

# THE VENERABLE

conducted  
by the past and present students  
of the Venerable English College  
Rome

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# THE VENERABILE

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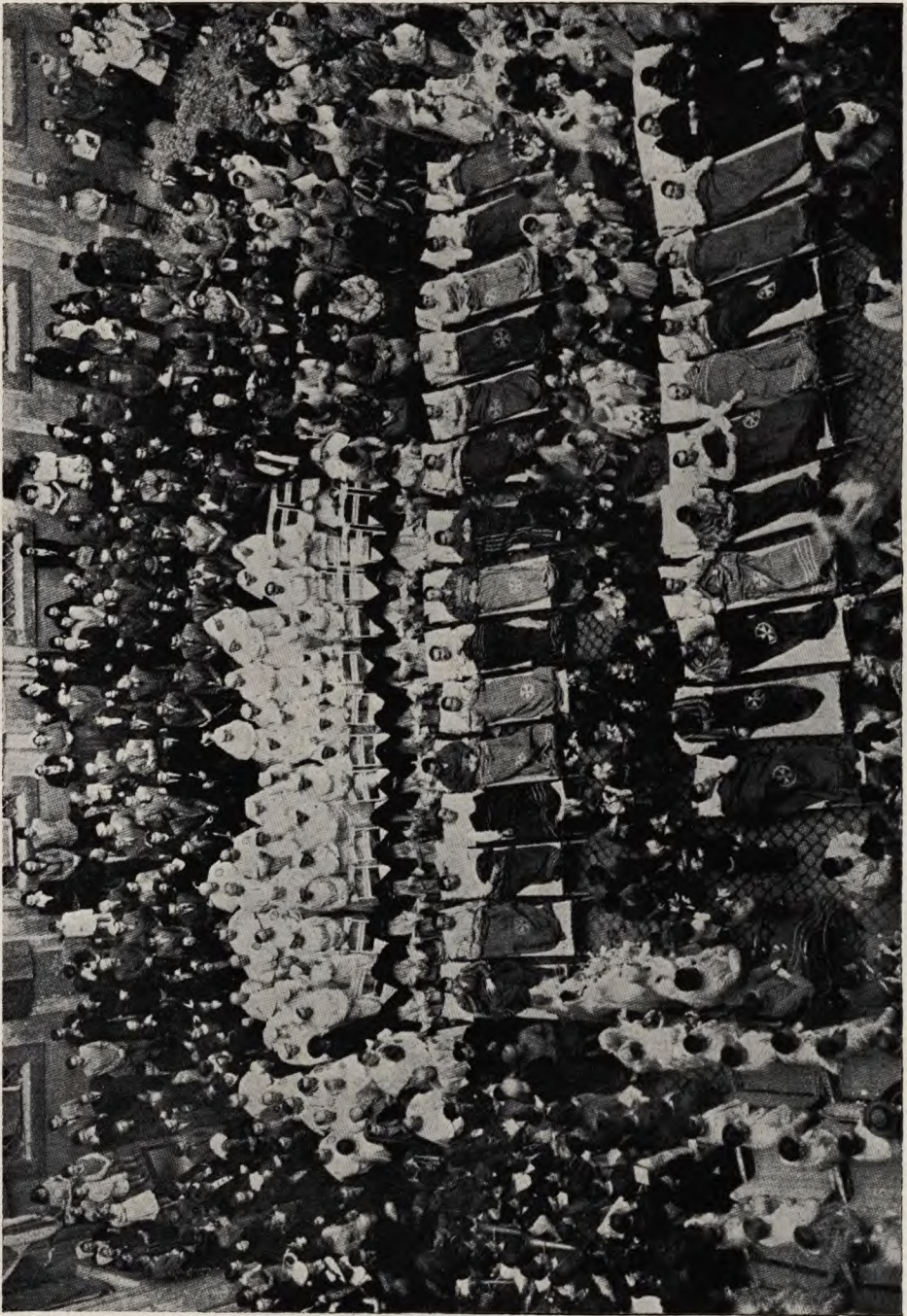
## VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE

ST. MARY'S HALL

STONYHURST, nr. BLACKBURN, LANCS.

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## EDITORIAL

It is well known that for the last three years the College in the Via Monserrato has been in the hands of the Knights of Malta as the Ospedale Principe di Piemonte. In this number we produce two photographs which originally appeared in the Vatican City review *Ecclesia* of March this year. Past students of the College will easily recognize the Chapel and the Cortile; but to none was it given ever to witness therein scenes such as those depicted in our photographs—the marriage ceremony of a wounded Army officer and a *Corpus Christi* procession. On these and similar occasions, says *Ecclesia*, “tutti, i barellati in prima fila, si affollano nella grande chiesa, rutilante di dorature e splendente di marmi, o si assiepano nel vasto cortile”. Little is said of the house beyond what our readers know already, the only innovation, apparently, being the installation of a lift in the well of the staircase. Meanwhile, the war news from Italy gives rise to anxiety for the College property in Rome, and our prayers during the Visit after supper now include the public recitation of the *Memorare* for the safety of the Eternal City.

## THE HIGH ALTAR OF SAN PAOLO FUORI

Hidden away in various books there are some strange pieces of information connected with the history of the High Altar of St Paul's Basilica which have never, so far as the present writer is aware, been collected together. In this article he has attempted to make such a collection ; and though he has not the honour of being an alumnus of the Via di Monserrato, he ventures to offer his results to the pages of the *VENERABILE* as the most suitable place for their preservation. The facts can be set forth more shortly here than in a magazine of wider range, since it can be safely assumed that readers of the *VENERABILE* are already acquainted in some detail with the history of the basilica, which need not therefore be explained as it would have to be to a less specialised circle of readers.

Few writers of guide-books seem to be aware that when Arnolfo di Cambio built his Gothic baldacchino over the Apostle's tomb of 1285, he threw out the existing High Altar and substituted for it a marble sarcophagus which he had come across by chance when excavating for his foundations. This sarcophagus continued to serve as the High Altar of St Paul's for some three-hundred years, until it in its turn was thrown out by Pope Sixtus V. He, on removing it from St Paul's, placed it in the Chapel of St Lucy in St Mary Major's—a tiny chapel immediately to the right of the entrance into the Blessed Sacrament Chapel from the nave. It was still to be seen in this chapel when Augustus J. C. Hare wrote his *Walks in Rome* ; but it is now in the Lateran Museum among all the other Christian sarcophagi, with no label (unless I am mistaken) to preserve the

memory of its unique history. Fortunately it can be easily recognised from the description given by Dr Antonio Nibby the leading Roman archaeologist of a century ago. In the centre of its front side, in a large circular scallop-shell, it has what Nibby calls *due busti di personaggi togati*, flanked by two horizontal rows of Scriptural scenes which are variously identified by different writers. There is no other sarcophagus in the museum with "two busts of togated personages"; there are several with two busts of personages, but these are nearly always of a husband and wife—and women of course did not wear the toga. There can be little doubt that Arnolfo di Cambio chose this sarcophagus for use as an altar because he imagined that the two busts were meant to represent SS. Peter and Paul; actually, they are doubtless portraits of the quite unknown persons (probably two brothers) for whom the sarcophagus was made.

Nibby's narrative of the facts and description of the sarcophagus will be found in his *Roma nell'anno 1838*, vol. 3 (or Par. 1, Moderna, as he calls it) p. 393. Lanciani endorses the story in a brief foot-note in *Wanderings through Ancient Roman Churches*, p. 158; and a picture of the easily recognisable sarcophagus can be found in almost any illustrated book of Christian antiquities—for example, in Goyau and Chéramy's *Il Volto di Roma Christiana*, p. 52 (lower picture), or in the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne*, s.v. *Latran*, col. 1689-90.

The altar which Arnolfo di Cambio threw out was not Constantine's original altar, but dated from one of the many subsequent re-buildings, possibly from Leo IV's and Benedict III's reconstruction after the severe damage wrought by the Saracens in 846. But it was in any case an altar of respectable antiquity. What did Arnolfo di Cambio do with it?

The answer to this question appears to have survived by chance in an almost unknown guide-book to Rome written about the year 1470 by William Brewyn, an English priest. A copy of this book, probably the only copy in England, is in the Chapter Library of Canterbury Cathedral, and a translation of part of it has been made and published by the librarian (*Brewyn's Churches of Rome*, tr. C. E. Woodruff: The Marshall Press, London, 1933). Speaking of St Paul's Basilica, Brewyn says: "At the west door of this church on the outside"—i.e. in the quadriportico, presumably—"is an altar in which is an aperture, and here, as

it is said, was found the head of St Paul etc.” We need not take too seriously the obviously vague gossip about “the head of St. Paul etc”; but it is very interesting and suggestive that about two hundred years after Arnolfo di Cambio’s time Brewyn saw (for his book is written from first-hand knowledge) an altar obviously discarded from its proper place and dumped in the porch—and that this altar was furnished with something that sounds like a *billicum confessionis*, and that popular gossip associated it closely with the primary relics of the Apostle. Let it go at that. The quadriportico of St. Paul’s was unfortunately entirely rebuilt by Benedict XIII in 1725, and the ancient altar, if it was then still there, was probably broken up as a negligible piece of rubbish.

As the late Mgr Barnes pointed out, the tombs both of St Peter and of St Paul were constructed in a subterranean vault, approached (before any basilica was built at all) by a flight of steps leading down from the ground-level after the fashion of the “area” steps of a Victorian mansion. At St Peter’s these steps were totally concealed by the floor of Constantine’s basilica, which was constructed some eight feet above the level of the ground; but at St Paul’s the floor was laid almost on the ground-level itself, and the stairs giving access to the underground door of the actual tomb-chamber lay open to view—or at most, were covered by a simple trap-door in the floor. Thus, Constantine’s St. Paul’s was unique in possessing a *confessio* in the sense in which the word is now used—a pit in the floor, in front of the High Altar. And when the church was rebuilt the other way round by Theodosius and Honorius, this pit, like the altar itself, remained undisturbed and thus found itself now *behind* the High Altar, i.e. between the altar and the apse, instead of between the altar and the nave.

Now Mgr Barnes supposes—and it has probably been generally taken for granted—that this *confessio* remained *in situ* until after the fire of 1823, when with a total disregard of historical propriety it was ruthlessly filled up by the rebuilders, and the present *confessio* foolishly and ignorantly constructed on the opposite side of the altar.<sup>1</sup> But there is an interesting hint, by an author who was in a position to know the facts, that the old *confessio* had been filled up long before 1823 by no less a person than Pope Sixtus V, and that from his time until the

<sup>1</sup> Barnes, *The Martyrdom of St Peter and St Paul*, p. 152.



present church was built St. Paul's possessed no visible *confessio* at all. The word *confessio*, of course, is often and quite rightly used of the whole structure of a martyr's shrine—tomb and altar and any channel of communication between the two; it is a quite modern abuse to apply the term only to the open pit in the floor. Most of these pits date from the seventeenth century or later, and were constructed in imitation of that of St Peter's. The mention of a *confessio* in any given church, in a book more than a hundred or two hundred years old, is no evidence whatever of the existence of an excavated pit.

It is known, and not disputed, that Sixtus V (1585–1590) constructed a new High Altar for St Paul's. A little modern monograph on the basilica by Emilio Lavagnino—one of a quite reputable and scholarly series of booklets—will suffice for a reference: “Fu quindi rifatto l'altare maggiore ed il coro su disegno di Onorio Longhi (1569–1618)”. And we have already heard Nibby telling us that the altar then removed by Sixtus V was the marble sarcophagus placed there by Arnolfo di Cambio. (Nibby, by the way, refers his readers to a learned paper on the subject of this sarcophagus, written for the Roman Academy of Archaeology in 1827 by one Nicholas Ratti; it would be interesting to know if and how he was related to a later and more distinguished personage of the same surname.) But there is someone dating from Sixtus V's own time who has something to say on this matter.

Antonio Bosio, the first serious re-explorer of the Catacombs, was a boy of fourteen and a student in Rome in the year when Sixtus V died. At the age of seventeen, believe it or not, he was already accepted as the leading authority on Christian archaeology; we may take it therefore that even at fourteen he was capable of intelligent observation. His copious but unpublished notes were put together by his executors after his unexpectedly early death, and brought out in 1632 under the title (since then used again by at least two later writers) of *Roma Sotteranea*; and this is a summary of what he says about St Paul's<sup>1</sup>:

(a) In addition to the Apostolic tomb itself, a further Cemetery of Lucina was comprised within the walls of the basilica, “particularly under its transept”—*la nave trasversale di essa*—“in the place where, on the left of the Tribune, towards

<sup>1</sup> pp. 199–200 of the 2nd edition, 1650.

the sacristy, the ancient pavement still remains partially entire . . . where in times past there used to be an altar in honour of St Lucina ”.

(b) “ In the time of our elders, from whom we have had definite information on the subject ”—*a’ tempi de’ nostri vecchi, da’ quali ne habbiamo havuta certa relazione*—“ the way into this holy cemetery in the said church was open ”—*era aperto l’adito*—“ the entrance to it being from the subterranean Oratory of St Julian, as Panvino (*sic*) also testifies in his description of this basilica ”.

(c) “ This Oratory of St Julian stood in the middle of the said transept, opposite the Tribune, and near to the High Altar and to its sacred Confessio ; one went down to it by some steps. This place was then closed, and the Oratory demolished ”—*rimosso*—“ in the time of Sixtus V in order to make a flat space such as Pontifical ceremonies require ”—*per l’occasione di far’ il piano comodo per le Messe Pontificali*—“ the bodies of the said saints being transported into the Oratory of St Leo, now called St Bridget’s ”.

Now what does all this mean ? Can there possibly have been *two* open spaces—pits with steps down into them—“ in the middle of the transept, opposite the Tribune, and near the High Altar ” ? This is an exact description of the place where the *confessio* was situated ; how could there possibly have been another excavated space just exactly there ? And if somehow there were two such pits and not one, what did Sixtus V gain by filling up the one (the Oratory of St Julian) and not the other (the *confessio*) ? There would still be no “ flat space such as Pontifical ceremonies require ” if the pit of the *confessio* were left open.

The only reasonable explanation of Bosio’s words appears to be this—that what he calls “ the subterranean Oratory of St Julian ” was no other than the Confessio-pit itself, the true nature and purpose of which had become so completely forgotten that by Bosio’s time it was known simply as the chapel of one of the many martyrs interred in Lucina’s cemetery. This is not so impossible as it sounds, for it seems to be probable, if not certain, that in preparation for the threatened Sacracen invasion in 846 Pope Sergius II, being unable to hide or disguise the very obvious steps down into the *confessio*, did the next best thing and disguised the fact that this excavated space had

any connexion at all with the Apostle's tomb; that is to say, he completely blocked up and concealed the door into the tomb-chamber, hitherto clearly visible at the bottom of the stairs, and transformed the pit of the *confessio* into the semblance of a harmless and innocent chapel. Is it not possible, then, that he was so successful in this stratagem as to mislead, not only the Saracens of 846, but Christian posterity as well? The Romans of the Middle Ages, as we have already said, were not accustomed to *confessiones* of the modern pit type, and would not, as we should, naturally associate such a pit with the shrine beneath the High Altar; and it does not seem at all impossible that in the course of time this pit-chapel at St Paul's should have ceased to be associated with the Apostolic tomb to which it no longer gave access, and should have come to be known merely as the oratory of a martyr who was buried in it.

This, at any rate, would furnish an intelligible explanation of Bosio's words, and it is difficult to think of any other interpretation that would do so. We need not be puzzled by Bosio's statement that the Oratory of St Julian was "near the High Altar and to its sacred *confessio*", for this could perfectly well mean "and to the tomb of the Apostle", and need not imply the existence of any excavated pit other than St Julian's Oratory itself.

Indeed, Bosio himself comes very near to telling us that this is the true explanation. A few pages further on than the passage we have quoted, he again refers to the bodies of St Julian and others and says that they "were situated aforesaid in the subterranean *confessio*, in the Oratory of St Julian as it was called". This seems good enough: the oratory which Sixtus V filled up was the *confessio*.

There is also from another source a certain amount of corroboration of our view of what Sixtus V did. When the basilica was lying in ruins after the disastrous fire of 1823, artists naturally flocked to the spot like vultures to a corpse and they have left us a great number of prints of every aspect of the ruins. Some of these—notably those of the Ravennese architect Luigi Rossini—are of considerable size and show the appearance of the ruins in great detail, and it is remarkable that in none of the pictures does there appear to be the slightest trace of any *confessio* of the pit type. It is true that in all the prints of the interior the floor of the church is so littered with

burnt rubbish that it is difficult to say for certain what was there and what was not ; but if there really was a yawning chasm in the floor behind the High Altar, one would certainly expect to be able to make out at least some slight trace of it in some of the pictures. But so far as one can see, the level of the floor is completely unbroken by any such chasm, which of course is just what it would be if we are right in saying that Sixtus V filled it all up. One fact which does emerge from these prints of 1823 is that Sixtus V's new High Altar was hollow. On the apse side of it was a great square hole (closed, no doubt, by a metal grille before the time of the fire, and perhaps usually hidden by an antependium), through which it was possible to climb down, then as now, on to the roof of the original tomb-chamber<sup>1</sup> with its still visible fourth-century inscription.

Bosio's words about making a flat space for Pontifical ceremonies seem to indicate that Sixtus V did what the Emperors Theodosius and Honorius had carefully not done, viz. turned the High Altar round the other way so that the celebrant now faced the people as in other basilicas. This explains why he wanted a flat space for Pontifical ceremonies on that side of the altar. Mgr. Barnes is therefore mistaken in laying the blame for this innovation on the nineteenth-century rebuilders. Their only innovation was the making of a new *confessio*.

One word more in conclusion. It is often asserted that the fire of 1823 occurred on the night before Pope Pius VII's death, and that he died the next day in total ignorance of what had happened. This is not accurate. The fire was on the night of July 15th-16th, and Pius VII did not die till August 20th. He had, however, been in bed with a broken thigh since July 6th (the result of a fall, itself probably the result of a slight stroke), and it may be true, as tradition asserts, that it was found possible to keep the news from him for the five weeks that he had still to live. The "night-before-the-death" story appears to have originated with Augustus Hare, who quotes and misinterprets a French account which seems at first sight to give that impression but does not really say so. From Hare the mistake has been copied by Fr Chandlery and many others ; but a mistake it is.

PHILIP H. MALDEN.

<sup>1</sup> The roof of the tomb-chamber, not the lid of the coffin as Mgr. Duchesne and even Professor Lanciani seem strangely to have supposed.

## A VISIT TO SHANGRILA

In the end, I confess I set out for St Mary's Hall with a certain reluctance. I was not well ; I was depressed and nervy. The time seemed unpropitious ; the students, and for that matter the professors, would be preoccupied with examinations. No doubt the place would be full of creatures with a glassy stare in their eyes, strange mutterings on their lips and apprehension in their hearts. Surely human decency demanded that they should be left alone with their sorrows and not have to go through the ritual motions of hospitality towards an undistinguished stranger. Then there was the question of food. True, I had an emergency ration card, and R.B.1 nestled close to Avancinus in my bag ; but after four years of war one begins to think that every mouthful of food one takes in another's house is reducing one's host to the fringe of famine. At least that is what you feel if you have a spasmic colon as I subsequently discovered I had. I don't know quite what a spasmic colon is, but one of its effects is a devastating humility and contempt of self. Moreover, as I walked through Exchange Station, Liverpool, one insistent question beat upon my brain. Was my journey really necessary ? Could I honestly say that by making this journey I was contributing to the successful prosecution of the war ? I could not. In this mood of painful clarity of conscience it was useless to try to deceive myself. I was nothing but a Fifth Columnist. Conscience and the spasmic colon said " Turn back ; you are clogging the wheels of death ".

Well, I didn't turn back. Instead I bought a first class ticket to Whalley. I don't usually travel first class, but experi-

ence of war-time travel had taught me that standing in a third class corridor with a first class ticket in the pocket gives one a feeling of superiority. And at that moment I felt the need of a dash of superiority complex.

I was in plenty of time. The train was not due to start for another half-hour. I would be well up in the front of the queue. I might even get a seat. Even in a smoking compartment.

It was then that miracles began to happen. There was no queue. I got a seat, a corner seat, facing the engine in a smoking compartment. There was nobody standing in the corridors. In fact there were no corridors. A few calm-faced people strolled along the platform choosing their places judiciously. Apparently, for some unimaginable reason the Army had not decided to invade Blackburn that day. My spirits began to rise—just a little. Seeing that this train was going to run anyway and apparently was going to start half-empty, maybe I wasn't holding up the war effort so very much after all. Saboteur I might be, but only in a small way.

My brethren, let me confess to you a little weakness. I love travelling in trains, especially when making a journey for the first time. This train was going to East Lancashire. I had never been to East Lancashire before. To me it was as new and as strange as East Asia. In the railway guide I had read the names of fabulous cities—Pleasington, Mill Hill, Rishton, Church, Accrington, Rose Grove. They conjured up mental images of cotton-mills standing like cliffs ankle-deep in the little houses; of lithe men who played cricket—terrific cricket matches full of skill and speed, so different from the three-day comas on the county grounds. I liked to think that here were sturdy, independent men who didn't speak like BBC announcers and didn't dress like film stars. I liked to think that here might be a part of England that still kept some of the native virtues. You know how it is: *omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

The train began to move. Ah! the thrilling moment—the first few gentle pulls revealing such enormous reserves of strength.

Gloom descended a little as we travelled through blitzed areas—jagged walls and gaps where something had once stood. But I felt the magic carpet turning inland. Faster and faster. . . . through a sudden shummer shower into sunshine and green fields . . . England!

Let me cut this stuff short. We came into rolling country.

You who live amongst the hills can hardly appreciate what they mean to those who live at sea-level in a town within a town. Hills mean open vistas, cloud masses, space to breathe, space to stretch your legs, your lungs and your eyes—especially your eyes. There is a place on that journey where a large slice of the county palatine lies spread out before you. On each side you can see the clustered towns, each in its pearly halo of smoke, each with its minarets and church spires, each in its own fold of the hills; and in between, great belts of trees and placid waters. You think it fanciful to see Camelot four times in four grimy Lancashire towns? Maybe it was, dear readers. But it did me good.

I fell out of the train at Whalley—literally. My vis-à-vis had a walking-stick. I tripped over same and alighted on the platform with a certain lack of dignity. If the Vice-Rector noticed this contretemps he prudently refrained from mentioning it. Instead he approached with outstretched hand and a word of welcome and really looked as if he was pleased to see me. Gloom receded still further. He waved me into a car and we sped along country roads, twisting, leafy and undulating, and when we crossed two ancient bridges over a river I *knew* that it was Camelot I had seen.

The entrance to St Mary's Hall, as the guide-books might put it, is not imposing. This is because everybody uses the back door. After negotiating the coal-dump and a number of agricultural-looking boxes one pushes open a door, passes through Cimmerian darkness and finds oneself at the foot of the stairs. First impressions are that the place is Spartan and suitable to a community in exile. The stairs and corridors are bereft of covering; there are few pictures, and what there are seem to be a little haphazard and rather startled at their unfamiliar surroundings. But on the first floor there are the usual *lares* and *penates* of a college—a clock, a bell and a notice-board.

I meet the Rector. Strange, he too seems quite pleased to see me. The inferiority complex is receding rapidly into the middle distance. I am shown to my room. Spartan also. What else does one expect in a college? But I walk over to the window—a tall wide window with a view. And what a view for the walled-in town-dweller—cubic miles of sky, rolling hills, trees, the incredible trees of England, tiny houses and a viaduct. My soul expands and breathes deep of this spaciousness. If

nothing else happens at Stonyhurst I can always look at this view, for I know that it will change every second.

After partaking of a dish of tea I borrow a cassock. Amazing man this Vice-Rector. He picks out a man who has an extra cassock which is exactly the right size. I don the cassock and hey presto!—I feel I belong to this *familia*. I am indistinguishable from the rest; I look just like a student; for I flatter myself I am not as old as all that. I heard the Rector in his den. He, good, patient man, lets me talk and talk and talk. I talk of this and that, of the past and of the future, but not much about the war. The war recedes with the inferiority complex and I am beginning to reassimilate the eternal sanities of College life. To-morrow I shall realize that the real distinction (or not) between essence and existence is more important than the real distinction (or not) between Nazism and democracy (including Uncle Joe).

My first real introduction to community life was at supper. The Latin grace, the reading in the Ref.—somehow St Thomas à Kempis still sounds as fatuous as ever when read in public, and the students of 1943 are as prone to snigger as those of (can it be so long?) twenty years ago. The presiding genius rings the bell. This is the signal that the community may converse—at least that is the theory, but in practice it turns out to be ordeal by lung power. Did we all shout like that twenty years ago? I suppose that we must have done, but I found that my vocal cords had become somewhat atrophied for I gave up the struggle to talk and hear, and just nodded my head and smiled encouragingly (I hope) when anyone spoke to me. Still, I made the interesting discovery that this torrent of voices has a stimulating effect. For let me say honestly I forgot all about R.B.1 and impending famine of host and ate a good and hearty meal. I know it is considered rude to make remarks about the food, but I must record that the war atmosphere, depression etc. took a heavy blow at the sight of the mountains of food which met my discreet but astonished gaze. For the first time for years I saw hospitable tables that looked as though they might be called on to groan at any moment. Let me hasten to add, however, that the English College was not exceeding its proper rations. The point is this. Since the war started I have lived in a community of two, and the rations for two are measured in ounces. But the rations for sixty mount up and look a lot when they all appear



at once. Moreover, many of the things which appeared in such abundance are not rationed—bread and vegetables for example. And those mountains of white potatoes and forests of lettuce were, I gathered, grown in the College soil. It has been recorded in a previous number of the VENERABLE how the students have turned husbandmen and tend the rich generous soil of England. Indeed, from my window I could look down on long lines of onions and cabbages and cauliflowers and more recondite legumina which the town dweller can only identify when they appear on a plate. Maybe I was allowing myself to be pleasantly deceived by this appearance of superabundance—as the poet nearly said, “dulce est decipere in loco.”

How I enjoyed that meal—the congenial roar of conversation, the appearance of plenty of good plain food, the visit to the Blessed Sacrament afterwards.

Being now determined to wallow in community life I attended Night Prayers, noted Avancinus' crisp admonitions—*time, crede et cetera*—and joined in the traditional *Salve Regina* on the stairs. To the day I left I failed to make up my mind on one problem. Was the statue of Our Lady really remarkably ugly or am I insufficiently developed to appreciate modern art? I don't know. It is very shiny, and I must say I don't like shiny statues. I soon made up my mind about the Chapel. I think it is about the ugliest Chapel I have ever seen. But I must be honest and say that I have never appreciated the finer points of the Baroque style. At least the Chapel is appropriately Roman, and like everything else in this house it has the comfortable air of being lived in and used.

The home of piety and learning retired to bed. Quickly the clumping of heavy boots on bare boards ceased; but in one room a voice durdled on and on. It was me (I?) talking to the Rector patientissimus—me (I?) taking off my bonnet and examining all the bees in it—explaining to the Rector all my brilliant ideas for the better functioning of the Universal Church; and he, good man, listened and smiled and nodded. Great indeed is the hospitality of the host who listens politely to the babbling guest.

Long after the community were tucked in their little white cots I took a last look at the view and turned in. My head had hardly touched the pillow when someone began to ring a loud and insistent bell. I looked at my watch. Five to six!

Tuesday and Wednesday it poured with rain. But did that spoil my visit? Not a bit. I was beginning to sense the subtle differences between the Venerable in Lancashire and the Venerable on the Via Monserrato. I was learning all the time, and often re-learning things I had long forgotten. First impressions give one the idea that at St Mary's Hall the students are enjoying a perpetual villegiatura. The rustic surroundings and the open vistas are a continual reminder of Palazzola and nothing at all like Rome itself. I soon discovered, however, that these first impressions are misleading. The timetable at St Mary's Hall is the Roman time-table; and although the students do not live amidst the clangour of a great city and don't spend an hour and a half each day walking to and from the Piazza Pilotta, the Greg. is still very much with them. The programme of studies is, I understand, set by the Greg.; the degree of S.T.L., which the College can confer *in exilio*, is a Greg. degree; and one cannot go far in St Mary's Hall without meeting the outward and evident symbols of the Greg.'s domination—the Jesuit professors. This may make a painful impression on some of my readers, so I hasten to add that though I myself always feel a certain honourable fright in the presence of the Fathers, the thought that continually recurred to my mind was the enormous debt of gratitude the English College owes to the Society of Jesus. This debt has been accumulating over centuries, but in these latter days I am sure every good English College man realizes that the College owes its corporate existence to the generosity of the Society in providing a home for the exiles. How fitting it is that the College should dwell under the friendly shadow of a great Jesuit house; how fitting that the parish church should be dedicated to St Peter. On those rainy days when I was unable to venture far I invented a walk for myself—into the parish church of St Peter and down the drive to the statue of Our Lady. I called it "Peter's and Pam".

One is constantly reminded of the Greg. at St Mary's Hall, and I think that it is right and proper. I noted that the technique of the examinations was the same as in Rome. True, there was not the same speculation as to who was on the board, but the examinations were oral and there were dark references to theses, though they didn't seem to refer to that dread document, "the sheet", that so appalled our generation. I further discovered that the gita still plays a large part in the life of

the College and that gitas (at least those in places remote from the haunts of men) are still associated with extraordinary clothing (*sic dicta* gita togs), injudicious meals and a passion for covering long distances. I was taken into the theatre, a vast improvement on the Common Room in Rome, with its impressive stage, green rooms and tiered seating; and the paintings on the walls showed that the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition is still very much alive. One day I was admitted to the music room where the gramophone circle listens to very chaste and classical music. This is an innovation since my time in Rome, but it is a Roman innovation, I think, and not a Stonyhurst one. Indeed, I gathered that no real innovations have been introduced since the College came to England. Certain modifications obviously had to be made, if only to suit the change of climate, but the life lived at St Mary's Hall is still the Roman life as far as is humanly possible.

I was beginning to note also the outward signs of that indefinable thing—the Roman spirit. I don't mean Romanità, which I associate with the City itself and that particular outlook one acquires by viewing the Universal Church from the centre outwards. I mean the College spirit. I am not, of course, in a position to compare this spirit with that of other colleges, for I never went to any other college; but I associate it with a certain friendliness towards guests and that peculiar form of democracy (pardon the word) which accepts the first year philosopher as equal with the fourth year theologian and counts the Senior Student as *primus inter pares*.

Although more than half of the present students have never seen the Monserra' they seem to have absorbed this Roman spirit. This is very remarkable because the Roman spirit has, it seems to me, grown out of Roman conditions—the confined space of a college situated in a congested city area and the fact that this community was a little island of English ideas and language surrounded by foreigners. Being so confined, and to a certain extent isolated, the community was thrown in upon itself, and thus was produced that family atmosphere which I think is peculiar to the Venerabile and that strong interest in guests who came with the latest news from England. Somehow the College has preserved this special atmosphere in conditions totally different. This is a remarkable achievement, and it was brought home to me by the way in which the students allowed me to

wander amongst them as an equal, made a place for me in a Common Room circle or a strolling group, and talked to me as though I were a human being and not a relic of a lost civilization or an oracle whose every word is of sublime significance. That was splendid; to feel that I belonged, never to suspect the natural condescension of youth towards the senescent; to feel that the students accepted me as one of themselves and not because I was supposed to be important.

When the weather cleared kind-hearted students took me for walks, accommodating their stride to my faltering footsteps. We went up Longridge Fell and saw the enchanted countryside spread before us, spacious and clean and undefiled by war. We strolled along the banks of the Ribble and the Hodder, and the valleys of these rivers seemed so peaceful and secure that it was hard to imagine that the world was filled with savagery and slaughter and loud-speakers pouring out hatred and lies. Here one felt sane and purified. Here I found something that I had begun to think the politicians had destroyed. Here I realized that that something was indestructible. James Hilton called it Shangrila; the psycho-charlatans call it escapism. Let us call it escape to reality.

Some day the Venerable College of St Thomas de Urbe will return to its rightful home in the City. When it does some of the newer students will get a shock at the sight of the garden and realize the price that has to be paid for historical continuity.

A unique chapter is now being written in the long history of the Venerable, and I am glad, very glad, that I went to see for myself that the College is still itself and that the pains of exile are mitigated by many blessings. It is obvious that a casual visitor cannot appreciate the many complications and adjustments caused by the uprooting of an ancient institution and its transplanting into an entirely different soil, but I believe that the College will return to Rome still Roman with its vigour unimpaired and nourished in this green and pleasant land of England.

JOHN GOODEAR.

## RECORDS OF BLESSED EUSTACE WHITE

Blessed Eustace White was born at Louth in Lincolnshire of Protestant parents in the year 1560, while the memories of the Lincolnshire Rising and the Pilgrimage of Grace were still fresh in people's minds. So far nothing is known of his early life and conversion, beyond the fact that the latter so angered his father that he laid a curse upon him. This curse however seems to have had all the effects of a blessing.

At the age of 24, he went to Rheims and his entry into the college of Douai, exiled to Rheims six years previously, is recorded in the Second Douai Diary as follows :

1584 October

“Ult<sup>o</sup> Octobris venerunt D. Jo. Heiwood, Jo. Nelson, Jo. Redman, Jo. Doily, Jo. Townley, Justinianus Bray, E. Lovel, Eustacius White”.<sup>1</sup>

Two years later he left Rheims and entered the English College, Rome. He arrived there on October 13th, and eleven days later was entered in the Liber Ruber, or College Diary, as a student. The entry runs as follows :

182 Eustachius Vitus Anglus diocesis Lincolniensis annum  
agens 26<sup>um</sup> aptus ad theologiam positivam receptus  
fuit in hoc Anglorum Collegium inter alumnos S<sup>mi</sup>  
D. N. Sixti V a P Guilielmo Holto huius Collegii  
20 Rectore. De mandato Ill<sup>mi</sup> D. Hippoliti Cardinalis

<sup>1</sup> p. 203, in the edition published by the Oratorians, 1878.

Aldobrandini Viceprotectoris sub die 24 Octob : Anno Domini 1586.<sup>1</sup>

The 20 in the margin indicates that he was the twentieth student of the college to suffer martyrdom. To this is then added in Eustace White's own hand the usual missionary oath :

Ego praedictus Eustachius Iuro me semper paratum fore iubente Summo Pontifice vel alio quovis huius Collegii superiori (sic) vitam Ecclesiasticam (sic) agere sacros etiam ordines suscipere ac praeterea in Angliam ad iuuandas animas proficisci & hoc tactis sacris scripturis iuramento confirmo. In aedibus Collegii Anglorum de Urbe die 7<sup>o</sup> Februarii A<sup>o</sup> Domini 1588.

Ita est. Eustachius Vitus.

Then finally there is the note :

“ missus est in Angliam, martyrio coronatus est ”.

Cardinal Gasquet and Father Foley assert that he was already a priest when he came to Rome. The above entries would seem to contradict this, and further, among the lists in the Douai Diaries of those ordained at Rheims there is no mention of his name.

We have no record of Eustace White during the period of his studies in Rome, and we hear no more of him until he arrives in Rheims as a priest on his way to the English mission. The Second Douai Diary contains the two following records :

October, 1588

‘Eodem fere tempore (i.e. circa 28th) Roma ad nos venerunt D. Eustachius White, presbyter, et D. Thomas Barecroft, diaconus.’”

November, 1588.

“ Novem. 2<sup>o</sup> Angliam missi discesserunt D. Eustachius White, D. Christoferus Bales, D. Guilielmus Leg, D. Georgius Bislie, presbyteri.”<sup>2</sup>

He arrived in England just at the time that persecution of Catholics redoubled its ferocity as a result of the attempted

<sup>1</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, Vol. XXXVII (1940), p. 59.

<sup>2</sup> p. 221.



invasion of England by the Spaniards. He appears to have laboured mainly in the west of England, but we have no records of his labours until he was arrested on 1st September, 1591. Mr John Genings, in the Life of his brother, counts Eustace White in the number of those who were taken together in Mr Wells' house in London on 8th December, 1591. True it is that he was tried and executed with some of them, but the author must have made a mistake in asserting that he was captured with them, as our martyr was a prisoner in Bridewell from 18th September until the date of his trial.<sup>1</sup> Challoner favours the following account written by Mr Stephen Barnes, priest, who was acquainted with Mr White, to Mr Barber, priest, then living at Douai College :

“ Amongst your priests martyred there is one Mr Eustachius White who resided in our country, whom I knew. He was taken at Blandford in this manner : Coming, as I think, from London, he fell into company of a West-countryman whose name I know not ; but he was somewhat belonging to the law. Riding with him, Mr White, being a fine gentleman-like man, and of good discourse and conversation, passed his time very well with him and, to feel the man's disposition in religion, talked of matters beyond the seas as having been a traveller ; and finding the lawyer well affected, as he thought, in religion, spoke the more freely, but no ways discovering what he was. Their ways lying together to Blandford but no farther, Mr White would have taken his leave there, but the lawyer urged him that they might there breakfast together before they parted, to whose importunity he yielded ; and having a little bag at his saddle in which, among other things, was his breviary, took that into the chamber with him : but after breakfast, having taken leave of his companion and gone out of the town, the lawyer informed the officers that he was a Seminary priest, and telling them which way he was to go they made after him. Mr White, in the meantime, missing his breviary, which he had left in the inn, turned back. The officers met him, but not suspecting him coming towards the town, nor he them about what they were going, came directly to the inn where he was taken. And being much urged whether he was not a priest, easily confessed it, when he might do it without danger to any other. Having confessed himself to be

<sup>1</sup> As is shown by the Order of the Privy Council and the letter quoted later.



a priest, they sent immediately for the minister, one Dr Howel, a tall man, and a great opinion there was of his learning. They conferred together; what their controversy was I know not; but Mr White alleged for himself a place in Scripture which the Doctor denied. Mr White avouched that it was so in their own book, and the other still denied it. Mr White wished him to come again the next day and bring his book with him, and if he could not show it in his book he would go to church with him: the other answered as resolutely, that if it were so he would never go to church more but be a Papist. Thus for the present they left their disputation. The next day (the rumour of this being spread about) great numbers came, expecting to have the priest to church with them. The Doctor also came and brought his book with him; but being come into the room, he laid the book on the table and his elbow upon it and began to talk of other matters; but Mr White repeating openly the conditions agreed on the night before, asked him whether he had brought his book. He answered: Yes; but he held it fast under his elbow, and would have entered into other disputes; but Mr White urged they were not needful, but that he should bring forth the book and their conference would be ended; for that either he must go to church or the Doctor be a Papist. The Doctor as yet not offering to show the book, Mr White endeavoured, with modesty, to take it from under his elbow, but he would not let it go; whereupon Mr White, turning to the audience, repeated the conditions again, and willed them to judge who had the right, and withal to consider well with what false doctrine they were seduced, and so would deal no more with Dr Howel. The people were much moved and many, of whom I know some, that were very hot Protestants before, became very calm; and the opinion of the common sort was that there was not such a learned man again in England. He was detained there for some days and afterwards sent for to London by a pursuivant, and there racked, as was said, seven times and put to death. I heard at that time some of Blandford say that they hoped the town would join together and put up a petition to the Queen to beg him. This I have heard from the mouths of some in Blandford who were present, and told it me while it was in every man's mouth; for I had occasion to come thither very soon after".<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Challoner: *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, p. 182.

In London he was lodged in Bridewell, and on 25th October the Privy Council issued the following order :

“ A letter to Doctor Fletcher, Richard Topclyffe, Richarp Branthwayte, and Richard Yonge, Esquers.

“ Whereas one Eustace Wayte, a Semynarye priest, was of late taken, and there was also one Brian Lassey, a dispenser and distribiture of letters to papysts and other evyll affected subjects, apprehended in like sort ; these shall be therefore to will and require you to take the examynacions and confessions of both the said persons, and very straightly to examyn them uppon soche articles as you, Richard Topclyffe, shall administer unto them ; and if they shall not declare their knowledges, and answer directly to all soche matters as you shall think meet and necessary to be propounded unto them, then shall you by vertue hereof, for the better boulting forthe of the truthe, cause them to be put to the manacles and soche other tortures as are used in Bridewell, to th'end they may be compelled to utter soche things as shall concern Her Majestie and the Estate : and their Examynacions so taken by you, we pray you to send the same to us ”.<sup>1</sup>

The pains the above mentioned gentlemen took to extract information from him are illustrated by Eustace White in a letter which he wrote to Fr Henry Garnet, S.J., at that time the Superior of the Jesuits in England :

“ 23 of November, anno 1591.

Sir,—I presume somewhat rashly to address unto you (as unto a patron of orphans in these miserable days) importing my present calamity, which surely without temporal comfort I am very hardly able long to endure ; this time of the year and the hard handling of my torture masters, with the malicious and devilish dealings of my keepers against priests especially and all Catholics generally, growing so fast towards their extremity. This bearer, Mr . . . late and last servant unto the good Sir Thomas Fitzherbert [last phrase crossed out by Fr Garnet], I think can partly relate unto you mine estate from the mouth of one [“ one ” inserted by Fr Garnet in place of “ his good . . . ”]

<sup>1</sup> Jessop : *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, p. 266. He quotes from David Jardine's *A Reading on the Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England*.

in prison by me, my dearest friend in bonds. For he hath spared from himself to relieve me with victuals as he could through a little hole, and with other such necessaries as he could by that means do, whom truly I did never see in my life, but through a hole. Nothing was too dear unto him that he could convey unto me, for whom as I am bound, so will I daily pray while I live.

“ I have been close prisoner since the 18th day of September, where of forty-six days together I lay upon a little straw in my boots, my hands continually manacled in irons, for one month together never taken off. After, they were twice or thrice taken off to shift me and ease me for a day together. This was all the favour that my keepers did show. The morrow after Simon and Jude’s day, I was hanged at the wall from the ground, my manacles fast locked into a staple as high as I could reach upon a stool. The stool taken away, there I hanged from a little after eight o’clock in the morning till after four afternoon, without any ease or comfort at all, saving that Topcliffe came unto me, and told me that the Spaniards were come into Southwark by our means : ‘for lo ! do you not hear the drums ?’ (for then the drums played in honour of the Lord Mayor). The next day after also I was hanged an hour or two, such is the malicious minds and practices of our adversaries.

“ For my clothes I have no other than my summer weed wherein I was taken ; and then I was rifled of all, of my horse that cost but then £7, of £4 in money, and odd money, with my rings, a silver pipe [i.e. a flute] worth twenty shillings, and many other things. Nothing left, more than on my back, and he that took me had £5 of the Council for his labour, before whom I was, at Basing, a courtier for a week at her Majesty’s charges.

“ This is mine estate till this hour, in extremity of all worldly comforts. Money may be conveyed more easily unto me than other things whatsoever, though with leave of Justice Young other things also, but it must be done by some Protestant friend. Mr [blank] doth owe me forty shillings for a legacy from his father, which he promised me this summer in [blank] fields. I beseech you, Sir, make means unto him that I may have it, for he will pay it at the first sending. The Catholics in the west country among whom I bestowed my pains, would willingly help me if I could convey unto them ; though others

I know would not be unwilling, with them I would be most bold.

“I was taken at Blandford in Dorsetshire the 1st of September, and there had two disputations two days together with Doctor Souche and divers ministers before people of all sorts, all whose arguments were too too ridiculous. Thus I have showed you my bold rashness with you in troubling you so long, praying to have me excused for the same, beseeching withal, if you can, to work that some honest Protestant may have access unto me, that by him I may be somewhat relieved. And so commending you to our Lord’s protection, that can defend you from the mouth of the roaring lion, that goeth about seeking whom he may devour, I take my leave this twenty-third of November, ’91.

“Your Worship’s”.<sup>1</sup>

The letter has no signature but bears an endorsement by Fr Garnet to the effect that it was written by Eustace White.

Hanging up by the hands was quite a common form of torture used upon the martyrs to extract evidence. It inflicted intense agony and often had the result of forcing the blood out through the tips of the fingers. Challoner quotes an eye-witness as saying that Eustace White’s “torment was so grievous, the sweat which the violence of the pain forced from his body passed all his garments and wet the very ground under him”.<sup>1</sup> Nothing prejudicial to others however could be extorted from him, and under the severest pains the only exclamation he made was : “Lord, more pain, if Thou pleasest, and more patience”. To Topcliffe he mildly said : “Mr Topcliffe, I am not angry at you for all this, but shall pray to God for your welfare and salvation”. Topcliffe replied angrily that he wanted not the prayers of a traitor, and that he would have him hanged at the next sessions. “Then”, said Mr White, “I will pray for you sir, at the foot of the gallows ; for you have great need of prayers”.<sup>3</sup>

At length, on December 6th he was brought up for trial. We have the following eye-witness account of the proceedings, written from Douai by Mr James Younge, priest, in 1595 :

“Within one week he (Mr Wells) was arraigned at the

<sup>1</sup> Stonyhurst MSS Anglia, i, 117. Quoted in Pollen : *Acts of the English Martyrs*.

<sup>2</sup> and <sup>3</sup> Challoner, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

King's Bench at Westminster Hall, together with many other Catholics and three priests, Mr Genings, Mr Plasden<sup>1</sup> and Mr White; I myself was present in person and stood fast to Topcliffe next to the Judges. The Chief Judge was the Lord Chief Justice of England, My Lord Wray, now dead. . . .

"Then the Lord Wray began, saying that many things had been well urged against the priests by them of the Bench; as that they were men that took part with Spaniards, who by all likelihood would kill the Queen if they possibly could, who solicited the people secretly to rebellion and change of religion, all of which are of great moment. 'But I at this present am to pronounce sentence against you for that against the statute made in this behalf you have been into this country to exercise your priestly functions, as you term them, and have confessed, wherefore you are found guilty of high treason. And therefore you shall return to the place whence you came, and from thence be drawn &c. . . .'

"Which words were no sooner heard, but the catchpoles who guarded the prisoners at the bar began everyone to catch some a hat, some a cloak, others the ruffs and handkerchiefs which the condemned persons had, yea, they pulled their very points from their hose. When, lo! one of the priests spoke to the Judge about the cruelty used among Christians: 'Besides our priesthood we are freemen born, and yet in the sight of you, Judges of the land, we are thus despoiled and bared even before we be dead'. Which heard, Wray commanded their hats and cloaks should be restored."<sup>2</sup>

On December 10th, while Mr Genings and Mr Wells were drawn to Gray's Inn Fields for execution, Mr White and Mr Plasden, together with three laymen, Brian Lacy, John Mason and Sydney Hodgson, were drawn to Tyburn. We are again indebted to Mr Younge for the final scene of our martyr's life:

"Eustace White was put into the cart last, who kissing the rope said: 'Christian people, I was yesterday condemned as a traitor for being a priest and coming into this country to reconcile and use other my priestly functions, all which I confess I have done in sundry places of this realm for some years together.

<sup>1</sup> Polydore Plasden, or Oliver Palmer as he sometimes called himself, was a fellow student of Eustace White's in Rheims and in Rome.

<sup>2</sup> Pollen, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

I thank God that it has pleased Him to bless my labours with this happy end, when I am now to die for my faith and priesthood; other treasons I have not committed. If I had never so many lives, I would think them very few to bestow upon your Tyburns to defend my religion. I wish I had a great many more than one, you should have them all one after another.'

"The people cried: 'Fie on the obstinate traitor!'

"'Confess thy fault', quoth Topcliffe.

"'I will say no more', said the glorious Martyr. Lifting his eyes to heaven and saying, 'In manus tuas . . .', he was presently cut down, and arose from the ground after his fall from the gallows; then they tripped his feet from him and trailed him to the fire, saying, 'Sweet Jesu, sweet Jesu'. Two men set their feet upon his arms to keep him down till the hangman had taken out his heart. Then they quartered him and Mr Plasden, sending their members to divers parts of the city. The other Catholic men were buried in a pit made for that purpose by the high-way side."<sup>1</sup>

The news was carried to Rheims by Henry Pet, who arrived there on February 1st, 1592, and we find the following triumphant entry in the Second Douai Diary: "Tiburni laesae majestatis reis debitum supplicium pertulerunt, non quia perduelles, sed quia catholici sacerdotes missam celebrarunt, quod in Anglia supplicio laesae majestatis debito puniri solet, D. Eustachius White et D. Oliverius Plasden."<sup>2</sup>

On 4th December, 1886 a Special Commission pleaded for the introduction of Eustace White's cause together with that of 359 others. Five days later 316 of them received the title of "Venerable". Pope Leo XIII then signed the commission for the introduction of their cause. Finally on 15th December, 1929 in St Peter's, with 135 others (out of the original 360) for whose martyrdom sufficient evidence had been found, Eustace White was solemnly beatified by Pope Pius XI.

MARK SWABY.

<sup>1</sup> Pollen, op. cit., p. 184.

<sup>2</sup> p. 243.

## ROMANESQUES

### 37.—THE GRAMOPHONE

The reveries in which I indulge over my morning cup of coffee are generally of an aimless nature, but this morning they have a little more point. One small item in the paper has driven the rest of the news from my mind :

For Sale. Cabinet Gramophone ; as new. Also good selection of records in excellent condition. Any reasonable offer accepted.

Of course it was unkind of the man to tantalise the public by telling them so much and no more. I am fully aware of the paper shortage ; I realise that an extra line of print would cost a few more shillings ; and I still think that he ought to have guessed that hundreds with no capacity for minding their own business could be driven to the brink of madness by the terrible question he has suggested to their minds. Does some domestic tragedy lie hidden beneath those words or does it not ? The superficial reader may be easily satisfied. He presumes, for instance, that the owner is about to join the Forces, has no further use for certain articles of furniture and, sensibly enough, is about to dispose of them. A ridiculously inadequate explanation of course, and one that betrays a shocking lack of critical awareness ! Surely you sense the tone of desperation running through those unsteady phrases, and underlined in those last four words by a soul that has known utter disillusion. My own

theory—take it or leave it—is that this poor sufferer acquired his gramophone a short time ago and, in his first child-like enthusiasm, pampered it, squandered money on it and fed it with records . . . and now he realises the ghastly truth, that this plaything is becoming master in his own house. He or the gramophone must go. The gramophone is going, and I think I understand.

It is a problem that arises wherever a gramophone is found. Of its essence the thing is a stirrer-up of discord, though the heresy still persists that it is one of the boons which science has given to mankind.

Frankly, I have always doubted the sincerity of those First Year Men who rose on St Catherine's to tell us that we were "a big happy family". They had no excuse; they had attended at least one Public Meeting, and even if they did not see the point of the battles waged over barber's lists, mountain gite and South American cloaks, they must certainly have sensed the tension in the air when our *cause célèbre* was introduced—the gramophone, when shall we play it?, what shall we play?, and where shall we put it?

Every single man in the College was prepared to fight to the death on this issue, but outside the Public Meeting there were very few whom one would call serious lovers of the gramophone. They were a small group of earnest young men, music lovers who thought Mozart rather sentimental but were rapturous over Bach. They sat in grim, solid phalanx at the Augusteo or Adriano with a studious attentive air that would have astonished their Professors; and at supper afterwards they spoke knowingly of the brilliant way in which the conductor had shaped and phrased the music, or of the magnificent contrapuntal combination of the three main themes of the "Meistersingers" Overture. It was a joy to offer them an extra glass of

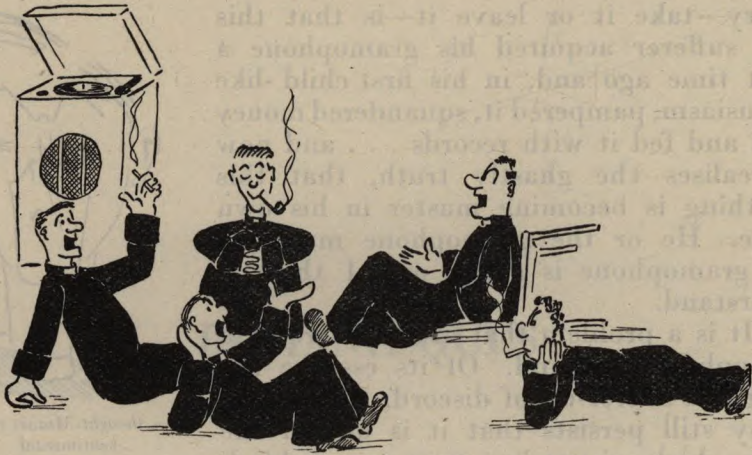


. . . thought Mozart rather sentimental



. . . but were rapturous over Bach





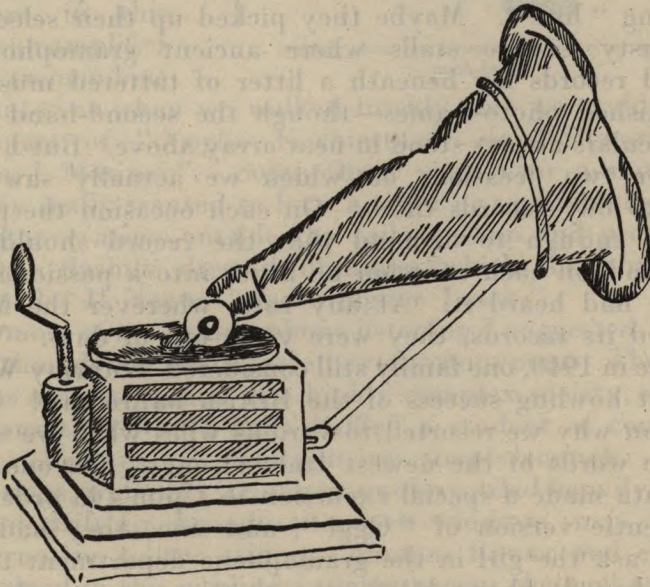
... swapping yarns of tough climbs ...

*spumante* and listen to their discourses on “L’Après-midi d’une Faune”, the extent to which Debussy’s tone colours conveyed the subtle emotions of Mallarmé’s poem, and what it all meant anyway. They were a race apart and very hard to please. No College gramophone ever satisfied them, for they would sneer at its lack of tone and shake their heads sadly over our battered record-albums. Occasionally, after supper or on a wet Sunday morning, they held a private session in the Ripetitore’s room, explaining that they went there to listen to records in the only sensible way, to study the texture of the works they already knew (thus increasing their enjoyment of them) and to listen to many different kinds of music in order to test their powers of appreciation. But they were not entirely above suspicion; and it was certainly curious that whenever a stranger burst in on them he found them sitting on the floor swapping yarns of tough climbs in the Alps.

They made few converts. True, one theologian was heard to repent of having spent so many years without acquiring “culture”, and they adopted him hostilely. He sat in their midst, gazing with open mouth at the ceiling when a difficult piece was played and, to their horror, tapping out the beat with a pencil. Then a member of the orchestra, whose name I must withhold, took him to his room and played it all over again, very slowly, on the flute. The next stage of the disease was his study

of the *Dischi Columbia* catalogues which appeared from time to time, no one knew why, on the Common Room table. He even got hold of an attractive American one, packed with photographs of opera sopranis and coloured trumpeters, which told in fascinating alliterative phrases how one could sharpen one's sensibility and enrich one's emotional life by inviting Paderewski to the parlour and Fürtwangler to the fireside. Earnestly he explained why he was going to become a collector of records—he would play over and over again the pieces he loved, and in a very short time he would become an expert score-reader. We smiled. In another week the fever had passed and he was studying a work on Surrealism.

This principle of playing the same pieces over and over again does, however, lend itself to abuse. Take that lady in the flats for example. She played the Merry Widow waltz once a day for at least five years. It came to pall somewhat. And for the greater part of the year those of us who had no desire to *listen* to the gramophone were forced to hear dozens of them, that being one of the subtle ways in which Rome thrusts culture upon one. Our friend the Count, firmly believing that *bonum* ought



... an old table model ...

to be *diffusivum sui*, whenever he bought a new record, would fling open his windows, and the cortile echoed and re-echoed Gigli's throbbing notes. Several of our neighbours on the opposite side of the Monserra', equally considerate, gave untiring recitals of Waldteufel and Lehár, and since they did not know the use of a soft needle, closed windows were no barrier. Fortunately, none imitated the Count's amiable habit of rising to play a record in the middle of the night. I do not insinuate that this was done in a spirit of revenge for any disturbances we created during lively nights in the Common Room. Certainly the family I knew on the Cappellar' were only intent on amusing themselves. They had an old table model with a dented horn, and seemed to possess but one record. They drew the table to the centre of the room and danced around it all night long, turning the record occasionally, but never producing another. Yet what can I say of my next neighbour—the one on the Monserra'? She would sit patiently sewing until I had settled down to my Cosmology or Ethics, and then bring forward her gramophone to the very edge of her balcony, the utmost bound of her domain. She would wind it deliberately, put on "Faccietta Nera", and retire into the house to continue her work.

None of these neighbours was at all keen on purchasing the latest song "hits". Maybe they picked up their selections on those dusty Campo stalls where ancient gramophones and scratched records lay beneath a litter of tattered music-sheets and tarnished photo-frames—though the second-hand cameras and binoculars always stood in neat array above. But I can only remember two occasions on which we actually saw anyone offering to buy records there. On each occasion the purchaser was wise enough to demand that the record should first be played, and on each occasion he burst into a passionate tirade when he had heard it. At any rate, wherever the Monserra' purchased its records, they were years out of date. When we left Rome in 1940, one family still considered "Stormy Weather" the latest howling success of the British ballrooms! This was the reason why we resorted to various wiles when we wished to learn the words of the newest Italian songs. On one occasion a camerata made a special excursion to Upim's in order to hear an authentic version of "Oggi", and since they had not the nerve to ask the girl in the gramophone department to play it for their benefit, they whiled away the time at a nearby counter

arguing about the respective merits of camphor and moth-balls until a suspicious assistant sarcastically asked if they intended laying up a trousseau. They retired crushed.

Most of those who wished to follow the trend of modern thought picked up their songs in the Via Paradiso, from that odd little shop into which one could hardly squeeze without upsetting a lampshade or a loud-speaker. Hidden somewhere in this shop was an amplifier of such tremendous



... arguing about the respective merits of camphor and moth-balls ...

power that even when we walked briskly past we could hear the greater part of "Voglio Fischiettare" or "Signorine, Non Guardate I Marinai". Some there were who admitted that when they really wanted to hear a tenor or soprano they paused some distance away outside the tailor's shop and pretended to admire the flashily dressed dummies which they irreverently nick-named "Il Negus" and "Signor Lesch".

For most of us "gramophone listening" suggested "balcony circle", though the terms were never synonymous. The balcony circle was a cross-section of a highly complex society, with class distinctions that would have baffled a student of comparative religions. Presumably its origin was simple enough. On summer evenings, when the Trinciata smoke settled heavily in layers instead of drifting through the open windows, men welcomed any alternative to the stifling Common Room, and eventually few remained in the swirling vapours except the well-named die-hards, chuckling with equal relish over the City Notes in the

*Times* and the back numbers of *Punch*. Each year a small group of pioneers really did go in search of fresh air and comparative solitude. Sometimes they were friendly and talkative, perhaps even sentimental, reviving old jokes, singing old songs and gossiping of heroes now in English sanatoria. At other times they surrendered to the night's magic spell, gazed dreamily up at the sky and asked themselves, as did "Captain" Boyle, "What *is* the stars?" Their peace was soon disturbed. At first in ones and twos, and later in flocks like sheep, the vulgar plebs found its way to the balcony. Then someone remembered the gramophone. . . .

Naturally there are several attitudes which one can adopt towards a gramophone. We knew them all; we adopted them all; and they were quite incompatible. A few wanted to listen to the records, and they were clearly in a minority. Another and far larger group did not want to listen, but had no objection to hearing; we (for of course I was one) judged ourselves to be normal human beings in no way inclined to expend valuable mental energy at that time of night and at that time of year. We had wasted quite enough in our rooms trying to imagine ourselves in one of Soccorsi's pseudospheres or to clarify, by means of diagrams, Cyprian's theory of Church unity. In the spirit of the pioneers we came to enjoy our pipes, to exchange an occasional remark and, above all, to preserve complete vacuity of mind. The gramophone provided a pleasant background for these harmless pursuits, and when it stopped we noticed it had played. But there was another group, low of brow and large of limb, who came stumbling up from the depths, and they were not so easily satisfied. They would clamber to the roof via ladder, window-shutters and drain-pipe and, gathering above, leer down on us like gargoyles, mocking, insulting, challenging; and if their taunts had no effect resort to physical violence would inevitably add life to the party.

But the College electricians did not approve of these simple child-like joys. They were, I fear, men of notoriously Fascist tendencies and they determined to improve us in spite of ourselves. They rummaged about in their boxes of junk, they drove hard bargains on the Campo, and one fine evening as we sat counting the glittering stars they staggered to the balcony with an amplifier. Every tradition we had ever known, every right of long-suffering minorities was outraged, but what could we

do? As long as this monstrosity bellowed at us we could not plunge into the "strange slow rivers" of reverie; we could not even hear ourselves speak. We cringed before it; for a time we were compelled to listen to it; but we never made it welcome. One night a noble youth organised a sing-song to shout it down. It strained itself in its efforts to be heard, grew hoarse, stammered a little and broke down completely. Shamefacedly the electricians carried it away, and its fate was never known. There was a rumour that, as summer drew nigh, its ghost used to cough in the cortile, but those who had studied their Siwek looked around for natural causes and suggested that Top Year should take the Sheet less seriously. The popular conjecture was that the amplifier, like every spare switch and wire in the house, had been swallowed by our ostrich, the talkie-machine.

This was the first major defeat which our gramophone suffered. Another followed. A wireless set appeared on the balcony. Yet this was not a permanent set-back, for the wireless fans made themselves unpopular. They demanded what no self-respecting circle could grant—permission to make as much noise as possible whilst everyone else remained silent. Mind you, we could see their point of view; whenever, after long discussion, they decided to give us what they called a light attractive programme, it was either quite inaudible or punctuated by whistles. True, Rome radio was reliable enough and offered "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Così Fann' Tutte" on alternate nights, but after a couple of weeks these palled. The wireless fever began to die away. Then came the barbarian hordes, men who strummed on mandolines and crooned. We fled. Some, in the spirit of Stylites, climbed aloft and settled at the foot of the clock-tower where, outstaring the moon, they continued their quest for Nirvana. Others, more humbly, descended to the sobriety of the garden circle. The monks of this Thebaid welcomed them with a nod, smiled and smoked on. There are triumphs which no words can express.

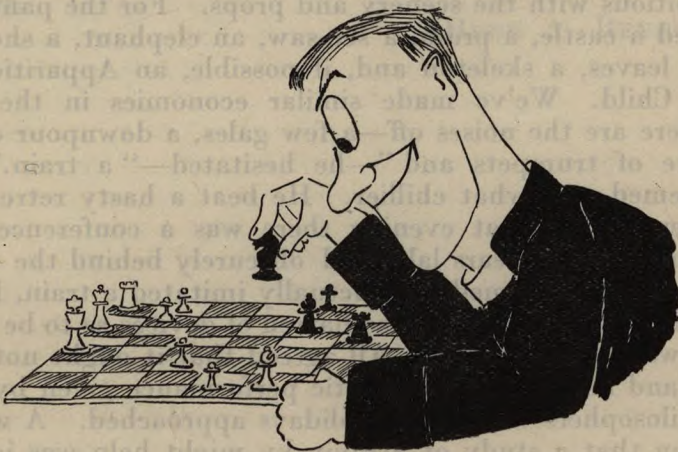
Strangely enough, we all suffered from the delusion that when we got to the Villa we really would pay attention to our musical education. If there was time we might even read a book about fugues and symphonies and things; we would certainly listen with attention to the records lent by the Ripetitore. So, year by year, gramophone and records were transported

to Palazzola. For no very obvious reason this was another of the choir-master's responsibilities, but it was one which he delegated with great success. We sat crouched in the back of a taxi with record-albums piled on our knees, and violins, violas and bassoons, jabbing us in the ribs—the orchestra had to practise for the opera. The choir-master sat in front with the driver, looking for bumps in the road. Somehow or other our enthusiasm waned once we reached the Villa and, after all, the atmosphere is so relaxing. We contented ourselves with a diet of John McCormack and Sousa. Then we totted up the books we wanted to read, retired to a corner with our Dorothy Sayers and scowled at the gramophone as a public nuisance equalled only by splintered deck-chairs and untipped cues. Eventually, during a Treasure Hunt, a vital clue was hidden in its works and it was never quite the same. When it became impossible to distinguish a waltz from a jig or a Dead March from a polka, we decided that the gramophone served no useful purpose. We did not vote it out; we just ignored it.

Some rashly thought that this solved the problem, but they were young and inexperienced. At the next Public Meeting in Rome it was made clear to them that they were not wrestling against one fragile mechanical contraption but against the spirits of wickedness in high places. Older men spoke feelingly of what the gramophone had meant to them; newcomers in First Year claimed their rights as members of a democratic community; all wanted a new machine. Generously we gave them their two-thirds majority—and found that we had now to face a pest far worse than any that had gone before. Lovers of the classics, hitherto harmless, blossomed forth as technical experts; they waited by the Church door, slipped into your camerata and made the Via Garibaldi doubly wearisome by their learned disquisitions on baffle boards and moving-coil speakers. According to their own story they were supervising every stage in the new gramophone's construction, and it was going to be something extraordinary. We agreed that this was probable. When it arrived we found that its performance was indeed better than anything we had heard before, but we were not so weak as to admit it; and as soon as it clashed with play or concert practices we drove it from room to room, purely for the sake of principle, until it came to rest in the North-West Passage. There it would annoy the Count.

In our folly we inaugurated a Golden Age. People actually liked to listen in that North-West Passage for there they could do many things at once—listen, smoke, read and recline in a comfortable armchair. One man got a craze for buying Wagner records and we hoped that his lamentable taste might scare these loungers away. But no, they seemed to wax all the more enthusiastic. One chess-player claimed that it taught him the value of the aerial blitz, and his knights played havoc with the opposing defence when the brass reached treble forte. Others pursued their study of English Literature in the midst of the tumult; it was, they said, an aid to digestion and, at the lowest reckoning, was preferable to the trumpet, the flute, the harp or the sackbut as practised by their next-door neighbours.

In justice it must be admitted that our new toy had many redeeming features. If, for instance, one grasped the needle between thumb and forefinger, the gramophone became a wireless and gave us once again "Le Nozze di Figaro". It was distinctly less portable than previous models; it was dependent on the presence of an electric socket; and, its crowning glory, it could not be taken to the Villa since it was too delicate to do the journey in Giobbe's lorry, and not even the choirmaster thought that it could be squeezed into a taxi. And yet we sometimes sighed for it at Palazzola. It would have been a useful ally in our fight against the contract bridge fiends who boasted that they followed the Losing Trick Count, the Barton One Club



... played havoc with the opposing defence ...



## THE PASSING OF MONSIGNOR GILES

In the summer of 1913 Mgr. Giles, Rector of the English College and titular bishop of Philadelphia, at the age of eighty-three was nearing the end of his days.

The greater part of his life had been spent at the Venerabile, first as Vice-Rector under Mgr O'Callaghan, and from 1887 as Rector. He was suffering from diabetes; and for about a year had been an invalid in the care of one of the Blue Nuns. All the work of the College fell upon the Vice-Rector, Mgr. Cronin, who was also the agent for most of the English bishops.

As Senior Student I was ordained on the 6th July, 1913; and I cannot help thinking that this helped to hasten the end of the Rector. For it was his custom to invite a newly-ordained priest to dine with him at a table in the middle of the refectory, and on this occasion he left his sick-room and came down to dinner with the whole College—for the last time. His diet excluded sweetstuffs, but on that day the *dolce* was plum-pudding, and perhaps out of consideration for the occasion he did not pass it by.

Twelve days later, on the 18th July, we left Rome for the *villeggiatura* at Monte Porzio. The Rector went all the way by motor and did not seem to be any the worse for the journey. On Sunday the 20th he went for a drive in the College *carrozza*, and again on the following Tuesday.

The Vice-Rector had told me that he had business to do in England, and that as soon as he had seen us settled down at the villa he intended to depart, leaving me in charge. Mgr

Prior, formerly Vice-Rector of the Venerabile and afterwards of the Beda, and at that time Auditor of the Rota, was living at the English College in Rome, and would be able to give me assistance if I needed any. Accordingly, on the 23rd, when we had settled down to the usual routine, Mgr Cronin left for Rome and England.

Next day was a Tusculum day : we had the whole day out, and had dinner in the open, close to the remains of the old Roman theatre on Tusculum. The Rector went for a drive, accompanied by a student who had remained behind. On Friday he dictated to me a note to be taken to the Vicariate at Frascati, asking for faculties for the confessor who was coming out from Rome to hear the students' confessions.

The nursing sister was growing uneasy as he appeared to be somewhat unwell ; but I did not think there was anything to worry about. On Sunday the 27th, when I took him Holy Communion, he seemed to be in pain ; and the sister said she thought the doctor from the village should be called in. He came, and made light of the case ; but the sister was emphatic that the old man was dying, so in the afternoon I sent for Mgr Prior. He came that evening and brought a specialist. The latter's verdict was short and decisive : "Two days at the most".

Early next morning we telegraphed to Rome for the Rector's confessor to come and administer the Last Sacraments ; but he was away, and no reply was received. Mgr Prior waited until the evening, and then in the presence of all the students he anointed Mgr Giles, who by this time could neither speak nor swallow, so that he could not make his Confession nor receive Holy Viaticum. Two of the students—now Canon Iles and Mgr Cogan—were sent off to Rome to bring out his purple cassock etc. for him to be laid out in ; they had no keys, so had to break into the Rector's rooms to get what they wanted.

After supper we returned to the sick-room and recited the prayers for the dying ; we watched his life ebbing swiftly away, and the end came very peacefully at 10.45 p.m. on Monday, the 28th July.

It was fortunate for me that Mgr Prior was with us, for he took charge of the arrangements and relieved me of most of the responsibility. He came to the conclusion that he could entrust to the people of the village the making of the three coffins—an

inner wooden one, a zinc shell and an outer one of wood. He gave instructions for these, and then returned to make arrangements for the funeral in Rome. But he was wrong in his surmise, as the sequel will show.

The body lay in state all day Tuesday until 11 p.m., when it was enclosed first in a wooden and then in a zinc coffin. The shape of these was unusual; instead of growing narrower from the shoulders to the head, the sides continued to broaden out from the foot right to the top. When I pointed this out, I was told that the men knew what was right, and I had to be content with that. The work of soldering the zinc coffin was not finished until 1 a.m., and I was not sorry when the men departed and the house was locked up for the night. The body was to be taken to Rome on the Wednesday afternoon to rest in the College Chapel that night.

When the final coffin was brought about midday we were all thrown into a state of horror and confusion, for it was nothing more than a plain box, with tin strips to go round it just like a packing-case! What were we to do? Dr. Campion volunteered to go to Rome at once and explain to Mgr. Prior the state of affairs. He took the measurements of the zinc shell so that if possible another outer coffin might be made. Four students accompanied the body to Rome by road, and a man from the undertaker's was awaiting its arrival. He took fresh measurements (a wise precaution, for the metal coffin had expanded in the meantime), and by working all night they had a new coffin of polished wood ready in time for the funeral.

The rest of the students went down to Rome early next morning, and after a Solemn Requiem, sung by Mgr. Prior, the body was taken to San Lorenzo for burial. Unfortunately the coffin made in Rome had to conform to the shape of the zinc shell; it was so wide at the head that it would not fit into the hearse; and the last journey of Bishop Giles was made with the head of the coffin projecting and covered with a purple cloth.

One or two students had died previously in Rome and Mgr. Prior thought it well to take the opportunity to have a vault for the College, to be used for any other members of the Venerable who should happen to die in the city. This could not be got ready in the short time; so when the funeral ceremonies were over the body of the Rector was placed in a temporary brick chamber closed with a plain slab. When this was

done, Signor Cantoni, the estate agent, wrote on it with his black-lead pencil: "W. Giles".

Mgr Cronin learned the news of the death of the Rector on his arrival in England. As it was impossible for him to get back in time for the funeral, he waited until he had completed his business and did not return for six or seven weeks. Thus it came about that I found myself in the unusual and rather delicate position of having to take charge of the College, six members of which were my own class-fellows, whilst the rest had known me as a fellow student. I had no official position, and humorous remarks were made by the students about a republican form of government. But actually they behaved with admirable good sense, and everything went smoothly until Mgr Cronin returned towards the end of September and relieved me of my responsibility.

JOHN FOLEY.

## GITA—QUID ET QUOTUPLEX?

One can plainly see that very shortly one of these nostalgic literati is going to write one gita article too many, which will result in the editor—under the threat, possibly, of a freezing of the Delany assets—sending out a circular to the effect that henceforward he is open to receive no contributions but deathless verse, advertisements for clerical clothing, reviews of two-volume biographies of vicars-general, and specimens of that not readily definable art-form which appears under such titles as “Some Laundry-Bills of Canon Shufflinghurst”.

I have particularly enjoyed three of these recent elucubrations. Two of them—one prose, one verse—were by professional philosophers; the third by a shrewd observer of men and affairs (hereinafter to be referred to, in the cause of salvage and with no allusion to the Greek, as the S.O.M.A.). All three were a temptation to a reflective Gregorian soul to spar with the question “What is a gita?” It has been argued that nothing is theorized about until it is moribund: that the Greeks never wrote on politics till the city-state was in dissolution, that there has been no good painting since text-books on art appeared, and that nobody writes letters to the *Times* on the Decline of Religion until he has stopped going to church. Some might detect a like symptom in parts of the contributions I have mentioned; indeed one of the writers, surprisingly, goes so far as to say that “all these things are of the past”, and to speak of the “demise” of a particular sort of gita. If I here run the risk of writing the gita-article to end all gita-articles, by bringing down the editorial

ban I have contemplated, it is not because I share such a pessimistic view of the future; rather do I write as one humbly anxious to preserve a *depositum* from distortion until the day dawns again.

For indeed I seem to detect in these recent discussions and reminiscences the appearance of what our professors used to call a false dichotomy. (I think that's how they spelt it). In fact, one or two false dichotomies. One might be described as the false dichotomy between Cocumella and Mortadella; the idea that the two sorts of essential human experience figured under these heads are mutually exclusive and hostile, and not rather to be woven like two contrasting themes into the *andante capriccioso* of a gita. Certainly the author of *In Darkest Italy* knows considerably better than that.

And what of the attempt to pose before us, on opposite sides of the scale of values, the man who stands at a refuge door tuning-in to the infinite and the man who ponders on tactile values and chiaroscuro in a Florentine gallery? Here is not so much a question of an invalid distinction as of a danger that the word gita be wrenched about to serve polemical purposes. Compared with this peril, even the hazard involved in trying to determine the essence of a gita seems to me trifling. All the same, I only propose to attempt this in the negative way of discussing one or two misuses of the word.

A few weeks before the world ended I walked with the S.O.M.A. above mentioned into an inn of Les Eyzies-de-Tayac, which hamlet the people of the Dordogne, with a fine disregard for the susceptibilities of Neanderthal, Java, Piltown, Peking and Heidelberg, called "la capitale de la pre-histoire". There we met a prosperous-looking academic person of our own country, whose conversation (and there was plenty of it) showed that he flattered us to the extent of supposing us archaeologists (or it may have been palaeontologists), and on being assured that we made no such claim inquired, with what evidently seemed to him remorseless logic, what we were doing in Les Eyzies-de-Tayac. The S.O.M.A. replied that we were merely interested in anything that was interesting and added, with felicity: "*Nil quod humanum a me alienum puto*". When I had done laughing at the irony of such a quotation in a township which is dominated by a colossal statue of Cro-magnon Man, it struck me that this tag might be transferred from the humanist pundits whom it

fits so ill, and become the manifesto of the gita-man. For surely, if anything is of the essence of a gita, it is the fact that practically everything is.

Even inanimate things seem to transform themselves to fit the required pattern, and no place, no person, no circumstance will be the same for two different parties at two different times. Take the case of Filletino. It is with real pain that I see it spoken of in *In Darkest Italy* as a "monumental slum". My memories of it are so kind that I am moved in its defence to yet another anecdote. I came to the end of that valley late one afternoon on my first long gita, in those pioneer days mid snow and ice, when we were still a *tipo* so very *poco esperto* that we used to make (without success) our own snow-shoes out of parcel string. With the insouciance of ignorance we set out to climb that evening over the Serra Sant' Antonio, which (we discovered later) was deep in soft snow. It was grand at first, with Monte Viglio, changing colour in the setting sun, absorbing our attention. But gradually its great shadow enveloped us, and three hours later we stopped—tired, cold, hungry and hopelessly lost. It was pitch dark and dreadfully still. We painfully found our way back by our own footmarks, and came again to Filletino, very nearly done for. The sequel is my second best memory of hospitality: the only *trattoria* in the place gave us, at nearly midnight, cognac, hot wine and a good meal which the proprietor shared with us in his own dining-room. There was a good bed and next morning a plentiful breakfast. His only excess of solicitude was that for forty-five minutes he gave us repetitive and obscure directions, punctuated every forty-five seconds with the ironic motif "*Non si puo sbagliar*". There are plenty of places in and out of Italy with a great deal less *miseria* and a great deal less courtesy. Yes, "the kind of town you find at the end of your day is always a gamble."

It is reflections such as these that make one, re-reading the delightful article "Mountain Gita", disagree with scarcely anything—save the title. It is a pleasure to have such an exposition from one who is so rich in knowledge of all sides of the subject—a pioneer first in the plains and then in the mountains. I for one do not complain of his latter-day enthusiasm; I do not begrudge him his "asceticism", his "hours of struggle and communion", his "awe and mystery", his "sense of achievement, of dominion, of power", his "complete reintegration of personality"; much

less am I sceptical of them, though he seems to anticipate scepticism. "To describe the appeal of the mountains", he tells us, "is to attempt the impossible." He attempts the impossible and makes a very good thing of it in a fine rhetorical passage, which unhappily tumbles like one of his own avalanches with its final catastrophic sentence: "What more could you ask of a gita than this?" I have only just enough breath left to gasp faintly: "Almost everything under the sun". He may tell me that the mountain cult was spontaneous, and I will agree; that it was unstained by vulgar emulation or the cult of the physical for its own sake, and (stifling some doubts which particular memories provoke) I will assent; he may speak of its incommunicable attraction, and (though I have some comment to make on the point later) no incredulous sneer shall darken my homely features; but when he tells me that here is the complete gita, I am struck dumb—or at best can but murmur: "Et tu, Brute!"

The plain truth seems to me to be that the title "Mountain Gita" as used of those later, highly-specialized exploits, is a contradiction in terms. It may be complained here that I am making a dispute of mere words; yet the writer himself shows admirably how the mountain cult grew out of the true gita, and I submit, in defiance of *omne agens agit simile sibi* and all the laws of generation, that here we have an "equivocal effect"—that the child is not even of the same genus as its parent.

Those primitive men who traversed the Abruzzi "in low shoes and totally unprepared" did so as part of the multifarious experience of a true gita. The day before, you might have found them in Naples, eating elaborate and expensive *cassate* and casting a courageously critical eye over the Farnese Collection, or in Monte Cassino "scrounging" a free meal and wrangling about Modern Art at the tomb of St Benedict. The day after, you might have found them in Rocca Secca contemplating the ruins of the Angelic Doctor's ancestral castle, supping off an omelette containing half-onions raw, and sleeping in a butcher's shop, three in two small beds, with half a cow hanging all night on guard outside the door. But if you had isolated any *one* of their experiences and said: "What more could you ask of a gita?" they would have given you the well-worn advice not to go bare-headed in the sun after wine. The whole point of a gita, they would have told you, is that it is liable, even likely,



to throw up any of these things any minute. "Determination, resourcefulness, and endurance combined with prudence—these are the major part of the mountaineer's catechism", we are told, and none but a fool would dispute it. But anyone could quote a dozen familiar gita experiences which require these qualities; and how many and various others are required to give what the literary critics call a "total response" to the first-rate gita!

Lastly, I would invite the reader's attention to such passages as these: "How can one convey any idea of the mountains' appeal? How can one describe the first sally, etc."; and again: "To describe the appeal of the mountains to the *uninitiated* is *useless* and always inadequate; they belong to *another world*. *Qui legit intelligat*". (Italics mine). Whether it is the mountains or the uninitiated who belong to another world, it amounts to the same thing: this is aesthetic Gnosticism—laid on, *salve reverentia*, somewhat thickly. It can only be answered *retorquendo argumentum* and adapting the poet Kipling:

"What do they know of gitas  
Who only mountain snow?"

But I am not in the least concerned to deny that it is well found. On the contrary, I welcome it as a further proof that to apply the term gita to the later manifestations of the mountain cult is to trifle with words. Here is an entirely specialized activity, appealing only to the few; often impossible, for one reason or another, except to the few. Consequently, though certainly an admirable pursuit (my own very small experiences of it are among my most stimulating memories), it is practically the antithesis of the true gita.

In confirmation—what *did* the "proverbial student of psychology", cited by our author, hear in the Common Room after long gitas? The man who had been on a real gita was, if he was a good talker, an entertainment to his fellows for days, even if he did occasionally overstay his welcome. But what of your man of the axe, pole and leprosy? There were a few unclassifiable souls, naturally-gifted liars and belonging spiritually to the old low-shoe days, who could prevaricate pleasantly enough with a few property wolves, bears and blizzards. These apart, if your man were one of the solemnly professed, the *perfecti*, he would either, if he were a *simpatico* sort, keep quiet,

or he would give you, with the tiresome iteration of Tchaikowsky, the Gnostic theme : " You just don't know, old man ". If he were still a postulant, not yet fully abreast of the unfathomable purple and diamond air, he would talk of ropes, *ramponi*, crevasses and tinned meat till you were bored to the point of haemorrhage.

Many of my contemporaries (among them, I fancy, the writer of the article under discussion) were at a loss to understand why others could spend some of the hottest parts of the day at Palazzola playing cricket on a pitch that gave very little return for very hard labour. Have no fear—I am not going to embark on an apologia for those chosen souls who trod the *pozzolana* with me ; I merely point out that mountaineering and Sforza cricket—both virile and uplifting and one at least extremely difficult to learn—are excluded from the title gita on almost identical grounds.

I have tried to avoid criticizing the mountain cult on any other ground than that of its claim to be called a gita. Yet I think there is no doubt that in many cases it was open to the objection (not entirely unconnected with my own) which the author very hastily skis over in his penultimate paragraph, thus :

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

Aye, but there's the rub. Those who would echo this objection (though they might find the phrase " cultural advantages " rather bloodless) would maintain that the mountain fever, especially when contracted young, tends to reach a pitch of fanaticism which makes the stimulation of other interests a forlorn enterprise. To borrow our author's words : " they belong to another world ", and there's often no communicating with them. Here again, though it is a pleasure to discuss the matter with a mountaineer who is a first-grade gitante as well, it is also a disadvantage, for one wonders if he can readily grasp that there were among his fellow-devotees who knew not but what Luca Signorelli was centre-forward for Juventus, or Cimabue something you could buy at a butcher's shop. And they cared less.

May we not hope that discussion of the matter will ensure at

least one thing: that those who (very soon, we hope) take up the threads again will consider carefully what they are about, and allow no one-sidedness, no over-specialization, no addiction to passing fashion, in this or in any other sphere, to mar the genial and balanced versatility, so full of enthusiasm yet so empty of solemnity, which is the very air of Rome and the very stuff of a gita? Such a versatility, it seems to me, will find a just place for anything so indisputably glorious (and therefore educative) as the great mountains, without sacrificing anything else that Europe has to offer to the Roman—no, not even

“ . . . . . the more material joys  
Of Cocumella ”.

WILLIAM PURDY.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### THE ORCHESTRA

In any community instrumentalists are but a small proportion of the total; in a community as small as ours they are never more than a meagre handful, and the budding conductor has at his disposal only the skeleton of an orchestra. Even if, *mirabile dictu*, he has one good musician in each string section, not to mention wood-wind or bass, he can never hope to produce the effect of an orchestra; he has at best a quartet or some such small combination with a few odds and ends thrown in for luck. The obvious conclusion to draw is that full orchestral ambition must be curbed and less elaborate musical forms be attempted, than, say, the symphony.

Yet it must be admitted that in the latter years at least, of which alone we can speak with knowledge, this excellent theory has not been put into practice. Possibly those sturdy generations who went before us and excelled us immeasurably in every activity (so they tell us) produced a superabundance of virtuosi. At any rate they left to the College orchestra a legacy of scores which rarely sink lower than full dress symphonies. Those who succeeded them, partly because of the sacrosanct inviolability of Tradition, partly, we must admit in all fairness to them, because of the expense in buying new music, followed undeviatingly the track laid down for them. The result was those excruciating torments euphemistically labelled "orch. practices" which so many of you who read this endured in the days gone by. But at least believe that we of the orchestra suffered too.

When the war drove us back to England and eventually to St Mary's Hall, the orchestra was a thing of the past. There were three or four violinists still in the College, but that was all; the rest had either departed from our midst or left their instruments to amuse the invalids in the Ospedale Principe di Piemonte. Our only pianist soon left, and that seemed to quench any remaining hope (or fear) of a resurrection. An occasional violin solo was the only echo of that hearty cacophonous roar which used to announce one of those hilarious items by "the orch".

But this did not satisfy the survivors of the Roman orchestra. We began in a small way. Two of the violinists found some unaccompanied duets and enjoyed themselves so much that they ventured at one of the concerts to play Purcell's "Golden Sonata". It was well received, and they were asked to perform at the next concert. They began to rehearse the Rondo from the *Eine Kleine* and the sound attracted a third violinist, usually too busy to share in the simple pleasures of our practices. He joined us to play for the concert and decided to continue with us afterwards.

We were now four—three violinists and a co-opted pianist, a beginning at least, but by no stretch of the imagination an orchestra. We needed more variety of instruments even before we could become a string quartet. Fortunately one of the violinists could play the viola; all we needed now was a 'cellist, but there seemed small hope of that. The Stonyhurst orchestra had very kindly lent us a viola but we had no funds with which to buy a 'cello, and in any case there was no one capable of playing it. We did not believe in the feasibility of placing an instrument in the hands of any student and expecting him to be a master of it in a few weeks.

The opera was drawing near and we reconciled ourselves to accompanying it with two violins, a viola and a piano. Then a gleam of hope appeared on the horizon. Stonyhurst had also lent us an old three-string bass. True, there was no finger-board, the sound-post was down, there was a huge crack in one side which caused a disconcerting rattle, the strings were so frayed with age that they looked like centipedes, and there was no bow. This instrument had been fitted with a finger-board by our stage-carpenters and then left in a corner. Opera pianist No. 2, bored at the thought of having nothing to do on the actual night, tried his hand at it about a fortnight before the

performance was due and, with the help of chalk-marks on the finger-board to indicate where his fingers should go, became so proficient during the remaining few days that we welcomed him with open arms. He gave a splendid performance, only surpassed by his efforts on the second night at Stonyhurst, when he borrowed a bow and handled it amazingly well. We wished to encourage this natural talent, but for normal occasions the double bass was of little use to us; we wanted a 'cello. We planned a begging campaign. A list was drawn up of all those who might be interested in and sympathetic towards our venture; but in the end we were saved all bother. One priest, whose name (though we may not publish it) will always be remembered by us with reverent awe, had long expressed a wish to give something to the College. He answered our letter with a cheque for the total sum—£15—giving as his reason that, though viewing all amateur orchestras with suspicion, he did not wish to see the present generation miss any of the trials and hardships which had produced such splendid men in his time. The 'cello was bought and handed over to our new recruit, and our string quartet was complete.

Since then we have made swift progress. Two more violinists have joined our ranks and another enthusiast is struggling with the double-bass. We have hopes in the coming year of seeing a flautist begin our wood-wind section, and we trust that among our fourteen new men there may be one or two to swell our ranks. We are seriously visualising the need of a conductor.

One final word about the music we play. We have broken with the tradition of attempting symphonies. Now we are satisfied if we can offer a passable performance of simpler music. Earlier works like those of Purcell and Corelli, mainly suites of short pieces which, while being difficult enough to keep us interested, are still within the reach of our limited capabilities. Unfortunately all music is very expensive nowadays and we have been confined by our slender purses to a very small repertoire—in fact we are already in debt. We are hoping that this account of our activities will interest at least the former members of the orchestra and move them to help us carry on the good work.

BERNARD CHAPMAN.

## THE VILLA FESTA

Every Roman loves a festa, and many are the memories that centre around one—memories full of life and incident, for the festa has an appeal for the whole man, for senses as well as for spirit. Rome itself is the happy breeding-ground of festas but, whether it be on account of the gravity of the old City or the sophistication of the new, the Roman festa has an air of restraint. For the full-blooded, all-round affair one must go to the country towns and villages where the community spirit is still strong—and there is no need to go further than the Castelli.

The older generations of English College men love to recall the processions and roisterings of the feast of St Antoninus at Monte Porzio. We of a later date may even yet wonder at the pageantry of the Roccheggiani on the feast of the Assumption and the brass band and firework accompaniment for the High Mass of the Madonna del Tufo. These are the festas of the Villa; grand occasions demanding admiration, reverent attention and, if honoured with an invitation, active participation.

But the dazzle of their splendour should never lower our pride in Palazzola's own feast, La Madonna della Neve—the Villa festa. The kindly Providence which gave us Palazzola seemed determined to make of its gift an *opus perfectum*, for the patronal feast of the Villa Church occurred not, as it might so easily have done, during the barren period of the Roman season, but at a time when the villegiatura was in full swing and the House noisy with life. Our Lady of the Snows! There was blessing in the very name, grimly apt perhaps in the winter months, but so refreshingly cool at the end of the dog-days of August.

To the younger generations this feast must always bring back memories of Palazzola: the strong sweet smell of bay-leaves on the floor of the church; the vocal efforts of Luigi and family, adding that note of solemnity essential to a Villa function; the arrival of a genial Cardinal Protector; and a *pranzone* worthy of the name, followed by coffee and rosolio beneath the ilexes. For some these memories are now among the high-lights of a former existence, part of a chapter ended by that last Community Mass of the Exodus in the Martyrs' Chapel at Westminster. That chapter ended, another was begun immediately when Cardinal Hinsley came down into the Cathedral to cheer

his "exiles in exile", promising that we should stay together and daring us to keep alive in England the spirit of Rome.

The Roman way of living has been preserved, but there has been one inevitable loss—the villegiatura. Yet even there we have kept in touch with the past, for later that summer and in that same chapel at Westminster was forged the first link in the chain of continuity. The newly ordained Senior Student invited all who could to attend a Mass on August 5th—the date of the Villa festa. About a dozen responded. The next year we met again, and the next, and again this year; but this time with a difference. The Mass was said not in the Martyrs' Chapel but in St Joseph's in order to be near a spot dear to the Venerabile—the tomb of Cardinal Hinsley.

It is of course a far cry from the cold brick of the Westminster side-chapels to the warm brightness of the church at Palazzola, from the mosaic Virgins of Byzantium to the della Robbia Madonna of the Cortile. After Mass, instead of the vivid breakfast atmosphere of the Villa refectory, we have to contend with the mid-morning lassitude of a London restaurant where in place of *prosciutto* and *pomodoro* we eat porridge and kippers. But there is a constant factor; the human element remains unchanged; the breed is the same, speaking the same lingo though increasingly lisped by lips that have not yet kissed the cross on Tusculum.

But let it not be thought that Londoners have been the only ones to celebrate the feast together. On two occasions similar reunions have been held in Manchester, the Northerners improving on the Southern programme by including gitas into Cheshire and the Peak District.

It is thus that we continue to celebrate the Villa festa, a small enough matter in itself and only one instance of the way in which we strive to keep alive and present all that might so easily have been lost during our sojourn in England. Few, if any, of us who were in Rome up to 1940 will return to the City as students of the College, but our little celebration on August 5th helps to revive memories of things we knew and loved; for those of us who have never yet seen Rome or Palazzola it is a tiny part of the *sperandarum substantia rerum*.

MAURICE P. O'LEARY.



## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

REVEREND DEAR SIR,

Perhaps you will permit one whose student days were lived under three Rectors, Mgr Giles, Archbishop McIntyre and Cardinal Hinsley, to make a few marginal notes on the interesting appreciations of the Cardinal in the VENERABLE for May.

Mgr Giles, who was very old when I arrived at the College (1911), was a priest of great sanctity. The ethos of the College which one shared on entering at that time naturally derived from his long Rectorship. It was, I should think, unique among the Roman colleges; for the discipline seemed to have the quality of endearment which one finds in family life. It had a family hospitality as well, and life was enriched for all of us by the presence of Mgr Prior. There was a dignity and reticence in Mgr Prior that made one treasure any sign of interest he took in one. He was such a truly noble and attractive Prelate that one behaved towards him as one would to Royalty, cherishing one's love in privacy and manifesting one's esteem quite openly. Some of us know how much it meant to us in life to have his commendation, not so much outspoken as implied, and given with detachment and a rapid smile.

Mgr Prior wrote some notes on Mgr Giles shortly after the latter's death which were much appreciated by the students and were full of interest, affection and discernment. It will surprise my contemporaries more than it will please them to be told that Mgr Giles could not be written of save in the guise of "a stubborn and rather stupid reactionary".

My first insight into the simple and profound principles of priestly life I believe I owe more to Archbishop McIntyre than to any other. One was very happy under his saintly rule. In learning from him too, one was always learning from a Rector who had immense respect for the privacy and dignity of life, for his first impulse was to trust those who were engaged in so serious a work as preparation for the priesthood. His manners and his ways were gentle, and he excelled in that ceremonial grace of life which one expects to find, and should find, in Rome. Perhaps contemporaries of mine will remember, for example, his demeanour and his words in welcoming Cardinal Gasquet on his formal entry to the College as our Cardinal Protector.

As to the College which Cardinal Hinsley found on his arrival, I should say (without referring to its material or financial side whereof, as a student, I knew nothing—except that food and wine were very plentiful and good) it was a very worthy one, worthy alike in piety, in studies, in prestige. I like to recall the debt I owe my fellow-students; they were so pious, so magnanimous and so good-humouredly ironical. Of our studies I can but say that we normally took our Doctorates with a fair share of Cum Laudes and Summas and that only a very small minority took the Minor Course at the Gregorian, and then usually for reasons of ill-health. Our prestige cannot have been low when, during my four years' theological course, two English College men were chosen for the Public Act in the Doctorate of Theology. The smallness of our numbers at the end of my time was due entirely to the last war, and no criticism of the College should be based on such a circumstance.

There is much, very much, that stands to the credit of the late Cardinal, including, among other things, his great work for the Venerabile during his period of Rectorship. Nothing is further from my purpose than to dim that shining work, for my sole purpose in these notes is but to give a correct impression of people, things and times that happen to be dear to me.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN P. MURPHY.

Gosport Presbytery,  
June, 1943.

## COLLEGE DIARY

MARCH 7th *Sunday*. There is a great deal too much mystery attached to this business of making a start. We have noticed a reluctance where first impressions are concerned as well in the man awakened by the bell as in the amateur making his *début* on paper. Your medieval chronicler would have overcome this capital difficulty with an illuminated *Incipit Pars Prima*, after which effort there was nothing to stop his writing a whole *Summa* if he felt in the mood. Now that the mantle of diarist has fallen upon our shoulders we do not intend to be intimidated. We have no flourish of colour it is true, but we have our marginal date. It is enough. We need not debate taking the plunge; behold! it is done.

Shrovetide and the feast of St Thomas Aquinas were marked by a film in the Common Room—"The Squeaker". This was not representative of Edgar Wallace's usually powerful plots. After painstakingly following a maze of intrigue and detection it was a trifle disappointing to witness the villain (against whom there was no direct evidence) break down and confess when confronted with the body of his most recent victim. We had liked to think that murderers were made of sterner stuff.

8th *Monday*. It is not often that St Mary's Hall shows signs of pre-6 a.m. activity, but to-day our slumbers were shattered at an early hour by the exodus of the Cloughton caravan. The gitanti to whom we entrusted ourselves were bound for the "Back o' Beyond" and reached this fascinating land in the course of the afternoon. It is to be found, inquisitive reader, behind a nick in the skyline of Pendle that marks the pass to Sabden—a tract of the most shuddering desolation. Let us hasten to record that the natives were friendly. We were regaled by the landlord of the "Well-springs" above Pendleton with a yarn about his grandfather's nocturnal wanderings through the Trough of Bowland. His fellow of "The Lamb Inn" at Newchurch prophesied snow before the summer. It was before his fire we discovered the Stranger. A most Dickensian wayfarer this, whose marked independence of the definite article betrayed a Lancashire

origin, and who proved to be equally at home in discussing education, tramping the Brontë country, tracing Roman Britain in Yorkshire, engineering in Essex or praising the Tower Bridge, London. What pleasanter close to such a day than pulling at a pipe in the Common Room and the unburdening of full memories? Needless to say our Stranger made good copy.

9th *Tuesday*. “Sveglia—6.30 a.m.” means little to those who have not the feel of twenty miles or more in their legs, so we need not enlarge upon this blessing. Sufficient to add that Shrove Tuesday was also made memorable by pancakes (complete with three-penny bits) and a presentation by Stonyhurst of “The Merchant of Venice”.

Design for Clapham Junction! An intricate map appeared at supper to-night. It is planned to complicate our annual manoeuvres in the ref., scheduled to take place on the morrow. Dinner hour is zero hour.

10th *Wednesday*. Thought for to-day: ashes.

11th *Thursday*. We improved our acquaintance with our new neighbours at table, but we fear that the bread-throwing era cannot lag far behind.

12th *Friday*. *Feast of St Gregory the Great*. The memory of outside functions has not altogether faded, but to-day's front-page news is not the recollected rattle of the *circolar*' on the way to San' Gregor' but the first breath of spring at Hurst Green. We had a holiday: High Mass in the morning, coffee after dinner, and in the evening “Faith of our Fathers” *modo approbato*.

13th *Saturday*. A party of enthusiasts departed after dinner with buckets of sawdust to mark out a soccer pitch. *Lo sport* must go on.

Fr McEnroe arrived for a short stay and we gathered that Campion Hall had started the Easter Vacation. A flavour of Oxford seasoned our Common Room conversation.

14th *Sunday*, and the first in Lent. An early frost which threatened a hard surface for the match against the Clitheroe Rovers was dispelled by the sun (working overtime), and when we inspected the pitch in the afternoon the top mud was in a friendly humour. We were glad we were spectators. (Yes, we've no doubt the team were glad we were specators, too). At half-time we decided that the chummy intentions of the ball made even this privileged post too precarious, so we relinquished it and sidled off. The result was a victory of 4—2 in our favour.

Vespers *sans* organ failed to cheer us. We sank progressively down the scale until we wondered whether we should reach the end of the *In exitu* before we got off the keyboard. The Liber also had a special 8G-starred tone in store for us. It provided light relief.

15th *Monday*. The producers of the opera have put in much hard work on it, but surely nothing more heroic than to announce a practice two days before the show, and on a Monday at that, smiling the while to inspire confidence. It was the ideal rehearsal; even the scene-shifters ceased their artillery barrage to stand and stare.

16th *Tuesday*. Top Year have received their official invitation to a little *conversazione* next July; the possible topics for discussion, we are told, are limited to a hundred.

Fr Buckley has snatched a few days from the Clifton Secretariate to spend with us, and arrived this evening.

17th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Patrick*. Soon after breakfast we heard of the death of the Cardinal. In the last issue of THE VENERABLE we published several tributes to him. It was fitting that we should postpone the opera. We listened instead this evening to the broadcast appreciations. Our own memory of "the Hinner" is in Rome at the time of the conclave when he addressed us in the Common Room. "You blackguards . . ." he said on that occasion. *Requiescat in pace*.

19th *Friday*. *Feast of St Joseph*. Before High Mass the Rector came into the Common Room and told us he was just off to Hare Street to be present at the sealing of the Cardinal's coffin.

20th *Saturday*. Mr Richard O'Sullivan, K.C., speaking to the Literary Society after supper, applied Mr Churchill's famous words: "Never was so much owed by so many to so few" to the history of English Law. For the freedoms that were ours to-day we had to thank a small group of thirteenth century canonists.

21st *Sunday*. *Retiro mensile*. This morning saw the departure of the Senior Student and one of the Westminster men for London. They go to represent the House at the Cardinal's funeral.

The annual England *v.* Ireland soccer match was played this afternoon, finishing 6—3 in England's favour. There was a counter attraction in the world of sport—the finals of some athletic events at Stonyhurst, which drew many of our clerical brotherhood. The field was quite gay with them.

On the air, after supper, Mr Churchill sketched some developments of the post-war period. When he spoke of the future of civil aviation we remembered Fr Brodrick's *crie de coeur* against cluttering up God's blue sky with waggons of the air.

22nd *Monday* brought with it a little postcard for us—our house-cleaning duties for the next six days. A dustpan and a broom with some bristles were entrusted to our care for the same period. These impedimenta we displayed in a prominent place in our room, hoping that by to-morrow they would have been "borrowed". Our showmanship was not rewarded.

23rd *Tuesday*. This was the day of the Cardinal's funeral at Westminster. The Rector being at Westminster, the Vice-Rector sang a Requiem in our chapel.

24th *Wednesday*. The arrival of Frs Hanlon, Reynolds and Alston from Cambridge, Fr McEnroe from Oxford, and Fr A. Jones from Upholland heralded the big day. The return of the Rector, the Senior Student and the Westminster student aforementioned, in the company of our guest of honour—Mgr Smith—clinched the matter.

“Cast : 3.30. Aula III, *sic dicta* gramophone room”—so ran the order of the day. We turned up about 4.30 p.m., discovered a beautiful *contadina* reclining on a “props” sofa, discovered we hadn’t shaved, retired to remedy the defect, sliced all the edges and returned to have tea at 5.00 p.m. Then we successively forgot all our words, all our songs, all our actions. Finally we relinquished our official capacity to The Man Beyond The Footlights. . . .

### THE GONDOLIERS

or *The King of Barataria*

by W. S. Gilbert & A. Sullivan

(By kind permission of R. D’Oyly Carte)

RICARDO LAURENTIO SMITH

hujuscemodi inter se artium

inceptorum magistro fautori

saltantes salutantes

opus laetum

d.d.

discipuli

<i>The Duke of Plaza-Toro, a Grandee of Spain</i>	. Mr Hannon
<i>The Duchess of Plaza-Toro</i>	. Mr Jones
<i>Casilda, their daughter</i>	. Mr Haynes
<i>Luiz, their attendant</i>	. Mr Anglim
<i>Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor</i>	Mr Pledger
<i>Marco Palmieri</i>	Mr Walsh
<i>Giuseppe Palmieri</i> } <i>Venetian Gondoliers</i>	Mr Kelly
<i>Gianetta</i> } <i>Contadine</i>	Mr Buxton
<i>Tessa</i>	Mr Campbell
<i>Inez, the King’s Foster-mother</i>	Mr Johnson
<i>A Drummer-Boy</i>	Mr Gallagher
<i>Gondoliers : Antonio</i>	Mr Fallon
<i>Francesco</i>	Mr Peters
<i>Giorgio</i>	Mr Hamilton
<i>Annibale</i>	Mr Barry
<i>with Messrs Sowerby, Richards, Crissell &amp; Alexander</i>	
<i>Contadine : Fiametta</i>	Mr J. Groarke
<i>Vittoria</i>	Mr Scantlebury
<i>Giulia</i>	Mr Dunford
<i>with Messrs Daley, M. O’Leary, Swaby, Williams &amp; Dickenson</i>	

ACT I—The Piazzetta, Venice

ACT II—Pavilion in the Palace of Barataria

Date 1750

<i>Production</i>	.	.	Mr Hannon
<i>Music</i>	.	.	Mr Clark
<i>Piano</i>	.	.	Mr McDonnell
<i>Orchestra</i>	.	.	Rev. G. Ekbery, Mr Chapman, Mr Shelton, Mr Johnson
<i>Properties</i>	.	.	Messrs Pledger, Peters & Williams
<i>Theatre Decoration</i>	.	.	Messrs Tolkien, Richards, Johnson & Rogers
<i>Lighting</i>	.	.	Messrs Barry & Haynes
<i>Stage</i>	.	.	Messrs Sowerby & Harris

It is well to write before the vision fades, and yet there is danger in it; dazed as I was with the old wine of times re-lived, a light curtain of rosy mist softened every outline. But I have tried to sharpen the focus so that what is said in praise would not be unsaid by another. Nevertheless you must understand from the outset that there was nothing to blame; any amiable depreciation, beyond which truth not sentiment would forbid me to go, is mere salt to the dish of unseasoned approval.

Our past generations will want to know about the frame of the picture, about its spiritual and physical setting. For those who in the past twenty years have watched the turning of the gay catherine-wheel of the Venerable Sullivan cycle, the play is *not* the thing; their interest lies in the impetus which keeps it going and in the background which it illumines. For them (I must say, alas, "for us") the same names will always stand upon the programme; nothing will cure us of our contemporaries, they have grown upon us; but if with something of a sigh we read the new names against the old parts, we are not less satisfied that the old parts remain.

Imagine, then, my greying fellows, a room somewhat smaller than the one that made the centre of our world; fancy that our floor hinges in the middle and lifts to a graded ramp. This is where we shall sit and watch the new generation at play. It allows us to look down on the stage, as you and I have never done, and to criticize for the first time the traditionally slipshod footwear of our actors but also to admire their nimble footwork. The stage, by the way, is a permanent one, for this is not the Common Room. Sit now in your place and survey the wall to your left. It was dull enough some months ago; but someone has been at it with enamel paint and not a little artistry of the poster kind (by some good providence no generation is without its handy men), and eight, or more, life-size figures of Gilbert's dream-men strike attitudes there. The Iolanthe peer in full dress is suspiciously like the retiring Senior Student, and the others are of sufficiently villainous aspect to warrant the guess that his fellows sat as models. You are being plied with biscuits and cider; the cider is a determined grip on tradition and I believe firmly that we would eat a plate of string in tomato ketchup rather than let tradition die. The auditorium is full. The guest of the evening (you see his name at the head of the bill) is solemnly installed in the back row to your immediate left; receiving his specially illuminated programme, he is silent for a space as he wrestles with its Latin superscription. The orchestra modestly shuffles

into position with its weapons. There is a viola (with a violin bow and objecting to it), a second fiddle (quietly competent—I note him as having borrowed my Vermeersch), and a first violin (a philosopher of some standing in his spare time). There is a bass fiddle, too, who will desert in the Second Act to reappear as Inez. Of course there is a pianist, but he will need a rubber neck if he is to see the conductor. The conductor sits because the stage is not a high one; he sits, but it is on a legless chair that rests on a low box; either there is some occult superstition attaching to this strange phenomenon or he is using one of the chair-legs to conduct with. The orchestra breaks into its first stunning chord which surprises all but silences none, and the overture is bravely under way.

At the beginning of a play there are moments, the fewer as the play is better, when the stage is only a cameo set in a dingy back ground; if you are patient it will grow to a great picture and then swell to all the world. And so it came about. But with what speed! The bright stage seemed to rush towards us and spread out before, around and behind us, like a sun gaining on the shadows; the glow hardly faded even when a hospitable neighbour spilt cider on our knee.

The Chorus first. Casual programme that has “with Messrs So-and-So”! “With”, indeed! What would you be “without?” Hussies and buccaneers of Venice, we lift our hat—you sang us into the Venetian illusion with your first note. The *attacca* of the opening chorus (rarely achieved in amateur circles—and no wonder) was solid assurance of faithful response to careful drilling, and we were comfortable from that moment. And with what humility, having filled the stage with that favouring light, you retired to let your betters shine in it!

Enter now the pink and flower of *gondolieri*, Marco in neat white riding-breeches, his brother in tennis shorts. By a simple process of exchange each had contrived to wear odd stockings, black with white top and white with black; it was a neat little quaintness typical of our greenroom. And the symmetrical fetlocks were significant, for their owners moved as agreeably as one four-footed animal, their co-ordination in song and step was admirable. The pert assurance of Giuseppe stood out against the cool insouciance of the other. If in their opening duet they jiggled a little too much, bodily and vocally, who shall blame them? They were carried away by their own excellence.

At the point where things were beginning to look too professional to be Venerabile, Casilda's hat happened. In more than one sense an essay could be written on Casilda's hat. Nor that it was *ex toto genere* a bad hat; on the contrary, it would have looked quite smart at an interment, but since it suggested boiled ham it was out of place in Venice. It had a black veil, too. At the other end Casilda wore boots (or seemed to) as opposed to Tessa and Gianetta who padded like baby pandas in a pair of Venerabile pantouffles. (Now these things are said that the praise may not cloy; and anyway it is dull for the critic who is denied his gibe). The boots perhaps accounted for Casilda's *tenue*, which was cautiously masculine,



but they had nothing to do with her voice which was weightless and beautiful. The difficult duets with Luiz were well done; it was strange that Casilda should have the edge and Luiz the smoothness, but the ensemble was most fortunate. Luiz had a particularly fine speaking-voice, too; he played his part a little shyly, but probably that was Gilbert's fault.

As for the Duke and his massive consort, they filled the stage and dwarfed it. Until the moment of their entrance we had not noticed how small the stage was, and how well the producer must have handled his Chorus. It was not therefore anybody's fault that this entrance lost much of its due *éclat*; later, on the Stonyhurst stage it would be more effective. But they were a glorious pair. The Duke, dissembling the anxiety of the actor-producer, bore an engaging and assured manner; his enunciation was excellent and his singing robust and clear. The Duchess, with the carriage of a distinguished Mother Superior (and more than a suggestion of the dress), used a rich voice to full advantage and succeeded in dominating a Duke rather more well-built than we are accustomed to see.

The Interval put me under the Villa stars. So far it had been a Roman performance, but the break for refreshment was Palazzola again. There was the same hob-nobbing of drab audience and bright celebrities over sandwiches more dainty than the Villa kind; the same reassurances of success (very sincere this time); the ultimate retirement of the painted ones to refurbish their tea-washed lip-stick.

When the curtain rose again we found that the magic of a couponless green-room had worked once more and spirited fustian gondoliers into courtiers of silk. They deserved all their splendour for their singing of the opening chorus of the Second Act; its awkwardly high pitch was sustained with apparently effortless accuracy. Then, with even more vivacity than in Act I, Gianetta, her sister and her feminine accomplices bounded in. (The Ladies' Chorus at the Venerabile does not trip except by accident.) Gianetta throughout made the most of a pleasant voice which blended perfectly in her part-songs. Her acting was bright and eager, in nice contrast with Tessa's which was more casual but not less convincing. With Marco and Giuseppe they made a diverting camerata, good (though a little hurried) in the "Contemplative Fashion" quartet, better still in the "Regular Royal Queen", superb when joined by Casilda in "Moralists all". Here the audience forgot its etiquette (if we ever had any) to keep the Chorus off the stage and order another glass of quintet.

Now speaking of the audience, you know as well as I do that the actors are nothing without us. They are an imperfect substance clamouring for union with a co-principle. We inform it and galvanize it; very literally we are the life and soul of the party. Take the *cachucha* for example. The actors would have been more than satisfied with one fling, and probably thought themselves incapable of a second; but we know a good scrum when we see one, and called for more. By this time we had entered into coalition with the orchestra (a willing horse), with producer and with conductor. It was child's play to vote out the feelings of the poor puppets

now dancing themselves into a creeping paralysis, and to bring in triumphantly a third motion. On the whole it was not remarkable that the Grand Inquisitor's freshness and suavity stood prominently erect when he entered on a desolate scene of dying gladiators. Heavens, he *was* grim! Possibly (but it is a matter of taste) a shade too grim; but his work was faultless and mature. He possessed the stage but never once played to the gallery. He also helped to convince me that the voices of the male parts at least have immensely improved in these days. Perhaps his recitative, like that of others, was over exact; this was due, no doubt, to the rigour of the conductor to whose ability and diligence, however, the whole uproarious success bore outstanding witness.

I suppose it is too late now, but I have not even mentioned the ease of Marco's solo, the *abandon* of the nearest gondolier on the Gospel side, the beautiful Second Act dresses of the Duchess and her daughter, the deliberate clumsiness and succeeding grace of the gavotte, the rank impertinence of the drummer-boy, and above all the courage and inspiration which lay behind the whole performance in its inception and accomplishment.

What is one play in the centuries of Venerabile history? I cannot say. But this one seemed to whisper "as dying, and behold! we live", to prove that on every soil the Venerabile lives in perpetual spring. *Floreat!*

A. JONES.

25th *Thursday*. *Feast of the Annunciation*. We, the reporter of the more mundane parts of Venerabile life, took up our pen and fitted a new nib. Were we tired? Well, we had an extra thirty minutes in bed this morning, but we must admit we were glad to see others doing the entertaining this evening. Conrad Veidt made himself thoroughly sinister as a German spy in the film "Dark Journey".

26th *Friday*. "It's not the day after, Mr Chairman, but the day after the day after"—so we realized this morning. We awoke feeling as though we had been on a three months' toughening course, staggered out of bed and stood swaying before our mirror, making spasmodic stabs at the beard. Ah well, it makes us stiff, but we like it.

27th *Saturday*. The day after the day after the day after. It looks involved; well, it's an involved feeling. Anyway we've finished that house-cleaning.

28th *Sunday*. We crowed too soon—we're serving in the ref. this week. We pose as Jeeves hovering efficiently in the middle distance; but it's a strain and we doubt whether we can keep up the polite exterior for seven days.

29th *Monday*. Public offices published.

30th *Tuesday*. *Nervous knock heard off*.

"Come in!"

*Rattle, rattle.*

"Avanti!!"

*Rattle, rattle, rattle.*

“Avanteeee!!!”

*Rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle.*

Push, you—oh, hello” (We had an inkling right from the start).

“Oh, ah, yes, er, um—haven’t you got a fire? Ahha, I see you’ve got a Davis; any good? Oh, ah, good idea that, the curtain hides it all so well. I do hate looking at the wash-stand all day. . . .”

“Anything I can do for you?”

“Er—well—I, er, wondered—that is, um, well—” (We now had more than an inkling, we had a horror).

*Bell for rosary heard off.*

“—er, wouldyoubeonthecommitteeTHANKS.”

And he was gone; no trouble with the door this time. And there we were “co-opted”. Flew up to rosary and forgot it until the long dark hours.

31st *Wednesday*. To supper Mgr Duchemin and Mr Eric Barber of the Beda. Mr Barber again delighted us in the Common Room with some items from his acting repertoire—not Shakespeare this time, but anything from Anthony Absolute to the “bridegroom” of music hall fancy. We not only listened—we learned.

APRIL 1st *Thursday*. Mgr Duchemin celebrated his silver jubilee in the priesthood recently. To-day he said the Community Mass *Summi et Aeterni Sacerdotis*, and we had coffee after dinner in his honour.

2nd *Friday*. The hero of refectory reading reached Japan to-day. His welcome was somewhat marred by the Japanese custom of hissing at strangers as a sign of respect. We felt, however, that his astonishment could not have been greater than that of our superiors when they joined us in the Common Room this evening. They were treated very respectfully indeed.

3rd *Saturday*. With a view to counteracting the effects of Double Summer Time we sought our couches half-an-hour earlier to-night, and on

4th *Laetare Sunday* rose at 6.30 a.m. bursting with joy as befitted the day.

In the afternoon, the local Home Guard met our second team (yes, really) in encounter bolde on ye soccer fielde where they suffered defeat at our hands (or feet). Rumour has it that they have challenged us to a shooting match.

From the many thanks we have since received we judge that the second performance of the opera, given at Stonyhurst this evening, was enjoyed to the full. We feel that we must record the “hot negus” so thoughtfully provided to “loosen our voices”. It was the nearest approach to golf-house *vino* we have seen since leaving Palazzola. And this time there were no misguided enthusiasts with theories about nutmeg.

5th *Monday*. A Plimsoll line of grease-paint is all that remains of yesterday’s splendour.

6th *Tuesday*. A surprise *dies non* and a welcome one. During some stray sunshine this morning, the Rector "shot" some scenes of the opera with his ciné-camera. The loyal lieges gathered round.

7th *Wednesday*. One of those days that are the despair of the diarist : sometimes we sat, sometimes we sat and smoked, sometimes we just smoked—

EDITOR. "Why, this is just padding, and not very original padding, either."

DIARIST. One must write something.

EDITOR. "Yes, but not stuff like this. Let's have no more of it."

DIARIST. Have it your own way ; but life was exactly the same on

8th *Thursday* and on

9th *Friday*. Until on

10th *Saturday*. Fr Gannon arrived to break the monotony. On this day, too, seven men, hale and hearty, were beaten by a Stonyhurst team at seven-a-side rugger. We learned to our further confusion that four of their original team were absent and that our present opponents had taken part in a steeplechase before the match.

11th *Sunday*. We were again represented at the Stonyhurst seven-a-side games—this time on the touch-line.

12th *Monday*. We awoke to the fact that the countryside has put on a very business-like shade of green, for even Lancashire cannot escape the attentions of a mounting sun.

14th *Wednesday*. "The Archpriest Controversy"—the paper read to the Literary Society—gained an additional interest because delivered by a member of the House.

To supper Mr J. McCann, tanned a deep mahogany by the Cornwall sun. Would-be chaplains plied him with leading questions, seeking the "gen" on all matters R.A.F.

16th *Friday*. The College photograph—old style. "One, two, three—thank you. Just one more please." And we yearned to look bright and intelligent.

17th *Saturday*, found Top Year in a three hour contest with a paper on Scripture. To maintain the balance of power two of the less exalted sampled the Hodder and found it the perfect antidote to examination fever.

Rev. H. Martindale, who shortly joins the Navy as a chaplain, paid us a brief visit.

18th *Palm Sunday*. Rose early and greeted some sacristans, fully dressed, in search of palms ! At High Mass we realized why they had left it so late ; wild cherry blossom, freshly picked, was a gay substitute for *cum ramis palmarum*.

One last glorious yell in full (opera) chorus before 6.30 p.m.

21st *Wednesday*. We came out of retreat with our senses duly crushed and goodness percolating out of us.

Later we saw sacristans and "props" men putting their heads together for

22nd *Maundy Thursday's* altar of repose.

23rd *Good Friday*. Fast day which went slowly.

24th *Holy Saturday*. Our new prophets were disappointingly good; but the harmonium and four bells made up for this by giving of their best. The rooms were blessed by the Vice-Rector.

In the evening *Chi Lo Sa?* was mobbed in the Common Room. From a glimpse we got over someone's shoulder, this issue would seem to have got mixed up with the libretto of "The Gondoliers".

25th *Easter Sunday*. An early "Buona Pasqua!" found us in an expansive frame of mind. The after-breakfast cigarette took on the dignity of a rite and that after dinner was consecrated with coffee and port. We were all tasting the first fruits of freedom, and—symbolic of our mood—there wasn't a prof. at the top table.

26th *Monday*. A glance into the morning Common Room reveals the Venerabile making holiday. There are die-hards holding a post-mortem on the day's crossword, a simple soul in the grip of *Chi Lo Sa?*, a circle still vegetating through the last stages of a pipe, two to whom chess speaks of *alta strategia*, two more whose Wavell complexes seek satisfaction in Messrs. Waddington's war game, and a ruthless ring of monopolists whose only code is that of the City column. At intervals a call-boy appears to fetch some champion of the ping-pong table to fight his round in the week's tournament. And the number of people who asked us if we had anything in the way of "light literature"!

27th *Tuesday*. Rain postponed the gita, so a company gathered by Mr Pledger took the floor in Aula I and gave us a dramatic reading of Shaw's "Pygmalion".

Rev. G. Pritchard arrived to stay for a few days.

28th *Wednesday*. With memories of Algidus and Velletri in our minds we set off to explore the Bleasdales. Afterwards we pieced together the scraps of information about to-day's invasion of remoter Lancashire and Yorkshire. One party became separated from its food supplies and had a lean time until the evening. A crowd of optimists, trusting to the tiny capacity of the Slaidburn bus service, got left behind at Bashall Eaves. Some claimed to have reached the Hodder sources. *Prosit* to those who broke new ground for us and "discovered" the moors beyond Hellifield!

29th *Thursday*. An enthusiastic trio, believing you cannot have too much of a good thing, entrained early this morning for Hellifield, in a bid to outdo yesterday's pioneers. They are reported to have reached Malham Tarn.

This evening we had dinner at the Ritz, or rather (where are those inverted commas?), "Dinner at the Ritz" (thank you)—a film which we enjoyed at Stonyhurst.

30th *Friday*, set in wet and cold. Gitanti could only wait for

MAY 1st *Saturday*, which was drier but still cloudy. Few went far afield, and interest chiefly centred in the Lancashire tea that now holds pride of place as *the* meal of the gita.

2nd *Low Sunday*. It was the day before our return to lectures, but there!—the prospect of a new tract is always interesting.

4th *Tuesday* was a double *festa*—the feast of St George (transferred) and the feast of the English Martyrs. In the refectory extensive floral decoration tried to do justice to the occasion, and our guests numbered Revv. T. McKenna and E. Taylor and Rev. P. Firth, C.F.

5th *Wednesday*. Rev. L. Wells arrived and stayed the night.

6th being *Thursday* within the octave, the High Mass that was usually sung in the catacombs was sung at home by the retiring Senior Student. The *Decora Lux* was as much of Rome as we could muster.

7th *Friday*. The *bidelli*, those smoothly efficient gentlemen of the duster and door-handle, would have been pained to witness their English equivalent allow us an extra five minutes of lecture; and all because of a slow watch.

8th *Saturday*. We had the afternoon off in honour of the African Victory.

9th *Sunday*. A second match with the Home Guard ended 9—3 in our favour.

Mr Chadwick illustrated an interesting paper on Eric Gill given to the Wiseman Society with impressions of the "Monotype" which Gill had designed, and some photo studies of the famous Stations of the Cross.

10th *Monday*. *Prima nix*, whether you believe it or not. You may recall the prophecy of the landlord at Newchurch, recorded on March 8th, Yet, in spite of Nature's special effort to interrupt the calendar for our benefit, *docetur*.

For some time past one of First Year has been moving heaven and earth to get us a gramophone. Then some *deus ex machina* did his bit, and a bogus version arrived to-night for the diversion of the Common Room.

12th *Wednesday*. *Solemnity of St. Joseph*. Our extra smoking to-day extended to eighty minutes—the duration of a Vice-Rectorial address to the House.

13th *Thursday*. We do not envy the dawn patrol who went to Cloughton in this Manchester weather. Another old rover—Rev. P. McNamara—came to stay.

14th *Friday*. C.A.P.A.C. put an end to a chequered career by dissolving itself at a business meeting.

16th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. We recollected that it was three years to the day since we left the Via Monserrato.

17th *Monday*. Our cricketers took the field and opened the season. Rev. P. Storey arrived on a visit.

18th *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector's birthday. We said it with flowers, but their too subtle message was not read *et docetur*.

20th *Thursday*. Unity in diversity is the characteristic of the Beda. Beda men have followed such widely different callings in their time that to rub shoulders with them even in so conventional a setting as a cricket ground is a full experience. What other cricket match bridges the three hundred and sixty four days as this one? When you take a seat on the Stonyhurst flats and leisurely watch white, grey and black figures against the panorama of Pendle and May, you feel you were born to do nothing else. Perhaps you can hear snatches of the table-talk, the coffee confidences, the six o'clock sing-song. To-day, when the time came for the Whalley taxi-cab rank to put forth all its strength in a shuttle service and assist these travellers towards Upholland, we knew we had enjoyed the occasion so much that we had been as much the guests of the Beda as their hosts.

21st *Friday*. A satisfied smile on the faces of four members of the College was explained after dinner; the May issue of THE VENERABLE was out on time.

22nd *Saturday*. The Theologians' Concert was preceded by the usual hectic gathering of properties—curtains, jugs, torches, thunder-machines, lamp-shades and occasional tables. It was courageous to offer us such fare so late in the year.

### 1. SEVENTH YEAR SONG

*Chorus* : Nutriti Romae fugimus  
 Decrescit stirps purissima  
 Sed felix nobis exitus  
 Cum floret gens novissima  
 Libenter senes tradimus  
 Futurum aevum posteris.

### 2. SKETCH

*Lots in a Name*

<i>Lady Cooper-Cooper</i> . . . . .	Mr Roche
<i>Mr Perkins</i> . . . . .	Mr Barry
<i>Mr Slingsby</i> . . . . .	Mr Pledger
<i>Miss Dickwood</i> . . . . .	Mr M. O'Leary
<i>The Vicar</i> . . . . .	Mr Clark
<i>A Young Man</i> . . . . .	Mr Fraser

*Scene* : A committee room in the village of Little Puddleton

### 3. SWAN SONG

Messrs Brown and  
 Holland

## 4. A BRIEF TRAGEDY FOR BARNES AND BOOTHS by George Bernard Shaw.

*Passion, Poison and Petrification or The Fatal Gazogene.*

<i>Magnesia Fitztollemache</i>	. . .	Mr Campbell
<i>Phyllis, Magnesia's maid</i>	. . .	Mr J. Groarke
<i>George Fitztollemache</i>	. . .	Mr Fallon
<i>Adolphus Bastable</i>	. . .	Mr Fooks
<i>The Landlord</i>	. . .	Mr Richards
<i>The Bobby</i>	. . .	Mr Jones
<i>The Doctor</i>	. . .	Mr Swaby

Scene : The apartment of Lady Magnesia Fitztollemache.

5. NONET *Here's a Health unto His Majesty* . Messrs Roche, Walsh,  
M. O'Leary, Buxton,  
*Where the Bee sucks* . J. Groarke, Swaby,  
Clark, Shelton  
*It was a Lover and his Lass* . & Scantlebury

6. SOLOS *O Isis und Osiris* . Mr Kelly  
(Mozart : *Die Zauberflöte*)  
*The Trumpeter*

7. A SPOTLIGHT ON MODERN DRAMA IN TWO ACTS by *Chi Lo Sa?**The Body in the Oven or Leave it to Myrtle*

<i>Leonora Titchke Chudleigh</i>	. . .	Mr Daley
<i>Louisa Creed</i>	} two mad sisters	Mr Farrow
<i>Emily Creed</i>		Mr Sowerby
<i>Georgiana Creed, their quite harmless sister</i>	. . .	Mr Hannon
<i>Sir George Chudleigh, S.T.L.</i>	. . .	Mr Storey
<i>Myrtle Turtle, a clever detective hired by Sir George to solve the mystery</i>	. . .	Mr Brown
<i>Gilder</i>	} two footmen	Mr Shelton
<i>Brooks</i>		Mr Dockery

*The Nightingales, a Greek Tragedy*

Chorus : Messrs Chadwick, Swaby Killeen, Shelton and Dockery.

*Nightingale Ballet* arranged and executed by Mr Killeen.Scene : Country house of Leonora Titchke Chudleigh, situated near  
the Thames Estuary in the old Kent marshland.Time : Vaguely between 1860 and 1943. An interval of a few days  
elapses between the Acts.

23rd Sunday. The Orchestra, undismayed by yesterday's exertions and to-day's inevitable aftermath, are raising Cain (why Cain?) complete with double-bass and 'cello. It serves as a prelude to the sub diaconate retreat. Fittingly Mr Douglas Woodruff addressed the Literary Society on "The Pros and Cons of Christian Co-operation".

24th Monday. The refectory looked empty with such a large Third Year Theology dining in the seclusion of Aula II.

The Vice-Rector surprised us by returning from a shopping expedition with some oranges which were "drawn" in the Common Room after supper.



25th *Tuesday*. A *dies non* in honour of the English Martyrs. Their feast, it will be remembered, had been put in the background by the transferred feast of St George.

26th *Wednesday*. Our leading meteorologist informs us that we are passing through a "Buchan" spell of weather: we can well believe it. Affairs spiritual are on the increase. One, John Byrne from Upholland, joined the *ordinandi* in retreat, and we finished the day with Solemn Benediction in honour of St Philip Neri.

27th *Thursday*. The Bedians among us discourse of the way their patron is honoured in Manchester. Later in the day the Grant Debating Society staged some impromptu debates to bring their season to an end. We summoned up our journalistic courage and attended. The irresponsible statement "That the B.B.C. has degraded music" provoked some fine vocal fireworks. The best debated subject proved to be "That views, not news, is the purpose of a newspaper". Speakers and subjects were coupled together ostensibly by pure chance, but so appositely in many cases that we have since had our doubts. The bell for night prayers prevented discussion of an opinion that promised cerebral agitation of no mean order—"That butter is best for bald heads".

28th *Friday*. A rough-house in the Common Room developed in traditional style. Two men found their way into the garden pond; and then the Common Room was barricaded. *Viva la rivoluzione!*

29th *Saturday*. Bishop Marshall, who is to ordain the retreatants to-morrow, arrived this evening.

30th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Chapman, Fallon, Fooks, Fraser, Hannon, Harrison, Holloway, Jones, McCann, O'Leary M., Walsh and Wyche, our new subdeacons, and to Mr Byrne from Upholland who received the diaconate. *Prosit* also to our new *caerimoniarius alter* on his first function! Bishop Marshall left immediately after breakfast for Chipping.

The electricians busied themselves in the theatre in preparation for to-night's film, "Love from a Stranger".

31st *Monday*. All that is left of yesterday's splendour is the home-made "throne" on the sanctuary, looking like nothing so much as a Punch and Judy show booth. The weather was fine enough to permit us to sing the Litany in procession round the garden.

Since last September the hand-ball court has been stacked with oats, and a threshing team put in an appearance this morning. Before long the insistent reverberations of their machine had claimed a place in our attention. Volunteers, including A Member Of The Staff, lent a hand during the afternoon.

JUNE 1st *Tuesday*. Hay fever must be catching: the Vice-Rector was on the spot with another large gang of pitchforkers. Heavy rain slowed down operations and on

2nd *Wednesday* suspended them temporarily.

3rd *Thursday*. *The Ascension*. This day remains associated in our memory with odd little bits of activity—planting cabbages, extra smoking after tea, and speculation about the rats to be discovered under that dwindling pile of oats.

4th, a wet *Friday*, was compensated by the installing of the fine new gramophone in the former ping-pong room.

5th *Saturday*. The last of the oats disappeared from the hand-ball court this morning. There were no rats awaiting capture, but plenty of mice.

6th *Sunday*. The gramophone room is proving popular after dinner. Thirty people squeezed in to-day. Vespers followed tea with the usual rush but were enlivened by a difference of opinion about a psalm tone and an unauthorised "Prosit!" at the end.

7th *Monday*. An inventive genius has discovered a use for coloured string and the lids of paste pots—serviette rings. The making of these is now all the rage, and many holders of jazz pattern appear in the refectory beside their more sober and battered brothers. Rev. F. Duggan is our visitor for a few days.

8th *Tuesday*. The House is indeed a "maison de silence". Explanation: the thesis sheets have appeared.

9th *Wednesday*. Fr Lawson, S.J., lectured the Wiseman Society on "The Christian Judgment in History".

10th *Thursday*. On the third anniversary of Italy's entry into the war she is herself threatened with invasion.

11th *Friday*. To supper Rev. G. Dwyer.

12th *Saturday*. Some queer gita lists have appeared on the Common Room board, inviting expeditions "to the Sunny South", "to London: dinner at the Ritz", to Manchester and to Blackpool. We fear the June sun.

13th *Whitsunday*. For High Mass the celebrant, deacon, subdeacon, M.C., both acolytes and thurifer were all of the smallest stature. We thought of the Seven Dwarfs. To conclude a fine day we laughed over the faces of Jack Hulbert and Claude Hulbert in "Bulldog Jack".

15th *Tuesday*. Gitas all-round-the-clock commenced as early as 5 a.m. and went on until belated travellers returned at 10 p.m. New ground was broken by the party which climbed Ingleborough. We hear that they spent fruitless efforts in trying to rescue a sheep that had fallen down one of the numerous holes.

16th *Wednesday*. We met the Rector walking slowly round the garden—the first time we have seen him since his illness. Mgr Carroll-Abbing arrived on holiday from Rome. All our attempts to pump information from him were carefully countered. Another welcome visitor was Rev. A. Hulme.

17th *Thursday*. Rev. L. Alston paid us a visit and Mr Gibb arrived and stayed the night. To our huge delight Mr Gibb sang in the Common Room, giving us old favourites like "M'appari" and "Angels Guard Thee".

18th *Friday*. Rain.

19th *Saturday*. A form of *fettucini* which was served at supper and a sing-song in the Common Room afterwards turned our thoughts Rome-wards.

20th *Sunday*. *Of the Holy Trinity*. Mr Daley leaves us to-morrow to take up an early appointment. Wherefore was he wished *Ad multos annos* and slung out of the Common Room this evening. It was the occasion of a glorious rough-house.

21st *Monday*. *Feast of St Aloysius* and a *dies non*. Mr Tolkien gave a paper about Lewis Carroll to the Wiseman Society.

22nd *Tuesday*. Revv. H. E. G. Rope and M. Cassidy gave us the stimulus of fresh company.

23rd *Wednesday*. The Public Meeting had its first and, as it proved, only session. There was a determined look in the Senior Student's eye when he took the Chair and business was disposed of expeditiously.

A pleasant surprise was a showing of some M.O.I. films after supper.

24th *Thursday*. *Corpus Christi*. We took part in the famous Stonyhurst procession and had tea with the Fathers afterwards. This afternoon's occupation earned us the privilege of a walk in the evening—a better time for exercise in June.

25th *Friday*. The Literary Society wound up its affairs of this year at an Annual General Meeting.

26th *Saturday*. A twenty-first birthday. We left the Honourable Order of the Swordfish Bone at Rome, so we now confer on those attaining their majority the Freedom of the Key. The symbol of this ancient dignity is a giant wooden key with heraldic wards. It is as long as a broom handle and its shaft is decorated by each new member with a halfpenny of the realm.

27th *Sunday*. *Retiro Mensile*. We had a procession of the Blessed Sacrament *en famille* and Benediction from an altar in the hand-ball court. We noticed drapery hanging from some of the windows and thought at first that someone, with experience of Rome, had lined the route with flags. A second glance showed us that they were swimming towels and costumes hanging out to dry.

28th *Monday*. Examinations in minor subjects for both faculties. Theology took theirs in the morning and had the afternoon free. The Philosophers were not so fortunate.

29th *Tuesday*. We celebrated the *feast of SS Peter and Paul* with High Mass before breakfast and a film in the evening.

30th *Wednesday*. *Incipit Horarium Aestivum*.

JULY 1st *Thursday*. The garden pond is becoming a very popular dumping ground for sprightly people.

2nd *Friday*. *Feast of the Sacred Heart*. We were free at 10.30 a.m. and found the pond even more popular. Mr Finigan, now in the R.A.F., paid us a flying visit.

3rd *Saturday*. "Hay! Any field you like for hay!" So runs the latest communique from the agricultural front posted on the notice board—a desperate appeal for volunteers. A machine is already at work on the field in front of the College.

4th *Sunday*. Avancinus has some timely things these days for the student of "De Deo Trino", and familiar phrases are awarded a smile of recognition. We happily stumbled upon some more general reflections of Shakespeare:

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books,  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know is to know naught but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name."

By all of which you may guess that examinations loom large on the horizon.

5th *Monday*. First and Second Year Theology underwent an oral in Moral Theology. As a concession to the flesh in these trying circumstances servers in the refectory are changed twice a week.

7th *Wednesday*. The chief blessing of the summer programme is the time it permits for swimming, and you may see many a bizarre camerata escaping to the stones above Black Wheel or the icy depths of a flooded quarry known as "The Pit".

Revv. J. Mullin and L. Alston were with us to-day.

8th *Thursday*.

NUNC MEA  
MOX HUIUS  
SED POSTEA  
nescio cujus  
NEMO SIBI NATUS

This pleasant variation on "Eheu fugaces!" was discovered on a gita over the doorway of an old house, and now graces more than one door here. And it is topical; for we are even now drawing for rooms for 1943-1944.

10th *Saturday*. The gramophone room was filled once more to hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Was the North-West Passage ever so popular in Rome?

11th *Sunday*. Here is an intermezzo for a rough house. You wait until your fellows have reached the stage of divesting themselves of their cassocks (the better to give their attention to the business in hand), and then bundle some of these neatly out of the window. The fun starts at 9.30.

12th *Monday*. The luggage piled at the foot of the stairs must mean another Everest Expedition at the very least.

13th *Tuesday*. During this and the following three days Top Year face their final exams.

14th *Wednesday*.

"The Editor, THE DAILY—,

Sir,—May I draw your attention to a phenomenon which has forced itself upon my notice for the past six weeks? I refer to the calls or cries of a cuckoo which for perseverance would be hard to beat. The bird starts quite early in the morning and repeats the same two notes with unvarying monotony for a considerable time. Is this a record?—HARRASSED STUDENT. (Lancashire)."

Then we tore it up and put it in the waste paper basket.

17th *Saturday*. For the past few days relays of belauded, *probat*i and deferred have been leaving as fast as the results were published. It will soon be our turn.

18th *Sunday*. Clitheroe and the neighbouring towns have their holiday week this week and crowds of people have invaded even our rural back-water.

19th *Monday*. Only he can appreciate freedom who has felt the rod of the tyrant. This evening our exam. was finished; we breathed again and made haste to cool our brow in the waters of the "pit".

20th *Tuesday*. Sundry clearing of papers, tidying of books, folding of blankets, sweeping of rooms, emptying of ash-buckets, and we were ready for a bath and to-morrow.

21st *Wednesday*. We have dwindled to but half a table. By 7.15 a.m. we had made our goodbyes and were eating up the road in a taxi to Whalley. Five months of Venerabile history were a vanishing speck behind us.

PATRICK KELLY and EDMUND TYLER.

## PERSONAL

The College is indebted to the executors of the late Cardinal Hinsley for two valuable souvenirs of his Eminence. The more highly-prized and cherished is a chalice which once belonged to John Hungerford Pollen and was given by him to the late Cardinal who used it whenever he was in residence at Archbishop's House. The second is a painting of Palazzola given to Cardinal Hinsley by Consigliere de Cuppis. This now occupies a prominent place on the wall of the staircase at St Mary's Hall. As a personal memento of the late Cardinal the Rector has received the gold cigarette-case which the students of the Venerable presented to Archbishop Hinsley on the occasion of his elevation to the Sacred Purple.

The death of Mrs Arthur Strong in Rome on September 16th will call forth charitable prayers from those who were students in the nineteen twenties. No doubt they will remember her address on the early Renaissance to the Literary Society, in which occurred her powerful description of the meeting in Santa Sabina of St Francis of Assisi and St Dominic—"locked in a transcendental embrace!" Her oft repeated wish that someone, especially in the English College, should do research work on the many distinguished Englishmen who have lived and died in Rome is something that ought not to pass us by unheeded.

Canon Augustine PEACOCK (1885-1891), parish priest of St Pancras', Ipswich, has been appointed by the Holy Father to succeed the late Mgr Tonks as Provost of the Northampton Diocesan Chapter.

Mgr Hugh COGAN (1907-1914), Vicar General of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, has been appointed by the Holy Father a Canon of the Diocesan Chapter.

Rev. F. AVERY, D.D. (1908-1915), till recently parish priest of St Peter's, Gateshead, is now parish priest of the Holy Family, Cockerton, Darlington.

REV. R. MEAGHER, D.D., Ph.D., M.A. (1916–1922), who has been on the Professorial Staff at Ushaw College for eighteen years, is now parish priest of the Sacred Heart Church, Warrington, and Dean of St. Peter's Deanery.

REV. A. ATKINS (1921–1928), Vicar General of the diocese of Liverpool, has been appointed a Domestic Prelate by the Holy Father.

REV. D. CROWLEY, D.D. (1921–1928) has been appointed from Trefriw to St Winefride's, Holywell.

REV. B. WRIGHTON (1924–1930) has left St Nicholas's, Sutton Coldfield, to become parish priest of Holy Trinity, Radford.

Very Rev. Mgr V. ELWES (1922–1925), who was secretary to the late Cardinal Hinsley, is now a chaplain in the Royal Navy.

REV. B. CUNNINGHAM (1927–1934), after many adventures as a Naval Chaplain in Singapore, Java, Ceylon and East Africa, is now serving on board H.M.S. *Adamant*, c/o G.P.O., London.

Other past students of the College who have joined H.M. Forces as chaplains in the last six months are:—

Very Rev. Mgr V. ELWES (1922–1925): Royal Navy.

Rev. M. GRACE (1930–1934): Royal Air Force.

Rev. G. PITT (1933–1940): Royal Navy.

Rev. J. HARRISON (1934–1941): Army.

REV. T. A. TURNER, Liverpool Cathedral Supervisor and Organiser, who helped us to set up house at St. Mary's Hall in 1940, has been appointed a Canon of the Liverpool Chapter.

Of the new priests who left the College last summer Mr D. FAHY is reading Greats at Campion Hall, Oxford, and Mr A. STOREY, Mr H. LAVERY and Mr J. HOLLAND are studying at St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

The others have been appointed as follows:—

Mr D. ROCHE to Our Lady and St Bridget, Isleworth, Middlesex.

Mr F. O'LEARY to St Peter's, Gloucester.

Mr W. BROWN to the Most Precious Blood and St Edmund, Lower Edmonton.

Mr J. PLEDGER to St John's Seminary, Wonersh.

Mr A. COTTER to the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton.

Mr J. DALEY to St Alban's, Macclesfield.

To facilitate the forwarding of THE VENERABLE would all subscribers, and especially chaplains to H.M. Forces, please notify the Secretary of any change of address.

The Librarian wishes to thank all who have presented or lent books to the College during the past year.

The Senior Student is Mr R. FALLON.

For those who like the name of the society to be taken literally we had two evenings. At James Walsh took as his official antagonist the Catholic Times and told of the dilapidation of Catholicism. Mr. Eric Porter of the College then maintained that dilapidation was inevitable and proved his thesis with some striking illustrations. James Walsh responded with a paper on the subject of the 'Catholic Revival' and the late of many literary and historical figures from their translation to their present status. He closed his paper as the subject of his paper. The Government of St. Mary's and we found the execution into the presentational as a paper as any study in number. Another historical paper. The first paper, however, was given to a number of the literary society.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

At the business meeting a fifth member was elected, and the staff is now composed as follows:—

- Editor : Mr Buxton
- Secretary : Mr Barry
- Sub-Editor : Mr Tyler
- Under-secretary : Mr Williams
- Fifth member : Mr Anglim.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*The Beda Review, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Oscotian (2), Pax, St Peter's College Magazine (Bearsden), Prior Park College Magazine (2), The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine.*

### LITERARY SOCIETY

Nothing is more exciting than to feel the press of affairs of moment. Four of our speakers in the past year pointed the direction of contemporary currents and made us conscious of history in the making in several spheres. Bishop Mathew did it for us by tracing the lineage of English Catholicism down to the present day; Dr Garvin by summarising several years' work on the Motor Mission; Mr Richard O'Sullivan, K.C. from the vantage point of the thirteenth century, the seeding-time of English Law; and Mr Douglas Woodruff with a close-up of conditions in that most courageous venture in Christian co-operation—the Sword of the Spirit.



For those who like the name of the society to be taken literally we had two evenings. Mr James Walsh took us into the editorial sanctum of *The Catholic Times* and told of the difficulties of Catholic journalism. Mr Eric Barber of the Collegio Beda maintained that Shakespeare was still enjoyable and proved his thesis with some arresting interpretations of famous Shakespearean characters.

Mgr Ronald Knox has the fame of many literary achievements ranging from Bible translation to detective stories. He chose instead as the subject of his paper "The Convulsionaries of St Médard", and we found this excursion into the preternatural as gripping as any study in murder. Another historical paper, "The Archpriest Controversy", was given by a member of the House, Mr Fooks, who described himself as an historical butterfly alighting on one of the more exotic blooms of time.

At the beginning of the year Fr G. Seaston, who had recently returned from St Edward's College, Malta, told us of the George Cross island under siege. Another famous traveller, Mr Arnold Lunn, renewed his old friendship with the society. He had been exercising his gifts of bonhomie in a tour of the Americas, and in his company we rubbed shoulders with people across the sea.

A business meeting brought the season to a close and Mr Fooks was voted into the chair with Mr Williams as his secretary. "Mr Lavery has skimmed the cream of the Catholic world" said the new President, congratulating his predecessor on an eventful year. Perhaps that is more than a *bon mot*.

## GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

Six meetings of the society in a year may not seem a great number—to some that number may appear to be below par—but considering the many other activities of the House, including this year an opera, it is not at all a bad record.

We started off by discussing a couple of old problems. The spoken word *versus* the written word is always an easy debate with which to commence the season. It certainly provoked First Year to an early interest in the society, an interest that proved to be an earnest for the future. In the second meeting we were faced with this question: Is the "honesty" of the moderns preferable to the "religion" of our grand-parents? Our grand-parents would say no. We (being presumably moderns) should say yes. We said no.

*Discussioni di alta politica* were carried on with some warmth of feeling in our next meeting. It was a Peace Conference. The presumption was that the war was over and the problem to be settled was whether or not it was in the interests of Europe that Germany should be left a strong nation. "It depends on what you mean by 'strong', Mr Chairman"—

yes, we had that ; and we had all kinds of original people at this Conference—a representative of Franco's Spain, a Christian Scientist, the ubiquitous American journalist (who wasn't very original), and a special envoy bearing an order of the day from Marshal Stalin himself. This innovation was a great success, due probably to the opportunity it afforded our many arm-chair strategists and diplomatists of airing their views. Both sides polled the same number of votes. What complications that would have caused at another Geneva ! The international politicians having had their say, we came back home and in our next meeting discussed Imperial affairs. We threw cold water on the claim that the British Empire is still in its infancy.

We were invited by the Stonyhurst Union Debating Society to take part in one of their meetings and we provided three members for the Ministry, including Mr Holloway as Prime Minister, and three for the Opposition, the other speakers on both sides being provided by Stonyhurst. Our members took their constituencies from favourite gita haunts in the Palazzola district, so that mingled with the English names of our neighbours appeared such places as Nemi, Grottaferrata, Frascati, Rocca di Papa and Albano. Mr Holloway easily carried the motion that " this House considers Tradition to be the foundation of society."

Our last meeting was an impromptu debate. The brief Stonyhurst summer tempted too many of us out of doors and thesis-sheets were dangling before our eyes, so that it was hardly to be expected that this meeting should prove a success. Anyway, we realized it was time to shut up shop. But we can look back on a season which has certainly maintained the standards of previous years. Attendance has been good and members have not been content to sit and listen ; more encouraging still were the obvious signs of preparation in many of the speeches we heard. It is for Mr Fooks and Mr Farrow to keep the flag flying in the coming year. They replace Mr Holland and Mr Fraser as President and Secretary respectively.

## WISEMAN SOCIETY

Nothing has been done in the past year to dim the society's reputation for being foremost in the quest for Christian humanism. Most papers were concerned with Literature or the Drama. A recent addition to the society's programme has been the introduction of play readings, the first of which, G. B. Shaw's " Pygmalion ", was produced by Mr Pledger in the Easter holidays. Much is to be hoped from an activity which can present plays generally unsuitable for concert performance.

Mr O'Connell opened the season with a paper on Social Security which, though provoking interest, might have been better suited to a C.S.G. audience. He was followed by Mr Richards who treated well and at length of the Brontë sisters and their works. Interest in his paper was

heightened by the fact that we live within but a short distance of the wild scenes of their tragic upbringing. In the New Year Mr Tyler dealt with Modern Drama which he declared technically excellent, though leaning too much towards sensationalism. His arguments were vividly illustrated by readings of passages from modern plays by a small team of local talent. Mr Chadwick's painstaking paper on the life and work of Eric Gill was well received, though his treatment of that remarkable man and the specimens of his art which were displayed failed to engender a lively discussion. Before leaving for his vacation Fr Lawson, S.J. gave us his views on the Christian Philosophy of History, a subject on which one or two members were inclined to argue. A right view of history, Fr Lawson maintained, should form the background to all Catholic education. The year was closed by Mr Tolkien's paper on Lewis Carroll which provided an interesting and enjoyable evening.

The meetings were well attended but the discussions were not as spirited as they have been in previous years. The lively give and take of opinion seems largely to have given way to the formal asking and answering of questions.

Mr Chadwick succeeds Mr Cotter as Secretary.

### CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

This year there has been an increase in the number of active members—those who pay the subscription *and* join a study-circle. We had four study-clubs. The first, formed mainly from new members, followed a general course of principles with Cahill's "Framework of a Christian State" as a stand-by. This group was notable for the vigour of its discussions. The second, taking as its text the Bishops' Joint Social Pastoral of 1942, combined a study of the principles with facts bearing on the ten points of the Social Minimum. Rowntree's "Poverty and Progress" proved useful. The third studied the history of the Dual System in Elementary Education and the various present-day proposals for its reform. The fourth traced the development of working-class organizations in England from 1790 till to-day. Mr H. B. Morgan, M.P., kindly suggested and obtained literature for this circle.

Material for study has been plentiful. We enjoy the hospitality of the Stonyhurst Library for reference and are constant borrowers from the Lancashire County Library. A score or so of books on current study subjects have been given or bought for our own Guild Library. Fr O'Hea, S.J., who came to see us twice, and Fr Agnellus Andrew, O.F.M., a more frequent visitor, both helped with suggestions for programmes and literature.

There have been only three general meetings. In October Archbishop MacDonald, O.S.B., gave a lively talk on the system of education and the youth movements in Scotland. Just before Easter Dr Butterfield

read a paper on the Beveridge Report, and Mr Holloway gave one on his own idea of a Christian Society. More general papers were promised but few members seemed able or willing to give time and trouble for them. It is true that more work is being done in study-circles at present, but the airing and clarifying of ideas in the discussions after papers are too valuable to be lightly lost.

Mr Swaby has been elected Secretary for the coming year.

### MARTYRS' ASSOCIATION

The novena was held as usual this year from April 26th to May 4th. A unique difficulty arose through the feast of St George being transferred to May 4th, but this was overcome by obtaining permission for one High Mass of the Martyrs to be sung in the College Chapel. Reduction in the size of the Catholic papers meant that the usual advertisements could be inserted in only one edition of each paper. Nevertheless an encouraging number made the novena for the customary intentions.

In addition to the reminder sent out to all the ordinary members of the Martyrs' Association a personal appeal was sent by the Rector to the special members—all who have studied at the College since the foundation of the Association.

During the past year a rather fortunate circumstance made it possible for some very good medium-size reproductions (8" by 5") of the Martyrs' Picture to be made. A priest ordained in Rome some years ago had had blocks made by the Catholic Records Press so that he could have the picture printed as a frontispiece to his parish brochure and blotter. The Catholic Records Press preserved these blocks and were able to supply a fairly large number of pictures for us at a very reasonable price. At the time of the novena a copy was sent to each member.

One of the members outside the College wrote a very scholarly life of Blessed Thomas Beche, at one time Abbot of Colchester, which was published in the *Downside Review*. In the House too a number of papers are being prepared, but none were completed in the course of the year.

A number of pilgrimages were made to the Martyrs' shrines at Catforth and Cloughton-on-Brock, and once again we would like to express our gratitude to Fr Waring and Fr McKenna for the kindness they have shown to us on these occasions.

## SPORTS

## CRICKET

This year's brief summer—short-lived even for this part of the country—combined with a late Easter to ruin our prospects of a successful cricket season. But the weather was not entirely to blame; we have learned by experience not to base too much hope on the readings of the barometer. The experiment of playing matches on two days, an innings a day, was definitely not successful, partly because two fine days in succession were a comparatively rare occurrence but mainly because the hour's play which ensued was hardly worth the time involved in changing and walking down to the pitch. Moreover, if we were to have our usual two games each week, twenty-two men would be required to go through this performance on four days out of every seven—a stern test for the not-over-keen when the chance of a swim in the river presented itself.

As a consequence our chief fault was lack of practice, as we learned to our cost in the match against Stonyhurst. This took place on a glorious day, and we thank them for a most enjoyable game. Another bright feature of the season was the annual Beda-Venerabile match, a game we don't like to miss and one we hope to play in its proper surroundings in the not too distant future.

It is to be hoped that next year will see a change in the arrangements made for playing cricket, and that we shall be able to have more games with a more enthusiastic turn-out until such time as we can return to Palazzola and its cricket weather par excellence.

## OBITUARY

SGT-OBSERVER RICHARD RAWCLIFFE, R.A.F.

The news that Dick Rawcliffe had not returned from an operational flight was a great shock to us who had known him so well. It came as a bombshell in the midst of our preparations for the Christmas concerts in which he had always so enthusiastically shared. Only a few months previously, on his return from the United States where he had undergone a course of training, he had paid us a visit and had entertained us at the piano in the Common Room and in one of our concerts. During his two and a half years at the Venerable, from October 1938 to March 1941, he had been the only really competent pianist we had below stairs and his services had naturally been in constant demand from Common Room low-brows and Concert and Opera producers. His amazing versatility enabled him to cater for all tastes. He was indispensable at any musical entertainment; as an accompanist he was ideal; as a soloist he never failed to rouse delight and enthusiasm.

It was obvious from the beginning that his nick-name could be nothing else but "Ginger". Yet he had not the hot temper that is usually associated with such colouring. It took a great deal to annoy him and if, as sometimes happened, he let slip a hasty remark, he could not rest till he had made a proper apology in the right quarter. He was by nature quiet and reserved, and only in the presence of those he knew well could he unbend without self-embarrassment. He had a very sensitive character; the tiniest taunt, if seriously made, was sufficient to upset him. I do not think it was generally known in the College that for some months he was afflicted with a complaint which occasionally gave him great pain, and people who asked favours of him were often the innocent causes of an aggravation and increase of his suffering. I fear he was often put upon, but he was loath ever to hurt another's feelings and would never make his indisposition an excuse for refusing to oblige. He was always very modest, especially about his undoubted talent as a musician, but his

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