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Father Peter Francis Firth, M.A.
Killed in Action
Normandy, June 6th, 1944

EDITORIAL

" There's a good time coming " is a slogan adopted by more than one wishful thinker, but in our case we consider that we have some reasonable grounds for this assertion. For who would not be optimistic at the present news which makes the prospects of return to Rome so much brighter ? In that autumn of four years ago, when the Venerabile found a temporary home in England it seemed hard to visualise that a new generation would grow up, which found it rather hard to think of the College as belonging to the Via Monserrato ; so comfortably have we settled down to what then seemed impossible conditions.

Through these years the policy of the Magazine has remained unchanged. We have striven to portray this dual element in our life—our Rome in England—at the same time not forgetting to further appreciation in things Roman. In this respect we are particularly grateful to Miss M. G. Chadwick, a constant visitor to the City, whose article on Baroque will no doubt increase interest in a subject which one is so apt to take for granted.

Meanwhile we continue to live our own life here, with our *doceturs*, our *dies non* and our gitas, but now, with the added incentive that all roads lead to Rome, even if it be by way of Longridge Fell.

A PROLOGUE TO THE LIBER RUBER

The lineage of the Venerable English College is lost in extremely misty ages : one has to travel back and back into a strange land where the Angles ruled to the Firth of Forth, and the heel of Britain was still British. To our minds the kingdoms of those days are comic enough, but they held up the conversion of the country to Christianity, and Penda the Pagan must hold the record for the slaying of Christian kings. Whether the greater share in England's ultimate conversion was played by Rome or sea-girt Iona, once that conversion was effected no country could vie with this new people in its loyalty to the tomb of the Apostles. Bede is full of the pilgrimages to Rome made by the English of all ranks ; young princes, kings worn out before their prime by the burden of their crowns, bishops, monks and multitudes of the faithful, " noble and simple, men and women, soldiers and private persons, moved by the instinct of divine love ". Despite the difficulty and danger of the long trek, many went more than once : St Benedict Biscop travelled to Rome five times. Far more unlikely people are to be found in the list than grace the pages of the *Canterbury Tales*, men like Thorfinn Earl of the Orkneys, surnamed the Raven-feeder for his highly successful piracy. The story of St Boniface is full of characters such as the monks Willibald and Winnibald, who dragged off their decrepit father that he might *die* in Rome and had to interrupt their journey at Lucca to bury him. Others went the whole way by water ; in St Boniface's words, they " trusted themselves to the ways of the sea and sought the

shrines of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul ". Trusted themselves—it was Hobson's choice between either route. Offa of Mercia had to treat with Charlemagne for the protection of the nearly continuous stream of English that trailed like ants down the length of the Frankish Empire. But no earthly monarch, however magnificent, could hold back avalanches or secure the pallium for an Archbishop of Canterbury when he was found frozen in the snow of the Alps.

There can be no question, then, of the surprising numbers who faced this arduous journey, nor of the even more surprising numbers who lived to cross the atrium of old St Peter's. In the year 889 the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle thought it sufficiently noteworthy to report that " there was no journey to Rome, except that king Alfred sent two couriers with letters ". And in Rome itself the Saxon colony was actually the biggest and most important of the foreign settlements. Its own name for itself of a *borough* still figures in the map of Rome under the Italianised *Borgo* : its boundary towards the Tiber is called the *Lungotevere in Sassia* to this day : though other names, such as *S. Maria in Saxia* for its church, have disappeared.

The history of the Schola Anglorum in the ancient capital of the world is obscure and the temptation to give any detailed account either of its origin or of its nature is a temptation to foist off guesses as facts. The organisation of the colonists is ascribed by tradition to Ina of Wessex, and one of the frescoes in the sacristy of S. Spirito depicts its foundation by this king and Gregory II in the year 725. But the fresco only dates from the seventeenth century. Still, it is certain that both the Papacy and English royalty took a steady interest in its welfare throughout the eighth and ninth centuries. Their patronage is the most important feature of this period for without it the Schola could not have survived, let alone flourished. But one of the many fires which destroyed its buildings is the most famous incident of this stage in its history, owing to the accident that Raphael chose to paint it in the Vatican Stanze. Actually, the Schola did more than get burnt from time to time. When the Saracens landed at the mouth of the Tiber in 846, the English in company with the Frisian and Frank settlers in Rome marched out to meet them. It is galling to record that they were completely cut to pieces by the pirates and their quarters sacked. But Leo IV seems to have taken the wish for the deed : when he built his

famous wall, he called one of the new gates after these foreigners who dwelt nearby—*posterulam aliam que respicit ad Scholam Saxonum, que ex eorum vocabulo Saxonum posterula appallatur*—and some think he even entrusted them with its defence. At any rate he made them splendid presents on the completion of his new city.

In the ninth century, then, we can get some picture of a regular quarter near St Peter's within the Leonine wall, inhabited by our countrymen in sufficient numbers to furnish their quota of the city's militia, with their own priests and their own church, possibly too with a special house to receive pilgrims on a short visit, certainly with a school for their children under the direction of the priests, and with their buildings stretching to the river for the convenience of such as should come from home by sea.

The English pilgrimage continued, apparently unabated, even during the dreadful tenth and eleventh centuries, the days of Rome's deepest degradation under Theodora, Marozia, Alberic and their successors ; when strong Popes were quickly done to death by feudal anarchy ; when old, worn-out men were promoted to Peter's chair in the assurance that their age and holiness would deter them from stepping down into the sordid arena ; when unworthy characters were elected from time to time in order to consolidate the political ascendancy of some bold, bad baron. Never had the City been more chaotic, nor was the rest of Europe in much better plight. Yet to the pilgrims, who escaped the marauding bands that infested all the highways, Rome still remained the Holy City, wonderful beyond compare for her shrines and for her possession of the Papacy. Canute came and the depravity of the centre of Christendom seems to have escaped him. He turned homewards deeply impressed, with his Faith strengthened and his culture deepened, just like the pilgrims of earlier and, one would have thought, more edifying ages. And the Schola Anglorum had reason to bless his coming, for he persuaded John XIX to release it from the last taxes and obligations which still remained after King Alfred's similar petition on its behalf—*e purchaca . . . ke les escoles de Engletere fussent franches de tute manere demande.* In the words of the chronicler " it was free, God be praised ". Sometime during this same period the Schola Saxiae was granted the right of cemetery, of burying its dead within its own boundaries, whereas nearly all the other foreigners had to be buried

in the Schola Francorum. One would like to think that this privilege was gained at the instance of Macbeth, who came on pilgrimage in 1050.

So paradoxically enough, the Schola flourished and waxed strong throughout Rome's most evil times, when Saracen keels sailed up the Tiber or when Theophylacts and Crescentians battled in the streets for control of a turbulent Curia. It is when we have emerged into the brighter light of the Middle Ages, when the Papacy had regained its self-respect and begun to loom so large in the minds of men that the Hohenstaufen were fighting Rome on less than level terms, that ill-fortune overcast the English settlement beside the tomb of the Apostle. Three Emperors from over the Alps carried fire and sword into the Leonine City, Henry IV in 1084, Henry V in 1119 and Barbarossa in 1169. This of itself would not have been enough: the Schola had survived similar violence in the centuries before. But the two Powers beneath whose mantles it sheltered now dealt it deadly blows. The Romans themselves grew heady with dreams of long-forgotten Republicanism, a largely imaginary Republicanism be it said, and our own English Adrian IV had to counter with sentence of interdict on the rebellious City. Lucius III went further still and forbade pilgrims to visit Rome. Rome under an interdict, Rome without the Pope had little appeal to the piety of the faithful: it was the abomination of desolation for those who dwelt there; it could attract no new blood to recruit the ancient Schola. Quite apart from conditions in the City itself, the coming of the autocratic Normans to England had introduced a new policy at home. Communication with Rome was now a thing to be hindered, not encouraged, and to leave the realm, even as a humble pilgrim, one needed the king's licence. So it came about that during the later eleventh and twelfth centuries, the long honourable procession was at last checked—only the combination of Pope and King could have done it—and in consequence the Schola Anglorum fell on evil times and began to decay rapidly.

There is neither space nor need to chronicle the stages of this melancholy disruption—a *prolixitas mortis*, in St Gregory's phrase. Once the practice of pilgrimage had ceased, it was hard to set it going again. The Pope, restored to his capital, wrote to St Thomas of Canterbury begging the English Church to take pity on what had now become a foundling, but evidently

with little success. For in 1170 we find the Martyr assuring Alexander III that it was not his fault if the English no longer visited Rome as they used to do. Henry II was sufficient of the Norman to distrust dual obedience if it became too enthusiastic, and so the Schola still lacked one of the props necessary to its prosperity. It is not surprising, then, that by the end of the twelfth century all its buildings were fallen into complete ruin, with the exception of the Church, S. Maria in Saxia, which was still served by a handful of chaplains. It seemed as if all memory of ancient English piety must perish with the stones it had once raised.

From this fate we were partly rescued by Innocent III, whose solicitude for the churches embraced even the least. I say partly rescued ; it was useless to rebuild the English quarter as such when there were not enough English to people it. Instead, on the foundations of the old Schola this great Pope raised a general hospital, which he confided to the Confraternity of the Holy Ghost, and so, almost without a struggle, the old title of S. Maria in Saxia fell into disuse after four hundred years, and the church came to be called S. Spirito. But all connection with the nationality of its ancient tenants was not severed. The Romans are a conservative peopled espite their turbulent history, and they called it, as they call it to this day, *S. Spirito in Sassia*. Moreover, having built the hospital, Innocent appealed to England to keep some hold on the ancient site by helping to endow the new building, and John " for the good of his soul " answered by granting it a hundred marks a year. But it is sad to read the placid past tense in which he describes the hospital as being " by the Church of S. Maria in Saxia, which is called of the English, and where *used to be* a house of entertainment for them ".

This was in the year 1204, and from that time until a hundred and fifty years later there was no English organisation to look after their compatriots who should come to Rome on pilgrimage. Probably (the authorities are vague) Honorius III in 1216 took pity on the dispossessed English Chaplains from the Borgo and housed them in S. Pantaleo, where they lived as a collegiate body and had charge of the church. But they were now only members of the *clero Romano*, without any particular obligation to pilgrims of their own nationality ; nor can I find that they felt any such obligation, even historical ; and certainly the

accounts of the foundation of the second English Hospice make it clear that in the Jubilee Year of Clement VI, 1350, there was no provision for anyone who came from England.

There is more than one account of this resurrection. A picturesque version in a book of 1601, *Trattato di tutte l'opere pie di Roma*, begins with a highly coloured account of how " from this kingdom there came every year a great number of people to Rome almost in hordes, or troops, with a devout desire to visit these holy places ". Camillo Fanucci of Siena, the author, goes on to tell how a pregnant woman, who could not keep up with the rest of the party on its round of the seven Churches, " walked behind them at a slow pace, and so, night coming on, she lost her way in the wood, that then there was above the hospital of S. Spirito in Sassia . . . so that at night she was attacked by wolves, and torn to pieces and so perished miserably ". This tragedy stirred up her compatriots in the City, and, if we are to believe Camillo, ended in a meeting where, nevertheless, nothing was done save talk, until John Shepherd, a rosary seller, shamed them all by giving, there and then, a great part of his goods to the nation for the reception and entertainment of poor pilgrims.

The usual account is far more prosaic and ascribes the foundation of the hospice in almost equal proportions to national pride, national piety, and national distaste for being fleeced by foreigners. We hear nothing of any enormous numbers from England — Camillo must have been thinking of the Saxon migrations — nor does the modest organisation which resulted suggest vast crowds : a few houses were to suffice where before a whole quarter had been needed. For the Jubilee of 1350 national hospices had been built for the people of Aragon, Leon, Flanders, Sweden, Germany and France. But the English who came were humiliated to find nothing for themselves, and many fell dazed victims to the lodging-house harpies near St. Peter's. It was all this, and the natural piety of the man, which decided John Shepherd, twelve years after the Jubilee, to draw up the document from which we may date the Hospice. " In the name of the Lord. Amen. In the year of the Nativity of the same 1362, under the pontificate of the Lord Pope Innocent VI etc. John the son of Peter the Englishman, otherwise called John Shepherd, rosary seller of the Rione Arenula, of his own good will sold and under the title of sale, made over to

William Chandeler of York, England, who received it in his own name, and on the part of and in the name of the community and society of the English of the City, and of the poor sick, needy and distressed people coming from England to the City, and for the convenience and use of the same etc., a certain one-storeyed house with a garden behind it, with the income from the ground to the top."

This house—the nucleus of all the future property of the Hospice—was situated in the Via di Monserrato, occupying part of the site of the present *Venerabile Collegium Anglorum de Urbe.* For more than five and a half centuries Englishmen have come here, lived here, died here and been buried here. There is

> " In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home."

It is more than a metaphor to say of this length of foreign street that it " is for ever England ": an England that has not repudiated its origins nor transformed its ideals by Reformation or Industrial Revolution, but an England that still holds fast to the cherished Faith of its makers, Alfred, Theodore, Edgar, Dunstan and the greatest of our medieval moulders. As the first Saxon princelets loaded the old Schola Saxonum with gifts, so the first Tudor loved and protected the English Hospice. It bore the royal arms of England, and the old stone *stemma* is still preserved within its walls. Its purpose was violently re-orientated by the Reformation, but they were still Englishmen who peopled its rabbit-warrens of rooms. They came from England to go home to England, and England broke them in prison when it did not tear their tortured bodies on the scaffold. The Pope was still at the Vatican, and the English still in the Monserrato. Whither pilgrims came from England, where Englishmen lived, prayed and studied in preparation for the carrying of Augustine's message back to English shores. To anyone with a sense of the past, this plot of earth, down by the Tiber in the oldest part of Rome, is holy ground.

And the beginning of it all was the humble generosity of a poor man. A month after the deed of sale, Alice his wife renounced any claim she might have on the property. On April

14th, 1362, both of them offered to spend the rest of their lives serving the poor and strangers, " coming in numbers to the aforesaid house ". So the work began again, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years. And this is the account from the documents in the College archives.

Stowe gives a third version, and like Camillo gets his dates astray. He supplies a list of the people who formed the Society of the English, to whom John and Alice Shepherd made over their property : it contains two bishops, two knights, a draper and other citizens of London. The existence of this Society is implied in the original documents of Shepherd's gift and elsewhere there is also a definite statement that it was formed in 1358 and placed under the protection of the Most Holy Trinity.

The history of the Hospice is uneventful. The Popes looked upon it with favour, and pious benefactors bought more and more property for it. In 1396 a London merchant, John White, founded a second Hospice, this time across the Tiber near S. Chrisogono, for the use of English sailors. There was always the closest relationship between these two charities ; the brethren of one were often associates of the other—for instance, John White himself was *Custos* of St. Thomas's in the year 1405 ; twice, at least, the Trastevere Hospice came to the rescue of its elder sister with timely loans, a courtesy not always found in family relations ; and regularly it supplied the denizens of the Monserrato with their wine, no doubt at a just price.

Both establishments, the Hospice of St Thomas of Canterbury and the Hospice of St Edmund, King and Martyr, grew increasingly prosperous during the fifteenth century. They had their Confraternities of supporters, *Confratres*, some in England, some on the spot in Rome. Regular collections throughout the mother-country were organised for what was, at long last, again recognised as a national charity. There is a subscription book in the archives, dated 1446, which was drawn up in divisions according to the English dioceses : as often happens with books of this kind, most of its pages are blank. But there is enough evidence to show that this was the scribe's fault, not the subscribers'.

A general meeting of the *Confratres* was held annually, at which they chose two auditors, a *Custos* or Guardian, and two Councillors to help him. But such was the lack of rivalry

between the Hospices, and so strong their sense of the identity of their objects, that in 1464 they amalgamated for purposes of government. Their administration and accounts were kept separate as before, and each continued to choose its own associates ; but the officials elected annually for St Thomas's were immediately proposed to and accepted by St Edmund's. The joint *Custos* and his Councillors lived at the older house and caretakers were appointed for Trastevere to look after the chapel and dispense hospitality to all who sought shelter near S. Chrisogono. These caretakers were often English ; in any case, they " were not to be Scotch, or to belong to any other people at war with the English King or the English nation ".

We may now speak of the Hospice of the Most Holy Trinity, St Thomas and St Edmund, and with regard to its character it is important to stress how truly national a charge it had become. Bishops, Priors, Ambassadors, Gentry, Merchants, Convents and whole parishes contributed to its upkeep and made it presents of vestments and plate. Nor did Royalty lag behind. Some of its most precious silver vessels were the gift of the Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV—a superb chalice, candelabra and salvers weighing 176 ounces. There were tragedies of exchange, too, even in those days. A citizen of York, John Losthouse, sent a donation which owing to the subtle operations of banks in London and Bologna arrived at Rome six nobles short of the sum promised.

Another sign of the general interest taken in the work lies in the very diverse occupations and characters of the *Confratres*. Many famous men even gave such personal service as to hold office for their term ; Linacre, who founded the College of Physicians ; Giglis who entered England in the unpopular guise of Collector of Papal Dues, but who proved such a master of the *suaviter in modo* as to come back to Rome Henry VII's Proctor ; Inge who served Wolsey well and was rewarded, unsuitably enough, with the Archbishopric of Dublin.

By this time the Hospice had become the recognised centre of English life and interests in the Eternal City. The King's Ambassador usually lived there, and round him gyrated all his compatriots resident in Rome, all the special envoys who came on particular missions, all the pious pilgrims and all the merely curious who wanted introductions at the Papal Court.

However, the real work of the Hospice was not forgotten

in this burst of ambassadorial splendour. Despite an atmosphere of diplomacy, not to say intrigue, the flower of the corporal works of mercy still bloomed and filled the house with its fragrance. It must have been something like the stir in the old Schola Saxonum when Alfred or Canute came on a visit; that wonderful democracy which could envelop the most heterogeneous company when the pilgrim's staff was in every hand. Gregory Martin in his *Roma Sancta* describes how "here are received all Englishmen without exception (especially pilgrims and the poorer sort) for eight days; and upon consideration for the parties' necessity, for double and triple and longer, with meat, drink, lodging, very competent and honest; and money also according to the parties' necessities". Martin does not exaggerate the length of time they might stay. In his *Annales* Stowe says that "if any woman happens to be near the time of her deliverance, so that she dare not take the journey, she is to be honestly kept till she be purified, and then, if she were able, to go away with her child; if not, she was to be kept till it was seven years old". In January 1505 a child of twelve years arrived "nearly half dead", and was considerately kept until the middle of the following May. Another "half dead" visitor was John Rawlin, an English sailor, who had been set upon by robbers. He stayed thirty-six days "to the great burden of the Hospital". Sailors were fairly frequent recipients of bounty, such as the crew of the *Anne Clark*, five ratings of the Royal Navy, and three old salts from the ship *Thomas* of London. In 1506 a Welshman turned up, who was very unwell and could speak none but his mother tongue, so that "the Hospice was burdened with a Welsh interpreter to wait upon him" for the sixteen days of his residence.

Stray records give us some idea of the numbers who came, 82 in 1504–5, 212 the next year of whom 157 were poor pilgrims, and 207 the year after. These are probably not exhaustive figures, for the official Pilgrim Book only begins in 1508. At any rate it is evident that the hospitality of the establishment was not administered in any meagre spirit, and that the flow of pilgrims from England was steady and comparatively numerous. The Popes, meanwhile, continued to smile upon the work. Eugenius IV allowed the Church, which had been rebuilt with the Hospice in 1412, to be consecrated in 1445, when he enriched it with many indulgences and privileges, including

the extra-parochial rights of a cemetery for Englishmen, such as had been granted to the old Schola Anglorum. Alexander VI confirmed all these privileges and took the Hospice under his special protection. May English historians remember this of him, when tempted to dip their pens in gall!

Side by side with Papal patronage ran the stimulating interest of English royalty. Henry VII intervened personally in the affairs of the Hospice more than once. He calls it "Our Hospital of St Thomas the Martyr in the City of Rome" and commands his letter to be inscribed in the Official Book of the Hospice. The officers replied with a ready acknowledgment that their House was no private charity but a national establishment, in fact the King's Royal Hospice. Their earnest commendation of the work to Henry's royal care was later answered by the order that the *Custos* should henceforth be nominated by the Crown and, apparently, that the books and accounts should be regularly sent to England for the King's inspection and approval. Henry VII was a genius at figures, so that his scrutiny could have been no mere formality. He was also that rare bird among Renaissance princes, a king with overflowing coffers; but he was too proud of the Hospice to allow Empsom and Dudley to skim the cream off the national collections for it. The most important Englishmen in Rome were constantly nominated to the office of *Custos* by this devout, if mean spirited, Tudor. Sherborne, Cardinal Bainbridge, who suffered the ignominy of being poisoned by his steward, and the indefatigable Richard Pace were all the King's ambassadors. So too were John Bell, Giglis, Thomas Hannibal and finally Bishop Clerk, who in full Consistory before Clement VII delivered his historic boast of England's loyalty to the Holy See on the very eve of Henry VIII's sordid schism.

So, just when the old happy position had again been reached, Pope and King vying with one another in exhibitions of good-will, the storm burst both in Rome and in England, and this age-honoured charity was shaken to its roots.

The Roman storm was the appalling sack of 1527 under the Constable de Bourbon. The horrors of that outrage are too well known to need description. The *Landsknechte* were bivouacked in the Campo di Fiori, far too near the Monserrato for the Hospice to emerge unscathed. There are no accounts or inventories for the years 1527 to 1538, a significant silence, and

the building during nearly all that period was in the charge of one John Browbridge, whose name had formerly been erased from the list of *Confratres*. A Bull of Clement VII, dated 1530, suggests the extent of the damage, when it says of the church that " in the sack of the City by the Bourbons (it) had lost all its altar plate, together with other property and papers ".

It was typical of the Papacy that it should come to the rescue with a promise of spiritual favours for all who assisted the work of restoration. But the other Patron had now to be reckoned with, and Henry VIII's adoption of full-blooded caesaropapism definitely changed the status of the Hospice. For one thing, it could no longer be called royal, existing, as it did, on and for the keenest loyalty to Rome. Then, " one large source of revenue, the contributions collected in England for its support, were immediately cut off, and the constant flow of pilgrims came to an end, at least for a time ". In place of being a home for the poor, the sick and travellers, it tended to become a house of exiles for the Faith. The Confraternity slipped into oblivion altogether and the Holy See quietly assumed the Tudor habit of nomination. The first *Custos* appointed by the Pope was the exiled Cardinal Pole ; he was succeeded in 1544 by the exiled Bishop Peto ; and both of them nominated another exile, Goldwell, to serve as their Commissary.

The Marian reaction was too short-lived to have much effect, though it is interesting that pilgrims started to arrive again, in eights and tens and twelves. The Queen, who was, after all, a Tudor, reassumed the right of nominating the *Custos*, and once more a Royal Ambassador held that position. But with the Elizabethan *volte face*, residence in Rome again implied exile from England, and an official position in the Hospice became something to toss in turn from one to another among the small band of refugees under its roof. If the whole thing were not to degenerate finally into an anachronism, clearly some vital change would have to be made in the use to which the building and its remaining funds were put.

Nobody knew at the beginning whether the Elizabethan settlement would prove any more permanent than those of her father, brother and sister. The Vicar of Bray himself might be excused some slight dizziness in trying to please Wolsey, Cromwell, Cranmer, Northumberland, Pole, Parker and Grindal. So the Popes were naturally cautious about making any revolu-

tionary change in the character of the English Hospice. But change had been in the air for some time. Pole would seem to have suggested it, though the document is obscure as to his exact intentions. As early as Elizabeth's second year, some unknown Catholic in Rome was petitioning the Pope to make over the Hospice revenues to the cause of ecclesiastical education. By 1574 Sir Richard Shelley could describe the Hospice as " a preserve of Oxford men of plebeian origin . . . who remain there for ten, twelve or even fourteen consecutive years, and are but benefice hunters ".

Gregory XIII was a great believer in education ; he rightly regarded it as the twin weapon with piety needed to counter the Reformation. The number of colleges which he founded or adopted were his pride in life and are his glory in history. It was to be expected of such a man that he should listen favourably to suggestions of turning the English Hospice into the English College. Students were already living there ; Owen Lewis was gathering others together, and Allen at Douai was at his wits' end to find room for the candidates who flocked to him. Gregory decided that the time had come to make the old Hospice serve some useful purpose. Owen Lewis had already explained to him his scheme for quartering church students on the chaplains, still in the Monserrato, and the Pope had bidden Allen use the Hospice to relieve the pressure on Douai. But it was soon evident that the remaining revenue was insufficient for many students, most of it being swallowed up by the chaplains, whom Lewis described as old, and, if pious, not addicted to studies of any kind. Allen was therefore summoned to Rome in 1576 and the three promoters of the scheme decided that the Hospice would eventually have to be given over, with all its property, to the training of priests for the English Mission.

But the Papacy is proverbially loath to disturb the aged and Gregory held his hand. Instead, Lewis undertook to use his influence with his fellow Welshman, Maurice Clenock, the then *Custos*, to persuade him to receive the first batch of students sent from Douai in 1577, together with the nucleus of a seminary which Lewis himself had been managing in some houses near St Peter's under the Pope's patronage. There does not seem to have been any formal appointment of Clenock as Rector. He was the regularly constituted authority in the House, and it would ease the shock of the change if he became automatically

the Superior of the Students, who now arrived in increasing numbers. By the May of 1578 there were twenty six men from Douai studying Theology, and two Jesuit priests superintending their work. So the Pope may have hoped that the transformation would come about gradually, almost imperceptibly, with the least possible dislocation of existing arrangements.

But the old exiles in the Hospice had nevertheless taken fright. They valued their *otium cum dignitate*, and it looked as if they were to be squeezed out willy-nilly. So, to safeguard their interests they did not re-elect Clenock in 1587, but chose one Henry Henshaw in his stead. An impossible situation was thereby created. Clenock was still Rector of the students, but his authority over the management of the building and its property ceased automatically on the election of his successor as Warden. Gregory now had to interfere. " At Christmas a brief came out from the Pope's Holiness commanding all the old Chaplains to depart within fifteen days and assigning all the rents of the Hospital unto the use of the seminary, which was presently obeyed by the said priests."

Maurice Clenock was left victor on the field, but his authority over the Jesuits who mainly managed the College was ill-defined, and his affection for the seven Welsh students exasperated their thirty-three English fellows, who described the Welshmen as a quarrelsome and uncouth lot with whom it was impossible to live in peace. Their declaration that they would rather beg their way back to England than submit any longer to such oppression hardly mended matters, and when they started to wrangle with the Rector in the Refectory, the Welsh seized the knives from the tables to defend him. Four English ringleaders were ordered to prison by the Cardinal Protector, and this brought matters to a head. The malcontents tried to interview the Pope in St Peter's. He blessed them but refused to listen to them. So, on the following day, Ash Wednesday, the thirty-three diehards nailed their colours to the mast and marched out of the College in a body.

At this juncture, the Jesuits took a hand. Manning their pulpits for the beginning of Lent, they begged the charity of their congregations for the rebels. Gregory, impressed by their strength of purpose, sent for them and ultimately capitulated to their appeal, sending them back to the College with one of his chamberlains as their spokesman. By Easter the strife was

over. Clenock was deprived of the Rectorship, all the more easily because he could show no document of appointment. But instead of the students' nominees, the Pope placed the College unreservedly in the control of the Society of Jesus, which was the original solution suggested by the English petitioners, and Father Agazzari was nominated Rector by his General.

Persons was not too happy about it all, and bade Allen come as quickly as might be, since none better than he could calm spirits ruffled by so violent an agitation. Lewis still tried to revive the office of Warden for his countryman, Clenock—unsuccessfully, of course,—but this, with similar negotiations, delayed the publication of the Bull of Foundation until December 23rd, 1580, although Gregory had signed it on April 23rd, 1579. By it the entire property of the old Hospice was transferred to the new College, together with an annual pension of 6,000 crowns and exemption from all taxes. The reference in the College Annals concludes: "although it does not explicitly appear in the Bull, yet the Pope declared by word of mouth that this College was bound to receive and maintain the English pilgrims according to the statutes of the said Hospice".

Here the documents published in the Liber Ruber take up the story and it is to these that we turn for the times of the Martyrs. But we must not imagine that the period from 1579 onwards is at all characteristic of the life of the English Community in Rome. We are so apt to judge everything in the light of the last three hundred and fifty years that it is hard to conceive the Protestant Heresy as something as ephemeral as Donatism and which may be regarded by future ages in somewhat the same way as we look upon the Catacomb Age. Indeed, there is a tradition in the House to this day that Gregory intended the College to revert to its original purposes, should England ever return to the Faith of our Fathers.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

GITA

If this is the one gita article too many, don't blame me. Place the responsibility rather on the writer of an article[1] in THE VENERABILE of April 1938, who rather rashly stated that the gita is not a commodity for export to England. I say rashly, because he did not take into consideration the possibility of the English College *in toto* coming to England in order, among other things, to put his statement to the test ; a possibility which was, I grant, rather remote in the palmier days of 1938, but still a possibility. Two years later that possibility became a fact, and if it was only to refute several mistaken notions about the gita, our exile in England has been worth while. And now, when the Vale of Latium bids fair to replace once again the Trough of Bowland, I think it is high time that someone wrote a defence of the gita's catholicity, and of England's gitability. Why, in the four years that we have trodden the English countryside, no one has yet called this article into question is a complete mystery to me.

Here I pause ; not only because I have finished the first paragraph, but because it strikes me that I might be considered the wrong person to write this article. For two reasons. The first, and more obvious reason is that I breathed the *aroma romana* for a mere seven months ; and someone may be tempted to point out that with only one Italian gita to my credit, and

1 Gitas : a Lament

that to no more pretentious a place than Velletri, I am hardly entitled to speculate on the essence of the gita. And the second, less obvious, though perhaps more deterring reason is that the writer of the article in question has been supplying me for the last three years with my Theology text-books. It certainly looks as if I will be accused of biting the hand which holds the Tromp.

I have only this to say in reply: *ad primam*, that though not a thorough Roman, I am at least a Venerabilino, and when one is talking of gitas, that is the first thing that matters; *ad secundam*, that the article in question is just shouting out loud for a ripsnorting reply, text-books or no text-books. When a nostalgic seminary professor, professing to know nothing of Scotland and Wales (and thereby implying that he knows all about England), when this professor, I say, sets out by himself to find a place where he can fry his onion and lose himself, and apparently fails, and then concludes that therefore (mark you, *therefore*) gitas are impossible in England, I feel that I have come across someone who does not seem to have quite followed the drift of the first two months' lectures at the Greg. My text-book author, after a similar piece of reasoning on the part of an adversary, can only reply—"Quaenam est haec logica, frater?" I marvel again at the lack of patriotism shown by the readers of THE VENERABILE in allowing such a blatant non-sequitur to stand for over six years, unchallenged.

A good gita, says the Maintainer of the Unexportability of Gitas (who will hereinafter, for the sake of brevity, and with no reference to his mental capabilities, be referred to as the . . . no, perhaps I'd better not), a good gita, he says, requires spaciousness and a touch of the fantastic. Let us take the spaciousness first. As far as I can see, he means by it large expanses of waste, uncultivated land; in fact, a large desert where he can easily get lost. Why he should demand this as the first essential of a good gita is beyond me, but we'll let that pass. Why he should mark a place on his map, and then feel frustrated when he arrives there, is equally beyond me, but we'll let that pass too. Perhaps he didn't really want to get there at all, and only marked the place on his map for fun. The point here, however, is that he accuses England, for better or for worse, of being lacking in this first essential. England, he says, is fat and well-fed (I sometimes wish it were), and not,

like Italy, a naked land with all her bones showing. I beg to differ here. I have one gita in mind which pretty well knocks on the head all the charges listed above. It was a venture eastwards (the first, by the way, that had ever been attempted in that direction) and included not only a howling blizzard all the way, but fifteen miles of trackless, boggy moor. To help us find our way across, we had two violently disagreeing compasses. Plenty of opportunity here to get lost! And as for naked bones, or whatever it was, there was actually the backbone of England to cross at a place called Jackson's Ridge (or was it Jackson's Fridge? I forget now). A more bleak, windswept, godforsaken place I have yet to see: the desolation and loneliness would have made Tristan da Cunha look like Oxford Circus in the rush hour.

Which brings me to the next point, the one about the touch of the fantastic. If anyone seriously believes that the fantastic can happen only in Italy, then he must find England a very dull place indeed. It would be interesting to hear his explanation of the curious fact that however commonplace other days are, a gita day, even in England, will always bring with it a crowd of most uncommon adventures. I led a gita once in which I had marked down an inn—the last we could use to re-fuel before a long thirsty trek. We passed by dozens of others, because there was somehow more attraction in this lonely inn, out on the edge of the unknown. We arrived to find that it was deserted, and had apparently been so for some years. Even the inn sign had been taken down. We called it Wuthering Heights almost as soon as we saw it. It was desperately cold and beginning to rain—an alfresco in the open was out of the question—and so, by means of a derelict piece of bedstead and a pipe-sticker we forced open the back window and bundled in, only to find in one of the rooms a mass of picks and shovels, and in the grate a red, glowing fire. We left the place rather more quickly than we had entered, and eventually found shelter in an empty roadman's hut outside. The sequel was, to put it mildly, rather odd. A party of roadmenders came along the road and made to enter Wuthering Heights. Seeing us in the hut, they invited us in to warm ourselves at the fire. We were in the middle of a particularly juicy fruit pie, and outside, it was just beginning to pour down; but we remembered that back window, and someone muttered something about having

to move on. And then one of them knocked on the door, and, *mirabile dictu*, someone from inside opened for them! We disappeared into the rain.

Nor is this the only story I have to offer. I could tell you at great length the remarkable adventures of the camerata of six, in *borghese* and Roman collars, who rode into a Lancashire village in a fishcart; of another party, soaked to the skin by a sudden downpour (which in this part of the country usually lasts for several hours), who, arriving at an hotel, calmly removed their shoes, and, to the amazement of the guests, walked in solemn procession into the dining-room, their socks squelching; of the time I spent an hour discussing British foreign policy (of which I know nothing) in an abominable mixture of Latin, French and Italian with a Neapolitan prisoner of war; of getting caught in a rain of mortar fire from two opposing companies out on manoeuvres; and so on, until night prayers. For if you want more proof that the fantastic can and does happen in England, you had better come into the Common Room at the end of a gita day. If for the rest of the year you spend the time racking your brains to find a subject of conversation, this is the one night on which you are lucky if you can tell your own gita stories before the man next to you starts on his.

Before we pass on to the more important part of this defence of gitas in England, a word or two on the subject of the alfresc' would not be out of place. For although it cannot be denied that it has suffered very much from its transportation into England, it is not that bloodless being the Lamenter would have you believe. The cooked alfresc' has almost disappeared (although one enthusiast did manage to do something with powdered eggs, powdered milk, and powdered sausages)—and this of necessity. When meat, cooking fat, butter, eggs, milk, sugar, and almost everything else is rationed, and spaghetti practically unobtainable, a frying-pan is of little use. You can, however, do wonders with a loaf of bread, a jar of jam, a salami sausage, a hunk of under-the-counter cheese, a Hellifield swiss roll and a bottle of beer; and a function like that can hardly be called trivial. The sneering remarks about the white cloth and the Velveeta and the rest can be disregarded. I have a good mind to fry an onion on the top of Pendle on the next gita.

It should be clear by now that spaciousness and a touch of the fantastic are, shall we say, not entirely unknown in England.

Not of course that it matters very much whether they are or not, for they are not really of the essence of a gita. To hear some of these gitanti talk you would think that a gita was a failure unless it had been as completely uncomfortable as possible. Rival devotees of this austerity cult will quarrel about which had less to eat, which had farther to walk, which had bigger blisters, which was remoter from any sign of civilization and beer, which lost himself more frequently . . . and there are many jealous heartburnings if one discovered any inconvenience which the other had thoughtlessly overlooked. No one enjoyed that gita across the moors more than I did ; but it was not because of the hailstorm, not because of the wind which whistled around my ribs for the greater part of the way that I enjoyed it. We did not waste time up there eulogising on the wonderful nakedness of England's back ; and when, after several hours, we could see the road below us, that beautiful grey metalled road, it was no sense of doom and frustration that we experienced as we charged down towards it, yelling with delight. It was more like a sense of deep thankfulness that we were hitting it only two miles away from the place we had marked on our maps the night before. Now don't mistake me. I am not advocating the " slugs' gita ", the sort, I mean, that will consist of a bus to Preston, train to Blackpool, dinner and tea in Blackpool, train to Preston, and bus to Stonyhurst. I am merely asking that with such tremendous truths at stake, we cast aside the accidentals and deal only in essentials. For surely this external spaciousness is a mere accidental. I can quite easily imagine a gita round the back streets of Trastevere : and a more congested place it would be hard to find ; whereas I can't imagine a camerata of bowler-hatted stockbrokers going on a gita, even in the most spacious of countrysides. They might go for a walk, and even, though I doubt this very much, for a ramble. But they could not go on a gita. No, the gita depends more on the gitanti than on the field of play : a gita can be made almost anywhere, but not by anybody. If we are to have spaciousness at all, it must be a spaciousness from within. (If anyone thinks that I am talking of an infinite capacity for taking food, he is a Philistine and the angels shall weep for him.) It must be a spaciousness of the mind, something of a wanderlust, a divine restlessness with the familiar, a desire of enterprise—in short, a craving for adventure. It is not the freedom from all bounds that is the

essential, it is the freedom from familiar bounds. And once you have got this kind of spaciousness, you have the first essential of a gita, and it matters little where you decide to spend your gita, whether it be at Soracte or at Sawley, whether it be in Clitheroe Castle or in Castelmendacio. " I could be bounded in a nutshell ", said Hamlet, speaking for all true gitanti, " and count myself king of infinite space ".

And the same may be said for the other half of the Lamenter's " good gita ". It is not the fantastic that I demand for a good gita. It is something far more important than that—the mentality that can recognize and appreciate the fantastic when it happens. Compared with this, the fantastic *in actu* is something trifling, something so accidental to the gita that it is hardly worth talking about. Besides, what need is there for the fantastic when even the everyday things on a gita are fantastic ? It has been said that you can look at a thing ninety-nine times and not see it, and then look at it the hundredth time and suddenly see it for the first time. For the gitante the gita day is that hundredth time—everything is suddenly different. That road down which he has gone so many times no longer leads round the " block "—it has taken on a new meaning—it exists only in order to lead him a dance. The wind is no longer an ordinary wind ; it is a capricious, lawless being, tweaking him by the ear and summoning him to adventure. The day is no longer just another day, it is the *vierge aujourd'hui ;* and it is his own to do with as he likes. His companions are no longer those dull, sombre-garbed halfwits whose conversation at table is limited to the mustard and the salt ; they have been transformed overnight into strange beings, clad in garments of unimaginable shape and colour, who are liable, even likely to talk to him on anything from walking-sticks to Wagner. Especially Wagner.

One element alone the gita demands of the gita country—that it be undiscovered country. For the gita has another name, which is adventure, and the mother of adventures is the unknown. That is why, for instance, with the best will in the world, you cannot go for a gita round the " block ", for the " block " of itself is aimless, monotonous, and, worst of all, familiar. And I am not contradicting here what I said above, for the " block " considered as the beginning of a gita is almost beautiful—but only as the beginning of a gita. The gita itself must delve into something new, it must explore a new horizon, it must give a

new field of play, be it deserted or populous, alive with fairies or dead with factory chimneys. Wherever there is undiscovered country, there it is possible to travel gita-wise.

For this reason only can gitas in Italy be better than in England. *Not* because Italy is spacious. *Not* because the Italian has a fertile imagination. No, these are but red herrings introduced to add flavour to a few gita stories. Italy is more gitable (to coin it again) because it will always remain more unknown to Englishmen than England. Italy is always throwing up something new, something unexpected, something strange. It hands the unknown to you on a plate ; the unknown is waiting for you at every street corner ; the Unknown is the fifth member of your cam ; the unknown is your fourth dimension. In England this is not so. We are more accustomed to our surroundings : they do not surprise us. That is perhaps the reason why the gita in England will always seem a pale entity beside the Roman reality, will never really be much more that a utility gita (*en*, by the way, *explicatio tituli*). But it is within the genus, for it has the essentials. The strange, the unknown, the unfamiliar, the undiscovered—they are all here too, and the man who does not recognize them when he sees them, the man who cannot sing a gita song in a strange land, deserves a worse fate than having to learn to fish.

HUBERT J. RICHARDS.

ROMA BAROCCA

The Venerable English College will be returning to its ancient home in Rome, we hope within a reasonable time, to renew that *Romanità* so well defined as being the *universal* spirit of Christian Humanism. The central spirit of the Catholic Church is equally distant from the puritanism of the north and the paganism of the south ; it is the fine legacy of the Schools of Alexandria and the Christian Middle Ages and, in this break up of western civilization, few things are more important than to preserve and carry it forward into the new age which is upon us. Within the sphere of the arts, which is my concern here, we must come to understand the past if we are to mould the future rightly, for our concern is not with revolution but with genuine development. Rome, fed from all the sources of the world, is the fitting centre from which co-ordinated ideas should flow.

And yet many an Englishman and English-speaking visitor, very possibly even new members of the Venerabile, come to the eternal and eternally wonderful city with expectations which seem to him to have been illusory, and, with the best will in the world to be pleased, he cannot persuade himself that he really feels so. The gigantic history of Rome is known to him, at least in part. The romantic and often terrible vicissitudes of the Church are to some extent known to him also. The Pantheon, the Colosseum, the fragrant early Basilicas, the mysterious Catacombs—he can feel up to a point the appeal of these. It is when he comes to the Renaissance that he feels himself im-

pressed indeed but lost, wandering in a world which fills him with apprehension. Confronted with the art of the great Baroque period, he shrinks and is silent or expresses himself in words which he has learnt from Baedeker. If Rome were not so Baroque . . . but then Rome is extremely and incurably Baroque. If Rome were only Gothic. . .

What does he see about him ? Repeating the curves of the varying sky are domes, tall, flat or full, crowning sumptuous churches. When he would enter these sanctuaries, there are incredible façades with pagan columns and pediments, with deep shell-like niches and carven scrolls, with wreaths and spirals and flourishes that look like the characters of some vast hieroglyphic. Within the church, the nave—less like a nave than an army with banners—sweeps up to a flowerless altar, and above and upon that altar are palms and lilies in gilt metal, a glory of gilded wooden rays, marble angels half-nude and actually laughing, gesticulating statues with drapery astream, bronze and copper adornments, candlesticks and crimson brocade, glass chandeliers, wrought silver and shining complicated mosaic. The hollow dome above his head swirls with ornament, with spiral pictures, golden galleries and floating colour. Enormous tombs are alive with statues and smothered in drapery, which—to his horror—may be held back by gilt skeletons. Alas, is this Rome ? is this the city of his austere visions ? the Gothic city full of spires and pinnacles and dim religious light, which had floated before his waking eye ?

Indeed this is not the city of his imagination but, for better or worse, it is the eternal Rome, the second Jerusalem, the desire of all the saints. To unravel the disconsolate pilgrim's soul and lay bare the causes of his real malaise is work for the psycho-analyst, but something at least may be done to explain him to himself and, better still, to explain to him that *Roma felix* who has adorned herself so strangely for God and for man.

Let us first turn to the story of Rome. The Renaissance in Italy, so natural a return to the sources of ancient culture, came towards the sixteenth century to something like ruin, and, after the sack of Rome and the havoc of the Reformation, it was a humble and contrite Church who set herself to the task of reform and of strenuous reconstruction. The history of the Council of Trent tells of the spirit in which this was begun. The constitutions of the Society of Jesus and its early records

make us realize into what a world that highly-trained company prepared itself to go. In Rome the spirit of reform had a profound influence even upon architecture, so that when, after half a century of idleness, the work of building St Peter's was resumed, Bramante's " fine " plan was abandoned in favour of what was considered a more " useful " and workable church. The lengthening of the nave, so much regretted, had this scope —to make St Peter's fitter for a congregation.

There sprang up now also a multitude of churches designed to meet the needs, the plain practical needs, of religious worship and instruction. When, in 1568, Vignola built for the Jesuits the famous church of the Gesù, he created a type which was copied all over Italy. The large open space, unencumbered by pillars or piers and having very shallow transepts, is closed by an almost equally shallow apse, so that the high altar is easily visible from all parts of the church, and a preacher is easily audible everywhere. Essentially, the new churches were of sober Roman construction with barrel vaults and round arches ; they were spacious and well lit. And just as the early churches of Italy were covered with pictures in fresco, so too these new churches were designed for pictures. The great space in the apse over the high altar, the dome and its pendentives, the long smooth vault of the nave—all were regarded as so much picture-space. A painted Bible, an emblazoned hagiography—this was the scope of the " decoration ". Not only was the preacher to be assiduous, as the Council of Trent had ordered him to be, but the very stones were to cry out. Solidity, simplicity, a certain penitential austerity were the dominant notes of the churches of the Counter-Reform. But the fact is that not a church in Rome remains as the men of the Counter-Reform planned it, for the dry bones of their art sprang to exuberant life ; the correct Vignola gave place to Bernini and Carlo Boromini, Rome became the *Roma Barocca* we see to-day.

What then in its essence is Baroque art ? I conceive that it derives from the art of classic Rome, free from such specifically Greek influences as pervaded the Renaissance. I conceive it to be an art of sheer design which looks upon solid and efficient building as mere canvas for the display of a fervid imagination. I believe that the same tendency and spirit which gave us Gothic gave us Baroque. Just as the Gothic spirit seized upon the composed Romanesque style and turned it into something like

a conflagration in stone, so did the Baroque fervour transform, as by fire, the severe style of the Counter-Reform. Motion, life, verticalism succeeded to contemplation and the horizontal line. For fire burns upwards, as we know, and now the lines of design began to mount to the summit. Instead of equally divided and measured spaces, we have patterns that centralize and lift themselves. We have statues set on the very skyline, as in the façade of the Lateran and in that of Santa Croce, and pediments that are broken to allow some sculptured life to spring forth.

The Baroque artists definitely broke with the idea that decoration should follow and emphasize the lines of construction ; they began to use the façade, for instance, as a canvas for the display of beautiful and significant design. Upon brute stone they impressed not the pattern of utility but the high dreams of the mind. Their façades were stable and solid and looked so, but they did not intend that the main lines of them should suggest the internal divisions of the church, nor that their pediments should " fit " the line of the roof. That the first elements of Baroque design were the classic columns, pilasters, niches, cornices, and pediments was an accident due to the fact that the builders were veritable Romans with the classic tradition in their blood ; but, given these elements, the Baroque architects improvised upon them with all the fluency and resource of genius and to amazing results. Men like Carlo Boromini, Bernini, Martino Lunghi, Pietro da Cortona, Rainaldi and others made their architecture not only profoundly original but as large and sonorous as organ music. To the blunt lines and obvious melodies of the Counter-Reform succeeded the flow and rhythm of curved things, of wave-like cornices and multiple pediments, the deep emphasis of clustered pillars and great shells and the crash of " broken " harmonies—motion arrested and returning like a flood.

Architecture has been called " frozen music " but in such work as the façades of Sant' Agnese in Piazza Navona and the Chiesa Nuova, it is rather music kept liquid and ever in flow. It is no flute or violin that we hear either, but a full orchestra at play. And this flow of curved line is not only in the ornament but in the very construction of buildings. In the hollow façade flanked by towers, we have a new and wonderful architectural form, a living rhythm in the structure itself. That, mainly,

is the impression made by Baroque—life, full-flowing, deep, harmonious, the complete joy of the soul, the exuberance of a rich heart. It is a life that seizes on all things and sweeps them into its currents, that beats in thunderous motion and breaks in spray, that laughs in the face of Heaven and "sports" before the Lord.

Baroque art leans to "excess". The golden mean is a rule for human virtues dealing with human things but there is no golden mean in the theological virtues; excess here is less than justice. Sparse ornament and measured brilliance are for man's weak apprehension, but God is to be dealt with without measure. Heaped therefore and piled, laden with gold and with colour, rich after the fashion of the East is Baroque adornment. The altar of St Ignatius at the Gesù is the kind of gorgeous tribute that is thought of as barely fitting for Heaven, and to the builders of Baroque palaces man is the recipient of all the riches of Creation.

The Baroque artists' passion for life made them deal in their sculpture with motion, but motion less of the body than of the soul. A saint in ecstasy was their favourite theme, ecstasy being some kind of foretaste of divine life. Fire penetrates the saint's body and makes it resemble a blown flame, driven by divine energy and almost free from material conditions. This is further emphasized by the drapery which continues the curve and undulation of the body's life. The Baroque paintings are conceived in the same sense and a great poet has found the precise words to describe this art:

> The windy trammel of her dress,
> Her blown locks, took my soul in mesh;
> God's breath they spake, with visibleness
> That stirred the raiment of her flesh.[1]

As a means of expressing the motion they loved, drapery, an abstract ideal drapery, is used by Baroque artists with intense satisfaction. It droops tragically from tombs, heavy with sorrow; it flames in the wind behind Bernini's statue of Constantine; sways subtly from the Baldacchino of St Peter's; swings about the impassioned Veronica; floats like a fine cloud around the wheeling, hovering angels. It has become less a representation of anything than a flexible symbol of many things, used

[1] *Grace of the Way* by Francis Thompson.

with infinite science. Science indeed is one of the hall-marks of this art. For all its easy verve, the technical qualities of its architecture are so fine, its achievements so accomplished that it has been called " the architecture of architects ". Its wonderful domes have their own tradition, from that meagre tentative one of the Gesù to the splendid masses of St Peter's, Sant' Andrea della Valle and San Carlo in Corso. Their living lines and peaceful strength make them a fitting symbol of the Catholic faith.

For this great personality, Rome, is the centre and source of the Faith. Now we know how the religion of the Old Testament was in many ways modified by the character of the Jewish race, since whatever is given, even God-given, can only be received after the fashion and up to the capacity of the recipient. But God chose the Jews as vessels to hold the wine of revealed truth. Equally, He chose Rome as the dispenser of religion after that tragic year of Our Lord when so much of history ended —and began. And we cannot doubt the profound influence of sheer *Romanità* in Christianity. Just as any individual convert, although truly Catholic, yet betrays in his speech the accent and influence of his religious past, so that an agnostic, a High Church and a Nonconformist convert are sharply distinguishable, similarly in the blood and brain and speech of Rome are indelible traces of her whole pagan and imperial past. The same thing would have been true of any city and people, however divinely chosen. Deep therefore in the Liturgy, in Canon Law and in a thousand matters of character and temperament, of influence and atmosphere, we find the image and superscription of Rome. In Baroque art, at once profoundly Christian and profoundly Roman, we find and expect to find the memory of the past. Its elements derive from classic Rome but its spirit is the central one of Christianity, convinced of God and convinced of man also. To the East, men of subtle civilizations dealt, in religion, with abstractions both remote and cruel; to north and west, barbarians had coarser but still remote divinities whom man could neither trust nor love. But Rome, in her earlier pagan faith, attained the idea of *pietas*—dutiful affection towards kindly gods. East and west were, in their differing fashions, " puritan "—separators of God and man; pagan Rome had thoughts befitting the *benignitas et humanitas* of the Incarnation.

That ecstatic saints should still be human and accessible,

that the lesser angels should play and the great spirits laugh, that these innocent beings should be as untrammelled as the lilies of the field, that man should often go in splendid garments, build palaces for God and likewise for himself, and adorn both with glory, all this belongs to the Roman way of thinking. Man's life on earth is not to be an enduring fast, for Lent is preceded by Carnival and followed, in the wisdom of Heaven, by Easter. The Counter-Reform was penitential, a season of severe discipline, but Baroque may be said to impersonate a Roman triumph, the triumph of the Faith after a great war and victory.

What of our English-speaking pilgrim ?

He has probably failed to recognize that Rome is the centre and England the circumference. He has forgotten that in the vestments he has always seen, the feasts he keeps, the prayer he prays and the law he obeys, lives the spirit and breath of Rome, and that, in Rome itself, that spirit will have a fuller play and a deeper significance. He has certainly to admit that the Gothic he loves obeys the same impulse and uses the same principles as does Baroque. In the days of its strength, Gothic art turned sane towers into illogical spires, involved itself in thoroughly unconstructive arches, supplied reasonable roofs with false groined ceilings, spread a maze of little pillars and arches which support nothing as a " decoration " all over its walls, fastened hundreds of small open houses on to its façades, and infused its complicated structures with a delusive appearance of springing from the earth whereas they could not so much as stand upon it without a whole series of props.

Let us look into our own past. No one now is likely to depreciate Gothic architecture but the Gothic architect stands arm in arm with his Baroque brother, and both have seemed to cultivated men of different epochs as little better than barbarians.

Comparing Gothic with the Graeco-Roman, compendiously described as the classic style, the son of the great Sir Christopher Wren gives us this in his *Parentalia* : " It was after the irruption of swarms of these truculent people from the north and west and of Arabs from the south that, wherever they fixed themselves, they soon began to debauch this noble and useful art ; when, instead of those beautiful orders, so majestical and proper for their stations, their becoming variety and other ornamental

accessories, they set up their slender misshapen pillars or rather bundles of staves and other incongruous props to support incumbent weights and ponderous arched roofs without entablatures." He continues : " The universal and unreasonable thickness of the walls, clumsy buttresses, towers, sharp-pointed arches, doors and other apertures without proportion, nonsensical insertion of various marbles impertinently placed, turrets and pinnacles set thick with monkeys, chimeras and abundance of busy work and other incongruities dissipate and break up the angles of the sight and so confound it that one cannot consider it with any steadiness where to begin or end ; taking off from that noble air and grandeur, bold and graceful manner which the ancients had so judiciously established. . . Vast and gigantic buildings indeed ! But not worthy of the name of architecture."[1]

On the other hand, we have the excellent Pugin praying in all seriousness that Michelangelo's dome, " the joy of all the earth ", might fall to ruin, a dome being " pagan ", and Gothic the one Christian thing in building. Between these two extremes stands the Christian humanist, recognizing that all our architecture traces its pedigree to pagan sources and has but been turned to the Christian purpose. The solemn darkness of Chartres may seem more akin to the thunder and dread of Sinai, and the golden spaces of St Peter's more in harmony with our sunlit convictions, but there is room for both conceptions and for both architectures—and for many more which may be yet to come.

M. G. CHADWICK.

[1] Quoted in Clarke's *Church Builders of the Nineteenth Century*, pp. 7-8. 1938.

ROMANESQUES

39.—" MI DIA UN SANTO ! "

Not even the Brains Trust can tell us the origin of the strange urge which impels collectors to collect. I allude, not to collections—such as Second Collections—made by the clergy, but to even more voracious quests conducted by clerk and layman alike, by old and young, often by the very young : the hunting and hoarding, not objects of practical utility, such as the coin of the realm, but an infinite variety of *colligibilia*—old china, postage-stamps, door-knobs, first editions, policemen's helmets, bugs, beetles, butterflies, autographs of the Great, birds' eggs and dead men's sermons. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas*, and the infection, when taken, runs a violent course for varying periods. It is endemic in children the world over : only, children hunt with a more spasmodic avidity than their elders, and they indulge a more catholic taste. Children will collect not only what can be had and held, like the tram-tickets or cigarette-cards of yesteryear, but also what can only be seen and noted ; for example, the " beavers " of long ago, and the index-marks of motor-vehicles or trains to-day.

Throughout Italy and especially in Rome, the ever-fashionable quest amongst children is for holy-pictures, and their happiest hunting-ground is the pathway of the camerata. Anywhere in those more ancient streets where children still can play, you are likely to be espied and pounced upon by *putti* who have obviously just dropped out of a Raphael or Bellini in the church across the road, and hidden their wings under school-blouses embroidered across the chest with their enormous names—Giambattista, Marcantonio, Massimina, Telemacho, or Giuseppina. The flutter of your " wings " distracts these predatory infants from their play beside the fountain ; and they speed towards you, regardless of the bangings of taxi-men and the strident obloquy of carozza-drivers—as regardless as the Pantheon pigeons when someone casts out sweepings from a nearby *pizzicheria*. And when they reach you, they cling to your cassock with wiles and smiles, squeaking in chorus this astonishing request : " Zio Prete, mi dia un santo ! "

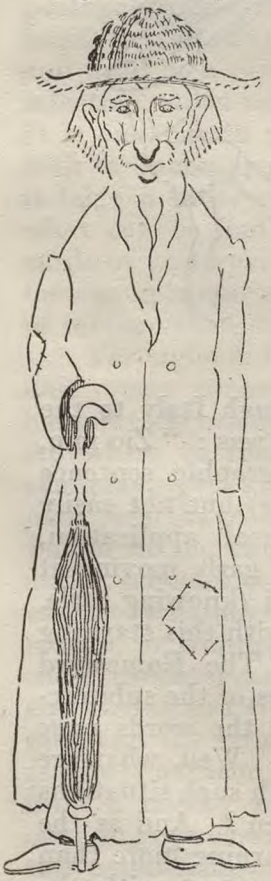
There were once two young men, of excellent grace and

They cling to your cassock

presence, who set out to make their way through Italy to the Venerabile ; and the sum total of their Italian was : " Zio mio, ecco un quadro d'un salotto ! " It was a graphic sentence (culled from the first page of an Italian Course) but not easily manoeuvrable, nor indeed patent of universal application. Imagine suchlike, newly arrayed in the College garb, moving at the headlong College pace up the Via Garibaldi (knowing little, either, of the Raphaels or Bellinis) and posed with this startling demand : " Zio Prete, mi dia un santo ! " The Romeward journey may not have taught them the subtleties of the subjunctive, but at any rate they will have mastered the words *prete* and *santo*. " Uncle Priest, give me a saint ! " Well, what are Second Year Philosophers for, if not to cope with such situations and dissipate this primal ignorance in New Men ? And as the light breaks upon them, these New Men are learning more than a new Italian sentence. They are making contact with the soul of a people. Next shopping-day will find them calling at

Berretti's to lay in a store of *santi* for future contingencies.

" Zio Pre', mi dia un santo ! " That is how the campaign opens. It proceeds along a recognized strategic line which these young highwaymen have elaborated through the ages. It is a foreshadowing of powers that will one day make them mighty warriors waging epic battles for bargains on the Campo de' Fiori. Even at that tender age, they haggle. They reduce their requirements, grudgingly, wheedlingly, centimetre by centimetre. Something like this : " Un santo ! . . . Non c'è un santo ? Un santino ! Un piccolo santino ! . . . Non c'è un piccolo santino ? Almeno, una corona ! Una coroncina ! Magari, una piccola coroncinetta ! " Whilst demands are being moderated to this humble level, you are being weighed and found sadly wanting. Then, after turning and running away, still with perfect Campo technique, they come back to make a last desperate bid : " Zio Pre', una medaglia ! Un medagliuccio ! Un piccolo, piccolo medagliuccino ! " And if you are unable to rise even to this lowliest depth, what right have you to be called either uncle or priest ?



" Zio Prete " . . . addressed to a strange cleric

" Zio Prete." What an expression it is,—" Uncle Priest ! " Not quite so strange as a French child's " Mr the Abbot ", to be sure, but certainly arresting. How did " Uncle Priest " originate ? My private belief is that this singular mode of address sprang from the natural Italian genius for diplomacy. " Zio Prete " is delicately diplomatic when addressed to a strange cleric in a place like Rome. Out in the country they will know their parish clergy well enough, and whether they should be approached as " Signor Parroco " or " Signor Curato " ; or as " Abbate " or " Arciprete " or " Canonico " ; or simply as " Don Giammaria " or " Don Sacchetti ". But in Rome it might be any of these personages ; or again, it might be " Padre A " or " Monsignor B ", or possibly even an exalted " Eccel-

lenza " ranging abroad in disguise. Indeed, children have been known to entertain Eminent *Porporati* unawares! Yet, in these circumstances a plain " Reverendo " would be curt and cold. So they have evolved " Zio Prete "—an ingenious combination of respect, confidence, affection and supplication. It is the perfect bait for hooking a holy-picture.

Officially, holy-pictures are distributed as souvenirs of ordinations, religious professions, jubilees, weddings. They turn up later in books and breviaries, bringing with them such a flock of memories. We all received one from Alfredo at the Villa when he made his first Communion. Once, in the course of a long gita, I was given one at the altar-rails, presumably as a *ricordo* of my Easter Duties. On all such formal occasions, I believe, holy-pictures are correctly termed *immaginette*. But for the child hunters of the streets they are always *santi* or *santini*; and the more uncommon they are, the better. Provided it be guaranteed " Con approbazione ecclesiastica ", something out of the ordinary is an addition to a collection. Roman children have no squeamish inhibitions about what our Catholic press likes to call the banalities of Repository Art. Perfection of line, harmonious grouping, nice balance of light and shade are not critically scrutinized, so long as the colours are vigorous and laid thickly on. Pink clouds are highly favoured; and if your printer should gild a lily or two, he is warmly approved by connoisseurs. Granted this blaze of colour, the experienced child collector prefers a new subject—unless his discriminating eye foresees possibilities of exchange and barter with one of his rivals later on. Thus, the more recent and unfamiliar a Saint may be, the more highly is his picture prized and the more jealously treasured. A hitherto unheard of name gives piquancy to the find; but let the name be not too difficult of pronunciation. " Povero santo! che brutto nome! " was the ingenuous cry of one small Trasteverino as he studied the picture of a new *beato* from South-Eastern Europe. He himself, I found, was simply entitled Ermenegildo Mercadante, or words to that effect; obviously an unfair start in any competition for names.

Strangely, even the dullest *santino* seems preferable in the eyes of a Roman child to the most glittering medal. A medal was always a poor third-best in the Via delle Botteghe Oscure. Not so with the peasants of the Campagna or out in the Castelli

Collectors-outside-the-Walls

Romani. Collectors-outside-the-Walls prefer a medal or a rosary, and you are badgered for these by *contadine* of all ages. Most of the favoured mortals who have spent immortal summers at Palazzola will remember the queer settlement at the foot of Algidus which we always called the Wattled Huts. Whether the place has another more official name I do not know; but that was our name for it, since it boasts no buildings of brick or stone but only a cluster of round, thatched huts, built entirely of straw and withies, in a sunny field amongst apple-trees. Now the way to Algidus abounds in difficulties for those whose faltering grasp of topography and errant sense of direction make them the natural leaders of gita parties on the Thursdays of September. Long paths have to be followed aright, through chestnut woods which the charcoal-burners transform year by year. Important and improbable turns must be made at unlikely intervals, marked only in our deposit of gita tradition by such landmarks as "The Pink House"—which might have changed into a Yellow House that year, for all you know. But once you reach the Wattled Huts, not only may you refresh yourself at their excellent fountain, Acqua Donzella; you can actually see Algidus, rising nobly above the plain. There is still room for fallibility, however. I once led a gita party triumphantly, without mistake, to that fountain; and then had to explain, a hot half-hour later, that we were not exactly

on the summit of Algidus but on another (equally beautiful) hill some miles to the east of it. . .

Romanesques, like Algidus-gitas, tend to digress. To return to the Wattled Huts. These poor people are miles from the nearest church ; but they have a great devotion to the rosary. At any rate, their appetite for *coroncine* is quite insatiable. Holy-pictures would not do for them : they are made of sterner stuff. The last Wattled Huttite to whom I ever gave a rosary was busy at the fountain when we arrived, and paused in the midst of her mysterious rites to proffer her request as we laved our brows : " Zio Pre', dammi una coroncina . . . O grazie, grazie. Com'è bella ! Che Iddio ti Benedica ! " We were curious to know what she was doing, and found that she had an apron full of little green frogs, which she was skinning alive and decanting into a copper basin of spring-water. " Son' buone per la zuppa ", she explained. Obviously a mere holy-picture would not have been adequate to that situation.

To the *villeggiatura* also belongs a story of how not to refuse, or at least of what may happen if you do not carry, *santini* for all emergencies. Three excellent students (for whose orthodoxy I am willing to vouch) were making their way, one late summer's afternoon, by the path around the lakeside to Castel Gandolfo—whether to visit the Salvatorian Villa, I know not ; but certainly engaged in animated converse, and not having a *santino* to bless themselves with. We must not judge them too harshly for they were comparatively unused to Villa life, and were still under the impression that a bald " Non c'è ! " meant " I deeply regret, but I haven't any with me at the moment ". To them, round a bend of the path, appeared two well-brought-up children from Albano, gathering faggots. They saluted the clergy, as *ben educati* should, saying " Sia lodato Gesù Christo ! " " Non c'è ! " was the shattering reply from one of these unthinking holy men ; and he went on his way oblivious, with a laudable resolve to have a few *santini* with him when he was asked next time.

Should you ever wonder what finally becomes of your *santini*, you are not likely to be enlightened until the Holy Saturday of your Seventh Year, when you trudge round a segment of the parish of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, blessing houses. Then, when at the top of a long flight of stairs you reach the bedroom of some Giambattista or Emiliano, you will find a

Kissing each reverently

great shield or screen or what-not, probably mounted in a massive frame and located in a *posto d'onore*. You will suspect at first that you have discovered a relic of Joseph's Coat of Many Colours. Its splendour will eclipse even the brilliant *imbottito* on the bed beneath it. If you look closer, you will find it is a patchwork shrine of all the *santini* collected in one child's hunting-career. Or, again, you may observe, during the Quarant' Ore, a simple *poverino* visiting the College Church. He kneels down in a quiet corner and takes out of his pockets an enormous stack of hoarded *santini*. Deeply engrossed, he picks them up, one by one, kissing each reverently, until he has methodically worked through his collection. Then he buries them in his pockets again, and his visit is complete. He has had no distractions, I think, during his prayer. Probably he has not consciously remembered the *studente inglese* who answered to the name of " Zio Pre' " and gave him the brightest of them all, one autumn evening in the Via Garibaldi, just before the Ave. *Ma vale la pena!*

THOMAS DUGGAN.

NIGHTFALL IN THE ALBAN WOODS

Swift falls the night in Latin lands. The stars
Throne early in the vast invasive night,
As through the darkening Alban woods we take
Our steps returning. Through the dying light,
Crowning the crags above the trees and lake,
Looms sudden Palazzola, citadel
Of England's olden faith from home out-driven,
Outstanding like the castle of the Grail,
School of the warrior band, of heavenly wars,
Up-looking to the martyrs crowned in Heaven.

True sons of Sherwin, Bryant, Campion,
They carried England's treasure oversea,
Her faith and Christian learning, to the Chair
Of Peter and the glorious Gregory,
From whom, a gift of love, it came whilere—
In ever-living Rome to find anew
The martyr zeal to win to Christ again
The land His Mother for her Dowry knew,
And build afresh the altars overthrown
Till Christ the King once more in England reign.

Faith's fortress yonder high above the plain
And woods and waters, like the Church, is set,
Enthroned amid God's hills in majesty.
Wide sunlight washing wall and parapet,
And loved domain of garden, field, and tree,
Vine, olive, cypress, cyclamen and rose;
Among the groves and hills that cradled Rome,
Enhallowed by Our Lady of the Snows,
By night in starry mantle clad, doth reign
Our Roman England, oneing Rome and home.

H. E. G. Rope.

WINE

It is a curious thing that we never had a song about wine. Seeing that wine was so indispensable a part of every meal, concert, gita or chance celebration, you would have thought that there would have been some song in its honour in the canon of the Common Room. But, apart from writing a chance line here and there, rhyming " Capri red " with " the way to bed ", the Common Room lyric writers seem to have neglected singing about wine for the more rewarding occupation of drinking it. Probably the reason is that wine was something one took for granted, part of the furniture, a staple like bread. Wine in the Refectory was simply " vino ", its uniform excellence a sort of general absolution covering any minor shortcomings in the rest of the victuals. And what good stuff it was ! A sound, honest Albano, gleaming gold in the winter light, a reminder, in the tramontana days, of the sunfilled slopes of the Albans. It was a comforting thing, as the " Fiat ! Fiat ! " released you, to see those four long files of bottles on the tables, the slanting light from the garden windows reflected equally in each, the glow of an orange and the ivory white of Bel Paese flanking them. On a feast day or whenever an extra *bicchiere* made its appearance comment would be more discriminating and expressions of regret heard that the ration had been cut since the Great War. (" One of the good results of the war ", said a severe Retreat Father once amid a shocked silence.) However the regulation third of a litre was enough to provide just that stimulation of the faculties, that slight heightening of the tone which made

Common Room conversation so livening and Public Meetings so long.

Concerts would have been exposed to a far less tolerant wind of criticism but for the blessing of wine. My first recollection of concerts is of wine being poured out of enamel jugs by itinerant committee men. Then the advance of civilization led a Public Meeting to vote *fiasche* for the tables. The guardian of the Public Purse shook his head in foreboding but the upshot was that actually less wine was drunk—a great saving, no doubt, being effected in wine formerly poured up the sleeve or into the lap. Any concert man who knew his work saw to it that the wine was of good quality. Many an earnest conference has been held behind the scenes when doubts were in the air as to the laughter-potential of the sketch. Secret emissaries have been sent out to urge the refilling of glasses in a final desperate attempt to create an atmosphere of uncritical jovialityand stave off that most damning of verdicts, "Very good individual acting". Shock tactics like these might influence only the very young, but even the hardened critic might be softened by the choice of a good Malvasia rather than some rough two-lira tipple from the Città di Caprarola.

Wine was important on the stage as well as off. Any liquid in a play was invariably represented by wine. Tea pots, coffee pots, beer bottles, whisky decanters all poured impartially the same wine that was being lowered on the other side of the footlights. "Pour, oh pour the pirate sherry" was accompanied by no mere empty gesture. And if the pot ran dry, the more hard-faced among the actors would interpolate lines to get it refilled. All this helped to create good feeling on both sides of the footlights and disperse stage-fright. Accidents could happen though. Those who were present will not easily forget that Christmas night when a harassed and hurried producer clapped on to the stage a bottle of what he took to be wine, but which was in reality some potent spirit prepared for the snapdragon after supper. The chief actor and author of the play (it was a topical extravaganza) consumed this in all innocence—his natural stage excitement lulling any suspicions of the drink. He did have a passing thought that the drink was better than usual but put this down to a kind-hearted gesture on the part of the producer. As he occupied the stage himself most of the time (his plays were like that), the play grew longer and longer and more and more obscure

both to the audience and to his fellow actors. The latter would rush furiously from the stage to complain to the producer, for, whilst the extemporary eloquence of the protagonist never flagged, the rest of the cast gave the impression of not knowing their parts. And so the long day wore on. A woebegone committee man finally recognised the bottle on the stage and got someone to smuggle it off and apply the closure.

An interest in the variety and quality of the Castelli wines is a growth of one's first villa. "Santi's vineyard" was no doubt where many a man served his apprenticeship in Porzio days. At Palazzola it is on gita days that you learn, and cheaply too if you can catch the other man dropping his stick and claim half a litre. The buying of the food and drink for an al fresco is part of the delight of the day. The eggs are chosen and scrutinized in the street by cupping a hand round them and squinting through them at the sun—a good trick for impressing all and sundry until the day you break one in your eye—the *prosciutto*, the cheese, fruit, tomatoes are gathered, and then comes the solemn moment. Over the *Spaccio di vino* swings a dusty bush—no Roman refinements of "Qui stà Romolo"—and from the cobbles before it rises a mingled aroma of spilt wine, goats and the good earth. You step down into the room, very dark after the sunshine, and a shirtsleeved padrone materializes, apparently out of the casks or oil jars against the wall. "Is the wine *pastoso* or *asciutto?*" you ask. With automatic diplomacy he makes a deprecating flutter of the right hand, a rocking gesture between little finger and thumb, "Sulla vena, Signori". (The resources of the Italian tongue in diplomatic statement are infinite. Once, anxious to get authentic sardines, I asked, "Sono grande?" "Ma si! sono grande." "Ma, io le voleva piccole." "Eh! sono grandine!") And then two fingers are poured into a short, thick tumbler and the grave motions of wine tasting are gone through. This deceives nobody, but everybody is pleased; you because you get a free drink, the innkeeper because you treat his wine with proper respect and buy it. Then you bear it away in the straw-jacketed, big-bellied flasks to be cooled in the running pool of a fountain *splendidior vitro*, before being drunk from a tin can, an enamel mug, the neck of the bottle, or even a glass. No doubt there are Italian wines that one sips. But the general run are meant for flagons. They have not the breeding of the French. Vintaged *alla buona*

to be drunk within the year, they are meant to be quaffed and swigged.

Nè m'importa se il calice
Sia d'avorio o sia di salice,
O sia d'oro arciricchissimo
Purchè sia molto grandissimo !

The Castelli wines, I imagine, are as good as any in the country. An Albano Malvasia is as gentle and smooth as an evening breeze in the vines. The ordinary Albano is hardly to be distinguished from Genzano unless it be a little more suave and not so full-bodied. Zagorolo red always seemed to me to have something in it of the squalor amidst abundance of its native village—a fruitiness just lacking the necessary astringency. Marino is at its best on the table of the Scots villa. It has memories of the volcanic earth in its darkly gleaming red. What mingled associations of ideas rise in the remembered perfume ! Strange combination of Bacchic frenzy and Caledonia stern and wild ; the " Sagra dell' Uva ", the fountains flowing with wine in the town where the Scotsmen christen the stream flowing through their vineyards " The bluidy burn " ! Frascati is a little too civilized—an urban wine for the Via Veneto, or groomed for stardom, polished into a sparkling wine and called Acqua di Trevi at the Valle. The latter is, of course, a beautiful wine, as anyone who has been lunched at the Valle by a visiting P.P. or other kind uncle knows. But it was normally beyond our modest pocket. As for Nemi—I know not if there be a Nemi wine. I have indeed drunk a sweet wine poured over the musky little strawberries of Nemi lakeside—a wine which Joe de Sanctis assured us was Vino di Nemi. But on the de Sanctis verandah one does not bother about labels. With Due Torre standing out against the gleaming sea, the peach orchards and the pines brimming up the crater of the lake, and the vineyards washing up to the walls and flowing in a pergola overhead, one accepts the gifts of the gods and asks no questions.

For knowledge of the rest of the wines of the country one depended on long gite. The Barbera and Barolo of the north were known only to those who went up into Lombardy and the Dolomites. Lacrima Christi and the other wines of Naples and Sicily I never knew. And the nearest I ever drank to Falernian was Faliscan, which a classically minded companion un-

earthed at Civita Castellana. There was a party once that drank Falernian in Umbria and assured us that they procured it, quite unexpectedly, in bottle at a wayside trattoria which bore the sign " Prolunghiamo fra i bicchieri la gioia della vita ! " Usually our purses did not run to wine in bottle. That is why my memories of the Chianti country are disappointing, for all the best of the Chianti is bottled, and only the remains left to be sold " open ". Now the Orvieto-Montefiascone-Montepulciano triangle is a country where the most modest pocket can suffice. They sometimes export Orvieto, but like almost all the other Italian wines it cannot bear the journey. The rough, tawny drink which passes as Orvieto abroad has nothing in common with the wine you may drink under the wistaria in the courtyard of the Albergo della Posta. The true Orvieto is a very pale gold, with a flavour subtle and elusive as the sunlight on the patine of the marble bas-reliefs of the cathedral. What a treasured memory is a flask of Orvieto drunk under the stars in the cool quiet of that town after leaving the heat and examinations of a Roman July ! Across country lies Montefiascone where the bishop lies buried before the high altar, with a goblet carved in stone on either side of his head and the legend

Est, est, est !
Propter nimium est
Joannes de Foucris
Dominus meus
Mortuus est.

Is it true that this is the last tribute of the valet sent before him to scrawl *Est* on any inn where he found good wine, and whose triple *Est* at Montefiascone had the melancholy sequel told in the epitaph ? It is certain that until comparatively recent times a barrel was poured out on the ground once a year on the bishop's anniversary—the sort of magnificently futile gesture which one might expect from a Fugger of Augsburg. (They were the banking family that burnt the proofs of the debts of Charles V.) I suspect however that some advertising expert, hundreds of years in advance of his time, seized the opportunity of a cryptic inscription to name the admirable wine, and launched the legend to sell his wares. It was doubtless this wine that the fair Galiana, buried in 1138 in nearby Viterbo, drank ; she whose beauty was of so rare and delicate a quality that when she drank wine it

could be seen passing down her throat! Gioachino Belli, the Romanesco poet who stands for ever near San Crisogono in his travertine top hat, has said this last word on all wine:

È bono bianco, è bono rosso e nero,
De Genzano, d'Orvieto e Vignanello,
Ma l'este-este è un paradiso vero.[1]

Northwards, the Via Cassia climbs the lip of lake Bolsena and comes to the town of Acquapendente and the never-to-be-forgotten inn of Marziale. This Marziale, besides being an innkeeper, is a wine merchant with a small but select clientele which includes the Vatican. I saw his albergo first in the company of one who had visited it before and who had sustained my spirits on the three day march from Rome with accounts of the abundance and quality of the wine and of the generosity which could be expected of Marziale if we were intelligently judicious in our judgment of it. So we whiled away the hours as we marched, thinking up Italian equivalents for whatever technicalities we had read in English wine catalogues. As we came into the piazza we had a horrid shock, for the albergo was boarded up and deserted, but the usual group of black-hatted piazza loafers hastened to show us the neat new establishment which Marziale had set up at a crossroads on the outskirts of the town, looking out to Monte Amiata. He met us at the door and my companion greeted him as an old friend and, striking whilst the iron was hot, said "C'è sempre quel buon' vino rosso?" "Si, si, c'è sempre!" replied the gratified Marziale. We were not disappointed. The certificates of excellence (from as far afield as Paris) which hung around the dining-room expressed but feebly the quality of the wines he gave us. As we dined, he joined us at table and produced one speciality after another, of which I remember a white vermouth, a noble Aleatico with all the smoothness and perfume of violets that characterize that great wine, and finally, that very unusual thing in Italy, a *stravecchio bianco*. It was an epic meal. We clacked our tongues, nodded our heads, and spoke lyrically of *corpo*, *sostanza*, *profumo*, *armonicità* and other terms which we picked up from him and used later on in the conversation with casual familiarity. He was that best of innkeepers, the man who treats you neither with servility nor indifference, but as a guest in his own house. And in the gracious

[1] The curious spellings are quite intentional.—G.P.D.

and expansive glow of his wine we talked of all things under the sun with an eloquence that surprised ourselves.

Of Montepulciano the poet has said, " d'ogni vino è il re ". Two of us drank it with the sacristan of the cathedral in that charming town, which, heaved high on its bluff, looks over the Tuscan countryside of vines and cypresses. The sacristan was a little grey man with a black smoking cap. He insisted on showing us the contents of all his cupboards—staggering across the floor with huge gilt and silvered busts of saints, displaying, with a knowing wink, a silver oyster shell which he swore was used in olden days for the wine taster to test the wine for poison before the bishop drank. Then he produced a bottle of the dark red, almost black, Montepulciano, poured out three glasses, and led us out to drink it from the stone battlements which dominate the countryside. And as we drank he would declaim (and we with him, for we soon knew it off by heart) the litany of his children's successes. " Cinque maestri elementari, un capo-stazione, un sergente-maggiore, whew ! ! " This last sound was a sort of incredulous whistle, accompanied by a bouncing gesture of the hand, thumb and first finger clasped as though dipping in a basket and pulling out these prodigies of children. Surely the greatest gift of wine is good-fellowship, the opening of the heart, the genial tolerance begotten of its warming influence. It was in this spirit that a shirt-sleeved, corduroy waistcoated innkeeper of Cascia once confided to two of us that though his brother was a priest, though he himself had in his youth been destined for the Church, he was now " nè buono, nè cattivo ; virtuoso *stat in medio.*"

So they string out in a long line, the wines of that central block of Italy which we tramped every Easter and summer. Piglio, that fat oily red, which they grow in the ragged country beyond Subiaco, and which you buy in a flask sealed still with a dash of olive oil, the neck wrapped in a vine leaf ; Moscato, with the autumnal shades and perfume of the muscatel grapes from which it is pressed ; Vernaccia, which I saw proclaimed in chalk under hanging bushes all the way from Assisi to Foligno one Easter, and which proved to be a curious brown wash, not unpleasant but strange. We thought it must be made by swilling out old casks with brandy, but the *Enciclopedia Italiana* calls it " un vino generosa, alcoolico, asciutto, amarognolo, vellutato ; vero vino di lusso " ! We must have got the wrong

stuff. And then there are those sharp, thin, red wines which you buy in the mountains, very useful for carrying on the march, for you will never be tempted to drink more than the mouthful needed to quench your thirst. One of them, I remember, fermented and fizzed in an aluminium flask that I was carrying up the Terminillo, and finally exploded and blew out the cork which we were never able to find again. Some of these wines they boil down to strengthen them and call them *vino cotto*.

Last of all remember the comfort of the winter snows, the infirmarians' sovran specific, the backbone of the villa opera—*vino caldo*, which the Abruzzesi curiously call *brulé*. How often was that the crown of a day gita at Palazzola! As the early darkness of the October days closed in on the Albans, with the low clouds sweeping down over the shoulder of Cavo, and the melancholy clang of the cowbells of Carnevale's cattle echoed an answer to the Ave booming across the lake from Castel Gandolfo, fires would be lit here and there on the sforza; and with roast chestnuts and hot wine, the returning camerate would vie with one another in loud chanted choruses.

So now sometimes in the red of wine we see again those flickering fires and hear the songs wavering and swelling between the branches. But we have long gone down the iron steps and plunged into the cold, scummy waters of the Tank that close like the waves of Lethe over the days that are gone.

GEORGE P. DWYER.

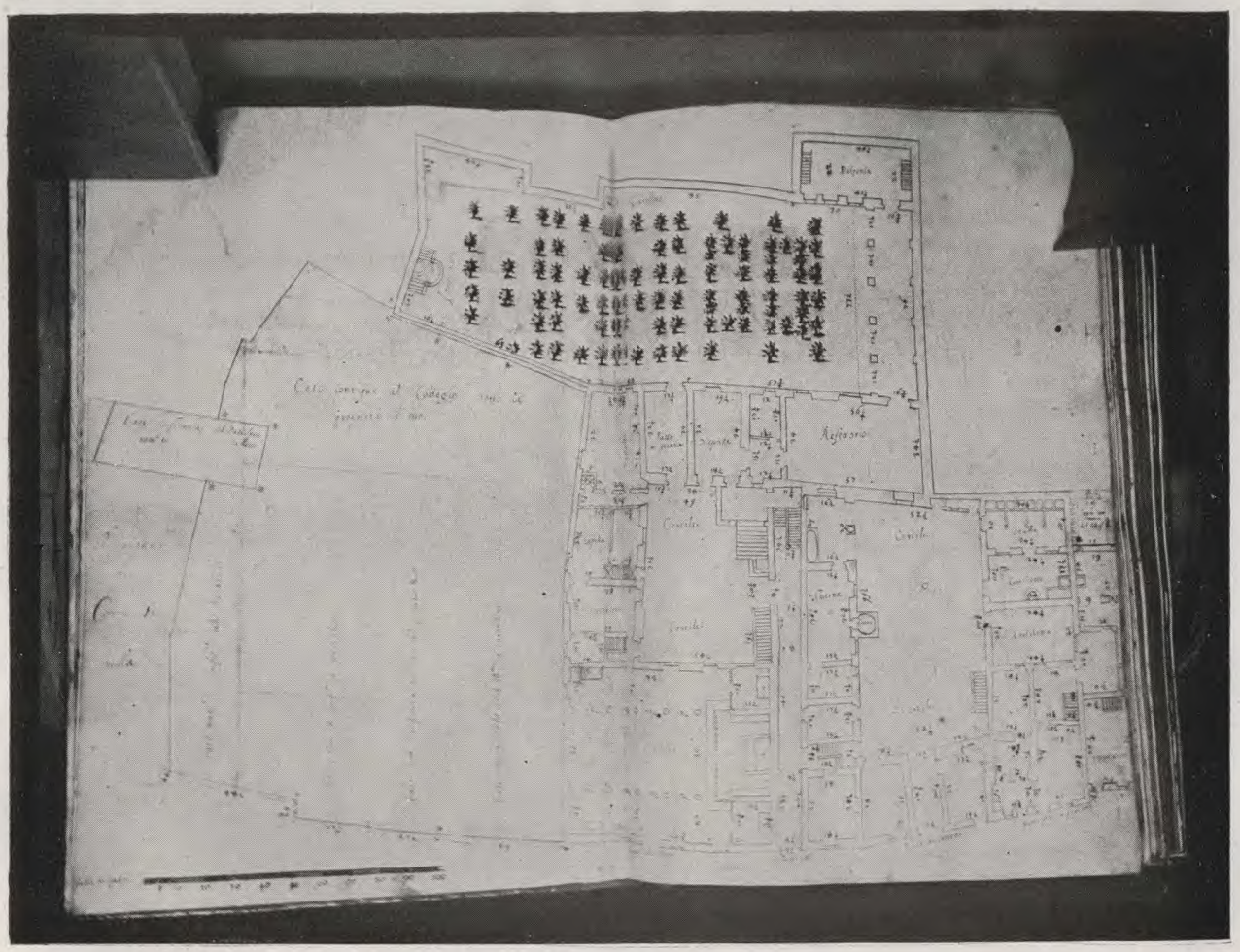
NOVA ET VETERA

A PLAN OF THE COLLEGE IN 1630

There is in Lib. 219 in the archives a pleasing coloured plan of the College as it was in 1630. From it we see that the position of the church and garden is as in the present site, except that a corner of the garden (by the Beda chapel)[1] was missing. The rest of the College shows many differences.

First of all the main entrance to the College was behind the present High Altar into a corridor, and this corridor ended in a staircase before reaching the line of the present refectory. Turning left from the main corridor one entered a cortile. This had the church as its left wall, the sacristy and a chapel opposite the entrance (which was flanked by two staircases), and on the right the *tinello* (which may have been either a wine cellar or a servants' dining-room), a passage to the garden, and the *dispensa* which led into the refectory. This cortile has in recent years been converted into the new bath-rooms and sacristy. The *tinello*, passage and *dispensa* were on the site of the present refectory, whilst the old refectory is the present kitchen. Four houses covered the modern main corridor and large cortile, and beyond these was the famous Corte Savella prison. We may note that our plan contradicts the statement in Moroni's immense *Dizionario* which places the prison on the other side of the road. So, if memory serves, do several other authors—all presumably following him. On the right side the old main corridor was

[1] Known to the present generation as the Martyrs' Chapel.


Refettorio
Cortile
Cortile
Cortile

flanked by the kitchen, and beyond this was another cortile, roughly on the site of the Nuns' cortile, having an entrance also about the same spot as the present one. Beyond this cortile were two *cortiletti*, the stables, and the " common places " of the College. The entrance to the cortile is labelled " carriage entrance " ; the ground-floor beyond it on the road was let out as shops.

On the higher floors : above the refectory was a *salone*, and above this was a *guardaroba*, with various separate rooms on the fourth floor. Above the *tinello* were two rooms which served as an infirmary. This much we learn from the plan and comments in Lib. 219.

For the sake of completeness we may quote a paragraph from an article on the College church in THE VENERABILE, Vol. III, No. 1. " We have a fairly full description of the Church in a document preserved in the Archives, and dated 1662. This paper tells us that it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and to St Thomas : that it had a choir, organ, sacristy and *campanile* with three bells, and a clock : that it boasted five altars and two common burying places with other particular vaults. Over it on the *Cortile* side was the Library : behind the Sacristy on the ground floor, another room for church furniture, in which stood an altar where Mass was sometimes said. There were three rooms above the sacristy and this store-room ; in one the sacristan lived, and the third was *per Congregatione*—in it an altar, and there too they preached and performed other spiritual exercises." The writer, Dr Cartmell, was not sure who the *congregatione* were, and suggests the *Congregatione Immunitatis Ecclesiasticae*. Gasquet says the Cardinals of this congregation held their *capella* in the church of the English College, though this may have been only the special meeting for the patronal feast. But since the Visitation of 1657 mentions the " congregatione eretta in honore dell' Assunta " we may perhaps consider it as a sodality chapel of the students.

It will be seen therefore that the main bulk of the old College buildings was to the right of the present main corridor. Only at one point did they stretch to the left, and even there not on the ground-floor. There is a note to the effect that the *piano del cortile* (in the locality of the present Beda chapel), used to belong to the private houses, but the *piano nobile* to the College.

So stood the College until it was rebuilt by Cardinal Howard,

Duke of Norfolk, in 1680–1685. In this rebuilding we get the present refectory and Beda chapel with their frescoes by the Jesuit brother Pozzo. It must be at this time also that the College spread to the other side and received its new main corridor. There is mention somewhere in the archives of the purchase of the Corte Savella in 1652 ; and a *Pergamena IX* (1682) gives permission to build the College on part of the street. From our plan it seems likely that this would be where the fourth house was set back from the line of the others and of the Corte Savella. Despite the statement in the C.I.T. *Guida di Roma*, the church was not rebuilt at this time, though we have the Baroque plan prepared by Pozzo. It stood until it had to be destroyed owing to lack of repairs during the French occupation. Possibly the *tinello* and neighbouring rooms were converted into the present refectory without destroying the floors above. If so the wing marked out by the three libraries represents the oldest portion of the College. It is not quite clear from the plan whether there was only a portico between the old refectory and the additional *dispensa* which are both now working rooms for the Nuns. Finally, there are on the plan some faint markings which seem to indicate that it was actually used in planning Cardinal Howard's reconstruction.

FRANCIS J. SHUTT.

A LETTER FROM THE VENERABILE OF 1796

The accompanying letter might interest a student of Venerabile history at any time, written as it was from the College in the last days before the Napoleonic occupation of Rome. Perhaps it will arouse more than ordinary interest since the recent circumstances of the City were so similar to those of 1796. A fairly full account of the miracles, with which the writer is chiefly concerned, has been given by Bishop Ward in his *Dawn of the Catholic Revival* (Vol. II, pp. 180 sq.). Their authenticity was made the object of a bitter attack by the Rev. Joseph Berington (afterwards suspended but subsequently reconciled) in a pamphlet entitled *An Examination of events termed miraculous, as reported in letters from Italy*. John Milner, the recipient of our letter, replied with *A Serious Expostulation with the Rev. J. Berington upon his theological errors concerning miracles and other subjects*. This is dated by Milner himself December 29th,

1796, though published by Coghlan in 1797. Milner would then have had time to receive the letter before writing. He speaks of 160,000 witnesses of the miracles—the very number mentioned by his correspondent.

It is well known that the Venerabile did not thrive under the Italian secular superiors who succeeded the Jesuits. Propaganda had promised English superiors, but the fulfilment of the promise had been so long delayed that it is not surprising to learn from Stephen Green that the affair was " past all hoapes". Such " hoapes " as may have remained were finally frustrated by the French occupation of Rome. The writer of the letter would seem to have compensated for literary qualifications by steadiness of character. We gather from his own words that he had been received into the Catholic Church by Milner. Under Italian superiors the Venerabile had but few students, and of these only a small minority got as far as the priesthood and the English mission. Stephen Green not only got so far, but further made himself useful when he had reached England, and eventually took charge of the mission at Greenwich. When the question of restoring the Venerabile was first raised at the end of the Napoleonic period, he was recommended by Milner for the office of Rector. Propaganda made special enquiries about him. But he was in failing health and died soon after Milner's recommendation. Otherwise he might well have been the first Rector of the restored College. (See Gasquet's *History of the Venerable English College*, p. 207).

There is no certain record of how this MS. reached Mount Saint Bernard Abbey. It has been preserved with papers, chiefly autograph, of Cardinal Wiseman, given to the Abbey by Mr Henry Lamb after the Cardinal's death. Probably therefore the MS. belonged to Wiseman. Milner's executors may have given it to him, considering that he had as good reason as any to be interested ; or else he may have acquired it during his period in the Midland district where Milner had ruled.

I am indebted to the Very Rev. Canon G. D. Smith, who has called my attention to several of the points here mentioned. Probably present students of the Venerabile and those who have been familiar with its archives can throw more light upon this MS. than I have been able.

JOHN MORSON, O.C.R.
Mount Saint Bernard Abbey.

To the Revd John Milner at the Catholick Chappel St Peters Street Winchester

Revd Sir

You will naturally expect to hear nothing from this part of the world but battles sieges & cities taken by storm Certainly I could find sufficient matter for this subject but I have another which is of more importance and will be more pleasing to you Saturday the 9 of July 1796 a celebrated blessed virgin called La Madonna de la brchetto was seen by several pirsons to open and shut its eyes & put on a verry malencholy aspct this was followed by about 20 pictures in different parts of the city all of witch opened and shut their eyes in a miraculous manner an immense concourse of people flocked to see this miraculous effect and all returned fully persuaded of its truth & highly penetrated with componction I my self can testifie to hav seen this miracle in four different pictures but how shall I describe to you my feelings on this occasion I could scarce stand on my legs I returned thanks to God for having brought me to the knowledge of a religion under the special protection of such a patroness I blessed you and I blessed the day that first brouht me to Winchester the miracle I think is inconstable it tis not attested by a few fanatic women it attested by an entire city a few excepted of 160 000 souls it is not only attested by Catholics it is attested by profesd atheists & 7 Jews with a protestant English gentelman have been converted by it it cannot be the effect of heated imagination for its duration which was 12 days has given tim to reflect and examine it coldly the effects it has produced exceed all imagination the confessionalls are continually full the most hardnd sinners have been converted inveterate enemies have been reconciled nothing is heard but lamentation nothing seen but processions of penance in one of which I went yesterday consisted of 30 000 people persons of all ranks in one word Rome at present exhibits a most perfect picture of Nineve in the time of Jonah our present situation is verry precarious on a count of the french but certainly it would be temerity to fear after God has favourd us with such graces

I stuy Dogmatick polimic and moral Divinity and apply to the Greek language as much as my time will permit me it is useless to tell you that the affair of the English superiours is

past all hoapes and it they dount put English superiours this College will bring little fruit to the mission I beg you to remember me in your prayers and be assurd it is the greatest pleasure to me to be permitted to subscribe myself your most obedient and humbel servant Stephen Green

English College Rome July the 29 1796

DA ROMA

Upon hearing the news of the liberation of Rome, the following telegram was sent by the Rector to Cardinal Maglione.

> " Venerable English College at Stonyhurst thanks God for safety of Holy Father and Rome."

The Secretary of State replied in a telegram dated July 4th :

> " Holy Father profoundly grateful kind message Rector Students Venerable English College auguring their early return Eternal City cordially imparts all paternal Apostolic Blessings."

Since then, and since receiving Fr Redmond's letter, which we included in our last issue, we have had a number of reports of conditions in Rome and news of the College. Here is an extract from a letter of the Rev. John Cregg D.D. Ph.D. (1920–27), Chaplain to the Forces, to J. H. Dixey Esq. of Ealing.

H.Q.,
R.A.A.C.
C.M.F.
September 23*rd*, 1944.

" . . . It's a strange world. Not only am I in Rome, but I'm stationed here ! I am writing this letter in a room of the Scots College, which is at present occupied by the C.W.L. I sleep here and have an office, and mess at the Ambasciatore. I know all this sounds very magnificent, but really it is an area job, looking after the British Troops in the City and outlying districts with another Chaplain named Roberts. I still wonder whether I'm dreaming !

A month or so ago, I had a word with Fr Clarke and told him that after two and a half years of hospital work I would like a change higher up this country. He replied very promptly

and eventually a posting came, but not precisely to Rome, although this was a step on the way. I had a wonderful journey here by road : we spent the first night at Salerno, and all along the route were many grim reminders of the bitter fighting in this country. Cassino, I shall never forget until my dying day. It is a city of the dead, silent and frightening.

We drove into Rome by the Porta San Sebastiano on Wednesday, September 13th, and you can just imagine my feelings. As soon as I could I contacted Fr Clarke, and to my great joy he said that the original posting was off, and I am to share the work here with the other Chaplain. Very early on, I had a walk to the dear old Coll. Raniero was delighted to see me, and he took me along to the Nuns, three of whom remembered me. I had a look at the Chapel of course : they have taken the Martyrs' Picture away for safe keeping, and the tomb on the left is boarded up. The tank is still there, although the water looked rather dirty. However everything is in nice order. At a later visit Mgr Carroll Abbing took me all over. I think the Hospital packed up this week, and I feel it's rather a pity. Besides keeping everything in good condition they paid a good rent. Personally I think the College would be ill advised to return this year even if they could. The food situation is not easy at present.

I have had many interesting talks with Irish priests and others who were here during the German occupation. . . The Via Ardeatina Massacre still reeks. A few days ago one of the principal internees was set upon by the mob, beaten up, and thrown into the Tiber . . . Today I had a chat with old Domenicho, now seventy years old. He found his own way here. Giuseppe is dead (R.I.P.). I have had a moon round the old Gregorian, and a quick gasp of admiration at the new.

The audiences the Holy Father is giving daily, are unbelievable. The doors are open to any allied soldiers and at 12.30 he is carried in. He gives a short discourse in English and French and then mingles freely with the lads and talks to them. His personality is wonderful and he is making a tremendous impression on non-Catholics in particular. I edged up close and he said, " Ah, a Chaplain. Where are you from ? What Diocese ? " He then gave me a special blessing. He is very fragile, but nimble and alert and his face glows as he speaks. You feel his whole interest lies in the person he is addressing. . ."

Sgt Tom Morris writing to the Rev. B. J. Hannon in a letter dated September 15th, says :

" Well here I am back where we started a few years ago. I have been here only a few days, but I went to see the College on the first day. Raniero was there and had been enrolled as a soldier so as to work in the Hospital at the Coll. He is quite well,married for two years and now has a lovely daughter a few months old. Johnny Bing was away, but his room is now where Ted McCann whiled away his third year ! (Captain's Bridge).

Beginning at the bottom of the Coll. and working upwards—the Martyrs' Chapel has been boarded off half-way, and all the baggage or rather a lot of it, placed on the altar-side of the boarding. On the door-end of the Chapel, a store was made for food used in the Hospital. The ref., Queen Mary, Chapel, Sacristy, and kitchen are all the same—except the Queen Mary is in need of paint ! The crucifix from the Sacristy is now in the main Chapel and the two side-altars have been taken away—benches as usual—but minus carpets.

The first room on the stairs is a dispensary, Vice's room is a medicine store room, likewise his bedroom ; the Salone was an officers' mess, and the " elite " bedrooms were for patients. On the second floor where Bones (Rev. Ian Jones) lived (lower Monserra') was a segregation ward. The Common Room had twenty beds and the Senior Student's room was an operating theatre, painted blue and white—the corridor outside being used to store equipment for operations. All other rooms on that floor held four or six beds. Ascending heavenwards, i.e. to the top Monserra', all rooms were filled with beds, four to six to a room. All " our " rooms (cortile side) were unoccupied. The Hospital is moving out in a month or so and Rani reckons it will take three months or so in order to take in the lads (shades of St Mary's Hall in 1940 !). The Madre has gone to the Piazza di Spag', but there were four nuns who recognised me, including the one who used to answer at the hatch. I penetrated into the kitchen and found fowl hopping around inside ! However the nuns gave me some *limonata—rosolio non c'e* ! It was funny to hear what names they had for us, Signor Harry Martin dalli, etc. They were glad to hear that the war would soon be over and back would come *gli studenti.*

My next port of call will be the Villa, but my time is limited. I saw Fr Delannoye S.J.—he was looking much thinner but as

happy as ever. I was unable to talk to him but will look him up later. . ."

Another letter from him, this time to Rev. L. Hanlon, in addition to the above, states that Ranerio and his family are now occupying the flat we knew as the "Count's", and that the lift although working when he was there will quite definitely be removed when the Hospital evacuates. On what authority he states this we don't know. In a later letter, dated October 5th, we learn that:

". . . The Hospital that was, has now closed down, and there are preparations afoot to get the place to rights again. I think it most unlikely that the Coll. will start up again for some time, because the expenses of running the place would be too heavy now the lira has devaluated—apart from the problem of finding food, which is far from easy for the civilians at the moment. . ."

That is the only really important passage in the letter from a general point of view, but there are one or two snippets, which will interest our readers. Tom says he met Johnny Bing a few days ago—"looking very well, but perhaps a bit thinner, tho' that is understandable!" He had also seen Fr Delannoye S.J. and they had a long talk together. Fr Delannoye remembered us all and said he felt our going very much. His English is still very good. Tom actually went to the Greg to see him, and he remarks on the great numbers of the South American College who were hanging round "trying to get tens and such-like, even tho' the term had not yet begun!"

THE DOCTORATE EXAMINATION

In our last number we gave an account of the Canon Law examination held in the College, when Rev. J. Cunningham defended his thesis for the Doctorate. Fr Dempsey S.J., Prefect of Studies at Heythrop, has since received notification of the result from Fr Boyer of the Gregorian, who thanks him for the "benevolentia qua usus est erga nostrum alumnum e Ven. Coll. Anglorum". Thus a unique occasion is brought to a satisfactory close and we congratulate Fr Cunningham on his success. The following is a copy of the document received from Rome.

Pontificia Universitas Gregoriana.

R. D. Jacobus Cunningham e Ven. Collegio Anglorum studiorum curriculo in Facultate Juris Canonici Pontificiae Universitatis Gregorianae rite peracto, experimenta praebuit iis qui ad Lauream contendunt praescripta, atque in primis dissertationem scriptam a Censoribus approbatam palam defendit.

Quare cum Professorum suffragiis " bene " probatus exstiterit, professione fidei ad normam art. 38 Const. Apost. " Deus Scientiarum Dominus " emissa, renuntiari poterit Doctor in Jure Canonico ubiprimum dissertationem, secundum Revisorum animadversiones emendatam, ad normam Statutorum Universitatis typis ediderit ejusque exemplaria Moderatoribus Universitatis exhibuerit.

Romae, die 2 Decembris 1943.

RAYMUNDUS BIDAGOR S.J.
Decanus Facultatis.
FERD. ? (Illegible)
Secretarius Universitatis.

(loco sigilli)

AND SO TO PURGATORY

I propose to take you, my readers, over the hills and far away—over two hills, to be precise, Tusculum and the Campo d'Annibale, and far away to Monte Porzio in the nineties. . .

We used to aim at getting out to Porzio about the middle of July, but sometimes we were thwarted. In those days you could fix the day and hour of your examination to suit yourself. It merely meant a short interview with " Jumbo ", who was otherwise known as Fr de Mária, the Prefect of Studies at the Gregorian, and the whole thing was settled in a few moments. But some, who had, perhaps, not worked as assiduously during the year as they might have done, put the date of their exams later, so as to have a few more days in which to study. Of course they incurred the wrath and vociferous indignation of the rest of the House, who wanted to get out of Rome to the fresh air of the Albans. In the matter of fresh air, Pamphili was a great help ; we had it all to ourselves. One year the French College obtained permission to enter, but the permission was not renewed, so we continued to use Pamphili as our private estate, although we allowed the Cardinals to come in. It was very pleasant to go up there in the morning, and sit under the trees to the left of the big arch, and smoke. Then after perhaps a visit to the Figlio di Scarpone, to see how he was getting on and to help him to accumulate that fortune on which he doubtless retired in later years, we returned to the College for dinner and a sleep till *merenda* time. This reminds me that I do not recollect seeing any mention of *merenda* in THE VENERABILE. It can

hardly have ceased to exist. In Rome it consisted of black coffee and half a *paniot*, without any butter. At Porzio it was, at the beginning of my time, the same, until the Gi got the notion one year that wine was better for us than black coffee. Somehow that wine didn't taste as good as it did on other occasions. Then some genius had an inspiration. He poured olive oil on to a plate, added a few drops of vinegar, sprinkled it with pepper and salt, mixed it all up with a fork, and dipped in the bread, and the wine tasted glorious. Many a time afterwards did I save myself from starvation with this mixture, and many a time have I had it in this country, till this beastly war put a stop to the importation of olive oil. But this is a digression.

Finally we got out to Porzio. It was hot there too, yet not the same stifling heat that we had been enduring in Rome, and free from the awful smells of the city. Oh ! the smells of Cock Alley—otherwise known as the Vicolo del Gallo—on a hot day ! By the way, has any of my readers noticed, when coming down that street, how one of the statues on the top of St Brigid's is cocking snooks ? He has his thumb to his nose and his fingers spread out in quite the proper style, but this is another digression.

We generally went to Frascati by train, second-class, and then walked up to Porzio. But once or twice the Old Man decided to take us all the way in wagonettes. There were no motor coaches in those days, and the wagonettes were horse-drawn. For some reason, of which we were, of course, not informed, the wagonettes faded out and we went by train ever after.

As it was so hot, we were not allowed to go out till evening during July and August. Not that there was any temptation to go out. Even the garden was like an oven, and the Pio garden was like a furnace. So we sat in our rooms, clad in shirt and *mutande* (a proceeding of which the Gi did not approve) and studied English in the pages of some second-hand Tauchnitz which had been picked up in the Campo for a few coppers. But once a week, on Thursday, we were hounded out for the picnic on Tusculum.

I still think that a picnic is one of the most uncomfortable forms of amusement ever devised by the mind of man. We went up the hill by what was known as the long way, and we went mostly in silence. Half way up, there was a fountain by the wall of Camaldoli, but the trickle of water was so small,

and it took so long to fill the little rubber cups we carried, that it was hardly worth stopping. When we got to the top, or rather the level patch before the Theatre where the meal was to be served, it depended on the amount of energy we had left in us to dictate what we should do. I knew of one man, before my time, who ran round catching butterflies ; but he was an exception. Some, especially among the younger ones, went about renewing acquaintance with the Theatre, the Etruscan Cavern, Cicero's Villa and the rest. Others sat and thought, or perhaps, to use the old *Punch* joke, just sat. We generally summoned up enough energy to climb up to the cross and salute it, and certainly the lovely view from there was well worth climbing to see. In the meantime the servants had come up with the food and drink, and had put the wine to cool in the fountain beside the Etruscan Cavern. (We were always assured that this cave was Etruscan, and that the roof showed that it was put up before the invention of the arch. But whether this is so or not, I do. not know, and quite frankly, I do not care.) The wine was nicely cooled by the time it was due to be consumed, and as we were not restricted on these occasions to the mere half-litre each, we were able to restore the moisture we had shed in the ascent.

The menu was always the same. I think we started with *prosciutto* and green figs, but there was always cold roast beef, cold roast chicken and mashed potatoes. Ugh ! how I came to hate it ! Even now, forty-five years later, I can barely tolerate cold roast beef, and I still loathe cold chicken. After these delicacies, we had for *dolce* a species of cake called " cartwheel ". We always wrangled as to whether the stress was on the cart or the wheel. The advocates of the former view said it was a *cart* wheel, not a bicycle wheel nor any other sort of wheel, whereas the other side maintained that it was a cart *wheel*, not a cart shaft nor any other part of a cart. We never got anywhere, of course, any more than we ever settled which way a circular stair goes. Well, after thirteen repetitions of this fare every summer for six summers, it began to pall, as I delicately insinuated a few lines back. So one year when the Gi was in England, Tim tried a variation. He decided on veal and ham pie. There was some discussion on how this was made, and it was decided that the pie must be flavoured with rosemary. The first attempt was not too successful as there was too much rosemary, but

after that it was quite good. But, of course, when the Gi returned, the *rosbif* and *pollo arrosto* also returned. The Gi was a great conservative. One year when Mgr Prior was in charge, he had the great idea of going to Lake Albano instead of Tusculum, and having a swim. The idea was received with great enthusiasm. The village 'bus was commissioned, and half the College rode out and walked back, and the other half walked out and rode back. We had fine times. When the Gi came back, he was horrified, and swimming was strictly forbidden. Tim, by the way, had good ideas about feeding the boys. One summer when he was in charge, he took command of the kitchen. The cook was a first-rate cook when he liked to be. Unfortunately, he needed to be kept up to the mark. The Gi could eat anything, and I don't suppose he knew what he was eating. But with us it was different. To come down from the Chapel to breakfast, and to see, tied up to the window of the Refectory, a *bue*, who had spent a long and laborious life hauling ploughs and carts, and to get for dinner slabs of that *bue* which you had great difficulty in cutting, let alone chewing, was not conducive to proper feeding. The Gi's beefsteak had been pounded with a mallet, and so apparently was chewable ; but ours had not had any pounding. But at the time I am writing of, Tim determined to have an improvement. And he got it. He stirred up the cooks to unwonted zeal, he even roused Muzzi, the procurator, to some show of energy. And so for six weeks we had good food, well cooked, and in great variety ; so much so, that no one thought of visiting the restaurants in the neighbourhood in search of food. Moreover Tim told us that he had saved money. When the Gi came back—I was sitting next to him in the Refectory, for I was Senior Student—I told him with great enthusiasm of the improvements Dr Cronin had made in the catering. He beamed on me and said he would see they continued. But of course they didn't, and so in a very few days the Villetta and " Mother's " had their usual crowd of students in search of food. But I continue to stray from Tusculum.

After dinner there was always a difference of opinion as to what should be done. Some of the boys went straight back to Porzio, drew a bucket of water from the well, had a cold bath, and slept peacefully on their beds. Others preferred to go and sleep under the pines. But this never appealed to me. The dead pine needles were very nice to lie on, but the situation

faced due south, and the sun was very hot, and there never seemed to be a breeze, so I preferred the north side of the hill where it was shadier and cooler. (What happened to the Rector and Vice-Rector at this time, I never knew. I never enquired, and I have begun to wonder only since I started to write this effusion.) But occasionally a madness would seize on Tynan and me and sometimes would infect others. We would set off down the south side of Tusculum to the Latin Vale, and then through Squarcerelli and Marino to Lake Albano, for a bathe. The walk was torture, but the bathe bliss. Still, the water of Lake Albano—anyway on that side—had the property of producing a most appalling thirst, so we used to tramp back to Marino sucking our wet bathing costumes. Then we had a big bottle of Birra Nazionale and a big bottle of Gazzosa, and we made shandygaff. It was the best thirst-quencher that I have ever come across. Then, much comforted, we set off for Porzio, sometimes going the short way over Tusculum, and sometimes going round by Frascati. But just fancy walking at least fourteen miles for a swim. And now there are bathing pools at Rome and Palazzola. Pshaw!

Comparable to Tusculum Days were those spent at Hannibal's Camp. That is what we called it. But the Italian name is Campo d'Annibale, which means Hannibal's Field, though I believe the word *campo* can bear the meaning of camp. However there's no use in arguing about words and their meaning, and anyhow, as far as I can gather, Hannibal had as much to do with the place as you or I have. It is, as is well known to the world, a great flat space in the Alban Hills, dominated by Monte Cavo. Three colleges, Scots, American, and English, used to meet there once during the summer holidays. Who arranged the date of the meeting I never knew, I presume the Senior Students. Before I became Senior Student, the Camp was put under the plough, and the meetings had to stop. I think that was in 1899.

When we arrived at the Camp, we played the three national games, football (soccer, of course), baseball, and cricket. Some of the Americans would try their hand at cricket, and some of us would see what baseball was like. There would also be some volunteers for football from among the Americans and the English. But I do not remember the Scots ever deserting their "fitba'". (I understand that in Scotland the football season

goes on all the year round, with the exception of one day. I have a Scots curate and he tells me this. He also tells me that I must not use the word Scotch, except for whisky and potatoes. You live and learn). In the meantime the College servants brought up the food and drink. This was transported in large wooden panniers, one on each side of a wooden pack-saddle. The servants also rode, but, of course, their saddles were not wooden. In fact they were very comfortable. More than once, not being much of a gamester (although I got my golf handicap down to fourteen once, some years ago) I used to borrow one of these horses and go for a ride. It was very enjoyable. But one day I got a mad notion ; I thought I would try a ride on one of the pack-horses. Somehow I climbed into the saddle. Of course it was no use trying to grip with the knees, the thing was solid unyielding wood. It stayed put with a loaded pannier on each side, but it behaved differently when six feet of lanky humanity got on to it, and after a while it began to slide to one side, and of course, I went with it. When it threw me off, I rolled away as quickly as I could, because when the animal felt the pack-saddle under its belly, it began to kick, and I thought the hooves just missed my head. I got up, put the saddle in place, and led the beast back where it belonged, thanking God that I was still alive.

When all things were ready, we sat down on the grass to eat and drink, thus reversing the words of Holy Writ, because we rose up to play first. It was a more or less established custom that no one should eat the food provided by his own college. As ours was the usual *rosbif* and *pollo arrosto*, this suited me down to the ground. I didn't care who ate my portion of them. I don't remember what the Scots had and I don't remember sharing with them, because the Yanks had a speciality that appealed to me immensely. This was maccaroni pie, a big dish of broken up maccaroni, with pieces of meat and plenty of meat juice. When you had a good-sized portion of that inside you, you had no further inclination for games. You just sat peacefully on the turf, conversing with those around you, and feeling very contented, especially as in all probability you had a litre of wine in you as well.

After a decent interval for conversation and digestion, we formed into ranks and marched down to " Auntie's ". (Oh ! Mr Editor, I want to get a grievance off my mind that has been

troubling me for years. I read in the College Diary of some year, about the students going to " Anti's "!!! I shuddered to the marrow of my bones, when I read that. She wasn't at all anti. She was very much pro. We had another at Compatri. Some would have it that her proper title was " Mother ", but it didn't matter. They were both very good to hungry students.) When we got to " Auntie's ", we were ushered into a large room and we had a sing-song. We and the Scots did our bit, but I think the Yanks far outshone us. For one thing they outnumbered us two or three times, and they were much more versatile. When we formed up again, we marched down the road in what I believe were called columns of four in those days, singing *John Brown's Body* as we went, and hoping that the natives would take it for a hymn, on account of the chorus, " Glory, Glory, Hallelujah ". Finally we came to the parting point, and after three rousing cheers for everybody, we took our separate ways. Our way led through the chestnut woods and, especially in the dusk, the way was tricky. There was a good sound rule in going out from Porzio that it was " Big stone left, little stone right ", and of course, the reverse held true of the return. But it was not easy to spot these stones in the dusk. I remember that one evening a party took a wrong turning somewhere and found themselves in Frascati. I don't say they were grieved to find themselves in Frascati; I merely state the fact that they found themselves there. I wasn't in that party. But I was in another party (it may have been on the same occasion), when I was held up to derision and scorn, and condemned to take the last place. It was getting very dark under the trees. Now I reckoned I knew the way very well, and as a matter of fact I did. So I said I would lead the way, and as a helping sign to follow, I picked up my cassock and bade the company follow the *biancheria*. But as I spoke to them, I disappeared from sight down a hole. I was scornfully discarded as leader, and like the man in the Gospels, began with shame to take the lowest place.

There was, and I suppose still is, a fountain just as you came out on to the Latin Way. I do not know if it really had a name, but we called it the Lago di Luna. One evening when we were returning from some day gita, and were feeling all sticky, we decided to bathe in it. When I got in, the others said that all the water flowed over the sides, but they didn't

speak the truth, as I swam the length and you cannot swim without water. There was another fountain on the other side of the Vale, i.e. on the south side of Tusculum. It was called L'Acqua d'Olio, because the column fell from the nozzle to the basin below, without making the slightest splash. This was due, I suppose, to the angle at which it fell, but there seemed to be no movement in the column of water. It might have been solid. I looked for it again in 1926 when I was exploring Tusculum, but there was a hoard of Campagna dogs round about it. So I retired very discreetly, but very swiftly, as I do now.

What then is the purpose of these Porzian parentheses? I have seen only passing references to Tusculum Days in the pages of THE VENERABILE, and I have seen no mention of Hannibal's Camp Days, so I have thought it good to make some record of these events, before we, who took part in them, meet again, as we hope, in Purgatory.

PATRICK KEARNEY.

COLLEGE DIARY

FEBRUARY 20th *Sunday*, and a good day to all my readers. To those who intend to follow my progress through these pages until High Summer " Welcome ! " While to those who recoil at such a prospect the Common Room notice-board offers a wide selection of gite. You may go to Hodder Sources, to Coniston Cold, to Fairsnape Fell, to Parlick Pike ! If you like, be superior and join the " culture " gita destined for Haworth, the home of the Brontës. We, with one eye on the weather, decide to go elsewhere : we will go to Sawley and avoid al fresco lunches in the rain.

Now if today be memorable at all it will be due to our week-old sub-deacon. In the exercise of his office he sang a throaty epistle. Then he attempted to preach his sermon during spiritual reading, and was dissuaded only by the firm efforts of two sacristans and the Rector's remark " We preach at night ". His rendering of the fifth antiphon at vespers was, according to the musical critics, approximately correct. Before supper, he succeeded in delivering his sermon, which appropriately was on the lost sheep.

To tea, L./Cpl J. O'Connell of the Intelligence Corps.

21st *Monday*. Clouds threatened rain as the various parties set out. With Sawley in mind, we expressed the pious hope that they would keep their feet dry. During our absence, some of the *neo-sacerdoti* returned from their week's festive-making to find their rooms " improved " with characteristic decoration. Those responsible worked no doubt on the principle that the crimes of the last seven years should have fitting punishment. To greet our own return was Rev. G. Hiscoe C.F., who had arrived for a short visit.

The Common Room after a gita becomes a club for the exchange of travellers' tales, and tonight was no exception. The Coniston Cold party talked of climbing Ingleborough in a blizzard ; the Hodder Sources camerata

claimed to have reached their objective, but being all Philosophers, they should be able to prove anything to their own satisfaction ; we, ourselves, had nothing to complain about—the inner man had been well cared for. The culture party had trophies to display in the form of penny postcards of graveyards and tombstones. In spite of all this, the *novelli* bided their time, and soon the conversation was of First Masses and breakfast parties.

22nd *Shrove Tuesday*. *Prosit* to Mr Jones who celebrated his First Mass this morning.

Despite the extra half-hour in bed, we still felt pleasantly tired after yesterday's exertions. Consequently we spent the day in recovering as slowly as possible, in which task we were ably assisted by the pancakes. In the evening we found ourselves back in Rome, Renaissance Rome, which provided the setting for an extraordinarily well presented play at Stonyhurst. Our Moral Theologians were delighted with the plot, which involved a dramatic *casus* on the seal of Confession, although the cast included neither *aliquis Titius* nor *Bertha quaedam*.

23rd *Ash Wednesday*. The missal tersely announced that the station church is Santa Sabina ; a statement that brings small solace to us who will make all our stations in the College Chapel. But fasting is the same all the world over, and we fasted equally as well here as in Rome.

24th *Thursday*. To supper, Fr Rimmer, who afterwards addressed the Social Guild on the Young Christian Workers.

25th *Friday*. Returning to work after a holiday is always an unpleasant thing and today the fates seem to have been particularly unkind : we were brought back to reality by an introduction to the tract on Penance.

26th *Saturday*. Two minutes after the bell for lectures, it began to snow. The same thought filled all our minds—*prima nix*—a cry we have prematurely chanted on certain other occasions this year. But there was no doubt this time, for it snowed consistently throughout lectures. There was a lull during the afternoon, enabling us to take a walk, followed by a heavy fall in the evening. *Prima nix, scholae vacantur ;* the application of this axiom seems obvious. Looking back, however, it is remarkable how often the first falls occurred on Thursdays or other *dies non*. And we should like to ask what is the traditional method of procedure when the first flakes and the beginning of lectures coincide.

The presentation of Mother Clare's varied little gifts is usually an occasion for " dressing up" and calls for some imagination in those entrusted with the task whether they be *Chi Lo Sa ?* men, College wits and half-wits, or any others born to be buffoons as the sparks fly upwards. Premiations are reserved for the opening nights of the academic year ; Props can rise magnificently to grand ceremonial, but cannot provide ideas. Tonight the presentation party took upon themselves the characters of the play we saw at the beginning of the week.

27th *Sunday*. The sweep of a field of virgin snow is irresistible. Accordingly it was no surprise to find half the College engaged in battle this afternoon. Tired and hungry after the fracas, we were in the right mood to partake of the excellent tea provided by the new priests. Top Year earned our gratitude again in the evening, when we were their guests at a film show, the chief attraction being " The Ghost Goes West ". In good humour we went to bed to dream of kilted spooks.

28th *Monday*. The emptiness of the Common Room is a sign of the intense activity heralding the approach of the opera. We did discover two or three die-hards who persisted in looking at the outer pages of the *Daily Mail* when we wished to read the case-book on page two. During this time the gramophone abruptly ceased to exercise its charms. The one person listening to it has so far failed to give a satisfactory explanation. We could give several.

29th *Tuesday*. This curious child of leap-year was very much like any other of its February sisters except that it is not often that we can listen to such an excellent talk as that given by Fr H. van Straelen S.V.D., in which he introduced the Literary Society to the mechanism of the oriental mind.

MARCH 1st *Wednesday*. Today the second semestre started. We looked at the programme. Hebrew, *quater in hebdomada*, was the first thing to catch our attention. We looked no further. It is enough that for some time to come *furtive pathas* and apocopated forms will be chasing each other around our subconscious ; we shall pause only to ejaculate a *vocal shewa*.

Although today was their national feast-day, our Welshmen did not sport their emblem. We readily excuse them from wearing a daffodil but surely they could easily have obtained a leek. After all, this vegetable is one of our staple foods at present.

2nd and being *Thursday* the barber's day. Barbers, we suppose, are necessary adjuncts to society and prevent us from looking like prehistoric man ; and through all the realms of barberdom from Sweeney Todd to Delilah each has his (or her) own method. Our man favours the *tutti quanti*.

Top Year were the guests of the Rector at dinner today but not all of them, for one decided to catch measles this morning and was placed in quarantine.

5th *Sunday*. *Ritiro mensile*, one of the occasions on which we are graced by the presence of Fr Brodrick S.J.

6th *Monday*. To play the violin well is an accomplishment well worth pursuing. To play it in due season is perhaps a greater accomplishment. Our next-door neighbour is proficient in the first ; as regards the second we sometimes wonder which one of us it is who is deficient in soul.

Ad maiora to Messrs Murphy-O'Connor (Portsmouth), English (Shrews-

bury) and Rea (Plymouth), who received the tonsure at Salford Cathedral today.

7th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Thomas Aquinas*, and the Theologians' feast-day.

9th *Thursday*. Confident of another win the soccer team journeyed to Leagram Hall to play a return match, but came back disillusioned, having lost by the odd goal in five. Nevertheless we thank the Company of Mary for an excellent game.

It seems as if the Infirmarians have inaugurated a lease-lend policy with Mount Street Hospital, Preston. After taking a new patient there today they returned with that indispensable member of the community, the candle-sacristan, who has been enjoying there a release from duty for the past week, suffering from a mysterious ailment that affected his big toe.

10th *Friday*. A quiet chuckle in the Common Room betokened the visit of Fr B. O'Neill, who

11th *Saturday*, disappeared just as quietly as he came.

12th *Sunday*. *Feast of St Gregory*, though no one succeeded in taking the plunge. Indeed, no one had time to think about so doing, for everyone seemed to be busy preparing for the opera. In the midst of their activities, Fr A. Jones arrived from Upholland and immediately surrendered his cases to the waiting Props man. Nor must we forget the electricians who rigged up a microphone and loudspeaker so that our measles patient might listen-in tonight. Mr A. C. F. Beales was a welcome guest at dinner and afterwards at coffee in the Common Room. Later on, Fr J. L. Alston arrived who is to be this year's James Agate.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD,

or

The Merryman and His Maid.

By W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan

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

Rectori Nostro Illustrissimo
hanc inter alias nostras
veterem consuetudinem
haudquaquam flocci facienti
sed potius obnixe foventi
cantus et carmina
d.d.
scaenici devotissimi

Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower . . . Mr Richards
Colonel Fairfax, under sentence of death . Mr Walsh
Sergeant Meryll, of the Yeomen of the Guard Mr Clark

Leonard Meryll, his son	Mr Anglim
Jack Point, a strolling Jester	Mr Hannon
Wilfred Shadbolt, Head Jailer and Assistant Tormentor	Mr P. Kelly
First Yeoman	Mr Guest
Second Yeoman	Mr Haynes
First Citizen	Mr Crissell
Second Citizen	Mr Haughey
Elsie Maynard, a strolling Player	Mr Buxton
Phoebe Meryll	Mr J. Groarke
Dame Carruthers, Housekeeper to the Tower	Mr I. Jones
Kate, her niece	Mr Peters
Yeomen	Messrs Fallon, Dixon, Haynes, Guest, Barry, Farrow, Sowerby, Hamilton
Citizens	Messrs Dunford, Dickenson, Tarpey, Gallagher, Haughey, Spillane, Crissell, Swaby, Murphy-O'Connor

Scene : The Tower of London

Date : Sixteenth Century

Two days elapse between Acts I and II

Production	Messrs Hannon and Richards
Music	Messrs Clark and Scantlebury
Piano	Mr McDonnell
Orchestra	Rev. G. Ekbery, Messrs Chapman, Shelton, Johnson
Properties	Messrs Williams, Sefton, Dickenson
Theatre Decoration	Messrs Tolkien, Dunford, Stewart, Collins
Proscenium	Mr Dunford
Lighting	Messrs Barry, Haynes, Keegan
Stage	Messrs Tarpey, Dixon
Make-up	Messrs Harrison, Richards, Sefton

Even if one had not heard the sound of the stage men's hammer, nor seen the busy traffic to and from the Green Room, one could have sensed that something was impending ; there was that general air of expectancy that precedes all great events—for exile from Rome and Palazzola has not been allowed to destroy the tradition of the Venerabile opera.

But let us not deny that some of us felt a certain fear, for the choice of *The Yeomen of the Guard* was indeed a courageous one. It was only last year that we had seen the revival of a full-length opera in England.

Trial by Jury, in 1942, was literally a trial of what could be achieved under the new conditions. Its success justified the more ambitious production of *The Gondoliers* the following year, a production certainly equal to its predecessors of happier days, and perhaps unrivalled for polish and enthusiasm. But *The Yeomen* is a different matter. It has none of the rollicking gaiety of *The Gondoliers*, and, I suppose, is unique among the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in having a strain of true tragedy. Tragedy, even if it be only a trace, is no easy thing to put over on a stage like ours where Thalia is the dominant deity. But let it be said at once that we had not been long in the theatre before we realized that our fears were groundless, for the cast had caught the more serious, yet none the less delightful, spirit of this opera.

We had just time to settle in our place, glance at our programme, notice that since last year Casilda and the ladies had joined the gallery of Gilbertian figures on the walls, and wonder whether next year would see some budding Michelangelo try his hand on the ceiling, when the orchestra quietly got into position, and the Overture began. News of the orchestra's rebirth had reached us from afar and any scepticism we may have entertained was at once dispelled by the reality. It was a great delight to see the pianist helped tonight by a skilful set of strings, led by a veteran who often played under the stars of Palazzola nights. The addition of the 'cello was a big improvement, and the " trumpet's martial sound " gave body to the Overture. A pity it was heard no more ; but the trumpeter was called to other things among the chorus of Citizens.

With our mind thus attuned, and the grosser part of us refreshed with cider and biscuits, when the curtain went up and discovered Phoebe at her spinning-wheel in the grey-flagged courtyard with its battlements and background of trees, we were taken back at once—if not to Elizabethan England—to peace-time Palazzola, a memory which lent new significance to Phoebe's sad *Ah ! me*. The somewhat difficult opening was well managed, and with the entry of Shadbolt success was assured. The Jailer's part, it seems to me, is made or marred by the actor. Tonight we saw acting that could hardly be improved upon. To adopt and maintain a grotesque and clumsy gait, to be suspicious, gloomy, and grim, and still amusing, is not easy. Shadbolt this evening never failed ; the loudest and most spontaneous applause of the night greeted his ferocious outburst against Phoebe when he learns her duplicity. His facial expression during the song *Were I Thy Bride* was a joy to watch. That his singing matched his acting goes almost without saying. Seldom have we seen a better display on the Venerabile stage. He was well supported by Phoebe, and theirs was a first-class partnership. Both Phoebe and Elsie are past mistresses of Venerabile opera. Accurate and pleasant of voice, they acted with maintained excellence ; Phoebe cajoling Shadbolt, Elsie provoking Point and wooing Fairfax. Phoebe is a busy little maid and much of the action is given to her. Elsie has the quieter part, and to have made pathos convincing on the Venerabile stage was no mean achievement.

Fairfax was a real gentleman and managed to capture the pleasant

manner of the hero. The applause that greeted his singing of the ballads *Is Life a Boon?* and *Free from his Fetters Grim* testified to their excellence. Of the other principals, was the Lieutenant of the Tower too stiff and unbending? But what would one expect from such a person? At any rate he was a courageous fellow, for he refused to be perturbed at the shot's failure to be heard. Dame Carruthers sustained her grim part with dignity and sang accurately and well. Tonight's Sergeant Meryll was a homely old warrior and deserved a better fate than came his way.

But the last word of praise must go to Point. Jack Point is a true character, a tragic character and a jester withal. He has gibe and joke, quip and crank—yet winnow all his folly and you'll find a grain or two of wheat among the chaff. He has need of a good memory, a glib tongue and agile feet, not to mention a good tenor voice. All these things our Point possessed. And he knew how literally to poke fun with his jester's staff. He and Shadbolt were perfect foils, each to the other. When Point fell dead at Elsie's feet there died to the Venerabile stage one who has done more than any other to keep up interest in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. We assure him that this production was a fitting climax to his activities, and in it his own part was without fault.

Throughout the opera the principals were well supported by the two choruses. The Yeomen's crimson and gold rivalled for colour effect the great Peers of *Iolanthe*, and they wielded their pikes with a precision that spoke of careful drill. These bearded and broad-chested Tudor Home Guards looked the part. Their singing was a little nervous at first, but improved greatly, and each if need be was ready to sing a solo. The Citizens were a gaily robed throng and were at their best when the stage work was most difficult, such as at the entrance *Here's a Man of Jollity*. Individual praise awarded, one must not forget the trios and quartets, the unaccompanied *Strange Adventure; When a Wooer goes A-wooing;* and of course the *Tale of Cock and Bull.*

The secret of such success is of course team-work perfected by hard practice, and I think that this is particularly true of the *Yeomen*. If I were asked to give a concrete example of this from tonight's performance, I would without doubt choose the Finale of Act I. Here the chorus supported the principals in full measure; to give the impression of bustle and scurry on a small stage like ours is no easy task, and the citizens and yeomen carried it off. The back-stage men, as ever, contributed to the success—this time with the realistic tolling of the bell, and the electricians excelled themselves by excellent dimming of the lights. The final tableau of Elsie in Fairfax's arms with the macabre figure of the Executioner in the background left us eager for the second Act.

There is talent here in abundance: even among the Yeomen and Citizens one recognized stars of former productions. Many of tonight's cast will be responsible for the first opera to be produced in Palazzola Regained, and they are already well-prepared—to have done thus much in the more difficult conditions in England and in term-time is sufficient guarantee.

J. Leo Alston.

13th *Monday*. *Dies non*. Quite definitely "*non*".

14th *Tuesday*. Oh ! I say, did you hear that ? We can put up with the 'flu germ being an active partner in the House, but when it ceases to play the game properly and carries off one of the infirmarians, that is going too far. Nor is it any excuse to plead that it is only the junior infirmarian ; after all, he is useful in carrying trays to the other sick members of the community.

16th *Thursday*. A Requiem Mass before breakfast is a splendid criterion of the standard of plain chant in the House ; but when only half the House are present and most of those are suffering from colds, it is not fair to pass judgment.

17th *Friday*. *St Patrick's Day*. Communications between England and Eire may have ceased, but that is no impediment to the wearing of the green. Indeed it is remarkable how many there are who produce for themselves Irish ancestry on this day. The Irishmen wear shamrock as of right ; the Scotsmen because they claim St Patrick for themselves ; as for the Englishmen, it must be because of their love of compromise.

18th *Saturday*. A certain member of Top Year must have felt incredibly hungry today, or perhaps his newly acquired *ferraiuola* has increased an already gargantuan appetite. But ours not to reason why, we will only record the fact that he rang the bell for tea an hour before the authorised time, leaving the rest of the College in a state of stupor and consternation. However the mistake was duly rectified and tea took place at the customary hour.

Fr S. Lescher C.F. arrived on a short visit.

19th *Laetare Sunday*. The arrival of Mgr R. L. Smith and Rev. J. Holland heralded the repeat performance of *The Yeomen of the Guard* at Stonyhurst. We who had enjoyed ourselves last week, were forced to admit that we enjoyed ourselves even more to-night : for the intervening week had been well spent in correcting minor faults. More citizens had been recruited and gone was the hesitation and vacillation. Indeed it would not be going too far to say that the weakest part of last week's performance was the strongest of tonight's.

20th *Monday*. *Feast of St Joseph*, transferred from yesterday. Our extra half hour in bed enabled Fr Lescher to depart intact early in the morning. At coffee after lunch, the Senior Student, on his last day of office, took the opportunity of presenting Mgr Smith with a set of vestments, in token of our gratitude for his work when Vice-Rector.

21st *Tuesday*. According to a report that has just reached us, the doors and windows at Palazzola were destroyed by "indirect bombing". The only admissable interpretation of this cryptic phrase is blast, but we have heard others from our war experts.

The Easter Public Meeting began by our showing appreciation of the retiring Senior Student in the usual way, after which we perfunctorily elected one or two committees.

In the evening, Fr Owen Dudley arrived and on

22nd *Wednesday* he addressed the Literary Society on the aims and methods of the Catholic Missionary Society.

23rd *Thursday*. You prepare it for weeks beforehand : you practise it in your room : you pay increasing attention to the ones immediately before it ; you chop and change : you learn it, and in a quarter of an hour the ordeal is over. Yet hardly over, for one's first sermon has still to stand the criticism of the next sermon class.

24th *Friday*. The Public Meeting came to an end today with a brief skirmish on the mind of the House. A motion passed on the first day that the *Manchester Guardian* be obtained for the Common Room instead of the *Daily Mail* has received official approbation : all that remains to be done is to get a regular delivery of that organ of northern opinion, for what Manchester thinks today, the world thinks tomorrow.

We heard today that Mgr Smith has now joined the ranks of Domestic Prelates, and on

25th *Saturday*, *Feast of the Annunciation*, we had news of the elevation of Rev. E. Ellis to the Hierarchy. We take this opportunity of wishing him " *Ad multos annos* ".

26th *Sunday*. The brief northern summer has arrived ; that is if we are to trust those southerners who would have us believe that life in the south is one long series of sunstroke, heatlumps and blisters. Despite this however, the South could not raise a team of footballers to meet the challenge of the North, so we proceeded to play by ourselves and enjoyed it immensely.

27th *Monday*. Mr Sefton departed this morning for a short holiday preparatory to joining an O.C.T.U. course at Oxford.

30th *Thursday*. " North *v.* South " not being a successful enticement to a game of soccer, a rugby game of that ilk was suggested, but not even the North could coerce fifteen men to play : four-a-side was the result of the suggestion. So we went down to the Ribble instead, while the more energetic members of the cam tried to skim stones across to the other bank, which as usual was far more inviting than our own side of the river.

31st *Friday*. Having voted out the *Daily Mail* at the last Public Meeting, there was the expected *volte-face* today, when the *Manchester Guardian* appeared in its stead. Those who proclaimed the virtues of the *Guardian's* literary standard now extoll the excellence of the *Mail* headlines. For whereas previously half the College read the news in the headlines, now only one or two can obtain it from a studied perusal of several columns, unless you prefer to wait for a day or two. But the news is the same in either case.

APRIL 1st *Saturday*. It was some time this morning before we realised that the rising bell had gone—it sounded so faint. But when we had performed our customary ablutions, which vary according to individuals, we remembered what day it was. But the damage had been done: the muffling of the bells set the tone for the day.

A Hebrew exam. in the evening was definitely no joke, but the introduction of double summer time led to the usual confusion as to what time it really was. Nevertheless no matter what the time we went to bed as tired as we normally are.

2nd *Palm Sunday*. If we except the deacon's rendering of the " *Benedicamus* ", the ceremony this morning went without a hitch.

When the halcyon weather of the past week vanished to-day, one lugubrious individual remarked that Retreat weather had set in : perhaps dug itself in is a better phrase, for it rained more or less continually throughout the Retreat. The first conference, a dramatic and ruthless withdrawal from mundane affairs, was given by the Rector, who then left the course of the Retreat to Fr J. Ingram of Burnley, until on

5th *Wednesday* we realised once again what a row can be made at breakfast. Not that we had forgotten entirely what our own voices sounded like, as the Choir Master had made good use of the free periods of retreat to take practices.

We had looked forward to spending today quietly before exerting our energy on the Holy Week ceremonies. But this was not to be. The Cricket Captain dressed in the brief authority given him in the last Public Meeting, hopefully suggested that the cricket pitch needed rolling. We did not even know that we possessed such a thing as a pitch until, having picked up a horseroller en route, we found ourselves pulling it up and down some thirty yards or so of a rugby field. To turn this task into our good deed for the day was easily done, for we had only to think of how we would bat number eleven (if at all), never bowl, and field among the dandelions in the outfield, whilst more favoured individuals would enjoy the fruits of our afternoon's rolling.

6th *Maundy Thursday*. We did not recognise Aula I today in its annual capacity as the chapel of the Altar of Repose. The floor had been scrubbed clean, the garden had been transplanted indoors, and an array of lights illuminated the altar, where previously a solitary bulb had somewhat lessened the gloom of the professorial chair.

Tenebrae in the evening should have been technically perfect to judge by the number of practices we had beforehand, but there are always one or two who have their own ideas as to the singing of plain chant.

7th *Good Friday*. Those who delight in just beating the start of meditation found themselves kneeling *in plano*, without any support for half an hour. But we were wiser in our generation—the back of a chair gives that minimum quantity of relief that prevents water on the knee.

Nevertheless we did not escape the fasting and keenly watched those other who were under twenty-one, were invalids or had claimed exemption for some other reason.

8th *Holy Saturday*. The prophecies were surprisingly orthodox, but even so the Schola refuses to admit our claim to join it.

Fr T. McKenna arrived this evening on a short visit, whilst two of our invalids returned from their places of convalescence.

9th *Easter Sunday*. *Chi Lo Sa?* made its Eastertide appearance in the Common Room after dinner and apart from the one or two cracks at ourselves, it is a good number.

10th *Monday*. Judging by the number of people who decided to take things easy today, we gather they are saving up energy for the gita.

11th *Tuesday*. As indeed they were, for *gitanti* scored another triumph in scaling Pen y Ghent. Another party climbed Ingleborough, but Pendle attracts no one. We ourselves had a disappointing day, for we failed to get lunch anywhere and dined off a bun and a swiss roll.

12th *Wednesday*. This evening an interesting experiment was tried by the Wiseman Society. From a studio erected by stage men, "props", and electricians in the ping-pong room, "*Iolanthe*" was "broadcast" to an audience in Aula II. The songs were taken from gramophone records and the dialogue was spoken by various members of the House.

14th *Friday* and the second gita of Easter week. Benefiting by Tuesday's mishap, we attached ourselves to a party for whom lunch was assured and enjoyed a gentle walk in the direction of Slaidburn. Indeed walking was the order of the day, and only one party went climbing.

15th *Saturday*. The Y.C.W. Conference at Stonyhurst attracted various socially inclined members of the House this morning, and in the afternoon we had the first cricket game of the year. The Rector bowled the first ball, but not being satisfied with the result, he bowled an over and claimed the first victim of the season.

17th *Monday*. Rising at six a.m. instead of half an hour later, as we had been doing during the past week, was the first reminder that the holidays had ended. The second was when the professor started his lecture exactly where he left off a fortnight ago.

To lunch, Frs Leeming, Dyson and Van de Poel, S.J.

19th *Wednesday*. The sight of a Philosopher parading in his new *zimarra* reminds us of the time when a whole year received similar garments from Ditta Luigi Giomini. But what was once commonplace is now extraordinary and as such deserves mention.

In the evening Mr Geoffrey Webb addressed the Literary Society on the "History of the Christian Altar".

23rd *Sunday. Feast of St George. Caffe e rosolio.* In the afternoon Fr Andrew Beck arrived and on

24th *Monday* gave a talk on the Catholics and the Elizabethan Communion Service.

26th *Wednesday. The Solemnity of St Joseph.* In the evening the Theologians' Concert took the stage, after a brief postponement from St George's Day. *Multum in parvo* is the best judgment that can be passed upon a splendid night's entertainment. If we were to discriminate at all, we would award the palm to the Top Year Sketch, which made us realise what a wealth of talent has lain dormant since they first addressed the House on St Catherine's Day, 1937.

1. SEVENTH YEAR SONG :

Chorus : Romae philosophi insignes nos
Iterum hic licientiati erimus—
Fortasse.
Vobis heredibus exeuntes
Urbem carrisimam Romani in
Aevum relinquimus.

2. DUET : *Cherry Ripe* . The Vice-Rector and Mr Walsh
Ai-Nostri Monti (Verdi : *Il trovatore*)

3. SKETCH : " *The Majesty of the Law* "

Magistrate . . .	Mr Sowerby
Christopher Columbus . .	Mr Farrow
Guy Fawkes . . .	Mr Dockery
First Policeman . . .	Mr P. Kelly
Second Policeman . . .	Mr Barry

Scene : An Elizabethan Police Court

4. OCTET : *Deep River* . . Messrs Walsh, Hannon, Kelly,
Little Tommy . Sowerby, Groarke, Harrison, Scantlebury, Peters

5. SKETCH :

The Yeomen of the Yard
or
Swallow my Kirtle

A play with occasional, but original music, presented by Seventh Year, 1944

Phoebe Meryll, a little lass with a weak chest and a wooden leg	Mr McCann
Wilfred Shadbolt, guardian of the keys and a mad wag .	Mr Chapman
Sir Clarence Poltwhistle, a loose liver with a loppy tash .	Mr Fallon
Lady Eliza Poltwhistle, a questionable girl with another loppy tash	Mr Hannon
Sir Richard Meryll, a Chelsea Pensioner, father to Phoebe	Mr Fooks

Colonel Cuthbert Fitzfairfax, a London play-boy and street singer . . . . . Mr Fraser
Jack Point, his jester and facetious factotum . . Mr Harrison
King Henry VIII, a Lancashire lad, with three of his wives Mr Wyche
Jane Seymour, no lady . . . . . Mr Jones
Catherine Parr, half a lady . . . . Mr O'Leary
Catherine Howard, the other half . . . Mr Walsh
Sam the Sudden, an executioner . . . . Mr Hollaway
Ann Boleyn, the ghost of . . . . Mr Molloy

Scene : The Tower of London—note the halberd on the right of the stage

Time : A Midsummer Day's March

N.B.—If any of the characters portrayed herein bear resemblance to any person living or dead, please let us know

6. VIOLIN SOLO :
(a) *Serenata del Diavolo* (*Vicenzo Billi*) Mr Chapman, accompanied by
(b) *Andante Sostenuto* (from Sonata for Violin and Piano in C : *Mozart*) Mr Molloy

7. SKETCH : *The Boy Comes Home* by A. A. Milne

Uncle James . . . Mr Peters
Aunt Emily . . . Mr Tyler
Philip . . . . Mr Clark
Mary . . . . Mr Scantlebury
Mrs Higgins . . . Mr Killeen

27th *Thursday*. The morning after the night before, or rather it would have been had we not been stirred into sudden activity. The occasion was the Catacombs Mass. So far in our sojourn here this has taken place in the College Chapel, before breakfast : today however we descended into the darkness that is Whalley to take over the Church of the English Martyrs for the ceremony. No wonder the inhabitants of that outpost of civilisation looked amazed, for not every day can they see about sixty clerics assembling together. Some walked but we managed to insinuate ourselves into the taxi carrying the ministers, on the plea of looking after their vestments.

28th *Friday*. The life of Gregory XIII by Pastor yielded place in the Refectory tonight, to Denys Reitz's *No Outspan*. From Renaissance Rome to the South African Veldt is quite a big change, but no doubt we will soon become acclimatized. However we foresee the readers having some difficulty with the Afrikaans.

30th *Sunday*. In the paper read to the Wiseman Society tonight, on the origins of French Drama, the pointed references to melodrama and stage villains were no doubt incidental, but their application to their Venerabile counterparts could not be repressed in the audience.

MAY 1st *Monday*. A *dies non* granted for a variety of reasons coincided with the reappearance of the sun. Consequently several took the opportunity of visiting well known gita haunts. For those who remained behind, cricket was the attraction ; but although the Choir had the sympathy of the majority, they were unable to register a win over the Schola.

4th *Thursday*. *Feast of the English Martyrs*. At High Mass the authentic Proper was sung for the first time and we missed the improvisations of a former Choir Master. However " Martyrs of England " although not in the New Hymnal, seems destined to be sung at Benediction down the cycle of the years.

In the evening we had a film " Forty-Ninth Parallel " which besides being very long was also very good.

6th *Saturday*. A familiar sound of backfiring told us that the College car was once again in commission. Perhaps it would not be wise to tell the story of its escapades during the Christmas vacation, so we will keep silence.

7th *Sunday*. The apple blossom in the garden attracts many to take exercise out of doors before meditation. But the charms of Muller, done first thing on rising are not lightly to be dismissed, and the company of floor-shakers and he-men is growing in numbers. Eventually there should be no need for alarm clocks or even bells, but we doubt whether the floors (or ceilings, according as you live above or below) will stand the strain until that happy day arrives.

8th *Monday*. A Wiseman paper on the history of sport was rather poorly attended, not because the subject was uninteresting but because the arrival of Mgr E. Dewey R.N. rather stole the limelight. However he was only storing up the material and rearranging it for the talk he gave the House the following day,

9th *Tuesday* when he spoke on the position of chaplains in the Navy. Mimicry should be included in the course of studies for all would-be public speakers, for it gives that touch of extra quality that raises the good to the better.

10th *Wednesday*. The vanguard of the Beda invasion, in the person of Dr Halsall, the Vice-Rector, arrived this evening, and on

11th *Thursday* the centre, flanks and rearguard made a simultaneous descent on St Mary's Hall. Once more we were pleased to renew acquaintances and make new friends. An hour's walking in the garden, proudly pointing out the fruit of our labours and perhaps taking a bit more credit than was our due, was a fitting prelude to a substantial dinner. Well satisfied, we were prepared to remain in the Common Room drinking coffee and talking all afternoon, but two energetic Cricket Captains (yes, the reason for this visit by the Beda was a cricket match) roused their respective

teams to go and change. Twenty minutes later, we sauntered down to the pitch, picked our places on, by, or near the railings and continued to talk, although a little drowsily now, we must confess. Meantime the Beda batted, the sun kept shining, and the intervals between our sentences grew longer. Presently the Beda were all out and we learnt that they had amassed a respectable score. Just on time we managed to win the game and we then retraced our steps homewards. After tea the Common Room was the scene of an impromptu concert. The Beda gave us a few items, but the arrival of the taxis from Whalley brought this to an end all too soon. Gathered together on the drive we cheered each taxi on its way, and in the intervals cheered the persevering motor-cyclist who only succeeded in getting away at the umpteenth attempt, in spite of the advice given by our professional cyclist and by those amateur cyclists in Top Year who are seriously considering the question of self propulsion.

12th *Friday*. It is high time someone plucked up courage to write an essay, or even a Romanesque, on the College Friday, when everything is topsy-turvy and one does not know what is to come next ; and when it does come whether it is in public or private.

13th *Saturday*. *St Robert Bellarmine* and the day of the annual pilgrimage to Claughton. Of the dozen or so who went, about half walked the fourteen odd miles before breakfast in true pilgrim spirit.

15th *Monday*. The singing of the Rogation Litanies early in the morning is not a pleasure to be enjoyed every day of the year. The first refreshes because of the novelty, the second brings us to the point of being annoyed at this change in the regular routine, but by the third morning we are beginning to slip into a new routine. Today was the first : a procession round the garden before Mass cleared away the cobwebs, while the more mentally alert claim that the first cuckoo also joined in the responses ; if this is true, we retract anything we may have thought about the vocal powers of the man behind us.

The presence of a huge pantechnicon in the *cortile* after dinner was a cause of much speculation. Was it another consignment of furniture, or were we preparing to move ? The answer given, seemed very much like this week's deliberate mistake—the marmalade ration for the next month has arrived.

18th *Thursday*. *The Ascension* and also the Vice-Rector's birthday. To celebrate, we had coffee and orangeade in the Common Room after dinner. In such ways, and by such devious means, are the traditions of Rome maintained. Thus fortified we proceeded to play cricket. The Vice captained one side, who enjoyed the first innings and managed to score a run for each of their captain's years, but this omen did not avail and they lost the game.

22nd *Monday*. To lunch Mgr Turner of Upholland, accompanied by a Polish Air Force chaplain.

24th *Wednesday*. Mr Barber of the Beda College can always be relied on to address the Literary Society, and his Shakespeare evening was as fully enjoyable as any he has given in past years.

25th *Thursday*. From reciting Shakespeare to preaching a sermon is not as large a step as we imagined. At any rate that is the conclusion we reached after listening to Mr Barber's impromptu talk on sermons this morning.

26th *Friday*. *St Philip Neri*. The hymn at Benediction was sung far too slowly to be in the Roman tradition, but we rejoiced to observe that First Year have derived some benefit from their Italian classes.

27th *Saturday*. As the rain made cricket impossible, we returned to seven-a-side rugby and wondered why we had ever stopped playing it.

The film " Cottage to Let " was well received in the evening. Alistair Sim on the screen makes us realise the deficiencies of his youthful impersonator in the College.

28th *Whit Sunday*. In the evening Fr Ingram arrived in time to give the opening conference of the subdiaconate Retreat.

30th *Tuesday*. Another hot day found the College dispersed through the highways and byways of Northern Lancashire. The Trough of Bowland attracted a large number of *gitanti*, whilst other parties rose early and made for Malham Tarn and Settle. A bathing gita to the Hodder was the nearest approach to Fregene. Perhaps it was some presentiment of the coming storm that was responsible for all parties arriving back on time.

JUNE 1st *Thursday*. After his illness, Fr Dyson made a welcome reappearance today, but we understand that he is still convalescing.

4th *Trinity Sunday*. Bishop Marshall conferred the priesthood on Mr Molloy (Shrewsbury), whilst Third Year Theology received the sub-Diaconate, and Mr Richards Second Minors.

5th *Monday*. The person late for meditation this morning failed to hear the Rector's brief announcement that Allied troops had entered Rome. Naturally such news filled our thoughts all day and we did not need any encouragement to *festeggiare*. Tomorrow is to be a holiday as well, and a gita day has been promised at some future date. There was much speculation as to how long it would be before we were once more back in the Via Monserrato, and no doubt future events will be considered in so far as they affect the return to Rome.

6th *Tuesday*. News of the opening of the Second Front came as a scholion to yesterday's big event, and the odds against going back next year are considerably shorter than they were this time yesterday. In the morning the Rector sang a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving for the liberation of Rome, and we entertained Frs Leeming and Van de Poel S.J. to lunch and *caffe e rosolio* in the Common Room afterwards.

8th *Thursday*. *Corpus Christi*. Once again we took part in the Stonyhurst procession, whilst in the evening we went mad about music in the company of Deanna Durbin.

11th *Sunday*. *Retiro Mensile* and also Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the well-being of the Second Front. Rain caused us to abandon our outdoor Corpus Christi procession, but the Common Room made a fitting Chapel for Benediction, and a short indoor procession took the place of the usual Holy Hour.

To dinner Frs Mangan and Belton S.J.

12th *Monday*. Study this evening was somewhat disturbed when a representative of Pictorial Press Ltd arrived to gather impressions of life in the College. All the various officials posed somewhat dramatically as photographs were taken of them in the exercise of their multitudinous duties. Even the clock was put back to five to six in order that the start of the day could be recorded, but that the bell-ringer should be fully dressed with his hair neatly brushed at that time of day is rather too much to expect even the British Public to believe. The Refectory was invaded, nor did the Common Room remain immune. A photograph of someone earnestly reading *The Times* will no doubt be considered an heirloom in days to come. After supper the orchestra were snapped in the act of tuning in, and were then pressed to stay and entertain the House, which they did with various approved selections.

13th *Tuesday*. The Philosophers went down to lectures a quarter of an hour before time—a strange phenomenon, but easily explained, for the photographer was here again. Not satisfied with this, the Philosophers later lined up in white choir for the purpose of another photograph, but the camera man had departed for good.

14th *Wednesday*. You would think that we had had enough of posing this week. We certainly had, but it did not matter in the least, for the official College photograph was taken in the interval between end of lectures and lunch. The first prints were judiciously inspected after supper, and then "*Ad multos annos*" followed by the traditional fun and games marked the complete liberation *e statu pupillari* of Messrs Fallon, Fraser and McCann who on

15th *Thursday* departed for a brief holiday before beginning their labours on the mission.

17th *Saturday*. News came today from Fr P. Redmond, who is with the Forces in Italy, that both the College and the Villa are substantially intact, although the latter has suffered some damage from a mortar-bomb in the *cortile*.

19th *Monday*. We had an unexpected visitor today—Mr Holloway's brother, Flying-Officer Holloway R.A.F. and in the evening he gave an account to the Literary Society of his experiences over Africa, Hamburg and Berlin.

20th *Tuesday*. The empty places in church this morning reminded us of the frailty of human nature and it was only when the absentees failed to appear for breakfast, that we recalled that today was a gita day and some had made an early start for the hills after hearing Mass when we were far away in the land of Nod. Alas! Romance is dead, we thought the sounds we heard in the early hours were the " little people " doing our housecleaning for us. In the evening Common Room there were the usual tall stories of perils endured in the hills. One party succeeded in climbing Whernside, the highest point in the West Riding and the most northerly point yet reached in gitas from Stonyhurst.

21st *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Aloysius* and after dinner there was a meeting of the Missionary Union of the Clergy to decide whether to adopt another Indian Church Student after our present one finishes his course in December.

23rd *Friday*. The Philosophers' examination in their special course reminds us of things to come.

27th *Tuesday*. This morning there was a sung Requiem for Rev. P. Firth C.F., lately killed in action in France.

Once more we are to lend a hand in farming, but this time it is nothing as romantic as haymaking—just thinning out kale. Nevertheless it provides a break during this period of intense mental activity.

28th *Wednesday*. The last day of lectures, but by no means the last day of thinning kale. The Philosophers celebrated the event (end of ectures) with a séance. We understand that there is a scholion in Cos-lmology about Spiritualism—but it was perhaps only to be expected that this performance savoured more of the Marx Brothers than the Schneider twins.

The Stonyhurst Committee were our guests at tea.

29th *Thursday*. *Feast of SS. Peter and Paul*. While the Rector and a representative from each Year in the House travelled to Blackpool for Canon McNarney's sung Mass of Thanksgiving for the safety of Rome, the less fortunate of us had High Mass at home before breakfast. But to console us, the VENERABILE appeared during the day.

In the evening when the travellers returned we had the film " Pygmalion ". Owing to the fact that our film machine was on one of its periodic visits to York, the Jesuits kindly gave us the loan of the Stonyhurst machine.

30th *Friday* and so the Summer Programme begins with its usual thunderstorm. These days we have to be satisfied with the vagaries of the English climate, with the Hodder in place of the " tank " and our own modest garden as a substitute for " Pam ", but there are still the same deathly silences as noses are applied to the grindstone.

JULY 3rd *Monday*. Guests such as Frs Key and Whitehouse would we welcome at any time of the year ; but in these days when the conversation in the Common Room has a habit of returning again and again to the thesis sheet, their presence and their stories become a necessity of life.

6th *Thursday*. This morning we received a telegram from Cardinal Maglionethanking us for our message of goodwill to His Holiness and " auguring a speedy return " to Rome.

His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster was our guest at dinner.

10th *Monday*. Fr Whitehouse left us today and in the evening Fr Daley arrived. About midday Rev. J. Holland appeared, but departed before we could fully appreciate the fact.

11th *Tuesday*. If in the past we have ever said any harsh things about musicians we wish to take it all back, for now at the eleventh hour, when we had begun " to scorn delights and live laborious days " they very gallantly came to the rescue ; we for our part would like to express our thanks for a very enjoyable evening's entertainment, given by

Mr Shelton (violin)
Mr Clark (violin) Mr Walsh (tenor)
Mr Johnson ('cello) Mr Peters (bass)

the programme was :—

Trio in A. Opus 4, *No.* 3 (*Sonate da camera a tre*) (Corelli).
SONG : *Silent Worship* (*Ptolemy*) (Handel, arr. Somervell) Mr Walsh
RECITATIVE AND ARIA :
" *He Shall Feed His Flock* " (*Messiah*) (Handel) Mr Walsh and Mr Peters
Trio in D. Op. 21, *No.* 7 (Haydn)

13th *Thursday*. Owing to the fact that this year the Feast of SS. John Fisher and Thomas More fell on a Sunday, today was the day chosen for the annual High Mass at Catforth where there are relics of V. Philip Holden. As in previous years we supplied the *assistenza* and Schola.

14th *Friday*. " Iamque dies infanda aderat. " The presence of Frs Dempsey, Leeming and Courtney S.J. reminds us that today is Seventh Year's D-Day and that ours will be upon us all too soon. And so another year is finished and each will depart as his exams are over. Some doubtless will go and gather in England's harvest. Some are to emulate the gite of old, but have to be content with the English Lakes. Such a display of energy is not for us. We go home to dream of what we hope is the not far-distant future when a year's labours will be rewarded with the peace of *villeggiatura* once more.

> " *O quid solutis est beatius curis,*
> *cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino*
> *labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,*
> *desideratoque acquiescimus lecto ?* "

PERSONAL

The official obituary notice of PETER FIRTH is to be found in another place, but since he is the first Editor of THE VENERABILE to die it would not be inappropriate to mention here a few impressions gained by those of the staff who worked with him. Peter Firth's never-failing good humour and almost Falstaffian bulk served as a sort of smoke screen between those who knew him mainly in Common Room circles, and certain talents which he exercised but never paraded. Therefore it is likely that gifts which he showed to members of the Magazine staff when he was Editor were not even suspected by others.

Peter was unruffled. The unruffled man is sometimes so because he refuses to recognise the existence of anything which may cause him worry ; going thus through life with one eye shut, he is frequently inefficient and a source of anxiety to those who have to mend his blunders. The source of Peter's tranquillity was far from this. He was methodical and never left things to the last minute ; he could sum up quickly what needed to be done and how best it could be done, completely freeing himself from the indecision and the misgivings after the event, which make some people poor leaders, trying co-workers, and bundles of nerves into the bargain. To this achievement Peter added the far rarer one of being efficient without being fussy. While he could make decisions when necessary, he preferred to let men do their own jobs in their own way if possible ; a pleasant change from the common editorial weakness of touching up (even beyond recognition) every article from the Romanesque to the Football Notes.

One expected this liberality from him ; what was more surprising was the notebook always at hand to receive a suggestion, or the typewriter ready to type at once a letter, article or notice. I believe he was always punctilious about answering letters, which made him a rare bird indeed in the ecclesiastical aviary. When Pius XI died just as the Magazine was about to be " put to bed ", that same evening the whole content had been remodelled to anticipate the demands of readers in England.

Peter was well remembered by the majority of the House, and here are a few random memories from a page in a private diary, under June 12th 1944, the day we heard of his death.

" At College he was a firm rock in Public Meetings—his ' Mr Chairman, this is preposterous . . .', ' Mr Chairman, as a point of order, I feel I really must object to this procedure . . .' and his classic repudiation of ' spud-peeling ' with ' scorn '—should be on his memorial slab if it ever gets on to the College wall. We well remember his own special way of smoking tabs—and the ' large ' way he would flick off the ash—he always had his tab right in the corner of his mouth."

Pete played golf at the Villa in an old panama hat and sun specs ; he was a constant bather in the Lake, and in spite of his size and weight would go down more than once in a day—no mean feat even for the more athletic.

As Head Sacristan he forgot the Tabernacle key with traditional regularity, and operated on the Sanctuary lamp in Rome during meditation with a calm and dignity that was a joy to all who beheld.

And so we remember him—from the little things. We are sorry to lose him, but proud and glad of the manner of his death.

The departure of Father Dyson S.J. from our midst came as a great blow to the College. We knew he had been ordered to rest after his illness last May, but we hoped he would turn up again to begin the year in October. He had become so much a part of the College that we can hardly appreciate that he has gone. The work he has done for us since our return to England in the way of stabilising and guaranteeing our relations with the Gregorian, and organising the whole scheme of studies here, is but part of the debt we owe him. It was very fortunate for us to have the opportunity of working under so distinguished a Scripture scholar, whose store of knowledge was balanced by the lucidity of his exposition. To those of us who studied under him he has left the legacy of a scientific outlook on the Scriptures which will stand us in good stead.

Outside the lecture hall we found Fr Dyson a friend who was always willing to listen and offer suggestions—always in his unassuming manner which endeared him to us all.

To show him our appreciation of his good work since 1940, we presented him with a set of breviaries (in potentia). We wish him every happi ness in America, and success in his efforts to get back to Rome and his real work.

Rev. S. Baron D.D. (1909–1916) has been appointed a Canon of the Chapter of the Diocese of Menevia.

Rev. E. H. Atkinson (1919–1927) has left St Patrick's, Nottingham to become Parish Priest of the Annunciation, Chesterfield.

Rev. F. Tootell D.D. (1925–1932) has been appointed Diocesan Treasurer and Rev. B. O'Neill (1935–1942) Chancellor of the Diocese of Lancaster.

Rev. D. ROCHE (1936–1943) has been appointed Assistant Private Secretary to Archbishop Griffin, and Rev. J. D. KEY (1935–1942) Secretary to Bishop Ellis.

The following new appointments have been made :—

Rev. J. P. WROE D.D. (1927–1935) to St Mary of the Angels, Worthing.

Rev. E. A. NEARY (1929–1936) to Holy Cross, Lichfield.

Rev. M. PEARSE (1929–1936) to St Mary's, Halifax.

Rev. T. MCDONAGH (1935–1942) to St Patrick's, Bradford.

Rev. E. WHITEHOUSE (1938–1942) to St Mary's, Nottingham.

Rev. D. CROWLEY D.D. (1921–1928) and Rev. L. WELLS (1932–1939) have been appointed chaplains to H.M. Forces.

Rev. J. DALEY (1936–43) to St Vincent of Paul, Altrincham.

The new priests who left the College last summer have been appointed as follows :—

Mr B. CHAPMAN to teach at Gunnersbury Grammar School, London.

Mr R. FALLON to St Joseph's, Birkenhead.

Mr T. FOOKS to St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

Mr J. FRASER to Our Lady, Birkenhead.

Mr B. HANNON to Our Lady and St George, Walthamstow.

Mr T. HARRISON to St Joseph's, Lancaster.

Mr E. HOLLOWAY to St John the Baptist, Purley, Surrey and to teach at the John Fisher School.

Mr I. JONES to Our Lady of Lourdes, Plympton and to be Assistant Diocesan Treasurer.

Mr E. MCCANN to St Mary's, Dukinfield.

Mr J. MOLLOY to English Martyrs, Wallasey.

Mr M. O'LEARY to Our Lady of Sorrows and St Bridget, Isleworth.

Mr T. WALSH to English Martyrs, Didcot.

Mr B. WYCHE to Holy Cross and St Helen, St Helens.

The Senior Student is Mr P. KELLY.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

Following the retirement of Mr Buxton from the office of Editor, a business meeting was held at which a fifth member was elected. The present staff are :—

Editor : Mr Tyler
Sub-editor : Mr Williams
Secretary : Mr Barry
Under-Secretary : Mr Anglim
Fifth member : Mr Dixon

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Baeda, *The Beda Review*, *Claves Regni*, *The Cottonian*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *Prior Park College Magazine*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*.

LITERARY SOCIETY

While giving the countryman his full meed of praise, we must not forget what civilization owes to the town. And we, who are at present countrymen by circumstance, feel the loss of that social and civilizing force—close contact with men and affairs—which is the breeding ground of conversation, art and literature. True, we have our compensations. The countryside brings with it a certain tranquillity and aloofness that are suited to the study of Theology and Philosophy ; but there is the

danger that we should be rather too self-satisfied and judge things solely on our own experience—a thing pardonable in age, but not in youth. For us the boast of that other Roman, " Nil quod humanum a me alienum puto ", becomes a necessity, and the Literary Society is one of the chief means of its fulfilment.

We have little direct experience of the War during term time and so the talks we had from Fr Lescher on his experiences as Chaplain to the Forces, and again from Mgr Dewey V.G. of the Royal Navy, were particularly welcome. Fr Van de Poel S.J. told us of his native land, Holland, in peace and in war, and he had many anecdotes of the country under German occupation. On a November evening, in front of the Common Room fire, General Sir Maxwell-Scott gave us some very interesting stories of his travels in Europe and America. Narrowing the field to a particular country, a particular city, and a particular man, Rev. G. Pritchard, C.F. put " Rome and Pius XI " on the screen for us by means of lantern slides.

We also had the pleasure of listening to three experts each speak on his own subject: Fr Owen Dudley outlined some further aspects of the Catholic Motor Mission; Mr Geoffrey Webb with a magnificent set of slides developed an interesting thesis on the history of the Christian Altar; and Rev. Andrew Beck, in a paper on Elizabethan Catholics and the Communion Service, drew our attention to a less familiar side of the Reformation, to those Catholics who " compromised with conscience ".

Perhaps the most arresting subject of the year was that of Fr van Straelan's address, " An Approach to the Far-Eastern Mind ". The speaker had not merely lived in the East for a number of years, but he had lived as an Eastern. He depicted very graphically the great differences between East and West and he emphasized the difficulties confronting the Church if she relied solely on Western thought and modes of expression to convey her doctrine. The season was rounded off by another delightful Shakespearean evening from Rev. Eric Barber of the Collegio Beda.

A year of ten meetings is moderately good, but unfortunately there were no papers from the House. This has become a characteristic of the Society's sojourn in England, and we hope it may soon be remedied. However that is to encroach upon the domain of next year's President and Secretary, Mr Campbell and Mr Alexander.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

St Francis de Sales has a maxim for the spiritual life which we thought could be applied with profit also to the policy of a debating society—that more flies are caught with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar. *Verissime.* Where we erred was in rationing the honey so strictly. For all the meetings of the Society were well-attended and successful—both of them!

Pedagogy, whether by accident or design, was the matter of (I was going to say with) both of them. " That the brave new world has nothing to learn from the good old days " was followed by " That education for all has resulted in education for none ". Perhaps the discussion of Reconstruction and the reading of the new Education Bill in our National Debating Assembly had something to do with the choice of motions. The lesson we drew from our debates was a complete vindication of the teaching value of past experience in general and of the Board of Education in particular. Perhaps the challenge of the motions was too sweeping to have much chance of standing. Yet we found many members (some on occasion showing an acquaintance with the logical science of the " Schools "), willing to display didactic talent and to be dogmatic on both sides. Enough of this lest we ourselves be accused of pedantry.

That was our programme for the year ; but its thinness was not all due to planned policy. The old adage tells us that it never rains but it pours. Our particular cloudburst was the illness of the President who, in spite of the grace of his orders, succumbed to the measle germ, and was incapacitated for a few of the more fruitful weeks of the debating season. We wish a happier fate to the new President, Mr Tolkien, and to his Secretary, Mr English.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

If you were to turn up the Wiseman Society's report for last year you would find this sentence of conclusion : " The lively give and take of opinion seems largely to have given way to the formal asking and answering of questions." This year saw the discussion come into its own again. Most of the writers seem to have set out to provoke it.

Modern poetry, for instance, is a field in which few care to generalize. Generalizations are always dangerous ; in poetry they are damning. Nevertheless Mr Dockery proceeded to classify modern poetry in a most downright fashion, chiefly in the sphere of its thought and philosophy. He thought that the primary intention of the moderns was to purify poetry of its exaggerated Victorianism. Perhaps he stressed overmuch the importance of Catholic poets—at least some of his audience seemed to think so. At the same time his ideas as to the future of poetry were very interesting.

Then again not many people would place Jane Austen at the head of English novelists, even though her pleasant style and the opportunity she offers of stepping into a rather more peaceful world than ours have led to a widespread popularity. But Mr Sefton was prepared to offer this challenge, maintaining that Jane Austen was modern in substance in spite of accidental differences.

During Easter Week a performance of *Iolanthe* on gramophone records (with the dialogue read by a select cast), was broadcast to one of the aulas. Here you would have thought there was no opportunity for discussion, for

who does not like his G. and S. ? Yet the method of presentation could well have provided matter for argument. It seemed far too impersonal through the medium of a loudspeaker, and our transmitting apparatus not being perfect, it was something of a strain on the ear. What this kind of production really needs is something for the eye to rest upon as well. We suggest that duplicated copies of the words of songs might be provided and the libretto read dramatically in front of the audience.

The paper read by Mr Alexander was an attempt to outline the beginnings of French drama. He traced the drama from the early religious plays to the final triumph of the classical school. His paper lost something through not being discussed, as once more several were inclined to challenge the statements.

Mr Hamilton also, we felt, invited criticism. To the uninitiated it is a far cry from the Olympic Games to the League of Nations, but Mr Hamilton's paper on the Olympic Games suddenly became a commentary on the League. Apart from this digression, however, the paper was an informative account of the Games from their earliest days.

In conclusion we are going to throw out our own challenge. We like provocative papers even at the risk of awaking to find ourselves the Wiseman Debating Society and rivals to the Grant. Whether Mr Williams, the present Secretary, will second this opinion is another matter.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

A good proportion of the House played an active part in Social Guild work again during the past year, although less ground was covered than in the previous year. It was necessary to divide those studying a general course of principles into two groups, on account of the large number of New Men. These formed the first two of our four study-circles. The third circle tackled the vexed question of the position of the Individual in the modern State. As was to be expected no agreed body of conclusions could be reached, but the ground around the roots of the problem was well dug. The fourth circle was something of an experiment, being planned to extend to only six meetings—an appeal to those who felt that they had not the time to spare for a full study-circle course. The subject chosen was Education in general and in particular the Government White Paper.

Only one general paper was given during the year. It was on the Young Christian Workers Movement, and was given by Fr Rimmer, the national chaplain to the Y.C.W. He stressed the need for the movement in England today, and gave some idea of its spirit. The Y.C.W. themselves held a study week-end at Stonyhurst soon after Easter ; and this gave a number of men the chance to get first-hand experience of this movement. Those who attended their meetings were impressed, and convinced that,

if anything, Fr Rimmer had been guilty of understatement in describing the courage of the Y.C.W.

The past year can hardly be called one of brilliant success, but those who joined circles kept the flag flying well.

Mr Harris has been elected Secretary for the coming year.

SPORTS

CRICKET

Who said cricket was slow ? Or even if it is, what of it ? Thank God for something slow in an otherwise interminable fluff and flurry.

So. Stretch yourself beside me, comfortably (well, as comfortably as various assorted pussy-willows, thistles, and enquiring-minded buzzers will allow), on the grass bank which surrounds our English sforza. This is of course only *our* sforza *quoad* cricket ; for inferior games we wend a different way ; but what is a mile or two difference in imagination, with a willing audience ?

Here on the bank we are protected from wholesale onslaught (*vulgo* rough-house) by a neat black railing, out of range of de-natured golf shots (at least morally speaking—freaks do occur), but just within range of that Sound, that Sound of Sounds (capitals mine)—leather against willow.

What does it matter if the leather is blacker than the left sock of the " Nursery-End " batsman, or if the willow is browner than the mahogany of the mid-wicket's borrowed belt ? What does it matter how seldom the sun comes out, how often the rain comes down, how far the walk to the field, how bumpy the pitch ?—oh, blow the pitch, and the broken stump, and the odd bails ; oh yes, *and* the . . . oh, everything. Details, Father, mere details—unimportant, snivelling details. Bah !

But bide awhile. Give yourself to the blaze of the sun that *is* here, to the Sound of the bat and ball, to the distant intermittent " Over ", " Yes, one ", "Yes, no, yes, no—er, yesquick—one . . . NO ! " (" Out ! ") " Sorry old man—erum—my fault, er . . ."

There is something on, here. Yes, something on, indeed. The Venerabile is playing cricket. Let him whisper who dares. . .

Twenty-two men plus odds and ends, scorers (well, we're allowed a little *licenza poetica*), umpires, snorers galore, they have all turned out, some keen, some kind ; they are being the College—there's reverence here.

Consider again what goes on. The Sound we'll enlarge, then the Fact.

The Sound, we have mused, of no greater game ; the Sound (unworthy tongues hesitate to name the word)—that great Former, that Teacher, that Lord—Cricket of England (oh Yeomen, oh soil)—oh Sir, oh Milady—oh Noble all through. Cricket, that game, that game of games—cricket that life-rule, that maker of men. That ball that comes hurtling, that moment too late, that " Oh, I've missed it ", that " No, it *can't* be ".

That " Oh, but it is ", that flicker of hope, that Hope (" Oh no, *please* "). " Out " says the Umpire ; " Out ? (to himself) Oh no, is it me ? Ah, it's too true ". That Fact then : out it is. That walk back to pavilion (how short coming in)—that acceptance, that silence, that mystery ; that greatness—that Cricket.

The Fact remains of muse now far spent (five wickets to go—there's quite some time yet)—The Venerabile ; no wonder here's cricket, here's everything best. Here's cricket, not murdered, not watered, not jest. Here's Cricket of England, in England ; here's cricket surmounted, twice-gilded, because—who plays it ? Those 'blini, those Other-Gods descended from. . .

* * * * *

" Where's Stooky ? Stooky ! Oi, Stooky ! Ow-oo, Stoo-ky ! Hey, chuck a bat at Stooky, will you, and get him to pad up. . ."

" Er—who—er—me ? Pad up ? Oh. Oh—er—yes. '*Scuse*, chaps, siesta . . ."

" Off-stump please." " You *can't* have *off*-stump." (Wicket-keeper, aside : " Dash it, fellow should know by now off-stump's bust ".)

" Oh—er—well. . . Oh, that'll do." " Three to come. . ."

* * * *

" Prosit. Prar—seet ! Clean in two—marvellous ; oh, dear bail, do go right back and waken that long-stop."

Yes—out, I'm afraid. Nothing so frightfully slow about that, really.

* * * *

That was Venerabile Cricket this year, as it has been since the year Dot, and as it will always be (unless it ceases to be *Venerabile* cricket). We all enjoyed all the games—and those we didn't we lumped. We cared not a hoot for the scores or the fixtures ; we clapped rotten catches, we appealed hours too soon. We lived, and we learnt—and we loved all the more. Tradition smiled sweetly, for all that she saw was—VENERABILE CRICKET.

TENNIS

The tennis season opened on a bleak and windy March afternoon, when four enthusiastic Philosophers braved the elements and broke the metaphorical ice. It is perhaps significant that the season was not only opened by Philosophers but sustained throughout by these worthies. Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that the Theologians had already learnt experimentally of the evil effect of the court (tarmac cum cineribus) on their shoes ; with the wisdom of years they may have considered this in relation to the rubber shortage—a shortage that has a further consequence

for the tennis enthusiast, namely the impossibility of getting new balls. Old balls have to be sent for re-inflation and recovering; the result is a helpful war-time expedient, but far from perfect, for a reconditioned ball is liable to split open on the first day of play.

Despite these adverse conditions play was regular throughout the season and our team for the Stonyhurst match acquitted itself creditably. Philosophers were well represented, supplying five out of the eight players. The match was somewhat straggled, covering a period of nine days—partly owing to weather conditions and partly because our respective time-tables did not synchronise. We did not do well in the doubles games—losing 3—1. However the singles players redeemed the situation—winning 3—1. The weakness in the doubles was owing to uneasy co-operation of partners; with more opportunity for practice this would easily have been remedied. Victory in the singles enabled us to conclude this friendly match in a draw.

The present Secretary of the Club is Mr Swan.

OBITUARY

Rev. Peter Francis Firth, C.F.

When Peter Firth was quite a small boy, he once told his mother that he wanted to be a soldier. At the time he was only recovering from a serious illness, and she laughed off his ambition with the comment that he would not be strong enough. "Very well", he answered seriously, "I shall be an Army chaplain!"

To look at him, it was hard to believe that as a boy of seven he had suffered from a very weak heart. He was so strongly built and during his Roman course, which was apt to find out the weak spots in a man's constitution, I only remember his being laid up once—with a vulgar dose of 'flu. In those advance parties to the Villa and afterwards, when we were back in England, to Croft Lodge and St Mary's Hall, he would carry beds and wardrobes and the curious oddments of furniture, which accumulate in colleges, up stairs and down and along miles of corridor from morning to night without slacking or ever seeming to feel the strain more than others. The lasting impression of Peter on my mind is one of strength—strength of body and strength of character.

He was already mature when he came to the Venerabile as a man of twenty-four. Educated at Stonyhurst and Lincoln College, Oxford, he had spent eighteen months in the noviciate at Manresa before going out to Rome. His age and experience told in many directions. After breakfast he could not be parted from his smoke and the latest available copy of *The Times*. In debates he never hid his conservative opinions, which came as a stimulating challenge to the views of younger men, brought up on the Social Encyclicals without experience of actual conditions. If he was a reactionary—and it all depends what you mean by the word—it was from conviction, not from laziness or selfishness. He distrusted the new-fangled, and not least in the spiritual life. The solid piety of the Garden-of-the-Soul Catholic made an unreserved appeal to him: he had a deep veneration

for the memory of our forefathers, not only the Martyrs, but the gallant, patient laity of penal times, the stubborn and cautious Vicars Apostolic, and all who had preserved the Faith through generations of oppression. Their grit had been tried ; these new enthusiasms were untried.

And if he was a reactionary, he was never a dull one. He could marshal his ideas and express them with a clarity that gave them force. He would have made a good barrister, had he had the mind to take up the law. Particularly English in a hundred ways, he was more at home with the concrete than with the abstract. He wanted to know what everything meant in terms of fact and of action. This made his sermons very practical : he never left the congregation in any doubt what he was talking about, and what he taught was always near the bone. The same trait comes out in his diaries, which are records simply of events. He did not expect to be interested in his ideas of twenty years ago.

But I must not give the impression—for it would be a false impression—that Peter was middle-aged before his time. There was something gay and open about him. He had the simple love for home of a child. Indebtedness always bred his loyalty : Stonyhurst, Oxford, Scorton—they were the best places in the world : he would ask you to admire them with engaging eagerness. Despite his love of everything English, he was supremely happy in Rome and his laugh would ring across Refectory or Common Room, as if he were still a boy. His was the gift of enthusiasm. He would throw himself into the activities of the House, not only through public spirit, but also because he thoroughly enjoyed doing so. During that dreadful summer of 1940, when the affairs of the Venerabile were in the melting pot, I drove Peter many a mile to Ambleside and Stonyhurst. The interest with which he discussed our prospects, his refusal to contemplate failure, his zest in overcoming difficulties, were all the mark of sanguine youth. Often and often have I blessed God for his company.

And this spirit of his was all the more remarkable if one considers the period. He had been uprooted from seminary life in Rome, which he must often have found trying but to which he had grown accustomed. He was come back to an England faced with the seeming certainty of invasion. Though his robust patriotism would admit no possibility other than final victory, he was acutely alive to the gravity of the situation. He had enjoyed the O.T.C. at school. He was just the type to make a good officer, and the temptation must have been strong to exchange his Latin text-books for a life of action in the defence of his threatened country. Other men left us at that time : the pressure was too strong for them. I wonder whether it was stronger on any of them than on Peter. Yet I never heard him breathe one word which suggested doubt about his duty. He was sure of his vocation to the priesthood—that was his first concern. He hoped of course to become a chaplain, but such an appointment depended on other people. His business was to prepare for ordination, and the rest, including the fate of his country, might safely be left to God.

So, he went through and was ordained at St Austin's, Preston. It was a happy day of achievement for him, being also, as he pointed out, the

anniversary of his parents' conversion. His first parish was St Patrick's, Barrow-in-Furness : his second, St Margaret Mary's, Carlisle. He was always extremely modest about his parochial work, and it was something of a wonder to him to find the affection he inspired among the people of his district. But they, with the unfailing insight of Catholic layfolk, instantly divined the sincerity of his life ; and after that he could do no wrong. Although he had been only a few months in Carlisle, the crowds at his Requiem were the best possible testimony to his gifts as a priest.

But the war was with him all the time. He longed to reconcile his loyalties to God and to his country by becoming a chaplain, and at length his wish was realised. We all prophesied the success he would make of this new vocation ; but it was not really a difficult prophecy. His division lost no time in deciding that they were lucky. His favourite anti-tank gunners dubbed him " Friar Tuck ". Without affectation, with an imperturbable fund of humour and common-sense, he impressed everybody as a man and a priest. In consequence, his influence was enormous. He achieved both popularity and respect, winning affectionate trust from all who knew him. He also showed how sympathetic he could be. But it was always a virile sympathy : he had no use for self-pity, either in himself or in others.

This was, I suppose, the happiest time of his life, and he had a happy life. He was now doing a job which he loved, and which at the same time he knew to be the most worth-while in the world. He was giving himself to preparing his men to fight as Christians for a just cause. During the days of waiting before the invasion of Normandy, he organised afternoon retreats among the troops which proved a magnificent success. By word and by example he was teaching his men that they needed to be morally and spiritually fit, as well as trained to the last ounce in the science of war.

With that, it seems, his work was done. The second day of the landing, he was seen on the beaches waving cheery encouragement to one of his men. That is the last time he was seen alive. They found his body floating by the water's edge. He had been badly hit and must have died isstantly. Father Michael Elcock, who was his contemporary at the Venerabile, buried him in a quiet field near the landing beach. His grave overlooks the Channel.

Such a death is the supreme act of charity, to lay down one's life for the souls of one's friends.

It is among the greatest joys of College life to come to know many grand characters. I count it a great privilege to have had such as Peter Firth for a friend. It is difficult to think of him as dead. There was something so massive about him, in frame and in soul, that I cannot readily associate him with so sudden and final a change. He stood always with feet well planted on the earth : his common-sense, his balance of judgment, they were an integral part of his piety as of his social relations. The inspiration of his priesthood lay deeper, and needed more penetration to discover. But it was all one with everything he said and did : I have never known a more consistent outlook than was his. It made of him a stay and support

even of those who were his superiors for the time being. May his generous soul rest in the peace of all who truly love God and their fellow men. We shall miss him sorely.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

Copy of a Letter from an Anglican Chaplain to Mr Firth.

" Your son Peter was my friend, and he used to come frequently to say Mass for our R.C.'s. He was a good and holy man, and a zealous padre, whose only wish it was to serve the men under his charge. All chaplains in the division deeply regret his death. Last night I found myself in the cemetery where he is buried.

He is buried in No. 8 grave, I J Plot, in the English soldiers' cemetery at Hermanville-sur-mer (which is on the coast due north of Caen). The cemetery is in an orchard immediately behind the Parish Church of Hermanville. It is beautifully kept, and full of flowers laid there by the French who, with the Graves' Commission, are devotedly caring for the place. On Peter's grave is a simple white cross which says :

R.I.P. 257744 Rev. P. F. Firth, R.C., Ch.D. ;
No. 8 British Field Ambulance, Killed in Action,
6 June 1944."

An appreciation of Rev. G. Nesbitt, C.F., who was also recently killed in action, will be included in our next issue. As we go to press we learn that a collection has been made by Fr Godfrey Malone from Fr Nesbitt's Year to establish a Foundation Mass, to be said at theVenerabile e very year on the anniversary of his death.

BOOK REVIEWS

Be Ye Perfect. By Rev. William Butterfield, D.D., Ph.D. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The author deserves commendation for attempting a task long overdue. In a concise manner he discusses the Nature of Perfection, Purification from Imperfection, Formation to Perfection and How to Become Perfect. There is a certain abruptness at the end. Perhaps the author despaired of many souls advancing beyond the Third Degree of Sanctity. One feels that one has gained much information about the way to victory, but that the actual crowning triumph is withheld from our gaze.

Yet this in nowise detracts from the value of the matter covered by the author. Particularly interesting are the brief outlines of various ways of attaining Christian perfection. Most useful to confessors and layfolk should prove the various remedies for sins given in Chapter II. Here we have a balanced picture of the various fundamental sins and the remedies for them. In Chapter III Meditation, Spiritual Direction, a Rule of Life, Retreats, and indeed all the normal positive aids to perfection are explained. Suggestions for further reading and for meditations are given in the appendices.

We believe this book will prove helpful to priests and Religious as well as layfolk. If the higher degrees of sanctity might have been dealt with more fully, it remains true that this little volume provides a salutary warning that we cannot run spiritually before we can walk. Its modest price should put it within the reach of all.

E. WHITEHOUSE.

Belief and Reason. By Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 5*s.*

This short book by Fr D'Arcy makes no claim to be an exhaustive analysis of the mutual relations of faith and reason. Its aim is " to clear

the ground, to dwell on the prelude to faith, so that those who had followed these talks would be in a position at the end to examine the credentials of Christian faith without prejudice or misunderstanding". The reference to "talks" in this passage is explained by the fact that the basis of the book is six talks which Fr D'Arcy gave on the wireless in 1942. To these the author has added by way of introduction a brief summary of the different theories which have attempted to define the relation of reason to faith. In two appendices the modern tendency to a species of sceptical relativism is discussed and illustrated, and finally the book is rounded off by a long letter written to a friend answering the difficulties and doubts of a scientist.

It is most important for the reader to keep in mind the aim of the author. He must not look for a complete answer to all the problems concerning faith and reason, much less a defence of those beliefs which at first sight might seem to be in conflict with reason. Fr D'Arcy is not concerned with those who have reached the stage of seeing definite obstacles in the way of acceptance of belief. His audience is made up of those who have a vague, unreasoned antagonism to anything in the nature of belief, based on the feeling that belief is out of date and impossible to the thinking man. To such people Fr D'Arcy points out that it is in fact they who are unreasonable. Belief far from being antagonistic to reason is in fact one of her great advocates. Even in the field of scientific enquiry belief in the testimony of others and in certain wide principles is indispensable. In this Fr D'Arcy is successful, and any open minded reader will, I think, be bound to admit that a fair and unprejudiced examination of the grounds of Christian belief is called for by reason herself. Whether unprejudiced enquiry is possible is another point. The author does not neglect this question and devotes a considerable amount of space in various parts of the book to the moral side of belief—the need of seeking truth sincerely.

In the first appendix there is a fairly long account of Tyrrell's position and his distinction between faith and its theological statement. Although such a discussion might seem at first to lie outside the scope of the book it is very instructive, and indeed some such theory may well be at the back of the minds of many who are unwilling to believe in the possibility of a divine revelation.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Fr D'Arcy has kept so closely to the text of the original broadcast. Each talk constitutes a chapter in the book, and the effect of six very short chapters (pp. 14–47) followed by the long appendices and the letter (pp. 48–106) rather spoils the effect of the book as a whole. It would possibly have been better had Fr D'Arcy expanded the talks to include the matter with which he deals in the appendices, and so strengthened the unity and plan of the book. However that may be, there is a great deal of valuable thought in the book, and it should be a great help to those for whom it is written.

G. EKBERY.

TO LET