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## CONTENTS

Editorial .. .. .	page	101
In Praise of Newman (WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD) .. .. .	..	102
Romanesques—40—"Fountains" (BRENDAN O'NEILL) .. .. .	..	109
The Late Eighties (AMBROSE MORIARTY) .. .. .	..	119
In Bocca Romana (BRIAN FOLEY) .. .. .	..	125
Thirtieth Meridian (VINCENT HAMILTON) .. .. .	..	129
Carmina Venerabileana (JOSEPH P. HOLLAND) .. .. .	..	138
Nova et Vetera		
<i>Ioannes Chapman Pinxit</i> (ALAN JOHNSON) .. .. .	..	148
<i>A Poem of Wiseman</i> (F. AVERY) .. .. .	..	152
<i>A Question of Privilege</i> .. .. .	..	153
<i>Via Monserrato 45</i> .. .. .	..	154
College Diary (ANTHONY CHADWICK) .. .. .	..	157
Personal .. .. .	..	181
College Notes .. .. .	..	183
Obituary .. .. .	..	188
Book Reviews .. .. .	..	191



FATHER GERARD NESBITT, Ph.D , S.T.L.  
Killed in action  
Normandy, July 5th, 1944.

## EDITORIAL

It is now five years since we left Rome. Five years, as Mr Churchill said recently, is a long time in human life, especially when there is no remission for good conduct. It is an even longer time in the life of a seminarian. We have lived the time with an appreciation of things Roman, the keener for being separated from them. THE VENERABILE has naturally reflected this outlook and in our pages will be found a sigh or two for our demesne across the water. But it would be a mistake to imagine that we are living in the past. The Ven. Collegium Anglorum means more than numero quarante-cinque in an obscure street of the City. It means, for instance, good fellowship. And good fellowship we did not lose with the rest when we stepped from the Piazza Esedra di Termini on Thursday, 16th May, 1940.

There are met together here, at the sign of the Holy Trinity and St Thomas, a company which we dare to compare with the company of the Tabard in Southwerk, who also for a brief hour claimed the patronage of the Martyr of Canterbury and exchanged pleasantries under an English sky. It may be that Clerks and Preestes are more plentiful than in Dan Chaucer's gathering. But what of that? They are all excellent company, from My Lord of Shrewsbury, who tells a tale of sixty years since, to Mr. Balnaves, the junior member of First Year, who did the drawings for the Romanesque. If, in presenting these *Roman Tales*, we take upon ourselves the part of mine host, it is only to say

Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,  
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.  
Hold up your hond, withouten more speche.

# IN PRAISE OF NEWMAN

## AN APOSTLE OF FAITH.

There can be no true priest who does not to a greater or less degree experience that mysterious, restless "hunger for souls" that is called the apostolic spirit. It is the inspiration, and, often, the only real explanation of much of a priest's life and work. But this urge to "spend oneself and be spent" in apostolic work is not quite the same thing as finding the right outlet for it. Mere zeal is not enough; there must be fruitful direction and practical wisdom in its exercise; above all, there must be humble submission to the guidance of the Holy Spirit wherever it lead.

It is interesting and instructive to study how one great apostle followed the grace of God and so solved the problem of satisfying his zeal for souls by making the best use of himself in God's service, in an apostolate suited to his great gifts and powers. I do not imagine that at the beginning of his life Newman had any conception of the work that was before him through the long years that were to follow. As a matter of fact, his life followed a strange and unexpected course, in which failure was more apparant than success. But in every circumstance, throughout his long life, in youth as in age, this great and holy man kept "the single eye" of Scripture and in simple sincerity and unquestioning obedience completed an apostolate in which the grace of God was not void.

At first sight, Newman's work and writings seem so various that we might almost think him superficial, very nearly something of a dilettante. He was at once a religious leader, a

preacher, a father confessor, a religious philosopher, an historian, a theologian, and a poet—even a novelist. As leader of the Oxford movement he ranks with Loyola, Luther, Wesley. The soul-stirring effect of his Oxford sermons would seem to put him among the great preachers. He was a religious guide to very many, having over them an influence rarely surpassed—in this he ranks with Fénelon and St Francis de Sales. In his *Grammar of Assent* he wrote, as Pascal did, on the philosophy of Faith; his books on the Arians, on Christian Doctrine, on the Church of the Fathers were historical; his work on Justification and many of his *Tracts for the Times* were theological. He published poetry and two books of fiction.

Yet he was neither a dilettante nor superficial. As Wilfrid Ward has pointed out, his best work, even when slight and unfinished, was first-hand work. The philosophic thought was genuine and creative, the theological and historical research based on original sources. Such are not the methods and contributions of a superficial dilettante. But it was yet another quality of mind and character that made Newman a great thinker and a true apostle. The variety of his work, instead of being due, like a dilettante's, to want of concentration, was due to the exact opposite—to the absolute unity of his purpose, and his concentration on one object. That object was the preservation of Religion and Faith against rationalism and infidelity.

This is the key to his greatness. His greatness did not lie in the work he did in any one field taken by itself, even though his touch was true and delicate in each. It lay in the passionate devotion of extraordinary and varied gifts to one great enterprise. His overmastering desire was to secure the influence of Christian faith and practice which appeared to him in danger of complete rejection. All his work in the pulpit, in history, in philosophy, in theology, in apologetics, was devoted solely to the cause of reviving and preserving the Christian religion in the hearts of the individual, of his countrymen, of Christendom. To make the many into earnest Christians was the work of a preacher. The truth of Christianity inevitably raised questions of historical fact, and of the philosophy of history, and of theology. He touched these subjects, not for their own sake, but solely as bearing on his great aim. He did not pursue them into regions which had no connection therewith. The variety of his work was at once caused and limited by the unity of his aim—the

service of religion, the strengthening of faith for earnest minds. This gave him that sincerity, that passionate devotion and singleness of purpose which make him a unique personality in his century.

Newman brought to his task peculiar gifts of genius. To my mind his most powerful weapons were two : his penetrating psychological insight and his preference in apologetics of something more concrete, more individual, more realistic than mere logical argument.

His power of sympathy, of feeling with and for others, his understanding of the difficulties and exact mentality of those he wished to help, has often been noted. He seemed to live in their minds, and was said to put their case better than they could do so themselves. Let us take a few examples.

First this description of the agnostic mind. He puts the attitude of the agnostic into the mouth of an imaginary philosopher :—

“ Without denying that in the matter of religion some things are true and some things false, still we certainly are not in a position to determine the one or the other. And, as it would be absurd to dogmatize about the weather, and say that 1860 will be a wet season or a dry season, a time of peace or war, so it is absurd for men in our present state to teach anything positively about the next world, that there is a heaven, or a hell, or a last judgment, or that the soul is immortal, or that there is a God. It is not that you have not a right to your own opinion, as you have a right to place implicit trust in your own banker, or in your own physician ; but undeniably such persuasions are not knowledge, they are not scientific, they cannot become public property, they are consistent with your allowing your friend to entertain the opposite opinion ; and, if you are tempted to be violent in the defence of your own view of the case in this matter of religion, then it is well to lay seriously to heart whether sensitiveness on the subject of your banker or your doctor, when he is handled sceptically by another, would not be taken to argue a secret misgiving in your mind about him, in spite of your confident profession, an absence of clear, un-ruffled certainty in his honesty or in his skill.

“ Such [Newman continues] is our philosopher’s primary position. He does not prove it ; he does but distinctly state it ; but he thinks it self-evident when distinctly stated. And there he leaves it. . . .

“ And the misery is [again the imaginary philosopher] that, if once we allow it to engage our attention, we are in a circle from which we shall never be able to extricate ourselves. Our mistake reproduces and corroborates itself. . . . When you have once resolved that certain religious doctrines shall be indisputably true, and that all men ought to perceive their truth, you have engaged in an undertaking which, though continued on to eternity, will never reach its aim; and since you are convinced it ought to do so, the more you have failed hitherto, the more violent and pertinacious will be your attempt in time to come. And further still, since you are not the only man in the world who is in this error, but one of ten thousand, all holding the general principle that Religion is scientific, and yet all differing as to the truths and facts and conclusions of this science, it follows that the misery of social disputation and disunion is added to the misery of a hopeless investigation, and life is not only wasted in fruitless speculation but embittered by bigoted sectarianism. Such is the state in which the world has lain ever since the introduction of Christianity. Christianity has been the bane of true knowledge, for it has turned the intellect away from what it can know, and occupied it in what it cannot.” (*Idea of a University*, pp. 387–389).

A psychological study of a different character but equally penetrating is the passage in which he describes the normal growth of knowledge. “ The little babe stretches out his arms and fingers, as if to grasp or to fathom the many coloured vision; and thus he gradually learns the connection of part with part, separates what moves from what is stationary, watches the coming and going of figures, masters the idea of shape and of perspective, calls in the information conveyed through the other senses to assist him in his mental processes, and thus gradually converts a kaleidoscope into a picture. The first view was the more splendid, the second the more real; the former more poetical, the latter more philosophical. Alas! what are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world’s poetry, and attaining to its prose.” (*Idea of a University*, pp. 331–2).

Similar examples of this same psychological insight are to be found in his description of the Natural Gentleman (*Idea of a University*, p. 209), of the Narrow Mind (*Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 307–8), of the Prejudiced Man (*Present Position of Catholics*, pp. 239–40), of the Soldier (*Subjects of the Day*, p. 57),



of the Man of Literature (*Parochial Sermons*, Vol. V, p. 42), of the Englishman (*Discussions and Arguments*, pp. 337-8), of the greatness and littleness of man (*Parochial Sermons*, Vol. IV, p. 218), of the Doubter (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 208), of spiritual illumination in great souls (*Parochial Sermons*, Vol. IV, p. 218), of unattractiveness in holy souls (*Occasional Sermons*, p. 8). Indeed this sensitiveness to the thoughts, feelings, mentality of others is to be found in all his works and is part of the atmosphere of his style and writing. It is largely the explanation of his apologetic method.

Understanding so well the mentality of those he wished to help, Newman perceived that their position and difficulties were not due entirely to intellectual error but rather to a wrong atmosphere of mind produced by abnormal circumstances or by unfortunate life-experience and thus not representative of normal human nature when it is completely aroused and alive to life as a whole. The remedy, in Newman's view, was vital contact with the living personality of the believer and of the believing, visible Church. His apologetic consists primarily in a delineation of motives actually influencing the believing mind (chiefly his own mind) rather than a merely objective statement of arguments. Arguments are, of course, included among these sources, but in the form and with the surrounding imagery amid which they stood in his own mind. His aim is not only to sound the logic of the matter, but to paint what actually affects and convinces the concrete man with all his existing sympathies and predispositions. He endeavours, as has been said, to "convince" rather than to "convict." Perhaps we cannot reply to the logician who convicts us. But the whole man is won over to one side or the other by larger influences than logic—by influences which appeal to the heart and imagination as well as to the reason. This view is apparent in his persuasive style even when he deals with the philosophy of Faith, and with Christian history and theology. His writing reproduces the atmosphere in which he himself lives; he believes that atmosphere to be the most powerful antidote to the atmosphere of doubt and disbelief.

He makes a similar use in apologetic of the living personality of the visible Christian Church which he calls "the concrete representative of things invisible"—the visible assembly which has ever taken for granted and positively asserted the reality of the unseen world, and has been the fruitful instrument of a moral

civilisation which has depended on this faith. He saw that the sources of current agnosticism lay in the imagination as well as in the reason, notably in the peculiar intellectual atmosphere created by the immensely successful achievements of modern science. The truth given by natural and physical science seems so concrete and clear-cut compared with the truth of theological doctrine. The great antidote to this agnostic atmosphere was, in Newman's eyes, the atmosphere created by the teaching and ordinances of the visible Christian Church. The beneficent works of Christianity stand over against the achievements of science as visible and tangible results. The Christian Church, by its constant witness to the reality of the unseen world and by its *esprit de corps*, strengthens and deepens the religious convictions of the individual and counteracts the naturalistic bias which the atmosphere of the world and the world of science is apt to create. It is not a case of prejudicing the reason, but of opposing one picture in the imagination to another, of deepening and securing in practice the view which right reason justifies. Owing to its weakness the human reason needs the support of other influences to keep it firm in its own decisions. Those influences are the living personality of the Christian Church and of the Christian man.

In one of his *Historical Sketches* (Vol. III, pp. 41-2) there is a remarkable description of the effect of the mere *sight* of Plato on an imaginary visitor to the Academy. In this passage Newman reveals his belief in the dominating force of personal influence and presence and gives us the key to his life work. He was himself steeped in Christianity and lived and breathed by Faith. With all his soul he yearned to bring others to share this Faith so that his life was spent with this one object—to promote faith in Christianity in a world that seemed to be losing it. He was convinced that the best way to do this was to be found not in argument but in the mysterious but none the less real power and influence of personality. He therefore studied with rare insight the personality and difficulties of those he wished to help, and considered his life well spent in labouring unceasingly to place before them first the appeal of a Church rich in the evidences of her truth, secondly the warm sympathy of his own attractive, intensely human personality so confident in the passionate sincerity of its faith and conviction.

In Newman's apostolate there existed both unity of object and originality of method: unity, in his consistent endeavour

to promote faith in an age of growing infidelity ; originality, in his emphasis on the apologetic value of the individual Christian and on corporate Christianity in preference to mere logical argument. Nor can we fail to admire and appreciate his sincerity and singleness of purpose in carrying out his appointed task. We can learn from his wisdom. We can follow his example.

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD.

## ROMANESQUES

### 40.—FOUNTAINS.

Conosc' una fontana  
Per chi non ha fortuna—  
Che miracoli fa  
Quando a bere si va  
Sotto il chiaro dell' luna.

The archaeological world has been cheated of a lengthy, albeit erudite, paper on Roman Fountains.<sup>1</sup> It was the intention of the present writer to make a survey, *tam comprehensive quam extensive*, of all fountains within reach of a 1.50 lire fare on a Roman tram ; and, in order that the work might not be skimmed, he was prepared to risk his life even on a Roman 'bus which could take him to fountains not served by tram. This *Magnum Opus*, he had decided, would be well illustrated by photographs of the individual fountains from the Piazza del Popolo to Tre Fontane (it will be remembered that Professor Tani had the same idea and had to apologise that there were only 300 illustrations). In fact no expense would be spared, no fountain ignored ; he was to go all Bandusian ; but he only got as far as Pam.

Malicious contemporaries might say that he would never have got further than Pam, but that would lead to controversy—a thing he had intended to eliminate in the account of his researches. He will pause here just to record his theory that only Pam-ites are the true stuff of Rome, and to recall the many occasions during the Stations season when a Pam-ite

<sup>1</sup> With an accumulation of footnotes according to the best traditions. In the present substitute, however, there are only two—this and another.

had to lead a camerata to the lesser known churches, all because the Brickers had never been there; for instance, when they were seeking S. Trifone high and low on the *Sabbato post cineres* he would adroitly divert the cam to S. Agostino. He was a Pam-ite, and his first chapter was to have been a disquisition on Pam Fountain, complete with architectural criticism and one small lyric. But no sooner had the film been developed at Salmoiraghi than *il Duce* thought that the least said about *Fontane Nostre* the better; and so the work was never completed. However, he brought back to England the result of his labours and now presents to his readers an unfinished work on the opposite page.

It is at least tenable that the man who does not know his fountains does not know his Rome. They are part and parcel of every piazza, and popular feeling has given expression to the classic maxim: "No fountain, no piazza". Therefore no small concern was felt in thinking circles when we saw the Romans shilly-shallying with a fountain a few years ago.

A block of shops had been demolished opposite S. Andrea della Valle to make way for magnificent new public buildings, and, of course, these had to sport a piazza: small, it is true, but more than a piazzetta, and so it had to have its fountain. Now we had shown a special interest in these operations because we had been daily spectators of the work. Demolitions, naturally enough, had started in June, and our lungs had absorbed a fair quantity of plaster each time we went to the Greg., so we were entitled to require a high standard in the finished product. The buildings were soon run up and negotiations for the *capolavoro* set on foot, but a long time passed by. At last enormous hoardings appeared without warning in the centre of the piazza: this was what we had been waiting for, and we went on Gregwards to sharpen our critical faculties against the day when the fountain should be unveiled for our approval. Next morning we were astonished to find that the work had been finished—a splendid fountain in the modern style; but we must needs be off to sit under cl. Boyer, S.I. and reserve judgement until our return at mid-day.

We had been astonished at the speed with which they built the fountain, but that was nothing compared with the speed at which they pulled it down again—when we returned to lunch, there was the piazza in its virgin state! Either we had suffered mob hallucination or, according to one highly probable opinion,



PAM FOUNTAIN

*Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium.*

the labourers had discovered that they had forgotten to lay the water-pipes. But by the next morning another fountain had taken its place—and this time it might have been built by Michelangelo ; nevertheless by lunchtime it too had disappeared.



*It might have been built by Michelangelo.*

When the same thing happened next day we said that it was this kind of thing that would get Italy into a sticky mess. It used not to happen in the old days,<sup>1</sup> but when about the same time we saw extensions of St Peter's colonnades appear and disappear with the rapidity of vanishing fountains, we knew we had turned a corner in history. But to this day we do not know whether the blame for all this shilly-shallying is to be laid at the door of Church or State.

Dante Alighieri agrees with me, at least by implication, when I say that fountains are an expression of life, exuberant and joyous life, bubbling over with gladness. His *Inferno* is a

valle d'abisso dolorosa  
Che tuono accoglie d'infiniti guai,

<sup>1</sup> Although they did shift the Fontanone di S. Sisto from one end of the bridge, where it had done good service since 1613, to the other, in 1889, after keeping it in storage for a decade. This is the other footnote.

and we find no mention of Infernal fountains in his first vision. But when we come to the earthly Paradise of Purgatory we must drink of the water which issues from a

Fontana salda e certa

in order that our memory of sin may be obliterated and our memory of good restored. Yet it is only when we reach the true Paradiso that we behold the pyrotechnics we remember on the Eve of S. Giovanni: living sparks are showered fountain-like from the river of light and drop on every side like rubies set on gold. What apter expression of exuberance than that? When an Englishman (say a Mancunian) feels high-spirited and all is right with his world (say his football world), he quite simply throws his hat into the air (or some would say the rain) to symbolise the heights which his spirits have reached; but a Roman is always lighthearted, and his world is always right. So he devised an everlasting symbol, in that land of symbols, of his soaring spirits—that is clearly the origin of our fountains. Yet he is thrifty withal and sees to it that the water returns to earth to queue up again for the upward rush.

Mind you, there are occasions when water is a poor thing for celebrations. Witness, for instance, the “Sagra dell’ Uva” at Marino which a writer illuminatingly referred to in the last number of THE VENERABILE. It occurs in the liturgical year just as we have done with the *imperata* “A domo tua”, said in the summer season to preserve the vineyards from tempests. The safest time to visit Marino on that day is the late afternoon—a relatively quiet period when a large number of the inhabitants (should we call them Marinai?) are recovering from the morning’s festivities and regaining vigour for the more boisterous part of the *fiesta* later on. But even at that time of day Bacchus is well represented and you must be energetic in making your way through the crowds to the fountain flowing with wine. I don’t know the mechanism of this fountain, but it is quite certain that the flow of water is adequately diverted and that nobody cares where the water goes if it doesn’t get into the wine. It is in festive mood to-day, garlanded with vine-leaves and flowers *in abbondanza*; indeed I am not at all sure that Horace wasn’t thinking of Marino when he addressed his favourite fountain:

Dulci digne mero non sine floribus.

There is always a helping hand at Marino, and if you can’t get near enough for your share of the *vino del paese*, a *carabiniere*



or soldier is ever ready to fill his hat for you from the fountain and pass it over the heads of the multitude. All the wine will have splashed freely over the *supradicta capita*, which is perhaps a blessing, and you return the forage-cap by the same route with best thanks and make for tea. But please don't ask for *tè*, or even for *caffè*, because this is not a day for soft drinks—you will tea sumptuously off wine and grapes; and then, being a good cleric, you must be off and leave the fountain and the evening to Bacchus :

Qualunque dispiacere  
 Ti fa dimenticare ;  
 E se bruc' il tuo cuor'  
 D'una sete d'amor  
 Ti farà dissetare.

It would be a good thing if all the Roman fountains flowed with wine : it would cause a certain re-orientation of camerate during that period from 4—5 p.m. which the *horarium* succinctly calls “*ambulatio*”. Romans would certainly get to know their fountains, and according to our logic *ut supra*, their Rome. A different selection of walks would fly round the bottom corridor:



The Trevi.

“ Cam. for the Tartarughe !! ” “ *Per Bacco*, that’s too *asciutto* ; Cam. for the Trevi !!! ” Then, through the curtains, a bob, out again, and off along the Monserra’. However we quite understand that it would be a costly venture when we know that even *acqua vergine* is too precious to be dispensed to every fountain. It is reserved for the more respectable fountains of the Trevi and the Piazze di Spag and Navona, along with the Piazza Farnese fountains and the Tank. We know it well from the summer when the Tank was out of action at a time of major importance. Authority decided that the publication of the Sheet would be an opportune time to put under way long-desired repairs to the *vergine* aqueduct away out in the Campagna. The Tank was emptied and for a long time (or it seemed a long time) the daily dive had to be abandoned, making the Sheet a stickier business still. At the same time the drought put the Trevi out of business. Superstitious *forestieri* still remembered the legend that a *soldo* cast into the Trevi was the price of a return ticket to Rome, but there is not the same glamour about



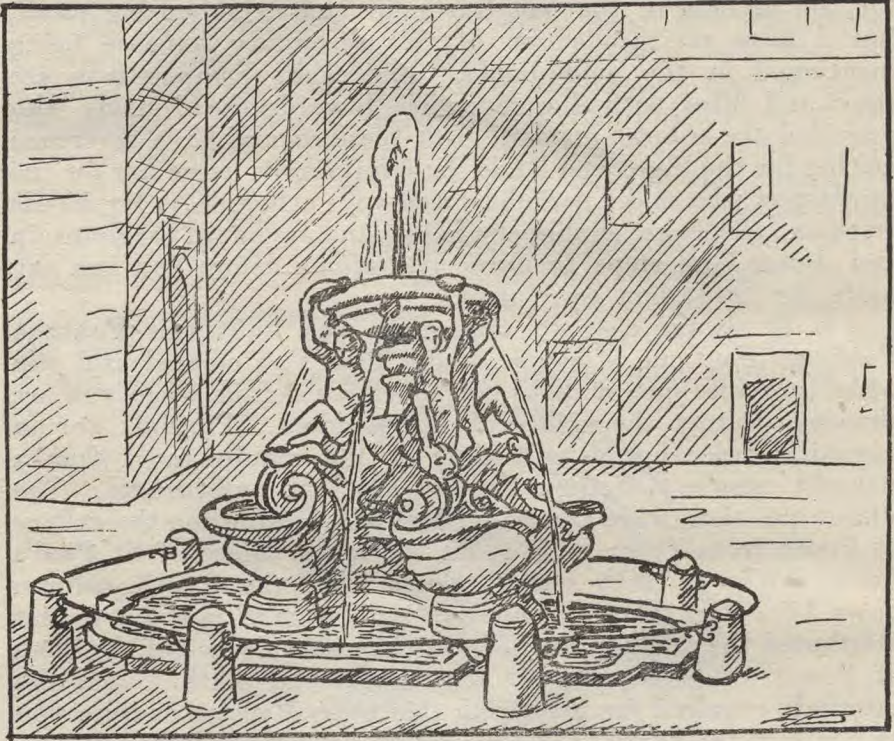
*Neptune still gambolled in the central niche*

throwing 5 *centesimi* into a marble desert, even though Neptune still gambolled in the central niche and winked; and so the *ragazzi* who used to dive in after the *soldi* when these devout rubbernecks had gone, had to put up shutters and join their brethren of the swimming corps at the top of Pam steps.

Here the Acqua Paola provides a natural swimming-pool for the urchins of the Via Garibaldi and neighbouring *vicoli*, but I have no recollection of this secondary purpose being mentioned in the guide-books. Baedeker's compositions are staid and filled with due reverence towards the Pontiffs who provided the subject matter. But these *ragazzi* have reverence neither for the Pope who lends the fountain his name nor for the *carabinieri* who make periodical and vain attempts to lay hands on them. They are as slippery as Pan and are out of the fountain and down Pam steps *in puris naturalibus* before you can say knife, or its Italian equivalent.

It is always easy to remember who built this Fontana Paolina: Fontana, of course, under Paul V, a coincidental pun which provides one of those corroborative details when you are showing visitors the sights of Christendom. Pilgrims are an inquisitive race but usually they do not require more than a straight answer; if they do you are just unfortunate. The silliest question comes from a pilgrim who is admiring the gallery of Popes from Peter to Pius on the inside frieze of St Paul's *fuori*: "Who is that second along from the fourth column down?" Hesitation is your downfall, even if you have just attributed the magnificent portal to the munificence of the Shah of Persia. A ready answer is "Sixtus the Sixth", and the interlude required for mastering this tonguetwister enables you to conduct the party to safer regions. Similarly "Bernini" is a safe reply when the builder of any particular fountain is called into question. It is safe for the Fontana dei Quattro Fiumi in the Piazza Navona, and you can toss off that one about how Bernini makes old man Nile cover his face against the sight of the façade which Borromini added to the Church of S. Agnese; it is safe, too, for the Tritone and the Piazza di Spag.; but at St Peter's you must remember that in the piazza you are on tricky ground. Bernini got the contract for the colonnades. The name to remember is Maderna, but you have to fix it to the correct fountain—the one on the Gospel side facing the portico is a copy. A few random facts are also useful to remember for pilgrims, and we may say that the most exquisite fountain is

commonly said to be the Fontana delle Tartarughe ; the ugliest the Mascherone, which you pass just beyond the Church of the Bona Mors on the Giulia and just before the steps which provide a short cut to the Tiber bank. The biggest is possibly the Trevi, the smallest possibly the one which is a drinking fountain on the right-hand side of the Via delle Fornaci which is your way from



*The most exquisite.....Fontana delle Tartarughe*

Peter's to Pam, just before you join up with the Via S. Pancrazio. The most prolific breeding ground is the Villa d'Este at Tivoli which can sport a hundred fountains—a far cry from the puny Quattro Fontane of Rome. The oldest is the Meta Sudans of Domitian near the Arch of Constantine, whilst doubtless the newest are on the site of the proposed E. 42, *esposizione mondiale*. No *mostra* is complete without a fountain, even if it is only the Baby Show or the Industrial Exhibition where the first exhibit was a railway engine supposed to show Italian might, but which was made in Lancashire. The one which gushes most water

*per diem* may be either the Acqua Paolina or the Trevi, but the one which pours forth least is certainly the one in the garden of Via Monserrato, 45.

Not that it is unable to raise a manly spray on occasion, but that continual pressure interferes with the internal supply of water, a highly esteemed commodity at the Ven. Coll. Anglorum. For all that it has its *devoti*. At any moment of Recreation during the Easter Retreat you may observe embryo contemplatives taking a stray shot with pebbles at a passing gold fish. I was always sorry for the gold fish. You could hear them sighing when they saw the stalwarts returning from the Seven Churches on Palm Sunday—only another hour to go, and then a shower of pebbles for a solid two days. There were always a few who preferred the fountain as a rendezvous for their after-breakfast Tre Stelle, and on the warm summer evenings there was inevitably a faithful circle to be found there after supper. They are the rivals of the “roof circle” which occasionally pays an organised visit to the garden in order to pay their respects. The “garden circle” appreciates the gesture and advances to the attack. Members of both parties then make a closer acquaintance with either the fountain or the Tank, like at Palazzola where one also rarely sees the fountain spraying.

Palazzola has a sort of affinity with Monte Cassino. When monasteries were built on hills like these, the *frati* had to set about excavating their own water supplies, and so you have (or had) the famous Well in the *cortile* of the Scala Regia at Cassino which would provide the community with water for two years of drought; you have the equally famous Well in the *cortile* at Palazzola. Add Subiaco and you have a *trinum perfectum*. Of all these three, Palazzola was the only one within reach of the indefatigable Bernini, so he sped out on the Rocca tram to the Valle Violata, walked the rest (there was no *funicular* in those days) and threw up a fountain at the end of the garden. An elegant fountain this, but it was in danger during the *villeggiatura* of 1939 when one of the cypresses was being felled. However, Luigi, aided by one or two professionals and “piccolo Bill”, lent that extra touch which sent the cypress crashing towards the lake. But that was at Palazzola—we are getting away from Rome, and although the Albans are an integral part of the Rome we know, the Rocca tram has taken us further than our predetermined tram-fare allows. It winds its way along a curious route through the *bivio di Grottaferrata* and if only we



*At the end of the garden.*

could go, it would surely take us to that Roman fountain *par excellence*, where all about it is moonshine, and which was probably built by Bernini in bliss :

Conosc' una fontana  
 Per chi non ha fortuna,  
 E se vuole trovar'  
 Dev' imparare volar'  
 Perchè sta nella luna.

BRENDAN K. O'NEILL.

## THE LATE EIGHTIES

I went out to the Venerabile in October, 1888. Mgr Giles had just been appointed Rector in succession to Mgr O'Callaghan, who had been consecrated Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. Dr Prior had preceded me by a few days to take up the post of Vice-Rector, which had been held by Mgr Giles for, I think, over twenty years.

The railway journey to Rome was a thrilling experience for a youth just turned eighteen who had not hitherto been abroad. What, however, did detract from its joy was the discomfort. There were, of course, no corridors or lavatories; neither was there any chance of obtaining food except at the greater and more important stations. Each compartment was a *clausura*, which would not have been too unpleasant had there not been a small window looking on to you from the next horse-box. To maintain our privacy we hung our coats over the windows, to the obvious distress of our neighbours. The ticket collector travelled along the outside of the train on a running-board and held on to a rail which extended the whole length of the coach.

After the long journey we at last arrived in Rome. I well remember seeing what I was told was the temple of Minerva Medica. I kept on repeating to myself "And this is Rome," but it was ineffectual in arousing any realisation of the thrill I had looked forward to. The Piazza dei Termini, with its recently erected obelisk to the Heroes of Dogali, and its common and cheap-looking hotels, did not foster any enthusiasm. The journey in the universal *legno* took us down the new road of the Via Nazionale, which was lined by very new-looking buildings.

At last the new road closed at the Via Baullari and we turned up that street I was to know so well in the next six years, and so came to the College. The Via Baullari, the Campo and the Monserrato were a restful change from the rawness and dust of the demolitions which were clearing the way for the new road as far as Ponte S. Angelo. Nearly all the wheeled traffic from the centre of the City to St Peter's had to go down the Monserrato or the Via Giulia, and in consequence the rooms on the street side were very noisy, worse even than nowadays.

When I arrived, the students were in retreat, so the New Men had to find their way about Rome as best they could. I found amongst those of my Year an unusual set: Arthur Spurrier, a doctor; James H. Taylor, a solicitor; and Lionel Goodrich, a barrister. All three were recent converts. Spurrier broke down in health in his fourth year and was advised to live in the tropics. He obtained a medical post under the Eastern Telegraph Co. and spent the rest of his days—over forty years—on the East Coast of Africa. He was decorated by the King with a C.M.G. for his work on mosquitoes and malaria. Goodrich had just resigned his post as Stipendiary Magistrate for Cardiff. One winter's evening as we were coming home in camerata from Pincio, someone mentioned the law case which Stead, with his usual heated and violent language, was at that time denouncing in *The Pall Mall Gazette* as a serious miscarriage of justice. Goodrich happened to hear the description of the case as given out by the affluent purchaser of *The Pall Mall*. Very quietly, and with his attractive drawl, he asked the name of the unfortunate delinquent and his offence. "Ah yes, I remember that fellow very well. It was I who gave him that six months' hard labour." Unfortunately for us the Rector refused him permission to smoke and so he migrated to S. Silvestro. His going from us was a very serious cultural loss to the House.

Amongst other men of note higher up the House was Francis Lloyd, Fr Billot's favourite student. He was unusually tall, six feet four and a half inches in his bare feet. "Due metri" he was called at the Greg, but the servants called him "il giovanotto" and we naturally contracted it to "the Giotto", by which name he was known to all Romans of his day until he died a most saintly death at Oscott. When Fr Billot first enunciated his pre-Cajetan Thomist explanation of the causality of the Sacraments, Lloyd took the gold medal *solus*. When the time came for the next *disputatio menstrua*, Billot asked Lloyd



to defend his thesis. Whereupon the Giotto proposed another prominent student, a Belgian Jesuit scholastic, but Billot would not hear of it. "Caro mio", he said, "you are the only person in the Greg besides myself that understands it". The defension was a brilliant success and we others shared in the reflected glory. Another gold medallist in dogma was Tom Fenn, a most saintly character, who died a few weeks after ordination.

The Greg was then housed in the old German College in the Via del Seminario. We were hopelessly crowded and this was a special hardship to First Year men whose 'lectures' consisted of logic and ontology by dictation. In my year we had no text books beyond what Fr Remer dictated to us. It was a deplorable waste of time. One of our Year was a young Jesuit scholastic, well known to later generations as Fr Parenti, Prefect of Studies.

There is little for me to say about George Crompton Burton, who was many years senior to most of us. His memory is deservedly green amongst English College men and his virtue and intellectual capacity have been described in previous numbers of this Magazine. One thing I might add: the extraordinary influence he had on the younger part of the House. His infectious enthusiasm for classical studies of Imperial Rome is an ever fresh memory. When pointing out some relic of antiquity he would quote at length passages of Virgil and Horace. But more vivid to me as a youngster was his knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of Rome, especially of the Renaissance period. Whether it was on a gita or standing on the top of Rocca Priora, he would make us identify the various hill villages to be seen, and then quote long passages from the *Commentaria* of Pius II. And what a historic panorama that was from the summit of Rocca: Zagarolo lay at one's feet, where the great recension of the Vulgate was made in the reign of Sixtus V; Palombara, Palestrina, Colonna, Olevano, Paliano, strongholds of those wild robber barons, the Colonna and the Orsini, the Conti, the Savelli and the Gaetani, all of whom gave Popes and Cardinals of varying worth to the Church. After a heavy rain shower at Porzio he would lead a small party of enthusiasts on an expedition of "grubbing" in the old building sites of Tusculum for coins and pieces of marble. One of these "grubbed" coins was unique and was presented by him to Fr Hirst of Ratcliffe College. His *Lays of Modern Rome*, which he always set to some well known tune, were a constant source of joy for years after

his departure for the Mission. A certified copy with explanatory notes ought to be provided by Mgr John O'Connor of Bradford and be preserved in the archives.

Small as our numbers were (twenty-two in all), they were the highest since the re-establishment of the College under Mgr Gradwell. The rest of the men were "convictors", but I was an "alumnus", a College Bursar educated on the ancient endowments which went back to the days of the old Hospice. As such, I had to take the College Oath of the Bull of Alexander VII, by which we were prevented from joining any religious order and swore to return to England "sine ulla mora". The Bull had to be read twice a year, *clara voce*, in the refectory, but I understand that Mgr Hinsley, who had little appreciation of history, petitioned the Holy See for its abolition—possibly because there were no longer any "alumni".

Their endowments had suffered very much from the overwhelming taxation introduced by what the Rector always called "the Piedmontese Government" in their endeavours to make the recently united Italy a first class power. Mgr Giles spent practically all his not inconsiderable personal fortune in making good these losses. When he died, there seems to have been very little money left wherewith to maintain the Burses. Financially things went from bad to worse and, in 1917, Cardinal Gasquet, the Protector, wrote to the Roman Association begging of them to come to the help of the College; first of all to repair the rent-producing houses and then to repair the fabric of the College itself. The Association appealed to the Hierarchy, who very generously granted permission for a collection to be made in all the churches of England and Wales. This collection realised £7,000. The Holy Father asked that the money should be sent to him direct and he gave it to Dr Hinsley, who was thus able to make the required improvements and extensions. The Holy Father sent a letter of thanks to the Association for their work for the old College; Dr Prior brought it to England and personally presented it to the President.

Compared with the excitement of modern times, the years 1888-94 were dull. It was only eighteen years since the taking of Rome and Leo XIII did not appear much even in St Peter's. There were no canonizations and very few pilgrimages. The only excitement of my first year was the erection of the statue of Giordano Bruno (Jordan Brown) in the Campo. The Government were in great fear of a sudden outburst of revolutionary

anti-clericalism, ordered the Greg to close down for a week and discouraged clerical students from appearing in the streets. The Rector at once took us to Porzio. It was the beginning of June, and what has been described by Keats as the "true intoxication of life"; the countryside was at its best.

One other incident did occur about this time which I have never seen recorded. There was some personal recrimination going on in the City Council on the Capitol, when Menotti Garibaldi emphasised the point he was making by throwing a full ink pot at one who seemed to disagree with him. In a few seconds there were no ink pots, only fragments, and the ink was mostly on the persons of the debaters. The P.M., Signor Crispi, a Sicilian, thereupon dissolved the Chamber and appointed another Sicilian from Palermo to exercise the functions of the Senate. The next morning there was a poster on Pasquino's statue, just by Crispi's office: "S.P.Q.R." These four letters were very large, but between them were smaller letters so that the inscription ran "Senatus Panormitanus Quondam Romanus".

The atmosphere of the City, as indeed of the whole country, being violently anti-clerical, tablets and statues were erected to commemorate all and sundry who had written or fought against the Pope. In 1893 some anti-clerical had discovered a treatise *Sul Diritto dell'Uomo* by one Tapparelli. The title was enough to guarantee the anti-clericalism of the author. It was therefore decreed that a marble statue should be raised to his memory. The site was to be the Piazzetta of S. Andrea della Valle and we watched the erection day by day as we passed it on our way to the Greg. When finished, it was all draped in white canvas awaiting the great solemnity of its unveiling—which, however, never took place. Some enquiring and studious person discovered that Tapparelli, so far from being a free-thinker, was a devout priest and his work eminently Catholic. Some municipal labourer was commissioned to take away the canvas in the middle of the night and Tapparelli stands there still in his glory.

The interior of the House was extremely cold in the winter. There was no heating in the rooms and the only fire was in the Playroom (*sic*: good Elizabethan word and used by the Martyrs). In the church and refectory was a cauldron of charcoal, kindly meant, but not a source of heat. (The new church was used for the first time in the winter of 1888-89. Hitherto all our services and duties were held in the Pio Chapel). All the lighting in the House was from brass olive oil lamps of exactly

the same pattern as those painted on the walls of the Etruscan underground cemeteries at Cerveteri.

There was, and perhaps still is, a keen study of the Catacombs. This meant trapeising on foot, for there was no transport, all the way to S. Callisto or the Via Salaria. Some became so competent in finding their way about the galleries that permission was given to them to go below without guides. Occasionally there was a lecture given by the great De Rossi himself. He would insist on speaking in French, which though grammatical was very much *alla Romana*. He was invariably accompanied by a young man who became a friend of the College enthusiasts, Orazio Marucchi.

I do not think I am ending on a querulous note. I am only venturing to voice what is often remarked by old stagers. This is the falling into desuetude of the old custom, hitherto unbroken from the times of our Martyrs, of every student going to the Chiesa Nuova to ask the blessing of "Pippo Buono" on his work for souls in England. After all, he called our men "Flores Martyrum". He knew them individually and they all went on their knees to him to be strengthened in that Martyrs' course they were about to run. For hundreds of years English College men have maintained that custom and have said their last Mass in the City either in his room or over his body. Newman refers to it in his *Second Spring*. We trust this forgetfulness is only temporary.

✠ AMBROSE,  
BISHOP OF SHREWSBURY.

## IN BOCCA ROMANA

There is an obvious danger in undertaking to interpret a foreigner's mentality without adequate knowledge of his language. Impressions given under such conditions must always be subjective, true perhaps for the writer but false and tantalising for everyone else. In giving these thoughts upon the Roman mind and speech, it is only hoped that they may serve to suggest similar, though necessarily different, impressions in others.

When ears were once attuned to the pure full vowels and to the rise and fall of inflections, who of us, even the most humble linguist, did not feel that he was entering into a realm of the mind quite different from his own and so much more entrancing? It was a land of shining metaphor and simile new-coined, of virgin, original thought expressed in the loveliest, the queen of languages. To begin with, how the Roman loves the salt of a homespun simile, smacking his lips over it with real relish! A poor bed-ridden woman once had this wish for the Rector: "Vi auguro la vita lunghissima come il mare che non finisce mai". She would not borrow someone else's wish and give it second hand. She gave her own; and how much more that is! Unhappily memory does not recall many such sayings now, but it does recall the constant delight with which one remarked this kindly gift of imagery. I must fall back on *I Promessi Sposi* for another example of what I mean. There is that fine remark of a *frate mendicante*: "Noi siamo come il mare che riceve acqua da tutte le parti e la torna a distribuire a tutti i fiumi". *Bello, bello!* Luigi's famous observation also, though like the last not strictly Roman, may perhaps be quoted as it illustrates the

point, and in any case should not be lost to posterity. It was to the effect that the peace restored to his household on the departure of a relative was like the peace that Constantine gave to the Church. Luigi flavoured all his comments with such spacious and pungent simile in the best Roman way.

But this gift of imagery the Roman must not claim as peculiarly his own. There is the same rich quality, the same unexpectedness about Irish speech as well, and I suppose there would be too in all peoples' utterances, were their lives still free from the dehumanising uniformity of modern city life. But, it seems to me, the Roman does have peculiarities of language all his own. There is, for instance this about the Roman mind: that it apprehends a thing, and Roman speech describes it, not as it is *in se*, but as it is *in figura alterius*. For instance, Pagliacci entitled one of his songs: "Un Nido di Memorie". The London translator called it "A Song of Tender Memories". The Roman author could not write "Un canto . . ." He must see it as "A nest . . ." (a world of difference!)—a nest from which might continually be drawn new treasures of feeling. Dare I give this other instance in these hallowed pages? The Roman drinks to his espoused not with the traditional formula: "A les beaux yeux" but with "A tue stelle". And Roman poetry does not assign the lily to virginal beauty, but *il fior d'arancio*, not merely because that is their spring's most beautiful bloom but also for the prophecy of further loveliness that it enfolds. The lily fades and leaves no fruit behind, but the orange blossom dies to give birth to a better fulfilment. Hence the bride must go to church crowned with this *fior d'arancio*. You see, the Roman sees a light within a light, as it were, and expresses that in his language, and that attractive curiosity of speech is something that I believe you will not find in any other people. Here then, is the second quality about the Roman thought: that little imp of originality that lurks somewhere in his mind's recesses and is always mischievously sallying forth to confound the listeners.

But we must leave this aspect of his mentality and turn to others. There is a certain chivalry of speech he has which comes so freshly alluring to English ears. "Owing to the dolorous necessity of the times, I find myself not possessed of the article the Signore desires", says the Roman. He might much more easily have said "No", but being Roman he could not do it. A refusal must be as courteous as it can be made. All manner of graces of speech flow from the tongue of the

most villainous-looking. The gifts of praise and gratitude, for instance, are here still beautifully conferred and send you away pondering them over and over again.

Then there is something else less easily definable that seems to affect rather thought itself than language. There is in the Roman mind a kind of queer half-twist, an attractive sort of mental squint which disdains direct affirmation. You discover, for instance, that the beggar is seeking an alms of you with a "Fate bene per voi"; it is he, not you, confers the favour by exercising your charity. Or, being unable to reward him, you find yourself commiserated, for it is on you the ill fortune has fallen, not on him. You catch something like this at a function in St Peter's: "Macche questo è un *O Salutaris* protestantico"—a remark astonishing to English ears but not to the Roman's. You find also that the Roman will attribute to you, not what he believes of you, but what he fancies you would like him to believe. So he cries his chestnuts with: "Spose, sposo castagne!" Or he gives you the *bacciamano* and calls you "Monsignore" even though he recognises you well enough in all the fledgling's smartness of a new *soprano*. An old-world lady will begin by addressing you as "Signoria", or even, like Don Abbondio, as "Vossignoria", though she will drop unconsciously into a "Figluolo Mio", as might the Pope. Euphemism achieves the height of perfection in the mouth of the Roman—as when he refers to the imprisoned as the "Signori detenuti".

And here is a very diverting thing. When you begin to adventure into remarks yourself, you can never be sure of the answer. Either it will be capable of several interpretations like a Delphic oracle or a Greek chorus, or else it may be a stunning reversal of what you had expected. "Fa caldo", you begin with English poverty of opening. "Ma non, Signore—mai a Roma. Siamo troppo vicini al mar. Qui abbiamo un pezzo di sole e poi ancora la nebbia." Or you hear Pam porter declaring in the same connection that he cannot bear Rome's chilling, icy blasts. Have you not noticed how the Roman communiqués were masterpieces of quibble and inventive understatement? It was the Roman who discovered all the war's saving formulae: "pre-belligerency", "non-belligerency", "advancing rearwards".

To hear all this in the beginning was like listening in a dream, a phantasmagoria, and always to the end remained an enchantment that one missed so much afterwards.

And now, how are we to assess this elusive Roman mentality? It seems to me that, other gifts of genius apart, the Roman is endowed with a nameless intellectual quality all his own, which lifts him high above us lesser mortals. There is in him a genius I must not say for the things that do not matter, perhaps after all they matter most—a genius, as it were, for the *bypaths* of thought. We see the road ahead, but he sees also above it and beyond. The Roman has in a high degree, almost in a different kind, what Dr Johnson so much loved and chose his coterie for, and what he called the “gift of fancie”. This is an endowment that does not only give a taste for the arts, for opera, verse and architecture, all which this whole City of Artists has so highly as to be quite brutal when confronted with an in-artistic “show” at S. Cecilia or the Augusteo. It gives something more. The Roman has magic casements that open upon the world: windows all around, so that there is nothing he may not behold: that very dangerous but precious gift that elsewhere is no longer the heritage of the mass of the common people. A few writers may have it, W. Barry had it, the Irish dramatists Synge and O’Casey, and other gifted individuals, but the rest of us here have lost it. Our Ministers strew their speeches with grey clichés and catch-phrases till you writhe—platitudes that may indeed once have shone when first coined, but whose image is now worn clean away. But the Roman is still craftsman in thought and word and he is the last common man who is.

BRIAN FOLEY.



## THIRTIETH MERIDIAN

Mathematics are not for the million, whatever the modern Short Cuts to Learning may declare to the contrary. That is to say they are not for the amusement and ease of the million. They may be for the long-suffering of the million, as when sums are placed before adolescents, or for the bafflement of the million, as when adults are confronted with statistics and balance-sheets ; but not for the enjoyment of the million. I know those arguments supposed to tell the lure of mathematics—the inevitability of mathematical logic so satisfying to the tidy mind—the fascination that  $x$  the unknown has for the inquisitive—you know the kind of thing :

As I was going to St Ives  
I met a man with seven wives ;  
Each wife had seven sacks,  
Each sack. . .

and so on ; the mysticism of that non-existent square root of minus one, very much in the line of :

Yesterday upon the stair  
I met a man who wasn't there ;  
He wasn't there again to-day,  
I wish that man would go away.

Be that as it may, the science of number has never had an appeal for me more romantic than the simple arithmetical progression of counting sheep to get to sleep, and has never provided entertainment higher than one of those take-away-the-number-you-first-thought-of games at Christmas parties. For the man

about whom I am writing, however, mathematics were a hobby. He is Christopher Maire, sometime Rector of the English College, Rome, and—I repeat—his hobby was mathematics.

It was this way. He had picked up the habit at St Omers, to which place he had been sent for his education from his home at Hartbrushes in the county of Durham. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1715, being at that time nineteen years old. He had the ordinary career of a Jesuit, lectured in humanities at St Omers, and later in philosophy and theology at Liège. From 1723 he commenced frequent observations of the solar system which are preserved in a book published at Lutta by C. A. Guiliani, *Memorie Sopra la Fisica e Istoria Naturale di Diversi Valentuomini*. In 1744 he was made Rector of the Venerabile and held this office until 1750.

Our information of this period of College history is meagre. Gasquet's *History* has no references to Maire's term of office, and while the Rectors since Gradwell have all been written up, the Rectors of the eighteenth century, Postgate, Sheldon, Courtenay (who ruled three times), Fitzherbert, are merely names. The life in the College contains little of note. The students were attending the Collegio Romano for philosophy and theology; humanities were taught in the house. Monte Porzio, the place of the *villeggiatura*, had been purchased in 1708 and was in use at this time. What was unusual was the fewness of students. When Maire took over they were down to fourteen. During his Rectorship the number was raised to twenty-four, twelve priests were ordained and sent to the English Mission, three joined religious orders. This record compares favourably with that of the previous decade, when less than half of the men did the full course. The '45 Jacobite rebellion does not seem to have disturbed the smooth running of the College, and this in spite of the fact that over half the students came from Lancashire, where the Scots army penetrated. The sympathies of the majority were no doubt with Charles Edward. We know from Gillow that Maire was well liked for his "amiability and primitive candour of mind".

His work as Rector does not seem to have interrupted the pursuit of his hobby, which he continued to apply to the work of astronomy. The same year as he took up office was published in Rome his *Observationes Cometæ ineunte anno MDCCXLIV in Collegio Anglicano Romæ habitæ, et cum Theoria Newtoniana comparatæ*. Elsewhere he writes of a *Defectus Solis* which

occurred on July 25th 1748 and of a partial eclipse of the moon seventeen months later. But his main work came in the three years after his Rectorship; indeed he probably relinquished this post in order to undertake a Papal Commission.

I have a copy of it, published in Rome in 1755 by Nicholaus et Marcus Palearini, open in front of me. The old lettering stares out of fine-grained paper:

*De Litteraria Expeditione*  
*per*  
*Pontificiam Ditionem*  
*Ad Dimitiendos duos Meridiani gradus*  
*& corrigendam mappam geographicam*  
IUSSU ET AUSPICIIIS  
BENEDICTI XIV  
*Pont. Max.*  
*suscepta*  
*a patribus Societatis Jesu*  
*Christophero Maire*  
*et*  
*Rogério Josepho Boscovich.*

The object of the expedition we learn in the first few lines of the book: "duplex exstitit expeditionis nostrae scopus, alter ad Telluris figuram et magnitudinem pertinens, alter ad Geographicam Pontificiae ditionis mappam". The real shape and size of the world were much discussed questions of the day. Already in France there had been an attempt to measure a meridian which had shown that it was a curve of some sort. To attempt a more exact determination Benedict XIV determined upon the advice of Cardinal Silvius Valentius to have similar observations carried out within the Papal States. The commission was given to Roger Boscovich, an Italian reputed to be the most famous mathematician of his day, and to Christopher Maire, whose reputation in applied mathematics was growing. The findings of the Commission are dedicated to Benedict, and the authors, recalling their Papal brief, start off with all the flourish of an eighteenth century style: "Nemo erit profecto, Beatissime Pater, qui nos audaciae possit arguere, atque impudentiae, dum Tibi tanto Pontifici non ingens aliquod theologicum opus, sed exigua haec physica, astronomica, geographica opuscula ad sacros provoluti pedes offerimus". Incidentally Boscovich's first "exiguum opusculum" runs into one hundred and twenty

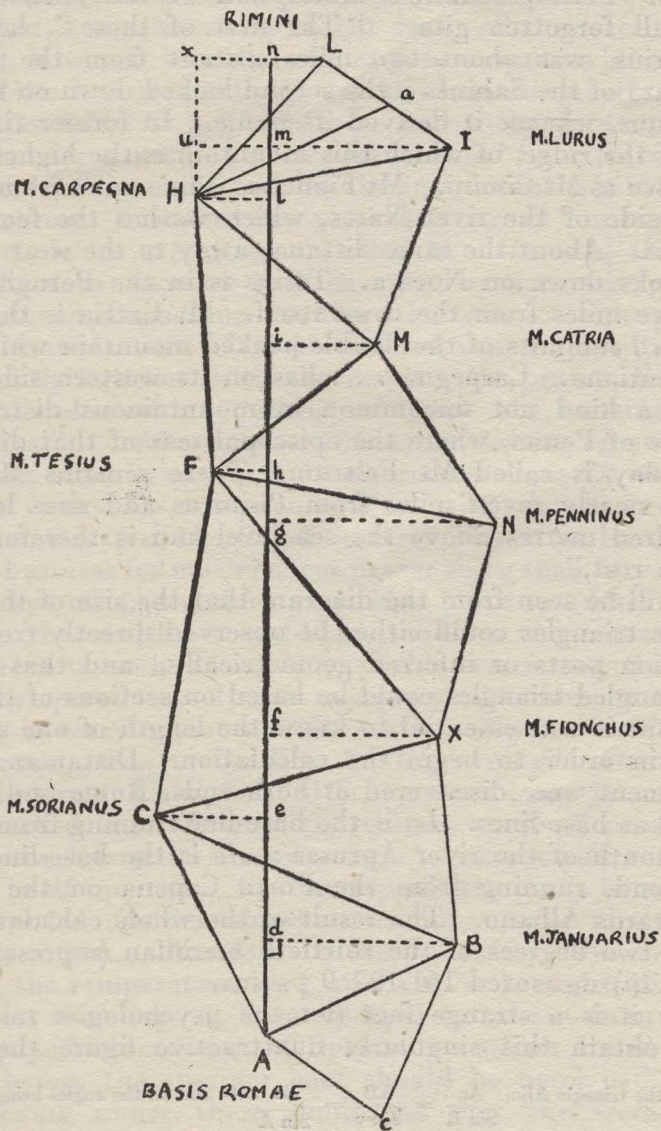
pages. There are five such "exigua", of which the second and third claim our attention, for they were Maire's contribution.

To determine: the shape of the earth. The meridian of longitude which they wished to measure ran through Rome itself. It was the thirtieth meridian, for so it is given in Maire's tables: *Rome*:  $30^{\circ} 0' 0''$  without any reference to east or west. A modern map will give you the longitude of Rome as  $12^{\circ} 33' E.$  of Greenwich. So it is clear that Maire was not using Greenwich as the zero line. His zero line would have been  $17^{\circ} 27' W.$  of Greenwich. Where was it? and why? The earliest astronomer who determined lines of longitude for the earth seems to have been Hipparchus, who chose for the zero meridian that of Rhodes, where he practised astronomy. Ptolemy adopted a meridian through the "Insulæ Fortunatæ" as being the farthest known position in the West. When the voyages of discovery began, the peak of Teneriffe in the Canary Isles was frequently used as the point of reference, until a scientific congress, assembled by Cardinal Richelieu at Paris in 1630, selected the isle of Ferro for this purpose. Ferro, or Hiero as it is called to-day, in the Canaries, was supposed to be the most westerly point of the Old World. Although various other meridians—for example, that of Uraniberg, and that of San Miguel in the Azores—continued to be used at various times, that of Ferro gradually superseded the others. Greenwich did not come into general use until after the Washington Conference of 1884. There can be no doubt that Ferro was Maire's point of reference, and that Rome stood on the thirtieth meridian east of Ferro.

The thirtieth meridian two degrees north of Rome passed through Rimini on the Adriatic, and it was these two degrees that were selected for measurement. It would be possible once the distance and curvature were known to calculate the size and curvature of the whole meridian and hence of the whole globe. Of previous attempts at this kind of thing Maire writes, "In the time of Aristotle, mathematicians thought it [one degree of a meridian] measured eleven times an hundred plus eleven stades; Eratosthenes considered it seven hundred stades; Posidonius six hundred and sixty-six, and finally Ptolemy reduced it to five hundred. The Arabs followed this up some centuries later with a measurement of nearly 57,000 passus or 456 stades, with which Ptolemy's calculation is not at great variance". To justify the apparent discrepancies he continues, "the length of the stade and passus, which may have differed greatly accord-

ing to time and place, is taken for granted and has never been fully investigated”.

To write an account of this survey without disclosing the method would be like trying to describe the European war without a mention of Hitler. On the other hand THE VENERABLE is not a practical handbook for surveyors and estate



agents, and a scientific reproduction of Maire's work would suffer from the absence of a specialised reading public. In this fearsome looking diagram  $An$  is the meridian to be measured, the  $A$  is Rome and the  $n$  is Rimini. There is a chain of mountains on either side of the Rome-Rimini line from which to take the observations necessary for the construction of a series of triangles. Perhaps Maire's description of the station points will recall forgotten gitas. "The first of these", he writes, "Januarius, was about two miles distant from the town of Palombara of the Sabines; the second looked down on the town of Sorianus, whence it derived its name. In former times, the whole of the ridge, of which this mountain is the highest point, was known as Mt Cimini. Mt Fionchus is five miles from Spoleto on this side of the river Nares, which washes the feet of the mountain. About the same distance away to the west Mt Peninus looks down on Nocera. Tesius is in the Perugian Plain about five miles from the town itself. Mt Catria is the higher of the two summits of the double-peaked mountain which overlooks Cantiana. Carpegna . . . has on its western side a tiny city, of a kind not uncommon in mountainous districts, by the name of Penna, where the episcopal seat of that diocese is. This to-day is called Mt Feltrum. There remains Mt Luris, which is nearly seven miles from Pisaurus and rises less than six hundred metres above the sea level and is therefore lower than the rest."

It will be seen from the diagram that the size of the angles in all the triangles could either be observed directly from these observation posts or inferred geometrically,<sup>1</sup> and that a series of right-angled triangles could be based on sections of the meridian. But it was essential to know the length of one side of a triangle in order to begin the calculation. Distances easy of measurement were discovered at both ends, Rome and Rimini, and used as base-lines.  $La$  is the base-line running from Rimini to the mouth of the river Aprussa;  $Ac$  is the base-line at the Roman end, running from the Porta Capena on the Appian Way towards Albano. The result of the whole calculation was that the two degrees of the thirtieth meridian (represented by the line  $An$ ) measured 161,127.9 passus.

Now it is a strange fact (let the psychologist take note) that to obtain this singularly unattractive figure these men

<sup>1</sup> e.g. in the triangle  $ABc$ ,  $\frac{Ac}{\sin B} = \frac{AB}{\sin c} = \frac{Bc}{\sin A}$ ,  $Ac$  and all the angles being known.

went to all sorts of trouble. They had to fix suitable observation posts on the mountains. On Mt Lurus, it is true, they found an old tower which provided them with the necessary shelter and observatory, but on all the other peaks they had to erect small huts which Maire describes and calls "tuguriola". On one peak, Mt Soriamus, he had exceptional difficulty. It "was so thickly wooded on the topmost ridges which we had chosen, that it was necessary to cut down all the trees. There is one left, however, which can be seen from quite a distance"! Indeed Maire had to start right at the beginning. He had no modern theodolite to help him; he had to be content with a quadrant and a sector. The quadrant would have to be a very precise affair, as a small error in the instrument would ruin all his calculations. It is the more surprising to read "our quadrant was not made by a craftsman skilled in matters of this kind, who are hard to come by in Rome, but by a certain priest of Verona, named Augustinus Ruffus, who was not unacquainted with the manufacture of mathematical instruments". Maire was evidently satisfied with the result. He praises Ruffus as "admirabili dexteritate praeditus" and his instrument as "elaboratus". "After an examination lasting many days the greatest error in any of its measurements was 22 seconds".

Maire turned his attention to a second task; he proceeded to correct the map of the Papal States. This must have been a fatiguing business for one who was nearer sixty than fifty. "Often in the midst of observations great heat interrupted us. Sometimes, too, the sun threw coal-black shadows on mountains not even far remote, so as to leave no visible traces over the places where they spread. . . It was necessary, therefore, to spend a whole day in carrying out one observation, of places to the West in the morning, and to the East in the evening." On another occasion he says "I had climbed in summer's heat the mountain which is called Nero, from which there was every prospect of being able to determine several points, when a terrific rainstorm launched itself upon us. Combined with the great heat, it not only prevented further observation, but nearly rendered us unable to return. Therefore in the following days, with no change in the temperature, and with a fever brought on by our exposure on that day. . . I was obliged to refrain from further excursions and observation of those cities which I still had to tabulate before the summer heat should be upon us". It is not surprising under these conditions that the work lasted

thirteen months. The *French Historical Dictionary*, which makes a mention of the work, reads "cette operation éprouva beaucoup d'obstacles de la part des habitants des Appenins, et ne fut pas terminée qu'au mois de Septembre 1753". The final work gives tables of the bearings of every outstanding city in the Papal States, and three large maps, comprising among them the Districts of Rome, Umbria and Lamacia, and Rimini.

It is left for Boscovich to complete the book. He had taken measurements of another meridian, compared his readings with Maire's, and discovered that both meridians were meeting at two points on the earth's surface. He was able to go further, and by applying to the curve, formulæ derived from spherical and from elliptical geometry, decided that the earth was not a perfect sphere, but had an elliptical tendency.

This piece of work seems to have been the end of Maire's Roman achievements. Four years later we find him back at St Omers and from there he retired to Ghent, where he died in 1767, a septuagenarian.

Christopher Maire was one of the few English Catholics of penal times to attain anything like an international reputation for scholarship.<sup>1</sup> In this he looks back to St Thomas More and forward to Cardinal Wiseman. He forms an interesting comparison with James Bradley, his contemporary in astronomical mathematics. Indeed Maire made use of one of Bradley's formulæ to correct the errors in his own observations due to the refraction of light. Bradley, too, had a clerical upbringing and he took Orders, though in the Anglican church, but he had resigned his ecclesiastical preferments for the following of his beloved science. The whole of this century was tainted with such latitudinarianism and scientific scepticism. One is tempted to ask if Maire escaped the prevalent malaise of the eighteenth century savant. The answer is yes. Our emphasis on the fame that he acquired in the field of science does not do justice to a life which had many other facets. He published, for instance, a dogmatic treatise on the Trinity. In the very work we have had under review, Maire is at pains to point out the rôle of science in relation to religion. "Quid vero illud, quod ab ipsa cognitione Naturæ ad supremum ejus Opificem contemplanandum multo sane facilius assurgitur, et a naturalibus hisce ad illa divina ita fit gradus, ut in theologicis erudire studiis juventutem

<sup>1</sup> It is not generally known, for example, that he was officially summoned to England to take the dimensions of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1750.



nulla soleat Academia nisi eos ante in Naturae investigatione exercuerit?" And the Gregorian still insists upon evidence of work in the physical sciences as a condition of entering upon the Licentiate course. "Et sane", the preface continues, "nihil ad sublissimas de divina Immensitate atque Omnipotentia cognitiones acquirendas conducit magis quam universa Astronomia, ad quam excolendam promovendamque maxima ex parte pertinent labores hi nostri".

Our starting point was Hartbrushes, Co. Durham, our terminus in Ghent. The line ran through Rome too, and the English College of that city. We too have attempted our Maire-dian survey. *Quod*, as Boscovich without much originality concludes the book, *erat demonstrandum*.

VINCENT HAMILTON.

## CARMINA VENERABILEANA

If the Catholic Record Society ever desire to preserve in one of their heavy, blue-backed volumes the life of this generation of the Venerabile they must not neglect the files of *Chi Lo Sa?* or the pages of the Song Book. Indeed, there are few aspects of our life which have not been made the subject of song.

The English College man loves to sing. Was not that half the joy of "doing" the function at Santa Caterina and the Chiesa Nuova? As you blazed magnificently down the aisle carrying a four-in-one candle, you could let go on "Deh proteggi" or "O Filippo." It always seemed a shame in the Corpus Christi procession at Tor di Quinto and in the parish procession taking Communion to the sick on Low Sunday, that instead of joining in the popular Italian hymns we were condemned to chant solemn tunes from a heavy book.

It is significant that one sang one's way into the Venerabile with a First Year song (ours had a howler in the first line: "Salve o dignissimi") and departed only after singing a Top Year song. The theme of these songs, sung at the two climacterics of one's College course, was *in specie* the same from year to year. Half a dozen verses in English with a Latin chorus worthy of the Arch-poet, in which one either impressed on the audience one's innocence or bewailed premature old age. But the treatment as regards tune and verse form varied from age to age. As long as the tune of the chorus was fairly well known so that the audience could join in, success was assured. One of the best of these songs that we have on record was left by the men who departed in 1930. It gives one a good idea of the sort of thing one finished one's course with:

Weep for six old *fuorusciti*  
*Portam ad Flaminiam*  
 Bound for islands cold and sleety  
 Where there's neither peace nor Pam.  
 Never more by vinous twilights  
 Home to tramp from Porzio,  
 Never more to eat like Stylites  
 Eggs and prosh on Algido.

*Fugit Bossus, fugit Mossus*  
*Fugit Hildagonda—o!*  
*Tempus fugit, fugiamus*  
*Anno functo septimo.*

Summer suns of Palazzola  
 Never more shall blaze upon us,  
 Cesanese, Caprarola  
*Non bibemus amplius.*  
 Other feet shall press the dusty  
 Plains of sainted Umbria,  
 Other limbs, debugged and lusty,  
 Grace the sands at Ostia.

*Veteres traditiones*  
*Integras serviamus*  
*Aliquas additiones*  
*Ultro adinvenimus*  
*Haec et alia dolemus*  
*Quibus nunc ignoscite*  
*Dum valere nos iubemus*  
*In aeternum and for aye.*

In all this we had encouragement, for Rome was a world of song. We were entertained, especially in bed at night and during spiritual reading, by an operatic tenor who lived in our flat. Then there was the lady across the street who implored us daily in song "Scrivimi." There were the carousers, often heard in the night as they sang their way up the Monserrato. There were the canons, the Sistine, the five-frankers and the little girl who sang to us and thrust forward an ash-tray for *elemosine* as we set out for Pam on Sunday afternoons. And inside the College there were few nights when the Common

Room did not ring with song. We were lucky in a pianist who could play anything, and usually there was a group on either side of him exchanging alternate lines of *Sweet Jenny Lee*. On noisy nights the whole Common Room joined in with songs from the last opera and panto. You could challenge "any six" in a song which strangely (in view of later history) began "O Stonyhurst, O Stonyhurst, Keep the red flag flying." Another strange musical custom was "The Sistine," in which everyone bellowed hard whatever tune or noise came into his head. The volume was supposed to be controlled by a self-appointed Perosi.

Sometimes a sudden cheer would go up for turns from people who had "starred" in recent concerts. There were various ways of countering this request. If you were in a duet or trio you explained that you could not appear without your partner who honestly was not keen. He, of course, was saying the same thing in the next circle. After much pushing and lots of despairing shrugs to your partner, signifying the loathsomeness of the task but the hopelessness of avoiding it, you met on the Common Room floor, performed your item (and the inevitable encore), received a cheer and departed to help in the selection of the next victim. If you were a solo item, the technique was different. The Rector tried for a time to put off his number by saying he could not sing without his music, until someone discovered where it was stored in his room and would appear at the crucial moment with an armful. *Muleteer of Malaga* was the favourite, for which the accompanist provided a background suggestive of castanets in old Castile. Rectorial tastes differ in music, and later we became accustomed to bewailing the ill-fortune of the '45; always willing to oblige, we provided a background of bagpipes *con sordino*. Not only the Rector and students sang, but even guests were expected to have a try. There is a song down in the Book as *Cic's Song—Palazzola 1923—4* ("I will begin with a verse *episcopale, come canta ben'*"), which I remember the present Archbishop of Westminster singing at the Villa in 1938—somewhat untunefully but with immense gusto.

Of the songs themselves, for "straight" singing those from Gilbert and Sullivan were the most popular, and some of the best topical songs too were written to these tunes. The latest opera was kept quiet until after Christmas so as not to prejudice the repeat performance at the Epiphany, but after that you could hear it every night for months. There were two other types of song we were willing to sing "straight": the rousing

marching song and the Victorian hyper-sentimental. *The Legion of the Lost* thumped out on the piano would always bring a rousing response from the Common Room—there were men who preferred to sing it in a rather literal French version composed on the spot. The Orpheus were at their best on rousing stuff such as *The Jolly Roger*. That appeared in 1938 and we sang it all round the Abruzzi on our Second Year gita. When we were asked to provide a choir at Picinisco there was just a half-suggestion that it would make a good Offertory piece. Its further claim to fame is that it was our first song on the Stonyhurst stage. A good example of the popular hyper-sentimental Victorian song is *It's only a beautiful picture in a beautiful golden frame*. There were others too, rendered with tremendous unction. *South of the Border* is just a more modern vicious example of the same thing.

The subjects of topical songs were as varied as our life : Pam and the Greg (with its profs. and spekkers) ; Avancinus and meditation in general ; the latest ref. book is obviously behind *Don't take my "Celebret," Mr Talbot* ; the food ; the superiors—naturally ; slabs on and holes in walls ; gite, for instance :

Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch, note our careless sway,  
Swinging along to Naples by the good old Appian Way.  
Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch, through the blazing day,  
Across the Terminillo with our rucksacks light and gay—  
And singing while we're marching, lads, and drinking when  
we may,  
On a gita, on a gita, on a gita, gita day.

Of course, there is a whole collection of songs about the Villa, though without hot wine you cannot bring out fully the lachrymose quality of *I leave Palazzola with a tear in my eye*. Besides these perennial topics, the song writers found plenty of material in current events. Think of Canon and Ham's visit to the Salvatorians.

When towards evening they parted  
Slushy was crying aloud,  
"Do come and see Palazzola—  
They're an ugly looking crowd  
Like Canon and Ham,  
But they'll do you no wrong."

Next afternoon came the brethren,  
 Rang a loud peal on the bell,  
 All Palazzola lay sleeping,  
 But nobody slept so well  
 As Canon and Ham,  
 They were doing no wrong.

Father Rope's jubilee produced an excellent song to the tune of *Father O'Flynn*. Here is a verse and chorus :

In things medieval he greatly rejoices,  
 But can't stand the sight of Rolls Razors or Royces,  
 Or radiograms whose distributive voices  
 Are Capitalistic and Communist too.

But here's a health to you, dear Father Rope,  
 Hoping that you'll never make any *faux-p*  
*Pas* as you grope through the dark with your candle  
 In search of that damnable mass-produced switch.

Such an important happening as the advent or departure of a Rector naturally found its way into song. The new Rector in 1930 was greeted with a tune from *Pinafore*—*I'm the brand new Rector of the Monserra*'. His farewell song was an even better effort—an adaptation of the Lord Chancellor's song in *Iolanthe*. After being clad in archiepiscopal robes (from Props) the retiring Rector made a Latin oration; a song followed, of which this is the last verse :

When I've purchased a home by St James or Mark Cross  
    (Said I to myself, said I)  
 All the lads will drop in to see their old Boss  
    (Said I to myself, said I)  
 Then we'll talk of old times and perhaps shed a tear  
 And I'll feed them with biscuits, bananas and beer  
 And to finish in style I shall sing *Muleteer*.  
    (Said I to myself, said I).

The songs written in England will supply a useful document on the exile. Without reference to the Ambleside *Chi Lo Sa?* many will be baffled by the lady in the following verse :

In our terribly bright little  
 Stay-up-all-night little  
 Parish of Croft, where *pro tem* we reside,  
 We're printing a Mag on  
 The deeds of the Dragon,  
 A lady who fears not to haul e'en a bag on  
 The mat. She's a terror,  
 No clerical error  
 She ever absolved or forgave,  
 Till one day from his meal  
 With a sharp frenzied squeal  
 Barney rushed to the brink of the grave-  
 -y dish and demanded a *più*.  
 Oh lackaday, oh lackaday,  
 Oh lackaday me !

Housework at St Mary's Hall, coaling, the laundry, were very soon in song. But a great number of the songs during the exile have looked back to Rome for their inspiration. Take this chorus :

When you're going on a gita  
 There is nothing that can beat a  
*Bicchiere* of the best in Nemi town—mi Town !  
 Yes, Wiseman liked old Monte P—Monte P,  
 The Pope is fond of Castel G—Castel G,  
 But as for us, we all prefer to go  
 To pay a call on Nemi Joe.

Or this from a First Year song :

*Hic imbres inter Lancastrenses  
 Fortiter perambulamus  
 Ad aestus mox Pamphilienses  
 In dulcem requiem  
 Venturos nos speramus.*

[Et populus dicit *Amen* (T.P. *Alleluia*)]

Or this chorus :

Yes ! we're men of the College  
 Ven-era-bilini are we !  
 We've walked in a cam, sir  
 Seen Peter's and Pam, sir  
 And we've been to Watts' for tea.

We've a nice old-fashioned Rector  
 A large Card'nal Protector.  
 Oh yes ! we're men of the College  
 Ven-era-bilini are we !

As a sign of the same nostalgia there are the choruses (crowds of songs have them now) in dog-Italian. A new genre has been created by the monologues of the two "cads," recited (in a bored voice) with piano accompaniment :

We rise every morning—oh shockingly prompt,  
 Not like the old days, as downstairs we romped  
 Puffin' and blowin' to the chapel and then  
 Dashed right in with a loud "Amen."  
 But the Rector confessed it wasn't quite sound,  
 A new regulation he decided to found :  
 "Let's get together and rally around.  
 Be on your knees for the prayer, you cads !  
 Cads ! On your knees for the prayer."

*(Dole, time, gratias age—the good old pi !  
 Per ardua ad astrapadistra !  
 Vietato fu-mare nostrum !)*

For one of the amazing things about the Venerabile is that there is a niche for everybody. The fact that one man could blow noises like a silver trumpet made him indispensable in Common Room Papal processions. Singing topical songs is one of the easiest ways to fill a niche. We saw several well-known partnerships spring up in that way. We are thinking of the trio who sang "We're the boys" and of another pair whose only claim to distinction was that one was long, thin and red in the face, and the other short, stout and not very pale. The last thing needed is a good voice ; the first and almost only requisite is the sort of nerve acquired by slipping past Papal guards or singing in the Greg choir on premiation days without attending the practices. Some men made a name on just one song which they inevitably had to sing for the rest of their course. Think of the number of times we heard "Here's your crowbar" or "She was only a poor little mill girl."

Many of the "stars," of course, wrote their own words, but in this review of Carmina Venerabileana we must not forget that underground army of song writers who were never known to the public. Theirs was the less spectacular part. Their



names are forgotten but their works are with us like the cathedrals, those great monuments of anonymity. At short notice they had to be grave or gay ; to write a threnody on the passing of an old tradition or a paean of joy at an unexpected *fiesta* or *vacat* ; to be sympathetic for a tender moment in the pantomime, or to be savagely satirical on the behaviour of First Year ; even to change mood in the middle of a song—to sing one moment “*Lachrymantes ecce nos stamus*” and the next “*Exsultamus ut gigantes*”. Of their skill there is no need to speak ; the songs quoted above in other contexts are examples enough. If they had to fall back occasionally to rhyming “*Monte P*” with “*E and B*”, these were but temporary lapses, only noticeable because contrasted with the excellence of the rest. Of course, they all had the advantage of being tri-lingual. If they got into difficulties with the rhyme or metre in an English song they could insert a line of Latin or Italian, which apart from helping them out of their quandary added a touch of catholicity to the poem, making it truly Roman. There were other tricks, too, such as choosing a chorus where one could bring great stress to bear on one word, giving it a line to itself. By bellowing out “*Avancinus*”, “*fortasse*” or “*proinde*” one could ingratiate oneself immediately with the audience. But song writing was not merely a question of skill—it required a certain outlook on life. The man who wrote of Roman sausages in these terms :

The dreams that they gave Buonarotti  
Created Peter's dome.  
The twin colonnading of Bernini,  
So simple and so great,  
Was born when he noticed the expression of  
Two sausages upon his plate

was no cheap versifier or time server. He was a philosopher and saw harmony where others only saw chaos.

It is perhaps a pity that nearly all our songs were original only in words. The more polished writers preferred the tunes of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The finest of this kind, I believe, is the one composed to the tune of *Dear Little Buttercup* ; the last verse is that on P. Vermeersch, ending :

So here's to Arthurus, the best man to cure us  
Of scruples, each fellow affirms.  
We'd like the Pilotta much more if they'd got a  
Few more like the scandalous Verms.

An outstanding exception to this using of other people's tunes is the operetta which we thundered out in the Common Room in 1940 and forgot all about the political situation, that Italy was planning war and that "Inghilterra ha perduto l'autobus". For the international scene we substituted the domestic :

Behold the royal bread, I kneaded it myself ;  
 This bacon I have cured, this butter I have churned,  
 This coffee I have ground, this milk I've pasteurised,  
 And best of all, my marmalade that worldwide fame has  
 earned.

When the names on most people's lips were Mussolini, Hitler and Chamberlain, we were content to sing :

They called him John, Theodoric, Marmeduke and Constan-  
 tine,  
 With Boniface, Bartholomew and Beowulf !  
 Then they added some more at Confirmation day  
 Just as if there were not enough !  
 There was Aristobulus and Euripides,  
 Archibald, Ivanhoe and Maeduff !

It's true we did sing (though in a rather romantic setting) :

Unleash the dogs of war and set the pack upon its prey ;  
 The fox that dares to challenge us shall surely rue the day.  
 We'll vault upon our horses, and at first scent of the foe  
 We'll chase the coward to his lair with cries of tally-ho !

but our Chamberlain was of a different calibre. He sang :

What time of day  
 Is this, I pray,  
 To start a clamour for the bathroom ?  
 Do you intend  
 Never to end  
 Making a fuss about the bathroom ?  
 If he should hap to bark his shin against the tap,  
 If the rebound should knock him senseless till he drowned,  
 And if when slain he should exit down the drain,  
 Then gladly I'll lead him to his bathroom.

It was all a very ambitious effort, which more than came off—and was the last show on the stage in Rome. A sure way for the Sketch Committee to ingratiate themselves with that solid mass

who call in Public Meetings for tradition and continuity, would be to revive *Princess Pauper* as the curtain raiser when the Venerabile returns to the Monserrato.

There are other examples of complete Venerabile invention, but not many. There is the 1930 Top Year song—and the *Sausage Song*, one of the best pantomime numbers. What others there may have been seem to have died.

But that is the fate of most topical songs. You never hear now such past favourites as “Crunch, Crunch . . .” or “Major he played the violin” or “Lui was in his garden” or “Mais nous sommes très fatigués”. There are some unexpected survivals. It is strange that in the bleak winds of East Lancashire we can still sing with a sneer: “it was draughty and cold as a Liverpool summer” (from *The Hole in the Wall*). Certainly *The Sleeping Student* is one of the immortal songs, though after seven years one has heard almost too much of it. It has the great virtue of a perennial theme and it gives everyone a shout.

The Carmina Venerabileana bring back remembrance of all the best things in our life, the Common Room and the functions, the gite, the firelight in the Golf House and the Cave with the hot wine and tea. Especially I think of Christmas Night and the pantomime, the high spirit and flowing wine and the back-chat from the audience assuring you before you started that your last minute fears were empty—your song was bound to be a success.

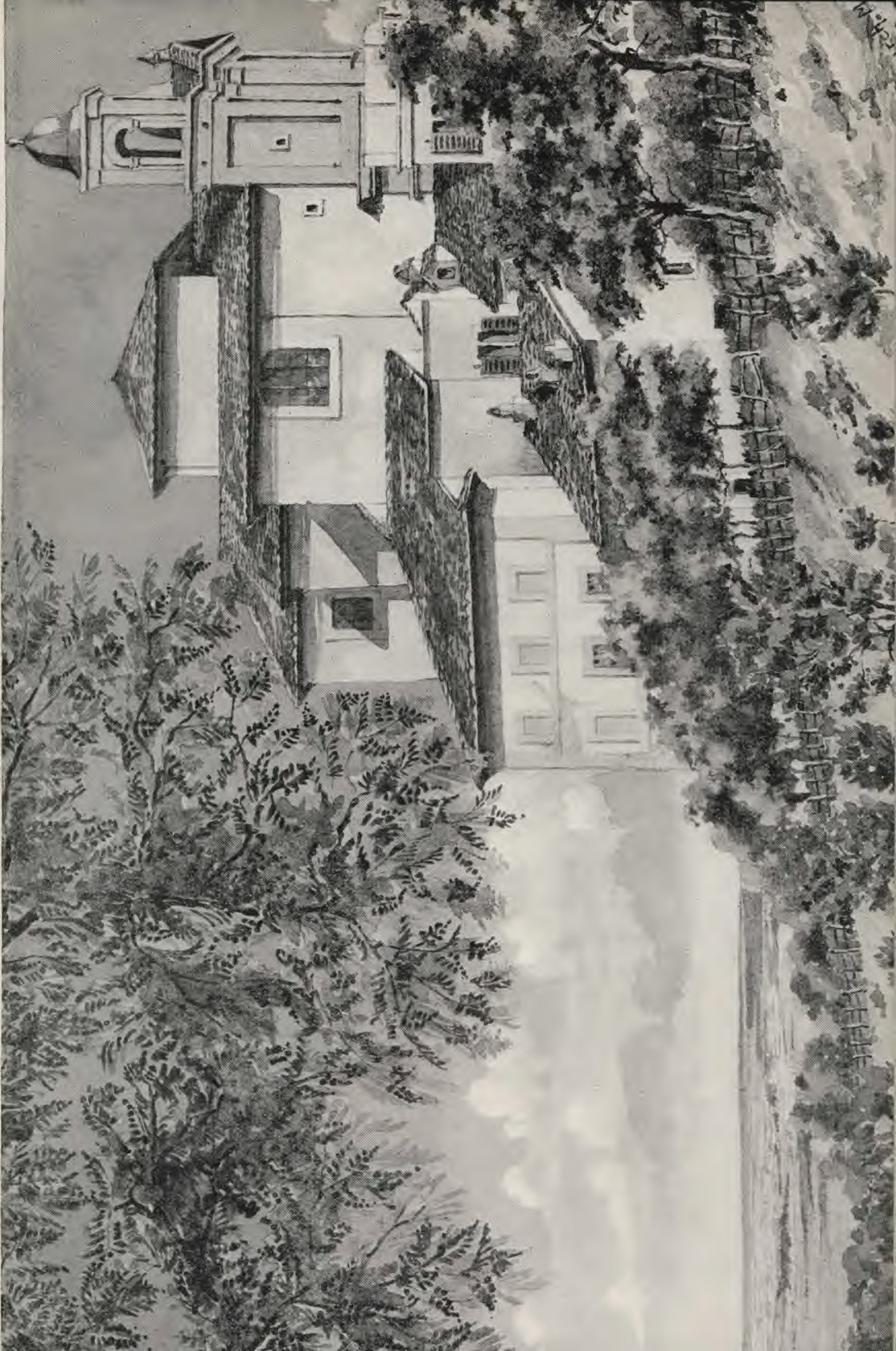
When you come to the end of a perfect day  
 and you sit all alone with your thoughts,  
 And you think of the old Venerabile  
 now filled with scholastic warts,  
 This scheme, this régime is all wrong, you feel,  
 for the men whom once you knew  
 In the golden then were much finer men,  
 though not half so keen on stew.

JOSEPH P. HOLLAND.

## NOVA ET VETERA

IOANNES CHAPMAN PINXIT

On a hot August day about 1880, not far from the little Italian town of Monte Porzio, sat two men by the wayside sketching. Opposite them was the parish church; over their heads green branches shaded them from the glare of the morning sun, while to the left the plains of the Campagna stretched away to the Mediterranean. In fact, you have only to glance at the opposite page to get a good idea of what these two men beheld as they sketched. It is one scene of many that are preserved in watercolour in the English College, both in Rome and at St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. For one of these men, as you will have guessed, was Dr Giles, Vice-Rector of the English College, later to be its Rector. It does not surprise us to see him sketching, for "the Gi's" watercolours are famous. On the other hand, the identity of his younger companion is more intriguing. He is in fact a student of the Venerabile, John Chapman by name, now roaming the countryside with Dr Giles in an effort to recapture some of the brilliant colours which August has lavished on the Campagna. It is not the first such outing these two have made, nor indeed the last, as Bishop Giles' collection will testify, for "the Gi" loved nothing better than to spend his *villeggiatura* touring the countryside with brush and paintbox. John Chapman, too, must have amassed some few sketches during his vacations, and we should like to know what became of his work. Fr Chapman took his pictures with him when he left Rome after his ordination in 1885. During his seven years' professorship at Ushaw, and afterwards on the mission, they served to remind him of days no Roman can ever forget. After his death in 1921, the pictures passed on to his brother, Fr Ralph Chapman



of Oswestry, through whose generosity they eventually found their way to the Venerabile, now in exile at Stonyhurst. Thus it was that in the summer of 1944, ten watercolours of Italian landscapes appeared on our Common Room walls. Rome had just been freed and the college in the Via Monserrato was undamaged: to us of the English generation, here was a promise of something we were shortly to see for ourselves.

In those days we appreciated anything that reminded us of Rome: even a street plan of the Eternal City would have been considered a work of art. But it was not mere association or anticipation which made us ponder over these paintings; somehow they had a most convincing air about them, so that one immediately felt that the Campagna really did look like that. Sometimes a picture may be good in a vague sort of way while giving the impression that nothing in reality could look quite like that: but a good watercolour has something honest and unpretentious about it: it has the ring of truth.

Watercolouring is a branch of art that no sane critic would dare to condemn; nevertheless, some people seem to think that because all the great masters used oils, and only the less talented (the Staff of *Chi Lo Sa?*, for instance) wash in water-colours then watercolouring must be an unworthy medium. Most of us, when children, have splashed around with a paintbox, but it would be foolish to underrate watercolouring merely because we are over-familiar with it. For reproducing the sunlit plains of Latium, watercolours are ideal; hence, it is no waste of time to examine these pictures, not only for what they portray, but for what they are.

Taking a dispassionate glance round the paintings which comprise John Chapman's collection, we see ten landscapes, mainly around Monte Porzio, where the English College once had its villa. There is a close-up of the parish church, a narrow side street (or so it would appear to a modern town-planner) and sundry gardens, glades, and views around the village. "Not very inspiring", did you say? But remember that this is Italy, and John Chapman is at the other end of the brush. The oftener one examines his pictures, the more evident it becomes that our painter was satisfied with painting what he saw: he did not feel the need to include an interpretation of his own. And often as not, however, the great masters have expressed an interpretation of their own. At the price of a stiff neck, you may gaze upon Michelangelo's conception of the Last Judgment. But

nobody says that the Last Judgment will be really like that : it is merely as Michelangelo thought of it. Given the same subject, Walt Disney, for example, would have produced something quite different. John Chapman, however, will never attempt a Last Judgment until Gabriel's trumpet invites him to come and see for himself what it really looks like.

Yet realists and idealists do in fact have much in common. The most subjective of artists has to glean from external reality all that he feeds upon within ; the most objective is bound to impose something of his own personality on his work. The trouble occurs when the degree of subjectivism is so intense as to veil the nature of the object depicted. Sometimes the result is so bewildering that a little aesthetic exegesis is necessary before we can see what the picture is about. But there is none of this with our artist. If he paints a house it does not look like a poached egg ; it looks just like a house. In these days of reactionary modernism this is something of an achievement. Look, for example, at the reproduction of the Monte Porzio church. It is all very honest and true to life. The church itself, though hardly an architectural gem, is of the Campagna. It has some sort of façade with two small campanile on either side, although John Chapman has preferred the more unassuming side view. If we are denied the sight of what little ecclesiastical art the church can offer, instead we can enjoy the unexpected angle—that touch of the domestic. The red tiled roofs, the deep shadows beneath the eaves, the squat chimneys, and the tiny windows here and there are all seen to advantage in this smiling setting. There is even a patch on the extreme left where the plaster has crumbled and fallen away, revealing some ugly brickwork beneath. That is very convincing. Above the church, he has fastened a royal blue which deepens when it is framed in a filigree of sunflecked leaves. The tree seems to belong to some weeping variety and gives that corner of the picture a Japanese air (a volcano and a meandering river would not be out of place below this willow-pattern foliage) but the oriental illusion is destroyed when the eye descends and rests on the open plain beneath, a stretch of land “plotted and pieced”, reminiscent of the Fens. But the haze on the horizon removes all doubts as to where we are, for the morning heat has produced that peculiar suffusion of land into sky. Besides, the clouds in Fenland are not nearly so exciting as these that are forming over Monte Porzio. The whole effect of this picture

is one of balanced contrast. The abrupt outline of the church sets off well the indefiniteness of cloud and countryside to the left, where the eye may wander out restfully to——?

Distance is always restful to the eyes and its contemplation has a soothing and broadening effect on the mind, and here again Chapman succeeds. His painted distances, because of their lifelike reality produce almost the same effect as the real thing. In another picture he takes us into a wood at Mondragone while the morning sun still sparkles on the flowers. Straight ahead the path slopes down to the open sky beyond, and the eye follows him down the lane till it almost sees beyond the limits of his painting. Again, we are looking towards Monte Porzio down a dusty byroad flanked by trees. Where the road turns out of sight into the woods and Monte Porzio rises above the trees against the Alban Hills, we feel a great impulse to follow to whatever lies round the corner. In fact one feels like the Lady of Shalott, condemned to seeing the image of the scene beneath her bower without the satisfaction of knowing what was beyond the third mulberry bush on the right. Both these forest paths I have described run steeply downhill, and the artist has the knack of promising something worth seeing on arrival at the bottom of the hill.

Something worth seeing . . . yes, to all of us who have not yet been to Rome, these paintings have assured us of something worth seeing. In the good old days when going to Rome was an exciting adventure (nowadays of course, one takes the 11.15 from Euston and it is all over) we had many glimpses of the Italian countryside, and so it was not surprising that Bishop Giles' watercolours were ignored by many, and of purely academic interest to a few. But what was overlooked in Giles, is discovered in Chapman, for there is a great similarity in the two men's works even apart from the mere sameness of subject. As the author of an article in *THE VENERABLE* of October 1932, remarks, "Ultimately the sun is responsible". Both have caught the cheerful colour of sun-kissed Italy; Keats perhaps will forgive me for not resisting to say:

"Yet never did I breathe its pure serene,  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold."

Certainly, when at last we see for ourselves the Italy that John Chapman has promised us, we shall not be strangers in a foreign land.

ALAN JOHNSON.



## A POEM OF WISEMAN

In the Students' Library at Monte Porzio there used to be a copy of *Fabiola* in which Cardinal Wiseman had inscribed the following poem inside the front cover or on the fly leaf (I don't remember which). I copied it into the album into which I stuck many of the photographs taken in Roman days. If former students will take out their old collections they will see how aptly the wording applies to it. Moreover, as many of the present generation will be going to Rome very soon (*speriamo*) they may profit by remembering the last few lines. By the way, does anyone know what happened to that volume? In any case THE VENERABILE is without doubt the most suitable medium for placing on permanent record these beautiful verses of the Cardinal.

F. AVERY.

## TO THE ENGLISH STUDENTS.

## 1.

The thoughts, which in this book have taken form,  
 Are but reflections of things growing near :  
 As in sweet Nemi's mirror, soft and warm,  
 Of hill, church, tree, twin images appear ;  
 Which, if erased or blurred by ruffling storm,  
 Again, through innate art, glow new and clear.  
 So youth's impressions life's rough times deface,  
 Yet they resume in calmer days their shape and grace.

## 2.

If not to you who read, to him who wrote,  
 They look like flowers bearing each its tale ;  
 Crushed 'tween leaves where youth has made its note :—  
*This rose I plucked in the Nomentan Vale ;*  
*This palm-leaf where the shafts Sebastian smote ;*  
*Picked where fierce roars made all but martyrs quail.*  
 They live again tho' dry for many a year,  
 Sunned by a smile, or watered by a tear.

## 3.

Then let Rome's light and shade upon your breast  
 Leave their sun-picture : somewhat if it fade,  
 A word, a line, an hour of thoughtful rest  
 Will once more make it what your glance has made.  
 Well till Rome's fruitful earth—your toil be blest !  
 But spurn no flower, nor bruise beneath the spade.  
 For this is Rome's first gift—from sky to sod,  
 Sunbeam or fragrance binds us close to God.

Monte Porzio, March 27. 1860.

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

## A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE

At a time when Parliament at home was claiming privilege and even taking arms to assert it, we wonder what kind of a Public Meeting passed the following resolution. The text is taken from a copy in the archives at Stonyhurst.

a Petition of ye Schollers for walking given to P. Rector.  
 P. Thomas Cortney. 21. Octob. 1643.

\*

Revd. father

whereas wee whose names are heere underwritten have beene of late restrained of some (what wee may call them wee know not customes or graces) graces let them bee soe we may enjoy them, as theese many yeares wee have donne, according to good and honourable wittnes and those such as lived heere many yeares ; wee desire you to consider it as a terrible hardsoare [?] unto us to bee restrained more from such like priviledges than our predecessors have beene, confiding that neither wee have abused them more then others have donne. Wherefore your petitioners desire you also to conceave, that although it were as you affirme in your tyme, yet tymes doe change and wee with them, and moreover that ye same reasons wch made them bee changed since your tyme, may as yet bee esteemed valid, especially your Rev.ce ever having showed yourself most unwilling to infringe any customes or graces. Wee therefore desire your Rev.ce to permit us to enjoy our vacances and vine-

yard as wee did in Revd father Fitzherbert his dayes of happy memory, weh wee affirme to bee noe abuse, his Rev.ce beeing toe good to suffer any weh beeing granted wee shall hould ourselves allwayes obliged to your Rev.ce

Charles Ashton P.  
 George Paulet P.  
 Edward Poole  
 Peeter Anthony  
 John Philip  
 Edward Needam  
 Robert Falconer  
 Thomas Beveredge  
 Charles Baines

Richard Bapthorpe  
 John Anderson.  
 John Morley.  
 John Norton.  
 Ambrose Gage  
 George Brooke  
 William Dowriche  
 Philip Moore.

#### VIA MONSERRATO 45

News from Rome since the liberation has been somewhat scanty and an explanation of this was found when the Apostolic Delegate received a letter a few months ago from Mgr Carrol Abbing. It appears that Commendatore Freddi wrote several letters to the Rector, none of which have arrived, for all are still lying in the Secretariate of State awaiting the Diplomatic Courier. The letter received is dated September 21st 1944 and although the news is now rather old, it adds to the information published in the last number of THE VENERABLE.

We learn that, when the Director of the Hospital heard that there was a possibility of the College returning, new premises were found for the Hospital and the evacuation of the wounded was begun. The lift was taken to the new building. Everything is in good condition, but the work of putting the whole building in order will take more time than one might think, owing to the difficulty in obtaining even the most common materials. In the City itself, the food situation is of course problematical and as to finance, Mgr Carrol Abbing says :

“ We are faced at the present moment with the prospect of having to spend a not indifferent sum for the upkeep of the three nuns, Raniero and a boy of all work, the minimum staff indispensable for the upkeep of the College. As a soldier of the Order of Malta, Raniero was earning about L.1.500 a month which, added to the small salary which he continued to receive from the College, barely enabled him to support his wife and

baby. In addition he received all his food in the hospital. One must calculate his future salary at not less than two-thousand lire the month, which is the minimum necessary to feed his wife and child.

“As can be seen the situation is not at all easy. Nevertheless we must not complain; the College here is well provided with funds and we will certainly do our best to avoid touching the dollar account, or small sterling account, if this is possible.” Speaking of the Villa he says:

“The question of Palazzola is by no means so simple. The damage done is considerable. To the casual visitor it might seem little in view of the main fact that the buildings are substantially intact. Certainly we must thank Divine Providence which preserved Palazzola from complete destruction or greater damage. I personally had given up hope of ever seeing it again, and every day which I spent in the neighbourhood,—and my work took me there five days out of every seven,—brought me new anxieties. I hope one day to be able to write down the story of those stirring times.

“The Church and the Nuns’ Chapel are both untouched, except for the windows. The same applies to the furnishings of both.

“A very small part of the covered walk of the cortile will have to be pulled down and rebuilt. The roofs are badly damaged but not substantially: the tiles are practically all there. Most of the windows, the shutters and some of the doors have been destroyed, in the old part of the building. In the new wing the damage done is very slight. The same applies to the Nuns’ building.

“Luckily I was able to save a great part of the furniture. The refectory tables and all the chairs in the refectory are safe and in good condition. The chairs in the billiard room and, in fact, all the chairs were taken to the Pope’s Palace at Castel Gandolfo. The beds and mattresses also. The library I was able to save after the Germans had entered the building, also the fiction library and the books in the Rector’s Study. On the same occasion I took to Rome the bronze candlesticks, the Via Crucis and other objects.

“On the other hand about twenty wardrobes, most of the tables, the lamp-shades and other articles were destroyed. We are still working to ascertain the full entity of the damage, in view of a possible recompensation. Once again we must thank

Divine Providence which assisted us in saving what we did. No little heroism was needed in the lorry drivers who risked their lives in the salvage work.

“On the whole we can be thankful that the damage was not greater, although present conditions make it practically impossible for us to attempt the repairing of the whole building. At the present moment we are hoping to repair the roofs before the winter rains start, and to close up the windows—where they are missing—with plywood. Next year, please God, it will be possible to bring back Palazzola to the perfection of former days.

“We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Cardinal Pizzardo, and Cardinal Canali, who made possible the saving of so much College property. Also to Cardinal Caccia, and above all to Comm. Freddi. I know that I have said this before, but I cannot repeat too often that the fidelity of Comm. Freddi has been without equal, at least in my experience of men. I know how many sleepless nights he has passed worrying about the College. The College has had many other friends as well, probably most of them unknown to the Superiors.”

At the end he writes of the nuns: “They are very sad at present for the death of their Mother General. They have just heard that she died in May. Suor Loreta, Suor Corona, and Suor Santina—three of our old Sisters—are always asking when the students will be returning, and ‘Come sta Sua Eccellenza Mons. Godfrey?’ I always reply: ‘Sta molto bene, ha tanto da fare!’ ‘Poveretto’, they answer, as though *aver molto da fare* was a kind of sickness.”

## COLLEGE DIARY

SEPTEMBER 22nd *Friday*. D Day. As a rule, I find it hard to respond with enthusiasm, when, on taking up a humble position in the bus queue at Preston, I find myself greeted boisterously by fellow sufferers. Time is a great healer, and when one has been uprooted after nine weeks, it should be allowed to work its magic. But this year I had travelled halfway across England without coming upon anyone else on his way to the Venerable, and had begun to fear that once again I had made a mistake and anticipated the day of return. So it was with a feeling of relief that I settled down to a long vigil in the parsonified company awaiting the Ribble bus.

It looked as if preparations were afoot for an immediate evacuation at St Mary's, but in fact it was the old game all over again. People who had moved their rooms (more correctly: who had removed themselves to other rooms) were now busily collecting their possessions, odd bits of furniture and electrical gadgets. (The electricians would soon be busy with fuse wire.) The New Men were being shown the little there is to see. The children of this world were on the prowl for anything that might be worth appropriating.

23rd *Saturday*. What is that insistent noise? Can it be? Yes, that's it. I'm back at the Venerable, and the time is 6.30 a.m. This business of getting up is more strange than difficult at first. Eventually it becomes familiar enough, but all too difficult.

Later in the day, in a calmer frame of mind, we were able to survey the New Men and appreciate their finer points. They are John Balnaves (Westminster), Francis Conway (Nottingham), Peter Derbyshire (Shrewsbury), George Devaney (Salford), George Fonseca (Westminster), Brian Frost (Northampton), Lawrence Howorth (Salford), James Lowery (Shrewsbury), John O'Hara (Leeds), Vincent Sherliker (Portsmouth), Peter Tierney (Nottingham) and Peter Walmsley (Leeds). I thought someone was pulling my leg when he told me that two of them came from Clitheroe, but it seems he is right after all; we have actually undertaken the training of native clergy. Although these are not the first English College men

to come from this valley. Paul Whittingham, admitted in 1606, was born at Goosnargh, and made his studies at Goosnargh, Chipping and Whalley. His brother William, admitted a year later, was also an old boy of Whalley. And of Lawrence Cottam, admitted in 1677, we read that he "was principally educated at Clitheroe School"!

24th *Sunday*. The argument from silence becomes forceful only when there is an obligation on the part of the author to speak. As the House goes into Retreat at 6.30 p.m. under the direction of Fr Oswald Bennett C.P., the reader will not be able to frame any argument from the silence of the next six days.

30th *Saturday*. Yes, I've broken the silence to record the departure of Mr Sherliker, who found that the climate and his asthma disagreed.

OCTOBER 1st *Sunday*. Bishop Marshall conferred the diaconate upon Messrs Sowerby, Campbell, Buxton, J. Groarke and Clark. At the same time the two members of Second Year Theology—Messrs Swan and Peters—received the first two minors. *Ad maiora!* Dr Butterfield, who is usually in at the kill, ready to cast the wary eye of the moral theologian over the ceremony, was unable to be present, and the Senior Student took his place as one of the assisting deacons.

It was well known among us that Fr Dyson S.J. was going to leave us for fresh woods and new pastures; it was not so definite when precisely he would give the preliminary twitch to his blue mantle. It proved to be this evening. And so it came about that, long after the sun had dropped into the western bay, the after-supper Common Room was surprised to find the festive glasses appear, wine, and throats thirsty to sing their *Ad Multos*. Fr Dyson had, in his four years with us, become an integral part of the College, and—as he himself said—left something of himself with us. I think I see him on some campus expounding the superiority of English cricket to baseball enthusiasts; or invited either to recount his experiences of London in the blitz or to prophesy the next phase of the European War in front of some learned society at Washington, briskly flipping over the pages of a book in his left hand as though it were a railway timetable, giving an apologetic roll with his right, and finishing his discourse with a characteristic "just a suggestion". For what shall we remember these four years? For his teaching of "the easiest language in the world" ("Paratechnic, Father—you simply can't make a mistake")? For the singing of topical choruses at a Theologians' Concert? For the playing of a disastrous handball game with a wager of twenty cigarettes on the result? For the current libel that he had reduced the Bible to the compass of a C.T.S. pamphlet? For these memories, our next meeting (perhaps in Rome) will be the more interesting. *Vive valeque.*

2nd *Monday*. *Lectiones breves*. They are by way of being an inoculation against the full-strength doses that will follow them. It is well to assimilate this kind of thing gradually. In fact we might reverse the procedure of the Mock Turtle's school where the lessons *lessened* day by day, and plan a daily increase until the full timetable had been reached.

This year we did not have the adventitious interest of the *lectio brevis*—the first inspection of new professors ; for the Rector and Fr van de Poel S.J. are between them going to enlarge the minds of philosophers, while Fr Ekbery, despairing of the unaided human reason, is going to guide us through the pages of Tromp, Rosadini and Zappelena.

I don't know whether you have noticed how distant prospects are more charming than immediate ones. I mean, Fr Ekbery's outline of the scope of this year's work already gave a grand sense of achievement ; before twelve months were out we should have climbed new peaks of knowledge. The corporeal eye, glancing at the loaded Contents page, was duly impressed, and the imagination was busy dressing the parade of theses with the magic of an intellectual adventure. It is a persistent illusion, too. Long after *Propositio VI* will have joined its five fellows in the limbo of dusty death, that intriguing little scholion on page 659 will hold out the hope of the promised new horizon.

Inspired by these and other thoughts, I bought a new note-book.

3rd *Tuesday*. This being the first day of lectures in earnest, I should like to expatiate upon the differences between the Pontificia Universitas Gregoriana and our Aulæ (with an occasional sigh for the good old days). But such a dissertation might be tedious. So instead, I thank Messrs Anon & Anon, Editors of *Chi Lo Sa?*, for kind permission to make use of three verses of *Rome Thoughts from Abroad* :

Before the Germans sailed to Sark or through the Brenner strode,  
The weary British student trudged a dreary Roman road,  
A crooked road, a cobble road a-scorching in the sun,  
A road that bore the Caesars—now it squirms beneath the Hun—  
A narrow road, a noisy road, a road we loved and knew  
Before we went to Windermere by way of Waterloo.

We crossed the town in sable gown and hautocratic hat  
To jostle with the Jesuit and fraternise the Frat,  
And suffer pained propinquity from breeds without the law,  
Who claimed a common Adam—but lived Nature in the raw.  
Yes ! we had strange companions on the road we had to pace  
Before we boarded Peter's Barque by way of Pilot's Place.

In those old happy far-off days (more sentimental tosh !)  
We hobnobbed with the enemy—the Dago and the Bosche,  
For most of them were gentlemen, though none of them were free  
Blue-blooded British democrats, the likes of you and me.  
Still we could ship th'Italian spag and sink Germanic beer,  
Before we sailed to Stonyhurst by way of Wigan pier.

5th *Thursday*. The Rector returned from an expedition to York, accompanied by the chief of the film committee, the head electrician, and the film machine. All were in excellent spirits, so perhaps everything is in order. We shall soon see—or not see.



6th *Friday*. All the week the *intellectus patiens* has been enjoying a free period in the morning where the *horarium* used to read "S. Scriptura", but it pays for it now and will not readily forget the discipline it has undergone since 6.20 p.m. yesterday. The explanation is that Fr A. Jones of Upholland is the *locum-tenens* until Christmas, and has to make a weekly journey for the heroic purpose of giving us a week's biblical studies in one concentrated dose.

9th *Monday*. The Grant opened its season with a motion "That Anglo-American relations are detrimental to the future of Europe". A pessimist suggested that Europe had no future, and then, because one thing leads to another, he was followed by a speaker who thought there was no such place as Europe. The motion was heavily defeated.

11th *Wednesday*. About 9 o'clock this morning, the nuns, peeping from the seclusion of their chapel, saw the theologians on parade. It was not a revolution, but preparation for the potato picking which was to take the place of morning lectures. The potatoes belong to Stonyhurst farm. If you have ever entered into close relationship with the potato in its natural environment, you will know that "picking" is a euphemism. The potato digger, a devilish contraption, rides down the furrows scattering the crop broadside, and you have to go down on your hands and knees and hunt. At any moment, your companion may feel the urge for a bit of self-expression, and empty a bucket of soil down your neck. There is, we feel, something to be said for lectures.

Laborare proprium est agricolarum,  
quamvis bonum opus sit, tamen est amarum  
fame, siti, frigore, aestu pluviarum,  
de quorum miseriis non est loqui parum.

Vide, fili, clericos purpura splendentes ;  
ipsi sunt divitias vere possidentes ;  
ad dolores aliquos non apponunt mentes—  
sunt, qui fiunt clerici, vere sapientes.

As if in reward for our labours, we were invited to Stonyhurst in the evening to hear the Hallé Orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli.

Fr Coonan arrived for a few days' holiday.

12th *Thursday*. *Die diebische Elster*. There! I knew that would startle you, but it's not as wicked as it sounds—in fact, it's rather catchy. In last night's entertainment Rossini's *The Thieving Magpie* proved even more popular than the deservedly well applauded *Meistersingers Suite*, and today, all over the House, our reveries are shattered by that fascinating "tiddely-OM pom, pom-POM, pom, POM-pom . . ." which pianists of varying skill are to be caught tapping out in the Common Room at odd moments, shyly and rather shakily.

13th *Friday*. St Edward's. High Mass was sung before breakfast in preparation for another delightful morning with the potatoes. Fortunately it rained after breakfast and operations were suspended.

The film machine gave its first performance since its recent convalescence, and, in face of a weighty body of opinion, I think the sound has improved. Mind you, it still needs to be louder and slower. The film was an old favourite, *Sanders of the River*, complete with Paul Robeson erect in the prow of a river boat, thundering out African melodies against a background of sweeping paddles, swift waters and spiky trees—a scene which recurs like a leit-motif throughout, and which never fails to arouse a cheer.

15th *Sunday*. Lovers of tradition should be pleased to hear that we have reverted to the former practice of having the sermon before High Mass on Sunday, and the Senior Student inaugurated the homiletical year this morning. But Progress has been at work as well. The subject, date and preacher of each sermon are down, in relentless black and white, in a list of forthcoming attractions which appears on the notice board. *Moniti estis*.

17th *Tuesday*. The cow, even at her best, is a melancholy beast—suggesting that contemplation is a miserable business. But the Stonyhurst cow wears an unwonted look of satisfaction, which can be attributed only to the kale which we helped to prepare for her delectation, and with which she is now being fed. But it is a poor return to leave the bits she does not fancy all over the rugger field. Apparently the animal is lacking in the finer feelings.

18th *Wednesday*. Had I not taken a vow and sworn a solemn oath to refrain in these pages from all adverse comment on the climate, here would be the place for a few choice remarks. As it is, you are left to supply them.

19th *Thursday*. To be honest, it must be said that the subject of Dr Orchard's paper to the Literary Society—*The Mystical Interpretation of Dante*—was viewed with misgiving. Dante—Yes—but what's this mystical interpretation all about? As it happened we need not have been alarmed. Dr Orchard illustrated colourfully from the *Divine Comedy*, discussed in gripping undertones the nature of sin and the psychological state of the hardened sinner, and then, using Dante's rich imagery, suggested in a few skilful phrases the joy of the Blessed. He slipped into his peroration very quietly, and allowed no violence to mar the tranquil excitement of his conclusion; in fact his voice died away so gently that there was a sustained silence in the room until his audience realised that he had sat back, and broke into applause. Question time showed that we had little acquaintance with the Alighieri; but we put up a few posers of theological interest—and came away refreshed.

21st *Saturday*. On his way home from watching a Stonyhurst rugby match, the youngest member of First Year was addressed as "Father" by a player in the visiting team, and congratulated on having "a fine set of young men."

22nd *Sunday*. The posters clamouring for money for the foreign missions put us in mind of the fact that this is Mission Sunday. The

Missionary Union, having steered Vongola Showry through his course, have undertaken to deal in like manner with another Indian student; the only difference being that he will be known, not as "Duck's Nigger", but as "Mr Killeen's Dark Gentleman."

To say that Mgr R. L. Smith addressed the Literary Society on *Rome and the College* would be to give you no idea of this evening's entertainment. The stage directions did not read: Enter Nostaglia attended by a Silent Tear, but: Enter Sherwin, Morse, Cornelius, Almond & Co. as though they had this moment left for the Mission—Enter Wiseman looking very much like a member of the O.N.D.—Enter an anonymous student disguised as a bishop for a papal function—Enter Horace who sang an odd ode and stayed to dinner. The privileged few who had been There enjoyed their privilege, the majority enjoyed vicariously; but all in common enjoyed Mgr Smith's own zest for living. As we went away to night-prayers, our mood was that of G. K. Chesterton:

Here dies another day  
During which I have had eyes, ears, hands  
And the giant world round me;  
And with tomorrow begins another.  
Why am I allowed two?

23rd *Monday*, saw the beginning and end of the Public Meeting. The man with the provocative motion up his sleeve—kept it up his sleeve.

24th *Tuesday*. We have embarked upon a new enterprise as an alternative to potato picking. The ruggier captain gathers together a few innocents, and away they go, complete with spade, pick-axe and stirrup-pump, seeking the wide open spaces. The object of the expedition is to disfigure the countryside with rugby posts. But Fr Vavasour S.J. has put an end to the manoeuvres by kindly letting us have the use of some ground near the golf course—and there the posts have finally settled.

25th *Wednesday*, was made lively by a debate of the motion "That History is made by Leaders, not Peoples." *Obiter dicta* :—

—Yes, "live and let live" is the motto of mankind, if we exclude a few busybodies and big-game hunters!

—I am interested in a previous speaker's mention of self-sacrifice as a quality necessary to a leader. I am rather of the opinion that a leader needs the ability to make others exercise self-sacrifice!!

—Nihil movetur nisi ab alio movetur!!!

26th *Thursday*. To dinner, Fr van de Poel S.J. and Fr O'Dwyer of Westminster.

27th *Friday*. The spaces at table recall the story (which is quite true) of the spiritualist who insisted upon having a place laid at table for her husband who had "passed over". The conversation, she said, was rather one-sided.

29th *Sunday*. The feast of Christ the King. After supper the Rector showed his films. We had glimpses of Scotland, rich alike in scenery and monsignori; of Rome; of opera, and of St Mary's Hall in technicolour. (The camera never lies.) This sort of entertainment, quite unknown in Hollywood, leaves one at once satisfied and yet ready for more.

31st *Tuesday*. Our recalcitrant harmonium seems to have caught the cold which is going the rounds.

NOVEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. Feast of All Saints with all the attendant gaieties. The film committee presented *Said O'Reilly to McNab*. Exactly what he said it was not always easy to tell.

2nd *Thursday*. "Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere"—and so thought we, as we scrambled out of bed after a late night, in readiness to attend all three Masses before breakfast. The reason—our presence urgently required on the potato field.

4th *Saturday*. "Tristitia", says St Thomas, "respicit malum conjunctum." Our particular *malum* was the text-book. For nearly two hours this evening we had been at it, ploughing our way through *praenotanda*, sticking over the *status quaestionis*, oppressed with *opinionones*, and finding that we still had a good way to go when we arrived at the *termini*. "Proponimus ac defendimus totam thesim ut critice certam. . ."

and we were off at a tangent. Our eye lighted on the bookcase, and we asked ourselves which chosen few should be taken back to Rome. There is that tussle between the books one likes and the books one feels one ought to like. How to choose between the *Summa* and *The Flying Inn*, Vermeersch and Shakespeare? Has Dorothy Sayers to part company with Billot? For a lively book is as much a remedy for *tristitia* as those that St Thomas suggests—wine, if we remember rightly, and a bath—

7.15 p.m.! We must make one last effort and tackle this *scholion*. Hallo! a more interesting *scholion* than we had expected. A previous owner of the text-book has added his gloss (evidently the last word on the subject):—

Bonum vinum cum odore  
Bibit abbas cum priore,  
Aqua datur fratribus.

*Aqua*—at any rate then I shall be able to have that bath.

5th *Sunday*. "And if the place be lower than the other flesh, and the hair yellow and thinner than usual: he shall declare them unclean, because it is the leprosy of the head and the beard."—Leviticus, xiii, 30. "All the time that he is a leper and unclean, he shall dwell alone without the camp."—Ibid. 46. Today the editor, having manifested the symptoms of yellow jaundice, departed to the isolation of Mount Street Hospital, Preston.

7th *Tuesday*. The Social Guild is making a determined bid at rejuvenation this year. A few weeks ago Mr Swan read a paper about the relation between capitalism and Calvinism and was severely savaged by a critical

audience. Tonight Mr Killeen, braving the possibility of a similar mauling for the sake of the Cause, read a paper entitled *Socialism without Tears*.

8th *Wednesday*. The question whether we want socialism, with or without tears, was discussed.

9th *Thursday*. It may now be revealed that those strange-looking persons, who assemble in the hall on Thursday and Sunday mornings, and then slink off to Stonyhurst equipped with mysterious little cases, are engaged in copying documents which refer to the College martyrs. Which reminds me that there is a room here (with a Yale lock on the door) labelled ARCHIVES. Until two years ago it was just another student's room—Mr Reynolds, I believe, was the last to be associated with it—distinguished from the other rooms of the middle corridor only by a smoky chimney. Now it remains tenantless and has dropped out of the living part of the building. *Chi Lo Sa?* has seized upon it as a subject for jocular reference, but even this inquisitive journal has penetrated only the fringe of the silence that surrounds it. I notice, from a glance at the list of Public Offices, that there is actually an archivist. I shall make a point of contacting him and seeing whether a little diplomatic praise of archivy (or archivistry) will not induce him to break the *disciplina arcani*.

10th *Friday*. I have actually been inside!

There are two pieces of furniture: a large table (as if for the meeting of a Board of Directors), and a Victorian dressing-table *cum* chest-of-drawers. In a corner on some shelves, volumes of the Catholic Records Society are gathering the dust. Autumn leaves are in small heaps near the window. The window itself is an interesting relic, containing probably the last panes in the house which still bear the black paint that provided a permanent black-out in the military occupation. You can even see a small patch where a pioneer (perhaps Mr Reynolds himself) has tried to let in some more light with an old razor-blade. My teeth went on edge at the very memory.

I turned my attention to the drawers of the dressing-table, and made the following inventory:

*Imprimis*, Photographs of parts of the *Liber Ruber* and of the Martyrs' Picture.

*Item*, Faulty copies of Wiseman's *Prayers for the Conversion of England* (1943 reprint—*apud* Preston, *typis* J. & H. Platt)—bound.

*Item*, A piece of the coffin of Julian Watts-Russell.

*Item*, Some magazines containing pictures of the College (not THE VENERABLE).

*Item*, Faulty copies of Wiseman's *Prayers for the Conversion of England* (1943 reprint—*apud* Preston, *typis* J. & H. Platt)—unbound.

*Item*, More of Julian Watts-Russell; this time a shirt button.

*Item*, A book of press-cuttings: appreciations of Cardinal Hinsley.

*Item*, Wiseman's *Prayers for the Conversion of England* (actual copy brought back from the Via Monserrato in 1940).

That concluded my stay. After a brief glance around to make sure I had not overlooked anything, I retired to my room, to give you the benefit of my privilege. On reflection, I think the evidence I have obtained has a certain value. I have drawn up the following memorandum.

1. It is a libel that nothing is kept in the archives.
2. It is not true that the room has been kept locked in memory of Mr Reynolds.
3. There is no furniture worth appropriating.
4. There is still a strong interest in the Conversion of England.
5. Extant copies of Wiseman's *Prayers* are in substantial concordance with the original text.
6. The fashion in shirt buttons has not changed a great deal since the day of Julian Watts-Russell.
7. Who was Julian Watts-Russell?
8. Why the Yale lock?

12th *Sunday*. Any change in the usual round of ceremonies is foreshadowed by rather peculiar behaviour on the part of the M.C. He can be seen lurking behind doorways and hiding in alcoves ready to pounce upon his victims and lead them away to a lengthy practice. So it was hardly a surprise that in place of the usual High Mass a Requiem was sung for all those killed in this, and in the last war.

13th *Monday*. "Coaling, 2.0 p.m. Buckets please." The coalman has increased the weekly ration of slate so generously that there is hardly any room left in the bunkers for coal.

14th *Tuesday*. *Dies non*, and half the House decided it would be a good idea to get away for a few hours. As soon as the last party left, the rain came, and came to stay. We passed some ducks having the time of their lives. No doubt it is all a matter of upbringing. And this reminds me that a local sage was heard to say that "nowadays we are all surrounded by environment from the cradle to the grave".

Part of this evening's environment was Deanna Durbin who made an appearance in *Three Smart Girls*.

15th *Wednesday*. A red-letter day. The head electrician, a veteran of many years' standing (or rather, not standing), notwithstanding. . . . Anyway the head electrician announced his retirement. But surely last night's performance demanded no such drastic action?

16th *Thursday*. There are clear signs that the barber has just paid another visit to this seat of learning. He is, by profession, a distributor of yeast, and there are certain indications that his talents lie more in that direction.

18th *Saturday*. They told me at tea to-day that our 1st XV had played Stonyhurst 2nd XV and won by thirty-five points to ten. I boggled. Then because an English afternoon tea is a more important function I put a stop to this process and meditated the fact. I chewed on it, as the Americans say.

My informant was not, as far as I knew, a dealer in high finance, and even more surely no dabbler in the higher mathematics, so I had no reason to suspect him of anything but the truth. First there was the XV. That was a bit of a shock. I knew that after a rigger list had gone round the refectory it would have at least five names on it, and I had seen teams listed for seven-a-side matches, which, if my arithmetic is correct, brings the total of players up to fourteen. But what about the fifteenth? Where did he come from? Then there was the question of the qualifying 1st in all its unapproachable superiority, implying, too, that there was a 2nd and if need be a 3rd XV. Imagination could find no limit to the possibilities of such a progression this side of infinity. So the War Department has variously placed in the field an eighth, a second, a first, a ninth Army, no doubt for the obfuscation of the enemy. There is room here for an Augustinian treatise on the mystical meaning of number. But I shall not write it.

19th Sunday. After a night of heavy rain our 2nd XV (what did I tell you?) engaged in muddy battle with the Stonyhurst 3rd XV. After a few minutes it became almost impossible to distinguish *whites* from *colours*. They heaved, heeled, interlocked, broke away over every inch of water that was enclosed within the railings. It became useless to discriminate between sides, and enjoyable to watch thirty human beings rolling in the dirt as ecstatically as dogs after a bath. When they had gathered sufficient Lancashire mould to satisfy them, the thirty left the quarry without having scored a single point among them.

In the evening the Wiseman Society met to hear and discuss a paper to which Mr English had affixed the paradoxical title *The Liberal Conservatism of Burke*.

20th Monday. Dr Butterfield took over temporarily the Chair of Moral Philosophy. Why? Well, for that matter, why should there be a science of Ethics at all? We always understood that *homo in statu purae naturae* had ceased to exist, at any rate since mankind have agreed on certain sartorial conventions.

22nd Wednesday. The novena to the College Martyrs began. This, together with unaccustomed activity among philosophers, is sign and portent of the approach of St Catherine's. "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee, jest and youthful jollity."

25th Saturday. And here she is, along with Sub-Lieutenant V. Rogers R.N.V.R. who came to pay us a short visit.

Gone indeed are the days when a handful of philosophers had to struggle to entertain a large audience. Now the tables are turned, and there are just enough theologians to give the auditorium the appearance of being full. Since laughter and fun are catching, a small audience adds to a producer's difficulties. A man, whatever his cosmology, wants, on these occasions, to feel surrounded, not by space, but by friends. An atmosphere of conviviality has to be created somehow or other. I think that the whole Faculty have to be congratulated on overcoming the handicap, not only of a small audience, but also of the absence of a First Year

Sketch. This interlude is usually the very heart of St Catherine's Concert and gives it that note of spontaneous gaiety which is its peculiar charm, distinguishes it from the more studied finish of the three-act plays of Christmas. So its absence was regrettable. I must confess that I found the beginning slow, but the concert soon brightened, and the arrival of the Coons put the finishing touches to my conversion. This item was one of the best things seen for years, and should have burst upon us with its splendid *attacca* earlier in the evening.

1. FIRST YEAR SONG

*Chorus* Hinc mox abeamus,  
pontum transeamus,  
urbem ineamus  
sedem Petri.

Bibite, bibite, collegiales  
ad Romam reditum iamdiu speratum.

2. SKETCH

"Topee or not topee!"  
by *Reginald Arkell*

<i>Colonel Bygadsby</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rea
<i>Mrs Bygadsby</i>	.	.	.	Mr M. Groarke
<i>Lieutenant Rafflin</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Dowd

3. OCTET Messrs Devaney, Alexander; Murphy-O'Connor, Dixon;  
Spillane, O'Hara; Hamilton, Haughey.  
"Rolling down to Rio" (*German*)

4. PIANOFORTE DUET . . . Messrs McDonnell and Johnson  
"Sheep may safely graze" (*Bach*)

5. SKETCH

"Seven Women"  
by *J. M. Barrie*

<i>Mrs Tovey</i>	.	.	.	Mr English
<i>Mr Tovey</i>	.	.	.	Mr Hamilton
<i>Captain Rattray</i>	.	.	.	Mr Alexander
<i>Leonora</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dickenson
<i>A maid</i>	.	.	.	Mr Spillane

6. FIVE COONS AND A BANJO Messrs Hamilton, Johnson, Dickenson,  
Murphy-O'Connor, Haughey and Lowery

7. TOPICAL SONGS . . . Messrs Gallagher, Derbyshire, Tierney

8. PIANOFORTE SOLO . . . Mr McDonnell  
"Refflets dans l'eau" (*Debussy*)

9. ITEM . . . Dr Butterfield

10. SKETCH

"The Mechanical Man"  
by *E. Adkins*

<i>Eileen</i>	.	.	.	Mr Stewart
<i>Jack (her husband)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Keegan
<i>Hon. Percival</i>	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor	
<i>Lucy (a maid)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dixon
<i>Peggy</i>	}	<i>nieces of Hon. Percival</i>	.	Mr Gallagher
<i>Joan</i>			.	Mr Jones
<i>Aunt Adelene</i>	.	.	.	Mr Devaney



26th *Sunday*. Two pianos set at an angle against the wall of the Common Room and a gramophone on a nearby table formed an unusual setting for a meeting of the Literary Society. We have often been tyrannized over by a tune, which would insist upon thrusting itself up out of our subconscious the moment our attention was not occupied. It has run riot and had its way with us. Now we arraigned all such tyrants before the bar of the Society, with Mr Chambers as counsel, at once for the prosecution and for the defence. Indeed Mr Chambers was judge and jury as well, and found many tunes guilty of "slouching aimlessly along", while others he vindicated as having the "cleanness" of march-time. But all of them, good and bad alike, ditties, ballads, waltzes, hill-billies, and boogy-woogy, he executed impartially—on the keys of the two pianos.

27th *Monday*. Q.—When is an amendment not an amendment?

A.—When it is a contrary motion.

Although it took some time to solve this conundrum, the Public Meeting again lasted no more than a day. How are the mighty fallen!

28th *Tuesday*. "Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps" according to the Frenchman, yet you may tell the approach of Spring from the presence of many swallows. It is the same with weak jokes and the pantomime. One weak joke does not make a pantomime—it has to last for two hours, remember. Yet when the weak jokes at table mount above the average, the weather-wise know that these are unmistakable signs that the pantomime is in the becoming. For your pantomime script writer is not a prodigal creature and never wastes a "mot", be it "bon" or not so "bon". He uses the rejects wherewith to pepper his conversation, and he does not expect you to laugh—he is satisfied if you sneeze.

29th *Wednesday* brought a letter of great interest.

To: The Students of the English College.

St John's Seminary,  
Nellore, 14-11-44.

A.M.D.G.

My dear Benefactors,

It appears to me as though I wrote to you a century ago. That does not mean that I have forgotten you. On Nov. 2nd five of us, the Deacons made our oral exam. coram episcopo. We were examined in 'De Verbo Incarnato, De Gratia and De Eucharistia'. The examination was interesting from start to finish. One Rev. Deacon was asked about the Protestant idea of Justification. He knew the answer so well that in the course of the answer he unconsciously exhibited his histrionic talents. We had a jolly time at his expense. Among many other questions, I was asked to prove the divinity of Christ, the necessity of grace for the observation of the whole of the Natural Law throughout one's life, and that the Mass

is a true Sacrifice from the text of Malachy. I can say that I made my exam. quite satisfactorily.

On November 1st and 2nd, I was Deacon at the Solemn High Mass. The 'Ite Missa est' on Nov. 1st was not so bad, but I composed a 'Requiescant in pace' of my own on Nov. 2nd, being a poor singer, with the result the students had a hearty laugh at my expense. From this you can make out how much I need grace to sing gracefully.

We are informed by the Bishop and Fr Rector that the day of our Ordination will be 13th Decr., the feast of St Lucia. I am sure it will be a day of great happiness to you when your great solicitude for me will be amply rewarded by my ordination to the Priesthood. Of course you shall all have a special memento in my First Mass, which I intend saying on 16th Dec. at Ravipadu (in Guntur Diocese) where my maternal uncle is the Parish Priest. I may also mention in passing that it is the birthplace of Mgr P. Thomas, Bishop of Bangalore.

Dear Brothers, I wish often to hear from you and know how you are getting on. I cannot thank you enough for the great sacrifices you must have been making all these years in order to support me through my studies for the Priesthood. May God bless you abundantly. Please do not forget me in your prayers.

Many best wishes for a happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year. I shall write to you again after my Ordination. Cheerio.

I beg to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

V. Showry.

If you refer to the entry for 22nd October, you will see that the Missionary Union offered to adopt another student. A covering letter from Bishop Bouter tells us that "the new Seminarist is called Paulose Kanatt. Paulose is the same as Paul and Kanatt is his family name. He belongs really to Malabar on the West Coast but since there are plenty of vocations there whilst here only a very few we have taken several students from Malabar for the Nellore Diocese. Most probably the ancestors of Paulose have been baptized by St Thomas or St Francis Xavier, who both worked on the West Coast of India. Paulose is an excellent student with a very pleasant character. He completes now his first year Philosophy and will start his second year in January."

DECEMBER 1st *Friday*. Feast of the College Martyrs. This is a day of special festivity in the Society of Jesus as well, and our celebrations were mingled with theirs—Stonyhurst lending us some relics of the martyrs to venerate, and inviting us across to see a production of Bernard Shaw's play *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. We should like to recall here also a gift, now eight years old, which the present members of the House may not know of—a silver reliquary, designed as a monstrance radiating the emblems of palm leaf and rose, holding a relic *ex artubus* of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, and inscribed:—

## A.M.D.G.

The English Jesuit Fathers and Brothers  
to the Venerable English College  
in perpetual memory and in pledge  
of the close friendship  
begun in the mission of 1580  
and gloriously sealed at Tyburn December 1st 1581  
in the blood of their Protomartyrs  
Ralph Sherwin and Edmund Campion  
L.D.S.

2nd *Saturday*. December is always a month of events. The Literary Society contributed their share to the entertainments by presenting Mr Douglas Woodruff, who spoke on *The Church and Post-War Europe*. All the *Tablet* devotees put on learned looks and asked questions.

3rd *Sunday*. The practice of alternating between the use of the Old and New Westminster Hymnal gave the choirmaster an opportunity for a quiet and tasteful little solo after Benediction.

4th *Monday*. I have just been looking at the programme of a concert produced in the College in 1904 in honour of the thirteenth centenary of St Gregory the Great, who is hailed as "Speculum Monachorum, Pater Urbis, Orbis Deliciae". The programme is hand-made in red and black inks on a single sheet, and contains a coat of arms in the bottom corner. In the margin is set out the chant of the Communion of the Mass of St Gregory, *Fidelis servus et prudens*. On comparing this with the modern *Liber I* noticed some minor discrepancies which experts tell me indicate the old Vatican text uncorrected by Solesmes. The main items of the entertainment were all vocal and Messrs Ward and Foley seem to have done most of the singing.

This evening the Orchestra and the Glee combined to produce a concert on similar lines, this time *in honorem Sanctae Caeciliae* who must be difficult to please if she did not feel flattered.

## THE V.E.C. ORCHESTRA and THE GLEE

Conductor : Mr Kelly

Leader : Mr Shelton

## Soloists :

Fr Ekbery (violin)

Mr Johnson ('cello)

Mr Shelton (violin)

Mr J. Groarke (tenor)

Overture : Calif of Bagdad . . . . .	Boieldieu (arr. Winter)
Three Dances (The Fairy Queen) . . . . .	Henry Purcell (arr. R. Jacques)
Gavotte (Symphony No. 4 in F) . . . . .	William Boyce
Recitative : " He was cut off "	} (The Messiah) . . . . . Handel
Air : " But Thou didst not leave "	
Three Movements (The Water Music) . . . . .	Handel
Chorus : " Worthy is the Lamb " (The Messiah)	Handel
Concerto Grosso No. 8 ( " Christmas Concerto ")	Arcangelo Corelli
Symphony in C. . . . .	Carl von Dittersdorf

5th *Tuesday*. Mr Michael Keegan, a member of the Church Militant, is to become a member of the State Militant as well. He has been called up, and made his goodbyes today in hopes of an early return to the College.

6th *Wednesday*. Monday's concert has revived a popular interest in music. Overheard in a Common Room circle :

—I did like that *Calif of Bagdad*.

—What did you think of the Glee ?

—Oh, I always think there's something about Handel.

—I know . . . all those airs and things . . . and the recitative, whatever that was, it sounded rather . . . recitative.

—One loses oneself, I mean.

—I know. One does kind of lose oneself.

—One becomes kind of independent of one's body.

—I know. A sort of divorce of one's body from one's spirit.

—One simply . . . oh, it's impossible to explain in words.

—I know.

8th *Friday*. It being the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Company of Mary at Leagram Hall held their ordinations in the church at Chipping. Mr Kelly joined them to receive the diaconate. *Ogni felicità !*

Our film machine, "to one thing constant never", again refused its services, and this in spite of much pampering from the electricians. However, through the kindness of the Rector of Stonyhurst and of Fr Lawrence S.J., we were able to run tonight's film, *Victoria the Great*, on the Stonyhurst machine.

11th *Monday*. Fr T. Fooks emerged from his Cambridge chrysalis and arrived here in time for supper.

12th *Tuesday*. St Lucy. There used to be a custom of celebrating Mass at S. Lucia in Monserra' on this day. Even those for whom this does not strike a chord of memory will perhaps recall the famous boat which rejoiced in her name, and maybe be transported to that silver sea off Naples, the

sol' beato,

Ove sorridere

Vuol' il creato.

It is such images that make us impatient of the dividing earth, to murmur "potius hodie quam cras" with a different connotation.

O che tardate ?

Bell' e la sera,

Spir un' aurette

Fresc' e leggera.

Venit' all' agile

Barchetta mia,

Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia !

13th *Wednesday*. We were invited to see *Cinderella* on the Stonyhurst stage. Lady Gorgonzola and Buttons deserve a special mention for the zest with which they gave themselves up to our entertainment.

15th *Friday*. Mr Swaby, I hear, is taking First Year for Italian lessons. When I was in first year we had a series of talks and exercises in Italian (oh! those sentences!) from the Vice-Rector. We did have, too, a course from Mr Kevin Connolly—an attempt to show us something of what Fathers Soccorsi and Pignatelli were talking about. That wasn't strictly on the Italian language, though it was largely on account of our inexperience in that idiom that we were unable to follow the no doubt interesting questions *de geometria non euclidea* and *de chimia*. I remember Mr Connolly holding forth on Lobatchewsky, drawing very convincing diagrams that looked like beer barrels, and demonstrating the shape of a spherical triangle by peeling an orange. He also produced copious notes for us to copy. Came the exam. I remember Fr Pignatelli's "You may answer the questions in Latin or any other language", our hasty reproduction of the Connolly notes, our discovery when it was all over that by "any other language" he had meant the Italian. Singularly enough we all passed those exams., and we all got the same mark—a six.

17th *Gaudete Sunday*. We have read somewhere of a priest who knew how a Benedictine Abbot should pontificate on a Double of the Second Class in the presence of a Cardinal Archbishop of the Ambrosian rite. There are people here who are inclined that way; but today's Master of Ceremonies is not one of them. He encouraged the Celebrant at High Mass to intone the *Gloria*.

18th *Monday*. I had been looking forward to my part in a play intended for Christmas week; but I see that most of the stage directions in which I am offered a drink have been cut by the producer. This is the last straw. He must think me a dipsomaniac.

A visit from Fr A. Storey is the second sign that the term is over at Cambridge.

20th *Wednesday*. One advantage of being in the country is that at this time of the year one can put on a *zim* and drift into the garden after breakfast to catch the moment when the distant sun will break the bank of clouds low in the southeast. It does not rise strictly behind Pendle but above Wiswell Moor, and it keeps being swallowed up again in the mists that come up from the steaming woods around Mitton.

23rd *Saturday*. *Omnnes scholae vacant*. The making of holly-chains having been declared servile work, the business was done today. We

cleared the decks in Aula II and settled in. Would-be moralists argued the case while their more practical brethren got on with the job. *Experientia docet*, as they say in the Schools.

24th. The fourth *Sunday* of Advent and Christmas Eve all rolled into one for the convenience of nobody. In the early morning several bumps were heard and those who had experienced the London blitz gave judgment that they had been caused by flying-bombs. Later, rumour had it that the Punchbowl had been hit. A party left to find out for themselves and seemed satisfied that it was still intact. The pukka gen came through later with an official announcement of flying bombs over N.W. England.

You know how Christmas Eve fades off into the Day without exactly ending. Just when you are beginning to feel that perhaps it *would* have been wiser to have gone to bed, it is encouraging to meet somebody who has just got up in desperation after a vain attempt at sleep. But whatever you may feel like about 9.30 p.m., after the third attempt at an article for *Chi Lo Sa?* has found its home in the fire, at 10.15 p.m., the moment you process into the chapel for Matins, the atmosphere of Christmas is there all right. Everything was as it should be. Psalm LXXXVIII seemed longer than ever and . . . .

25th. . . . Lauds went with a swing, as it always does whatever the choirmaster may think. There were the usual songs round the Common Room fire and new ones as well, especially a chorus from *The Messiah*.

. . . . *Blessing and Honour, Glory and Power, be unto Him, be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne. . . .*

. . . . *Blessing and Honour, Glory and Power, be unto Him, be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne. . . .*

. . . . BLESSING AND HONOUR, GLORY AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM, BE UNTO HIM, THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE. . . .

repeated at more different levels of the stave than I have devices to indicate. Even the most ordinary numbers in our repertoire seemed to take on a new splendour in the *nova lux tuae claritatis* about which the Preface is eloquent. The *magnum silentium* succeeded with suddenness—the time for ghost stories or bed.

You may take it from me that the unfolding stages of Christmas fare carried us festively through the day. The *pièce de resistance* was the pantomime. It cannot be said, however, as it was said of an earlier pantomime, that “it took the audience by storm from the rise of the curtain.” No, the plot was too involved. Now this was a pity, for it showed imagination and originality and avoided the slapstick comedy which has spoiled other pantos. If the plot had been simple, the author could have afforded to neglect it and bring in irrelevancies without confusion. We liked the March Hare and the Mock Turtle most of all. We sympathised with the Hatter and Alice because they were on our side (and often looked as puzzled as we were). There were some very good songs, as the later demands of the Common Room proved, but the chorus was not given sufficient songs of its own. At times it seemed like an accessory after the fact.

1. CAROLS . . . . . Messrs Haynes, Anglim, Scantlebury, Clark  
 "A Child this day" (*West of England*)  
 "Ninna Nanna" (*Neapolitan*)
2. FLUTE TRIO  
 Mr Haynes (flute) . . . . . Mr Shelton (violin) . . . . . Mr Johnson ('cello)  
 Scherzo and Presto : Op. 100, No. 4 (*J. Haydn*)
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO . . . . . Mr McDonnell  
 Scherzo in E minor (*Mendelssohn*)  
 Consolation in D flat major (*Liszt*)
4. ALICE IN WONDERLAND  
*A Christmas Carroll*
- |   |           |            |
|---|-----------|------------|
| <i>Mad Hatter</i>                               | . . . . . | Mr Kelly   |
| <i>March Hare</i>                               | . . . . . | Mr Killeen |
| <i>Mock Turtle</i>                              | . . . . . | Mr Sowerby |
| <i>King of Diamonds (Solomon Solomon)</i>       | . . . . . | Mr Farrow  |
| <i>King of Clubs (Alexander Throttlebottle)</i> | . . . . . | Mr Peters  |
| <i>King of Spades</i>                           | . . . . . | Mr Jones   |
| <i>Alice</i>                                    | . . . . . | Mr Buxton  |
| <i>Queen of Hearts (Diana)</i>                  | . . . . . | Mr Dixon   |
- Chorus of Diamonds :—
- |                                       |           |               |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| <i>Mr Edersheim (a film director)</i> | . . . . . | Mr Lowery     |
| <i>Mr Grisebach (another)</i>         | . . . . . | Mr Crissell   |
| <i>A Porter and Reporter</i>          | . . . . . | Mr O'Hara     |
| <i>Dolores (a film actress)</i>       | . . . . . | Mr Frost      |
| <i>Dulcie (another)</i>               | . . . . . | Mr Stewart    |
| <i>Miss Leighton (a secretary)</i>    | . . . . . | Mr Gallagher  |
| <i>First Page</i>                     | . . . . . | Mr Derbyshire |
| <i>Second Page</i>                    | . . . . . | Mr Tierney    |
- Act I : Under the Ground* . . . . . *Act II : In the Holly Wood*  
*Act III : The Bridge Party*  
 Orchestra : Messrs Haynes, Shelton and Johnson  
 The Pantomime produced by Mr Richards

26th *Tuesday*. A day one likes to take quietly. There was a log fire in the Common Room, but there were also the people who wanted something soldered, something carried, or a hand with this and that. There were also Fathers Auchinleck and B. Keegan who arrived in time to part with their loose change at the Fair. Which reminds me that we have had Fr Swinburne with us over Christmas and I have overlooked his arrival.

27th *Wednesday*. ST JOHN'S CONCERT

1. TRIO . . . . . Vice-Rector, Mr J. Groarke, Mr Peters  
 "Ask if you damask roses" (*Handel*)
2. SONGS . . . . . Mr Peters  
 "Jeannie" (*S. Foster*) . . . . .  
 "Lindy Lou" (*L. Strickland*)
3. PIANOFORTE DUET . . . . . Vice-Rector and Mr McDonnell  
 Slavonic Dances Nos. 6 & 8 (*Dvorak*)

4.

## TEN MINUTE ALIBI

by *Anthony Armstrong*

<i>Hunter</i> . . . . .	Mr M. Groarke
<i>Philip Sevilla</i> . . . . .	Mr Williams
<i>Betty Findon</i> . . . . .	Mr J. Groarke
<i>Colin Derwent</i> . . . . .	Mr Swaby
<i>Sir Miles Standing</i> . . . . .	Mr Barry
<i>Detective Inspector Pember</i> . . . . .	Mr Hamilton
<i>Detective Sergeant Brace</i> . . . . .	Mr Anglim
<i>Restaurant Manager</i> . . . . .	Mr Walmsley

The action takes place in Philip Sevilla's flat in Bloomsbury.  
*Act I* : Tuesday evening.      *Act II* : Thursday afternoon  
*Act III* : Nearly two hours later  
The Play produced by Mr Alexander

On this programme our thoughts were centred all the day. The concert put the audience in a good humour. After laughing at a happy accident in the casting and at the sight of the first curtain carrying up a piece of stage furniture with it, they settled down to some serious drama. The play is fairly well-known among amateurs and, as you probably know, it's not a mystery play. We know who our man is from the beginning. In fact, in what is possibly the best scene, we see him plan the murder in a dream. The dramatic interest is the problem "Will he get away with it?" This does not provide a very startling dénouement for the third act. The crisis builds up slowly and carefully (around a clock), so that if you are not fully alert to implications of incidents like the chiming of the clock you will miss the point. For this reason it is questionable whether this is really a first-class play, but, whatever its merits, the whole cast gave a good performance, and especially Colin Derwent and Hunter.

28th *Thursday*. First Vespers of St Thomas. The other day I was shown a snippet from a letter to Samuel Pepys from John Jackson :—  
Rome, New Year's Day, 1700.

After 8 days diligent Search, we have at last found 2 or 3 chambers to our Satisfaction, where I hope we shall be able to avoid splitting on the Rock which I observe few of our English can keep clear of: that is, the herding with one another in Ordinaries and Coffee-houses, where they engage in Play, and scarce hear a word of Italian from morning to Night.

The principal entertainments these Holydays have afforded us, have been the Musick, and the Reliques exposed in the churches: wherein, as to the former, none have exceeded that at the English Colledge on St Thomas Becket's day, where Bishop Ellis officiated, 19 Cardinals assisted, and so many English gentlemen were present as occasioned particular Notice to be taken of it.

29th *Friday*. St Thomas Becket's day. We did not have Bishop Ellis with us and we were unable to create even one Cardinal for the occasion. Incidentally, do you know why cardinals are said to be created? Well, creation is defined as *ex nihilo sui et subiecti* . . . . But I digress. Many English gentlemen were present and we did have the Musick :—



1. OCTET Messrs Haynes, Dixon, Swaby ; Buxton, Anglim, Derbyshire ;  
 Scantlebury, Haughey ; Sowerby, Hamilton  
 " The Mulligan Musketeers " (*Atkinson*)  
 " The Baby on the Shore " (*Grossmith*)
2. SONGS " Linden Lea " (*Barnes—V. Williams*) Mr O'Hara  
 " Within these sacred bowers " : The Magic Flute (*Mozart*)
3. MONOLOGUES . . . . . Mr Sowerby  
 " Battle of Hastings " & " Gunner Joe " (*Marriott Edgar*)

## BLITHE SPIRIT

by Noel Coward

<i>Edith (a maid)</i>	.	.	Mr Johnson
<i>Ruth</i>	.	.	Mr Tyler
<i>Charles</i>	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Dr Bradman</i>	.	.	Mr Chadwick
<i>Mrs Bradman</i>	.	.	Mr Devaney
<i>Madame Arcati</i>	.	.	Mr Clark
<i>Elvira</i>	.	.	Mr Campbell

The action takes place in the living room of Charles Condomine's house in Kent.

The Play produced by Mr Campbell

The play started off with a bang. That is to say, when the footlights went on before the first curtain was raised, the main fuse blew. Fuses have been known to blow before, so nobody worried. But when they had been mended several times without success it was evident that this catastrophe was exceptional, and needed exceptional measures. Electricians, ex-electricians, pseudo- and neo-electricians, swarmed on to the stage, every man of them with advice to give. Step ladders were brought, and lengths of wire for the actors to trip over. Supplies were running low. Then someone arrived with a message that the whole of the village had been plunged into darkness. But the electricians, by this time driven almost to despair, refused to take this seriously. Who knows, they may still be without light in Hurst Green? It would hardly make any difference.

When it became obvious that the repair would take some time, the effort at impromptu entertainment was abandoned, and the audience trooped off to supper. The cast consumed a mixture of meat-pies and greasepaint in the greenroom, while the electricians and a Jesuit Father worked away at the lighting system, to the accompaniment of an oft-repeated remark, that "Barney" had always said this would happen.

We owe it mainly to the aforementioned Jesuit Father and to the blithe spirits of the audience that we were able eventually to stage the play. Rarely has an audience been so enthusiastically on the side of the actors. As to the performance, the writer was unable to judge for himself. He can only record two extremes of opinion ;—that it was the best play ever seen on the Venerable stage ;—that the play had possibilities.

And now that the last of the Christmas entertainments is over, it is

high time to pay tribute to those unseen hands without whose work none of the three shows could have been launched :—

<i>Theatre Management</i>	Messrs Rea, Frost, Lowery
<i>Stage Management</i>	Messrs Harris, Dixon
<i>Lighting</i>	Messrs Haynes, Haughey
<i>Scenery</i>	Messrs Tolkien, Stewart, Balnaves
<i>Props</i> : Messrs Dickenson, Murphy-O'Connor, Derbyshire	
<i>Make-up</i>	Messrs Richards, Tyler, Peters

30th *Saturday*. To borrow a phrase from the end of last night's play which Noel Coward himself borrowed from an earlier master in the craft :  
" Parting is such sweet sorrow."

JANUARY 22nd *Monday*. The New Year was only 21 days, 15 hours, 30 minutes old when I stamped the snow off my boots at the back door, and entered the Hall. A blackboard announced :

1. Light your fire.
2. Make your bed. Blankets, etc., in the Drying Room.

That's what we liked about this programme ; it went straight to the essentials—warmth and sleep. We carried out these instructions as we had done 6,247½ times before and shall probably do again.

23rd *Tuesday*. Now dear Fr Rope, who from Shropshire and Shrewsbury  
Came to the old Venerabile. . . . .

is back again on the staff. Since our flight from Rome he has been chaplain to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Albrighton Hall, Shrewsbury, which had been evacuated from Tunbridge Wells.

24th *Wednesday*. Last night we had something like twenty-two degrees of frost, and to breathe the air outside is like drinking fire-water. There was a grand ice surface on the reservoir, so a holiday was given that the skaters might make the most of an opportunity that comes so seldom. It was a grand day for outdoor exercise, but the heaviness of the snow discouraged the idea of a gita. The only kind feasible would have been the mountain gita.

Speaking of the mountain gita, here is the last word on that subject, sent to us by Fr Swinburne :

*Benedictio Instrumentorum ad Montes Conscendendos*

- V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.  
R. Qui fecit caelum et terram.  
V. Dominus vobiscum.  
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus

Benedic, quaesumus, Domine, hos funes, baculos, rastros, aliaque hic praesentia instrumenta : ut quicumque iis usi fuerint, inter ardua et montis abrupta, inter glacies, nives et tempestates, ab omni casu et periculo

praeserventur, ad culmina feliciter ascendant, et ad suos incolumes revertantur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Oremus

Protege, Domine, intercedente Beato Bernardo, quem Alpium incolis et viatoribus Patronum dedisti, hos famulos tuos: ipsisque concede, ut, dum haec conscendunt culmina, ad montem qui Christus est valeant pervenire. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

(*Et aspergantur aqua benedicta*)

S.C.R. die 14 Octobris 1931

26th *Friday*. I have been impatient to tell you one of my New Year resolutions, and this, the first day of lectures, provides me with a fitting place to parade it. I mean to get down to work. There you have it. And I am not the only one. I hear of one philosopher who has drawn up a detailed timetable so that he shall not waste a minute of study, and bound himself by horrid oath to keep to every letter of it. Too good to be true? You are right; he has framed it cunningly. Several periods in the week are given up to "Comp. Rel." which officially indicates a keen interest in the Comparative Religion course of Fr van de Poel, but which, he whispers, may be devoted at will to Complete Relaxation. That is the best of such basic English.

28th *Sunday*. L.A.C. Peters, R.A.F.V.R., is here on a busman's holiday. He has been testing various electrical appliances and it is rumoured that the film machine is in better health for his visit.

30th *Tuesday*. The river Ribble is one of the pleasantest circumstances that we have in this corner of the world. Did I tell you that it was partly frozen during the recent hard weather? The break up of the thin ice was the first sign of the thaw which set in steadily today. Our roofs hold great quantities of wet snow that are constantly slithering down with soft thuds, except at one point where the drifts have blocked the gutters and forced the snow to drain under the eaves. The unfortunate occupant of the room below spent his morning with buckets and basins trying to stem the flood.

31st *Wednesday*. It appears that in yesterday's encounter with the melting snow, the occupants of the rooms below took even more drastic measures than I have described. They went out on to the roof by an attic hatchway, and then, from the level strip by the chimneys, raked the snow away.

Roof climbing, I believe, is a pastime at our English Universities. In Rome, it was possible to work your way from the Clock Tower along the ridge of the roof round two sides of the nuns' *cortile*. But that is nothing to the feat of the famous Charles Waterton. During his stay in Rome, he says "I fell in with my old friend and schoolfellow, Captain Jones. Many a tree we had climbed together in the last century; and, as our nerves were in excellent trim, we mounted to the top of St Peter's,

ascended the cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, where we reached the point of the conductor, and left our gloves on it. After this, we visited the castle of St Angelo, and contrived to get on to the head of the guardian angel, where we stood on one leg"!

FEBRUARY 2nd *Friday*, and Candlemas, which is the ushering out of Christmas with bell, book, and, of course, candle. The termination *-mas* is a fascinating one. I see no reason that it should not be extended. We have Michaelmas, Martinmas, why not a Paulmas, a Claremas, a Felixmas? (not a Thomasmas, yet perhaps a Tommas?) If we called Good Friday, Crossmas Day; Maundy Thursday would become Crossmas Eve, and we might even hear them singing

Crossmas is coming  
The buns are getting hot. . . .

Marrymas might replace Lady Day, and Angelmas would do excellently for 2nd October. Palmmas would be too obvious. Of those we have at the moment, Lammas is the least obvious. It is, of course, 1st August and, I understand, is the real old Harvest Festival of Catholic England; the word being a corruption of Loaf-mass, and having nothing to do with Low Masses or with lambs.

The film tonight was *Uncensored*, so I'm afraid it would be indiscreet to tell you what it was about.

5th *Monday*. We had already met Fr Charles Hughes S.J. socially at coffee on Friday. Today we met him professionally in Aula I where he commenced his Scripture course with the Epistles of St Peter.

7th *Wednesday*. You have heard of the long arm of coincidence, but can you believe this? Fr Hughes has been recommending to our notice a book entitled *Gnomon Novi Testamenti*, by one Bengel. A casual buyer of tobacco at Boltons' Stores, who was also among the *auditori* of Fr Hughes, discovered a copy on top of a pile of books collected for the amusement of H.M. Forces! One imagines what a Tommy would have made of it.

Incidentally, there are divergent schools of opinion in the House on the correct pronunciation of *Gnomon*. Fr Hughes, himself, evidently believes in making the "g" do its full share of work; others regard it as a sleeping partner. I personally favour the opinion that "you give a sort of cough and it comes".

There's gno standard of gnormality in the matter, and gnobody who was gnot gnarrow-minded would suggest the gneed for one. It's gnatural that in such a gnebulous affair there should be a gnumber of opinions. We do however gnote a certain gnasal gnuance about a "gn", but it's so gnoiseless as to be almost gnegligible. . . .

But I seem to have caught a bit of a cough myself, perhaps through staying up to write up this entry. What does it matter anyway?

G'night!

8th *Thursday*. Fr Anthony Hulme arrived, and those who knew him while he was *in statu pupillari* will expect the sequel. For the benefit of those who didn't I will explain that he had a propensity for giving papers to societies on the slightest provocation—or even on no provocation at all. Thus there was the great Hulmean hoax about Shakespeare's years at the Venerable from internal evidence in his plays, which was deemed worthy of inclusion in the Magazine. There were others when Fortune did not smile so kindly on the speaker. We all therefore looked forward to an address of some sort, and on

9th *Friday*, we had it. *The Flaming Eagle*, as it was billed by the Secretary of the Catholic Social Guild, brought to my mind the trademark of The Phoenix Assurance Co., Ltd., but it turned out to be a kind of symbol for the enthusiasm of youth. Youth and youth clubs were really the subjects of the talk.

10th. *Sabbato ante Dominicam in Quinquagesima, Vespere, Ordinationem Habebit Excellentissimus et Reverendissimus in Christo Pater et Dominus, Dominus Henricus Vincentius, Episcopus Salfordiensis. Promovendi vero Sunt ad Primam Clericalem Tonsuram Laurentius Howorth, Iacobus Lowery, Petrus Derbyshire, Georgius Fonseca, Ioannes O'Hara, Petrus Walmsley, Franciscus Conway, Petrus Tierney, Ioannes Balnaves. Deinde in*

11th. *Ipsa Dominica, Hora nona cum dimidio, in Oratorio Sancti Aloysii apud Stonyhurst Sacram Ordinationem Habebit Idem Excellentissimus et Reverendissimus Dominus. Ordinandi vero Sunt ad Officium Exorcistarum et Acolythorum Desmondus Swan, Brendanus Peters; ad Sacrum Presbyteratus Ordinem, Ioannes Groarke.*

Thus far the Hebdom. Book. Elsewhere the rest of Top Year were ordained; Patrick Kelly and John Campbell in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral; Thomas Sowerby and Wilfrid Buxton at the Cathedral, Lancaster; and Alan Clark in his parish church of St Joseph, Bromley, Kent.

What is a diarist's *prosit* among so many? By the time it sees the light of day it will be already many weeks old, but for what it is worth they have it. *Floreat!*

And now, without more ado, a writer, pleasantly tired with his exercise, lays aside his pen, and puts his feet once more upon the mantelpiece, complacent in the knowledge that this attempt to give you a picture of life at St Mary's Hall will soon, like those that went before it, be forgotten in the more real and urgent business of living.

ANTHONY CHADWICK.



SUB-LIEUTENANT J. T. R. WALKER, R.N.V.R.  
Killed in Action  
Mediterranean, 1943

## PERSONAL

VE Day recalled to our minds those English College men who had given their lives in the European war. NEVILLE CARLILE (1934—1936) and DICK RAWCLIFFE (1938—1941) were both Sergeant-Observers with the R.A.F. and were reported missing after operational flights, the first in 1940 and the second in 1942. JOHNNIE WALKER (1937—1940) was lost when his submarine was destroyed off Sicily in 1943. PETER FIRTH (1935—1941) and GERARD NESBITT (1929—1936) were killed in action while carrying out their duties as Chaplains in Normandy last year. Appreciations of all of them except Fr Nesbitt have already appeared in these pages; a notice of Fr Nesbitt's death is given in the present issue.

VE Day also had the effect of raising our hopes of an early return to Rome and of a restoration of the College we knew before the Exodus. FR H. E. G. ROPE is a link with that College of 1940 and this adds to the welcome we give him on his reappearance on the Staff. He is well known to many generations of Venerabilini, and has been a constant contributor to the magazine since its earliest days.

FR ALEXANDER JONES, L.S.S., who travelled weekly from Upholland to replace Fr Dyson in the chair of Scripture, finished his course at Christmas. His successor FR CHARLES HUGHES S.J. from Heythrop is steering us through the Catholic Epistles.

The following new appointments have been made:—

REV. H. WILSON PH.D. (1919-1926) to be Administrator at the Cathedral, Nottingham.

REV. J. GARVIN D.D. (1923—1930) to St. Philip Neri, Liverpool.

REV. B. WRIGHTON M.A. (1924—1930) to St Joseph's Convent, Stafford.

REV. T. MARSH, Ph.D. (1927-1934) to Notre Dame Convent, Birkdale, Southport.

REV. V. MARSH PH.D. (1928—1935) to St Joseph's College, Upholland.

REV. G. MALONE (1929—1936) to St Thomas of Canterbury, Liverpool.

REV. W. FORD (1930—1937) to Our Lady and St Anne, Caversham.

REV. L. C. ASHWORTH (1932—1939) to St Peter, Blackburn.

REV. G. SWINBURNE (1932—1939) to St Mary's Grammar School, Darlington.

REV. J. FRASER (1937—1944) to St Werburgh, Chester.

REV. E. HOLLOWAY (1937—1944) to St Matthias, Worcester Park.

We have heard from REV. W. REANY, of Clydesdale Lodge, Moss Hall Grove, Finchley, N.12, that he is anxious to buy Vols. I—IV inclusive of THE VENERABLE to complete a set. As we were unable to procure copies for him we are publishing his request so that if anyone has the volumes and wishes to sell them he may be able to get in touch with Fr Reany.

The Senior Student for the year 1945—1946 is MR MARK SWABY.

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A letter from Rome, dated April, 1945, has just reached the Rector, through the courtesy of the Apostolic Delegate. It is a financial report and balance sheet of the College and Villa, written by the College accountant, BRUNO FREDDI — a most loyal and deserving friend. The most important addition it brings to our knowledge is that a large part of the College is once more rented out. The letter says: “. . . i locali del primo piano e parte del piano terreno e secondo piano sono stati occupati dalla Commissione Pontificia per l'Assistenza Sanitaria, che si ripromette di pagare una adeguata pensione.” This second occupation of the College, in spite of its drawbacks, will help to pay for the keep of the four Nuns and Raniero, and will prevent the heavy damage that would certainly be done by other occupants. There is also good news about Palazzola; the roof of the Villa, the damaged fencing and the water-supply pipes, have all been put in substantial repair. The writer ends his letter: “Con l'augurio di presto poterla rivedere in Roma, porgo a Lei e al Vice Rettore i miei migliori ossequi con cui mi confermo, Dvmo, Bruno Freddi.”



## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

Mr Barry has now retired from the office of Secretary, and at a business meeting of the Staff a fifth member was elected.

Editor : Mr Tyler

Secretary : Mr Anglim

Sub-editor : Mr Williams

Under-secretary : Mr Dixon

Fifth member : Mr Alexander

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Baeda, The Beda Review, Claves Regni, The Cottonian, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Oscotian, Pax, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Wonersh Magazine.*

### MUSIC NOTES

A true appreciation of the House's musical make-up must fathom an ocean of sound ; an ocean changing on its surface, as anyone can see, changing also in its very foundation-bed, which hardly anyone need bother to see. Observations from below the surface are of necessity somewhat one-sided ; we crave the reader's indulgence if our view seems too madly periscopic.

A noticeable musical phenomenon has been the reduction in volume of the singing in Chapel. Some have termed it "spineless," "a shamfeul contract to the good old days when *Faith of our Fathers* could be relied upon to threaten serious damage to the Church roof." We disagree, and recognise the lighter touch as a most healthy sign—the foundation of true tone-production. Hitherto we have not had much time for tone, and sheer weight of numbers has frustrated many a valiant attempt of past choirmasters to

inculcate the principles. Now that we are fewer and more manageable, we are as a body becoming aware of those finer points recognised before only by gifted individuals. Whispiness in tone there certainly is, that we do not deny—at times it is miserably puny and reedy—but it is the harbinger of future good, a sign of the transition from unrestrained and unthinking loudness, to something approaching a rational act, disciplined and prayerful. Each man, becoming more aware of his own ignorance (the prerequisite of wisdom), rightly hesitates to spoil what he is trying to co-operate in making. With the greater facility in execution that will come with longer experience, hesitancy and its accompanying indefiniteness will give place to firm flexibility—that combination of strength and reserve which turns mere mathematics into fine art.

Another controverted point has been that of speed. In our appreciation of the situation both choir-master and organist are to be congratulated for encouraging the maintenance of a speed sufficient to safeguard the unity of musical compositions. *Objicitur*: “But any speed above a walking-pace in community singing results in chaos.” *Distinguo*: can and often does . . . *concedo*, must or should . . . *nego*. Slow singing in a Community that is for the most part untrained, results in the murder of compositions. Pieces are cut up into their component phrases and groups, breath by breath. It is obvious that in any subject, parts are truly intelligible only with due relation to their whole. For instance, the experience that is re-lived in the lines :

“ . . . little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep ”

is not to be gained by parsing and analysis, however much these add to our grammatical education. It is the same with music—notes and groups on their own, have as little meaning as isolated words in a sentence. Singing should be fast enough to preserve meaning, and increased speed demands a proportionately decreased loudness. A slower pace does enable weaker brethren to trundle along in comparative comfort, but it sacrifices meaning to individual ease and avoids the real problem facing all community singing—that of raising the less talented from their ignominious task of passenger to the higher status of contributor. *Objicitur*: “Idealistic balderdash!” *Respondeo*: “It is the statement of an ideal that can never be fully realised—*concedo*, partially . . . *nego*.”

There have been glimpses in the music of the past year that justify the assertion that a start has been made towards the realisation of that ideal. A notable example was Matins and Lauds of Christmas. These were sung fast, softly, and almost perfectly as to notational agreement. It was interesting to note that the increased speed, far from leaving the trundlers gaping, did in fact inspire them to a performance of which they would not have believed themselves capable. This is an exceptional example admittedly, but it proves that it *can* be done, and is well worth aiming at. Shall we be content with a wilderness when we know of a promised land?

So much for Church music. Let us turn our periscope in another direction. The Opera has maintained its high standard—a source of wonder

to some, of scandal to others. Wonder and scandal are both without foundation, for it is a fact that despite the excellence of the performance, very little time is sacrificed. From the music side, it is true that choruses (and *a fortiori*, principals) nowadays take an extraordinarily short time to appreciate and reproduce the niceties of phrasing necessary for sustaining interest and emphasizing meaning—those niceties which before, it was necessary literally to impound time and time again, until out of sheer habit they were reproduced on the night. No longer is the conductor regarded as some wizard snake-charmer, waving his arms in mystic rite, and there is consequently an intelligent response to his appeal to build up strength, to caress a climax, or to execute a *diminuendo* gradually.

Talk of conductors reminds us of John Barbirolli's visit to Stonyhurst with part of the Hallé orchestra. Our own orchestra has without doubt been inspired to greater things by this visit. Besides the important part it played in the Opera, it performed another concert in conjunction with the Glee. The *Caliph of Baghdad* again proved an able "house-warmer" providing a popular overture, and a good loosener of both the wrists and nerves of the instrumentalists. Space forbids an appreciation of the programme, which is printed elsewhere, but we will say that the Glee in spite of (or perhaps because of) its carefree constitution did on this occasion come very near to challenging the performance of a trained choir.

Our gramophone, though still popular, has lost the charm of novelty. It has also lost the favour of many privately owned records. We were the more grateful then for the presentation of Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*, and for a gift of money for the purchase of records—lasting contributions to our musical education and enjoyment.

Which enjoyment will be abruptly curtailed if we hold our breaths in these depths a moment longer. Down periscope! Prepare to surface! Let us make an end of sounding controversial waters and content ourselves with a final plea for the singing. We hope that the lighter touch may continue with its flashes of genius, for these are proof positive of true development. Let us say farewell forever to the Bermondsey Baritones. If we eschew any development in that direction our chapel roof will be safe for a few years yet.

## SPORTS

### ASSOCIATION

Even the fanatical adherents to Soccer do not claim that theirs is a poetic game, yet you might have heard its praises sung in numbers one October afternoon on the Brickfields. It was here that the football year had made a disappointing beginning with a few desultory games played ankle-deep in mud, but now we were moving to a new pitch. The resident cows watched us pensively as we staggered away under massive rugby posts, and we were by no means sorry to see what we thought were the last of that obnoxious breed of cow that thrives on football pitches. The cows

on the new pitch were evidently amused at our efforts to dig rugger posts into unyielding stone, and carried on the joke overnight, by knocking one post down. But eventually all was ready, and the season really began.

The response was encouraging at first, and several excellent games were played before interest began to slacken: the pitch was rather far away from the College and some fainthearts excused themselves from playing on the plea that they preferred their afternoon walk without an interlude of Soccer. Moreover, heavy casualties were suffered at a particularly barbarous game of Rugger. Hence out of practice, our numbers depleted, and the inner men feeling inclined rather to peace than war, at Christmastide we lost to the Jesuit Fathers by 3 goals to 2.

For some weeks after the vacation, very little Soccer was played, but the prospect of the approaching contest with Leagram Hall stimulated greater enthusiasm. The sequel to several weeks of good, keen football was a victory at Leagram Hall of 2 goals to 1. Perhaps we can blame the Opera, or perhaps the weather for the fewness of the games played in the interval between this latter match and Easter. Whatever we are to blame, lack of practice was the cause of our defeat by Leagram Hall, at home. The score was 5—1. We finished the season with two very pleasant games with the Y.C.W. at Stonyhurst, where representatives from all parts of the country were met together for a study week-end. We defeated a scratch team on two successive days.

This account of the season's Soccer has, perhaps, over-emphasized the games played with outside teams, but the real football season was, as usual, made up of informal, indescribable games in which all who would, took part—and a very good season it was.

## RUGBY

With all due modesty I think it can be said that the first half of the past rugger season was indeed a record one. Throughout October and November we never failed to get a game each week. The numbers who turned out for each game were far above the usual, so much so in fact that on one occasion we were in the unprecedented situation of having thirty-two names on the list. The play itself showed an increasingly good standard of rugger as the season progressed, and so in proportion the enjoyment became more manifest.

One has become used to a slackening off of interest after Christmas, and this year was no exception. A heavy snowfall, the absence of some of our regular players through illness and during retreat and ordination time, prevented the second half of the season being as good as it might have been. Excuses of course are easy to come by, and lest you should think that the above is but a subterfuge for our laziness, I think that it should be mentioned that, with the small numbers in the House at present, it is essential that each man who can play rugger should turn out whenever there is a game. Circumstances that would have not normally affected us are to be

taken into consideration nowadays. But to show that we were not completely idle we had several games of seven-a-side, which may not be rigger as some would have it, but which is a fairly good substitute and provides plenty of exercise.

During the year we had three fixtures with Stonyhurst: V.E.C. 1st XV *v.* Stonyhurst 2nd XV (won 35—10), V.E.C. 2nd XV *v.* Stonyhurst 3rd XV (draw 0—0), and V.E.C. "A" XV *v.* Stonyhurst Colts (won 14—9) all very enjoyable games. Perhaps the most enjoyable of the three was the second one, in which the mud eventually made it almost impossible to distinguish friend from opponent. It was a pity that rain prevented the two teams meeting again to settle the issue.

In the mutual hand-shaking and back-slapping that concludes a successful season we must not forget to include Stonyhurst, not only for the matches we played with them but also for lending us a new pitch when our old one on the Brickfields became finally unusable. This has contributed very much to our success. The new pitch is reputed to be the driest spot in the district. The elements did their worst during the first half of the season, but on no occasion were we unable to play. Rain, at any rate, can no longer be held responsible for lack of games and we look to Mr Alexander, next year's captain, to eliminate any other possible obstacle to a good season.

## OBITUARY

REV GERARD NESBITT, C.F.

With the death of Fr Gerard Nesbitt another name is added to the Roll of Honour of the Venerable, and a new link is appended to that chain of glorious tradition which began with our College Martyrs and continues today in the heroic sacrifice of her sons. All who knew him will agree that Gerry was in every way worthy of that great tradition. To know him was to realise that in his character lay the material of which heroism is made, the spirit of generosity and sacrifice and devotion to duty.

His training for the Priesthood may be said to have begun with his entry into St Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, in 1922. After two years at Ushaw he gained a Roman Scholarship and entered upon his career at the Venerable in October 1929. Ordained priest in the Church of S. Ignazio on July 28th 1935, he returned to England the following year after taking the new Licentiate of Theology; he had already become a Ph.D. in 1932. His first appointment was to St Robert of Newminster, Morpeth, where the Benedictines were temporarily unable to provide a curate of their own. He had been there three years when he was appointed to the staff of St Cuthbert's Grammar School, where he had studied as a boy. The following year he volunteered for the Army and was commissioned in December 1940. Attached to the Durham Light Infantry (50th Division, Eighth Army), he shared their campaigns in North Africa and Sicily and returned to England with the Eighth Army. On D-Day he landed in France with the invasion force, to continue his life of Active Service. But it was not to be for long. On July 5th 1944 he was killed by a shell while conducting a funeral. So he died at the early age of thirty-three and was buried in Normandy.

To give a true appreciation of his character without seeming to overpraise him would be difficult, for there was so much in his personality that was lovable and praiseworthy. Most outstanding, perhaps, was the

zeal and enthusiasm he always showed in whatever he was doing and in his devotion to the College and his priestly vocation. His naturally placid and generous disposition gave him a certain charm of manner which made companionship easy, and which immediately evoked esteem and friendship in all who came into contact with him. He was an "all-rounder" in the fullest sense of the word. Whatever he did, he put his whole heart and soul into it, with the result that he was equally at home in any surrounding, whether it was playing football, studying for exams, performing in the Opera, planning a gita or reclining comfortably in a Common Room circle—and certainly Gerry could look comfortable! This spirit of zeal and thoroughness was equally manifest in his spiritual life. He was a man of solid piety and prayer. In spite of his wide ability there was nothing ostentatious about him. In fact, I find it hard to remember anything striking that he said or did in all the years I knew him, both at Ushaw and in Rome. One enjoyed his company and somehow took him for granted. He became part and parcel of his surroundings, but one felt that in his absence College life would not have been the same.

In his two short years at Ushaw he acquired a love for the College and its traditions which remained with him to the end of his life, whilst his devotion to and affection for everything connected with the Venerabile, Rome and the Holy See was even more deeply rooted. He would travel any distance to attend a meeting of Romans—and how he enjoyed those meetings! I might add that when Gerry enjoyed a thing he showed it in no uncertain manner; his eyes would light up and his whole expression be transformed, so that none could mistake his delight.

In his work as a chaplain, those qualities which we knew so well found a natural field of action. With courage, devotion and affection he gave his whole attention to the men under his care. They were *his* men, men of his own County Durham; proud of that title as he was himself. I remember meeting a veteran of the North African campaign who spoke with admiration of the courage shown by their padre in attending the wounded under constant gunfire. He was speaking, I learned, of none other than Gerry Nesbitt. But there is no need to dwell on the bravery of one who was twice mentioned in despatches and whose character was manifest to us all.

I did not see him after his return to England with the Eighth Army, but I am told that he had grown more serious and looked older. This is not surprising, for he had an impressionable mind, and after all he had seen war in all its cruel reality. He seems to have had some presentiment of his death, for when visiting Reggie McCurdy in hospital he said that this time he did not expect to return. Almighty God accepted his sacrifice and he died at his post. As one of his Roman classmates writes: "I thought the way he met his death—burying the dead, under fire—was typical of him, showing his singleminded devotion to the duty he had undertaken."

We, who shared his company at the Venerabile and knew his worth, offer our deep sympathy to his parents in their great loss. Of him it may

be truly said, in the words of Francis Thompson, for whom, incidentally, he had an especial affection :

Not still ye stood,—  
Ye had your hearts, ye had your blood ;  
And pouring out the eager cup,—  
“ The wine is weak, yet, Lord Christ, sup ! ”  
Ah blest ! who bathed the parched Vine  
With richer than His Cana-wine,  
And heard, your most sharp supper past :  
“ Ye kept the best wine to the last ! ”

GODFREY S. MALONE.



## BOOK REVIEWS

*The History of the Primitive Church.* By Jules Lebreton S.J., and Jacques Zeiller. Translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. Vol. II. Demy 8vo. Pp. 210. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 18s.

This second volume deserves even higher praise than its predecessor. The period has been covered less often, and the great personalities of the post-Apostolic age deserve the recognition they receive in these pages. The penetrating scholarship of the work is compressed within narrow limits, but it is difficult to find fault with conclusions when supported by such compelling evidence.

The history begins in the closing years of the first century after the death of St John and takes us up to the time of the Apologists. M. Zeiller, already an established authority on the Church in Roman times, takes full advantage of the field open to him, and he has contributed six chapters out of the nine. He gives a balanced picture of the Christian life of the time, the intense prayer and primitive liturgy, and the strong faith that produced the first Creeds. But his dispassionate account does not fail to bring out the constancy and courage of the early Christians themselves, their bravery under severe but sporadic persecution, and the difficulties they had to contend with when dealing with even the milder officials of the Roman State. It is a sober picture, supported by a wealth of evidence which makes it carry far greater conviction than more romantic or speculative theorising.

Nevertheless Fr Lebreton's work is more attractive. He is dealing with personalities, and one expects greater brilliance in his writing. More than half the book is actually contributed by him. "Turning over the pages of this book," he writes, speaking of *The Shepherd of Hermas*, "we seem to mingle with the crowd of Christians in Rome; we feel ourselves constrained by the bitterness of the persecutions; but we also realise the pride and power of the faith in the hearts of these neophytes." The same could be said of his own writing. Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp live again in these pages; Ignatius perhaps the most lovable figure of the three. It is a great tribute to their historian that whenever possible he leaves them

to speak for themselves in their own letters. Of the early apologists the boastful Tatian and saintly Justin, whose apologetics were sometimes rather unsound, are very well drawn.

The book is full of interesting solutions which have been drawn from the specialist work of others. One can note the examination of the Church's attitude to slavery, the origin of the Creeds and prayers of the liturgy, the temporary nature of the persecutions, and origin and use of the Catacombs. The matter is certainly compressed, but the documentation is on a generous scale and the conclusion substantiated by well-arranged evidence.

On one point, however—the vexed question of Penance in *The Shepherd*—the solution seems too cursory. “In all these texts we see the pressing exhortations of a preacher, and must not look for the precision of a canonist”—a true summing up of the matter but not an answer to the theological difficulty (cfr. p. 378).

Dr Messenger is as happy in his translation of this part of the first volume of the French edition, as in its forerunner. The book should appeal to a large public. This being so, it seems unfortunate that the publishers should have increased the price of what is a comparatively slim volume, nearly 50 pages less than Vol. I. The lack of an index, also, prevents any separate use of these volumes. In all other respects, this account of Christian origins, now available in English, merits full praise, not least of all to the publishers themselves.

ALAN CLARK.

*Gibbets and Gallows.* Wrapper, 3s. 6d., Cloth 5s. *Looking for Charity.* 1s. *Short and Sharp.* Paper 2s., Cloth 4s. 6d. All by Rev. G. Burns S.J. Published by Burns Oates & Washbourne.

Fr George Burns S.J. has produced in *Gibbets and Gallows* an admirable little life of Blessed Edmund Arrowsmith, which gives us a living, vital and nearly always exciting picture of the life of Catholics in the Penal Times and particularly in Lancashire.

He gives us something to be proud of and something to imitate if we are to “uphold the values of the true England.” My only quarrel with the book is its price which seems to me to be excessive even in wartime.

In the second book we have an exposition of the answer of Frederick Ozanam (the founder of the St Vincent de Paul Society) to the social questions of his day applied to those of our time. The difference between Justice and Charity is well brought out, and an appeal made for exercise of Charity in social life. “There is certainly a right to live, but there also exists an obligation to give.” Poverty is given its true perspective in the light of the Cross—something more than a lack of material goods. The remedy proposed is not just readjustment of wealth brought about by the State but the exercise of Charity in its highest sense “love . . . proved in the service of others.”

Finally, *Short and Sharp* is a series of points for Meditation covering Christian life in general. There are three sections—Foundation—a discussion of the end of man and God's Providence; Purgation—Original

Sin and its effects on man and the remedy brought by the Redemption, with the warfare that still goes on between grace and sin in man's soul; Imitation—positive efforts to become good men by knowing, loving and serving God and imitating Our Lord, Our Lady and the Saints, with a practical application to daily life. The talks are attractively and briskly written and present some matters in a very compelling way. My only criticism is a lack of unity in the succession of meditations, but this does not really detract much from their value and is perhaps inevitable in a collection of points. Again I consider the price (2s., paper) excessive in view of the scope of the book which is meant for large-scale distribution among young people leaving school and is moreover very little bigger than a pamphlet.

THOMAS SOWERBY.

*Back to the Bible.* By C. Lattey S.J. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 5s.

Until fairly recently, the Bible held a high place in the religious life of the world, at least to the extent that it was recognised as an authority, and it could be appealed to as such. The same cannot be said to-day. An argument is no longer held as valid if it is founded merely on Scripture, for not only has Scripture ceased to be regarded as the word of God but there is the notion that the Bible has been exploded by Modern Science.

This collapse into paganism presents a serious problem, and in this book Fr Lattey has attempted to explain the principles at stake and the outstanding difficulties in their application, in the hope that this may promote a right appreciation of Holy Writ, and through such an appreciation lead back to religion and the worship of God many "whose faith has become dim, and their hope faint and their charity cold." As such it is written mainly for non-Catholics, and the approach is apologetic. In fact the whole of the first part of the book is devoted to an introduction to the Sacred Scriptures, in which the fundamental considerations of reason, revelation, inspiration and inerrancy are strongly insisted upon,—considerations that could be presupposed for a Catholic audience. This does not mean however that the first part has no interest for the Catholic reader. It raises those difficulties and problems which are most likely to appeal to the non-Catholic, and these are precisely the objections which a Catholic is most liable to encounter. Fr Lattey's masterly method of dealing with them, of driving the objection to its untenable conclusion, deserves high praise.

The second part of the book is concerned with the Old Testament, and here again the problems of major importance are dealt with. Creation, Evolution, Adam and Eve, the Soul, Mythology, Prophecy,—all follow one another in rapid succession, and in the consideration of each Fr Lattey puts the Catholic view briefly and clearly and leads straight to the weakest points of the complicated defence system built up by the false theorists. The chapter on the prophets deserves special recommendation for its brilliant summary of the subject. The nature of prophecy, inspiration, Israel as a theocracy, the position of the prophets in this divine government, the style and poetry of prophecy as influencing its interpretation, the Messianity

of the prophets, typical prophecy, compenetrations—all are dealt with concisely and clearly; and the whole chapter is an exposition of the principle *Novum Testamentum in Vetere latet, Vetus in Novo patet*,—which is the cue for the third part of the book, on the New Testament. However, a word must be said first on the treatment which Fr Lattey accords, in this second part to the Documentary Hypothesis. It is true that it is not a specialist question. The theory of late and multiple documents has spread from the Pentateuch to the Psalms, to the Prophets, and even to the New Testament. Some treatment therefore, of this theory in a book like Fr Lattey's is indispensable. Nevertheless in a book which is designed to reach not merely scholars but the general intelligent reader, so full a treatment is surprising. In fact the exposition of Wellhausen's Historical Stages and their criticism and refutation, with its references and cross-references to texts, seems to the reviewer a little too complicated to be followed by any but a Scripture scholar.

In the third part under the headings of Jesus Christ, Mark, Matthew, Luke, John, and Paul, the main problems are again touched on: the Synoptic Question, the date of the Gospels, their authenticity and historicity, the nature of the Kingdom, Miracles, and Christ's eschatology and the various difficulties peculiar to each of the Evangelists. The chapter on St Paul is again remarkably clear and concise. In answer to those who hold St Paul to be the Apostle of disunity, Fr Lattey brings out very clearly St Paul's great doctrine of our unity with Christ, and in Him with the Father and with each other, and this unity with Christ, both individual and corporate, through the Church.

It seems a pity that the book should end here. So far it has been excellent, but one feels at the end that an epilogue is needed to gather the threads together. The main practical problems of each part of the Bible have been placed under the microscope, the Old Testament has been shown as the preparation for the New, the New as the fulfilment of the Old, but even so one is left at the end with the impression that a text book gives one—it finishes with the end of the last thesis, and the conclusion is left to the reader to devise. This may be sufficient for the scholar, but the general reader would welcome a synthesis of the subject at the end, no less than the excellent introduction which is given him at the beginning.

HUBERT RICHARDS.

*Sex-Enlightenment and the Catholic.* By J. Leycester King S.J. (The Bellarmine Series, No. 10.) Burns Oates & Washbourne. 6s.

Many non-Catholics have been puzzled by the refusal of Catholics to avail themselves of the services of those who offer public instruction to the young on matters of sex as a panacea to immorality. Fr Leycester King has therefore written this essay on sex-enlightenment as a concise statement of the Catholic attitude. He does not claim to have treated his subject exhaustively and is careful not to assume any authoritative air. But he believes that the opinions he expresses are in complete conformity with the pronouncements of ecclesiastical authority.

After summarising and commenting upon the Roman documents which deal with sex-instruction, the author briefly states the function of grace in the preservation of purity and deals with the misapprehensions that ignorance is the sole cause of immorality, that modesty and shame are out of date and that guilt is merely a pathological condition. He considers the objection that they get to know anyhow, and suggests reasons for the need of more explicit attention to sex-instruction than has been necessary in the past.

The author goes on to speak of the immense importance of a correct sexual balance in adolescence, which will be more easily attained if the youth has not been given evasive or deceptive answers in childhood. Constructive proposals follow. The duty of imparting knowledge of the laws of life falls primarily on the parents, and for this eight reasons are suggested. The author then declares his conviction that the majority of children in this country do not receive such instruction from their parents. Something, he suggests, may be done to meet this deficiency by training Catholic parents, but more may be done by making use of youth organisations to train future Catholic parents. This still leaves the problem of the large number of children whose parents will remain incompetent, and thus we are led to the question of sex-education in the school. There is a section showing the difference between the needs of young children and those of the child at puberty, stressing the difficulty of finding substitutes for defaulting parents. The author next takes the relevant words of Pius XI on collective instruction, and gives his opinions on what kind of collective instruction not mentioned by the Pope, may be desirable.

Fr Leycester King closes his work with a chapter of hints for those called upon to help young people in this delicate matter. *Inter alia*, he stresses the need for patience and sympathy, and gives points of advice for those troubled by a sentimental attraction or by difficulties in relations with the other sex.

There is an appendix giving the pertinent extracts from the Roman documents dealing with the question, including a longer one from the Allocation to Catholic Mothers of October 1941. A second appendix gives the Joint Pastoral of the English Hierarchy of 1944 and the memorandum approved by the Scottish Bishops. There is also a bibliography.

The price is high in relation to the content of the book, which is only 65 pages (46 of which suffice for Fr Leycester King's own text). But this brevity will be an advantage to those who look for guidance without having to make an exhaustive study. There is little controversial matter, as the author is mainly concerned to give a clear-cut set of principles which conform with the instructions of authority, and the reasons behind them.

MICHAEL KILLEEN.