one can say we are without history where we dwell. If we need it, it is ours for a little trouble.

And there are so many other things in which we can take interest. Why should we live in the country and have no heed for the cycle of the year, for the delight of a plough's straight furrow, for the mysteries of seeding time and harvest? To follow the teams into the farmyard, near our plantation, is to find an ancient tithe-barn built like an inverted ship of Alfred's day. We would get a permit to visit the Pope's cows at Castelfandolfo, and we do not think to step three paces out of our way to see cows housed just as well as his, each with its name over

¹ Frontispiece.

its stall, and the cleanest pigs in the world squealing with pleasure in a concrete Hogsorton.

My contention, then, for the last time, is that we shall be more truly Roman if we take note of all this than if we ignore it as flat and uninteresting. The virtues Rome gave us despite ourselves need conscious development now. But the possibility is still there. The Psalms of the Creation have their application in Lancashire as well as in Latium; the catholic-minded will not sigh after what he lacks, but will explore and fathom what he has. The burden of my rede has scriptural warrant, and its quotation here is something better than an appropriated sense: "To everyone that hath shall be given and he shall abound: and from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away."

Therein is both promise and warning. Though the Venerable be transported from its ancient home—that stretch of narrow street "that is for ever England"—yet by seizing this new life with both hands it will not deny its past but assert it spirit to the uttermost and "to itself be true". A paradox, if you will: but what of it?

RICHARD L. SMITH.



“ LO FANNO PER PENITENZA ! ”

THROUGH DARKEST ITALY

We who have roamed the Italian countryside and described it in these pages have often let our pen glow with the myriad colours of the palette of Augustus Hare. How often have we described this land of vine and olive, of snowy heights and fertile valleys peopled with a robust and cheery peasantry always ready with some quotable phrase. Now all this is very true but it is only part of the story. The returned traveller, as he sits at table in Palazzola or Rome on the first night of his return, draws a spacious picture of the preceding days. But there are one or two days over which he prudently draws a veil. The purpose of what follows is to recall some of these other days. The parched throat that the traveller forgets as he describes his triumphant journey through Tuscany; the stony mountains and stonier bread that he omits when he hymns the Abruzzi; the days eked out on *pecorino* and *salami* which his tale would drown in floods of wine and an avalanche of *pasta al sugo*. If what follows seems but variations on the theme of sour grapes it may at least console us for having to write of Italy in the past tense.

Every long gita seems to have a fatal debt of at least one day to pay to whatever gods govern it. I mean of course a gita in the true heroic kind, not one of those shamelessly Lucullan sojourns at Chiusarelli or Cocumella where to appear at dinner without a ferraiuola would cause shocked comment among the guests. You set out with your T.C.I. map already thumbed and dog-eared, to plunge into the mountain fastnesses of the Abruzzi with an itinerary ready and a list of ports of call clearly

fixed in your mind. If you are young you have probably read the glowing descriptions of these places in the Common Room hotel book with simple faith and confidence and are looking forward to adding your own testimony on your return. Now as there is a good angel who watches over *gitanti*, it happens that many of these hostelries have closed down, been destroyed by avalanches, or otherwise removed from the path of the unwary traveller before you arrive. But some of them remain and by the laws of chance you are pretty certain to find your way to at least one of them sooner or later. Once you have served your time you are inoculated and may avoid them for the future. But first you must serve your apprenticeship.

“Pescina : Stay at the Albergo del Sole. Very good meal and room for 12 lire. Cheerful, hospitable proprietor. Try their speciality, fish from the Lago Fucino.” That, plus a few details about the plumbing, is what we read in the hotel book, written by men who had actually stayed there. In cold blood they came back and wrote something which reeks of *suppresio veri*, *suggestio falsi* and culpable ignorance. We saw Pescina, my two companions and I, on the first evening of our first long gita. We approached it along the banks of the Lago Fucino as the setting sun gilded its broken tower and lit up the inscription which claims it as the birthplace of Mazarin. We did notice that the Lago Fucino had been drained some thirty years before, and had passing doubts about that fish. But we were young and the hotel book’s careful wording seemed to suggest that the del Sole had been chosen after weighing the competing claims of numerous other and inferior inns. We found the picturesque village of Pescina not yet recovered from an earthquake of ten years previously. The Albergo del Sole was of course the only one in the place. The proprietor was certainly cheerful. He was a bony, grey-faced man in a corduroy suit who assured us with robust optimism that we could order anything we liked, always excepting fish of course. As far as I remember his words were, “*Non manca mica niente*” which contains enough negatives to satisfy the most exigent. As for the time, we had only to name it. We suggested an hour later, he cordially agreed, and we strolled out to take the air.

Three hours later we tracked him down in his kitchen, and succeeded in wresting from him a few charred remnants of goat which formed the staple of the meal we had been anticipating.

What wonder that one of my companions was struck with a melancholy fit, said that his room smelt of death, and tried to get us up at some unearthly hour in the morning to take the road. The other two of us had just managed to get to sleep since the accordion outside had stopped playing "*Fiocca la neve*". We ignored his knocks and he spent his time trying to adjust a pair of green puttees, an ill-advised purchase which he had so far concealed from us. As we left the village about nine o'clock his puttees slowly unwound down the village street and we made off amidst the jeers of the inhabitants. Had it not been for the hotel book we would never have thought of stopping at Pescina, and would have been spared an embittered début to a long career as gitanti. Since then the puttee-wearer has stopped at Pescina with the Friars, and consumed vast quantities of spaghetti from a tin wash bowl—but never fish.

How much more honest was the man who wrote of another town in the hotel book, "If by any misfortune you are led to the detestable town of Scheggia (it is north of Gubbio) do not stop at the one and only albergo in the place. Rather get the parroco, who is a very decent man, to find you rooms in the village. Failing this, walk on and leave Scheggia to the Devil." To be forced to spend a night of discomfort and hunger after a long day's trek over mountains or road is the most depressing experience imaginable on a gita. Often it is the result of miscalculation when the fifty kilometres which had seemed such a bagatelle on your map in Rome shrink to thirty or less on the spot. Then you must cast about for an unforeseen resting place. On such an occasion two men spent the night in an hotel on the walls of which a previous sufferer had scrawled, "*Qui si muore di freddo*". I remember being marooned in a village in the mountains above Antrodoco called Pendenza. The nearest fountain was two kilometres down the mountain side, which meant that the inhabitants had largely dispensed with the use of water. They certainly did not drink it. The solitary inn was approached up a cobbled incline redolent of goats, and you then climbed up an outside staircase of rough stone and pushed open a sort of stable door. As we opened it there was a sudden hush on the motley crew within, and the proprietor, a fat, rheumy-eyed man in shirt sleeves, remained seated in the midst of the throng and waved us to a couple of chairs. We drank a little wine, and then the ice was broken and we had to act as

the centre of interest, keeping a fixed grin of idiotic amiability as a reply to anything we could not understand.

All we wanted was a change, a meal and sleep, for we had had a hard day. But we sat for an hour listening to a wooden-legged man with a fringe of black whiskers tell us a long and pointless yarn about his cousin Augusto ; to a tall, lithe young fellow incongruously attired in a sleeveless undervest and panama hat affirm his disbelief in everything except Sant' Antonio, who had saved his life ; and to the proprietor who, for reasons best known to himself, insisted on proclaiming at frequent intervals that he was not an Italian, and offering to show us his *albero genealogico* to prove he was a Spaniard. Then he would round on his scowling and silent son and denounce him because he would not marry and so had to pay the bachelor tax. I remember us sitting there watching a flea leap over the multitudinous stains of the table, tasting the salt of the day on our lips, feeling our limbs stiffening from the day's labour, and wondering when the talk would end and we might get something to eat.

Fortunately in most parts of the country the balance is soon redressed, as we found next night in the wholly admirable village of Cittareale, where the parish priest's father keeps a model inn. But there are great tracks of country south of Rome which offer nothing for the night but incredibly ramshackle villages built of the stones of the Middle Ages, roughly reassembled and patched with corrugated iron and *pomodoro* tins. The Roman barber, Adelmo Pacifici, judiciously summed up the district in the phrase " Sono molto più indietro, di là ". He also characterised the population as " Un tipo poco esperto " adding as an example " Quel guardiano a Palazzola—un orso ! " However that was because Luigi is a native of Valmontone, and that is in the Ciociaria to which his strictures were meant to apply. The *Cioce* are sheepskin mocassins bound to the feet and legs with thongs, and are the general legwear of the district : but the more dandified now wear a strip of Dunlop tyre. It is the tin-can aspect of the towns which is depressing : there is no dignity of decay in the refuse of modernity. Perhaps we were brought up in too Romantic a tradition, and all this might delight the heart of your modern poet, for whom no ruined castle is complete unless crowned with a dustbin or a mouldering bedstead.

The kind of town you find at the end of your day is always

a gamble. You may have a revelation in the heart of the Abruzzi, like the lovely town of Scanno, where everything is pleasing, from the gracious head-dress of the women and black cloaks of the old men to the scrubbed boards and piping hot wine of Albergo Sagittario. Or on the other hand you may come to the dead end of the valley south of Subiaco, and see the monumental slum called Fillettino rising against the sky. What a town! And yet it is surrounded on the map with magnificent names like Sorgenti dell' Aniene, Monte Crepacuore, Serra Sant' Antonio. Go through that country and you will remember the meaning of the word *Miseria*. You will understand what drives so many from the hard grind on this ungrateful earth to try even the slums of New York or the ice cream and chip shops of the British Isles.

And yet, unlike all other emigrants, what numbers return! In the far south Abruzzi there is a whole village which will greet you in the accents of Glasgow, and another which speaks Cockney. And there is, of course, the ubiquitous twang from over the Atlantic. The sooty accents of an American or English industrial town sound startlingly incongruous amidst the mountains and valleys of the Appenines. It frequently happens too that the only English remembered is a few phrases expressing the minimum fundamental needs of mankind, especially when the speaker is slightly tipsy and has learnt his English from the troops on the Piave in the last war. Four solemn men, seated in a bus whirling down the mountain road to Celano, were contemplating the ragged sunset over the Fucino and thinking how fitting a landscape it was for the home of the author of the "Dies Irae". But their meditations were perpetually distracted by the bus-driver, who was carolling "Tipperary" at the top of his voice and interspersing his recital with much more disconcerting cries and ditties.

Yet I did meet a man once in the village of Acciano, north of Sulmona, who had been a miner in Alaska and had returned with hardly a word of English. He made hot wine for us on a bleak day of rain and hunger, crushing the sugar in a grimy paw, whilst an aged hag crouched by the hearthstone and roasted eggs in their shells in the ashes. He was a gigantic fellow with a candid soul, and spoke with reverence of two travellers who had passed that way twelve months previously. They were, he said, the sons of Irish princes, sent by their noble fathers on

foot around the world to gain experience. We did not disabuse him, but we had no difficulty in recognizing, under this unusual description, D. and G., two notorious experts with the long bow from Via Monserrato, 45.

The harrowing experiences which can follow a too careless glance at the map are too numerous to be tabulated. After some experience you can roughly size up the sort of country you can expect from the look of the district on the map. But one millimetre's error in a crucial spot can send you scrambling up and down rough scree and loose stone slopes instead of following a bone-shaking but clearly marked path. And in the stony waste you meet the devil of thirst with his throat of tinder and a mouth to light a match.

Do not believe anyone who tells you to drink sparingly of water on your travels. One such man misled us once by his half-remembered fragments of Boy Scout lore into sucking a stone all day and passing fountains of crystal mountain water. All we had for our pains was a skinned mouth, such that we could hardly eat or drink at all in the evening. Since that date I have followed the rule of never passing a fountain without drinking, and of carrying a drinking bottle as well. Alas! this rule is impossible in some places—in Tuscany for instance, where there are only wells and most of the drinkable wine is sent away to be bottled, and, most impossible of all, in the dusty country between Tolentino and the Adriatic, the Marches. There you can slake your thirst only on musty, cloudy well-water or a thin and bloodless drink described in the Roman *trattorie* as *vino di famiglia*. A couple of days of the white road to Loreto under these conditions gave two of us a mournful appreciation of the overheard conversation of mother and child as we sat by the roadside. “Ma perché fanno questo, mamma?” “Stupida! lo fanno per penitenza.”

Ah well! Such things are the penalty of mortality. To be just, it must be remembered that they form only a fraction of the days of a gita. And just as the most hilarious concert in retrospect is often one that was a flop on the night, so during such days as these one has always at the back of one's mind “Haec olim meminisse juvabit”.

GEORGE P. DWYER.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS

Was it not Jugurtha who first calumniated Rome by saying that everything in the city was for sale? And the modern form of this libel is the pitying remark which bids the First Year man guard himself from scandal when he goes there, as he will be confronted only with the human side of the Church. To such a mentality the thousand stairs of the Vatican are all, apparently, back stairs: the Scala Regia must enjoy an entirely ideal existence, confined to the minds of ultramontanes. In answer to so jaundiced an outlook, there is surely no need to develop Chesterton's dictum that the Faith is an incarnational religion; that exclusively spiritual views are spurious spirituality, especially since the Word became Flesh. Some sort of Manicheism is a constant outcrop of history, with Donatists, Albigensians, Illuminati, Jansenists and the rest of the sour-jowled tribe. There is a streak of Puritanism in every generation that would account all human nature a defect.

I say there is no need to develop this answer in the pages of the VENERABLE, for one of the many lessons which Rome taught so gradually and so gently was the practical implications of the wedding in man between body and soul, spirit and matter. The effects of a *sciocco*, as of the Pope being carried into Saint Peter's, both taught the same lesson from different angles. Most people went through three stages during their seven years; first they saw everything as rosy-hued magnificence, later as shop-soiled if not slightly moth-eaten, and finally as it was—God's work in man, both hampered and exalted by the limitations of

human nature. The Church is *Sancta Mater Ecclesia* because, among other reasons, she understands human nature as well as abstract principles. Moreover, she uses human nature. It would go hard with us did she not do so.

I, therefore, make no excuse for instancing among the human nature she uses the *Monsignori* of the Congregations. Looking back on them from the distance of a thousand miles and several years, I find they form an attractive picture, more attractive than at the time I realised, a picture to which I would direct your kind attention for a moment. You remember them, taking their daily constitutional along the Tiber banks, usually in twos ; stopping, as by mutual consent, every ten yards, while one poked an argumentative finger at his companion's fifth button—the one where the guard of his gun-metal watch was fixed—or fitted finger and thumb together to prod the empty air as he laid down the law. Their hats were always wonderfully shiny, their greecas less wonderfully so. Indeed, the crown of their hats was also the crown of their beauty, and they often had buckles sewn upon elastic-sided boots. They carried umbrellas of varying thicknesses, and their purple stocks just peeped out from under their collars. They were broad men with flat feet, whose cassocks fitted to perfection, and whose manners fitted their cassocks ; polite men with enormous handkerchiefs, which they used for more than one purpose. Definitely a caste.

But it was only in their proper setting, behind the *sportelli* of their different *dicasteri*, that they emerged from the class into all the particularism of individuals. It was there that one saw who was bald, who had sleek raven hair, who boasted well-tended locks, whose iron filings were innocent of brush and comb. It was there that one saw the careful man with armllets to preserve his cuffs and elbows ; the ink-slinger with traces of his trade upon his face as well as on his collar ; the muddler with petitions stacked around him like a timber yard ; the methodical with virgin desk, and files forming column on the right like grenadiers ; the anxious with sealing-wax on one ear and a stamp permanently sticking to his fingers ; the casual dropping cigarette ash over everything, including untidy heaps of money lying supine in corners as if they were hopeless souls. It was there that one separated the sheep from the goats and learned which man got on with the job, which man kept you waiting

while he gossiped with his brethren, which man was scrupulous and inefficient, which man could make a decision and stick to it.

Really there was no telling how the background of responsible office would change a man. At the Tor di Quinto, of a Corpus Christi, we used to meet the nuns' little chaplain, whose head from its crown ran in a perfectly straight, perpendicular line to the nape of his neck. He smiled on our gruesome chant in the midst of his colourful procession; he toyed with tea amongst us; he paid elaborate compliments to our appearances, our nationality, our intelligences, our faith, our poise, our phlegm. But meet him in the Concilio, where he presided over the *cassa*, and you discovered a gruff old thing, who snorted "Niente" at you and banged down the lid with obvious satisfaction at your discomfiture. Not that there was anything personal in it; he enjoyed barking and banging the lid—that was all. For if you had second thoughts and rapped smartly on the glass of his window, he would open again and enquire "Che desidera?" as if you were an entirely new person. This affability might be partly due to the prospect of being able to refuse you again: he got such fun out of it. And I think it really hurt him to have the document you were seeking. But when that rare situation arose, he put a brave smile on it and handed over the prize with something better than resignation. It was worth saying "grazie" to him to hear the entirely new inflection with which he pronounced this "niente". For some unknown reason one generation christened him *Baffi*. He was seldom clean shaven—not what you would call *clean* shaven—but he never let things go as far as that!

The Penitenzieria boasted the Venerable Bede, as one man called him, a suitably benign figure with white hair. Unlike *Baffi*, he suffered from a passionate longing to oblige, and when he could not do so his agony was pitiable to see. He had long, tapering fingers, simply created to dwell lovingly over the illumination of old vellum; many of Fra Angelico's frescoes moved with his movements in the hideous setting of the Palazzo Sant' Uffizio. The Monsignore who distributed medals was another gentle soul, handing out the little red cases, stamped with the Pope's arms, as if you personally were the *bene merens*. He doddered a trifle as he looked for what you wanted, picking up all sorts of packages that belonged to other people, and

keeping up sotto voce a running commentary: "Ma—no—Collegio Inglese tu dissi—quest' invece è per Chicago—allora vediamo—forse—ah! eccolo, nascosto qui dietro—pazienza—finalmente tutto si trova!"

At the Holy Office proper was a dear apple-faced Monsignore who went home to Rocca di Papa every evening and who held refreshing views on the political situation. "Cosa farà Chamberlain col suo ombrello: ci porterà la pace? Speriamolo bene! Questi pazzi qui hanno sete della guerra, hanno bisogno della mano forte. Ma ho paura che i vostri siano troppo gentiluomini e che si lascino ingannar." All this as he licked long envelopes and pushed them slowly through the *sportello*. Then he would sigh heavily, unlatch his window, lower it half-way, pause to push a smiling face through for one last "buon giorno a Lei" and finally let the frame drop. Not everyone was so favourably disposed. At the Dataria there was a bellicose little man, whose name most aptly smelt of gunpowder, and sanctions still stuck in his gizzard. He needed careful handling but his bark was far worse than his bite. He would treat you to a diatribe against Anglo-Saxon materialism: "La sterlina ed il dollaro vogliono tra loro dominare sul mondo, ma la vera civiltà non si vende per niente!" And then he would concede *un grosso ribasso* without the asking. Shakespeare would have cheerfully put it all down to an enlarged spleen. He was really a nice little man.

Not all the officials with whom one dealt were in orders. At the Segreteria di Stato a Jeeves-like layman exercised his efficiency on the addresses to which Papal blessings were to be sent; and in the Briefs another layman, who used sand for blotting-paper—medieval touch!—explained the differences between *cavaliere-gran-croce* and *cavaliere sine addito*. In appearance he belonged to the epoch of Garibaldi, but his moustaches were Pontifical to the core. The Consistorial meant Freddi, of course, and the genial courtesy which so many generations have experienced.

If the Congregationalists were men of character, so too were the places in which they worked. Who does not remember the exciting, stuffy atmosphere of the *ante-camera*, compounded by the sun shining on permanently drawn curtains? Hope of the Pope's signature to some very special blessing would take you there, and you might even be rewarded with unofficial

glimpses of him passing from one group of pilgrims to another. Once in the afternoon, going along the window-lined corridor to the Segreteria di Stato, I saw the Holy Father come out into the Cortile San Damaso, where his carriage was pacing round and round to exercise the horses, and I marvelled at the combined genuflection-cum-salute of the Swiss and Papal Gendarmes. It looked odd to see figures, scurrying across the cobbles a moment before, fall on their knees and wait till the Pope had settled himself, till the chamberlain in attendance had taken his place opposite, and the whole equipage had swept out of sight through the Pappagallo. Then, as if someone had pulled a string, all these dispersed puppets came to life and the Cortile recaptured its normal bustle.

Business took one occasionally far from this pageantry to the down-at-heels *palazzo* of Propaganda in the Piazza di Spagna, separated from the Vatican almost by the whole of Rome, with its dingy, flowered wall-papers peeling in festoons, and coffered ceilings cracked to reveal the sham of, apparently, chestnut beams and gilt. Everything was plaster in those great rooms, and moulting plaster at that. You climbed to this scene of decay in antediluvian lifts. How they grumbled as they crawled spasmodically upwards! But you were not likely to mind if you shared with a Cardinal the minute space provided by Messrs Otis (I think they, and one Stigler, made all the lifts in Rome). This would be a red-letter day for you, rubbing elbows—literally, there was no room to be more respectful—with an Eminence. Not that you hoped to figure in his conversation at lunch: if he remembered you at all it would probably be to mimic your Italian. But now you had something to write home about next Saturday, and that was always a relief.

Lifts! A Romanesque could be written on Roman lifts. There were those huge ones, with walnut panels, at San Callisto, which you were allowed to work for yourself and which did at least three knots when they were in form. There was a lift at the Casa Sacro Cuore, one of the chief excitements of retreat, which anyone might use to take him to the roof; but there he would find a firm notice bidding him come down on his legs. How many generations, crawling into the College on a hot morning after three schools, have not decided that the well of our staircase was simply made for a lift? And now the Knights of Malta have installed one! (Otis or Stigler? As yet we do

not know.) But the Vice-Rector is sure to have elaborated a code of rules on its use before we have been back in the house for twenty-four hours. The *ascensore* is like to rival the *vestibolo* in the amount of room it will take up on his notice-board.

But I stray from the Congregations. San Callisto was magnificent in scale, if uninspiring in its modernity. Acres of the same distemper, miles of the same linoleum, rows of the same lamps, the same desks, thousands of the same blotters. No doubt they were all of the best, but the only relief was to find the Papal *stemma* on the light-switches, and it was on all of them, even the least important. Mass production does not suit the Congregations. There ought to be some other way of discovering whether you are in the Religiosi or the Concilio than by going outside to see which name is written in letters of brass over the door.

Now the Segreteria di Stato with its Pompeian decorations and badly-laid parquet floor had character; the gaunt austerity of the Holy Office, with no embellishment but a fly-blown photograph of the Pope, had character; even the decayed gentility of Propaganda had character. But the *dicasteri* of San Callisto were all turned out of the same mould. It affected the men who slaved there; they began to take on a generic likeness. They all walked on their heels, as if in advertisement of the properties of their linoleum; they all wielded their blotters with the same wrist-action; they all bowed with the angularity of their steel furniture, an action quite impossible in the baroque surroundings of the Dataria. I have only one good word to say of San Callisto: its *portiere* touched his hat to you all the year round, and not just during the week before Christmas. Whereas the trinity of frock-coats in the Segreteria di Stato would underline their condescension by remarking, "Giorno, Reverendo—siamo già sotto le feste"—and you knew what was expected of you.

The best story anent the Congregations is the story of the young man who wanted leave to say Mass in a *rifugio* on, I think, the Gran Sasso. He drew up a magnificent petition in the approved style, folded it backwards down the middle as he had been shown how to do, subscribed his name, diocese and purpose, and took it along to the Sacraments. But the first *minutante* to whom he applied held up his hands in horror at the idea. However, he was a kind soul and, though he could not agree,

he went in search of higher authority. Higher authority was equally scandalised and equally obliging. Like the house that Jack built, this humble petition passed from *Minutante* to *Sotto-Segretario*; from *Sotto-Segretario* to *Segretario*; from *Segretario* to *Assessore*; from *Assessore* to the Cardinal Prefect. Eventually the trembling suppliant was summoned to the presence and found himself faced by the entire hierarchy of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, with underlings making it their business to bring in papers so that they could assist at the proceedings, and less ingenious folk poking faces round the door. A long argument ensued. It was impossible: what would he do if there was a wind, and there was always a wind in the mountains? But he would be indoors; the refuge was a building, as his Eminence of course understood. But what of the conditions indoors? His Eminence understood that these places were—well, not exactly churches. And so the discussion swayed this way and that, but always returning to the final negative without ever anchoring there. In the end the Cardinal swung round upon the now reckless Englishman. And what had put such an idea into his head? “L’esempio di Pio Undecimo!” The entire Congregation gasped: “Sua Santità!” But Pius XI still sat upon the chair of Peter and the Cardinal reached for his pen. With a mountaineering Pope, what would you? He signed his name at the bottom of the petition and waved the young man away satisfied.

Truly, Holy Mother Church understands human nature as well as abstract principles.

H.M.V.

NOVA ET VETERA

We have received from His Grace the Apostolic Delegate a copy of the following letter from Cardinal Pizzardo, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Studies : (cf. p. 215).

Sacra Congregatio de Seminariis
et Studiorum Universitatibus.

Prot. Num. 559/41/2.

Roma, *maggio* 1.1941

Eccellenza Reverendissima,

E pervenuta in questi giorni, dall' ottimo Mons. Macmillan, Rettore de Ven. Collegio Inglese, insieme con una ampia relazione sull' attuale sistemazione provvisoria del Collegio medesimo, una domanda diretta ad ottenere che le scuole del Collegio durante la forzata permanenza in Inghilterra, siano autorizzati a conferire i gradi accademici in Teologia e Filosofia.

V.E. Rev^{ma}. abbia la bontà di ringraziare quel benemerito Rettore, a nome di questo Dicastero, non solo del grande zelo con cui ha seguito le vicende del Collegio procurandogli una sede adatta e tranquilla, ma anche della diligenza con cui ha tenuto informato di tutto questo Dicastero medesimo.

Voglia inoltre fargli conoscere che—per quanto riguarda i gradi accademici—il Santo Padre si è degnato concedere che gli alunni del Ven. Collegio possono, servatis servandis, ricevere i gradi di Baccellierato e di Licenza in S. Teologia e Filosofia a nome della Pont. Università Gregoriana, nella forma che sarà comunicata direttamente dalla medesima Pont. Università, dietro istruzioni già da noi impartite.

Mentre ringrazio V.E. dei buoni uffici, Le auguro una costante divina protezione da ogni pericolo, e Le porgo i miei devoti ossequi.

Dell' Eccellenza Vostra Rev^{ma}.
 dev^{mo}. per servir La,
 (signed) G. Card. Pizzardo
 „ Ernesto Ruffini, Seg.

AT HOME

“ And thoughte they carye nothyng furth with them, yet in all their jorney they lack nothing. For wheresoever they come, they be at home. If they tary in a place longer than one daye, then there every one of them falleth to his own occupation. . . ”

The Seconde Booke of Utopia.

We, who are nurtured by such an Alma Mater, cannot be other than Roman, though separated from the threshold of the Apostles by sea and foe. In her rural retreat the Collegio Inglese is as alive as ever, and traditions are treasured indeed, for Rome in retrospect is a Rome made doubly desirable. As we hang on, then, with both hands to as many old activities as we may, it will be the more interesting to observe the effects of life at this new latitude.

The philosophical passion for labels and categories would suggest classifying them as advantages and disadvantages. But we imagine that it will be unnecessary to state in each case to which class it belongs. *Patet ex natura rei.* Latin is a great help when one is forced to state the obvious.

The first unusual aspect of existence, with which we are faced, is its comparative monotony. Life in the Eternal City was one of wonderful variety. Now the canvas is no longer crowded with incident; the days follow each other unhurriedly with the smoothness of a broad river. We thought we appreciated Rome to the full, but we are learning excellencies which we did not grasp at the time. For instance, now that we do not need to stir beyond our door-step for lectures, we remember with actual regret the bustling, cosmopolitan cassocks of the Piazza Pilotta and the three giant mouths that swallowed them up. The bell for walk in the afternoon awakes less enthusiasm than did the prospect of that hot climb to Pamphili, with its

familiar beggars and santo-seeking *ragazzini*. Because we no longer live in a Renaissance slum, trees have lost some of their excitement for us. Walks in our own neighbourhood, on an ordinary afternoon when one cannot go far afield, are not only limited in scope but quite bereft of incident. On the other hand, there is a bite in the air which we missed in Italy, save when the *tramontana* blew; *fiacco* is an adjective that no longer applies to life.

As a compensating factor, when the days are more monotonous, our rooms have assumed a new importance. Beginning, as we did, *ab ovo*, we take greater pains over their furnishing and decoration. Every break in the programme, whether festa, gita or concert, is appreciated as it never was before. Hobbies have increased; carpentry, painting, even tapestry and rug-making; and many take the opportunity of delving into fresh riches of literature. Nowhere, perhaps, is the change so marked as in the Common Room circle, where conversation lacks the colour that a crowded day was wont to provide.

The most obvious novelty is that we are twelve degrees further North; nothing is more modifying than the influence of climate. Yes, we have fires in our rooms. You who have cheered yourselves on two pipes of a hideous radiator—or even, in a more primitive age, on nothing but fresh air—will realise all this means. The most sparsely furnished room has a welcoming effect when one opens the door to the dancing light of the flames. Therefore our industry in stoking is tireless. A black mound of coal, just outside the chapel wall, is being converted, with the steady efficiency of a factory, into a red-brown heap of ash, dumped at some thirty yards' distance. Doors are jealously guarded, and a new public office fills Thursday morning with the rattle of the coal-hoist and the pleasant arrival of a black-faced minion with one's ration for the week.

Original styles of dress are in vogue. The overcoat has become a recognised substitute for the now rare zimarra. The Northern climate also allows of skating and tobogganning. We never played ice-hockey on the lake in Pamphili; we do not need to climb the Terminillo to reach the snow-line—we live above it, and when the rest of the countryside is clear, our garden is still as white as Pendle. For the rest, we have an unusually generous share of penetrating rain, a rain which seems to carry its pallid atmosphere indoors, so that a really fine day acts as a

tonic on the House. We remember the folk, weary of Italian skies, who longed for the dripping sight of Deansgate; which prompts the speculation why human nature always sighs for the unattainable.

It may be for our sins that we are confronted thus early in our careers with that ultimate of ultimates, dust. We need not wait for Ash Wednesday to remind us of its presence within us, on us, above, below, beside and all about us. It is here in quantities vast enough for a thousand meditations. No matter how perseveringly we remove it from corridors, from under tables, chairs and beds, it drifts back again within twenty-four hours. Every morning from 8.45 we declare thirty-five minutes' war on this public enemy. And again we realise for the first time a Roman excellency. That dim, far-off figure of an Italian servant, his head capped in the *Messaggero*, his arms whisking fluff busily from one corner of the room to another, is recalled, no longer with grumbles, but with growing sympathy. It is an education we are undergoing. We realise too how he must have felt in the refectory, for we also serve tables, learning to balance dishes and cutlery with professional dexterity while moving across the boards with that "little noiseless noise" that will not interrupt the reader.

The shire which has welcomed us is certainly no stranger to the Faith or to the College. Our martyrs have been here before us and their names live to this day round the secret chapels where they said Mass and the houses that sheltered them. The countryside? Well, forty minutes' brisk walking takes us to the top of Longridge Fell and a view across one of the most breath-taking dales in England, to Chipping and the banks of the Loudwater. Our own valley is perhaps not justly appraised by those who have been spoiled by the rugged wonders of the Abruzzi or, more recently, by the English lakes. Yet sunrise over the whale-back of Pendle is an experience to be treasured; and we get up early enough in the morning to see it for half the year. The random passage of the River Hodder, in its course to the Ribble, is a succession of entrancing surprises; and at Black Wheel we can have refreshing bathes in the months when the atmosphere is electric with examinations.

Stonyhurst Road End is the real approach to Saint Mary's. You climb up from Cromwell's Bridge, past woods and fields, with an ever-widening view of busy Ribble-side behind you,

till you come to our open gates. Beyond the house the road winds upwards between groups of gaunt trees, and once started on this climb you are on the fringe of the fell country, where trees assume all the fantastic shapes that the searching winds can rough-hew from them, crouching, twisting, clutching; where the runnels, brackish from their peaty springs, skirt the heather and slither under grey stone walls. For this is the land of the curious, endless walls of wedged stones, dry walls as they are called, that join each other and carry their silent testimony to man's persevering skill over impossible slopes, over sudden dips and bogged hollows, far away to the wilds of Cumberland and the Great Wall of Hadrian. The rain-rusted cottages are of Grimm; nor do their owners resent the close companionship of wind and water.

When the virtue of Spring is welling, the sky can be radiant in a pale wash of blue. Last June and July the warmth of blessing hung over a countryside suddenly grown rich and luxuriant. Autumn is a fairy time when the valleys are wooded and the peaks a blaze of ling. But for the rest of the year the dominant colour is grey. Indeed, this is whence comes its unkempt, awe-inspiring beauty. The dull green of the grass is flecked with grey; the fleece of the sheep is the same chill colour; the fields are olive and the skies iron. It is often difficult to tell where the bleak escarpments merge into the mist.

The ebb of the tide of humanity from uplands which cannot have known the plough these many generations has left behind a few lonely inns and coaching-houses; the White Cross, the Craven Heifer, the Red Pump, the Moorcock. They speak of a grazing country, not of arable land. There are estates marked by the great names of Shireburn, Bailey, Townley and Tempest. And the mention of names makes one quote the hamlets and landmarks, scattered over the hills and dales, for the very savour of their saying; Over Hacking, the House of Croasdale, Sagar Fold, Sykes Nab, Hanging Stones, Blaze Moss, Rakefoot and Doeford Bridge. A tongue of the West Riding of York licks to within half a mile of our doors; the wide Ribble sweeps past down to Roman Ribchester and Stuart Preston. But the winding reaches of the Hodder beckon us up to the heights, to the folds of the mountains where Whitewell stands sentinel on the silent approaches of the Trough of Bowland; to as yet unconquered sources of the Hodder itself, of the Ribble and the Wyre.

So, we are quietly content. Thought wings often across the Alps, but it is a reminiscence and for some a calm hope, far different from the restless nostalgia of our first months in England. Well might we then have been tempted to misquote the chorus of J. B. Morton's Vagabond :

“ One day we'll find the Happy Isles,
 Whatever way we roam,
 And laugh away our youth there,
 And learn a simple truth there,
 That the whole wide world is the Happy Isles,”
 And the universe our Rome.

Its burthen is now ours. We, who were England in Rome, are become Rome in England. And either state is perfect in its measure.

EDMUND TYLER.

A SALOPIAN PILGRIM TO THE HOSPICE IN 1448

Some time ago in the transactions of the Shropshire Archaeological Society I came upon a brief calendar of documents preserved in the vestry of St Chad's Church, Shrewsbury. Among them I marked one attesting the reception of Thomas Peyton of Shrewsbury into the Brotherhood of the Hospital of St Thomas in Rome. Thereupon I got into touch with the Anglican Vicar, the late Rev. C-B. Roach, by whose courtesy I was twice able to read and transcribe the document. This is a slip of parchment, about six inches by four, written in a very small hand, neat enough but somewhat crabbed, which made it very hard to solve some of the contractions, further obscured in places by the creasing. Two or three of these for a long time grieved me, above all those of the words *caritatem preesse* (=praeesse) in the last sentence but one. I sought the kind help of Miss Littledale at Oxford, who consulted an authority on mediaeval script, but the problem baffled us all. At last I besought the help of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, and, laugh who will, that very morning a new light dawned on me. The *ca* seemed clear; it suddenly occurred to me to compare it with other words so beginning and almost at once I lighted upon *caritate* in the first sentence, which gave me the clue; *caritatem* satisfied script, space and context; it was clearly the right reading. I am not

ashamed to avow my belief that Blessed Ralph Sherwin did come to my rescue, and this avowal will, I trust, save me from being branded as "a broad-minded Roman Catholic". (O'Connell said that whenever he was praised by the *Times* he examined his conscience.) Another puzzle was *fluctuantes* in line ten, the *u* and *a* being just alike in the MS and the final twirl suggesting *ur*. At last the difficulties all yielded, and the document seems worthy of record. Although it does not add much to our knowledge of the Hospice, yet it stands witness that a pilgrim from the remote Welsh Marches highly prized the privilege of reception into the Brotherhood of the Hospital in the Via Monserrato, and alludes directly to concessions granted by two Popes of the second quarter of the fifteenth century.

Of Thomas Peyton himself I have been able to find out disappointingly little. The name does not seem to be Salopian, nor to have persisted locally. He was a priest, a *capellanus*, living in Shrewsbury, in the parish of St Chad, who in his will, dated 1446, left generous bequests to that church and directed that his body should be buried before one of its altars. It does not seem to tell us anything more of the man himself or his life-story, but leaves a general impression of a truly devout and edifying priest whose devotion to Holy Church was eloquent in pilgrimage to the Holy City, where he eagerly sought for and obtained the privilege of being enrolled in the Brotherhood of St Thomas's Hospital.

Universis christi fidelibus presentes literas inspecturis Nos
Camerarius Custos & Procurator Hospitalis Sancte Trinitatis
& Sancti Thome martyris in vrbe Romana fundati Saluten
& vtriusque honoris incrementum Eloquio sacro testante
instruimur ac caritate informamur quod bona spiritualia
quanto magis distribuuntur & inter christicolos seminantur
tanto pociora premia & fructus uberiores gracie & caritatis
afferunt et inducunt sine quibus nemo Jerarchie celestis
particeps efficitur et quibus mediantibus spirituali naufragio
fluctuantes salutis deducuntur ad portum cum turmis sanc-
torum eternaliter permansuri verumque inter ceteros ecclesie
sancte Romane pontifices qui omnibus utriusque sexus fratribus
et sororibus hospitalis prefati largas et amplas indulgencias
concesserunt felicis recordationis bone memorie Dominus
Eugenius papa quartus Octauo kalendas Nouembris Anno

Incarnationis Sancte millesimo cccc xlv sui pontificatus anno quintodecimo prefatis fratribus et sororibus omnibus et singulis confraternitatis predicte vbilibet constitutis ac infra triennium a data concessione suo decreto recipiendis concessit quoties opus fuerit ut eligere sibi valeant confessores ydoneos seculares vel regulares qui eorum auditis confessionibus iniuncta penitencia salutari ipsos ab omnibus criminibus nisi super quibus sedes apostolica sit merito consulenda absoluere ac in articulo mortis omnium peccatorum plenam remissionem concedere possint Quam piam concessionem sanctissimus in christo pater dominus noster Dominus Nicholaus papa quintus misericorditer anno primo sue consecrationis decreto apostolico per amplius confirmavit omnibus eorum confratribus & sororibus quibuscumque prout in ipsis sanctissimi nostri patris literis plerumque continetur Sic tamen quod idem confessor de hijs de quibus fuerint absoluti satisfactionem pendendam cum eis per eos vel heredes eorum faciendam iniungat quam ipsi vel illi facere teneantur in eisdem literis apostolicis continetur Nos igitur camerarius Custos et Procurator supradicti auctoritate apostolica vigoreque officiorum nostrorum quibus in primis caritatem preesse demonstrauius Dominum Thomam Peyton In nostram confraternitatem specialiter recipientes nostrorum priuilegiolorum ac honorum indulgenciarum missarum orationum suffragiorum aliorumque omnium operum pietatis nobiscum nunc pro semper participem in omnibus facimus per presentes sigillo officij hospitalis predicti Consignatum Datum Salop Sexto die Julij Anno domini millesimo cccc^{mo} xlviiij^o

The following may serve as an English rendering.

To all the faithful who come to the sight of this letter we, the Chamberlain, Warden and Procurator of the Hospice of the Holy Trinity and St Thomas the Martyr founded in the city of Rome, send Greeting and wish increase of all honour. By the testimony of Holy Writ we are taught and by charity informed regarding spiritual goods, that the more widely they are dealt out and sown broadcast among Christians the greater gain and more abundant fruits of grace and charity do they yield and bring us, lacking which no one can become a member of the heavenly hierarchy, while their possession brings those who labour in peril of spiritual shipwreck to the harbour of

salvation, to live for evermore in the ranks of the blessed. Now among other Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Church who have granted great and generous indulgences to all the brothers and sisters of the above-named Hospice our Lord Pope Eugene the Fourth, of happy memory, on the 25th October in the year of the Holy Incarnation 1445, in the fifteenth year of his pontificate, granted by decree to all and single of the brothers and sisters of the above-named Guild, wheresoever dwelling, and those to be received into it within three years, that as often as the need arises they may choose out suitable confessors, secular or regular with power to hear their confessions and, after imposing a fit penance, to absolve them from all sins except those about which the Apostolic See ought to be consulted, and in the hour of death to grant them the full remission of all their sins. This sacred privilege our most holy Father in Christ, our Lord Pope Nicholas the fifth, of his great clemency, in the first year of his consecration, confirmed and enlarged by apostolic decree, for each and all of the brothers and sisters, as is more fully set forth in the letters of the said holy father, with the condition that the said confessor is to impose on those whom he absolves a fitting satisfaction to be performed by them or their heirs, to which they or their heirs are bound (as) is contained in the same apostolic letter. Accordingly, we the Chamberlain, Warden and Procurator aforesaid, by apostolic authority, as in virtue of our official duties, among which we have shown that charity has the first place, do specially receive sir Thomas Peyton into our brotherhood and therewith make him partaker in our privileges, honours, indulgences, masses, prayers, suffrages, and all other works of devotion, now and for all time and in all points, by this present instrument under the seal of the aforementioned Hospice. Countersigned at Shrewsbury on the 6th day of July in the year of our Lord 1448.

This document is not, I think, the original instrument, but a transcript made at Shrewsbury, since the last words, *Consignatum*, etc., are in exactly the same writing as the rest, and closely resemble other local documents of the time, from which a Roman document would probably show marked differences.

H. E. G. ROPE.

COLLEGE DIARY

Beginning is necessarily an abrupt affair and there is nothing a man can do to change that fact. We have tried every approach whereby a beginning might be insinuated by imperceptible stages ; but we know by experience that such a thing is impossible. The one way to do it would be to write a long, involved introduction which would so tire a reader that he would skip the beginning, but that method is legitimate only in history books and the like. We, then, without more ado, will tell what must be told and, having told it, say no more. *E giusto ?*

SEPTEMBER 23rd *Tuesday*. Our return was for many reasons more grateful than our first coming a year ago. It is a fine day as we arrive. There are no furniture vans monopolising the front of the Hall and, most of all, there is no advance-party to show the way and make us hang the head in shame in the presence of such public spirit. No, not again. We have all equally done nothing this summer.

24th *Wednesday*. Last night on entering our room we found, instead of the melancholy chaos so enthusiastically rendered by departing tenants, an ordered, spick-and-span aspect which is completely unexpected. Even our bed is made ! We slept comfortably, notwithstanding, and find this morning our experience corroborated everywhere. Floors scrubbed, rooms aired, beds made ! For one wild moment we thought that a new Advance Party had arisen, fired by that spirit which aroused so much admiration in the Restoration. It was not so, of course ; all this is one with the innumerable kindnesses lavished upon us by our Sisters of St Joseph of Peace. Their influence on our comfort cannot be overstated.

There are no changes on the Superiors' table and we note on our own only the normal shuffle. Another year has gone out on the mission, their place being adequately taken by a new First Year—a proceeding which accords with our best tradition and one for which we thank all concerned. Our welcome to our six new members is even warmer than usual owing to

our fears that they might not be available for us, what with the scarcity of new blood for the seminaries and other war difficulties. There is also the youth from Eire who is willing to take his chances with us, despite the rather awesome difficulty of his not having a Bishop to sponsor his coming ; but he has been silenced by the fact (*horresco referens*) that the Rector of the Venerabile does not provide a prospectus of things needed by and things provided for newcomers to this College. The new men are : Messrs E. Campbell (*Northampton*) for Third Theology ; P. Anglim (*Westminster*), J. Crissell (*Leeds*), P. Harris (*Southwark*), A. Haynes (*Northampton*), M. Williams (*Birmingham*), all for First Philosophy.

Autumn is later this year. The creeper on the Hall shows no sign of detachment yet, while the hedges, woods and fields remain in full bloom. That this is not an unmitigated advantage is attested by the soccer people, who opened their season in the long grass. Then there is the man who was led across divers wet fields by one of nature's ploughmen. His remarks were just but too long-winded to bear repetition here. And now, according to a pre-arranged plan, we go into Retreat, and on

OCTOBER 2nd *Thursday* we resume the active life to find that Fr Brodrick S.J., whose generalship was superb, has confounded many others besides ourself with a cryptic reference to "the cat in the famous adage". The Vice-Rector claims to have found the cat, though we are profoundly disappointed with the beast, because he is remarkable only for his failure to do anything. Surely this is not the cat we hounded through the night watches for a whole week ! It must not be. The hunt goes on. But while on the subject of cats, our College cat is no longer a kitten, though he still maintains that deplorable lack of co-ordination between front and back legs whereby even our distributists are baffled. I hope you are interested in this cat, because he keeps cropping up and is not to be denied entry into our official history. After all, a cat must be forever one of the symbols of Rome. Remember those wakeful nights when you learned to love the night-sounds of Rome—surely, surely you have not forgotten the cats. And don't be deterred by any accidental deformities in our cat—they do not detract from the essential soundness of the brute. He looks like a cat and lives like a cat, but, most of all, he sounds like a cat. And so let us end it—to all intents and purposes he is a cat.

Mr P. Anson was the Rector's guest last week-end.

3rd *Friday*. Missa Solemnis ad instaurandum novum annum, followed by *Lectio Brevis*. All four years now work together in Dogma lectures, though it is still a common argument to tell a man to wait till he has done his Morals. Nor does one look forward now from First Year to the day when oneself will be "Magister" in the Liber Hebdomadarius ; one new man arrived recently complete with tonsure—and he a First Year Philosopher.

4th *Saturday*. *Docetur*. Professors were confronted today by bright, intelligent, eager faces : much the same as ever were. But will it last—

this eagerness? Not judging myself competent to answer, we consulted our friend, a man of wide understanding and sound judgment, who has also the gift of prophecy. He thought a space, then replied firmly and with finality, "Nah! Not always!"

5th *Sunday*. Fr Watts S.J. and Major Watts, his brother, lunched with the Rector. In the afternoon the Schola should have thrashed the Rest in a rather hearty soccer match, but, towards the end, matter prevailed and the final verdict was a draw.

6th *Monday*. Fr Gits S.J. and our old friend, Fr Brassel S.J., to lunch. As it was a lecture day we did not benefit as we should have wished by Fr Brassel's coming. You will remember that during the Easter holiday he became a valued member of our Common Room.

8th *Wednesday*. Rev. K. Connolly has returned to us for lunch today and seems to have survived his uprooting from the Venerabile extremely well. Top Year contemplated him with much satisfaction, with the look of men who would soon equal him.

11th *Saturday*. Day of Recollection for Seventh Year. Tonsure and First Minors were conferred by Bishop Marshall, while on

12th, *Sunday*, our ten Subdeacons were ordained Deacons and some students from Leagram Hall received the Subdiaconate. Two of the Leagram Hall faculty remained to lunch, and Revv. E. Coonan and P. Storey arrived in time for the Hallé Orchestra concert in the Academy Room at the College. The mere sound of an orchestra tuning their instruments is a thrilling one after an eighteen months' famine of such concerts. All enjoyed the programme thoroughly, though some would have wished for a symphony to relieve the pressure of programme music, which tires the listener too quickly. We hope that this concert is not the last we shall enjoy at Stonyhurst.

13th *Monday*. *St Edward's*—and a feast-day in Church and Refectory, as is our tradition. Revv. J. Howard and J. Slater, with some friends, joined us briefly at coffee, but promised to come to one of the Christmas plays. Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni's absence on *St Edward's* is a great *mancanza*. Indeed it is amazing and, in some ways, frightening to note how people survive and even thrive in spite of gaps in those things which they previously regarded as essentials. But one thing we shall never have—a set of deacons who can, without lapses, sing the authentic *Ite*. This morning's rendering gives promise of an interesting year.

14th *Tuesday*. The Debating Society held a Brains Trust session tonight, with five honest men facing the multitude. The questions were, in many cases, too thoughtful to be treated justly in an impromptu debate, with the result that such subjects as "What is *Romanità*?" were not discussed with the fervour one would have anticipated. But the experience gained should assist the officers of the Society in repeating an unusually enjoyable feature.

Rev. W. Boulton, whose new curate is Rev. G. Hiscoe, arrived today to stay some days with us. He has already established himself as a "Common Room man". Rev. W. Park paid us one of those brief visits for which he is noted, and on

19th, *Sunday*, Fr Boulton sang High Mass—*con brio*.

21st *Tuesday*. Some of our young men study Greek, but the rumoured class in Egyptian has not appeared in fact. The chief enthusiasts for this latter language are a pair well known for their traditional jokes in pantomimes. Some wit, the Editor of *Chi Lo Sa*?, no doubt, says that they are seeking the sources. We ourself would suggest Sumerian, as being more primitive.

26th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*, full of memories of ordinations in Rome, now unavoidably noted by such details as the victory of the Rest over the Schola. How appropriate! Capac heard its first public paper tonight, read by Mr Pledger.

28th *Tuesday*. The Silver Jubilee of our former Rector, now Apostolic Delegate. Community Mass was offered for his intentions. We drank his health in water, anticipating his coming to us on Friday, when we hope to toast him in something more festive. *Ad multos annos, plurimosque annos*.

29th *Wednesday*. Snow and Cold. Fires—which means that the dropping temperature has reached the point where fires in our little grates are sanctioned.

31st *Friday*. The day of celebration for the Archbishop. It is a beautiful day. Our front door is beflagged. Some of the residents would hang curtains and highly-coloured mats out of the windows—*modo Romano*—but the authorities could not dissociate such a gesture from the washing-day displays which are apparently a feature of some villages in the vicinity. So the colours were withdrawn. The Archbishop arrives almost unnoticed: then there is a rush downstairs: *baccia-mano* at the front door: cheers and all the traditional honours. Lunch, coffee and rosolio, and Speeches, were followed by a hearty *Ad multos annos*. Then the Archbishop gave Benediction, bringing to an end his too brief visit. We know that he is a very busy man, and we are glad of the assurance of this visit that we are among those who share His Excellency's blessings. We were glad to have Canon Prescott, Fr Belton S.J. and Rev. D. Cashman with us again.

NOVEMBER 1st *Saturday*. *Dies non*. We went across to the College to see a Chinese magician. We personally enjoyed him very much. His nerve in adding pun to pun was something to marvel at, and that we did. A man with such a nerve deserves everything he gets; whereas on

2nd *Sunday*, a most interesting *Ite* was sung, but the singer suddenly petered out, leaving us wanting more. In the evening we toured Rome once again through the medium of the Vice-Rector's films.



FOR THE DURATION

6th *Thursday*. The Leagram Hall soccer team seems to us the perfect war-time substitute for the Scots. They defeated our XI delightfully by four goals to two. We do not mean that we were delighted at the result—rather that the manner of its achievement was delightful. And so it was.

7th *Friday*. The Vice-Rector was very provoking, indeed, in a paper to the Wiseman Society. The key to the discussion is in the title, "The Meaning of Music".

8th *Saturday*. "The little man with the squeaky voice", whom the Vice-Rector chose as his adversary in his paper last night, is, we fear, still shrill in protest. The great minds do not think alike—no, not two of them. The discussion has ended prematurely, lest the ague which afflicted the Choirmaster be provoked to apoplexy. This would, of course, be a bad thing.

3rd *Monday*. Fr Brodrick S.J. addressed the Literary Society to-night, and we have no hesitation in prophesying that Helen Waddell's "Wandering Scholars" will be the book of the year, with Rev. J. Murphy's "Young Men are led into Captivity" a close second.

9th *Sunday*. It is announced that the priesthood ordinations will take place on Sunday, February 8th. This is good news.

12th *Wednesday*. We have weekly disputations in Theology now—in the traditional manner of the Schools. The difference is that here everyone has a more personal interest in the proceedings than was usual at the Gregorian. There is still that marvellous ease with which the defendant denies the Minor and is instantly taken up by the plaintiff—*et probo!* When our turn comes we mean to deny a Major to see if the thing is really spontaneous.

14th *Friday*. The Rains Came.

18th *Tuesday*. *Non docetur*, and a perfect day—one of those days when Pendle hill assumes a fine thrust which is altogether exhilarating. It recalls days of *tramontana* when Monte Velino stood out so superbly clean: when you saw that the vague ridge of Guadagnuolo was really a mountain, and when Rome herself was at her inimitable best. Several parties went for long walks today, some of them far afield into the Chipping valley, others through the Trough of Bowland, others over Waddington Fell to Newton. They are, all of them, excellent walks, and of individual attractiveness.

We will discourse to you of our surroundings. It is well to remark of personal prejudice that every man looks to a new countryside for the things he has long since learned to love; and it is so with us. We have, through our window, a truly lovely vignette of water, trees and hills: a composition much to our liking. But we admit at once that our surroundings are not all pleasing. If you stand in any one spot and turn in all directions you will see much that displeases—hen-coops, tall chimneys and that unspeakable cement works, which only the heaviest fog can conceal.

There are, however, views that startle by the suddenness of their perfection; we have never known a countryside where perspective played so large and various a part. The Hodder has many fine reaches, and there are glimpses of Pendle which are not to be surpassed. The Chipping valley is finely wooded, ringed around with mountains, and is itself of that disciplined pastoral pattern which is among the real achievements of our kind. Pendle's witches have the literary glamor of the unusual, but the Chipping valley and, beyond it, the Fylde need no literary commendation.

21st *Friday*. Things are not so happy in the cat world today, because the advent of a new kitten, and a very inferior sort of kitten too, is deeply resented by the older inhabitant. We anticipate a minor persecution, but really cannot afford it our attention now that St Catherine's is approaching.

Rev. G. Dwyer arrived for supper and afterwards entertained a large circle in the Common Room. No one missed the cigarettes he brought, we hope.

23rd *Sunday*. We are aware of an anxious look in the eyes of the Philosophers this morning—preparations for St Catherine's are reaching a climax. If their efficiency on the night equals the secrecy with which they are proceeding, there is really nothing for them to worry about.

25th *Tuesday*. *St Catherine's Day*. Again a perfect day.

There is a carefree air about the place today, if we ignore the uneasy sextet who are to speak for admission after lunch. Sounds from the theatre indicate the usual last-minute rush. We sneaked into the green room early after breakfast and saw several interesting improvisations, including a very wonderful camera. We presume that this camera will be one of the principal characters of some item. In the old days, men of genius conceived yaks, camels, dragons, but now we are come to the scientific age of cameras, stage-trains and the like. *Tempora mutantur*, no doubt, but think of the days when our stars were the back legs of the camel, the man who built the yak, and the even greater than these, who are immortal, the men who introduced and produced those undying scenes. Look at them—THE CAMEL: THE CAMERA—they are not commensurate.

The speeches after lunch were excellent, i.e., we laughed loud and long! Of the concert we are not permitted to speak, because our concerts have now reached that standard of excellence when a full criticism of each one is demanded, and the opinion of a mere diarist is not to be borne. We would linger to complain to you of this regimentation, this bureaucracy, this departmental attitude, but the fact is that we are glad, though fiercely opposed to it in principle. Are we to rival St John Ervine—or what? Anyhow we think the concert was one of the best we have known—so there!

* * * * *

We, the Critic, have held strongly for years that only an habitu  of the back row can really judge a concert; at last we have an Editor who appreciates this truth, and we are let loose upon you. Now at this first concert we were gratified to find something worthy of comment even before

the show began—a handsome new curtain. Gone were those lightly pinned bedspreads which, at the end of dramatic scenes, had flapped loosely across like bunting, and in their place hung, in neat folds, a substantial green curtain, in pleasing contrast with the dark brown woodwork. The material, we were not surprised to learn, had been obtained through the kindness of Rev. T. Turner, and the Props men had used it well. Soon the auditorium bell rang (we have even that now!) and, behold, up went the curtain without a hitch. We were impressed.

There are sixteen Philosophers. In consideration of their small numbers we were prepared to make allowances, but from the time the new men made their surprise entrance and began to roar the First Year Song we realised that such thoughtfulness was superfluous. Judicious producers had assessed their material and made the best use of it; there was a shortage of voices of good range, so nothing ambitious was attempted. The fare was almost entirely light and the wisdom of this was shown by the fact that the weakest item was rather more formal than the rest—the trio. The Rector, the Vice-Rector and Rev. G. Ekbery, as lecturers in various branches of Philosophy, figured in the programme and contributed to the success of the concert.

The sketches were outstanding. "The Gentleman from America" succeeded in gripping us with a candle-lit horror scene, complete with headless ghost, while "The Amazed Evangelist", with its combination of the humorous and the uncanny, was particularly well presented. The rest of the sketches were farcical, "Non-s-entity" being notably pointless and entertaining. The concert was long, but we were not permitted to tire; each item gave a new impetus, and when we eventually went off to bed we felt that the *animal risibile* had indeed had a day out.

1. FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus, to the tune of Land of Hope and Glory.

Ave! Mater alma,
Exsul florescens,
Vi ab urbe tua
Tu repulsa es.
Tuas semper laudes
Cantu pangemus,
Usque dum resurges,
Venerabile.

2. SKETCH *The Gentleman from America*

<i>Howard C. Puce</i>	.	.	.	Mr Barry
<i>Sir Cyril Quillier</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tolkien
<i>Kerr-Anderson</i>	.	.	.	Mr Swan
<i>Warden</i>	.	.	.	Mr Richards
<i>Under-Warden</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dockery
3. ITEM	.	.	.	Vice-Rector
4. TRIO	"Come let us all a-maying go"			Messrs Barry, Peters, Harris

5. FIRST YEAR INTERLUDE
My Bit of Fun
Thomas Perkins Mr Williams
Sarah Perkins Mr Harris
Polly Perkins Mr Crissell
A Dark Stranger Mr Anglim
Jack Williams Mr Haynes
6. NON-S-ENTITY Messrs Shelton, Richards,
 Peters
7. LITTLE MOTHER (A RUSSIAN TRAGEDY) Messrs Peters, Chadwick
8. SKETCH *Props*
The Boy Mr Harris
The Electrician Mr Swaby
Mr Brissell Mr Shelton
Props Mr Peters
Miss Gladwin Mr Tyler
Mr Inchpin Mr Swan
Mr Dalroy Mr Dockery
9. VIOLIN SOLO Rev. G. Ekbery
10. ITEM Messrs Shelton, Peters
11. SONG The Rector
12. ONE ACT PLAY
 “*The Amazed Evangelist*”
 (A nightmare by James Bridie)
Will Mr Richards
Mrs Snell Mr Dockery
John Bartholomew Mr Swaby
Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan Mr Chadwick
Aggie Mr Killeen
Annie Fraser Mr Tyler
 Scene : A few miles from Dunoon
 * * * * *

26th *Wednesday*. The new cat joined us at breakfast and was most affable—drat him!

30th *Sunday*—DECEMBER 1st, *Monday*. The Sunday displaced St Andrew and Andrew displaced the feast of the College Martyrs, so on

2nd, *Tuesday*, we had the Martyrs' High Mass before breakfast, and less intelligent people, like ourself, are not quite sure what day it is. *Doce-tur*, says the official guide.

7th *Sunday*. Fr Taylor S.J. to lunch.

8th *Monday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. We are taking you over to Stonyhurst Academy Room to review the play which our men are presenting to the Staff and students there. Here is an expert, who will give you a resumé of the play and the play-acting.

* * * * *

“The Case of the Frightened Lady” is not a good play. Its first act was evidently written to give Gordon Harker scope, without thought for the need of getting the plot moving quickly: although it is supposed to be a thriller, there is throughout a marked absence of thrills, no bodies falling out of cupboards, no shrieks, no moans even, off stage; and the dénouement is both rushed and tame. Nevertheless, a queer atmosphere of horror-struck suspense does manage to pervade the action, and this justified the play’s selection when one considers that the ages of the audience ranged from twelve to—well, dignified maturity. Minor changes were made to quicken the plot and improve the ending, and, judging by results, they were certainly successful.

Which all goes to show that the bulk of our praise must go to the actors and their producer, who defeated the weaknesses of their material and seized on its possibilities. The outstanding character “on the night” was, undoubtedly, Lady Lebanon. Without truckling to melodrama, indeed with all the suavity of a great lady, she brought the atmosphere to the pitch of tenseness every time she appeared: a truly magnificent performance. This grimness, this feeling of horrible things happening in the background, was well sustained by Gilder, with his silent walk and quiet speech. His entries, too, invariably brought a gripped hush upon the audience. Brooks, his partner, had a less defined character, and might have become faintly and annoyingly comic; instead he managed to convey an impression of weakness where only toughness could succeed—a character built up without much help from the author. Aisla simply had to be frightened, to justify the play’s title. To do this all the time, without making the audience want to scream for very monotony, is no light task; but the difficulty was successfully overcome. And in the sleep-walking scene Aisla had one satisfying moment when she gripped the whole audience by the throat.

Policemen always have the hardest parts in plays of this kind. They must be matter-of-fact and ask the thousand and one questions which explain what is happening when it threatens to become inextricably tangled. None of this helps an actor to make much impression; and it always presents him with the baffling problem of how not to slow down the action and turn a thriller into a bore. Therefore, Tanner deserves even more praise than perhaps any one other character. He had an enormous part and at the end we still liked him; moreover, in his final scene with Lord Lebanon he showed marked presence of mind. Totty, of course, is labelled comic relief. Unaided, he has to get the play going, and in this case he achieved his purpose within a minute of his first entry. After that his chief difficulty was not to relax the strain of mounting horror, for the gods greeted his every phrase as a priceless sally. The measure of Totty’s success, then, is the way in which, while remaining himself all the time, he gradually managed to fade back into the ranks and to move, almost unnoticed, through the last twists of the plot. Ferraby, in the original play, provides the love interest with Aisla. As that was all cut out, he was left with little else, and it is no disparagement to say that he did well to contrive to be pleasant.

Minor characters like Briggs, Kelper, Rawbane and the messenger were admirable little cameos. Rawbane was made up to look just like Trotsky, albeit a very gentlemanly Trotsky. We should have wondered why, had the disguise not so obviously succeeded.

Lord Lebanon's is the fat part of the play: a homicidal maniac can do practically what he likes on the stage and get away with it, provided it be sufficiently disturbing. Circumstances had plunged the experienced and versatile actor who played this character into the additional task of producer, so that he never had the leisure to possess himself thoroughly of his part. Nonetheless he managed to hide the fact with uncanny skill, and to build up a horrific ending, without which the play must have left a flat taste in our mouths.

The making-up, the dresses, scenery and stage-management were all excellent. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr Embly and his willing staff of stage-hands, as to Fr Lawrence, in charge of the lighting, for their unselfish work on our behalf. And to Fr Rogers for his lavish hospitality both before and after the performance. And, lastly, to the audience in general for the way they responded throughout, as for the deafening generosity of their applause at the end. Quite evidently, a good time was had by all.

The Venerable English College presents
The Case of the Frightened Lady
 by
 Edgar Wallace

<i>Messenger</i>	Mr Daley
<i>Sergeant Ferraby</i>	Mr Campbell
<i>Sergeant Totty</i>	Mr Hannon
<i>Chief Inspector Tanner</i>	Mr McEnroe
<i>Briggs</i>	Mr Chapman
<i>Wilmot</i>	Mr Richards
<i>Lord Lebanon</i>	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Gilder</i>	Mr Fallon
<i>Brooks</i>	Mr Peters
<i>Kelper</i>	Mr Barry
<i>Lady Lebanon</i>	Mr Pledger
<i>Rawbane</i>	Mr Swaby
<i>Aisla Crane</i>	Mr Buxton

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9th *Tuesday*. Lecturers were infected this morning by the perfect repose which greeted them in schools. No harsh word was uttered, even of the most unreasoning adversaries. The Wiseman, on the other hand, kept Mr Harris' paper on "Pope" till

10th *Wednesday*. We rejoiced to find confirmation of our opinion that Pope's importance as a poet was incidental to the sharpness of his tongue.

11th *Friday*. We note that the Common Room looks very spacious these nights and were puzzled until our neighbour informed us with more clarity than charity that practices for the Christmas plays "draw off a lot of scum".

14th *Sunday*. Mr Shane Leslie was introduced to the Literary Society tonight by Fr Brodrick S.J., and gave us a very vivid word-picture of his cousin, Mr Winston Churchill. Mr Leslie has that distinguished completeness of style in speech which seems now to be passing, and will soon have left us altogether. We still have speech to describe weather and aeroplanes, but not men:

"Expende Hannibalem: quot libros invenies in duce magno?"

16th *Tuesday*. Mr Holland read for the Theologians a most diverting paper on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. It seems odd to think of such a subject as amusing, but a man with the Dickens touch is not to be deterred by the title. The historical sidelights on the Devotion provided the diversion.

It is remarkable how our lecturers have suddenly become effusive about the most unexciting scholia. The suspicion occurs to us that they are trying to force a draw (*anglice*, batting out time), though this is but a suggestion, a purely personal opinion which may bear no relation to the truth. Still . . .

23rd *Tuesday*. Studies ended today with an examination in Oriental Theology. Tomorrow is the Vigil, and we shall sing. 'Pon my word, it is incredible how much we shall sing. Choirmasters are getting a bit exorbitant these days, too.

24th *Wednesday*. The Common Room Committee—having among them an ex-Editor of *Chi Lo Sa*?—are campaigning in verse for holly-chain makers.* The response has been adequate, though not effusive, and the result is the customary chaos. There is a plan behind it, however, and towards evening the thing begins to take shape. The stage, intended for the unfulfilled opera of last year, is drawn up to the fire, all the best armchairs are marshalled at close intervals upon it, and soon the whole aspect of our Common Room is transformed. The effect this year is splendid, being considerably enhanced by the light-shades, provided by that great man, F. W. Woolworth. The monster *Merry Christmas* over the fireplace is somewhat confused in its symbolism; the printing being executed in bright blue against a wholly black ground. A stranger might read some profound meaning into this colour scheme—"in the midst of life . . .", or something—but the most likely interpretation is that the Committee could find only this black canvas.

After night prayers the usual few stayed up all the time till white choir was joined, but after *sviglia* there was also the usual foregathering of silent

* Yes, doggerel; such as "Heigh-ho, the holly,
Make life more jolly!"

smokers in the Common Room, someone breaking silence every now and then to admit that he, too, had not slept; finally glooming off to choir with the look of men determined to preserve their frowns. As soon as everyone had settled down to Matins, however, cheerfulness began to intrude, and we sang—all of us, every man—truly and beautifully, right to the end of Lauds. Nor was this the end. We refreshed ourselves briefly and sang our carols over again, passing on to the old favourites from the College Song-book, then to the favourites not from the College Song-book, pausing for the Rev. J. McDonald to give his famous rendering of *Ramona*, taking new strength from the pause, and, perhaps, repeating again what we had sung before, but with never a thought for the morning's High Mass and our harsh throats; until at last *Chi Lo Sa?* appeared and attracted many, so that after an hour there were but three men left by the fire. And these three stayed until it was full day, telling each other ghost stories all the time—which is as good a way as any of being companionable, if you are no singer.

The singing at High Mass was surprisingly mellow, and afterwards we were attracted by the beauty of the morning to walk to the Parish Church. We spoke with our companions lightly but comprehensively of many things—the sort of talk which is born of festivity—but our great delight was to wish everyone “a Merry Christmas”. That we whetted our jaded appetites was incidental and was only noticed when we sat down to a dinner which was everything we mean by a Christmas dinner. We pulled crackers and wore ridiculous hats and the din of conversation was incredible. The coffee and port afterwards were appreciated more devoutly than usual, because these two come seldom together nowadays. As for ourself, we confess that our powers of observation were by now beginning to tire. But we revived sufficiently to appreciate the fine temper of His Majesty's speech to his people.

The Pantomime was an unqualified success, being substantially repeated after supper in the Common Room.

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The concert preceding the pantomime was not altogether successful. We had a number of carols at Midnight Mass, in the Common Room afterwards, at the High Mass *in die* and at Benediction. To give us nothing but carols in the evening was a mistake. They were well chosen, the harmonies were pleasant and the singing was good; psychologically, however, it was all wrong.

The pantomime, “Little Red Riding Hood”, was home-made and took the audience by storm from the rise of the curtain. It excelled in every department, the music was catchy, the dialogue genuinely funny, and even the plot was not shamefully neglected as on former occasions. Its alternative title, *The Old Ones are always the Best*, had special reference to our pair of veteran comedians—and their jokes. But the jape was quite unjust on this occasion, for they clowned superlatively and the neatness of their dancing was a thing of marvel. Indeed, this pantomime was

lavish in clowns. Whatever Dr Fell's part was meant to be, it was here turned into an engaging pedagogue of strangely elegant contortions : what he said did not matter—it was the way the man walked that took our fancy. Simple Simon ended up, rather disconcertingly, as the hero ; but luckily for the audience, he was content to appear in all acts save the last as king of witless idiots—golden fooling, and a joy to the beholder. I am not even sure whether Little Red Riding Hood herself should not be numbered among the clowns. Ungallant treatment for the heroine, but she *would* turn in her toes and talk bucolicly so high in her head that by contrast she seemed to sing in her boots. Hilarius was a nice mixture of King Gama and the Duke of Plaza-Toro ; he deserves especial thanks for resurrecting Savoy numbers that are not usually well-known. The Duchess was far too attractive a villainess to be convincing but no one minded about that, and she was so ornamental and pleasant that the family atmosphere vibrated on both sides of the footlights. Mother Hubbard was crippled by rheumatism, poor thing, and in consequence we neither saw her face nor heard most of her words ; a pity, for she seemed to be a dear old soul—at least, all the characters appeared to be fond of her.

The acting of the Chorus was weak, but when it came to tripping a measure, they were as sprightly as the rest of the show. The costumes were amazing : where did our Props raise such a wardrobe of medieval grandeur ? Altogether, the best pantomime we have seen in the College.

PROGRAMME

A selection of Carols by the " V.E.C. Waits " Messrs Walsh, Alston,
Groarke, Hanlon, Clark

Little Red Riding Hood

OR

The Old Ones are always the Best

<i>Little Red Riding Hood</i>	.	.	Mr Buxton
<i>Simple Simon</i>	.	.	Mr Hannon
<i>Jack, the Giant Killer</i>	.	.	Mr Brown
<i>The Little Tailor</i>	.	.	Mr Holland
<i>Dr Fell</i>	.	.	Mr Fallon
<i>Hilarius, King of Gramophonia</i>	.	.	Mr Pledger
<i>Letizia, Duchess of Groviera</i>	.	.	Mr Campbell
<i>Mother Hubbard</i>	.	.	Mr Killeen
<i>Chorus</i>	.	.	Messrs Campbell, O'Leary, Shelton, Daley, Anglim, Crissell.
Written and produced by	.	.	Mr Pledger
Musical Production	.	.	Mr Hanlon
Accompanists	.	.	The Vice-Rector, Mr Lavery
Helpful suggestions, candid criticism, rejection of the producer's jokes, etc.	.	.	The Cast in general

And here, as is customary, let us record the names of those whose talents have been placed at the service of the House for concerts.

Theatre Committee	Messrs Swaby, Killeen, Swan
Stage Committee	Messrs Fooks, Sowerby
Properties	Messrs Richards, Peters
Make-up	Messrs Auchinleck, Pledger, Harrison
Lighting	Messrs Barry, Haynes
* . . . *	* . . . *

26th *Friday*. We personally think that a Common Room Committee stands or falls by the Christmas Fair. They set out with a twofold object—to give the patrons a good time and to rid them of all the surplus pennies they possess. This year's committee acted with the ruthlessness we have come to expect. The snack bar was worse than any black market that we, with our inexperience, can imagine. There was a shooting gallery with moving targets, of ships, tanks, snipers and aeroplanes. This was irresistible, for what man is there who is not at heart a marksman? There were targets for darts: there was a billiard-ball trick which was primitive but effective. Then there was a mysterious business of guessing the weight of a small Christmas pudding, the proceeds of which go to "Plunk's Nigger". We were informed later that this was the Indian Missionary student for whom the Venerable provides. He commands the threepenny bits in Christmas puddings, while a box in the "Martyrs' Chapel" and a barometer in the Common Room are constant reminders of our responsibility. But when the Fair swindlers take up the cause of our Missionary we suspect ulterior motives. And since all this is à propos of nothing at all, we will end it abruptly by saying that we have seldom had so joyous an evening so cheaply. One of the advantages of paying into the Fair is that one cannot consider that money lost which goes into the Public Purse.

27th *Saturday*. This morning there were several treasurers abroad subscription-hunting. We have often wondered if one could not invent a society of one's own for the purpose of collecting sixpences from our fellows. All you need is a box, a list of names, an imposing set of initials and the manner—this last is the essential. "Have you paid your subscription to the S.G.F.P. this year?" He will say he does not know what you are talking about and does not belong to any such society, whereupon you produce your list and show him how he paid last year and the year before. That confounds him utterly and he pays up, regretting all the while that he was such a fool in his first year as to join all these societies. His approach was wrong from the beginning, and his kind afford no problem: it is a mere matter of technique. The man to fear is the one who is very friendly but just has no small change; he is, however, willing to discuss the difficulties of a treasurer's life and may even reminisce to you of the time when he was Secretary of the VENERABLE! There is only one thing

to do about him—get out : do not loiter with him or he will sift you as wheat. (The Venerable is regrettably full of such as he.)

Tonight's play is a farce ; there will be much easy laughter, we hope, and little intellectual exercise.

* * * * *

This concert opened in the right way for a Christmas show with The Octet—it no longer calls itself an octette, my pedant—excelling in a jovial *Laughing Chorus*. As an encore we had that old favourite, *Doctor Foster*. Both were quite excellently done, the first almost too well, when it provoked one member of the audience to an ill-timed guffaw. It is surely due to these singers that they should have generous meed of praise, not only for their unselfish labours in rehearsal, but even more for the artistry of their performance. We rely on them to get a concert going, to work us into the right mood. And that means that they have to face the audience before it has warmed up. If they ever feel that their items are not fully appreciated, may this belated tribute disabuse them of the notion. Perhaps we take them unduly for granted, but that is the fault of the high standard which they have led us to expect.

Followed a humorous recitation, only slightly marred by the reciter's lapse of memory. Then the Rev. F. Shutt played two piano pieces of his own composition, austere studies with their own attractiveness. He asked the audience to suggest titles for them, and the variety of contributions gave some support to the Vice-Rector's thesis in his now notorious paper to the Wiseman Society.

"For the Love of Mike" misled us from the beginning ; believe it or not, Mike was a girl, and a very shy one at that. Secretly, we all like shyness in First Year, so she chose a straight road to our approval. Bob Seymour bore the brunt of the business, and if ever farce was carried through by an india-rubber face, this farce was. He worked energetically to keep the pace hot, and was not enthusiastically supported by Conway Paton. It takes two to make a quarrel, so they say ; it certainly takes two to make a farce gallop. Paton seemed to be dreamily preoccupied with some thought or vision, which we were not permitted to share, while poor Seymour was living hectically in the present. The result was that sometimes he over-acted, but the whole burden was on his shoulders.

As the plot thickened—the cliché is apt for once—we definitely began to enjoy ourselves ; dialogue, situation, antics all became more spontaneous. Richard Miller's hectoring voice, which earlier on had threatened a tragedy of parental dictatorship, jarred less and less. His wife's slovenly repartee revealed a real character among the puppets of circumstance. Stella Rees, an ambiguous widow whom nothing could surprise, was another personality. Sullivan, Wildgoose with his notebook and well-licked pencil, and Bennet of the crooked nose, all three were real portraits, defined and convincing. Blake appeared for exactly two minutes before the fall of the curtain and raised a cheer !

To be perfectly honest, we were bored by the first act, grinned through

the second and were laughing uproariously by the third. Whatever failings there were, we put down to miscasting of two of the characters and to the old mistake of the producer's having an important part to act.

PROGRAMME

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------------|--|
| 1. OCTET | <i>Laughing Chorus</i> | Messrs Walsh, Buxton,
Groarke, Campbell, Hanlon,
Barry, Sowerby, Clark |
| 2. RECITATION | . | Mr Reynolds |
| 3. PIANO SOLO | . | Rev. F. Shutt. |

For the Love of Mike

<i>Sullivan</i>	.	.	.	Mr Swaby
<i>Richard Miller</i>	.	.	.	Mr Williams
<i>Mrs Miller</i>	.	.	.	Mr Richards
<i>Stella Rees</i>	.	.	.	Mr Roche
<i>Enid Michaelis (Mike)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Haynes
<i>Bob Seymour</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kelly
<i>Conway Paton</i>	.	.	.	Mr Fooks
<i>P.C. Wildgoose</i>	.	.	.	Mr Sowerby
<i>Jerry Bennet, ex-convict</i>	.	.	.	Mr Harrison
<i>Sir Douglas Blake</i>	.	.	.	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Scene : Miller's house at Keynes Hill, Trumpshire</i>				
<i>Produced by</i>	.	.	.	Mr Fooks

* * * * *

28th Sunday. Our skill at indoor games is increasing yearly. All this week, three diverted military geniuses have spent their spare time playing G.H.Q. It is much more enjoyable, we are told, than moving flags about Europe according to the actual whims of actual generals. You can do all sorts of dashing things in this game, and, when beaten, start anew without dismay. Observing Monopoly in play one realises what it must be in the serious business of life. Darts and bridge are, of course, more intellectual, more mature, and are patronized by the more advanced. But the traditionalists just sit around the fire with the immobility essential to reminiscence. They recall our great men, who are gone out, and prove by anecdote that they, too, were human, and Rev. M. Cassidy is here, who knew them all and well remembers them. Meanwhile tomorrow night's play is being practised, involving stage-managers, property men, electricians, scene-shifters, and a small council of elders, who criticize with great acumen players of every degree.

After supper all these many activities give place to communal action—rough-house, pantomime revivals and the like. But tonight we go to see a film at Stonyhurst provided for our entertainment by the Jesuits. It was a vintage Gordon Harker film, surviving from the early thirties, its entertainment value residing in the two great lines—

“Seven long years they gave me
For a crime I never done”.

29th Monday. *St Thomas, Bishop and Martyr*. Pleasure and rue : pleasure and rue ! We have just been reading a story in which these words recurred again and again, with an effect hard to describe ; it would be shattering were it less obvious. The rue in this week of festivity came this morning at High Mass, when we found that our voices were wearing thin, even refusing to keep pitch. Argument has developed as to which was the worse—choir or scholâ : but there is no zest in argument today. Dinner was again worthy of a great feast, and, observing the well-fed faces, one wishes that Christmas came more than once a year. One also observes that among our blessings here are the frequent visits of old Venerable men. Besides Revv. J. McDonald and M. Cassidy we have with us today Rev. W. Park and Rev. L. McReavy, who are going to Lakeland when they leave us.

Tonight's play was one we enjoyed in Rome at the Beda. It is a Priestley play which bears repetition, because of the excellence of dialogue and the sense of well-being compelled by the thought that oneself belongs to the human race, too. Tonight's rendering made of it the exquisite portrait that is the play's excellence, and we have not had its equal on the Venerable stage. But what saith the sage ?—

* * * * *

The concert tonight was introduced by a violin solo by Mr Chapman. After a dainty gavotte he gave us the familiar, liting *Ständchen* by Heyken, both rendered with equal grace and expression. *The Floral Dance* and *Galloping Dick*, sung by Mr Hanlon, put the audience still more in the mood to enjoy themselves ; and this they did when Revv. J. McDonald and G. Ekbery sang a new, vociferous version of *Terrified in the Night*, from the 1938 pantomime. The final " quartet " was a parody of items from last night's film ; it was funny, yes, but it should have been funnier. Unfortunately the performers seemed themselves rather uncertain of its success and too eager to get it over and be gone. This concert was, however, the best of the three nights. One had the impression on the previous nights that the items were there not on their own merits, but simply to keep the audience occupied till the play began.

Tonight our producer found the rare treasure of a play which was complete before it left its author's hand. So often there are characters only half-drawn, passages of mechanical dialogue, inconsistencies in the plot. " Laburnum Grove " has none of these faults. Its people are genuine men and women, true to themselves and distinct from one another ; the dialogue is flawless ; and the plot is instinct with stagecraft—a *play*, not a mere story. The atmosphere is domestic—quiet, level, suburban domesticity—in which major dramatic effects are produced by minor incidents. Throughout there is no startling action ; there is no action at all which would be unlikely in any home, except the visits of a detective. But in this atmosphere the presence of a detective raises such tension as most plays can achieve only by violence.

George Radfern is the pivot of the play. He drops a bombshell upon

the pleasant routine of his household by announcing casually that he is a counterfeiter. The time and manner of his disclosure are typical of the man. He tells them all at supper, and while the others question him, now in fear, now in indignation, he goes on placidly with his meal, barely looking up to mumble his matter-of-fact replies. His calm is reassuring, his passion for the securities of life a whimsical trait in one always playing with fire. This was the complex character which held the stage with so little melodrama. His daughter had none of his stamina : before, she had been bored with the suburban round, but now she alternated between tears when she believed her father's story and nervous delight when she was persuaded it was all a joke. Her tears were so natural that the petulance of her helplessness provoked us only to mild irritation ; high praise indeed for the hardest part in the play.

The sub-plot concerned Elsie and her fiancé, Harold Russ, who also lacked staying power and edged out of the engagement once he learned the source of her father's income. This Russ was a shallow, brilliant youth, caught to the life by one of our First Year men—and I mean that as a compliment to his acting, not as a personal reflection ! Mrs Radfern was a fit wife for her husband, steady of character, steady in her affection. The disclosure which began all the trouble was kept from her for most of the play, and in her ignorance she supplied some circumstantial facts to Stack, the detective. It would be hard to imagine anyone more charmingly shrewd or more dangerous if one needed to outwit him. Here again was an excellent piece of portraiture.

Straight comedy was provided by the Baxleys, who spent their time living on other people. Bernard professed to be colonial in experience, though no one would suspect him of empire-building : however little he had done in Singapore, he had amazingly rich memories of it ! Unblushing sponger as he was, there was still something engaging about the man, so that we heartily sympathised with him in being married to such a wife, sharp-tongued and domineering. Yet even she had her qualities. If her pursuit of refinement was odious, her pawky humour made us relish her every appearance. When the Baxleys packed their traps and went, some of the salt had gone out of the play.

Fletten, the pseudo-gardener, gave us to think. The mildness which at first made him insignificant became a sinister cloak once we knew him as Radfern's accomplice. The unfortunate character of the play was Sergeant Morris, who had to wait almost until the end for a three-minute appearance ; but he had the slight satisfaction of creating a tense moment and then turning it into relief.

The acting was not perfect. Radfern and Bernard Baxley, perhaps, could not have been bettered. But where there was such admirable balance, such subtleties of interplay, between the characters, there is no call to criticise individuals. We have seen more remarkable acting on our stage, but have never had such satisfaction from any other play. And—rare delight !—the ending was worthy of the rest.

PROGRAMME

- | | | | | |
|----|-------------|--------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. | VIOLIN SOLO | <i>Gavotte</i> (Brossec) | . | Mr Chapman |
| 2. | SONG | <i>The Floral Dance</i> | . | Mr Hanlon |
| 3. | ITEM | <i>Terrified in the Night</i> | . | Revv. J. McDonald, G. Ekbery |
| 4. | QUARTET | " <i>Old English Lullaby</i> " | . | Messrs Brown, Holland, Storey, Hannon, Peters, Buxton, Kelly |
| | | <i>Cradle Song</i> (Gerson) | | |

Laburnum Grove

by

J. B. Priestley

<i>Elsie Radfern</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tyler
<i>George Radfern</i>	.	.	.	Mr Clark
<i>Mrs Radfern, Dorothy</i>	.	.	.	Mr Walsh
<i>Bernard Baxley</i>	.	.	.	Mr Barry
<i>Mrs Baxley</i>	.	.	.	Mr Jones
<i>Harold Russ</i>	.	.	.	Mr Harris
<i>Joe Fletten</i>	.	.	.	Mr Reynolds
<i>Stack</i>	.	.	.	Mr Key
<i>Sergeant Morris</i>	.	.	.	Mr Holloway

The whole action takes place in the living-room of the Radferns' home "Ferndale", in Laburnum Grove, Shooters Green, a suburb of North London.

Produced by Mr Groarke

* * * * *

After supper all the favourites were called forth from their resting, and the pantomime was repeated even to the final bouncing chorus. We ended with *Auld Lang Syne*, and that should have been the end of a most excellent Christmas—the best in our course, surely—but for the fog which came up from the Hodder during the night, to prevent the coming of the 'bus to remove our Southerners to Preston railway station.

30th *Wednesday*. Ten in the morning and still no 'bus. But eventually it did arrive and caught the train which should have been leaving Crewe by that time. Meanwhile we ourself were leaping about on Hellifield junction to keep the circulation going. Think how cold it must be in Russia!

JANUARY 21st *Wednesday*. This is absurd! We leave in fog and return through a snow-storm: and, mind you, the same thing happened last Christmas—only worse. Between our leaving and returning travelling has been easy: but as soon as we move the weather becomes agitated too. We are annoyed.

On taking stock we find ourselves lacking a few hands; all from remote backwoods, as London, Liverpool and Oxford. They all sent telegrams, however, to say that they would follow on as soon as possible!

22nd *Thursday*. This morning we fell to wondering how odd it is that one should so dislike going home after a jolly Christmas and equally

dislike coming back. Sheer cussedness, I suppose. At breakfast we were vastly amused to see two stragglers arrive after a night on Preston station. One was our Dogma professor—no less; the other Mr Campbell. Well, well, perhaps they were fortunate not to have slept in their cold rooms. But they will not easily be comforted.

In the afternoon we braved the cold and the snow to inspect the reservoir and report on the ice. The outlook for skating enthusiasts is bright, so we anticipate bleary eyes in red, shiny faces for our companions in the next few weeks: like the men who used to go into the mountains from Rome, but without those gita stories.

24th *Saturday*. Our two Liverpool waifs arrived with stories of the incredible snowfall in their part of Liverpool. Absolutely unbelievable, I assure you. And in the dead hour of night we heard sounds as of a burglar: the two Oxford men returning after an epic journey. So now the wandering scholars are all safely home again, except Mr Roche, whom the 'flu has found.

26th *Monday*. Mass-practices are the main occupation of Seventh Year these days: Zualdi and O'Connell are names to conjure with. You have to be careful, though, until you find out whose disciple your companion is, because preferences in this matter are very strongly marked and no quarter is given to the other's opinion. Sunday night will see an end to these little tea-cup storms; from then till February 8th there will be silence for the nine ordinands. Mr McDonagh's dispensation has, unfortunately, not arrived, so he will have to await it: but not for long, we hope.

28th *Wednesday*. Three men went tobogganing today in Paradise, a field down by the Hodder. They seem to have spent their time variously: once plunging through a nice thick hedge, again, trying to take flight over a miniature precipice, and finally, one of the three, in a moment of frenzy, searched through the snow with his knee and found mother earth as unbending as ever. In effect—a French remark—this brave spirit is now in bed with an outraged knee. You may think our account heartless, but you should have heard the story as we had it from the unscathed member of the party. In the hedge-crashing experiment our informant, who was acting as brake, observed the approaching hedge and very prudently detached himself from the sledge. The middle man, however, felt no inclination to follow suit, and, indeed, why should he, for the pilot was going to take the strain when hedge and sledge coincided. And so he did. All these details were extracted with great difficulty from our informant, who was still incoherent with laughter. But the moral is—always choose your company carefully when going tobogganing, and be content with the back seat.

The Brains Trust was revived tonight with great success. The questions were varied, some factual, others speculative. There was no one who did not learn something new and useful, while the entertainment value of the sitting was undeniable.

FEBRUARY 1st *Sunday*. The deacons are obviously distressed by the persistent snow. Will it have departed in time to allow visitors—and, more important, the Bishop—to arrive for the Ordination next Sunday?

The deacons go into Retreat tonight under the direction of Fr Stanislaus, C.P. They use Aula I for their refectory and Aula II for their Common Room for the week. Before they had finished with talking and such vanities they received with gratitude the usual friendly advice of their fellows: the injunction to keep secret any haloes which may arise during the week was treated with the deference due to the very old.

2nd *Monday*. We were invited to the Academy Room to hear a string quartet under the leadership of Mr Laurence Turner of the Hallé Orchestra. This proved to be a most excellent concert, ranging from Haydn to a modern American composer who belongs to a school little known to us as yet.

4th *Wednesday*. Second Year Theology tonight joined the deacons in Retreat. They are to receive Second Minors on Sunday.

6th *Friday*. Afternoon lectures were cancelled in favour of skating, with, perhaps, the additional reason that so many of those concerned with afternoon lectures are in Retreat.

7th *Saturday*. Lancaster and Nottingham deacons left us today to be ordained at home by their own Bishops, while relatives of those to be ordained here arrived in Hurst Green.

8th *Sunday*. The following are the new priests: Messrs Auchinleck (Westminster), Keegan (Leeds), McEnroe (Middlesbrough), Reynolds (Salford), Key (Nottingham), Hanlon (Salford), O'Neill (Lancaster), Alston (Liverpool), and Whitehouse (Nottingham). *Ad multos annos vivant!* Second Year Theology received Second Minor Orders. *Ad maiora!* The ordination was held in the Boys' Chapel at the College, Bishop Marshall being the ordaining Bishop. Among the visitors—the snow did not prevent their coming after all—were Revv. T. Ronchetti and P. Storey, while Mr Molloy returned to delight us by playing the organ during the ceremony.

The new priests left us for a few days, with the exception of Mr Auchinleck who will say his First Mass here tomorrow morning; but in the evening Rev. T. McKenna joined us. He and Rev. P. Storey swapped stories of life on the Mission after supper, to the entertainment of the somewhat depleted House.

12th *Thursday*. The return of ten priests—all but two, and one of these has taken the opportunity of contracting mumps! The Rector has warned him off until all the germs of the disease shall have left him; and while we are on the subject of warning-off, the Editor, being now tired of us, insists that

14th *Saturday* is the term of our labour. Indeed, we are sure that his decision is timely, although to some—and with them we have no quarrel—it may seem belated. Now that Lent approaches it were foolhardy to risk obscuring its divine monotony with our feeble digressions, which themselves would introduce a second monotony, and that far from divine. Wherefore we leave you with a ready will, and for your patience commend you to our successor, who is anxious to make yet another beginning.

P. McENROE.

PERSONAL

We wish to express our deep gratitude to MONSIGNOR J. O'CONNOR (1889-95) and MONSIGNOR H. COGAN D.D., V.G. (1907-14) for their generous loan of books which form the major portion of our library. REV. E. ELLIS D.D. (1916-23) has also made the most welcome offer of the loan of his books; the Rector has already received from him a list of their titles and now we are looking forward to their arrival. The REV. A. REARDON of St Patrick, Wapping, has rendered an invaluable service to the College by presenting us with the *Dictionnaire Apologétique*.

Another most welcome gift comes from MONSIGNOR H. HALL (1839-96) who has sent us two relics of Julian Watts-Russell, the Papal Zouave of whom an account was given in the April 1932 number of the VENERABLE.

We offer our congratulations to REV. G. SWEENEY (1930-37) who has been appointed Parish Priest of Shirebrook and Langworth, Derbyshire, and to REV. E. DOYLE (1930-37) who has been appointed Professor of Philosophy at Ushaw.

REV. L. ASHWORTH (1932-39) is now Secretary to His Lordship the Bishop of Salford, and REV. T. MCKENNA (1934-41) has gone as Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool.

We were relieved to hear that REV. B. CUNNINGHAM Ph.D. (1927-34), who was Naval Chaplain at Singapore, was one of the party taken off before the entry of the Japanese. It is also pleasant to learn that REV. T. LYNCH D.D. (1926-34) is safe and well as a prisoner of war. He would be very glad to receive letters: CAPT. the REV. T. J. E. LYNCH, Campo Concentramento, P.G.N.17, Posta Militare 3200, Italy.

REV. W. O'GRADY (1919-1923) of Our Lady, Pateley Bridge, has published a little book of poems, entitled *Via Pacis Via Crucis*, which is reviewed in this number.

After going to press we learned with deep regret of the death of CANON FRANCIS O'FARRELL, O.B.E. (1890-94), of Aldershot, and REV. F. ROGERS B.A. (1930-37), of Menevia.

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Thanks to the kindness of past students most of us were able to borrow this year's text-books. These will be returned in the summer, and we hope that those who possess the following books will help us next year: *De Deo Creante et Elevante* (Boyer), *De Deo Uno* (Lennerz), *De Beata Maria Virginie* (Lennerz), *De Deo Uno et Trino* (Billot), or any other work on the Trinity.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Mr Lavery has retired from his post as Editor. He has given yeoman service to the VENERABLE since 1938, and succeeded Mr Pledger after the production of the first number in England. The two issues for which he was responsible need no praise from us: they themselves are the most eloquent witnesses to his discernment of the direction which the Magazine must now take and to the exactness of judgment with which he realized his aim. It is with regret and reluctance that we see him depart. Mr Groarke, who has served the secretarial side for two years, has also retired.

The resulting changes in the staff are:—

Editor: Mr Chapman

Secretary: Mr Harrison

Sub-Editor: Mr Buxton

Under-secretary: Mr Barry

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Baeda, The Beda Review, Claves Regni (St Peter's College, Bearsden), The Cottonian, The Downside Review, The Edmundian, The Oscotian, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine.

NOTE: The Secretary will be grateful if subscribers will make their cheques payable simply to THE VENERABLE MAGAZINE.

MUSIC NOTES

One of the traditions of the House which is often taken for granted is that of its love for music. In the last few years it has developed considerably, and the transfer of the College to England has not caused any

slackening in this devotion. The only heavy casualty to report is the death—temporarily we hope—of the orchestra. It was the lack of an expert pianist that gave the death-blow. The violinists, however, have been able to join the Stonyhurst orchestra and so keep in trim.

Changes and improvement are most marked in the Church music. The more enclosed life of St Mary's gives greater scope, while the build of the Chapel is more suited to the singing of the chant. With a greater penetration into its spirit the quality of the execution has reached a high standard in some respects. One factor of importance has been grasped—that the strength of the chant lies in its unity; the individual must be sacrificed for the whole. This principle once understood, all ordinary things such as the singing of psalms, credos and hymns take on new life and colour.

Though we are now reduced to a harmonium, our singing of hymns has become more virile and vigorous. The "T'Adoriam" and other favourites are still remembered and sung. New and more swinging Litanies have replaced several of the more sugary numbers that are to be found in the Benediction manual, while the "O Roma", the "Iste Confessor" and the "Confratres" have still pride of place on the great feasts in the College Calendar.

In the realm of polyphony which is the domain of the Schola, we have been able to increase the range of our motets considerably. We started by singing Mitterer's Responses during the first Christmas we spent in England. Then followed a period of retrenchment during which we learnt anew all our Roman repertoire. After that the way was clear for striking out in new directions. It was the English Polyphonic School that attracted us most. In its purity of conception and its virile spirituality it is superior in grandeur to the great Latin School. This Christmas we chose Byrd's "O Magnum Mysterium" and Robert Cooper's "Gloria in excelsis". This piece of his is written for four equal voices and is easily adaptable for male registers. Christopher Tye's well-known "Rorate Coeli" graced the first Sunday of Advent. Vittoria, Palestrina and Jacob Handl were the representatives of the Latin School which we chose: there are several of their motets still in hand whenever we have the time to study them. At the moment we are hard at work with the Ingegneri-Vittoria group of Tenebrae Responses, which are in themselves a heavy proposition to tackle.

One sphere which warranted development was our range of carols. This Christmas we increased them with three of Holst's settings which breathe the spirit of the early madrigal period. Terry's setting to "Jesu Lord that madest me" along the lines of the Dorian mode is attractive, too, with its fondness for the full-tone interval.

It is a loss which is regrettable that we can no longer draw inspiration from the monks of San Girolamo; but it is a far greater gain to be able to have our own Tenebrae in the Chapel. This year we hope to cover the music of the whole three nights. The introduction of sung Matins at Christmas since our arrival at St Mary's is much treasured. In little ways such as these we are making good our losses and perhaps bettering our

position. It was excellent to be a spectator and among the audience at either the Gesù or San Girolamo—even, perhaps, at Sant' Anselmo—but there is something indefinably greater in creating one's own music.

The advance on the religious programme has a parallel advance on the Concert programme. These musical items have lost nothing of their verve. The Orpheus last year assumed such large proportions that one wondered if there would be sufficient numbers in the audience, but at the same time it revealed hitherto unknown talent. The rollicking sea-songs of Chudleigh Candish, the author of the famous "Jolly Roger", formed a very popular section of our range of songs which is now being extended to include items chosen from the repertoire of the B.B.C. singers.

But the great feature of the secular music of the House is the all-pervading influence of Gilbert and Sullivan. These artists claim as great an audience as ever. Though for the moment it is difficult to produce a full-scale Opera we are still able to produce excerpts in song and dance, and their reception is guaranteed. But there is something we do miss and cannot fully replace. It was one of the great attractions of the winter to attend the Adriano on Sunday evenings. The memories of Gigli, of Gieseking, of the dapper Filottete Oeconomides, whose rendering of Mozart was one of the most vivid and sparkling we have heard, crowded in when we were privileged to hear the Hallé over at Stonyhurst and to listen to the Water Music and the Carnival Overture. A few days ago, also, some went over to hear Laurence Turner and a string quartet from the same Orchestra give in music a history of this instrumental combination.

Through the kind gift of an anonymous donor, we are in the position to purchase an electric gramophone. But so far our search has been fruitless. Till now we have been content with a table model for which we are grateful to Dr Butterfield: but we need a stronger and heavier type to produce with effect the symphonies we grew to love up in the N.W. Passage.

Such a report must needs be sketchy. A few evenings in the Common Room would give a more vivid and lasting impression of the musical interests of the House. And here we should thank the Vice-Rector most deeply for his constant help and encouragement and for all the hard work he has to suffer in the unthanked position of the only accompanist worthy of the name in the House.

C.A.P.A.C.

With the Capac season in full swing it is difficult to describe how precisely the proposed programme is working out in practice. But an outline of the scheme decided upon for this year's study will give at least the substance and direction of our plan.

The central subject is the study of Youth. No one needs to be told that the welfare of young boys and girls leaving school is and has constantly been the anxious concern of the Church. But the war has brought the

question with great prominence before the eyes of some of our national leaders. Realising the urgency of the problem, and perhaps not fully appreciating its delicacy, they are calling for an immediate solution ; and it is clear that, unless we are ready to put forward practical suggestions, the matter will be taken out of our hands. With this in mind we set ourselves the task of learning as much as we could about the subject which we expect to be one of our chief preoccupations in our future work.

We have kept the usual Fundamentals circle as an essential introduction to future particular study. But apart from this, all our other three circles are devoted to subjects connected with Youth. One is studying the advantages and defects of the Government Youth Scheme. We have been given to understand on good authority that one of the most searching tasks for a young curate is the running of a boys' club ; we feel sure that all the members of this circle, with the knowledge they are acquiring of the methods of guiding young people, added to the card tricks and general party accomplishments championed so convincingly by Fr Brassell S.J. in his talk to the Literary Society last year, will be fully equipped, at least in theory, to deal adequately with such an undertaking. Then there is the circle studying marriage. It is finding the Grail Training Outlines for Marriage an inspiring and at the same time a highly diverting text-book : inspiring, because of the graceful ease with which it expresses the most lofty ideals in language which appeals directly and deeply, diverting because of the novel insight it gives us into the feminine approach to problems which until now we have pondered only from the masculine point of view. Finally, there is the circle which is considering the work of existing societies and how they meet the demands of Catholic Action. Incidentally, those who are following this line of enquiry are building up for themselves a store of information concerning the constitutions of these societies which will be of great practical use to them in their future work ; they will certainly know how to answer over-zealous presidents.

At the moment we are unable to send copies of the general papers to our generous helpers on the Mission. We are hoping that in time we shall have the means to reproduce them in bulk, but for the present we have adopted the measure of giving typewritten summaries of the papers and discussions held in the weekly or fortnightly meetings to members of the circles, who now number more than half the House. The secretary for the year is Mr Alan Clark.

SPORTS

CRICKET

After a preliminary nervous cough and shuffle the Prudent Member stood up, blushed and began his speech. " Since we have no cricket gear at all, Mr Chairman, nor a pitch, I don't think there is any point in electing a Cricket Comm—" The last words of his sentence were drowned by the

scraping of chairs as Top Year rose to protest : they had voted in a cricket committee for the last six years and, gear or no gear, they were going to see to it that one was voted in this year. Of course the Committee was elected.

The Prudent Member need not have been so gloomy. We acquired the necessary gear, we made a pitch and we played cricket. We spent the first few afternoons at the "Nets"—not that we had any nets but, instead of playing a match, we each batted for ten minutes or so, facing anything the bowlers cared to send down. This needed no small courage, for with the assistance of the pitch even the most innocent bowler became a demon. Afterwards, when we were broken in, we thought it time to play a full game before it was too late.

Once we had started it wasn't long before the Choir had defeated the Schola, the Bolshies had beaten the Nazis, the Old School Ties had trounced their more reverend brethren, the Roman Collars, and Us and Them had been prevented from deciding a close game by a sudden downpour. The North v. South match was an all-day affair this year. Batting first, the North scored 156 for 7 and can hardly be blamed for appearing jubilant when they declared. But the South's opening pair, doggedly refusing to admit defeat, batted so well that 80 had been scored before they were separated. That put a different complexion on the game and the day ended with the South at 125 for 3.

We were fortunate this year in being able to carry on the tradition of a cricket match with the Beda. We talked with them, we sat and smoked with them, we ate and drank with them ; before they left we sang with them. All this in addition to the cricket match. It was one of those delightfully enjoyable days without a single flaw. We also played Stonyhurst 2nd XI and were rather disappointed at the time with the resulting draw, as we had scored 114 for 8 in reply to their 119 for 9. But we afterwards learned that they declared when they did because, through a misunderstanding, they had counted on stumps being drawn half an hour sooner than they actually were. So perhaps they had even more reason to be disappointed.

One of the most enjoyable matches of the season was that against Hodder. The average age of our opponents was about ten years, which probably explains their victory. Mind you, it was a close finish, but when a man has reached the exalted estate of subdeacon he finds the responsibility of making those last two runs, so necessary for victory, a heavy burden on his ageing shoulders. At least we found it so.

The finale of the season showed beyond doubt that the pessimism of our Prudent Member had been quite unwarranted. I refer to the match between Past and Present ; but as that was fully recorded in our last issue it needs no further reference here beyond the expression of our hope that it will be repeated this year, when, no doubt, the Past will be on their mettle to take their revenge. With this match our first cricket season at Stonyhurst was brought to a satisfactory close.

TENNIS

As the days grew brighter and warmer we began to speculate on the possibility of tennis. Seated on the bench behind the handball court we would contemplate the worn, cracked asphalt surface optimistically. Ignoring the handicaps of no net, no run-back, few racquets and fewer balls, we blithely resurrected the Tennis Club. Would-be members clamoured for admission and at a lively business meeting Mr Groarke was elected Secretary and Mr Holland Treasurer.

The net now became no longer a speculative but a practical problem : few members of the community could be trusted to admit that they had served into an imaginary one. Before long our reliable Fairy Godmother came to the rescue and provided the necessary moneys, and the net, once bought, was speedily fixed in position by Mr Holden, that amazing virtuoso in all the practical arts, by an ingenious combination of props and wires. Soon every post was bringing odd-shaped parcels, which at first roused great curiosity until frequent repetition made us familiar with the appearance of a tennis racquet travelling through the post. About this time, too, Mr Hanlon discovered a method of getting a *sconto* on tennis tackle and some brisk trade ensued. Finally the Secretary reluctantly produced a couple of new balls ; tennis fever gripped us and the season began.

Apart from the long free periods on Sundays and Thursdays, we managed to squeeze in two short matches on an ordinary afternoon. Later, Fr Sire S.J. earned our gratitude once again by allowing us to use two grass courts on Thursday mornings. These were very popular—till the grass got out of control—because even the most charitably minded amongst us was forced to admit that our own court was a trifle peculiar. A shower of rain might make it unusable for a whole day, and even at the best of times it was the despair of the “professional”. We rabbits rather enjoyed it. The lack of space at the back of the court meant that we could score with our service now and again, and we were not critical if the ball hit a worn patch and came off at an incredible angle, so long, of course, as the patch was on the other side of the net !

Towards the end of the season we accepted a challenge from Stonyhurst and were pleasantly surprised when we won. After losing the first two doubles we went on to win the other two, and later won both the singles. Our team was : Messrs McDonagh, Roche, Clark, Kelly, Groarke, Shelton, Wyche and Sowerby. This made a very satisfactory conclusion to a successful and enjoyable season. We are keenly looking forward to the summer of 1942—if some kind soul will send us lots and lots of balls, or perhaps a racquet or two for general use.

ASSOCIATION

By now the “Brickfields” have become as familiar to us as Pam pitch ; and though our new ground lacks the associations which made the old so dear, yet we have found great advantages which were lacking

in Rome. We can now go to our games already changed into our battle dress, since the pitch is very near at hand and can be reached by way of the home farm without using the public highway. But a blessing which will be appreciated by all those who recall the iron-hard surface of the meadow in Pamphili, is the yielding mud, so essential a part of English soccer, in which we can wallow comfortably, no matter how energetic the game becomes.

The season, under the captaincy of Mr Dockery, has been very successful. The standard of play has, on the whole, shown great improvement, especially in regard to individual play; but team-work seems hopelessly beyond our capabilities. Combination was sadly lacking in the two representative games we played. Quite often it was only the herculean efforts of individual members of the defence which staved off disaster, and even they may be justly criticised for their tendency to clear by wild kicking instead of by a series of well-planned passes. The effort to form a combination between the inside and outside forward and the wing-half, which was occasionally to be seen, is to be encouraged.

On the whole the play was keen and fast but we should like to see more people turning out. Quite often the captain had the disagreeable task of hunting out sufficient numbers to make up a full game.

Since Philosophy boasts few soccer players there was no match between Philosophers and Theologians this year. There were, however, some very interesting and exciting House games, the most keenly contested of which was the Schola v. Choir, resulting in a draw. Our two representative games were against an Army XI and Leagram Hall. The first resulted in a draw. Judging by the play, the Army were the stronger side, although we were unfortunate not to win: until within five minutes of the end we were leading 3—2. A very quick goal by the Army increased the pace of an already fast game. We rallied well and our forwards besieged the opposing goal, hitting the upright twice during a *mêlée* in the goal mouth; but before we could score the deciding goal the whistle brought to an end a very enjoyable game. The second match, which was a few days later, we quite deservedly lost: the students of the Company of Mary gave us an exhibition of really good football. Their ball control in the teeth of the gale which perpetually sweeps our pitch was far superior to ours, and the resulting score of 4—2 was kept down only by the magnificent work of the defence. In justice we feel bound to add that we had not recovered from the hectic game with the Army three days before, and the last-minute changes which had to be made on account of injuries failed to prove effective. The teams chosen for these games were picked from the following: Messrs Dockery (captain), Brown, Buxton, Fallon, Fraser, Holland, Harrison, Keegan, Key, J. McCann, Peters, Walsh, Wyche.

The cricketers stole a march on us last year by playing the Past on that memorable day of the Reunion. We hope that this year a similar occasion will occur at a time when we can show them the mettle of our present football team.

RUGBY

The season saw none too bright an opening. For one thing, the grant from the Public Purse was by no means equal to our needs, which are naturally very considerable at the moment. Not only this, but Mr Jones, the captain, was faced with the most unenviable task of trying to recruit players who did not exist. At normal times the difficulty of maintaining a sufficiency of players is understandable, but the situation of late has been decidedly aggravated, as each succeeding First Year, with all its many merits, seems to be less and less rugger-minded.

In fact, though the number of games was well up to average, the greater proportion of them were played with a sad shortage of numbers, eight-a-sides and ten-a-sides being the rule rather than the exception. Indeed, hardened players of that other ball-game have been known of late to gather on the touchline and declare in no uncertain terms that it is a shame that such a state of affairs should be permitted. To be quite frank, although it goes very much against the grain to consider agreeing with such people, I think that, unless some satisfactory solution can be reached, the captains will have to ask themselves whether the continuation of rugger is worth the weakening it entails in the soccer.

The actual games themselves showed great variations in standard of play. Forwards at times showed great promise, although usually they played far too close a game and were inclined to fly-kick when in doubt. The three-quarters were fast and on the whole better than they have been for some years ; but there was little tackling and falling on the ball. These were features of the Roman game as well, but there they always seemed to be eliminated in out matches. In fact, our Roman friends have openly declared their admiration at the bravery of the English. In ordinary games, however, outstanding heroism is not always too apparent ; no doubt the fault is largely attributable to the numbers of occasional players who turn out. But it must be stressed in all seriousness that tackling and falling on the ball are essentials in good rugger, as also dribbling as opposed to fly-kicking, and constant and rapid following-up by the pack. However much the off-side rule may hamper our games, it is a rule which would repay a little study and lighten the referee's task.

No out matches were played, although we were kept in suspense for two or three weeks by the rumour of a game with the Army ; nor was a game played with Stonyhurst. Incidentally, a study of the really first-rate Stonyhurst pack would be of great advantage to our forwards.

OBITUARY

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR CHARLES CANON CRONIN, D.D., V.G.

He came to us in the autumn of 1890 from Oscott, where he had done Philosophy. Full soon he developed a passion for Billot's work as distinct from the more discursive, not to say miscellaneous Mazzella. On his first feast of Saint Thomas, he was rumoured to have read Billot for seven hours on end. March 7th, 1891, since accuracy is desired when attainable.

Talking of accuracy, he may be described as contrary in a comprehensive sense. A splendid theologian, he knew no Church History for long enough, though living amidst the monuments: a fine reader in Plain Song, he was tuneless vocally—one of the boys describing him as the only one in the College who could sing a chord.

Nervous. Oh! Nervous! He never ate a peach as he could not bear to handle one. Velvet was like stinging-nettle. Yet he was first-class at illuminating on vellum (this was one of *our* weakest points). His mind worked too rapidly, which made him impatient of our manifold small discussions, and though his conversation was of great profit it was not well-sustained. In like manner, his preaching afterwards (in Leamington I heard it) was dry coughs punctuated with half-bricks of solid reasoning. In fact he had no foolishness and was an unattractive speaker in consequence; how solid ever were his thoughts.

Sooner than most students he captured the confidence of his superiors, and most wonderfully obviated the resulting diffidence of his compeers. For he abounded in public spirit and was hard-working and loyal at games, and enthusiastically helpful to anyone or anything that called for a friendly hand. His slightly forbidding aspect was relieved by a pair of eyes which were often liquid with charity for its own sake; believe me, I observed this with wonder at so much sympathy and devotion mostly unrequited and unrecognised. The first time we played the Scots at football in Villa Borghese (a sunny afternoon after hard frost) we lost by one goal to six,

but he was our goal-keeper and saved at least fourteen hot shots by cat-like watchfulness. Unpopular, but more deserving than most of popularity. Madam Blavatsky is said to have been uglier than her portraits, if possible, but he was always handsomer than he looked and softer than he pretended, an inheritor of unfulfilled renown.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

When I first heard of him singing *Killarney* at one of those dignified "Grand Concerts" which were a feature of mission entertainments in the so-called "naughty nineties", I little thought that about ten years later I would find myself in a Common Room packed with students vociferously applauding his rendering of *Nazareth*, for the one and only reason that unscrupulous Senior Students had egged us on, declaring that if "Tim" got an encore, we stood a good chance of seeing the Christmas concerts' wine bill footed by the College authorities, and no whip-round among the students!

During the last six years of his life at the Venerable Mgr Cronin won our esteem by his almost maternal care for our physical well-being. Our food was excellent; we were the best fed of all English seminaries—thanks to Mgr Cronin. He was truly concerned when a student went on the water-wagon; the abstainer would be gently advised to look up I Tim. v, 23. Once a student was ill or in trouble, he could depend on unfailing sympathy and every attention from the Vice-Rector. On occasions like these he would come right out of his shell—only to return right back into it when normality was restored. Was this frozen reserve the reason of his unpopularity with us? Or was it due to those weary and dismal hours under him as *ripetitore*? *Chi lo sa?* Throughout his life he was handicapped by a difficulty of expressing his thoughts that was painful, and often irritating, to those who had to listen to him. On the other hand, his written notes were masterpieces, clear as crystal, lucid, precise, erudite; and his calligraphy was truly beautiful. But his vocal expression lagged lamely (oh, so lamely!) behind the working of his exact mind.

He left the Venerable, after sixteen years' service, early one morning, with only Augusto at the door to see him off and wish him "Addio". Upstairs there was merry-making.

About eighteen months later I met him again—at Oscott. He was in a nervous state of health, and he would ask me to accompany him on afternoon walks. We went at a snail's pace. It was during these walks that I realized how deeply he felt the loss of the Rectorship of the Venerable. One charge, made by an eminent person, that he would turn the place into an Irish College, stung him sharply. At Oscott he was not happy. His susceptibilities were so keen that he felt any disagreement as a personal affront. After a meeting of the bishops of the province at Oscott, the conversation in the Common Room (the "Den" as Mgr Parkinson would have it called) turned on the amount of truth in modern spiritualism. Mgr Cronin argued against the rest of the room until he reached near to

indignation. "What a man for making things personal", said Bishop Burton as he went off to his bedroom. With so sensitive a nature, it was not to be wondered at that Mgr Cronin could not easily share the same roof with Mgr Parkinson. Both were men of deep spirituality, both were Staffordshire men, but Parkinson was as hard as nails, a tough warrior in the service of his Lord. The first encounter was, I believe, in the matter of precedence in the choir stalls. Mgr Cronin contended that his place was after the Rector; Mgr Parkinson quoted the College rule about the position of Vice-Rector and Procurator. It was not long before Mgr Cronin told me, on one of our afternoon walks, that Solihull was soon to be vacant, and that he was going to ask Archbishop Ilsley to send him there.

The respectable folk of Solihull were charmed at the presence of a Monsignor as their priest, and Mgr Cronin found comfort in their midst. One pious old lady seriously thought that she had discovered the method of the Monsignor's preaching. "You see", she said, "Monsignor does not preach like other priests we have had. He says a sentence, and then we are to meditate on that, until he gives us the next sentence"!

While he was at Solihull he suffered a second big disappointment. When peace came after the Great War students began to pour into Oscott. Archbishop Ilsley decided that there should be a canonical visitation to enquire into post-war conditions at the seminary. The burning question was smoking! Mgr Parkinson was reported as having said that he would rather retire to the poorest parish in the diocese than allow general permission to seminarists to smoke. In their report to the Archbishop the visiting canons recommended the granting of the permission. Convinced that the Rector would tender his resignation, the Archbishop (then living at Lawnside) approached Mgr Cronin and asked him to become Rector of Oscott. Cronin was delighted. He sent for me, to tell me that he had especially requested that I should become his Vice-Rector. (I was aghast!) He told me that the changeover was to take place at the end of a month. Two weeks, three weeks, passed by; but no further word from the Archbishop. Cronin became restless, remarking that he hoped the Archbishop was not forgetting his motto, *Justus, et tenax propositi*. Before another week was passed he learnt that Mgr Parkinson was to remain at Oscott. Had he witnessed a scene on the Oscott terrace—Mgr Parkinson and Fr Joseph Rickaby S.J., the former heated and gesticulating, the latter cool and raising a soothing hand or finger—followed by a scene in the Oscott chapel—Mgr Parkinson at his *prie-dieu*, wrapped in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, he would have understood. That great hearted Rector humbly admitted that visiting canons, deputed by episcopal authority, were better judges of what was best for the College than one who had spent thirty years within its walls. So, for the time being, Cronin remained at Solihull, with his books, his medicines, his mufflers, and his domestic difficulties. (Housekeepers came and went).

In 1921 Mgr Cronin removed to St Francis', Handsworth, reputed to be the best parish in the diocese. He adorned and beautified the interior of the church, adding altar-rails of distinction. His taste was always

excellent when ecclesiastical art had to be considered. After the death of Mgr Parkinson in 1924 Mgr Cronin returned to Oscott as Rector. The five years in which he held office were perhaps the happiest of his life. The students admired him with far greater respect than he had won from us ten years, and more, before at the Venerabile. But again his sensitive and nervous nature jerked at the presence of men around him to whom it was not attuned. Dr Miller had to go. He had taught dogmatic theology for twenty-one years and was the best professor in the College. Cronin offered to get him a domestic prelacy from Rome. Miller only smiled, and returned to his diocese. The Procurator was removed to Cotton. I also might well have gone (for some reason or another I was no longer a *persona grata*), but I was then only an extern professor, and there was not a glut of scripture scholars on the market. So Cronin formed a new coterie around him, which an outsider might possibly have misjudged as sycophantic ; and he was happy.

For a space, during Archbishop McIntyre's illness, Mgr Cronin was virtually ruler of the diocese. He discharged his duties with meticulous care and exactitude ; but again his sensitive nature would sometimes spoil his work. While his heart expanded towards any priest who sought his advice in trouble, it contracted when faced by a man who was not *simpatico*. He could give a permission one day, only to countermand it a few days later in favour of an opposite request from a crony. To a parishless ex-professor called into his presence "ad audiendum verbum" about his future, he repeated : "The Archbishop is angry with you"—merely to make his victim writhe. It was the same in the theological field. I remember him telling me at table at Oscott with sheer glee that Père de la Taille's theory of the Mass was about to be condemned in Rome. In utter dismay I at once wrote to the distinguished theologian ; but I had not the pluck to show Cronin the dignified reply, in which I was told to "pooh-pooh the ludicrous rumour", for which "there is not an atom of foundation".

A new Archbishop was appointed to Birmingham in 1929. Mgr Cronin had to make way at Oscott for Mgr Dey, D.S.O. The leaving cost him much pain ; but his loyalty to the decisions of authority, for which he was distinguished, somewhat sweetened his bitterness. A comfortable residence and an ample salary were found for him at Handsworth. Here he spent the last twelve years of his life, a loyal and faithful servant to his Archbishop.

When his health began to decline (he was never robust) a priest suggested that he should go to one of his friends for a good holiday. "I have no friends", he sadly replied—an understatement, of course. Last summer he went to Rhyl, where he received kind attention from one of his old Venerabile students, Dr Baron. He returned to Birmingham only to grow weaker. His last days were spent in the hospital of the good Sisters at St Paul's Convent, Selly Park ; and perhaps his last earthly joy was at reading Canon O'Farrell's article in the last number of THE VENERABLE, which Archbishop Williams brought to his bedside. Early in January he was feeling better and was planning to return to Handsworth. But he had

another heart attack ; the short form of Extreme Unction was administered by the convent chaplain, and he expired on January 8th.

It was a pity, as he himself remarked to me, that he had not time to devote himself to writing. His mind was a store-house of the findings of the sacred sciences, especially canon law, moral theology, liturgy and rubrics. He was not widely read in dogmatic theology ; a passionate devotion to Billot (whose works he knew from cover to cover) somewhat cramped his outlook ; and he knew little about Sacred Scripture and Church History. He had a tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. God grant him rest ; he was a very tired and still somewhat disappointed man when he went to sleep.

T. E. BIRD.

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Rite of High Mass and Sung Mass. By Rev. J. O'Connell (Burns Oates), 15s.

In this volume Fr O'Connell maintains the same happy combination of erudition and readability which he displayed in his previous two volumes. There are enough references to authorities to satisfy the most exigent of rubricists, and on doubtful points both views are fairly stated, the author giving reasons for his preference. The arrangement of the matter adds to the clarity of the author's style and makes the book a pleasure to use.

The fourth chapter on Incensation and the sixth on the music of High Mass are both very useful, and we must commend the inclusion of a summary of rules for the laity, a point usually neglected. In treating of the actual High Mass the author had to choose whether to deal with the duties of each of the Sacred Ministers and assistants separately, as in Fortescue, or to go straight through the ceremony, mentioning the duties of each as they occur. Both methods have obvious disadvantages; but he has successfully compromised by following the second way, supplementing it, however, with a synopsis of the duties of Celebrant, Deacon, Subdeacon and Master of Ceremonies set out in parallel columns. This deserves high praise, especially for the inclusion of the M.C. who in many works, and notably in Martinucci, is practically ignored.

When he comes to the *Missa Cantata* the author deals with two forms. that with at least two servers, when incense is not used, and the most solemn form when incense is used and M.C., thurifer, acolytes and torch-bearers take part, the M.C. being presumed to be in Major Orders. Now in England a third form is the most common, in which incense is used but the M.C. is a layman. Fr O'Connell does mention the differences which occur in such a case, but it is not his main concern, and consequently the book loses here some of the lucidity and ease which was the keynote up to this point; the reader can always find what he wants but now he has to search for it.

A few particular points are worth mentioning. At the incensation of the altar after the preparatory prayers we find the Deacon and Subdeacon

instructed to assist the Celebrant, "the Deacon supporting him with his left hand under the Celebrant's right arm, and the Subdeacon with his right hand under the Celebrant's left arm" (p. 90). We fully agree that the prevalent custom of raising the chasuble is unsightly; yet although the author quotes his authorities, it is difficult to imagine these instructions being gracefully and successfully put into practice: at least the Deacon would find it hard to avoid hindering the action of incensation.

When the Deacon takes the burse after the singing of *Et incarnatus est* in the Creed he is told not to bow to the choir, since the rubrics make no specific reference to it. The argument in the footnote (p. 113) that this is "possibly because this act of the Deacon takes place at the altar and does not suppose him to pass close to the clergy" is unconvincing: on the same reasoning the sacred ministers would not bow to the choir before returning to the altar at the end of the Creed. It would seem better to take *Cum debitis reverentiis* (C.E. II, viii, 54) as including the customary bows to the clergy, and so Haegy-Stercky (vol. II, n. 839, §3) and in fact most authors interpret it. It is true that Moretti (II, p. 197, n. 917) merely says "debitis cum reverentiis Episcopo et Altari peractis", but he is writing of Episcopal functions and ignores the clergy in choir whenever the Bishop is present.

The acolytes are told to genuflect at the words *Et Verbum caro factum est* if the Last Gospel is that of St John and again when the sacred ministers make their reverence before leaving the sanctuary. No authorities are given for this. Yet Haegy-Stercky states that they genuflect at these words, if the Last Gospel is of St John, but in that case they lead straight off at the end without genuflecting again. The *Domine Salvum Fac* is relegated to a footnote, which is a pity in a book proposing to deal with customs which have the sanction of law in England; for the present custom of singing the *Ÿ* and *R* during the Last Gospel means that two public acts of prayer are taking place at the same time (the Celebrant does not repeat the *Ÿ* and *R* but proceeds immediately to the prayer).

One final point. In a footnote on the veiling of the Blessed Sacrament for a sermon during High Mass *coram Sanctissimo* the author quotes the *Ephemerides Liturgicae* as suggesting that "if only a short sermon (*fervorino*) on the Blessed Sacrament is preached the Sacred Host need not be veiled". If *fervorino* is taken here alone to mean a short sermon it hardly seems the correct translation. The normal word for a sermon is *predica*; *fervorino* connotes rather that type of sermon which develops into an emotional exhortation. It can be used of the advice of a confessor to his penitents or of an impassioned appeal lasting over an hour, so it is not the length but the nature of the address which is in question.

But these are minor points which must not for a moment be allowed to obscure the true value of this book. Fr O'Connell has kept all the virtues of previous works on rubrics and avoided their faults. Authoritative yet not involved or unwieldy, the book supplies the required information in a most readable way and in an order very simple to follow; the more it is used, the more it will be appreciated.

Rome and the Counter-Reformation in England. By Philip Hughes (Burns Oates), 18s.

The scope of the book is expressed accurately and concisely in the title. The narrative is grouped round the figures of Cardinals Pole and Allen, and Richard Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon, the period roughly extending from Henry VIII to Charles I. Not the least valuable characteristic is the smooth transition from Rome to England and from England to Rome: Protestant influence is neither minimised nor ignored, but the book keeps to its main subject, avoiding all carping criticism of the English Protestants. It is refreshing to get away from apologetic masquerading as history into the wider atmosphere of the Universal Church.

Especially welcome is the length of treatment afforded to the Marian Restoration and the Archpriest controversy. It might be questioned whether the author is not too hard on Spanish policy. Philip II did support the Papacy or hinder its work mainly according as it suited his own policy; but, considering the age in which he lived, with its cynical disregard of religion in politics, the marvel is that he did so much for the Catholic cause. The emancipation of the laity from clerical control in matters dealt with before the Reformation in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and their consequent reluctance to endure its renewal is, we think, rightly stressed as an important factor making for the eventual triumph of the Protestants. The question as to whether Papal approval was given to projects for murdering Elizabeth and whether murder is the right term to use, is dealt with from the standpoint of Catholic teaching and should remove many misconceptions, and gain a more sympathetic hearing than it would have done fifty years ago.

E.W.

Via Pacis Via Crucis. By Rev. W. O'Grady (Laverly and Sons), 9d.

This little book of prayers and prayerful poems deserves the warmest welcome. As the title indicates, the matter of the book has a topical flavour, but it is assuredly of permanent devotional value. At the beginning are a prayer to Christ the King and two prayers for peace, those of Benedict XV and Pius XII. There follow twenty-four poems and sonnets which are admirable in their inspiration as in their composition. They are all war poems, drawing always the contrast between man-made peace and that peace of God which comes to us through suffering. There is, too, the awareness that war for all its horrors has greater spiritual gifts for many of us than the days of apparent peace, when we too readily forget that the *via pacis* is the *via crucis* and no other—

“ But life's uncertainty appears
So manifest when doubts and fears
Arise from war's alarms ”.

The versification is simple, the rhyming varied yet easy to read, while

in the sonnets that antithesis after the cesura is observed which gives roundness and balance to this form of poetry. The measure of the line

“Receive, O Lord, our cherished friends who die”

must remind the reader of Milton’s harsher line

“Avenge, o Lord, Thy slaughtered saints whose bones”,

but the association does not detract from the adequacy of the prayer for those who died at Dunkirk “that we may live”. A literary critic would not approve of some of the epithets used—as “Cherished friends”, “raging sea”, “roaring waves”: none of them original—but then there are many things in these poems to which a literary critic would object. The great saving clause, however, is that these verses were written, not for littérateurs, but to help men of faith to hold firm against the confusion that surrounds them in every place.

In addition to the prayers introducing the poems there is at the end a collection including the “En Ego”, versified Stations of the Cross, Stabat Mater, the De Profundis and a prayer to Our Lady of the Home. Thus, this little book is a very perfect companion.

P. McE.

In Soft Garments. By Rt Rev. Monsignor Ronald Knox (Burns Oates), 6s.

This is a collection of conferences given by Monsignor Knox at Oxford to fulfil the stipulation laid down by the Holy See for Catholics attending non-Catholic Universities. As we should naturally expect, therefore, they deal with questions of apologetics. But this is no conventionally solid but stuffy text-book; indeed, it makes no claim to be a comprehensive defence of Christian doctrine. It was written primarily to give satisfactory replies to the objections which undergraduates would meet in the society, largely un-Christian in outlook, among which they would be spending their student years. But those objections are the same as the difficulties which all Catholics have at one time or another to answer, even though they are not expressed so clearly or couched in such polite language; consequently Monsignor Knox’s exposition will be of great general use.

The book is remarkable for three things. In the first place, the author traces the pedigree of modern errors, which are but new aspects of old heresies. Secondly, he adapts the arguments by which the Church refuted these heresies to meet the fresh twist which they have received today. Finally, he strips away all the stiff formalism of the scholastic method of argument which appeals but slightly to the lay mind, no matter how cogently it may present the case to the trained philosopher or theologian, and makes his points with freshness and a modernity of language calculated to impress the common attitude of mind. This last quality makes the book well worth reading by the student of theology, since it will help him greatly to adapt the technicalities of the schools to the practical needs of his future pastoral work.

B.C.

Follow Me, A Vindication of the Ideal of Religious Life. By Bernard Fennelly, C.S.Sp. (Burns Oates), 6s.

The religious life is designed solely to facilitate practical charity: this is the underlying idea in Fr Fennelly's book, and it is one which cannot be too often stressed and brought home. His effort, however, to do this and at the same time give the Canon Law and something of moral theology upon the obligations of vows involved a difficult task; and one may regretfully doubt if it has been successfully accomplished.

B.L.

A Bedside Book of Irish Saints. By Aloysius Roche (Burns Oates), 5s.

Readers of other Bedside Books will remember Fr Roche's approach to the saints as predominantly fresh and modern. His knowledge of them is singularly wide, but he appears most at home with the earlier saints who were canonised by popular consent in the great ages of Faith. In the field of Irish sanctity he has a fertile soil in which to delve; and once again it is the early centuries, the fifth to the seventh, that we explore.

The matter to hand is not extensive; the early chronicles relate mainly the outstanding miracles, but the desire of our time is to learn of the more commonplace events of the saints' lives, to see the small things out of which their greatness grew. Here Fr Roche excels and he finds in their literature the same love of common and abiding things. For those early saints were great lovers of nature, of the green valleys and the mountains, of the sea and seafaring (is this a tradition lost to the Irish?) and, though not without nostalgia, of travelling abroad. Here is common ground and, surely, the best way of coming to appreciate and understand the saints.

Not that we should be blind to their austerities; a vein of stern asceticism runs through the whole of Irish sanctity. But rather we should view these austerities against their background of monasticism being born, when excess was a natural and pardonable fault. The spirit of Benedict was still to pervade the new foundation and suffuse the first fervour of Columban's monasticism with mellowness and sobriety.

The achievements of Irish monasticism, religious and cultural, are well known; Luxeuil and Bobbio are names that mark their work for ever. But are the saints themselves known and appreciated in the North? I once passed through a village in central Italy, Roccadarce, not far from Roccasecca (St Thomas' birthplace)—where San Columbano was patron, and the people talked of him as familiarly as if he lived among them. I received a royal welcome on the false assumption that I was his *compaesano*. In such a country there is not the same need for rediscovering the saints: they live and influence without effort. But that Italian easiness and nearness with the elect is a virtue lost to the English. These essays will do much to restore it and to show the saints as real, as well as great, men and women of their time; this is the aim and, I believe, the achievement of the book.

H.L.

The Rosary in Daily Life. By Rev. Bruno Walkley, O.P. (Burns Oates)
2s. 6d.

“ We have not said the Rosary merely because we have said one hundred and fifty Aves . . . ” While there are probably few Catholics who think the Rosary no more than that, there are many for whom it becomes such in practice, either through insufficient knowledge of the mysteries it contains or through inability to draw from them any application to their own lives. For such people this book is intended ; it will help them to a thoughtful, affectionate recital of the Rosary ; the simplest approach to mental prayer.

In his reconstruction Fr Walkley has given not merely the events proper to each mystery but also some account of the intervening incidents, so presenting briefly the whole Gospel story of Christ and His Mother ; and from this is drawn a synthesis of Catholic doctrine and apologetics. The reconstructions are vivid and full. Though the source of this fulness is often no more than legend or imagination, the author is careful not to present such details as history. Strangely enough, it is often the genuinely historical facts which would seem to be superfluous and, perhaps, even distracting ; the fourth sorrowful mystery (p. 38) is an instance—*must* we be told of the three types of cross and the etymology of “ Golgotha ” ?

The attempt to present the three sections of the Rosary as illustrating Faith, Hope and Charity is excellent, bringing out the foundation and practical exercise of the theological virtues, and at the same time providing a unifying theme. Its disadvantage is that the practical applications are sometimes twisted to embrace their appropriate virtue, instead of rising spontaneously from the mysteries.

As with all books giving reflections for use in prayer, so this, too, is personal to the author ; the reader must reflect upon and adapt the thoughts before they will be of value to him in his own devotions. But used in this way, the book will discover a new and fruitful vitality in the recital of the Rosary to those who have hitherto found it mechanical.

T.H.

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