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CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Editorial	279
Ad Limina	
My Visit to Rome	<i>John Macmillan</i> 280
La Primavera degli Studenti Inglesi	<i>Anthony Hulme</i> 286
Roman Diary 1602	<i>Thomas Fooks</i> 291
The Greatest Gita : II—March on Umbria 1944	<i>R. P. Redmond</i> 302
The Years Between—They Also Serve	<i>Mervyn Alexander</i> 312
Roman Reading	<i>Hugh A. Reynolds</i> 318
An English Journey	<i>Denis Fahy</i> 327
College Diary	<i>John Crissell</i> 337
College Notes	350
Personal	357
Book Reviews	358

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The
Salone

February 18th
1946



EDITORIAL

It was with particular pleasure that we welcomed Archbishop Griffin's elevation to the Sacred College, and if our joy was in any way mingled with disappointment it was only because we ourselves would not be in Rome for the occasion. We would all have very much liked to be present in the Via Monserrato when he received the *Biglietto*. Yet fortunately the Venerabile was not unrepresented as the Rector was in Rome at that time and in this issue we publish his account of the proceedings. We hope that before very long we will be able to welcome His Eminence at St Mary's Hall and there personally offer him our homage and respects. In the meantime we assure him of our good wishes, our devoted loyalty and our continuous prayers.

Although nothing definite has been arranged at the time of writing, it seems reasonable to suppose that the period of Years Between is drawing to a close. With this prospect before us we can now begin to evaluate more clearly this period in our history—a period that has been recorded in the pages of *THE VENERABILE*. Whether we like it or not, the English Episode has become part of the past of the College and as such it has now found its place in our tradition. It will be the future that will decide what particular form it will take. That future we can now face without misgiving, since living through a crisis has brought us a fuller understanding of our way of life.

AD LIMINA

MY VISIT TO ROME

Now that I have been some six weeks in Rome, it is natural that the Editor of *THE VENERABILE* should write and ask me for a short account of what is going on. Very much is going on, but I may only give the salient points.

I left St Mary's Hall at the end of January and I came out to see whether it would be possible for the College to return to its native air in the coming October, and now I am ready to submit my Report to their Lordships the Bishops. The Holy See longs for our return, for as Cardinal Pizzardo says, "*Roma non è Roma, senza i seminari!*"

However, before I go on to tell about the state of the College and of Palazzola, I must speak of the creation of thirty-two Cardinals in February—an event of unusual interest not only to the Church and the World, but also to the Commonwealth and the Venerabile. Naturally the eyes of Canada, Australia and Britain were following the Archbishops of Toronto, Sydney and Westminster, and of course those of Britain and the Venerabile were specially following Archbishop Griffin. For three weeks after their arrival time went rapidly by, being much taken up with the various steps by which the future Cardinals are gradually made the Pope's Counsellors, and then with the numerous visits, lunches and receptions, which must follow upon such public events.

I found myself one among many waiting at Ciampino airfield to greet the Archbishops of Westminster and Sydney and their parties. Sir D'Arcy Osborne, British Minister to the Holy See, was there ; also Monsignor Heard, Abbot Langdon,



Tea on arrival
with Fr O'Connell and the Rector

and a strong representation of Army and R.A.F. chaplains—among the latter being Fr O'Connell, sent specially by the R.A.F. from Cairo to see to all the requirements of the British Cardinals; also highest ranking officers of the Army and R.A.F. and many friends and well-wishers.

The plane circled and came down about 5 p.m., then two smiling and genial faces were at once identified, there was much shaking of hands and camera work (I myself took a few shots), cars provided by the R.A.F. were boarded by the two parties and set off for the Venerabile and for Propaganda College. I was in the first car, and when some time began to pass without the arrival of Archbishop Griffin, I guessed at once that he had left the convoy and gone to St Peter's. And so it was! However, before long the Salone of the English College was thronged with some twenty-five of the welcoming friends, enjoying the tea and cakes provided by Mrs Baines of the C.W.L. In this way everyone could with more ease greet the Archbishop and his party.

For some five days the Archbishop and his suite (which included his Secretary, Fr C. Collingwood, his brother, Dom Basil Griffin O.S.B., and his *gentiluomo*, Mr Bischoff) stayed at the College. But just at the moment there is little accommodation at the College and there is no coal for central heating, and so it was arranged by the R.A.F. to offer most suitable rooms to the Toronto and Westminster parties at the Canadian Convent of the Precious Blood, where the R.A.F. have leased rooms for a School of Moral Leadership.

On the Sunday afternoon before the *Biglietto* we all went out to Palazzola, passing through badly bombed Albano, and making a detour owing to the destruction of the bridge of Pio IX and then following the Via dei Laghi through Nemi. Everywhere were signs of fighting—thinned forests, burnt out vehicles, empty cartridge cases and live ones, burnt out houses, and so forth. It was grand to see the Villa once more, the Sforza pitted with craters and having a small Italian tank in the centre, the Chapel intact except for the windows, and the House showing the effects of blast in the shape of broken windows, doors, and electrical installation. Much furniture too, is missing, but quite enough remains. Moreover, some three hundred Germans killed in the battle round Velletri lie buried in our apple orchard—ten beneath each cross, so I am told.

Monday, February 18th, brought the first of the Cardinalitial functions, the reading of the *Biglietto*. This is a letter telling the recipient that the Holy Father has decided in secret Consistory that morning to make him a Cardinal. Nowadays, of course, the Cardinal-to-be knows this some time before and is waiting for the Messenger to arrive from the Consistory and hand him the envelope and paper knife. He reads the letter in silence and then hands it to a friend to read aloud. In the case of Archbishop Griffin, it was to me he handed the *Biglietto*.

But this being the largest creation of Cardinals since 1517, a number of messengers were sent off at the same time, each bearing several *Biglietti* to Cardinals assembled in groups in some eleven different places in Rome.

At the beginning it was arranged that Archbishop Griffin was to receive his *Biglietto* alone at the English College, Archbishop Gilroy along with the Chinese Cardinal at Propaganda College, and Archbishop McGuigan at the Cancelleria along with the Americans. However, after a little arrangement, it was kindly settled by Monsignor Respighi that the three "Empire Cardinals" should receive theirs together in the third salone of the English College. This added to their already high spirits and publically cemented the delightful friendliness between them which was apparent as soon as they met in Rome. It was the same between their three suites, and to me it clearly showed the strong family spirit that unites the Commonwealth in spite of many natural divergencies of character and interests.

After suitable replies to their *Biglietti*, they sat on their *poltrone*, while the crowd of people who had witnessed the "reading" surged forward and congratulated the Cardinals in turn. It was then, more than ever, that I wished the students had all been present, to control the traffic. As it was, I had to extend my arms and press against a very mixed crowd, to prevent a complete jam between those who were coming and those who were going.

The Cardinals, though going home for lunch and supper, spent the greater part of Monday and Tuesday at the English College, receiving *Visite di calore* from a constant stream of well-wishers—Cardinals, Diplomats, Heads of Religious Orders, priests, nuns and civilians.

Then followed, on succeeding days, the steps to full Cardinalate—the receiving of the Red Biretta from the Pope in

the Vatican at a crowded function in the evening, and the receiving of the Red Hat at a great public Consistory in St Peter's. Then there was a secret Consistory in the Sala delle Beatificazioni, at which the Pope conferred the ring and the Titular Church on each Cardinal. This left only one more function, the "Taking Possession" by each Cardinal of his Titular Church. This, in the case of Cardinal Griffin, took place on Sunday the 24th and completed the wishes he had formed before leaving for Rome, and confirmed for him the unflinching trust he always places in the care of the Little Flower. For the Church allotted to him was that of San Gregorio (i.e. Santi Andrea e Gregorio al Monte Celio), which by reason of St Gregory the Great and St Augustine, claims the special affection and gratitude of all Englishmen.

Many more material functions now followed, such as dinners, and receptions, at most of which I was present, often through the special wish of the Cardinal to keep the English College to the fore. He himself continued to show his tireless vitality and exceptionally cheerful and frank disposition. He amazed all the Italians he met, and delighted them—receiving quite an ovation at San Gregorio. In my private audience, the Holy Father said of him and with the most obvious approval: "Il Cardinal Griffin è molto coreggioso!"

The 5th of March found the three Empire Cardinals and their suites at Ciampino and a special R.C.A.F. Dakota waiting to take them to England. (I finished off my cine reel, and gave it to Fr Collingwood to post in England.) The pilot was an hour late in arriving and although weather reports were none too good the plane took off, watched by a great number of friends, wheeled over Palazzola, and then headed for the northwest. However, they had to turn back when over Corsica, and return to Rome. They avoided a second farewell by spending the next day at Assisi, and on the 7th set off once more, this time making London in seven hours.

After this there came a change in the tempo of life and I began more freely to remake acquaintances in all the useful quarters, and to begin the none too easy enquiry into the cost of living, and into the most practical way in which the Holy See might help us. But first of all it may be of interest to hear something about the state of Rome.

My first impression was of an unexpectedly undamaged city, but one which has gone very quiet. Only a relatively

small number of trams, buses and *carozze* were circulating. One missed the singing of the people and felt they were quite deflated. I may be wrong, but I now feel at the end of nearly two months' stay that traffic and song are gradually returning. The electric supply is more constant, the municipal elections are filling the papers. Anxiety however comes from other sources: the price of food; the future of the harvest if the drought continues into its second year; the treaty settlement, and so forth. I gather that the Allies may soon draw out of Southern Italy, but no further until the Trieste question is settled.

Politically, the Demo-Christians seem to be the most powerful single party, and the Communists are well behind, though they form a block with the Socialists. But many Italians feel the lack of political experience and don't know what all the parties want. The return of prisoners from Russia tells very strongly against the Communists, but the latter are inclined to get votes by speaking like born Catholics. There is no great feeling for the Monarchy, and the question seems to be settled by many on the issue of the collaboration of the King and Prince Umberto with the Fascists—a not very fair proceeding. On the whole however, no one seems very perturbed about the future.

Living must be very difficult for those whose income has not gone up. At the same time I personally have not met any evidence of starvation; the worst time for this was when Rome was cut off from supplies, when the Allies were battling up from the South of Italy. And the worst period of terror in the city was after Mussolini's fall, when the Germans occupied Rome by force.

There must be some three thousand British troops in Rome and it is pleasant to see them and the Americans going about on their lawful occasions. There is certainly no hostility towards them, but enthusiasm waned when the people realized that they had entered Rome with the mentality more of conquerers than of liberators. Many Italians seem to expect us to see and believe that they have been fighting Fascism for a long time.

The Irish community in Rome is naturally much reduced in numbers, but their spirit is friendly to England, and coloured with genuine admiration for the great stand we made, especially in the early part of the war.

As for the College building, it is in excellent condition. It was a great thrill to set foot in it once more and to be greeted by loyal friends—Freddi, Sneider, Raniero (now married), Domenico and the Sisters. But I soon noticed many strangers walking about without any sense of being trespassers and it was only afterwards that I learned that they were coming for supplies of food and medicine which are stored at the College. There were also two *Carabinieri* (part of a day and night guard kept in the College), who joined in welcoming me. Mgr Carroll-Abbing, who had brought me from Ciampino in an "American Relief" car, explained the situation. I expected to see "alcuni studenti universitari" and three or four "offices" occupied by the Monsignor, but had not realized that things tend to grow, especially when they are found to be exceptionally beneficial. Well, there are now some eighty lay university students occupying the top floor, and using the Refectory. The rest of the College, except the rooms of the Salone, and (since my arrival) the main Chapel, is occupied by offices and stores of medicines, foods and clothes of the various Relief Works (American and Pontifical) over which Mgr Abbing most efficiently exercises control. However, the College will be completely free by the end of July.

Early in my stay, I called on Cardinal Caccia Dominioni (our Protector), who is not in very good health, but is keenly interested in our return. So also is Cardinal Pizzardo of the Congregation of Studies, his constant theme being: "Venga, venga, la Santa Sede vi aiuterà." Through him I started a petition for special help to Cardinal Canali at the Vatican City, and have received a favourable reply. This has finally enabled me to make a Report on our return to Rome to the English and Welsh Bishops. They will discuss the question during Low Week, so I do not propose to add anything by way of anticipation of their decision.

It was pleasant to visit the University and see Fr Dezza (the Rector) and Fr Boyer (the Prefect). The Gregorian is functioning as usual, and even seems crowded. It was amusing to see the old types of faces reproducing themselves in the cameratas of Trinitarians, Spaniards, Lombards etc. Also to see the Theologians pacing the Piazza della Pilotta as of yore, during the intervals between lectures. It is a mere hop from the Gregorian to the Biblical, where I several times called on Fr Dyson. In fact I dined there one day. Fr Dyson is

in his element. Of course he looks forward in the near future to sitting once more at the top table at the returned Venerabile. Fr Hughes is also happy at the Biblical. Another figure, known to many of us, is back at the Gregorian and finishing his degree—namely Fr Anthony Hulme of Northampton; he is living at San Luigi dei Francesi.

One of my last acts in Rome has been to beg a Private Audience with the Pope. He was greatly pleased at our having kept together in England, and having had all our degree examinations (for S.T.B. and S.T.L.) approved by the University. He spoke with pleasure of the courageous utterances of Cardinal Griffin; also in admiration of Sir D'Arcy Osborne. Finally he spoke most earnestly of our return to Rome, and sent a special blessing to the staff at St Mary's Hall and to all the students.

And even yet I have not spoken of many things! But this I do wish to make clear—that it is grand to be back once more in Rome and at the Venerabile, and that my longing to see the students once more in the Holy City grows stronger every day.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

LA PRIMAVERA DEGLI STUDENTI INGLESI

I startled my hosts in Streatham by the early hour at which I had to rise to catch the boat train for Newhaven. At Victoria I registered the heaviest luggage to Paris. This was the first delusion . . . I had been told I could register luggage to Rome, or I should have carried less. But even the registration to Paris was a snare; I had to take the luggage through the Customs leaving England and again at Dieppe. All the demons of the sea seemed gathered outside Newhaven harbour. I settled down in a bunk, feeling that I was being torn to bits and not daring to move for fear of worse. I tried to imagine I was for the time-being a Yogi and to suspend animation (a process westerners achieve by a visit to the cinema). To some extent I must have succeeded—I did lose consciousness for periods. Time had ceased to exist, but I realised that things were easier and, at last, there came the oh, so welcome sound of the horn as the ship entered harbour. "Next time," I thought, "let us hope the shorter Channel crossing is in use

again." Next time! The next moment I heard an announcement which sounded oddly enough like: "For anyone wishing to return tonight to London there is a special train waiting." It was repeated, and upon enquiry the horrid truth was forced upon my dazed consciousness. The boat had turned back, unable to enter Dieppe because of the gale, the direction of the wind, and wreckage. For our own comfort we were told that this was the first time in twelve years that the coast of France had been sighted and yet the boat forced to return. So "next time" was to be tomorrow. It was with grim forebodings that I sought refuge in Newhaven's Ship Inn, the landlord of which as a boy attended Hulme Grammar School.

The crossing next day was, by contrast, heavenly, but other factors were not. As we were leaving the boat the previous evening an American had said: "Today's boat connects up well, but not tomorrow's . . . from now on, it's going to be grim." It was. Instead of arriving in Paris for a night's sleep, we spent the night in the railway carriage at Dieppe. I had missed the train from Paris on which were booked sleepers for the two nights, and could not get on the next train (there are only three a week from Paris to Rome) unless I got a ticket for a seat, not an easy thing as the notice was so short. Still, a visit which I had always wanted to make (in 1940 I was almost shot when I asked if it was allowed) to the Tombeau de l'Empereur revived my courage; I decided to go for the train and hope that there would be a seat to spare. I presented the ticket I had for the previous train and was shown on board. Every carriage was locked at one end and guarded at the other. As the moments ticked steadily away, my prayer was the reverse of Faustus' "Lente, lente, currite, noctis equi". The carriage gradually filled and I felt that each newcomer must claim the seat I had. At last the train moved off, and I was bound for Rome. True, I was in a second class compartment with a first class ticket, but that was a mere detail now. (I might have mentioned that there was another Customs in Paris and that we had to report to a gendarme who took details of the trip before the taxi could take me from S. Lazare to the Gare de Lyon.) The carriage was full of Italians going home, some after many years, one anxious to impress us with the fact that the Russians really did wear boots, all very poor but all full of friendliness and delighted that a *sacerdote* would have a *bicchiere* with them.

We left Paris at 10.20 p.m. and were at Vallorbe in the early morning. Here I had two more Customs, one out of France and one into Switzerland, even though I had registered the luggage from Paris to Rome. We then found that no money of any sort could be accepted in Switzerland except Swiss. This I had been unable to get in Paris and had been told that French money would be taken. I had been given coupons for a meal (it was only in Switzerland that there was a restaurant car on the train) but gave them up in disgust at the further frontier, at Brig. Illogically enough we were sold a cup of coffee at Vallorbe, a real touch of Swiss kindness, and the porter who carried the luggage through the interminable Customs was glad to take French money. It took us four hours to cross the frontier at Vallorbe, just as long as it then took to cross Switzerland. I felt aggrieved, for I could easily have gone into the village and said Mass, but no one would guarantee that the train would not be gone. Switzerland gave us a day of crisp air and beautiful sunshine. But all this was preamble . . .

At last we were at Domodossola on the Italian frontier. More blows awaited us. We had a *dogana* (we had come to expect that), but then the Italian railway refused to accept the luggage I had sent on and paid for and insured . . . I must take it myself. Also, no money could be changed. Still, we were in Italy and that was what mattered. Did not Rome itself lie ahead? Socrates would not mind our referring to Rome his phrase *καλὸν τὸ ἄθλον καὶ ἡ ἐλπίς μεγάλη*. Our hope needed to be great, but meanwhile I settled down to enjoy, to coin a word, the Italianità of it all. It was great to see the old vivacity of gesture, to see the railway guards—where else in the world have they a force half police, half soldier to look after their railways? The advertisements still proclaimed Necchi, Cinzano, Olio Sasso . . .

Tiny villages perched on the hilltops slid by and homely shrines, in seemingly inaccessible places. The orderly beginnings of vineyards reminded us of the importance of this year's harvest, and the first lambs spoke of the coming spring. Signs of the war there were too. A train rolled off here, a maze of tangled rails scrapped by the line there would speak of accurate bombing, sometimes part of a village damaged. The sun-burned tints of the houses reminded us that we were south of the Alps. Old slogans such as "Vincere" are wearing

thin. Cries of "arance . . . aranciata . . ." from *raggazzi* plying their wares studded the stations with ghosts of gitas past. The Italians seem, it is true, to be relaxing after the tension of the regime and of the war, as an athlete lets his muscles relax, but they have not changed. There is the same interminable *alta politica* . . . there are the same questions about the number of the faithful in England. "In Inghilterra abbiamo due o tre milioni di cattolici ma abbiamo una grande speranza di convertir gli altri . . ." I never have made up my mind why even the most secular Italians ask such questions. It is either their great native politeness, thinking that that is the sort of question a foreign cleric would expect to be asked, or they feel a sort of partisanship in the Faith: they do not necessarily practise it, but they feel that its greatness in some way reflects on them, whose Capital is Holy Rome.

The train from Paris went no further than Milan, and there our troubles took a new turn—it was too late to change money. But a soldier, whose name ought to be held in benediction, made me eat at his expense. It was my first real meal for twenty-four hours and my last for another twenty-four. We changed on to another train that was third class only, and very third at that. There was a sleeping car tacked on but quite over-booked. I cast a longing glance at the "American Express", but decided that gate crashing would not become a cleric. This was a train reserved for Americans; it was not quite full and a number of people were trying to gain admittance. It did the trip in about seven hours. Ours took seven days—or that is what it seemed like. It wandered to and fro, stopped at the large stations for a long time and at the small stations for a shorter time, and if there were no station for any length of time it would stop between fields. Twenty-two hours in all . . . I was grateful it was not hot. But it was grand to see the hills and the sea again . . . "ecco Elba" . . . great to pass Tarquinia (where we had a gita in '38 and were held up by the Gestapo on our way back to Rome) . . . and so to Civitavecchia, the scene of such a critical action during the war.

Soon we were in well-known country. In no time the church built as part of E.42 (the World Exhibition which was to have been held in 1942) came into sight. We could not see THE cupola as there was too much mist. Next we arrived at Ostia, the last station before Rome. We passed the buildings destined for the Exhibition, then saw St Paul's *fuori*, graceful

from near and afar . . . the aqueduct . . . the statue of the Sacro Cuore . . . the gate of St Lawrence's (I wonder how badly hit S. Lorenzo is?) . . . past factories and slums . . . and so to Roma Termini.

Out to bargain with a porter who asked for more Italian lire than I had in the world, by taxi down the Naziona' (not changed a bit—yes, there's a Naafi, of all things in the world!), round near the Angelico, into the Emmanuele (they sound their horns again—a bit of Yank influence there), along the Baula, . . . and up to No. 45, to be greeted with great kindness by the Rector, to see Domenico, who has suffered much these last years, and Raniero, the new Madre, another Sister who claimed to remember "Numero settantaquattro", and Mgr Carroll-Abbing with his numerous works of mercy. And so for a trip round the City. There are many changes, but of these another time . . . the more Rome changes, the more it is Rome.

Then next morning to "the intellectual treadmill of the Piazza Pilotta", to be greeted by Father Becker with that Jesuit kindness which springs solely from the love of God, a kindness which came strange to one who had hitherto known the Greg in such an impersonal way, to be greeted as the "primavera degli studenti inglesi". That means that the full flowering of the Venerabile in Rome cannot be far off. It is a blessing we can scarcely comprehend that the College has been preserved as a whole, so that it may take up its life again in the Eternal City in all its fullness without waiting for a generation to come to maturity. Rome may be Pamless, a sign of lesser difficulties in plenty, but it yet has Peter's, true centre of all that makes for Romanità. And surely that is enough.

ANTHONY HULME.

ROMAN DIARY 1602

After many slanders, detractions, threats, disgraces, letters, declamations and treatises against the priests Appellants divulged and printed by the Jesuits and their adherents both within and without the realm, charging them with Schism, rebellion, disobedience, affirming also that they durst never ascend up to Rome to present their appeal before his Holiness or the Sacred Inquisition (to whom they pretended to appeal), and that their appeal was no more but a delay, evasion and dilatory play to blind men's eyes, to win time, and to avoid the authority of their superiors : yea, that the very appeal itself was but an infamous libel (although thirty worthy priests have subscribed to it)—by which unchristian, yea Jewish and Turkish means the Jesuits (men I trow impeccable) had opened the mouths of men and women, boys and girls (their misled flock) to rail, detract, despise, and slander their pastors : and that in more vile manner than the unnurtured children of Bethel did the prophet Eliseus ; at length (God so disposing) all these came to the knowledge of her Majesty and her honourable Council, how dangerous it was, and with what indignity the priests were used for their truth and fidelity. And being fully informed of these wrongs, disgraces and oppressions wherewith the Jesuits by their instrument the Archpriest had involved the secular priests . . . upon the humble petition of these priests, the honourable Council, respecting their troubles and misery, granted that four or five of the imprisoned secular priests should be set at liberty for six weeks to make provision of money and other necessaries for their journey, and then to have licence by way of banishment to depart the realm to follow their appeal to Rome, there to seek justice and reformation at his hands who, through the false and wrong information of Persons and his complices, had given a colour to their wrongs, although by him never intended.

Thus breathlessly are we introduced to the second of four narratives¹ of their proceedings written by the secular priests

¹ Let this be a footnote to end footnotes. The four narratives quoted in this article are to be found in Vol. II of T. G. Law's *Archpriest Controversy* (Camden Society, 1898) to which the reader is referred for the erudite information he finds lacking here. The only other reference I would venture to offer is to THE VENERABLE Vol. III. No. 1 where, under the title of *The Venerable as a Prison*, is to be found an account of the first secular attempt to carry their case to Rome.

who went overseas in prosecution of the appeal mentioned above. All four describe, at different lengths, the events that took place during their stay in Rome, but we are here to concern ourselves mainly with the first account, written, in diary form, by John Mush, a former student of the College (he had figured in the troubles under Clenock). A wise, determined Yorkshireman, he was now one of the leaders of the secular party in the "Archpriest Controversy".

That latter is the more discreet of the names given to the Secular-Jesuit quarrel over the appointment of a superior for the English mission, about the year 1600. This is not the place to tell the story of the dispute, still less to discuss the rights and wrongs. Let a few brief facts suffice. The death of Cardinal Allen in 1594 left the Church in England without even an honorary, let alone a regularly constituted head to govern it. The secular clergy began to plan a voluntary "Association" to supply the necessary cohesion, the need of which was heavily underlined by the party feeling released by the famous "stirs" of Wisbech in 1595, not to mention the continuing disturbances at the College in Rome. In 1598, however, evidently at the suggestion of Fr Persons, then Rector of the College, Cardinal Cajetan, Protector of England, appointed George Blackwell Archpriest of England, adding an unfortunate secret injunction to consult Garnet, the Jesuit provincial, in all important matters. Many of the seculars refused to recognise his authority, as not of Papal institution. Two priests sent to Rome to present the seculars' case were imprisoned in the College by Fr Persons, to be dismissed at length with a caution without ever even obtaining a hearing. In 1599 the Pope, Clement VIII, confirmed the Archpriest's appointment by Brief and the dissentients submitted. Blackwell, however, accused them of schism and demanded reparation. On their refusal he suspended their leaders. In 1600 thirty-three priests appealed to Rome against Blackwell; and the three printed treatises with which they followed up this step set going a hearty battle of books. The interest of the Queen and Council was now thoroughly aroused and by the autumn of 1601 had opened the way for the priests to follow their appeal to Rome in person, in the manner described above.

The chosen representatives, to quote the second narrative again,

... having received from the honourable Council their passports for them-

selves, their horses, servants and trunks, not without great difficulty about the fourth of November, 1601, departed to Dover Water, where they now stayed until they had got new passports more larger than the first.

Arrived at Calais, they proceeded to Nieuport to obtain the patronage and goodwill of the "Nunce Apostolick in the lowe cuntry". Then to Paris, where testimonials from Elizabeth ensured the friendship and support of the Most Christian King. Leaving one of their number there to speed their affairs, they set out for Rome—four dogged, determined men: old Mr Bluett, the veteran prisoner of Wisbech, Dr John Cecil, a fair rival to the wily Persons, Anthony Champney, and John Mush. They arrived on "Mad Thursday", the last Thursday before Lent, 1602. "At their coming thither", says the third narrative,

they sent their portmantuas to St Paul's monastery to two English monks, there to be safely kept for them for fear of rifling. They knew the said Englishmen to be enemies to the Jesuits, and therefore they did trust them with their writing[s]: which trust they faithfully performed.

So to Mush's diary:

[1602. Feb.] The 14, being Thursday we arrived in Rome, *alla Spada*. The 15, we entered into Dusana at 10 D[ucats] by month. The French Ambassador sent us word that he had direction by his King to protect us, and so he would, but willed us to keep secret 6 or 7 days, till he received other letters which he daily expected. Cardinal D'Ossat sent us word that he also would assist us in what he could, yet willed we should keep in for a few days: and to present ourselves first to the Protector and Vice-Protector, lest by omitting that ordinary course we should make them our enemies.

The third narrative adds:

... which direction [to keep in] they carefully obeyed, and in the meantime did send for Jews and provided for themselves fit apparel agreeable to their callings, and as the manner of priests is in Rome.

These envoys are well aware of the fate of those of 1599, hence the elaborate precautions. Where is the enemy? not far off.

The 20, which was Ash Wednesday, in the morning we went Chiesa Nuova. There Mr Mush met with Mr Baynes, who carried first the news of our arrival to Fr Persons. Fr Bozio [of the Oratory] was very friendly and comfortable.

... Next we went to visit Card. Farnese, Protector, who was not well, so we could not speak with him. Next we went to Card. Borghese, Vice-

Protector. In the way we met with Fr Persons and Dr Haddock and Baynes, all in a coach : they had been at Card. Borghese before us. We found this Card. friendly in words and promises. He condemned our disobedience to the Archpriest : cleared us of schism.

More visits to Cardinals, then :

The 22, . . . The French Ambassador had audience : told also his Holiness of our being in Rome and desire to have audience . . .

The 24, we repaired again to the French Ambassador to know his Holiness' answer. He told us that when he rehearsed to his Holiness how his King had written to him in our behalf and to assist and protect us, his Holiness answered he knew so much before. Again when he desired that we might be heard, his Holiness answered we should, and he would hear us himself . . .

According to the second narrative the Pope concluded :

" Well then they shall have audience on Monday next ", for upon Friday had the Ambassador these speeches with the Pope. When Monday came the four priests being directed by my Lord Ambassador and having some of his gentlemen to conduct them, they repaired to the court, but finding his Holiness then to give public audience, one of his Chamberlains advised the priests to depart to their lodgings, for it was not likely that his Holiness would give that day any private audience, which they required. Hereupon they departed to their lodgings : but forthwith the Pope, arising from his public audience, retired to his chamber where he was wont to give private audience, and demanded of his Chamberlains whether the four English priests were not in the palace and caused them to be sought for, but being informed that they had been there and were departed to their lodgings because they were informed that his Holiness was not like to give private audience that day, as being the day of public audience, hereupon, he sent one of his Chamberlains to their lodgings to warn them to come to his presence the next day at nineteen a clock.

Meanwhile, as Mush relates, one of the party had deserted the other three and gone off on a tangent of his own.

This day Mr Bluett separated himself from dealing and imparting his affairs with us three, Mr Dr Cecil, Mr Mush and Mr Champney, and joined himself with Dr Pearse [a secular residing in Rome under French patronage]. . . . This Doctor we found now very heady and contentious and ready to fall out with us three at every word or occasion, and drawing Mr Bluett from us to himself, that they two might deal alone in affairs without our knowledge, etc.

[March.] The 4, we went to the Palace [as described above] to have audience, but it being the public audience for the Segnatura we were disappointed. There we met Fr Persons and Fr Smith : he marvelled we were so strange as not to come to the College, nor to converse familiarly with him and others on his side. He said he was glad of our coming to Rome, for now all would be ended.

The 5, we had audience before his Holiness at 22 [o'clock], the space of an hour. He answered to all the points of our speech; said he had heard very many evil things against us; as that we had set out books containing heresies: that we came to defend heretics against his authority, in that he might not depose heretical princes, etc.: that we came sent by heretics, upon their cost: that we were not obedient to the See Apostolic and the Archpriest constituted by him; for a toleration or liberty of conscience in England, it would do harm and make Catholics become heretics: that persecution was profitable to the Church, and therefore not to be so much laboured for to be averted or stayed by toleration; offended that we named her Queen whom the See Apostolic had deposed and excommunicated—so that we knew not how to name her . . . Our protestations of obedience to him he called “verba” and “parole”: all we proposed seemed to dislike him . . .

They protested, says the second narrative, that they were ready to clear themselves on all these points alleged against them by Persons and his party.

“Well then,” says the Pope, with a cheerful countenance, “I am glad to hear you say so. You shall have justice. Card. Borghese and Card. Arrigoni do we appoint to hear both them and you, and to make relation thereof unto us; and see that you go out unto no other Cardinals with any complaints but to them.” And so with good and gracious words he dismissed us, being himself at that present marvellously vexed with the gout, so that his servants were fain to carry him out of his chair to his bed, where he remained fourteen days. In this audience he remained an hour and a half, notwithstanding his pain.

The 14, we went to Cardinals Borghese and Arrigoni to know if they had received any order from his Holiness touching the deputation for our affairs. They had not spoken with him nor heard anything, for his Holiness was still sick. All these 7 or 8 days Mr Mush and Mr Champney were sick of the catarrh. This 14 Mr Mush went to visit Card. Bellarmine who was said to be offended with them, but desired us to come two days after . . .

The 15, we returned to them [Borghese and Arrigoni] to know what order his Holiness had given about our affairs. They said he had commanded them to hear what we would say and propose.

Perseverance and the good offices of the French Ambassador had at last ensured them a definite hearing. But a whole month was gone and their goal still far off. The first step now was to clear themselves of their opponents' charges, in particular that of schism: and Persons was not disposed to hurry himself in defining his accusations.

The 17, we went to Card. Borghese to know what Fr Persons had exhibited against us: we found nothing.

The 18, we went to the French Ambassador and so to visit Card. Aldobrandini; but found him not at home.

The 19, in like sort, but he was to go to Frascati and we could have no audience . . .

The 22, Mr Mush went to visit Card. Bellarmine, with whom he had long and friendly conference . . .

The 24, we went to Card. Borghese touching the controversy and the reasons. He said the Archpriest's and the Jesuits' proceeding in those opinions of schism and disobedience ever displeased his Holiness and himself, and so Fr Persons seemed to dislike it also; and doubted not but that this controversy should be speedily decided for us; that the Archpriest showed himself to be impudent, and asked us if he were any divine, for his writing showed him to be none . . .

The 26, we visited Cardinal Baronius, who was friendly, but willed us to keep that to ourselves.

Despite Persons a decision on the schism question was now in sight.

[April.] The 9, we were with Cardinals Borghese and Arrigoni: they told us that on Thursday next they would relate our controversy to his Holiness. Cardinal Borghese said that schism, rebellion, disobedience were all one "per diversa nomina"; Cardinal Arrigoni said he saw no disobedience in us for resisting a Cardinal's letter, and doubted not to have the controversy ended very shortly, and willed us to assure ourselves that neither favour, nor rewards, nor honour, etc. should hinder him anything from doing justice.

The 10, we were with Cardinal D'Ossat to give him "bona Pascha" . . .

The 11, being Thursday, we were with Card. Borghese to know what his Holiness had done that day with them: who told us that they were to deliver unto us his Holiness' definition of our controversy of schism and disobedience, which they said was this: that his Holiness had declared and defined all the priests that had delayed to admit the new subordination before it was confirmed by his Holiness, his Brief, to be free from all schism and disobedience in that their delay . . . We desired a Brief hereof: they said that we should have it before our departure. Laus Deo.

But there still lay months of struggle before the envoys and their departure. They had yet to present their own case against the Archpriest.

The 15, . . . [Borghese and Arrigoni] were offended also with us, for that our adversary Persons and his had told them we cried all over the city "victoria, victoria"; which was a mere calumny, and so we told the Cardinals, but they seemed not to believe us, but Arrigoni said we on both sides were "terribiles". Thus Persons and his endeavoured to make us odious to all men, by their false calumnies and lies. And now we began to hope for little good at these Cardinals' hands, when in so

clear and manifest a cause wherein our reasons convinced them we could have so little justice or favour . . .

The 17, we carried to the Cardinals our "Gravamina Archipresbyteri : Incommoda subordinationis".

At the end of April Mush comments :

Thus hitherto our business went slowly forward and nought was done.

And on the first of May :

The first, we were with Card. Borghese to know what he had done with his Holiness. But he had not remembered us . . .

The 21, Mr Champney and Mr Mush went to Card. Borghese . . . There we found the two procurators [of the Archpriest] and two Jesuits, [Richard] Walpole and [Thomas] Owen. We desired the Cardinal that the Jesuits might not be present, because we had not to do with them. The Cardinal would not exclude them, so that the Cardinal, two Jesuits, 2 procurators and we two were there. We proved our allegations out of the originals : they would not acknowledge Blackwell's hand. The two Jesuits never ceased prating and quarrelling at everything. The procurators denied the decrees of suffrages, etc . . . and upon everything they made infinite cavils, the Jesuits ever whispering in their ears. We were much ashamed to see so great want of sincerity and honesty in them . . . We came that day but to the 7th gravamen ; for they wrangled so much and the Cardinal was wearied and to go abroad . . .

The Roman heat, too, must have played its part in that encounter : no wonder Borghese was anxious to "go abroad" in the evening air. Another old enemy made a reappearance a few days later : the gout.

The 27, his Holiness began with the chiragra.

And so on into June.

The 20, Mr Parker [one of the procurators] talked with Mr Mush long in Chiesa Nuova, and would have persuaded him to have secret conference with Fr Persons, but Mr Mush refused.

The 27th brought a heavy blow.

Card. Borghese told Mr Mush that his Holiness had committed our cause touching the Archpriest and government to the Congregation of the Cardinals of the Inquisition : whereof Borghese and Arrigoni were two, Pinelli, Ascoli, Sfondrati and Avila other four. He willed we should go and inform them four, and he would send them our writings. Thus we were after five months to begin again. How this came about, we know not : by Persons or others of the Spanish faction.

At Cardinal Borghese Mr Mush met with Persons and had a few words with him.

To what extent the envoys had to start again from the beginning may be judged by their interviews with Pinelli and Bernier, Cardinal-Bishop of Ascoli.

The 30, Mr. Cecil and Mr Mush visited Cardinals Pinelli and Ascoli. Pinelli was very inquisitive from whence we came, who sent us, if any of us had been of the Roman College, how many priests were with us in England, said we should have obeyed the Archpriest after we knew him to be instituted by his Holiness: told us of the English books set out, he said by some of our side, containing heresies: asked if Fr Persons were alive: avowed that Fr Persons knew not of the Archpriest's making, this he protested. We answered to all, yet would not tell him how Card. Borghese had said to Mr Mush and Mr Champney that he would witness that the Archpriest was made wholly at Fr Persons' instance. He willed us to think upon some course for peace, and promised to do for us what he could. Card. Ascoli said he knew nothing of our matters, nor as yet had received our writings: . . . he would do for us what he could.

On July the second

. . . Mr Bluett and they were with Card. Pinelli, where they found Fr Persons . . . He [the Cardinal] said he would make us a dinner and invite also Fr Persons, that we might agree. We thanked him, but refused to have any dealings with Fr Persons . . .

The 14, . . . About this time Mr Persons said to the Scholars [at the College] he would not bid them speak ill of us the disobedient priests, but commanded them under great penance that none should speak well of us . . .

Meanwhile the long delays had adversely affected the envoys' pockets.

The 20, Mr Mush received *centum quinquaginta aureos* of Cardinal Borghese given us by his Holiness.

The 21, we received a bill of exchange from Paris of one hundred eighty crowns to be received of Signor Giustiniano, banker . . .

The 23, we received every one 40 Ducats of our bill from Paris . . .

—which left twenty Ducats (or crowns) commission for the good banker.

The 24, . . . Mr Persons sent a letter to Mr Mush. He commanded the Scholars not to speak to any of us.

At last on August 9th

. . . Card. Borghese sent his servant to call me to him very early. Mr Dr Cecil and I went. He delivered us the determination of the whole Congregation, approved as he said by his Holiness.

But this was not a final determination, for

The same day Mr Mush went to the Commissary [of the Congregation],

who willed us to accept of what liked us, and for the rest to sue to his Holiness and the Cardinals to see if we could obtain more.

The same, we all went to Cardinal Borghese to let him know the difficulties we found in all the points that liked us not. He willed us to deliver up to his Holiness our minds, for he could do no more. He told us Fr Persons was also displeas'd with the order, more than we. We found Persons there with Card. Borghese.

The August temperature was evidently taking its toll of Mush's patience.

The 19, I was with Cardinal Arrigoni; after with Pinelli, who said we had asked both unjust and dishonest things and therefore they had not granted them. I answered we were Catholic priests and children of the See Apostolic, ready to obey whatsoever his Holiness should determine and command; again priests which, for the defence of the See Apostolic, stood every day *in acie* ready to shed our blood; and therefore were not willing any way to contradict or oppose ourselves to anything his Holiness would have us do. And lastly that we were Catholic priests whom it beseemed not and who would be loth to propound to his Holiness and the Inquisition anything that were unjust or dishonest: wherefore I besought him to let us know which might be these things . . .

—a worthy manifesto from the lips of a College contemporary of Sherwin. The heat was apparently affecting Arrigoni too:

The 22, Mr Mush was with Cardinal Arrigoni, who told him that our matters would be despatched presently. Upon Pinelli's *inhonesta*, he asked if we had demanded *ut duceremus uxores*: this had been in priests *inhonestum*. The 23, the Lord Ambassador had audience: his Holiness told him he would do justice and said: "Lasciate fare a me"; commended the memorial we last exhibited to be of good spirit (it was about the difficulties upon the sentence of the Inquisition).

The 25, Mr Mush was with Card. Pinelli, who told not of any unjust or dishonest things we had demanded, but talked friendly of ordinary matters. This day I met with Mr Parker in St Ludovicus' church, and told him what lies they had sent into England . . .

These days Persons and his trudged about to the Cardinals . . .

The good news of the beginning of the end came in September:

The 12, Cardinal Borghese told me our matters were handled that day before his Holiness very largely, and ended; that the instructions were given to Monsignor Vestrio to make a Brief; and that he would gladly have told me the particulars, but his Holiness commanded secrecy till the Brief were out . . .

Still, they had not seen the end of delays: it was to be another month yet before the Brief was ready.

All the rest days I earnestly solicited the Card. Borghese and Vestrio for dispatch of the Brief . . .

The 18, I met the two procurators of Card. Borghese, who were earnest with me that we should all be friends. I told them that neither they nor the great calumniator Persons showed any sincere desire of peace or friendship by their actions ; for still they laboured to injury us, and opposed themselves to everything they could learn we laboured for, how needful soever it were to our church.

On October the second the envoys were told that they were to come to audience at the Pope's palace the following day. They suspected a trap, accurately enough.

The 3, . . . we came to the palace at our hour appointed. Their dinner was not ended. Expecting in the hall about half an hour, in cometh Persons with the two procurators and one scholar. They saluted us and we them : they sat down on the other side over against us. Then we perceived the plot to be laid by Persons, and began to cast with ourselves how to answer before his Holiness that we might neither offend him by refusing to entertain friendship with Persons more than in Christian Charity we were bound, nor displease the Christian King and our own state by condescending to what his Holiness would by likelihood move us unto. We, being now as it were in their trap, stood much perplexed and thought we should carry ourselves very wisely that day if we escaped some mischief. The doors being opened, Persons and his entered into the ante-camera. After a little we followed, and placed ourselves as far opposite to them as we could. After half an hour began divers Cardinals to enter (for that afternoon was the examen ordinandorum ad Episc), then came Cardinal Farnese, our Protector. Whereupon we perceived how strongly Persons had laid his stratagem, for Farnese was not of that Congregation. About half an hour after, Persons, perceiving the hour to be passed and the Pope and Cardinals were entered into the examen, he rose and demanded of the Mr de Camera whether audience might be had that day or no. He answered the time was past. So Persons and his departed. All this while we stood praying that there might be no audience that day. After Mr Persons and his were gone a little, Mr Parker and Mr Archer enter into the chamber again and said : " Fr Persons hath understood that there will be no audience this day : he and we depart. He sent us to certify you hereof, that you need not expect any longer." I answered we were not privy to Mr Persons' matters or audience : we were to expect about our own affairs. So they parted. It was good sport to see how glad we were that all fell out thus contrary to Persons' expectations and according to our desires : that so we might have more time to prepare ourselves and to prevent their mischief.

The 4, . . . the Lord Ambassador in his audience altered his Holiness' mind about our reconciliation with Persons.

But still no Brief.

The 9, I was with Vestrio for the Briefs. He was gone to Tusculum,

and his man said all was ready to be delivered us when Cardinal Aldobrandini should return the minuta, which he had not done.

Delays continued to the eleventh hour: even on the day of the Brief's actual appearance, its delivery was held up for two hours while the Spanish Ambassador solicited a last minute alteration.

. . . That night, after the Spanish Ambassador's audience was ended, I went to Vestrio, who even then received the minuta and delivered the Brief, one copy to me, the other to Mr Person's man.

The envoys' work was now completed. They had won no striking victory. They had come to Rome with a case; it had been heard and decided in their favour. They were cleared of the charges against them, the Archpriest's position was regulated, and Persons' excessive control of English affairs was removed. That was all. It only remained to obtain the Pope's blessing and depart for home.

The 16, we were with his Holiness and had a very friendly audience. He granted all we desired. Our beads were all blessed as grains: they and our crosses and medals had the College indulgence. He granted that my great crucifix should have the College indulgence, and moreover make a privileged altar wheresoever it stood in England as long as it were upon it. He granted me licence to communicate all my faculties to 10 priests in England.

The fourth narrative of these events reports the Pope's last speech to the envoys. To an address from Bluett he replied:

placere sibi promptam illam obedientiae vocem; ac fidem sine caritate nihil posse, imo nudam esse docet. Ad pacem hortatur sacerdotes, et una ostendit cupere se omnibus satisfacere, et Angliae prae ceteris subvenire. "At Deus scit," inquit, "quantis premor angustiis. Rex Hispaniae ex una parte, Rex Franciae ex altera urgent. Principes isti omnes quaerunt quae sua sunt, ita ut nesciam ubi inclinare caput." Et sic sacerdotibus plurimas gratias spirituales indulgendo eos dimisit.

And with a last careful note we can take our leave of Mr Mush as he takes his of Rome.

. . . The Ambassador had put up the Friday before a supplication for me to have a planeta, chalice and crucifix, with indulgences. His Holiness granted them but all this week they could not be gotten.

The 18, the Ambassador renewed the same memorial, but then his Holiness answered his guarda-robe had none but rich ones. Yet he obtained that the same indulgences might be applied to any that should be given us, or that we should buy . . .

THE GREATEST GITA

II—MARCH ON UMBRIA 1944

Wednesday 7th June. We are still lying in the field we occupied yesterday morning. A nice hot cup of tea and a cigarette add to the pleasure of waking in the cool morning air as the sun comes up beyond Gennaro. There was no move this morning, so we took the chance of another hasty visit to Rome, this time a pilgrimage of piety to the Piazza Pilotta. The students were just coming out of lectures—great enthusiasm on the steps when they found that the brutal invader was himself an old (and distinguished) alumnus. I called on Father Tromp, who looked thin and haggard: and on Father Filograssi. To my surprise, since I walked in unannounced and dressed like a boy-scout, he greeted me at once: “Caro Redmond, mi ricordo ottimamente . . .” It was strange, after all these years of turmoil, to see so many historic names still there, and to examine curiously the new “sheets” and *Opuscula* still being turned out while the guns roared around Anzio and kingdoms fell—stranger still to creep alone into the Aula I and sit for a moment in our old places.

Back to lunch, and find we are moving this afternoon towards Mentana. We drove on to the Via Nomentana, and almost immediately stopped to investigate a dead body sprawled by the roadside. It was a German soldier, already swollen and black, the face unrecognizable. He must have been lying here for some days with the traffic passing up and down: but it is often nobody’s definite job to bury isolated enemy dead, and so he had been left. So I borrowed a couple of men with spades—it had to be a very makeshift job in the ditch,

but at least we covered him, said the prayers and marked the grave. A bit further on we called on a section of our A.D.S. in a farmhouse. Here I was welcomed heartily with the information that there seemed to be a corpse in the cellar, and what would I like to do about it? So a small party of us penetrated underground with torches and a general atmosphere of nervousness owing to all these booby-trap stories. Led by our noses we located the seat of the trouble as a large sack. . . This was all becoming rather horrible, and it was a great relief to find it was full of decaying animal, not human, bones.

An attempt to fix a Mass here failed, so we drove on to Mentana. The Vigna Santucci and the Castle recalled Julian Watts-Russell and ancient wars: the rubble of smashed houses blocking the road was grim reality. A rough track had been broken through, over which we bumped. The next stretch of road had been heavily mined—we passed several blown-up trucks (ours), and cracked funny jokes to each other about whether any little ones had been overlooked, ha ha! Past Monterotondo the road dipped steeply into the Tiber valley, and there was a magnificent view stretching north to Soracte and walled in on the right by Gennaro, Pellecchia and the Cornicolani villages perched on their little hilltops. There was also a great silence, so we turned round and eventually located our party pulling into a site just back of Mentana. Here on rising ground we faced the Alban Hills, every village from Castel Gandolfo round to Rocca Priora clear and sharp in the evening light—and there, “yes, that little spot down there on the right, that’s Palazzola. . .”

Thursday 8th June. No move again, so after an idle morning I drove to Monterotondo and said Mass for three men in the schoolroom. After that we lay on the grass with some of the infantry and listened idly to the gunfire up the Tiber valley. A gang of Italian *partigiani* wearing their red neckerchiefs came past in a captured German truck. They were the first I had seen, young lads, very excited, shouting and waving rifles. There appear to be a lot of them round here, and we meet some escaped British prisoners who have been lurking with them since last September.

We have a new site beside the Cappuccini convent at Monterotondo: it hardly seems worth while moving so short a distance, but it is a very lovely spot, overlooking the Tiber valley towards Soracte. Some of the men are very interested

in a tree bearing strange fruit—from my superior knowledge I inform them that they are *nespole* and quite eatable, so we do. The good *Frati* are distressed at the way our men gather fresh vegetables without a by-your-leave, but what would you? It is the price of liberation. As night falls a heavy barrage breaks out up the Tiber valley: from bed I can see the red flashes stabbing the night, but it seems several miles away, and we wonder why we have been left behind.

Friday 9th June. It was nice to say Mass in a church again. Still no move, so I decided to make use of a chance that may never occur again, and we were soon driving through the vineyards and into Frascati. But the devastation was so terrible and affected me so unpleasantly that we simply backed and drove straight out again: and so up past Mondragone to Monte Porzio. "Good old Monte P." at any rate is little damaged, though very shabby looking. But the welcome at the *osteria* was magnificent when they found that it was a *studente*—in no time an old woman was pushing forward with a picture of us and "Monsignor il Rettore", and when were we all going to be back and come over for the Festa della Madonna? Naturally we had to visit the shrine with the Parish Priest, and say a prayer: then negotiations commenced for buying wine for the Mess. Alas for the great days of Monte Porzio, the town was drunk nearly dry by the horrid Hun, and it was only after considerable trouble that I procured one *damigiana*.

Then we left, with many expressions of goodwill, and returned via desolate Frascati to Squarciarelli and so up into the chestnut woods. Rocca di Papa, though I suppose not really badly damaged, was dreary and desolate, with broken glass and tiles littering the empty piazza. Past the Madonna del Tufo we got our first glimpse of the Lake, and I began excitedly to point things out to my quite unmoved driver as we swung into the dappled green woods, spattered here and there by mortar fire: and so down the little dusty track and under the garden wall to Palazzola!

A large yellow-and-white board said PROPERTY OF THE HOLY SEE very firmly, so it was with some irritation that I found it occupied by United States parachutists. However a very gentlemanly C.O. assured me that the proper persons had somehow or other been consulted, so I piped down, realising for the first time that other English eyes had been on the watch all this time. At this point a gangling Italian youth

who had been standing by interrupted with "Siete studente?", and it dawned on me that it was Alfredo. He rushed away in great excitement to fetch Luigi and Mrs Luigi: Clara appeared too, with her baby, and young "Beel"—everybody talking at once, with lurid stories of what the *tedeschi* had done. The Americans were very impressed by this authentic welcome. They showed me all round the College, explained how they had carefully cleaned up the Church (which certainly looked very nice), and insisted on my staying for lunch.

And so I lunched in our own Refectory on good U.S. rations with this tough bunch of parachutists, surrounded by German frescoes on the walls, and enjoyed it immensely. There was no reading. We returned at leisure by the Strada dei Laghi, hugging our *damigiana* and drinking in the view, and so by Marino and Squarciarelli again, down into the Campagna. My driver could hardly believe the incredible distances I showed him that we used to do on foot!

Back to Monterotondo in time to write a hasty letter to the Rector. We are to move at last tomorrow—about time, as we have only gone about sixteen miles in the last four days. I enquired about our route, and was told, "Do you know the road to Narni, Padre? All right, swan up that road till someone shoots at you, and then stop." Which is how it happened.

Saturday 10th June. We dropped down on to the Via Salaria in the Tiber valley and followed it north to Passo Correse. Here there was a bad jam, as Fara Sabina station was a heap of ruins, water-logged craters and croaking frogs. At last we got over the Bailey bridge, and were soon crossing the pretty pea-green Farfa River by that curious natural rock-bridge, the Ponte Sfondato. A few hundred yards further on we saw our Medical section erecting its pent-house in a field, so we called in. Some lads were lazily digging slit-trenches, and we laughed at them for what seemed a useless fatigue. On the green slope just forward, "X" Battalion's trucks were spread along the skyline and the troops sprawled on the grass, so we joined them and lay down under a truck for a chat.

Our guns, as usual, were firing continuously from just behind and the whoosh of stuff flying over our heads was the normal orchestral accompaniment: so that it was a couple of minutes before it fully dawned on me that this sudden new whine and crack was incoming and not outgoing. A certain

swift viciousness in the whistle, and the whizz of shrapnel past the truck dissipated all hopeful doubts . . . Then came silence, and I ran down the slope to the Medical tent, where our wounded and some dead were soon being carried in. Work was hardly begun before we were all flat on our faces among the wounded as another shower came bursting right amongst us. There are few more unpleasant things than for men just wounded to lie, shocked and helpless, under another pounding. Clouds of brown dust and smoke drifted past, but *Deo gratias* the crowded tent where we were lying shoulder to shoulder was not hit. Several more casualties were carried in from the tall corn outside (where they were hard to find): but soon we were flat again, with someone's boot in my face. It was becoming clear that something had gone wrong with the works: and in a few minutes the Battalion on the slope forward of us were moving backwards to a healthier spot. The Medicals still had all the casualties to attend to and so could not move and for a time formed the forward troops of the Brigade.

At last—it seemed rather a long time, with our weather ear cocked and an occasional lapse to the horizontal—all were attended to and packed off. One poor fellow had not been carried away by the last ambulance, so we buried him in a slit-trench before leaving. At the bridge over the Farfa a military policeman was still standing to direct traffic: these chaps do a very nasty job standing on bridges or cross-roads when unpleasantness is on. We swung up the hill very cheerfully—a shell-burst on the other side of the hedge momentarily dried up the cheerful chatter and we concentrated on speed. The A.D.S. had re-established itself about a mile back, and was already ladling out hot tea: there was just time to have some before I was summoned to another burial right down in the gully.

The rest of that hot summer's afternoon we lay about in the standing corn, chatting idly or staring at Gennaro on the one side and Soracte on the other shimmering in the heat. It was drowsy and superficially peaceful, with the sunlit fields stretching away to the well-known mountains which even war cannot change or hurt: the occasional shell that came lobbing over seemed unreal. Down below a little girl was unconcernedly driving some cows home, while the brave soldiers lay on their bellies in the field above . . . Towards dusk, after some food, we drove forward to see what was doing. Some

other Medical unit, chaplainless, was in a farmhouse above the Farfa—a bunch of casualties were just coming in, so I stayed there for a time. Then we tried to locate our infantry—I managed to get a few together for the Sacraments, which they received very willingly: but most were digging in for the night and were hard to find. I asked one man who had greeted me particularly warmly whether he was a Catholic, and he said “No, sir, but I’m shell-happy!”

So Alan and I returned to the A.D.S. and started to dig. The softer parts of the field seemed to be all occupied: anyway we struck a very stony spot. Eventually it’s done, and I lie down, face to the stars, in this very grave-like slit and listen to the orchestra. The noise tonight is stupendous—everything we’ve got, behind and on either side, is bellowing away at whatever is in front, and the air is shrieking with sound, the big ones rumbling overhead like express trains. Only one single biggish gun seems to be replying directly at us, and the shell bangs into our area every few minutes. About midnight I count five coming over in quick succession: then he seems to have packed up, and a light rain falls instead. So I pull a blanket over my head and go to sleep—

Sunday 11th June—waking before 6 a.m. under a heavy drizzle. After some drowsy pretence that it isn’t really very wet, I decided there’s nothing for it but to get up. Tea is already up in the pent-house: then I am called down to “A” Coy for a burial. They are dug in under the wet banks of the Farfa beside the bridge: the concussion of the guns last night collapsed one poor fellow’s slit-trench, and by the time they dug him out he was dead. There is no time for Mass—anyway it is raining too hard—but the burial creates a great impression on the Catholics: they all attend and come to the Sacraments. The other Companies are standing to in the grey drizzle, ready to advance, and I manage to get round them before they move: a goodly number (including the Chaplain) receive Holy Communion, which shows the effect of a little shelling. The good sergeant who served Mass a week ago is dead, killed by a splinter as he lay flat on his face yesterday evening.

I then drive right back to the Main Dressing Station, where several others have already been buried. There is another funeral waiting, so we have a Requiem over the grave, and so get in a Sunday afternoon Mass. Some passing Italians attend the Mass and then pick flowers to lay on the grave.

Then we join up with Brigade H.Q. again, which is just moving forward : and in perfect peace we re-cross the Farfa, past our field all pitted with .88 bursts, and on to Poggio Mirteto, whence yesterday's unpleasantness seems to have emanated. We stop beside the Tiber for some tea : two terrible casualties are brought in, blown up in their jeep by a mine. As we drive on we see puffy German shell-bursts like grey cotton wool on Cantalupo just ahead : our convoy avoids going into this, and we turn aside into a lovely site in the Tiber valley under Forano. We are now straight opposite saw-edged Soracte and away to the north-west are the two symmetrical blue peaks of the Cimini. The stuff bursting up in Cantalupo (we hear) is partly mortar fire, so the enemy are fairly near, and we camouflage more carefully than usual under the fig and peach. However it is a quiet night.

Monday 12th June. Mass for the Medicals, who are parked in what is alleged to be a minefield, and we move forward, making a long rough diversion to ford the Imelle River. But we stop again at midday under Collevocchio—a very brief advance. I find a Tank Regiment up the road with its Chaplain, and learn that the enemy has not quite retired yet. So we leave it to the Tanks and stay where we are. After getting stuck in the mud caused by yesterday's rain, I manage to fix an evening Mass for one unit. Soracte still frowns above us.

Tuesday 13th June. In fact we've only made twenty miles in the last three days, and go no further this morning. Then news comes that one unit is detailed for what may be a tricky bit of work : we are to force a crossing of the Nera several miles below Narni, which may be defended, and so take it in the rear. We set off in the afternoon, crawling along in convoy in clouds of choking dust. Then we strike the Flaminia, just beyond where it crosses the Tiber past Civita Castellana, and are soon bowling along at a good pace, despite demolitions, past Magliano, and so into Umbria. The road climbs to Otricoli, and eventually we turn into a most lovely site on top of the ridge. Deep below, the wooded Nera gorge joins the broad Tiber valley at Orte : beyond, the softly rounded Cimini stand over the plain of Viterbo which sweeps away towards the sea : to the south Soracte stands nose forward, and the low Bracciano hills hide the Campagna. It was one of those moments when the weary crawling up the spine of Italy seemed suddenly worth while (it is nine months now since we landed in Calabria

—nor did one foresee that it would be another eleven before we reached the Po!). To add to the evening's joy, the battle is off—the enemy has pulled out and Narni is undefended. An anticlimax, which no one regrets. We have Mass for half the Battalion before sundown, and lie down for a peaceful night.

Wednesday 14th June. After Mass on the truck for those who couldn't attend last night, we drive forward by ourselves, above the precipitous green gorge "o'er the pale waves of Nar", into Narni. It is quite undamaged and unlooted, already plastered with pro-allied *avvisi*, which I suppose we must have brought with us. New vistas of country to be conquered lie beyond, the broad Terni valley, backed by the mountains which defend Spoleto. We drive along the Terni road for a look-see, but find it devoid of any sign of life. Eventually we meet a tank which tells us that the Lancers have just got into Terni, but the bridges are blown and the whole town impassable with rubble. So we return to Narni and call in at the monastery just outside, where I sleep for two lovely hours on a bed with cool sheets and a spring mattress. Conscious of a good deed done we return to Brigade, which is still back of Narni: here there is perfect peace, even the noise of battle has rolled on out of earshot.

Thursday 15th June. Today there is no move. I am lucky to find all our gunners, less one Battery, resting together up the road: so we have Mass at a farmhouse. The daughters of the house are thrilled, and they clean up the upper room, bring flowers and assist *con devozione*. Then we eat and (there being nothing else to do) doze in the inadequate shade of a very small tree. The Nera has been bridged at Terni: it is the worst town I have seen since Foggia (Cassino and district doesn't count). Some wretched natives are creeping back, while armed civilians patrol the ruins.

At dinner the B.B.C. informed us that "The *Fifth Army* has entered Narni". This is too, too much—after all we are trying! Anyway Todi, Orviëto and Aquila have all fallen. It seems we are stuck here while they try to throw a bridge across at Narni.

Friday 16th June. On towards Todi. As Brigade is slow to start, we set off independently. The three beautiful bridges at Narni are all blown—I can't remember whether this mighty Roman bridge whose broken arches tower above the water, was intact before or not. The main Narni-Todi road is un-

usable, so we wriggle up dusty side-roads into the hills, blinded and choked with dust from the Tanks till we manage to overtake them one by one. The road is lined with exploded German ammo dumps, shell cases and shattered trees—one stupendous crater beats anything I have ever seen. They have lost a lot of stuff here, and there is a feeling that we have got them really on the run.

We rise above the Naia valley : it is pretty, wooded country, with castles perched precipitously half-hidden in the trees. Todi comes in sight, but the bridge is blown, and to our fury we do a twelve mile wretched diversion before we rejoin the road on the other side of the bridge ! Tired with the dust and jolting, and hungry through bad staff work, we enter Todi. A big German sign still marks it as a “ Lazarettstadt ”, and it is quite undamaged. It is the siesta hour, and all is calm, sleepy and dignified. Below, the Tiber appears again, emerging from the Todi narrows, and the broad valley stretches north towards Perugia, rich in vines and orchards.

We dropped then into the valley, past the still smouldering station and forward a few miles. Here we were told that the road ahead was under fire, so we brewed up (I cannot remember why we were so short of food today), and rested under a mulberry. Anyway we have driven over fifty miles today, and caught up with things again. I located our missing Battery of gunners and sat around with them, waiting for instructions. A radio signal had come through, warning us of an enemy band in the neighbourhood—probably a false alarm, but it spoiled arrangements for Mass. At last Brigade turned up, and we parked down for the night.

Saturday 17th June. Got the gunners for Mass, and went forward to the A.D.S. They were shelled by .88's during the night, but the only casualty was a baby rabbit. One Battalion is advancing on Perugia this afternoon—we are not continuing up this main Todi-Deruta-Perugia road, but crossing the Tiber here—I expect the bridge on the main road is gone. So at 2 p.m. we join the Infantry, who are already sitting in their trucks waiting to move. We are still sitting at 5 p.m. Across the river we can see the head of our convoy, packed nose to tail, and quite immobile. Over Perugia, some twenty miles away, hangs a mushroom of smoke—I hope they are not banging it about too much. At last the blue flag goes up, and we move—right out of this field and almost on to the road

before we stop again! They say the armoured cars forward are meeting opposition.

I got tired of this, pulled out of line and returned to Brigade, who were not moving yet in any case. Here I found a signal ordering me back to Rome forthwith for the Eighth Army Chaplains' Audience with the Holy Father. It was well over one hundred miles run, with the roads maybe blocked with supplies coming forward. So, although it was already dusk, we turned back and headed for Rome "forthwith".

* * * * *

So this gita ended, as all gitas should, in Rome—an inconclusive ending, as I never returned to this unit, and in point of fact it was from this very day, at Perugia and Chiusi, that German resistance stiffened, and the great pursuit slowed up. As war it had been a comparative picnic, as a gita it stands, to me, supreme. May whoever next passes through Poggio Mirteto or Fara Sabina station give them on my behalf a friendly greeting and words of peace.

R. P. REDMOND.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THEY ALSO SERVE

Novelty is a quality which every writer ardently desires. As a class, novelists are anything but novel; and the one who succeeds in being original is so loudly acclaimed on all sides as to be immediately suspect to the more discerning. Even the humble hack is not exempt from this ambition and it seemed at first as though this article would at least have the merit of a new theme. For serving in the Refectory, according to the most trustworthy sources, was considered an activity peculiar to the College *in partibus infidelium*. Even the most imaginative Roman was not disturbed in his afternoon siesta by visions of himself in a white apron. But it seems as if this merit is to be denied us. For as we strode purposefully down the Refectory during our week of office a single sentence of the reader pierced the deep surrounding coma and forced itself upon our consciousness. Arnold Oscar Meyer arose from the grave to destroy this vain hope of originality. Speaking of the College in the days of Queen Elizabeth he says: "Waiting at table was performed by the students in turn." The dream was shattered. However, let us take heart: if we cannot be original, at least, our subject is a lofty and ancient one, deserving all dignity of treatment. The present generation are the restorers of an old custom, they lead the counter-reformation against those who would destroy the way of life of our forebears.

But it must be admitted at the outset, that the waiter, *salva reverentia*, is not a figure to arouse that deep admiration amounting to awe which is the prerogative of engine-drivers, naval captains and fighter pilots. What small boy or daring

schoolgirl has ever been known to beg wistfully for the autograph of even the most exalted waiter? But we who see into the ultimate causes of things can brush aside such false impressions and view our subject in its true light. Among certain tribes of Arabs it is, quite rightly, an eagerly sought honour to wait upon any guest whoever he may be. In our own Europe too, however upside down some of its values may be, this profession is not treated without a certain amount of respect. It is in such an attitude that we approach the question, yet not unmindful of the fact that Refectory serving does not receive its due meed of admiration.

Perhaps this is understandable. It is true that one's first week of serving in the Refectory held some attraction, but was not this due to the feeling of entering upon a new experience, the sort of feeling that carries one through the first philosophy lecture? Unfortunately the novelty soon wears off. And so, although as one's turn comes round again there may revive the old thrill of wearing an immaculate white apron and being marked out for the next week as no ordinary mortal, we have to admit that as the week progresses and the apron becomes creased and takes on a darker hue, so the server's face becomes lined with care and darkened with gloom. One, whom we may justly style a pessimist, classified the daily emotions of a Refectory server thus: Sunday—interest, Monday—resignment, Tuesday—toleration, Wednesday—boredom, Thursday—apathy, Friday—the dark night of the soul, Saturday—relief. Our chief quarrel with this analysis is concerned with Friday's position as nadir of the week. This might well be true of the rest of the College, but here as in many other ways the server rises above the common experience of men. There is undoubtedly an atmosphere of gloom about the Refectory on a Friday and it is true that the server cannot be unsusceptible to the mood of his clients. Yet when you see him tiptoe down the Refectory silently and respectfully bearing his tray of fish, do not be misled; he is merely acting thus out of sympathy but in his heart he is singing, for his week is nearly over and Saturday will bring relief. For he lives in a world far above that of those whom he serves.

By being a server, even if only for a week at a time, one realises the development of this consciousness of superiority which so frequently lurks beneath the obsequious manner. Serving gives one a peculiar sense of aloofness—a sense of

detachment from the cares of the world. It is easy to see how in the professional waiter this feeling can develop into contempt. It is said: "No man is a hero to his valet", it is even truer to say: "No man is a hero to his waiter." For a waiter sees a man at his worst. There are few who can be elegant on all occasions and a meal is the most likely time for the jungle to break out. Never does a man appear in a more petty light than when he is scheming to get the extra cake or the last cream bun. Perhaps another reason for this sense of aloofness is the fact that in spite of the rush and hurry which his duties may require, and in spite of the necessity for remembering the various orders of his clients, the server's mind is unoccupied. He is free to wander at leisure through the realms of thought. For his work is largely mechanical; his hands, voice and memory act automatically like those of a robot and all the while his mind may be far away. His position is especially favourable for interesting speculation since he has the stimulus of seeing all types of people in their most revealing moments. "The proper study of mankind is man"—and for this the server has excellent opportunities. Of course one can easily be deceived. Some who appear so pensive as to justify the conclusion that they are pondering eternal enigmas are probably only wondering what the spag tastes like. But in any case this type is not to be encouraged. They have a distressing tendency to forget the needs of their tables and sometimes amble contentedly around, blissfully unconscious of the imploring glances and caustic remarks of their neglected clients.

To consider the organisation of Refectory serving hierarchically we may begin with the Head Server who corresponds, roughly speaking, to the *maître d'hôtel*. He keeps a list and decides whose turn it is to perform. Every weekend he informs the three poor unfortunates who are to be on duty for the next week. It is his thankless task to deal with any emergency that may arise—further than this we need not go. Next we have the Superior's Server; perhaps we may term him the Head Waiter since he is in charge during his week of office. His importance demands a special paragraph.

As we have said, in the world outside an ordinary waiter considers himself as a being set apart, an immortal amidst the ephemeral creatures around him. But the Head Waiter—he is scarce to be mentioned and then only with hushed voice

and bated breath. Admire his majesty of repose and dignity of carriage. The Head Waiter passes among the tables like a general reviewing his troops, critically studying the other waiters and seemingly indifferent to the diners. Until suddenly there appears some noted guest—a famous politician or lawyer—and there follows an amazing metamorphosis. In a flash, like a snake shedding his slough, his arrogant manner disappears and in place of the monarch of all he surveyed of a moment ago, there stands a bowing, smiling menial. He watches over his guest benignly and obsequiously, dispatching waiters in all directions to attend to his needs. Apart from lacking the ability ever to be menial, such a man is the Superior's Server; a figure that draws all eyes as he strides, paces, totters or waddles down the Refectory. Or perhaps it is the tray that attracts attention. Even this necessary tool of his trade marks him out as distinct from the other servers. For his tray is a thing of beauty, of delicate design and coloured a dainty green, while the trays of the ordinary servers are austere and workmanlike. This talk of trays is not airy nonsense. For you can judge a waiter by the way he carries his tray. Your born waiter seems not to carry his tray at all; it seems to float gently in front of him, upheld by some mysterious agency, so effortless and graceful does it appear. Every good workman loves his tools, or else we are much deceived. As students we delight in our Denzingers, as housecleaners we have a fondness for our brooms, but who shall hymn the gentle attachment of the server to his tray? It is a thing ineffable. A waiter without his tray is a salmon in the Sahara. The loss of a favourite tray has been known to embitter the most equable of men and ruin life-long friendships.

Looking back over the last few years one can distinguish a definite evolution in the behaviour of servers in the Refectory. There was a time when a server was free, during meals when there was no long reading, to pass from table to table engaging in conversation here, taking part in an argument there, or deciding a dispute among First Year. These are the days for which the server of several years standing feels a delicate nostalgia. Then the weary server could sit and relax during slack periods. This was followed by a period of stern discipline and stiff formality, known as the Guards Epoch. The servers were forbidden to sit down or talk too much and, when not actually carrying out their duties, were to parade at the bottom of the

Refectory. From extremes to the golden mean—the third stage was one of efficiency, discipline, yet a measure of freedom.

One radical change in the server's daily life cannot be left unmentioned. This was the coming of the Hot Plate, a most ingenious device designed to keep the food warm until required. Its construction was attended with expressions of wonder and idle conjecture as to the chances of its working, some of the more enterprising even sacrificed their afternoon walk to help in digging the trench which was to take the electric cable. Eventually the Hot Plate was completed and it confounded the critics by actually fulfilling its function. The task of extracting plates and dishes from this small-scale inferno demands a certain degree of circumspection. Burnt fingers added to the perpetual flow of enquiries, demands and requests, have a wearing effect upon the nerves. It makes one marvel at the urbanity of servers and this confirms one's view that Italians with their natural gift of politeness are peculiarly fitted by Providence to be waiters. Consider how complementary the nations are, how each excels at a particular calling, note how we associate a nation with a type—the French chef, the German scientist, the English gentleman, the American business man and last but not least the Italian waiter. This is another example of the inescapable tendency to generalisation, yet there is a grain of truth even in such mental associations.

This being the case, one would expect the Roman element to shine at serving. However short their stay in Rome, surely they must have imbibed something of that courtesy, patience and dignity which all combine to make the Italian so perfect a waiter. But it was not so; their stolid English unsusceptibility evidently rendered them impervious to the influence of their surroundings. For we, whose acquaintance with Italians is very much restricted and who therefore can owe nothing to that race of immortals, we too, can count among our numbers some of the most perfect specimens of waiters. The Romans are only distinguished by a somewhat more frequent use of "Grazie" and "Per favore" and even this is not their peculiar preserve.

Omnis causa agit sibi simile. Men are true to type. The white apron produces no corresponding change in characteristics. The man who is flawless in his ceremonies is just the one who appears with a knife or spoon at the precise time and place where it is required. Here we are tempted to make a

further digression and expatiate upon the strange instinct that makes a perfect server, but we will content ourselves with suggesting that the waiter type, the man who is just an also ran in anything else but is outstanding as a waiter, is very rare indeed.

Would that we had time and space to treat of other aspects of this noble profession, but let us be satisfied with remarking that this serving business has become very much part of our life and like most of our activities we have made it our own so that now it is marked with that peculiar stamp of "Venerable". On the return to Rome it will probably fall into abeyance. But will this incident in our history be entirely lost? The English Episode will doubtless exert some hidden influence on our future life and I like to think that even such a seemingly trivial matter as this will survive, if not in its totality then in some small way. Perhaps in future years some of our clergy will be distinguished by a peculiar courtesy, dignity and resourcefulness so that less fortunate ones will murmur in admiration, but not without a little envy, "There goes one who served his time in the Refectory at St Mary's Hall." Who knows?

MERVYN ALEXANDER.

ROMAN READING

Perhaps you too wondered why a college catering for so many eccentrics never had its Society of Dippers. Or must I define that inelegant term? You may take it, then, that I am not encouraging those aquatic frolics that kept men awake during meditation and kept them in bed for the rest of the day; nor am I in any way referring to the irrelevancies which you will find in your Concise Oxford Dictionary—"Anabaptist", "water-ouzel" and "Great Bear (U.S.)". No, by Dippers I mean those who dip into books, people like myself who begin to read a dozen concurrently and succeed in finishing three. I look at my bookcase and see, peeping reproachfully from the middle chapters of strongly-bound tomes, some fifty or sixty *santini*, once jaunty in their newness but now drooping at the edges and these, I must humbly confess, represent excellent intentions gone awry. "Ah," you are saying, "that is bad!" and in a dusty recess of your mind the weary platitude yawns, stretches itself and prepares to amble forth. . . . "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be . . ." Yes, I know. And unabashed I continue to dip. The educational psychologists may classify me as a low perseverator incapable of sustained activity, whilst the broad-browed Mr Pelman wags a reproving finger and murmurs "Grasshopper Mind"; with the disarming smile of a certain Fat Boy I candidly admit: "It's my weakness".

Yet—*mon semblable, mon frère*—I suspect there are occasions when even you are prepared for such dipping and consider an apology unnecessary. Much depends on the nature of the

book and not a little on the place and time of the reading. There are some books which we never exhaust from cover to cover; we are acquainted with a chapter here and there and are not the least curious about what lurks between. There are a few others, special favourites, which are so well known that we scorn markers and which, though woefully tattered, are not hidden in shame on the bottom shelf; they have been the solace of sleepless nights, war-time train journeys and (another damning admission) those moments of shameless nostalgia which are both a symptom and an ingredient of the "desiderium Romae". You may care little for that literary gasbag Hazlitt but I presume you are willing to endorse the famous essay in which he holds forth with amiable garrulity on the well-trying friends who give a pleasure which is not lessened by being anticipated, who add fond memories to imagination, recall the associations of a former reading and "bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity".

So much you grant. But on this battleground of temperaments and tastes the wrangling starts when we would justify our own little whims. For all I know, you draw the curtains on your London fog, poke the fire and settle down to Boissier's *Cicero and his Friends* or to Mrs Strong on *Art in Ancient Rome*, and I should waste my breath if I suggested that you were not, in fact, enjoying them. I think it, however, no presumption to hint that a few years in Rome, helped perhaps by misguided guides, lessened many a man's enthusiasm for the Republic or the Empire, and that though he may now peep occasionally at a letter by Pliny or even at one of Virgil's *Georgics*, his heart sinks when he looks up at the shelf on which he keeps his sumptuous prize-volumes beginning, almost inevitably, with *The Grandeur that was Rome*; their gilt lettering is dimmed by exposure to dust and sun and, if the maid neglects her duties, the metallic glint of the spider's threads symbolises a fixity unknown to a heavily-chained Bible. And this is not, after all, so hard to understand. Our wandering scholar came to Rome distrusting all Latin which had not been built up into translucent Ciceronian periods; his history was a blend of Mommsen's Bismarkian Caesarism and the Cambridge *Ancient History*; he had something of Gibbon's awe for "each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Caesar fell", and could smile at Shakespeare's placing of

Pompey's statue. Yes, he was very knowing. He knew, or thought he could find, the place where the Gracchi were slain, where Cloelia faced the river and where Tarpeia lay under the Sabine shields; he knew, of course, when the Roman boys discarded the *bullæ* and could guess that when the *paterfamilias* had reserved the *tablinum* for a chat *de re publica* it would be tactful to slip down the side passage from atrium to peristyle; in lighter moments he was prepared to debate whether Madame Tussaud would be ranked as a creative artist in the days of Augustus, but at need he could scribble a few happy comments on the water motif of the Ficorini cista. He had not, however, heard of Castel Sant' Angelo until it loomed up beside him on his first visit to St Peter's.

It appeared there were some gaps in his knowledge. So, conscientiously, like his countryman John Evelyn, he began to be "very pragmatical". He bought a map of "Roma e dintorni" printed, he never knew why, with the North at the bottom and based on a projection unknown to the orthodox cartographers but giving in consequence an aerial view of the streets, a side elevation of the main public buildings and a panorama of the Alban Hills. His fellow diocesans informed him that if he wished to make acquaintance with medieval and renaissance Rome he must study the guide books—Tani for his tour of the churches and Baedeker for things more profane, though they admitted grudgingly enough that Baedeker's street plans were out-of-date and his list of ruins so incomplete that people who should know better were buying the official guide of the C.I.T. All these he purchased, and he studied them in the doldrum period that followed the bell for afternoon study, arming himself for the after-lecture walk. In about ten days he had wearied of the everlasting "Lunghezza massima 129m., larghezza 60, altezza 23" and the business-like "pianta di basilica latina a tre navate divise di quattro pilastri per lato e da sedeci colonne di granito bigio con capitelli composti" which sounded helpful when read in his room but turned out to be no more than a long-winded guarantee that he had arrived at the right church; most irritating of all was the pathos of "se questa nostra chiesa non è stata edificata da SS. N e N, è pur tuttavia antichissima". At about this stage in his education he discovered *Ave Roma Immortalis*.

Now I suppose those unspeakable creatures, the critics, are raising their eyebrows at the mention of Marion Crawford,

whom they remember as a populariser of Baracconi; they shudder as they recall the tugs at the heart strings, the moment's silence for a wistful memory, the exuberant lyric in praise of bygone glory or the even more embarrassing moments when he drops his voice and retells some Ghibelline misdemeanour as a pseudo-epic in a style which suggests Malory padding arm-in-arm with the Brothers Grimm. All this we may admit; and yet the rhetoric and cloud-prancing did not strike us as so terrible when we lay back in our deck chair and indulged in the only sort of reading that was possible between 1.45 and 2.15 on a warm afternoon, reading which was for the most part mere dreaming and idling with an ear ready to be distracted by the first nasal ballad on the Monserra' and an eye moodily watching the ceiling for our ancient foe the sand-fly. There we picked up, without undue strain, our first knowledge of the Colonna and Orsini and learnt that those odd little tablets high up on crumbling walls were not the insignia of noble families but the devices of the fourteen Rioni. And now, deep in parochial armchairs, we can return with pleasure to those pages that tell of the last glorious days of the Carnival or watch the figures dodging amidst the bushes and ruins in the Forum as they engage in a stone-slinging contest between Monti and Trastevere. When we feel that summer is not so hot as it used to be and that the cold of the winter is less exhilarating, sure signs that the worries of the Mission are oppressing us, then we can walk once more in our own Regola or the neighbouring Parione or Ponte, watching the plain deal coffin of Innocent the Tenth bobbing about between two mules on its way to Sant' Agnese, loitering to learn the latest Pasquinade on Olimpia Maldachini, stopping to buy a whistle or a clay hunchback in the Piazza Navona, then strolling carelessly back past the Orsini strongholds, through a region of prisons and tortures and executions. All anachronisms are permissible. There is nothing to prevent us emerging in spirit from a Gregorian aula, meandering through the Forum, down to the Bocca della Verità, along the Tiber bank as far as the Ghetto and listening to the dreamer Rienzi who is standing before Sant' Angelo in Pescheria proclaiming the advent of the Good Estate. If our tastes are bloodthirsty we can choose between burnings in the Campo de' Fiori and the beheading of Beatrice Cenci at the Ponte S. Angelo. Even Webster's *White Devil* comes to life when we are reminded that the plot we had innocently

supposed to be the crowning absurdity of Elizabethan blood-and-thunder was in fact a not-too-inaccurate reconstruction of events that took place soon after the foundation of the Venerable and that the Papal Election of *Monticelso*, staged for the entertainment of the audiences of the Rose and Fortune theatres about the year 1610, represents that of Sixtus V. And as we put another lump of coal on the fire, we may idly but harmlessly wonder whether there was ever such a scurry of sacristans in the neighbourhood of the Monserra' as on the day that news was brought to the Orsini oratory in Pompey's Theatre that Felice Peretti, Cardinal of Montalto, was sure of election, that Vittoria and the Duke of Bracciano were at that moment on their way downstairs to be married before an interdict arrived and that somehow or other the corpse in front of the altar—for there was the usual corpse in the Orsini palace—would have to be tidied away within half a minute; lucky men who had an empty vault so close at hand. We marvel that Webster, our great authority on dead-hands, daggers and "charnerin' worms" could have overlooked that little scene; but we are not surprised that Elizabethan parents considered Italy a country which young men should avoid. Insensibly we drift from Marion Crawford until we are musing on the English tradition of the scheming treacherous Italians, which sprang from the translation of Gentillet's *Contre-Machiavel*, and on the sudden twist by which the Jesuits, the other Jacobean bugbears, found themselves identified with "Old Nick".

Still, these pleasant armchair speculations are not appropriate for every mood, and unless we select our passages with the greatest care we should banish Marion Crawford from the bedside. We have no particular desire to conjure up faces at the window and fingers on the knob; we want a straightforward book in which we can begin where we like and end where we like, confident that we shall not be bored but knowing that our night's rest will not be disturbed by the urge to read "just one more chapter". Could we do better than accompany John Evelyn on his Grand Tour? Evelyn is not inspired as Pepys is sometimes inspired, he is not outstanding for wit, shrewdness or genial urbanity, but he is a faithful recorder of everything he sees, and he sees more than most. Rarely can any Englishman have gone abroad with such a thirst for gazing at books, pictures, shells, insects, sword-swallowers, bearded

ladies and performing dogs ; he thrusts his way into operation theatres and torture chambers ; he can hardly move out of doors without meeting someone who is hourly awaiting the Last Trumpet or wanting to discuss the philosopher's elixir. We are in no way surprised when he wakes after his first night in Orleans and discovers on his bed a dead kitten with six ears, eight legs and two tails. In Rome he hires out all the best guides, inspects every relic and attends many sermons. Perhaps we find ourselves turning from force of habit to his interviews with that kindred spirit at the Gesù, Fr Kircher, who hurries him off to see his collection of "perpetual motions, catoptics, magnetical experiments, models and a thousand other crotchets and devices". He acts as godfather for a converted Turk, tramps from church to church on Christmas night viewing the cribs "set out to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people who never parted without dropping some money into a vessel set on purpose", and is depressed by the dismal singing during Holy Week. He visits the English College several times and is twice invited to plays there, but as usual he jots down the bare facts without comment. And on he plods till our own feet grow weary on the Roman cobbles, our eyelids droop and we barely manage to switch off the light before drifting into unconsciousness.

For our long rainy afternoons, especially in the summer, we read something more solid but not stodgy, say Villari, Burckhardt or Lanciani, whom we probably associate with the never-too-studious study periods at Palazzola when we sought a change from an orgy of P.G. and *Rerum Novarum*. These are no Teutonic quartos into which we peer and look about and then hurry away ; even those whose method of reading is as eclectic as that of Mrs Linnet (who skipped all pages where "Zia", "the River of Life" and exclamation marks predominated) can find in Burckhardt such tempting subsections as *Jesters and Buffoons*, *Processions and Trionfi*, *Witches and Murders in Church*. Lanciani appeals to the practically-minded curate because of his enthusiasm for drainage problems and such allied topics as floods, plagues and patent medicines. In his *Golden Days of the Renaissance Rome* he relates with gusto the discovery of a "quantità grandissima di ossa umane" and explains why the Roman streets were swept only on extraordinary occasions and why even then a special vote of the Town Council was needed to make it quite legal. And those

of us who pride ourselves on a narrow local patriotism within the City itself will turn to his eulogies of Agostino Chigi the Magnificent or to his tirades against those who split the Farnese collection.

If however our cushion is lumpy and we still cannot settle, we may prefer to tackle one of those unsolvable problems which permit us to flit from book to book. There is, for instance, the revolution in the Christian's attitude to pagan ruins. We remember Jerome's triumphant "Aureatum squalet Capitolium, fuligine et aranearum telis omnia Romae templa co-operta sunt, movetur urbs sedibus suis et inundans populus ante delubra semiruta currit ad martyrum tumulos" (very effective when declaimed with appropriate gestures to the pilgrims huddled round us at Ara Coeli). But by 1300 these same ruins are inspiring Villani to write his history; a few years later Petrarch, who went on the first mountain gita recorded in European history, is clambering up the Baths of Diocletian and there debating with Giovanni Colonna the merits of Classical, as opposed to Christian, remains. The ragged matron who appears to Uberti in the *Dittamondo* conducts him past the pagan temples "che comprender potrai quanto fui bella". And after the struggles of Poggio and Raphael to save something, at least, from the limekiln, after Pius the Second's exploratory tours and Polifilo's woodcuts, classical Rome is rediscovered by northern Europe. None of us tire of Du Bellay's majestic *Antiquitez de Rome*.

Ceste ville qui fust plus que la Phrygienne
 Foisonnante en enfans et de qui le pouvoir
 Fust le pouvoir du Monde, et ne se peult revoir
 Pareille à sa grandeur, grandeur si non la sienne.

Before the tea-gong sounds we may even have time to compare that sequence with Spencer's translation and see what a poor jingling thing it has become in English sonnet form. But now perhaps our untrained mind has shot off at a tangent and we are thinking of the reactions of Englishmen, of Gibbon as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter", or of Wordsworth's disappointed

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock
 Tarpeia named of yore?

We cast a glance at Shelley sprawling, with a pencil and a few sheets of paper, on "the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla", glorying in the blue sky and vigorous awaking spring which inspire *Prometheus Unbound*. And there is always Arnold's skittish protest against an early Piano Regolatore :

"And what," cries Cupid, "will save us?"

Says Apollo: "Modernise Rome!

What inns! Your streets, too, how narrow!

Too much of palace and dome!

"O learn of London, whose paupers

Are not pushed out by the swells!

Wide streets with fine double trottoirs;

And then—the London hotels!"

Or we may prefer the problem of the specific gravity and exact hue of Tiber water throughout the ages. We remember it as livid and hostile as we were setting out for an early Mass in the catacombs, mellowing into a *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* as we returned from the Adriano; but in normal circumstances it was a disagreeable ochre; and at the time when this river was the city's main sewer it provided the only reliable drinking water. The sixth lesson of St Frances of Rome tells us: "Non semel aquae vel per rivum decurrentes vel e coelo labentes intactam prorsus dum Deo vacaret reliquerunt"—is that general enough to include the miraculous escape of herself and Vannozza Santacroce when they tumbled in through bending for a drink? At any rate Lanciani gives an imposing list of Popes who attributed their vigorous old age to the Tiber water which was ever on their table and which they brought with them in barrels when they visited the insanitary North. Long after the restoration of the aqueducts by Pius IV, Sixtus V and Paul V we find clerical establishments (notably the Oratorians at the Vallicella and the Benedictines at S. Callisto) which disdained new-fangled notions of hygiene and continued to fill their cisterns from the river.

Maybe the human constitution was stronger than now. Whilst the ugly words "short supply" are still murmured and we are squeezing the last calory from a cabbage leaf, it is some consolation to ponder over excellent dinners in the Via Monserrato and then to turn back to those Renaissance menus which we read with an appreciative glow between *rosolio* and

early Benediction, to the banquet given on the Capitoline to Giuliano de' Medici when he was co-opted into the Roman patriciate, beginning with ". . . three courses of *innanti pasti* or entrées, which included pastry of pine-nuts and sugar, biscuits, sweet wine and whipped cream, prunes, beccaficos, quails, doves and Eastern sweetmeats. Then followed eighty courses with fourteen varieties of birds, five of venison, five of meat, twenty-two of pastry and sundry other delicacies . . ." Equally sustaining was the snack provided by Cardinal Pietro Riari (that *princeps analogatum* of "nipoti") for Eleanora d'Aragona, daughter of the King of Naples. "Although the guests were only seven at the first table and three at the second, fifty courses were offered to them, some of the silver dishes containing a whole stag, a whole boar or else two sturgeon each five feet long."

Yes, I feel sure the tea-gong has sounded, and we have not yet consulted Pastor, the greatest of them all. The reason is obvious. But if anyone is thinking of presenting a set . . .

HUGH A. REYNOLDS.

AN ENGLISH JOURNEY

Like a good sermon, a good gita needs a good beginning, a good series of points, and a good end. There is, of course, the same difficulty about making a start. Just as at the weekend one is liable to suffer the pains of *angoisse littéraire*, and to fill the waste paper basket with false starts, so too, when the gita season comes around, even Romans are apt to spend some time in vacillation, before thought becomes action, and the gita has really begun.

Our choice seemed afterwards so completely right that we wondered how we could ever have doubted its fitness. We men of the St Bernard, of Brennero, and Mittenwald knew well that there is nothing that gives piquancy to a gita like arriving at a frontier. There is a difference, we admit, between a frontier and a border, but, leaving the reader to work it out at leisure, we confidently claim that even the Scottish Border can give a thrill of achievement, especially if one reaches it where we did. We had thought of beginning our march at Lamberton Toll, where the Great North Road runs so bravely by Hallidon Hill on its way to London. We rejected this in favour of that point beside the railway, where the L.N.E.R. (ever the most romantic of the railway companies) has put up an ornate boundary post with red, and gold, and coats of arms. In fact, however, we went even nearer to the sea, and did not climb the boundary fence (consisting here of rusting bedsteads) until we had reached the very edge of the precipitous cliffs which form this grand, wild coast. Standing at the cliff's edge, with only the sea, and the sky, and the heather for com-

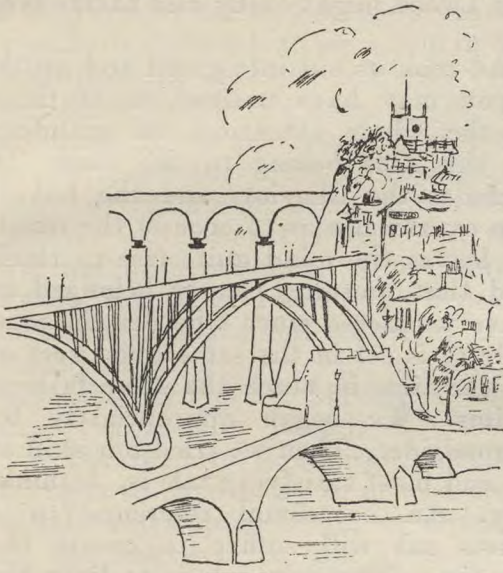
pany, we felt that we had arrived at an *ultimum quid* such as philosophers desire, and were at a point designed by nature to be the starting place of a gita.

As we took the footpath to the South, we marvelled that there should be no one save ourselves to behold all this beauty. In the clear light of a summer's morning, we could follow the white arc of the coast from St Abb's to Bamburgh, thirty miles away. We were lost in wonder. Quite suddenly, we seemed to have new eyes for the beauty and wonder and uniqueness of things—to be alive to what Hopkins (I think) calls their *ecceitas*. However that may be, we seemed to have learnt a lesson in the art of seeing that stayed in our minds, and added immeasurably to the pleasure of our trip.

The first person we met was a bronzed old soldier who had stolen away to smoke a reflective cigarette by the sea. A Scot, and proud of it, he told us, as we talked, of a very necessary distinction. Your Scot *proprie dictus*, he informed us, has an altogether Celtic soul. He is warm hearted, impulsive, liberal to extravagance,—a little unpunctual perhaps, and maybe improvident. Yet you like him even for his faults, since these are but the penalties of a generous nature. The hard, acquisitive man is rare in Scotland. But should you be fleeced at your Edinburgh hotel, you can be sure that your host was not a Scot. What was he then? Remember your history; classify him as a reactionary Pict.

We soon came up with the main body of the troops, for the Scottish Border (though only a border), has its complement of soldiers. With our first glimpse of the red roofs of Berwick, we came upon a flag pole with the notice: IT IS DANGEROUS TO PROCEED WHEN THE FLAG IS FLYING. There were some strips of red dangling wearily from the pole, but not even a moral theologian could have held them to constitute a flag. Before we had gone far, we were in the midst of the Battle School. Luckily, it was not the time for the practical demonstration. The instructor was reclining against a tree-trunk while his men were grouped round him on the grass in the bucolic rather than the martial style. On catching sight of us, he came forward, and rivalling an *alpino* in courtesy, he politely advised us to seek a safer route, and at the same time invited us to attend (as spectators) at the Regimental Boxing Tournament that night. We accepted both the advice and the invitation with alacrity.

Berwick itself is wholly delightful. Even the Planner would approve of it. Not entirely industrial like Wigan, nor yet entirely recreational like Blackpool, it holds in equilibrium the four elements of the good town. There is (i) industry, and (ii) commerce ; (iii) the residential zones are both ample and quiet ; while the sea and the broad estuary of the Tweed are (iv) "amenities" beyond price. The three bridges too, communicate their enchantment to the town. Jacobean, Victorian, and Ultra Modern, each is an engineering masterpiece. In each light, and from every direction, and every time I saw them, these bridges held a new fasci-



ation for me. Does not Belloc say that this victory of wrought stone over running water is the most satisfying sight that any man could see ? And so I found it.

Our chief interest was by the sea where the fishermen wait to net the salmon as they return from the Tweed. The method, no simple one, needs six men of rare patience and rare skill. As we approached, they were hauling in the net while a crowd was gathering to inspect the catch. When the net was in at last, it held a little flat-fish, but, *proh dolor!* nothing more. The crowd dispersed. "Parturiunt montes," one might have thought, "nascetur ridiculus mus." Staying behind to see more, we were soon in conversation with the men. It was all a matter of patience ; there were of course endless disappointments ; but still the average catch was over fifteen salmon a day. The technique, as far as I understand it, is this. The fishing takes place on the incoming tide. The salmon making their way downstream are clever enough to make use of a strong eddy which flows under the north bank. The fishermen, however, are waiting for them, and make them pay for their easy journey with their lives. This struck me as

a good illustration of the "Long and Short Views"; and I was thinking, as one does, of how it could be introduced into a sermon, until I realised that a congregation who could not visualise the tideway of the Tweed might easily find themselves at sea.

The road to Holy Island took us out into green and gentle country. Now country, you may have noticed, is of three kinds. One kind arrests the whole attention, its grandeur overwhelming the mind; the Alps belong to this class. A second kind (and this includes the Cheviots and the Lakes) can be said not so much to overwhelm as to occupy the mind. The third and lowest kind leaves the mind quite free to think of other things. Our road that morning clearly belonged to the humblest grade. I have wondered since whether the road from Southwark to Canterbury is set in the same quiet sort of country; for we occupied the time in much the same fashion as the Canterbury Pilgrims. We began appropriately by saying some Office by the roadside. Then we tried our skill at telling a tale. The easiest and most satisfying tale is, I think, the Holmes-Watson story. An occasional reference to a "deerstalker" or a hansom cab will suffice to create the background of the late nineties. The only rule is to limit the number of characters to five or six. And the aim of each narrator (you take a chapter each) is to leave as difficult a situation as possible for the other to unravel; *et ita porro*. In the midst of a story, there were suddenly two sharp reports, and a grouse fell dead on the road not six yards ahead. We were amazed at such reckless shooting. The Northumbrians, we felt, must be a wild and hostile people. Their faults, far from being lovable, were intensely exasperating; they gave clear signs of an arrogant nature. The sportsman, partially concealed behind a hedge, did not reveal himself; so when our indignation had cooled, we were content to fit the incident into our tale, and walk on.

We had intended to cross the mile or so of sand to Holy Island on foot, or at least in the yellow cart with the two chestnut horses. At the coast, however, we were stopped by a tall, melancholy man, who, pointing with no little pathos to a wet and sandy car, alleged that trade was not good. We weakly climbed in, and splashed towards the Isle of Saint Cuthbert in an aged Ford. Holy Island, shrouded in a damp mist, seemed to me to breathe an atmosphere of decay. One

approaches it along an avenue of derelict cars, planted there as a gesture against the invader; but there is no beauty in the ruins of machines. On the Strand one can contemplate a long row of fishing boats, upturned and neglected; and what a pathetic sight it is to see a ship in decay! Cannot you abstract from these accidentals, and stick to the essential fact that this was Saint Cuthbert's home? The answer is "no"; for there are limits to the power of abstraction. It is easy, for instance, to disregard the ordinary drawbacks of a gita such as fantastic overcharging, or an unpalatable meal, or even a grievous mistake in reading the map, but there are bigger things that will not be overlooked. One cannot forget, I mean, that the Priory church of Lindisfarne is in ruins; and one cannot help feeling a exasperation, on seeing that in the Anglican church nearby the impression is given that Oswald, Aidan, and Cuthbert were disciples of Archbishop Cranmer. I was not sorry to depart from Holy Island.

The road to Bamburgh, curling through pleasant woods, brought us eventually to a level crossing, where, with mingled delight and apprehension, we discovered that the men at work on the line were in fact Italians. With our Italian rusting away, we were perilously near the nadir of the conversational art, near the stage, that is, when, adding nothing to the flow of talk, one is content with shameless repetition of the words just heard. These spurious dialogues proceed, if you remember, somewhat after this manner:

It. Sono da Bari.

Ingl. Da Bari, eh!

It. C'è un bel duomo li.

Ingl. Un bel duomo, ma come mai!

—and so in the fashion of a doubled litany, until someone yields to weariness, and silence ensues. Happily we had a remedy to hand. Even in Italy we had found it useful to have a prefabricated conversation piece. One such fragment (that beginning "Siamo studenti inglesi") had in fact proved so indispensable that an authentic version of it was known *adamussim* by the whole College and reproduced *semper, ubique et omnibus* in every town and village of Italy. You will excuse us then if we made use of some ready made openings to allow time for our vocabulary to thaw out, and for the "scientia connaturalitatis" to be established. These things being

achieved, we passed the time of day quite happily, we being in no hurry, and they not resenting an interruption in their leisurely work.

Bamburgh, dominated by its massive and magnificent castle, is so charming a village that one can appreciate its beauty, even when one approaches it through mist and rain. The home of Saint Oswald, Bamburgh is also remembered for Grace Darling, who rowed out from the Longstone Light to rescue the men of the *S.S. Forfarshire*, wrecked on the terrible Farne rocks about a hundred years ago. There is a small but excellently kept museum to her memory; but I do not think we should have entered, had it not been for the three children.

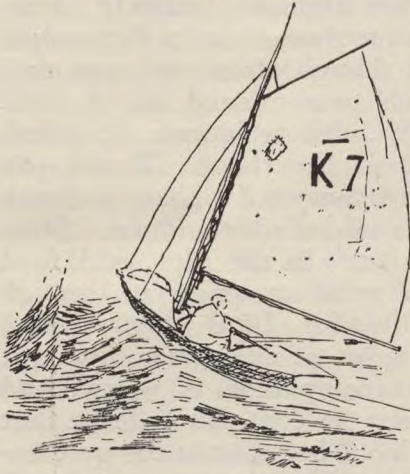
Many Romans, I find, are (to use the modern jargon) "allergic to museums". What is the cause of this curious reaction? Is it the scarlet cordons and the SILENCE notices that cramp one's sense of freedom? Is it the polished floors, contrasting so sharply with the muddy boots? Or what is it that compels one to walk about on tiptoe, speaking in a hushed voice, and wearing a reverent look? Yet, whatever the cause, you will understand that *gitanti* fresh from the road are in no mood for such primness and conventionalism. For us, however, there was no escape. Almost before we realised it, we were seized by the hand and dragged inside. The boys (aged ten, eight, and six) were, it turned out, Catholics—and imps. The neat red blazers, the shining boots, and the well-scrubbed faces were merely the marks of a mother's care. The boys themselves had no decorum in them. They felt protected by our presence, and used the fascinating playground to the full. The frowns of the *custode* served only to add a spice of danger to the fun. The sacred silence was broken. Objects were handled. A quarrel began. The youngest was about to clamber into Grace Darling's boat, when to our intense relief, rescue (and retribution) came. The parents arrived and order was restored. An invitation to tea followed (there was honey in the honeycomb); and the evening was devoted to building with Meccano, a pastime which, I confess, we all enjoyed.

The country towards Dunstanburgh might, perhaps, be reckoned dull—at least if you keep in from the sea. But history has a way of lingering on; and here besides the green fields and the ever present tang of the sea, there is also a subtle calmness and peace which somehow both clears the head and lightens the heart. This too, they say, is the countryside

where Scotus was born and where he played as a boy. Perhaps he smiled as we went by, for our talk was of a *quaestio disputata*: Whether caution is to be preferred to boldness. We were talking, that is, of the ideal motto for *giganti*. *Ne Quid Nimis*, the first to be suggested, was, we thought, entirely over-cautious. It was rather for valetudinarians than for Venerabile men. *Chi Va Piano, Va Lontano*, though often used was also, we judged, a motto without much to commend it. A little unenterprising, and dealing merely with technique, it failed, we thought, to express the spirit of the thing. Would you approve then of *Memento Audere Semper*? That is much better. But it errs perhaps, on the side of overboldness. Does it not conjure up visions of some *rifugio* in the Alps, with food scanty, the stove difficult, and the wind streaming in through the cracked window panes? Will *Plus Ultra* satisfy you? The phrase does indeed, hold the spirit of adventure, but is it always appropriate? For if your companion is weary, and in need of refreshment, he would not be consoled to learn that the next inn is even "further yet". What then is the quintessential formula for the perfect gita? What is the exact blend of prudence and enterprise which will produce success? Alas, we did not find it; perhaps it will occur to you.

As one goes down towards Alnmouth, one can contemplate at leisure the Seven Elements of the English countryside. This is my list. First, green fields; next, narrow lanes hedged with hawthorn, beech and holly; the third place I give to rivers, shallow and clear, and winding like the lanes; and then the English bridge; the Inn; the country house; the church. There are minor elements too, of which the most outstanding is the weather-vane. Now your Northumbrian is particularly imaginative about this. You do not see much of the traditional Cock—at least on secular buildings. In Berwick for instance, they use the Salmon. By Ellingham, I think, they use the Fox. There is a clever one near Bamburgh, with a huntsman on his horse, and his hounds trotting ahead. The fact is, indeed, that for a weather-vane, you can use any figure you like—the Bull even, or the Swan, or Stag—provided that you keep in mind a simple rule:—The surface in front of the pivot must be less than the surface behind. It gave me great pleasure to discover this rule, obvious as it is; but perhaps you knew it already! A further point remains. What does the arrow of the weather-vane tell you? Is it the quarter *from*

which, or *to* which, the wind is blowing? This is a question we had often shelved, but now was the time to face it. It was solved for us at Alnmouth where we caught sight of a small white yacht just putting out to sea. Now the foresail of



a yacht has clearly less canvas than the mainsail. Therefore, left to itself, a boat must behave in the same way as a weather-vane. But if you are in a boat and happen to let go of the tiller, what follows? With no little flapping and swaying the boat's head turns into the wind. *Quid inde fluit?* . . . That the arrow of the weather-vane, like the prow of the boat, will always turn *into* the wind, and thus show the quarter *from* which the wind is blowing. That at least was our reasoning as we walked; we may be wrong.

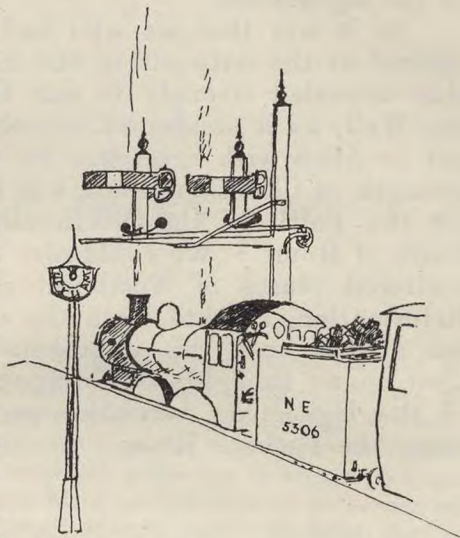
Once Morpeth is left behind, one returns from the medieval to the industrial. One day some vigorous Piano Regolatore may show that industry and beauty are compatible; but that day is not yet. We hurried on—by train—to Hexham. There the last stage of our gita began. We intended to run along that quaint old single line that runs up, along the valley of the North Tyne, as far as Riccarton Junction. There are but three trains a day so that the station is as tranquil as a cloister. Having ample time we went up to inspect our engine, an old, graceful, North British type, named after a novel of Scott. The driver, a genial unshaven man, was quick to notice our interest and invited us into the cab. Following Chesterton's principle of allowing oneself to be "taken in", we climbed up at once. Up there, amongst the pools of oil and water and the coal grit, we felt quite professional, with the fire glowing fiercely at our feet, the steam wreathing about our heads. We quickly grasped the functions of the various controls. We would not have hesitated to drive the train out of the station; but that could not be.

As our train moved off, we reflected on the kindness of the driver. There is, it seems, a special bond between certain kinds of men and the priest. You may recall (as we did) many

kindnesses received from *capi-stazione*, from *alpini*, and even from *finanzieri*. The priest has in fact, a real affinity with most callings. He is clearly akin to the farmer, the shepherd, the fisherman, and the builder. He is a soldier too, and a sailor of course, in the barque of Peter. In the professional sphere there is an obvious kinship with the doctor and the lawyer, and even with the consul and ambassador. But where does the engine driver come in? Through this, perhaps, that like the priest he has responsibility for the safety of many. *Quid putas, domine?*

Arriving at a wayside station, which was furnished with an oil-lamp and a single somnolent porter, we strode off towards the Roman Wall.

We had, I confess, no clear idea of what the Wall would be like, nor where exactly it was to be found. We scanned the ridge of every hill, expecting to see we did not know quite what. It was a great surprise then, to notice an enormous ditch running along on each side of our road. We realised with a thrill, mingling astonishment and disappointment, that we were actually on the Roman Wall. There was, however, a long march before us, and we strode along in the hope of better things. On the way westwards, having crossed the river and climbed to the high ground, you meet the Wall in its full grandeur. It has not been plundered for stone in this lonelier country, but standing five or six feet high and some eight feet across, the grey strong Wall must be almost as it was when the Romans went away. Civilisation stops short at the Wall. Even to this day, there is nothing on the northerly side but a desolation of gorse and waterlogged moorland stretching away for twenty miles to the borders of Cumberland. To the West again, Sewingshields Crag gives you an anxious moment. There, as you look down from the Wall, a precipice of sheer black rock falls away into the dark waters of the lake, two hundred feet below. Housesteads brings



another kind of thrill. In the outlines of the Roman Camp you see in English stone the same design (the quadrilateral with the two great intersecting streets) that forms the ground plan of Aosta, of Turin, and of every place that owes its origin to the legionaries.

So it was that we who had known the Mother City had arrived at the outposts of the Empire. It was an experience that appealed strongly to our Romanità. Who could follow the Wall, as it strides so bravely over those bleak hills, and not be filled with reverence for the grandeur of Rome? The strength of Christian Rome was also vividly before our minds, for the Faith of the Northumbrian Saints—was it not the Faith of Rome? We could also recall with pride that in some scattered places of Northumberland the Faith survived the Reformation, so that from the earliest days until now, there has always been this unbroken link with Rome. Pondering then, many thoughts of Europe and the Faith, with the road of the legionaries beneath our feet, we turned southwards along the Path to Rome.

DENIS FAHY.



COLLEGE DIARY

SEPTEMBER 21st *Friday*. "And gathering swallows twitter in the skies." Keats, in case you thought I'd made it up. To have to borrow so early in the proceedings may seem to you to be a sign of weakness, but I find it hard to wax imaginative on the first day. And after all there is a similarity between the swallows gathering on telegraph wires ready to migrate to the South, and black-garbed figures gathering on railway stations ready to migrate to St Mary's Hall. At least that is how I find it, and after all it is my reaction that is going to count during the months that lie ahead. So I ask you to accept this somewhat far-fetched simile as descriptive of those mixed emotions with which we assemble for the beginning of another year in England.

22nd *Saturday*. As the noise of the rising bell (pressed, I trust, rather out of a sense of duty than with any calculated malice aforethought) broke in on our deep slumbers, we responded nobly. Any doubts our subconscious may have entertained as to our whereabouts were shattered by the old familiar sounds once more, to wit the long trek to the hot water tap and the antics of the gong beater who sees to it that there can be no valid excuse for not hearing the bell. It was not until after breakfast that I could look upon things with a less jaundiced eye, and then I joined a group of idlers staring at the notice board to the right of our central timepiece. A brief glance down the lists told us that we have nine recruits—a pleasing number, considering the Government's persistent claims on manpower. These lucky people are Peter Street (Portsmouth), John White (Liverpool), Bernard Davis (Salford), William Hunt (Salford), Thomas Dakin (Lancaster), Francis Taylor (Lancaster), Edward Byron (Nottingham) and John Hallett (Southwark)—all for Philosophy, and Philip Lane (Liverpool) for Theology.

In the evening the two expected additions to the professorial staff reached their new home and we greeted Dr Rea and Dr Lynch in the Common Room after supper.

23rd *Sunday*. Retreat is scheduled to begin at seven o'clock tonight, so the last half hour before Fr Austin Maccabe's opening conference sees us all in the Common Room talking feverishly or bellowing College songs into the ears of a perspiring pianist who is striving manfully to give us as much of his repertoire as the cold remorseless nature of time will allow. There goes the bell and the duty of a diarist recedes until

30th *Sunday*, when imprisoned tongues are let out on parole.

OCTOBER 1st *Monday*. At the *Missa ad Instaurandum Novum Annum Academicum* the Deacon seemed to feel the need for a little variety: the choir was not incensed and we had a "Benedicamus Domin-o-o-o Gratias"—an interesting abbreviation that drew liturgical frowns from the M.C. The traditional *Lectio Brevis* provided the entertainment after Mass. Would that they were all so short and sweet.

2nd *Tuesday*. *Lectiones Longiores*.

7th *Sunday* and the day of the Ordinations. Our *prosit* to the new deacons: Messrs Swaby, Chadwick, Killeen, Barry, Shelton, Richards, Tolkien, Farrow and Tyler; and to Messrs Devaney and Crissell who received First Minors.

9th *Tuesday*. "Quo die centum abhinc annos ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem feliciter pervenit Ioannes Henricus Newman, in gratiarum actione Missam votivam sancti Philippi Nerei solemniter cantabit Illustrissimus et Reverendissimus Dominus Dominus Rector." So ran the Hebdom book, and there was a *dies non* in honour of the Newman Centenary. Quite fittingly Fr Rope opened the Literary Society's season with a paper on Cardinal Newman.

10th *Wednesday*. The hard worked infirmarians have been having quite a varied selection of maladies of late. As one man resumed social life after a wrestle with a pugnacious laryngitis, another hastened to retire from the scene. The amateur medicos were soon on the spot with towel and sponge.

11th *Thursday*. Today brought another victim. The head surgeon looked a little shaken but continued his round with extraordinary disinterestedness and devotion to duty. One patient asked to take his own temperature, but being unable to read the recording handed it over to the infirmarian, who set about the subtle business and after several minutes of mental anguish found that the mercury had stopped opposite 95°. The man was technically dead, but nobody could find the rigor mortis. It transpired later that the tea had been cold.

12th *Friday*. Bishop Halsall is to pontificate tomorrow, and so no wonder the M.C.'s look a little preoccupied. This will be the first time they have guided a Bishop and his ensemble through High Mass. During the course of the morning the rumour went round that Fr Dyson S.J. was over at Stonyhurst and there was eager anticipation of his coming across to the Hall.



Upper Ribblesdale with Ingleborough
an example of the English gita country

13th *Saturday. Feast of St Edward.* I ventured a cheery greeting and a jocular slap on the back when I encountered the M.C. in the queue for crockery at breakfast. His feeble smile in reply was hardly worthy of the name—it was but a grotesque mockery that flickered nervously on his liturgical lips. It was quite evident that he would not be himself until the ceremony was over. At half past nine that much maligned body of men who are officially known as the Schola heralded His Lordship's arrival with a new (for them) *Ecce Sacerdos. Critici varie respondent.* They seemed somewhat shy and it was not a bit like the fervent renderings that we sometimes hear from the direction of the baths. Still, even in the days when Horace was turning out his Epistles and Satires, diffidence seems to have been equally commonplace :

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
iniussu nunquam desistant.

The rest of the ceremony went according to plan and the M.C. looked a changed man when I saw him pacing up and down the gravel stretch in front of the House.

After lunch we adjourned to the Common Room for coffee, when the Rector said a few words in honour of Bishop Halsall and told us a little more about the state of affairs in the Via Monserrato and at Palazzola. After the Bishop's reply to the toast and a few choice words from Dr Garvin, Fr Dyson was persuaded to make a contribution and made us very envious by the news that he was hoping to fly to Rome within the next week to resume work at the Biblical Institute.

To round off the day's festivities we sat back and saw a film, or rather two films, *Desert Victory*, a reproduction of the Eighth Army's breakthrough in North Africa, and *The Body Vanished*, an exceedingly complicated melodrama.

14th *Sunday.* Solutions of difficulties in the plot of the disappearing corpse are being hazarded on all sides by our armchair detectives, but only to be forgotten in the evening when the first edition of *The Daily M.U.C.* made its appearance on the Common Room notice board. This literary excrement is a one-sheet journal edited and published by the Secretary of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, a vigorous propagandist with an incredible genius for relieving pockets of their ready money.

15th *Monday.* More wisecracks in the new daily in its heroic effort to occasion mission-mindedness for next Sunday. The Mission Secretary gazes admiringly at his own handiwork.

17th *Wednesday.* At Bishop Halsall's request we have a gita day.

Tanto m'aggrada il tuo comandamento,
che l'ubbidir, se già fosse, m'è tardi ;
più non t'è uopo aprirmi il tuo talento.

We do not require much incentive to cast our troubles aside, and as the somewhat ugly architecture of the Hall disappears behind friendly arbours we dedicate ourselves to the road once more, some to fry onions on Pendle, others to climb Ingleborough and many to wander in the Chipping Valley.

We return with playful corns and a very active blood stream. The fried egg which greets us at supper goes the way of all flesh.

October Devotions supplant night prayers and so the day is completed fittingly.

21st *Sunday. Ritiro Mensile.* The periods of non-recollection are punctuated, if not totally commandeered, by M.U.C. officials. After lunch a lucky dip, after tea a raffle, after supper a concert—all calculated to soften our hearts and—in *omnibus respice finem*—make us fork out hard cash. The imitation of the Kentucky Minstrels in the evening was not an unqualified success and, lest First Year should form a false impression of our standards in these matters, we saw that it came to a quick conclusion.

24th *Wednesday.* The end of a three-day P.M. O joy, O rapture unforeseen, etc.

25th *Thursday.* The Grant debated the motion "That the war has left England spiritually and materially bankrupt". The discussion was long and eloquent and the word bankrupt received a glorious variety of treatment until a tactful word from the chairman put an end to further wrangling on the subject. A momentary period of depression followed this taboo but soon the mental mechanism began to function with renewed vigour. The housing question was raised, one potential mason reminding us that prefabricated houses are to come down after ten years. Perhaps this explains the rush to get them up in time—or do you read *Punch* too? An amateur canonist pointed out that the ten year period would be covered by the "decennium completum" of Canon 92 §1, and there the housing problem was dropped. But don't go away with the impression that any resemblance between sanity and tonight's debate was purely coincidental. Much of the speaking was clear and to the point. *Quod juvat.*

31st *Wednesday.* Stumbling across a minute scrap of newsprint, which may or may not have been deliberately intended for my downfall, I was curious enough to pick up the offending piece and I found the following: "nor can one be impudent enough to allow this ugly growth to protrude itself into the post-war era. Now is the time to stamp it out and crush it before we ourselves are crushed in its stead." What this diverting discussion is about, neither I nor one or two equally intelligent thinkers have been able to discover—yet it is a remarkably apt description of a jungle film that amused us tonight. It was called *Green Hell* and left us in no doubt as to the terrors, rational and otherwise, to be encountered by explorers.

To supper Fr Dwyer, who on

NOVEMBER 1st *Thursday, Feast of All Saints,* sang the High Mass.

3rd *Saturday.* This evening I had the inestimable privilege of sitting next to the Rugger Captain after his gallant team had beaten the Stonyhurst 1st XV 30—3. Rugby fans are said to be giving away free tabs in their delight.

4th *Sunday*. One Theologian is being ironed to cure his lumbago. I understand that a suitable sheet of brown paper is inserted between the skin and the hot iron. The Head Infirmarian (in keeping with the dignity of the senior medical practitioner resident in the College) insists on taking complete and sole charge of this fascinating case.

5th *Monday*. *Guy Fawkes' Day*. The local schoolchildren seemed to be making the most of their first old-style bonfire night since the outbreak of war, judging by the conflagrations which could be seen from our windows this evening. We remained aloof from pyrotechnics of every kind.

6th *Tuesday*. The Orchestra continues its policy of musical education. This evening's menu, served with a stimulating cocktail mixed from *The Oxford Companion to Music* and Tovey's *Essays in Musical Analysis*, was read to us by Mr Shelton, who is responsible for these meetings with the giants of the past. The programme opened with a sonata by Arcangelo Corelli; although written originally for two violins, violoncello and harpsichord, it sounded just as effective without the last named. Item No. 3 cannot pass without friendly comment. We have all heard of Bach's going to town, but *Das Wohltemperirten Klavier No. 6* was a new one on me—although I must admit that it proved to be more pleasant than I had supposed from the title. I retired with hordes of musical stars dancing before my closed eyelids.

8th *Thursday*. This evening Fr Briffa S.J. addressed the C.S.G. on "Youth Club Activity". His informal chat was all too short.

10th *Saturday*. There stands in our garden, far removed from the neurotic buzz of modern life, a sundial. Its only *raison d'être* is, presumably, to record the time whenever the sun graces these skies with its invigorating presence. Today I saw a pensive youth gazing at it forlornly. I think he was admiring its apparent disregard for the seconds that were ticking themselves to death on his own wrist watch. Whether or not he is engaged in writing a paper for one of the more learned societies on the elusive subjects of chronology, I know not. I merely record external events—the dawn, the noon, the going down of the sun; the tremendous processes of another man's brain I leave to the psychologists.

13th *Tuesday*. Short reading at supper and the presence of a military uniform on the Superiors' table does not mean that a meeting of the Literary Society is in the offing, but that Dr Redmond, the last of the new professors, has arrived, fresh from his exploits with the Eighth Army. But we had to wait until

19th *Monday* before he embraced the delicate task of interesting a score of young thinkers in the intimate secrets of Being.

23rd *Friday*. The crime-wave which seems to be causing Scotland Yard a certain amount of anxiety has spread to this hallowed house. My valuable 14-carat gold-nibbed fountain pen has been taken. A pencil is definitely "not the thing" for a high-class diarist and a typewriter is too impersonal an instrument.

Today we received a letter from Fr Dyson telling us of his journey out to Rome. The more materially minded were pleased to learn that "the food is no worse than in England".

24th Saturday. *Gaudete mecum*—the pen has been stealthily returned.¹

25th Sunday. *Feast of St Catherine*. *Vides ut pallidus omnis
cena desurgat dubia?*

Lest the *dubia* should tax your classical upbringing too much, I add that *cena dubia*, a phrase employed by both Terence and Horace, has become proverbial and is to be interpreted as a meal so varied that one hesitates what to attack next. Such was our lunch today. Afterwards the usual sextet of budding but diffident talent entertained us with maiden speeches of a high standard, though not as good as we remember making in our first year—but then of course we were exceptional. The concert in the evening was a pleasant affair too. The First Year Sketch made a welcome re-appearance, and the topical song was really first-class and lost nothing by being a modern variation on the age-old "Sleeping Student" theme.

1. FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus : Gementes et flentes
 latine patientes
 et philosophice nos
 Urbem petimus.

2. SKETCH

*A scene from Sheridan's
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*

<i>Joseph Surface</i>	.	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Lady Teazle</i>	.	.	.	Mr. English
<i>Sir Peter Teazle</i>	.	.	.	Mr Byron
<i>Charles Surface</i>	.	.	.	Mr Frost
<i>A Servant</i>	.	.	.	Mr Jones

3. OCTET Messrs Lane, Spillane, Murphy-O'Connor, Haughey, Dixon,
Derbyshire, Lowery, Davis, Hunt, Dakin
"The Skye Boat Song"

4. FIRST YEAR SKETCH

BLITHE SPIRIT

or

The Light that Failed

<i>Edith</i>	Mr Taylor
<i>Charles</i>	Mr Dakin
<i>Ruth</i>	Mr Street
<i>Madame Arcati</i>	Mr Hallett
<i>Dr Bradman</i>	Mr Bryon
<i>Mrs Bradman</i>	Mr Hunt
<i>The Dark Horse</i>	Mr Davis
<i>Elvira</i>	Mr Lane

¹The Soccer Captain has just told me that he borrowed it to oblige an autograph hunter in First Year.

earth was my fire doing? On the top floor one enthusiast was overworking the keys of a battered typewriter. Surely not theological notes? No, we must be charitable—perhaps an inspired *Chi Lo Sa?* columnist. A little farther along the ear was assailed by the haunting strains of an ancient violin—if Nero played like this who will wonder at the Fire of Rome? The coal heap loomed threateningly up at me as I pursued my solitary stroll. There was no light in the Chapel. Now the silence is broken by the unmistakable sound of a clarinet. The hanging, drawing and quartering of a Mozart solo has no witness save myself—and, presumably, the clarinettist. The server seems to be active in the floodlit Refectory. The copse near the handball court is unhealthily still and dark. A frivolous observer is out of place in this sombre avenue of trees. The green gate guarding the front of the house is pushed protestingly open and the aggressive light and noise of the Common Room acts as a tonic on my slightly frayed nerves. I pass on and return whence I came. My quickened pulse relaxes a little as I witness a hopeful glow in my hearth. It seems rather shy but not, I trust, beyond coaxing.

8th *Saturday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Prima nix.* When the light of day was fast slipping away we put on our zims and stepped out into the dusk. We were adjourning to the Academy Room at Stonyhurst to see *The Great Barrier*—nothing to do with either Pendle or the man on the top table who can never be persuaded to pass the salt, but a pictorial representation of the men who sweated and toiled to lay railway lines from one side of the Rocky Mountains to the other.

10th *Monday*. THE VENERABLE appears after tea and the cream of the student body becomes engrossed in the new issue. There is no sound from the cultured readers seated in reverent hush in the corners of the Common Room, but the skimmed milk section of the community, with gallant devotion to principle, are chatting quietly in a solitary circle, while the young gentlemen who prefer water with their milk are disembowelling *The Daily Mail*. The bell starts a drive towards the exit and budding Fénelons remain behind to be instructed in the power of the spoken word.

15th *Saturday*. We felt we were part of the combined armed forces undergoing special training when we saw Fr Cunningham of the Royal Navy and Fr Lescher of the Army together in the Refectory. After supper Fr Cunningham addressed a few nautical words to the Literary Society, Fr Lescher acting as part of the convoy under the Society flagship. At four bells (10 p.m. to you) we “went below” in the manner of well drilled ratings.

18th *Tuesday*. Our two guests departed today and in the afternoon we welcomed Fr Pritchard, also a military chaplain.

24th *Monday*. *Christmas Eve*, with all its attendant bustle, last-minute Pantomime practices mingling with the making of holly chains; and then in the evening, silence—marred occasionally by a worried lector practising his piece for the night’s office.

25th *Tuesday. Christmas Day.* The end of the function sees us in the Common Room in front of a furiously blazing fire, only to be disturbed at 2.30 a.m. by the appearance of *Chi Lo Sa?* whereupon the more eccentric of the company leave the warmth and companionship of the fireside to crowd round Punch Junior and bolster up their sense of the grotesque.

After tea the Pantomime was launched on its way, although in these days we have to be content with cider for the ceremony. The modern pantomime, I am told, has lost much of its ancient connotation, for originally the functions of the actor were confined to gesticulation and the dance. Since then the word has been employed in different senses at different times in the history of the drama, and tonight's interpretation was yet another extension. We saw a grand variety act dovetailed into a farmyard scene. We had yokels and landgirls, a blushing heroine and a phlegmatic hero, poverty holding hands with wealth. The cow was a pleasant change from the usual horse or monster and her accent suggested that she was the genuine Arizona product. The whole thing went with a swing and several of the songs were unmercifully encored.

1. CHORUS Messrs Lane, Dixon, Davis; Anglim, Dakin, Tierney; Scantlebury, Lowery; Peters, Richards, Hamilton
 "Glory to God": The Messiah (*Handel*)
 A Carol Fantasia (*Johnson*)

2. MONOLOGUE Mr Balnaves

3. CINDERELLA IN ARCADY
 or
 BLOOD WILL OUT

A Bucolic Romance in Three Acts

<i>Gwendolin French, a rural maid</i>	.	Mr Conway
<i>Miss Fortune</i>	} <i>her sisters</i>	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Miss Cellany</i>		
<i>Cyril, her scholarly brother</i>	.	Mr Balnaves
<i>Farmer French, her father</i>	.	Mr Swaby
<i>An Inspector from the W.A.C.</i>	.	Mr Stewart
<i>Maisie, her cow</i>	.	Mr Swan
<i>Lady Limpopo, a semi-pelagian</i>	.	Mr Crissell
<i>Lord Limpopo, her only son</i>	.	Mr Frost
<i>D'Arcy Towel, Esq., K.C.B.</i>	.	Mr Haughey

Chorus of Swedebashing Yokels
 Messrs Barry, Street, Davis, Jones

Chorus of Landgirls
 Messrs Farrow, Rea, Taylor, Gallagher

The Pantomime produced by Mr Chadwick

26th *Wednesday.* All the fun of the fair could be had in the Common Room after tea. The Fortune Teller was here again, so was the Telegram Man, and the M.U.C. Secretary, undaunted by the mixed reception of his Mission

Sunday efforts, was now raffling a cake. The *trattoria* was quite up to the standard of previous years. But a welcome addition to the traditional sideshows was the Punch and Judy, which rather stole the limelight towards the end of the evening. The creative genius responsible for the dolls took plasticine as his prime matter.

Then, just to show that we did possess a few of the finer feelings, we listened after supper to part of the broadcast of *The Messiah*.

27th *Thursday. Feast of St John.* Fr Dwyer arrived yesterday and today Fr Auchinleck and Fr Campbell joined the ranks of the visiting clergy for the presentation of Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Niggers*. The play was a great success. The story of a homicidal maniac, a lonely island and eight murders is packed full of possibilities and tonight most of them were actualised by a first-class cast. The rest of the concert was very enjoyable too, and we were particularly pleased to see the recorder players come out into the open for the first time.

1. QUARTET The Vice-Rector, Messrs Johnson, Lane, Hunt
"A Shepherd Kept Sheep" (*Eric H. Thiman*)
2. CAROLS played on recorders by Messrs Swaby, Killeen, Anglim, Stewart
3. SONG Mr O'Hara
"Largo al Factotum": *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (*Rossini*)

3. TEN LITTLE NIGGERS

by *Agatha Christie*

<i>Narracot</i>	Mr Barry
<i>Rogers</i>	Mr O'Hara
<i>Mrs Rogers</i>	Mr Killeen
<i>Captain Lombard</i>	Mr Fonseca
<i>Vera Claythorne</i>	Mr Tierney
<i>Anthony Marston</i>	Mr Peters
<i>Dr Armstrong</i>	Mr Dixon
<i>William Blore</i>	Mr Williams
<i>General Mackenzie</i>	Mr Alexander
<i>Emily Brent</i>	Mr Dakin
<i>Mr Justice Wargrave</i>	Mr Richards

The Play produced by Mr Hamilton

28th *Friday.* Our Jesuit friends played and beat us to the tune of four goals to one in an enjoyable bout of soccer. After tea they joined us in the Common Room until we had to break up the party to sing First Vespers of St Thomas. But we met again after supper, this time over at Stonyhurst where we were their guests at a film. It was called *Oh Doctor* and as it dealt with hypochondria the infirmarians sat up and took notice.

JANUARY 25th *Friday* it was under cover of darkness that the bus left Preston for St Mary's Hall. Having dived into the drying-room to collect mattress, blankets and other essentials for the night, I gritted my teeth and set about lighting a fire. When success eventually attended my efforts, I decided to call into the Common Room and gather in my fan mail. There was but one uninspiring card with that all too familiar name on the front. I read it cautiously—"A fine of 2*d* has been incurred for delay in the return of the following book to the County Library" I staggered back to my room overcome by the cruelty of Fate. After supper the Rector announced to us that he was expecting to fly to Rome shortly to see if he could arrange for the return of the College, a welcome piece of news that aroused much speculation.

27th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. "Le silence de ces especes infinis m'effraie." (Blaise Pascal)

28th *Monday*. Lectures come into their own again today. "In ultima praelectione dicebamus . . ." Surely he can't be serious?

31st *Thursday*. The Rector left us to-day on the first stage of the journey out to Rome. We assembled in front of the house at the end of morning study to bid him God speed.

FEBRUARY 6th *Wednesday*. These days we are a house divided against itself. One half is not on speaking terms with the other. But do not fear a domestic crisis, for the reason is a simple one: nineteen men are in retreat, and the Refectory looks very bare with only three tables occupied. Still, those who are not in retreat are in some way recompensed by the presence of Mgr R. A. Knox in the Common Room in the evening.

7th *Thursday*. Today we received a telegram from the Rector who flew to Rome yesterday: "Arrived safe. Calm journey."

9th *Saturday*. Then up waddles a husky-throated, sharp-nosed, dreary-eyed youth, coughing nervously for lack of strong ale and scratching his ear for want of something better to do. "Would you," he begins, a tear glistening in his eye, "lend me your typewriter for a few minutes? I want to copy out some notes." "Begone dull care," quoth I in a moment of gay abandon. "I care not a mouldy straw for your notes or for anything else that goes on in that odd-shaped head of yours. But stay" (for he looked much afflicted) "take it and bring it back as soon as you have done your worst." His look of gratitude was meet reward for my sudden magnanimity. *Nemo est qui factis aequiparare queat.*

10th *Sunday*. The Ordination Day. We send our *prosit* to the new priests: Messrs Swaby, Chadwick, Killeen, Barry, Shelton, Richards, Tolkien, Farrow and Tyler, all of whom were ordained in their own dioceses. Here at St Mary's Hall, Mr Scantlebury received the Diaconate, Messrs Devaney and Crissell their Second Minors, and Messrs Street, Davis, Hunt, Dakin, Taylor and Byron the Tonsure. *Quibus omnibus omnia fausta.*

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Staff is now composed of:—

Editor : Mr Williams

Secretary : Mr Anglim

Sub-Editor : Mr Alexander

Under-Secretary : Mr Dixon

Fifth Member : Mr Fonseca

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of *Baeda*, *The Beda Review*, *Claves Regni*, *Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Wonersh Magazine*.

The pictures of Cardinal Griffin were taken by photographers of the Royal Air Force and are Crown copyright ; the view of Ingleborough is published by permission of *The Times*.

MUSIC

The pseudo-Classically minded find nothing to appreciate in modern music. Many of them have never given it a generous hearing, but to accuse them of that would not be fair. Were you to suggest that the reason for their not being able to understand the Moderns is based upon lack of appreciation of the Classics, they would think you were trying to cloud the issue in a paradox. But this is a truth. It seems elementary to say that you have little hope of finding anything in a Cézanne or a much maligned Picasso unless you have a knowledge of the Sistine. *Mutatis mutandis*, what right have you to expect anything good from Stravinsky unless you know your Bach ? Music was not exhausted by Beethoven. The musical art is a developing growth—it is life, and life is dynamic and imminent, not static. A knowledge of the Classics, then, is essential to a knowledge of the Moderns ; for the one is not opposed to the other,

but each is a part of the whole. And the process is reciprocal—a knowledge of the Moderns will further your appreciation of the Classics. But this does not come about by an absolute contrast, “though by your smiling you seem to say so”: it is not a contrast between what is music and what is not music, but a comparison of what is more specialised with what is more general, the particular with the more universal. It is a modern trend to stress the individual in all forms of art. In an attempt to force on you a realisation of something of the whole, the modern artist tends to pick out one particular aspect—harmony or counterpoint or accent or tonality. Just as men who once wrote a *Summa Theologica* now write a treatise *de Ecclesia* or *de Virtutibus*, so too, men who once composed a Ninth Symphony now compose a *Pavane for a Dead Infanta* or a *Petrouchka*. Granted that the modern art form is open to abuse, granted even that it has been abused, as in the case of modern “swing”, that abuse should not condemn the whole of modern music. Insofar as you refuse to consider modern music, whether because of prejudice or fear of being forced to reconsider your own pet ideas, you are in that degree depriving yourself of acquiring a deeper understanding of the art of music. There is much to be learned from the Moderns—even if much of it must later be forgotten and the work placed in its right perspective in relation to music as an art.

But where is all this leading, you may ask. Simply, I wish to establish a basis of justification for what will seem to be utter ruin and desolation to all those who have sat and smoked and read, and sometimes even listened to the music, in the gramophone room during the past six years. Beethoven has always been the Maestro here, and rightly so. Mozart was to a few what Beethoven was for the many. Bach, apart from a chorale, a Brandenburg Concerto, the Little Fugue in G minor and the well known Toccata and Fugue, was hardly known, but he was always listened to with respect, if with occasional boredom. Brahms to some was Beethoven carried further; to others (let us be honest) he meant very little at all. Then came Wagner. He was considered rather barbaric, noisy and not quite “nice”—he was not often played. And so we gradually built up a very orthodox library. Nothing modern. Now, you may be shocked to hear, people are listening to and actually enjoying *Petrouchka*, *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Belshazzar's Feast* and Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis. A new line has been taken. We are branching out and have accepted the Moderns. A spirit of adventure and a desire for new art forms has taken a hold on us and we are liking it! But let me hasten to add some other new works which through the kindness of individuals are available for the gramophone—Beethoven's Ninth, Bach's Unaccompanied Partita, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, Brahms's Festival Overture and Second Symphony. A sufficiently imposing list to quieten the minds of the orthodox—of those who have seen flaw after flaw in the *praenotanda* and who are not in the least convinced that anything good can come from modern music. Be assured, we have not gone “all modern”. We have, we think, struck a *via media*—the one complements the other. (Did you say atones for?)

I mentioned above the *Dream of Gerontius*. This we were able to hear under the aegis of the Literary Society. It was opportune to be reminded that this was the year of Newman's Centenary, that it was the month of November—but these things were soon forgotten in the opening majesty of the Prelude. Here we might mention that Mr Chambers, who was discovering the *Dream* to many of us for the first time, very obligingly played over on the piano some of the themes for which we should listen. We personally leapt for joy when he spoke of the Prelude as being written in the mould of Wagner. (That, you may say, betrays the guilty conscience seeking an excuse for listening to the barbaric Wagner. You would be quite wrong.) A great help to appreciation was given by the provision of librettos. There are those who say that the libretto has little to do with the appreciation of Elgar's *Dream*. We have even seen the poem described as "a mainly incomprehensible exposition of dogma, or else a Jesuitical [*sic*] attempt to make him [the average present-day reader] swallow a theological pill hidden in the jam of a human story." Such a statement is not worth criticism. We at any rate were grateful for the librettos. We were able to see how perfectly Elgar had wedded his music to the words of Newman. Most people found the first part much more interesting and compelling than the second, which for them was too long (I mean that which follows "I go before my Judge"). To my mind this is wrong. It is the purpose of any true work of art not only to arouse the emotions or sensations, but also to resolve them—which latter process is exquisitely accomplished throughout the whole of the magnificent "Praise to the Holiest".

From Elgar and Newman to Gilbert and Sullivan is, by any standard, a long jump. But the point I wish to make concerns this question of the "marriage" of libretto and music. To me the association of Elgar and Newman is perfect; by many the combination of Gilbert and Sullivan is judged perfect. The point I have in mind could be put this way: "To what extent was the relationship between Gilbert and Sullivan a consciously bilateral one?" Did Sullivan know what he was doing? Gilbert was attempting satire. Many people say it is good satire—*transeat*. As things stand music and words are satirical. Was Sullivan conscious of this or was he accepted by Gilbert as just the man suited for the job—the butt of Gilbert's wit? The point arises from the wonder I feel at seeing people listening to G and S twice a week and being satisfied with it. I suspect that Gilbert is making Bunthornes of many of us. He satirised the "Blue and White"—he may have fooled Sullivan (witness the music Sullivan wrote apart from Gilbert, e.g. *The Lost Chord*). He is certainly fooling many people here who think that "Poor wandering one" is on a par with "Voi che sapete".

But I do not wish to give the impression that we are merely passive musicians. Last year saw an activity in music-making such as we had never had before in England. It laboured under the unfortunate title of "Music-Lovers' Concerts"—but this was soon passed off as a joke, people realising that it had to be called something. The concerts on the whole were excellent. A tendency to go beyond the capabilities of the

performers was noted, but charitably forgotten. The one work which stands out in my mind is the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Fr Ekbery with Mr McDonnell very competent at the piano. Apart from the obvious sympathy of the violinist with the work, the technical qualities were fully appreciated by an audience seated only a few yards away from the performer. It would be stupid to pretend that it was Menuhin standard, but the very fact of hearing it played competently and with intelligence in a live performance was something to be very grateful for. The other works were confined to string quartets, piano-forte solos and duets, and songs by individuals and the Glee. On the whole, the music tended to be of the more strictly Classical type as being suited to our abilities. The Mozart Piano Concerto No 23 in A deserves mention if only for the fact that it was attempted. The slow second movement was appreciated more than the first and third. These two were fast and rather ragged, showing a battle of wits between the conductor with the orchestra, and the pianist. The pianist knew what speed the thing *should* have been taken at and tried to urge on the orchestra and conductor. But the orchestra knew their limitations and could not be driven. However, the whole thing was pleasant—and perhaps not deserving of this criticism.

In the vocal line the Schola did the Byrd for Three Voices on Whitsunday. To suit our range the work was transposed a fifth lower, thus putting the basses at the bottom of their register. Despite a certain "breathiness" it was very well done. A well known Mass and not too difficult, it might be sung more often. The chant, we must confess, is not as good as it has been, although a case for the defence can be made out from the fact that the numbers of the House have decreased and the new Years coming in have not been productive of good voices. An attempt was made to pass over from the simple 1, 2 or 1, 2, 3 ictus beat to a more comprehensive method known as Mocquereau's. But the musical intelligence of a crowd being the musical intelligence of its lowest member, the method was not altogether a success and we have returned to the former more simple beat. This is not a condemnation of the attempt to use the other method, which is obviously the better. The attempt is to be praised—we simply record that it did not work.

To assess the musical mind of the House is not an easy task, and in conclusion we will content ourselves with remarking on one point that we made at the beginning. This aspect, and it is but one of many, might be best expressed in the word "tolerance". Through this adventurous spirit of trying modern music there has been a levelling of what used to be two distinct viewpoints—the Classical and the Modern. For six years we have been nourished on the Classics. Now we are branching out and while not ceasing to look on Beethoven, we are also seeing what Walton, Debussy and Ravel have to offer. To have mentioned this aspect at the expense of others is not special pleading, for the acquisition of musical toleration cannot lack significance.

ARCHIVES

At any time the archivists are viewed with cheerful scepticism. Because their work is shrouded in mystery it is somewhat hastily presumed that they do no work. And the school of thought which claims that the title of archivist is a purely honorary one has gained much ground since the College came to England. And not without reason. Can the English College possibly possess archives at its temporary home in Lancashire? Yet the name is quite justified. The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines archive as the "place in which public records are kept; records so kept". An archivist is defined as a "keeper of records". Now we have a room, set aside from profane use, in which are gathered together some few records of our life in England. The room has a key and the key a keeper. So the words archive and archivist have not been misappropriated. The importance of contemporary records will perhaps be realised only when some future historian sets about the task of writing the history of this period. The archivists are not historians: they provide the raw material of history, and at the present moment they have not much to offer. But they have made a beginning.

To placate those who think that archives are dusty and undecipherable documents dealing with life in its more primitive and less progressive stages, we ought to mention that during our stay here we have been making a catalogue of some documents in the archives at Stonyhurst, which were once in the College archives in Rome. This work has now been brought to a happy conclusion. We owe gratitude to the Rector of Stonyhurst College and to the Librarian for very kindly giving us this opportunity. And it is fitting that we should give thanks publicly to Fr Rope for his unflinching help and encouragement. But for his expert knowledge, many a word would have remained, as far as we were concerned, in the limbo of the undeciphered.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION

The season opened enthusiastically—numbers were easily forthcoming and the ordinary games were most enjoyable. Until December we took turns with rugby, but when that star began to wane we came into the ascendant and for the rest of the season soccer was the sole game. This year particularly we may remark upon the keenness of the ordinary House games. With numbers smaller it would not have been surprising had we to report games with sides incomplete. But that is not the case, and the keenness continued throughout—at least until a spell of hot weather enticed a minority of soccer players to seek cooler amusement elsewhere. Especially during the latter half of the season play was fast and enjoyable. This year a new idea sprang up which was a deciding factor in maintaining interest. In place of some of the old tussles—*Schola v Choir*, *Gospel v Epistle* and so on—we substituted games of

topical interest. Thus we fought out actual Cup duels in advance on our own battleground and were able to prophesy that Charlton and Derby would be the finalists long before these actually did qualify. Coincidence? Maybe. But there was one old rivalry which could not be so easily forgotten—the North *v* South match still held pride of place and after a hard fought contest the South left the field well-merited winners. The score was 5—3.

Three outside matches have been played this year. The first, last November, was against our old opponents at Leagram Hall. Despite the fact that we had to make a last-minute change, the team turned out to be quite well balanced, although it was only sheer determination which enabled us to secure a 5—3 victory after being down 1—3 at one point in the game. The match was reminiscent of the Dynamo-Arsenal game of the previous day, for the last ten minutes were played in a very premature darkness. However, the game finished after the appropriate ninety minutes and once again the Company of Mary made us feel thoroughly at home in their Common Room. We must thank them for a most enjoyable day.

The next match, played on December 28th, was a sad affair—for us. The team, reduced to dire straits by injury and the consequent changing of positions, played a dispirited game at Stonyhurst. But we can make no excuse for the poor show—lack of cohesion and forcefulness among the forwards and a tendency on the part of the defence to kick for the sake of getting rid of the ball were the faults which led to our defeat. The Society, on the other hand, gave us an object lesson in positional play and team-work, and were full value for their 4—1 victory.

The return home match with Leagram Hall was our third fixture. We turned out on a bitterly cold day, with a high wind which threatened to spoil proceedings. However, the team-work on this occasion was above criticism and Leagram were unlucky in meeting us at a time when the spirit had obviously seized us and we were determined to play good football. We did not have all the game, though. For the first twenty minutes Leagram looked as though they intended to show us the way, but our defence held and from that point the onus of the play was laid on an inspired forward line whose play in the second half against the wind was at times a delight to watch. Suffice it to say that we won 7—2.

The teams this year have been chosen from the following: Messrs Fonseca; O'Hara, Farrow, Conway; Lowery, Dixon (*captain*), Scantlebury, Groarke; Peters, Devaney, Frost, Taylor, Murphy-O'Connor, Hamilton.

Next year's Captain is Mr Lowery.

RUGBY

After the excellent season enjoyed by rugby last year there were high hopes that the success would be maintained. But the wheel had come full circle and we found ourselves back in the position of former days. It required much persuasion of the reluctant to get even the few games that we had. All honour to those who turned out "to make up

numbers", but even with their help there were not enough for a real game. Sadly we had to admit that, in the absence of some extraordinary enthusiasm, rugger is not the game for a small House. At first, the prospect of the annual match with Stonyhurst aroused sufficient keenness to enable us to have a weekly game. Once that fixture was over, however, we tearfully stowed away our rugger boots and sought fresh fields to conquer. For the rugger season died there and then.

Yet this season is not to be lightly forgotten—it had one brief, immortal hour. This year for the first time we had the temerity to challenge the Stonyhurst 1st XV, who very kindly fitted us into an already full fixture list. In view of the coming conflict the team trained in deadly earnest, heartily encouraged by the more peace-loving brethren, who admired our courage even though they despised our judgment. Cross-country runs "through hedges, over stiles, and across a very difficult country" were the order of the day, to remedy the traditional English College deficiency—lack of wind. We also had a good deal of indescribable high jinks, euphemistically termed rugger practice. The actual game was very enjoyable. The day suited our style of rugger and after some initial cautious play we went over to the attack. In spite of never before having played together as a team, the forwards and three-quarters combined surprisingly well. Stonyhurst seemed taken off their guard by the speed and skill of our backs. Our forwards too played a very sound game, though the Stonyhurst pack fought back hard in the first half. But they did not seem to have their heart in the game, for they lacked their characteristic dash and keenness. The final score was 30—3 in our favour.

We have it on good authority that one swallow does not make a summer, and equally one game does not make a season. For the rest, the year was a failure. But ever mindful of Lot's wife we will not look back, but forward. Perhaps the coming season will restore the fallen fortunes of rugger—*speriamo!*

Mr Murphy-O'Connor is the new Captain.

PERSONAL

We send our best wishes to MGR R. L. SMITH, PH.D., M.A. (1922—29) who has a temporary appointment in the Control Commission for Germany (British element) as a deputy controller in the Religious Affairs branch.

We were sorry to hear that CANON PATRICK KEARNEY, D.D. (1895—1902) has had to retire owing to ill health, and we take this opportunity of thanking him for his gift of books to our library. His place at Stockport is taken by REV. J. GOODEAR, PH.D. (1919—26).

REV. J. RUDDERHAM, D.D. (1923—27) has been appointed Canon Penitentiary to the Northampton Chapter and MGR J. DINN, D.D. (1923—29) is now Canon Theologian to the Leeds Chapter.

In the Nottingham Diocese the following have recently been appointed Deans: REV. B. GRIMLEY, D.D. (1915—22), H. WILSON, PH.D. (1919—26), E. H. ATKINSON (1919—27), A. BALDWIN (1920—27).

Other new appointments include:

REV. J. P. MURPHY, D.D. (1911—18) to St James', Reading.

REV. F. GRIMSHAW, D.D. (1919—26) to St. Mary's, Bath.

REV. J. GREGG, D.D. (1920—27) to St Margaret Mary's, Perry Common, Birmingham.

REV. A. IBBETT, PH.D. (1923—30) to St Patrick's, Woolston, Southampton.

REV. E. H. WAKE, D.D. (1924—31) to Corpus Christi, Tonbridge.

REV. G. PRITCHARD, PH.D. (1927—34) to Our Lady's, Cambridge.

REV. T. FEE (1929—36) to Our Lady's, Birkenhead.

REV. P. J. PEDRICK (1932—39) to St John's, Tiverton.

REV. A. HULME, B.A. (1934—40) who is studying at the Gregorian, is resident at San Luigi dei Francesi, Via Giovanna d'Arca, Roma.

REV. J. GANNON (1934—41) to St Peter's, Stalybridge.

REV. J. L. ALSTON, B.A. (1935—42) to Upholland College.

REV. B. KEEGAN (1935—42) to St Austin's, Wakefield.

The French Government has made the posthumous award of the Croix de Guerre to REV. PETER FIRTH (1935—41) who was killed in action in Normandy.

The Senior Student for the year 1946—47 is MR BRENDAN PETERS.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Third Day. By Arnold Lunn. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 10s. 6d

To do a course of Apologetics out of a text book may easily become very boring ; to do it with Mr Lunn may easily become very exhilarating. For with Mr Lunn it is not a question of sitting in the lecture room and assimilating the *Argumentum praescindendo ab authentia* one day, and the *Destinatarii tertii evangelii* a week later, but of sitting in a ringside seat and watching a skilled expert dealing with one opponent after another in a way which makes one very reluctant to leave until the fight is finished.

When there are so many attacks on the Church, many of us are now and again tempted to feel that our case is not so strong as we would like it to be ; and this may be because, as Mr Lunn says, " Christian apologists are too apologetic ". We are too much on the defensive. We take our thesis so much for granted that we forget to see just how tremendously strong it is, and we waste all our energy in trying to reply to pettifogging difficulties raised by the adversary. It is a tonic to have our case restated in the clear and concise English of Mr Lunn, and to have it compared with the prejudices, implied premises, improbabilities and unwarranted hypotheses of rival philosophies. We should insist more on our opponents defining their own beliefs, in order to realise that whatever may be the difficulties of the Christian position, they are trivial indeed compared with the difficulties of all other solutions. And this is the purpose of the book—to analyse, while clearly stating step by step our defence of the Resurrection, the various hypotheses put forward to account for Christianity without admitting the Resurrection. When we have a born controversialist like Mr Lunn doing the analysing, the feathers are soon flying. It is a small book, only 180 pages, but nothing of the argument is omitted : the philosophic defence of miracles, the evidence for modern miracles, a thorough statement of the internal and external evidence for the genuineness of the Gospels, a complete explanation of the proof of the Resurrection, an examination of the various alternative " explanations ", and a masterly criticism of " " Christianity ' without miracles " (Modern-

ism) and of "Miracles' without Christianity" (Spiritism). There is no wandering from the point; the argument is driven home point after point with sledge-hammer blows. All references, translations, popular difficulties and notes on subjects which require more detailed accounts and may thus distract from the line of thought are relegated to the end of the book. One closes the book with only one misgiving—that its price should put it beyond the reach of so many who could read it with immense profit.

On one point, perhaps, the author may be criticised. After a brilliant vindication of the Resurrection, he gives us a chapter on the testimony of St Paul. But he has not really much to say on St Paul's testimony except in connection with the passage from I Corinthians, and the chapter adds little, if anything, to the argument. In fact it may even distract attention from the argument, as it did for the reviewer, and could very well have been left out. The same fault may be noticed in an earlier book of Mr Lunn's, *Now I See*, where the proof of the existence of God from St Thomas' Five Ways is so inadequately expressed that its omission would be more an advantage than a loss. As it is, the best part (in both senses) of this chapter on the testimony of St Paul is composed of quotations from other authorities.

Otherwise the book is excellent and thoroughly recommended to everyone. To have infused such infectious vitality into the bare bones of Apologetics is no small achievement.

HUBERT RICHARDS.

John Henry Newman: Centenary Essays. Burns Oates & Washbourne.
10s. 6d.

Newman has been hailed by Catholics and non-Catholics alike as the greatest genius of Christianity since Augustine and Thomas Aquinas. The editor and contributors of these Centenary Essays were, therefore, faced with no light task in providing a fitting memorial of the first centenary of his conversion. This task has been admirably discharged and under the competent editorship of Fr Henry Tristram of the Birmingham Oratory a beautifully balanced symposium has been compiled, with essays throwing light on many facets of Newman's remarkable personality as well as on his thought and writings. As an appreciation of his character and work, these essays will not only be of interest to those who are already Newmanists to a greater or lesser degree, but will also provide an excellent introduction for those who have not yet made his acquaintance.

Fr Henry Tristram, who has made a life-long study of Newman and his work, has contributed the Introduction and three essays. In his first essay, entitled "With Newman at Prayer", he writes of Newman's three former "conversions", of 1816, 1827 and 1833, and traces the books which influenced his spiritual formation. As a Catholic, "he learned from Benedict what to be, and from Dominic what to do, so from Ignatius he learned how he was to do it". For him St Philip was the focal point at which the currents of influence flowing from the three great masters

of Christian teaching met and fused. In his second essay Fr Tristram recounts what appears to have been a rather unsatisfactory newspaper controversy between Newman and the Abbé Jager on the position of the Church. Fr Tristram's third essay is a very valuable but all too brief outline of Newman's more important works and contains a list of the most reliable books on his life and work.

The Vice-Rector of Oscott, Dr Davis, in a fascinating essay, outlines the story of Newman criticism, which, he says, is one of the best vindications of Newman's Catholicism. He gives the text of Pius X's exoneration of Newman from the charge of Modernism, and holds Bremond responsible for much misunderstanding of the Cardinal's writings, particularly in France.

Mr Hollis develops an interesting thesis that the friendship of Cardinal Newman and Dean Church owed its peculiar excellence to the very fact that their views on some points were so far apart, both being passionately impressed with the importance of dogma. Each told the other in perfect frankness how deep was the difference, yet they had a common bond in their abhorrence of liberalism in religion. "They learned together that truth was profoundly subtle, more subtle than many sceptics or than most Christians guessed."

Those who read Newman because of the fascination of his English prose style will delight in Mr Lewis May's analysis of "that style of his, so nervous, so serious, so limpid, so harmonious—*un style nombreux* if ever there was one". Mr May traces the magic of his style to a feeling for rhythm and harmony acquired in his earliest years when the music of Handel, Beethoven and Mozart was a constant recreation in the Newman household.

There still exists a mistaken impression of Newman, due to inadequate knowledge, namely, that his predominant characteristics were gentleness, tenderness, beautifulness and pathos. This myth is ably disproved by Fr Vincent Reade, Superior of the Birmingham Oratory. Taking the *Development of Christian Doctrine* and the *Idea of a University* as representative works of Newman's middle life, he shows by quotations from these that when faced with great questions, "he is magisterial, gravely satirical, fierce, terrible".

Werner Stark, drawing mainly on the *Development of Christian Doctrine*, traces Newman's social philosophy to show that his rejection of Protestantism, as being essentially individualistic, resulted from his conviction that Christianity was essentially "a social religion", its unity guaranteed in the first place by its "social soul" and in the second place by authority, with infallibility as the guarantee of that authority.

In "Newman and the Modern Age", Mr Woodruff considers Newman's prediction of the way in which Revelation would be overthrown, starting with the corruption of the idea of education and ending with the complete secularisation of national life with which we are faced today.

Space does not permit more than an enumeration of the titles of the remaining essays, which are no less excellent than the above-mentioned. These are: "John Henry Newman 1801—1890" by Denis Gwynn,

“Vicar of St Mary’s” by R. D. Middleton and “Newman’s *Essay on Poetry*” by Geoffrey Tillotson. The volume is in every respect praiseworthy and shows what can be done even in the days of austerity—the format is very pleasing and the binding attractive.

DESMOND SWAN.

Papist Pie. Questions and Answers concerning Catholic belief and practice. By Clement Tigar, S.J. Campion House, Osterley. 2s. 6d.
Context. *The First British Catholic Digest.* Vol. I. No I, March 1946.

It is always difficult to produce anything apologetical that does not become either too popular or too formal—if the work is not a text book it seems to become sickly—and is in either case hardly attractive to the not-too-serious questioner. Fr Tigar, however, seems to have avoided both extremes and produced something that is attractive and amusing but yet serious. Much of the book’s merit lies in the questions, which while seeming somewhat frivolous to a Catholic, are questions frequently asked and which no one usually takes the trouble to answer on their own level. Here we have the answer, and having raised the laugh, the author leads us on to more serious ground, often by means of another question. It is excellently done and with Fr Martindale, who writes the preface, we would say—more pictures!

While it may be debatable whether digests are praiseworthy, yet it is certain that, granted their existence, the appearance of a Catholic production in the field is welcome: and especially the initiative that has produced *Context*. All things must have small beginnings, but one hopes it will be soon able to give a bigger shilling’s worth, and that it will become a little less conscious of the American origin of the digest format in its snippets of “humour” and even in its printer’s flowers.

JOHN TOLKIEN.

The New Testament. Newly translated from the Vulgate Latin by Ronald A. Knox and authorised by the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales. Burns Oates & Washbourne. Cloth 6s. Leather 10s. 6d.

If we were able to observe the attention of those listening to a public reading of the Douay Scriptures it is certain we should find many moods. There would be some content to listen to the stately rhythm of the historic English, phrases passing over their heads like waves of sound. Some would seize energetically upon a verse that hinted of difficulty and worry it for the rest of the reading. Even those who had already learnt the import of such a passage, would stop to recognise it, and have their attention drawn away from the whole. This capital weakness of the Douay has practically vanished in the Knox. The new translation is not an anthology of texts but presents each writing, each gospel, each epistle as a readable whole. The sense is straightforward, the main ideas come across—even those *quaedam difficilia intellectu* of St Paul. And this merit was apparent to us in the College as soon as the new version was read out for public spiritual reading.

But someone will say that Monsignor Knox achieves this unity at the expense of the Vulgate; "The ideas are clear, but are they St Paul's?" Here the reviewer must acknowledge his impotence to judge scientifically and merely offer a few personal observations. Of course, one has the right to expect fidelity to the literal sense in a translation of the Scriptures, but this does not exclude a freedom of phrase which might almost be paraphrase. Where the literal sense is obscure or controverted the translator is surely justified in adopting one definite meaning (and perhaps mentioning alternatives in a footnote) rather than attempting to retain the comprehensiveness of the Latin where the comprehensiveness derives from vagueness. Sometimes Monsignor Knox manages to convey more than one meaning at once, e.g. in the Johannine Prologue "a darkness which was not able to master it" (*et tenebrae eam non comprehenderunt*), where *master it* includes the sense of overcoming and of understanding. But there is a limit to the charge one can give to a single word and, indeed, a limit to the number of footnotes suitable to what is, after all, not a critical edition like the Westminster Version. Actually in more than one place Mgr Knox has sharpened the meaning by his choice of word. The *sacramentum magnum* of the marriage text in Ephesians becomes *high mystery* instead of merely *great sacrament*. Or, *gratia* has a whole range of uses in the New Testament and the Douay commonly renders it *grace*, whereas the Knox renders it pointedly at one time *free gift* (Rom. vi 23), at another *favour* (Luke i 30), according to context. A last example: he translates the Hebraism *ex fide in fidem* (Rom. i 17) with an English idiom which gets at the same time the force and even the construction of the original—*faith, first and last*.

Some critics, while acknowledging that expression of meaning is of prime importance, will regret the passing of some of the old forms made "sacred" by constant quotation. "Greater love than this no man hath", for instance, becomes "This is the greatest love a man can show". Yet the modern style, if it has not the grand manner of the old, loses nothing of the poetic quality of the New Testament

—the ring of:

"The land of Zabulon and Nephthalim, *on the sea road*, beyond Jordan, the Galilee of the Gentiles!"

—a tense moment:

"Paul fastened his eyes on the Council, and said . . ."

—the real thing in dialogue and repartee:

"So the captain came and asked him, What is this? Thou art a Roman citizen? Yes, he said. Why, answered the captain, it cost me a heavy sum to win this privilege. Ah, said Paul, but I am a citizen by birth."

—the drama of the pregnant question which the disciples asked Our Lord:

"Art thou for Judea again?"

At the same time by discarding the grand manner he has gained in naturalness:

Coloss. ii 6. "Go on, then, ordering your lives in Christ Jesus our Lord."

John xix 8. "When Pilate heard this said, he was more afraid than ever." (*magis timuit*).

Heb. ix 8. "The Holy Spirit meant us to see that . . ." (*significante Spiritu Sancto*).

—and such places can be found on any page.

I do not pretend that I like all Mgr Knox's novelties. In the first paragraph of Chapter xv of St John, *to abide* is replaced by *to live on in*, a bit of a mouthful and repeated eleven times in ten verses. Why was *to abide* rejected? Not, I think, because it was considered archaic, since Mgr Knox introduces the verb of his own accord in the prologue of this Gospel. Again, compare "As the father has sent me, I also send you" with "I came upon an errand from my father". I also noticed a tendency to euphemism, e.g. Herod is said to have *made away with* the Holy Innocents where the Vulgate has *occidit*; Our Lord is said to have gone to the tomb of Lazarus *sighing* where the Vulgate has *fremens* and the Douay renders *groaning*. These, I emphasise, are just personal opinions and may be fancies.

In any case they do not detract from the high literary quality maintained over a book six hundred pages long—a book presented attractively as something to be read and understood. No one doubts that the matter is more intelligible than the Douay; if anyone thinks the style inferior let him compare the old and the new in two favourite passages where the Douay is at its best, I mean Christ's last prayer for his disciples and St Paul's rhapsody on Charity. One cannot pick and choose, take what one likes from each version. "Nobody uses a piece of new cloth to patch an old cloak . . . nor is new wine put into old wine-skins."

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