

THE
CONTENTS
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Our liturgical candles have been used over the world



CROFT LODGE

his wife, 'who cometh not to church, because she is troubled in her conscience otherwise'. Also mentioned in the same notes are two other members of the family, Thomas and Alice Olden, who both suffered long terms of imprisonment for refusal to attend divine service.

The next thing we know of him is that he devoted himself to the study of medicine, which, however, he abandoned in 1581, leaving England and beginning his studies for the priesthood at Rheims, where he became a member of the Society of Jesus.

EDITORIAL

The tenth anniversary of an event has always been accepted as a milestone which justifies a certain amount of retrospection and revaluation. In the Venerable this is especially the case, as a decade sees the passing of one generation and the coming of another; it sees living experience change into tradition and history. Ten years ago to the month the College left Rome for only the second time in its long history, and the six years of exile began. Now, we know of the Exodus and the Croft Lodge episode only from hearsay, and already, for the majority, the English College means only Rome. Yet the years of exile must have left their imprint on the face of College life. Doubtless future historians will be able to trace it fully; we, as yet, can only hazard conjectures and wait on future events. Of one thing, however, we are certain—our thankfulness that the period of exile was merely an incident, and not a gap, in our history. Looking back on the three years we have passed in Rome we can realize, if only dimly, how much the survival of a continuous tradition has meant to the life of the College. So now, in 1950, in Rome for the greatest of all years, a Holy Year, we can look back ten years and think with gratitude of those who, by their far-sightedness and perseverance, made it possible for the College to go on living, even in exile, as a College possessing the true Roman spirit.

BLESSED EDWARD OldCORNE AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

Time, place and circumstance conspired to produce in the person of Edward Oldcorne a singular example of a quite unmerited and wholly embarrassing connection with the making of history. But for a purely accidental coincidence of these factors there would have been nothing that could have connected his name with the calamity of the Gunpowder Plot. As it is, an account of his life is necessarily an account also of the later stages of the Reformation in England. Born shortly after Elizabeth's accession to the throne, he was brought up in an atmosphere of increasing hostility to the Catholic religion, as Cecil's early, cautious plan, aimed at weakening its grip on the nation, developed into open persecution. He left England to begin his studies abroad in the same year in which Ralph Sherwin died at Tyburn, returning at the height of the struggle to labour in Worcestershire, where, after an apostolate of eighteen years, he suffered martyrdom, accused of complicity in the plot that ruined any chances of a Counter-Reformation in England.

Though the exact date of Edward Oldcorne's birth is not known, it must have been sometime in 1561. The first mention of him is preserved in a note from a prisoner in York,¹ which tells us that he was the son of John Oldcorne, a bricklayer. His father's attendance at church was irregular, but this was not due to any zeal for the Old Faith, in striking contrast to

¹ Foley, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, series IX, p. 203.

his wife, 'who cometh not to church, because she is certified in her conscience otherwise'.¹ Also mentioned in the same notes are two other members of the family, Thomas and Alice Oldcorne, who both suffered long terms of imprisonment for refusal to attend divine service.

The next thing we know of him is that he devoted himself to the study of medicine, which, however, he abandoned in 1581, leaving England and beginning his studies for the priesthood at Rheims, where he remained for some eighteen months.² From here he went to Rome for his higher studies, his arrival being recorded in the Diary of the English College: '1582, Edward Oldcorne, an Englishman of the diocese of York, aged twenty-one, was admitted as an alumnus of this college; April 4th 1582'. Soon after his arrival he expressed a desire to join the Jesuits, but, his superiors deciding that he would do more good in his present position, his wish remained unfulfilled for several years. The only recorded incident of his College career is a journey to Naples and Sicily, not for the sake of his health, but to beg support for the Venerable, at that time in severe financial difficulties.³

He was ordained in 1587 and achieved his ambition of becoming a Jesuit in the following year, being received by Fr General Aquaviva on the feast of the Assumption. By this time the Jesuits fully realized the advisability of sending the English College students who joined the Order to the English Mission, and consequently, after a nominal novitiate of five or six weeks he was given permission to return to England. Among his companions was Father Gerard, a fellow Jesuit and student of the College, who later wrote an account of his experiences to which we are indebted for almost all we know of the main part of the martyr's life. Their way north lay through Douay,⁴ where they stayed for a few days before pressing on to Eu, a port in Normandy, to be joined by two other priests bound for the English

¹ Foley, loc. cit.

² In the correspondence of Cardinal Allen (Catholic Record Society, Vol. IX, p. 40) we find: 'Reliqui sunt partim logici, partim grammatici . . . Eduardus Oldcorne et Edmundus Arosmithe, Christophorus Bayles et Christoph Buckstons. . . Omnes supradicti sunt in Collegio Rhenensi nostro'. It is interesting to find four future martyrs and *beati* side by side.

³ This incident is recorded in the account of Oldcorne's life in *A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot* by Fr Gerard S.J., one of the martyr's close companions and himself implicated in the Plot. Such a contemporary record, though its author lacked many of our present sources of evidence, is of great value in presenting a picture of Catholic feeling at that time. The book was edited and reprinted by Fr Morris S.J. under the title *The Conditions of Catholics under James I* (Longmans, Green and Co., 1871). All future references will be simply to 'Gerard'.

⁴ *Records of the English Catholics*, Second Douay Diary, 21st September 1588, p. 220 (David Nutt and Co., 1878).

Mission, George Beesely and Christopher Bayles, of whom the latter had been a fellow student of Oldcorne's at the Venerable from 1583 to 1587. Here they found that the news of conditions in England was so bad that their Jesuit hosts tried to dissuade them from crossing the Channel. The preceding year had witnessed the execution of Mary Stuart, the main hope of the Catholic cause, and the Government had followed up this stroke with a violent renewal of persecution. Leicester had declared that in twelve months he would not leave a single papist in England; he did his best during the six months he had to live, and though he died without fulfilling his boast, he left as a legacy to the persistent but every day more unequal struggle an efficiently organized system of spies and informers which made the smuggling of priests into the country more difficult than it had ever been. In these circumstances, Oldcorne and his companions sent for instructions to Parsons in Rome. The answer came back that they could please themselves, provided that they used their discretion. A few days later they set sail for England.¹

Fr Gerard, who seems to have had more than his fair share of adventure during his lifetime—he must be one of the few men who have escaped from the Tower of London—has left us an account² of their landing in England which seems closer to fiction than fact. Sailing north in hopes of finding more settled conditions, they followed the track taken by the Armada some four months before, after its defeat in the Channel. When they finally found what seemed to be a suitable place they were put ashore under cover of darkness and immediately struck inland, where the barking of dogs and the fear of being taken for burglars decided them to spend the night in a nearby wood. An English wood on a cold wet night in late October is not the most pleasant of places, especially after eight years in Italy, and the two priests must have spent some thoroughly uncomfortable hours, though Gerard writes, 'we were as merry as possible and well content with our wet lodging'. When dawn came they divided their money, which in conformity with traditional Jesuit thoroughness seems to have been ample, gave one another their blessing, and set out by different routes for the Capital. Oldcorne, disguised as a serving man, took ship from a nearby port and, though he so far forgot himself as to administer rebukes to the

¹ Gerard, p. 280.

² Gerard, pp. 281-3.

sailors for their language, he succeeded in becoming sufficiently friendly with them to pass as one of their number when they arrived in London, and thus avoided the attentions of the government officials. On his arrival he reported to his superior, Fr Garnett, from whom he received a more than cordial welcome for, apart from the newcomers and himself, the only other Jesuit at liberty in the country was Robert Southwell. Garnett kept him by his side for a few weeks and then sent him to work in Worcester.

Of his missionary activity our information, scrappy as it is, paints a telling picture, mostly of unremitting toil, but lightened for us, if not for the principal actor, by several hairbreadth escapes. His centre of operations was Hinlip Hall, the country house of Sir Thomas Abington, who later died in prison convicted of the crime of harbouring seminary priests. The house, like so many Catholic strongholds of the time, was honeycombed with secret passages to which many other priests beside Fr Oldcorne owed their safety and their lives. Another Jesuit, Father Lister, tells us in an interesting letter¹ that he had several narrow escapes while he was with him, in two of which he was saved by the secrets of Hinlip, but in the other ran considerably greater risk of detection. Returning late one night from a journey, he was arrested with his companions on a charge of housebreaking, not a pleasant accusation, as his baggage contained a set of vestments and a chalice. Fortunately, instead of being searched, they were taken to the local magistrate who questioned them as to their business at that time of night. For a while they were successful in parrying his enquiries, and then the suggestion was made by an old man among the company that, as the accused did not in the least look the part of a house robber, he should be released without further trouble. Strangely enough the suggestion was accepted and the party returned to Hinlip without further difficulty.

The later years of Oldcorne's life were an unceasing battle against ill health, due to a burst blood vessel brought on by over work, as well as a disease of the mouth which rendered preaching extremely painful. But his apostolate was drawing towards its close. During the period of his labours Catholics all over the country had increased both in numbers and in quality, chiefly because priests had become far more numerous as the seminaries abroad increased in efficiency; the Jesuits

¹ Foley, IX, p. 213.

in particular now numbered forty in place of the original four. In these circumstances Catholic hopes ran high as the Queen's health grew daily worse. In March 1603 she died, and was succeeded by James of Scotland, the son of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, who was still regarded by most of the Catholics as a martyr for the Faith.

Under Elizabeth Catholics had been subjected to a persecution which had become intolerable even to those whose wealth and position placed them beyond anything more drastic than financial penalties. James had certainly made unofficial promises of improved conditions.¹ That he should do so was only to be expected; that he tried to fulfil them is certain; that his failure to do so should be attributed to him was, in those days of royal supremacy, quite understandable. Yet the only reaction to his renewal of the banishment of priests and the exaction of arrears of fines was the attempt of a small group of men, many of whom had already been concerned in the rebellion of Essex,² to seek revenge in the plot which was to bring ruin on the Catholic cause.

The main facts of the Gunpowder Plot are too well known to need anything but a brief mention here. Early in 1604 a certain Robert Catesby imparted to two friends, Winter and Wright, his scheme for blowing up the Houses of Parliament on the night of their opening, seizing the young children of the king and proclaiming a Catholic regency. As the number of the conspirators grew, a house was hired near enough to the scene of the proposed explosion to permit the digging of a mine. When, however, it was found that a cellar actually under the House of Lords could be obtained, they moved the powder to this new cellar and dispersed to their homes, leaving Guy Fawkes, a professional soldier, in charge. Repeated postponements of the Opening of Parliament proved the ruin of the Plot. On 26th October Lord Mounteagle, brother-in-law to one of the conspirators, was warned, in highly suspicious circumstances, not to attend the ceremony. He immediately informed Cecil, who, for reasons best known to himself, kept the knowledge from the king for a week. It was not until the 4th of November that the cellar was searched and Fawkes arrested. The others, taking up arms in a struggle that was already lost, were all killed or captured in Staffordshire.

¹ Gerard, p. 27. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'Gunpowder Plot'.

² e.g. Catesby, Winter, Tresham. Several of the others had spent varying periods outside the Church.

After examinations lasting throughout November and December, the conspirators were all, after a brief trial, sentenced to death for high treason. None complained of his fate, each freely confessing himself guilty, but stoutly professing that he had had no intention beyond that of helping his persecuted neighbours. 'However atrocious its conceptions and aims, it is impossible not to feel, together with horror for the deed, some pity and admiration for the guilty persons who took part in it. . . . They erred from ignorance, from a perverted moral sense, rather than from any mean or selfish motive, and exhibited extraordinary courage and self-sacrifice, in the pursuit of what seemed to them the cause of God and their country.'¹

Who betrayed the Plot? How did the Government first hear of it? How much did they know? Hilaire Belloc says bluntly² that the whole Plot is completely unintelligible unless we presume that Cecil not only knew of its existence early in its course, but actually gave it support and encouragement. Early Protestant writers attributed the conspiracy to the Jesuits, but later historians³ merely give them the role of confidential advisers. Unfortunately, there is no room here to discuss these intriguing but insoluble problems. In his work, *What Was the Gunpowder Plot?* Fr Gerard S.J. (not the contemporary) says 'that the true history of the plot is now known to no man (in 1897) and that the history commonly received is untrue'. As to how far it is untrue is a question that still remains to be settled.

Though the conspirators to a man denied the complicity of any priests, Jesuit or Secular, in the Plot, Catesby's servant, Bates, volunteered the information, under threat of torture, that his master had been at Lord Vaux's house, together with Frs Garnett, Tesimond and Gerard. Despite his later denial of the truth of this statement, the Government, loth to let slip such an opportunity, announced to the world that it would be proved that the whole dastardly Plot was a device of the Jesuits; accordingly, warrants were issued for the arrest of the three priests mentioned.

After the failure of the Plot, Oldcorne, seeing the dangers to which Garnett would be exposed, had invited him to Hinlip, where it is likely they would have avoided capture, but for the information given to Cecil by Humphrey Littleton, a relative

¹ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, loc. cit.

² *History of England*, IV, p. 441.

³ e.g. Trevelyan, *History of England*, p. 385.

of one of the conspirators. Littleton, in considerable danger in view of this relationship, and even more so as he had actually concealed two of the plotters, sought to improve his own chances by betraying the priests. 'He said that he knoweth Father Hall (Oldcorne's alias), the Jesuit, and that he is for the most part comorant with Mr Abbinton at Henlip, within the county of Worcester, and that he doth assure himself that the said Hall is in the house of the said Abbinton at present. . . .'¹ Littleton goes on to explain how his wish to surrender the two traitors had been overcome by a desire to ask Oldcorne's advice on this matter, and on the Plot in general. 'Whereto the said Hall answered that the action was good, that he seemed to approve of it, alleging an example from one of the kings of France . . .'² whose defeats at the hands of the Turks, while fighting for the Christian cause, were no proof that the action was morally wrong. Similarly, the failure of the Plot did not automatically imply its being essentially evil. Oldcorne is also accused of arranging the shelter of the two traitors.

Acting on instructions from Cecil, Sir Henry Bromley, the local magistrate, a 'terribilissimo puritano', as Bartoli calls him, arrived at Hinlip to begin the search. From Saturday to Thursday the search was in vain, but then two men appeared from a hole 'that gives themselves other names but shurly on of them I trust will prove Greneway and I thinke the other be Hall'.³ Though the two were only the priests' servants, Owen and Ashley, their masters were forced to give themselves up a few days later. In a letter to Mrs Vaux from his cell in the Tower, Garnett describes their long week in the hole, in considerable pain from the cramped position of their legs, yet able to see the humorous side to the situation as they listened to the searchers outside, until they were at last compelled to surrender, looking like two ghosts. The manner of the entertainment of the priests by their captor hardly justifies his being called a 'terribilissimo puritano', for they 'were exceedingly well used and dined and supped with him and his every day'.⁴ Nevertheless, duty had to be done and, after celebrating the feast of Candlemas together, gaoler and prisoners took the road for London, where the priests were temporarily lodged in the Gatehouse before being removed to the Tower some days later.

¹ Foley, IX, p. 219.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid., p. 75.

⁴ Ibid., p. 81.

Though Garnett was the man the Government really wanted and Oldcorne had only through accident been drawn into the net, the Council, in accordance with its policy of implicating as many Jesuits as possible, examined him on three charges drawn from Littleton's accusation: that he had been an accessory to the Plot in inviting the traitor Garnett to Hinlip, that he had publicly approved of the Plot, and that he had assisted in concealing two of the conspirators. Garnett, on the other hand, was arrayed on a charge of misprision of treason, in so far as he had not revealed the Plot to the authorities, though all information had been given to him in the confessional. As the two trials were conducted independently, they did not meet again, except for the occasions when the Government officials allowed whispered conversations in the hope that Garnett would make some incautious statement. The trial of the Jesuit superior, conducted in a blaze of publicity, followed the usual farcical lines of priest trials of the period and ended in Garnett's being sentenced to die as a traitor. He was executed at Tyburn, 1st May 1606.

In the meantime, despite his denials, and the lack of any evidence whatsoever, Oldcorne was savagely racked in the hope that he would implicate other prominent Catholics. Accounts of the proceedings are preserved in the state documents of the time, and from them we can see that whenever there was no danger of his harming anyone by his answers they were straightforward and to the point; in other cases he begged to be allowed to say nothing. He easily disposed of the first charge of being an accessory to the Plot by reason of his inviting Garnett to Hinlip, by proving that the invitation had been extended before the warrant for his arrest had been issued. As regards his approval of the Plot, he stated: 'I answered him (Littleton) that an act is not to be condemned or justified by the good or bad that followed it, but upon the ende or object and the meanes that is used for affecting the same . . . and because I know nothinge of these I will neither approve nor condemne it, but leave it to God and their owne consciences'.¹ The charge of assisting declared traitors he simply denied. After failing either to prove any of the charges or to obtain any information, the Council decided to send Father Oldcorne to Worcester to stand trial at the assizes in the district he had served so well.

As might be expected, the trial was a purely formal matter, the prisoner using exactly the same defence that he had employed

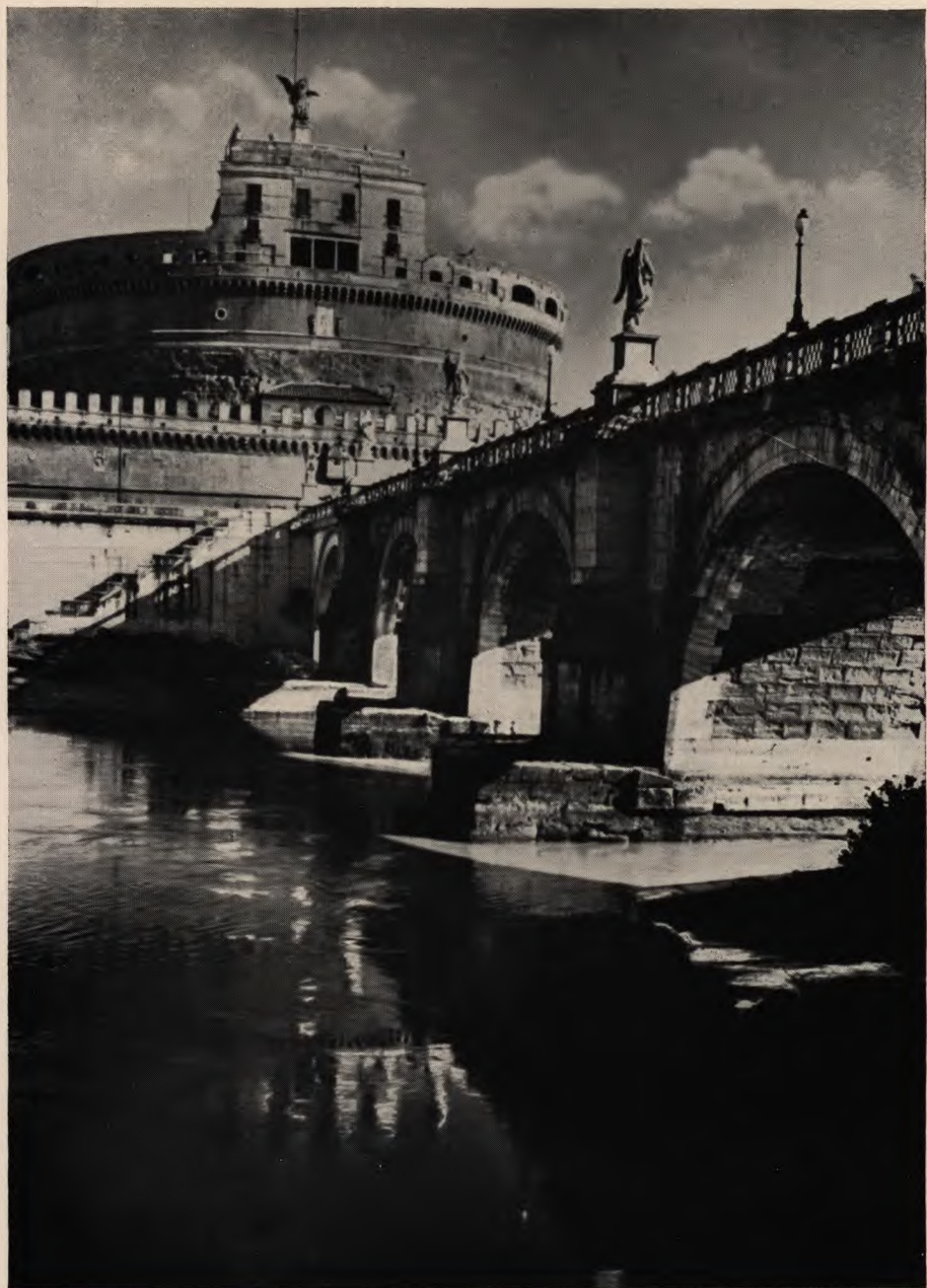
¹ Foley, IX, p. 227.

in London. The plain fact was that he was a priest and a Jesuit, and so, according to law, was guilty of death whether or not he had taken any part in the Plot. Upon hearing the jury's verdict, 'he received the sentence with joy, and told them there in public, that he had been tortured in the Tower five several days together, one after another, which if it were five hours at a time even one of the days (as his words were understood), then it was a most grievous extremity that he sustained'.¹ With him on the scaffold were his faithful servant, the Venerable Ralph Ashley, a Jesuit laybrother, and his accuser, Littleton, who protested, as he had done at the trial, that he deserved to die if for no other reason than his false accusation of the martyr. Also by his side was his last penitent, a criminal who had been converted the previous night by his example.

Both Oldcorne's life and his death called for great heroism, but there was about them a noticeable absence of heroics and an almost purposeful avoidance of the spectacular. In this he was, I think, very typical of the majority of the priests of his day who left the College for the English Mission. We know their names, perhaps where they were imprisoned and how they died, but little else. Yet they are not less to be remembered because greatness never came their way. Oldcorne might so easily have been one of these. But for a chance connection with Garnett and the Gunpowder Plot, he might have remained toiling obscurely in Worcester and left scarcely a trace of his existence behind. Such qualities of mind as brought Campion and Southwell to the forefront in their own day would have made them notable in any age. Oldcorne was far more typical of the ordinary, hard working priests who did the lion's share of the arduous work of keeping the Faith alive in those days, and who had it in them to rise to great heroic virtue if the occasion called for it. Oldcorne was one of the men to whom the occasion called, and he answered the call nobly.

VINCENT SMITH.

¹ Gerard, p. 271.



ROMANESQUE

47.—BRIDGES

Lest I appear to make a claim of knowing all the archæology and so on of bridges I hasten to assert in my own defence that I know as little about them as the next man. I fear that in our Roman course these bridges were relegated to the class of neglected subjects. For example we did not know (or if we did, we did not make a song about it) that many of these bridges are the legitimate successors of the bridges of ancient Rome. Who would recognize the Pons Janiculensis or Pons Fractus as the Ponte Sisto, the Pons Elius as the Ponte S. Angelo, the Pons Cestius as the Ponte S. Bartolomeo? Or, for all that it matters, the Pons Aemilius as the Ponte Rotto? It would be quite an understandable error for one to connect the Pons Fractus with the Ponte Rotto, and, at least, it would indicate a commendable progress in the knowledge of ancient and modern languages. The truth is that few bridges are used by English College men: I would welcome a hundred lire for every time that I have crossed the Tiber by way of the Sistine bridge, for I would be very rich; but I would be a pauper if my income depended on the number of times I have traversed, say, the Ponte Duca d'Aosta.

Three bridges will stand out as most familiar to one's memory. The Ponte Sisto, of course, was the most popular, with the Ponte Vittorio Emanuele and the Ponte S. Angelo (both leading to St Peter's) as runners-up, and perhaps the latter began to catch up in popularity on the former when the Via della Conciliazione opened up the view of St Peter's from the Tiber bank. The idea behind the erection of the angels' statues by Clement IX on this most ancient of bridges was

that an avenue of the heavenly host should be assembled to welcome the pilgrim to the Apostle's shrine. And here you have an idea for your discourse if you propose to lead a band of pilgrims to Peter's by way of the Ponte S. Angelo.

The Holy Year is a useful opportunity for brushing up one's archæology and knowledge of ancient buildings, and many are the copies of Baedeker and Tanfani which will be thumbed in this year of grace, and which afterwards will swell the catalogues of the Book Auction for many years to come. Mind you I have known men of old who did not feel the need of guide-books for the instruction of their pilgrim parties, and I have heard lectures which have been given to rubber-necks without the slightest regard for accuracy in the finer points. But you should be discriminate in your choice of audience if you intend to announce that here at the Pantheon we have the largest example of plate glass in the world—especially if it happens to be raining.



--- brushing up one's
archæology ---

Jubilee of 1300, and Dante deemed this innovation worthy of being sung in verse. According to his description of the infernal chasm sinners paced to and fro in two queues facing opposite directions and keeping to the right hand side in complete disregard of the Highway Code, sect. 3, para. 22. Dante, of course, does not say all that in rhyme (a difficult task for any poet), but he puts it in this way :

come i Roman, per l'esercito molto,
l'anno del Giubbileo, su per lo ponte
hanno a passar la gente modo colto,

che dall' un lato tutti hanno la fronte
verso il castello e vanno a Santo Pietro,
dall' altra sponda vanno verso il monte.

Amateur guides may therefore give a topical slant to their harangue on the Ponte S. Angelo, but it would be unwise of them to tell their charges what put Dante in mind of Jubilee pilgrims. The gentlemen in the context are of the least edifying.

The student of Dante will remember that bridges loomed large in his life. His meeting with Beatrice is usually depicted as taking place at the junction of a bridge with the *lungo Arno*, and that is precisely how the scene is embossed on a photograph album I bought at U.P.I.M.'s for five lire. It is not surprising, therefore, that bridges should play a large part in his writings. From time to time in his *Inferno* he takes you with him across a bridge, and on each occasion things become murkier. The plot thickens with the bridges. At the beginning of his *gita*, when he reaches the river running round the brim of hell, Dante is warned by Charon that there is no bridge and that he must cross by ferry. Presumably the reason is to prevent any possible abuse of the new two-way traffic system, a theory which is corroborated by the way the old man of the boats makes good use of his oar to smite the lingerers : *batte col remo qualunque s'adagia*.

Bridges are the places of other interesting meetings, too. Take for instance the occasion when we got into conversation with a ruminating individual on one of the Tiber bridges. It appeared in the course of our colloquy that our acquaintance was no less a person than a constructional engineer, and he was evidently taking a busman's holiday to study the way in which a Roman bridge extended across the river. Anyhow, before much more water flowed under the Ponte Sisto (which was the scene of our meeting), there we were discussing the pros and cons of the bridges of the world. 'Italy has the finest bridges in the world', said our *ingegnere*, and we felt that this utterance was somewhat in the same vein as the surprise announcement on a memorable occasion that the portals of S. Paolo *fuori* were built by the Shah of Persia. We laughed heartily at this quip, but, no, it was a grave subject which had appeared on the agenda. Accordingly we pooled what brains were in the camerata and quickly suggested that perhaps the Sydney harbour bridge would take some beating. But the *On. Cav. Ing.* remained unshaken by our objection. His come-back was by way of being a denial of our conclusion. There was only one bridge over the Sydney harbour, he retorted, and holding both hands (one of them twice) before our eyes, he reminded us that there were at least fifteen over the Tiber in the city of Rome itself; and he waved his

fifteen fingers at us until we admitted defeat. For would it not be an advantage to the busy people of Sydney if they had another fourteen?

You will have noticed that bridges are useful terrains for striking up conversations. I have done it in my youth, and I have done it since the war in Florence, within a stone's throw of the Ponte Vecchio. Of course there was really no need to throw the stone as the Germans had left plenty behind them in that particular part of Florence. This old bridge (which is a satisfactory English rendering of the name), was the only one across the Arno to be spared by the Germans. In that city of fair bridges it was for a long time to come the only means of crossing the river, and even as the weary Florentines plodded their way across, we read in the local newspaper that the state of the Ponte Vecchio was giving cause for concern. It had been left standing and the jewellers and goldsmiths were allowed to ply their trade in the unique little shops which the Grand Duke Cosimo I permitted to be built in the sixteenth century, but the buildings at each end were dynamited in an attempt to arrest the allies' advance. I was assured by a *meccanico* who had witnessed all the happenings that the *alleati* were, in fact, held up—for a few minutes or so; and in order to gain a short breathing space in battle the incomparable bridges of Florence, the Ponte S. Trinità, the Ponte alle Grazie, the Ponte alla Carraia, were all sacrificed to Thor. And even then the teutonic concession to antiquity and the picturesque did not give universal satisfaction. Had the dilemma been proposed, many a Florentine would have chosen the Ponte S. Trinità and regretfully rejected the Ponte Vecchio.

The *meccanico* of whom we have spoken above was one of the more interesting types of pontine acquaintances. It so happened that we were staying in Fiesole and due to our ignorance of the speed at which international affairs progress we were caught in the city by a *sciopero*. There we were: not a bus, not a tram, and a long steep hill between us and our lodgings. And that is how we met our *meccanico*.

We had been given the address of an expert who would be prepared, for a sum, to drive us to the ends of the earth in his *macchina*, and we made haste to find him. He was out, but we found his *aiutante di campo*, a young lad of seventeen. We opened our parley by telling him (in case the news hadn't reached his side-street) that there was a *sciopero* in Florence. Yes, he

knew that because he was on strike himself. He couldn't be, we asserted, because he was still at work and, in point of fact, dealing courteously with our requests. Emphatically he was on strike—all Italians had joined in the *sciopero* in sympathy against the oppressed. Then why was he at the garage? Because his employer was out and someone had to look after the business against his return. But what of that in a *sciopero* which was essentially action against the employers? Well he couldn't let the *padrone* down, and, in any case, he would be back soon. What then? Why then he would really be able to enjoy the strike. Understanding began to dawn on us. What do you mean by a *sciopero*? What is this *sciopero* in which all good Italians have joined? 'è . . . è . . . è . . . sapete, è uno *sciopero*'. 'Bene, Bene, Bene, capisco. Allora è una festa, non è vero?' 'Sì, sì, una festa.' At that the *padrone* arrived, clipped the boy over the ear and told him to be back at the garage when the *sciopero* was over.

Bridges are the happy hunting grounds of beggars, too. When you had dropped a coin on to the outstretched palm in the Piazza S. Caterina, and after you had tossed another into



--- the beggar on the Ponte Sisto ---

the hat of the favourite whose pitch was on the steps leading from the Via Giulia to the Tiber bank, you would be waylaid by the beggar on the Ponte Sisto. So the ideal arrangement was for a different member of the camerata to scatter largesse on each occasion and the fourth could reserve his ten cents for the beggar outside 'Pam' gates. That is, always presuming that the ten cents had not been exchanged with the 'calde calde' lady on the Ponte Sisto for chestnuts.

It will be observed that once we talk about Roman bridges we find ourselves immediately on the way to 'Pam'. That is as it should be; the way has been trodden by many an illustrious head before us. You may not know much about the Ponte Sisto, archæologically speaking, but at least you will always remember the name of the Roman Pontiff who built it, even though you may not be able to place a Roman numeral after him. Anyhow,

whenever the name Sixtus appears in your Holy Year peregrinations you will be reasonably safe in adding a IV. However, anxious as we are to be of service to Holy Year guides we cannot go too much into that sort of thing. The important part about the Ponte Sisto is the hole in the central column, and as the rains come and the murky waters run down to the sea the game is to see whether the floods beat their previous record. When the Tiber is in one of its less turbulent moods the bridge makes an excellent spring-board for intrepid swimmers, and when we are musing over the Ponte Sisto we mustn't forget the diver.



For the rest, bridges took us over the river for infrequent route marches to various parts of the Trastevere. Although S. Cecilia was a favourite, the way there was usually the stereotyped one of going part of the way with the Pamites and then

branching off with a supercilious air to the left over the Ponte Sisto. But once the Stations' season came round (or the *fiesta*) our stragetic position in the Piazza della Pilotta required a different method of approach, and so we joined the throngs on the Ponte Palatino, returning home over the Ponte Garibaldi. The Station at S. Maria in Trastevere, the day after, occurs on a feria V, and so there was no need to get out of the rut, but S. Crisogono's Station is on a Monday, so we used to see the Ponte Palatino and Garibaldi once more before Retreat. But by the time this came round the voice of conscience had grown dim and the Station Indulgence had lost a great deal of its appeal. Those who could claim fidelity until the Monday in Passion Week were a smug lot, the type who would raise an eyebrow at the man who, through the frailty of human nature, had started to sneak across the Ponte Sisto again.

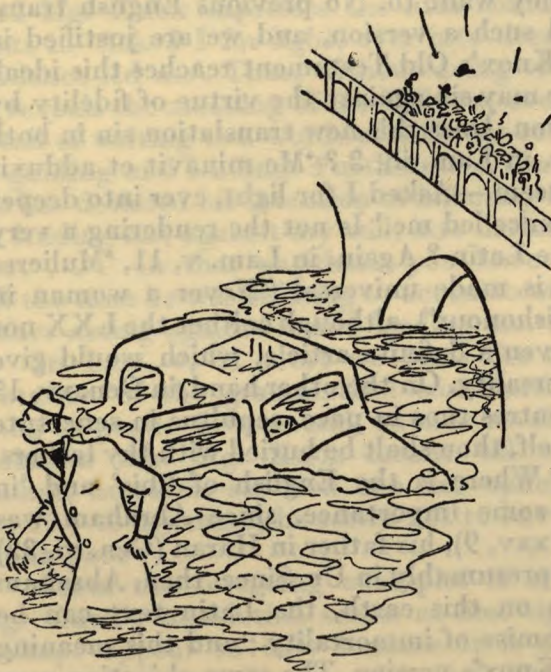
The Ponte Margherita would sometimes take us home from Pincio, and then we would re-cross the river by the Ponte Umberto just opposite the Palace of Justice. If we were high-brow the Adriano would lead us occasionally across the Ponte Cavour. Of the Ponte Molle (or Milvio) we did not see a great

-- an excellent spring-board
for intrepid swimmers --

deal, perhaps because of Augustus Hare's description of Milvian life : 'Here are a number of taverns and *trattorie*, much frequented by the lower ranks of the Roman people', and from the corroborating quotation from Ovid it is abundantly clear that he was not referring to the ranks of the lower clergy. He proved his point up to a hilt that ecclesiastical students and others would do well to avoid those parts. But it was only after I left Rome that I found out all about that.

Going back to Rome, either by rail or by road, one sees how tragically Italy has been shorn of its glories. Everywhere her bridges have been destroyed save almost only in Rome itself. The Ponte Vecchio still stands in Florence, and perhaps one day (as the Florentines hope) the Ponte S. Trinità may be restored from the ruins which lie on the Arno's bed. But it is still Rome which boasts the record of fifteen bridges, and it is Rome that

will preserve the memory of the grandeur we knew. Many former convicts of the Venerabile will be making their way to the City by car during this Holy Year, and it will be a temptation for them to drive over the Ponte Sisto for old time's sake. Give it a wide berth. It was constructed by Sixtus IV in the fifteenth century for pedestrians, and the pedestrians still remember. There is not room for both of you. They were there first, and there they will remain.



..the pedestrians still remember...

B. K. O'NEILL.

...because of Augustus...
...of the Roman people...
...clear that he...
...the lower clergy...
...and others...
...well to avoid these parts...
...I found out all about that...

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN ENGLISH

Mgr Knox makes, and means to make, rather an astounding claim when he asserts that his translation of the Old Testament is in English. He has tried, he says, to produce an accurate and intelligible translation which people will read, not because they have to, but because they want to. No previous English translator has ever achieved such a version, and we are justified in inquiring whether Mgr Knox's Old Testament reaches this ideal.

Is it accurate? One may sin against the virtue of fidelity by interpolation and omission. Does this new translation sin in both ways at once, I wonder, in Lam. iii, 2? 'Me minavit et adduxit in tenebras, et non in lucem.—Asked I for light, ever into deeper shadow the Lord's guidance led me.' Is not the rendering a very free interpretation of the Latin? Again, in Lam. v, 11, 'Mulieres in Sion humiliaverunt' is made universal ('Never a woman in Sion but has met with dishonour'), although neither the LXX nor the Hebrew expresses even a definite article, which would give some indication of universality. On the other hand, in Gen. xv, 15 (for 'Tu autem ibis ad patres tuos in pace, sepultus in senectute bona') we read 'For thyself, thou shalt be buried with thy fathers, grown old in comfort'. Where is the English of 'ibis' and 'in pace'? The text is of some importance, since Abraham was buried in Mambre (Gen. xxv, 9), his father in Haran (Gen. xi, 32) and his earlier ancestors presumably in Ur. Since, then, Abraham did not join his fathers on this earth, the Latin text can be understood only as a promise of immortality; and this meaning cannot be found in Mgr Knox's version. The same objection may be registered against Gen. xxxv, 29 and xlix, 32.

Are we to conclude, then, that this new translation is inaccurate? Are these instances isolated, or representative? Before we record our accusation, however, let us scrutinize them

once more, and this time in the light of the Hebrew text. For, after all, Mgr Knox was not translating 'me minavit' so much as 'me minavit considered as a Latin version of a Hebrew original'. The Revised Version reads: 'He hath led me and made me walk . . .', which is a faithful and literal rendering of the Hebrew. The LXX could be turned as: 'He has seized hold of me and led me off . . .' So the idea in the prophet's mind was:

- (a) that he was being carried off away from the light into darkness, and
- (b) that he was being carried off *against his will*.

The first fact is clear in all the versions. The Hebrew had expressed the second by balancing (in its metre) the 'He hath led me and made me walk' against 'into darkness and not into light', thus giving importance to the latter as a complete phrase; the LXX had rendered it by the force of *parelaben* and *apêgagen*; St Jerome's 'me minavit . . . et non' stresses it perhaps unduly. And Mgr Knox expresses the idea common to all these three texts in 'Asked I for light, ever into deeper shadow the Lord's guidance led me'. Thus, without doing violence to the Vulgate, he reveals the meaning of the Hebrew, even down to the delicate detail of writing two words of different roots to express the idea of guiding and leading. Furthermore, 'me minavit' must mean 'he has declared his intention of inflicting injury on me', namely, by leading me, against my will, into darkness. 'Asked I for light, ever. . . .' In that antithesis you have the verb translated: 'all the time he was refusing to act in accordance with my will,—rather acting against it and leading me. . . .'

In Lam. v, 11 must we press the strict scholastic interpretation of the grammatical construction? There is such a thing as poetic licence and, outside revelation, who would ever maintain that Mgr Knox meant 'all without exception'? I cannot, however, see how one can uphold his version of Gen. xv, 15; to my mind, he seems not to have expressed the idea of 'ire in pace'.

From the foregoing examples it is apparent that where Mgr Knox's translation seems at first sight inaccurate, it may perhaps appear so only because it is not being read aright, because, for example, the critic is failing to take into account the fact that behind the Latin translated stands yet another (and a more important) text, or because he is interpreting it as if it were a scholastic manual, not poetry. Perhaps he is even reading his own fancies into the text, for, as the editors of the

Douai Old Testament remark in their preface, it is so easy to 'miss the sense of the Holie Ghost'. Hence the accuracy of Mgr Knox's translation is most effectively defended by a sincere attempt to remain as faithful to the Latin as is humanly possible, by treating the Vulgate for what it really is, a fourth-century translation; in short, the critic must not simply enquire what this word means, but he must ask himself what St Jerome meant to express by choosing these words here in this particular context.

To clinch the argument I should like to add a few examples of some renderings which are outstanding in their accuracy: Mal. i, 2, 'Dilexi vos, dicit Dominus'. Here the Hebrew emphasizes the phrase by making the object a separate word instead of a suffix. Mgr Knox, too, 'underlines' the phrase: 'Oh, but I have dealt lovingly with you, the Lord says'. Again, for Is. vi, 5, St Jerome writes 'et regem Dominum exercituum vidi oculis meis'. When Isaias said 'vidi' he was not thinking of an action in the past, or even of the achievement of a long-desired event; he was caught up in an ecstasy and felt himself crushed by the fact that he, a sinner, was at that moment experiencing a vision of the Lord of Hosts. But as Isaias was a man with a very delicate nicety of expression, when he came to write the account, he used a Hebrew Perfect. Mgr Knox also is a man of letters, so he too uses in his own language the correct tense: 'My lips, and all my neighbours' lips, are polluted with sin; and yet these eyes are looking upon the King, the Lord of Hosts'.

Lastly, Is. xiv, 32: 'Et quid respondebitur nuntiis gentis? Quia Dominus fundavit Sion, et in ipso sperabunt pauperes populi eius'. Did Isaias mean that Yahweh was the physical founder of the city of David, or that Israel could call with confidence on Yahweh as an unfailing source of strength? Here is our new version: 'Our news when the world asks, what message? Tell them Sion never rested in the Lord so surely; here be friendless folk that trust in him'.

Here, then, we possess a true and sincere translation which faithfully reflects the thought of those sacred writers who in their turn communicate to us without error the messages of God. And how invaluable that is, when we consider 'how easily the translatur may miss the sense of the Holie Ghost'!

The writers of the Old Testament were inspired; consequently the translator of it cannot be overscrupulous in his labours to be accurate. Nor can he spend too much care on making his version intelligible. To many of us Isaias could justly address

his reproach (xxix, 11) : 'What is revelation to you, but a sealed book, offered as vainly to scholar that finds it sealed, as to yonder simpleton, that vows he never learned his letters ?' But how few would understand the prophet's message if they had read it,—I do not say in the Douai Version, which is often notoriously obscure, but in the Revised Version, whose lucidity it is customary to extol ! 'And all vision is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee : and he saith, I cannot, for it is sealed : and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying [*sic*], Read this, I pray thee : and he saith, I am not learned.' Mgr Knox's version is, I submit, English ; that is, it is written in a language which a well-educated Englishman could fairly be expected to read and to understand ; the Revised Version is not.

And how the former abounds with a wealth of similar examples of light shining into darkness, illuminating what we took for colourless and showing us treasures we never knew were ours ! In Gen. xlix Jacob describes to his sons the character of the various portions of Chanaan which each tribe is to inherit. To Juda's lot the uplands around Jerusalem will fall : 'Ad praedam, fili mi, ascendisti'. No literal translation, it is clear, will ever do justice to Jacob's promise ; yet we see the very picture in 'On the hills, my son, thou roamest after thy prey'. Again, in Exod. vii, 4 we read 'immittamque manum meam super Aegyptum, et educam exercitum et populum meum filios Israel de terra Aegypti per iudicia maxima'. Most of us, I suppose, if we were translating, would begin 'And I will lay my hand on Egypt' and would find ourselves baffled by 'iudicia'. But then the English metaphor is 'lay my hands on' and it seems rather irreverent when used in the plural. The metaphor for which we are searching (as any reliable English dictionary will inform us) is 'with a heavy hand', but it is difficult to insert it into the context. 'Heavy my hand shall be upon Egypt' is probably as telling a version as most of us could produce. Mgr Knox's runs : 'Then Egypt shall feel the weight of my hand, and I will deliver the Israelites, my army, my people, out of Egypt with signal acts of redress'. And how accurate, how easy to understand is that able englishing of 'per iudicia maxima' !

Few people, however, would have no reservations to register : 'gomor' (Exod. xvi, 16, 17, 36) 'implead' (Jer. ii, 29), 'cade lamb' (ib. ix, 19) and 'embassage' (Abd. i) are not found

in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, and one may therefore claim that these words are unintelligible to the ordinary educated man of our day. The same dictionary gives 'bruit' (Abd. i; Jer. iii, 16) and 'shift' (Ct. v, 3) as archaic; 'forpent' (Lam. iii, 51) is archaic and not in the *C.O.D.* in this form; 'wake' (Jer. xvi, 6) is given as Irish; 'raft' (Lam. iii, 52) is given as 'archaic and poetical', though perhaps the dictionary's 'and' may mean 'or'. Jehovah and Yahveh [*sic*] are found there, but not Mgr Knox's 'Javé' (cf. e.g. Exod. xv, 3). At least two reviewers have taken exception to this novel form of the Divine Name. In justice to Mgr Knox I quote his defence (cf. *On Englishing the Bible*, p. 80): 'In a handful of instances I have felt it necessary to transliterate the Tetragrammaton: Jehovah to our ancestors, Yahweh to our contemporaries. I have made it into a Latin word, to match all the other names in the Old Testament; the Latins had no initial Y, and no W; they did not use H after a vowel. So I have written Javé, with an accent to deter the refectory reader from making it rhyme with brave.' He might have added that Jahwe and Jahve are found in modern French and German scientific works. But why must we mint an English word according to the rules of Latin orthography? Besides, it seems inconsistent with a paragraph in his preface to the Old Testament, which reads 'Bishop Challoner, when he revised the Douay, took the liberty of altering "Salomon" to the more familiar "Solomon". On the same principle I have given "Jonathan" for "Jonathas", and "Lebanon" for "Libanus". Otherwise, I have kept to the Latin spelling of names; I could find no better rule.' 'Yahweh' is already in the dictionary, and is 'the more familiar'; to retain it would be conservative. Mgr Knox's defence of his spelling does not answer his critic at all; he merely states one reason ('to match all (?) the other names in the Old Testament'), and it is doubtful whether many readers will find it compelling.

But, in spite of minor flaws such as have been cited, no fair-minded person would deny that Mgr Knox's version is wholly intelligible; one could guess the meaning of the words to whose use I have taken exception, and the general reader will not be unduly concerned about the precise word used for the measure of manna collected for each head. What he does want to know is whether the Old Testament can teach him anything, and whether he can use it. That is why I quote here the one passage of the Old Testament which every Catholic knows by heart:

'Out of the depths I cry to thee, O Lord ; Master, listen to my voice ; let but thy ears be attentive to the voice that calls on thee for pardon. If thou, Lord, take heed of our iniquities, Master, who has strength to bear it ? Ah, but with thee there is forgiveness ; I will wait for thee, Lord, as thou commandest. My soul relies on his promise, my soul waits patiently for the Lord. From the morning watch till night has fallen, let Israel trust in the Lord ; the Lord, with whom there is mercy, with whom is abundant power to ransom. He it is that will ransom Israel from all his iniquities.'

'Rise up, rise up quickly, dear heart, so gentle, so beautiful, rise up and come with me. Winter is over now, the rain has passed by. At home, the flowers have begun to blossom ; pruning time has come ; we can hear the turtle-dove cooing already, there at home. There is green fruit on the fig-trees ; the vines in flower are all in fragrance. Rouse thee, and come, so beautiful, so well beloved, still hiding thyself as a dove hides in cleft rock or crannied wall.' There you read English of the best, the kind of writing which people will read, not because they have to, but because they want to. An English translation *should* be readable, for, as Mgr Knox says, 'there is not much point in being accurate and intelligible, if nobody is going to read you'.

In Is. xxxv the richness of Mgr Knox's colours enables us almost to see the picture in which the wilderness of broken stones and eye-searing sand is transformed into a fertile countryside covered with gardens :

'Thrills the barren desert with rejoicing ; the wilderness takes heart, and blossoms, fair as the lily. Blossom on blossom, it will rejoice and sing for joy ; all the majesty of Lebanon is bestowed on it, all the grace of Carmel and of Saron. . . . Springs will gush out in the wilderness, streams flow through the desert ; ground that was dried up will give place to pools, barren land to wells of clear water ; where the serpent had its lair once, reed and bulrush will show their green. A high road will stretch across it, by divine proclamation kept holy ; none that is defiled may travel on it ; and there you shall find a straight path lying before you, wayfarer is none so foolish he can go astray. No lions shall molest it, no beast of prey venture on it. Free men shall walk on it, coming home again to Sion, and praising the Lord for their ransoming.'

Could any man find more fitting words for the soldier who was 'gradiens in multitudine fortitudinis suae' (Is. lxiii, 1) than

'marching so valiantly' ? In Lam. i, 22, we meet with mark of a master : 'Ingrediatur omne malum eorum coram te : et vindemia eos, sicut vindemiasti me propter omnes iniquitates meas'. 'Vintager who didst leave my boughs so bare, for my much offending, mark well their cruelty, and strip these too in their turn.'

There is no mood which Mgr Knox's pen cannot portray ; there is horror and disgust in 'that women should eat their own children, cooked with their own hands !' (Lam. iv, 10), and pathos in Yahweh's farewell to Sion (Jer. xii, 7) 'Reliqui domum meam' — 'Farewell, my home !' Jer. vii, 18 is but one example of graphic description : 'See the children gathering sticks, the father lighting a fire, the mother kneading dough, and all to make cakes for the queen of heaven !' And the turning of the Latin construction of Jer. ix, 1 falls nowhere short of brilliance : 'Quis dabit capiti meo aquam, et oculis meis fontem lacrymarum, et plorabo die ac nocte interfectos filiae populi mei ?' 'Well-head were this head of mine, eyes of a fountain these eyes, day nor night should serve me to weep enough for my country's dead.' Finally, note how, in Is. xxiv, 16-20, alliteration lends force and thunder to the description of the judgement (St Jerome has it, too !): 'Alas, the traitors still betray his cause ; treachery is treachery still, and its fruit is treason. For the dwellers on earth, dismay ; pit and snare await them ; flee they from peril, they shall fall into the pit, flee they from the pit, they shall be held fast in the snare. The floodgates of heaven will be opened, and the foundations of earth rock ; earth must be rent and riven, earth torn and tattered, earth must quiver and quake ; earth rolling and reeling like a drunkard. . . .'

The source of all this splendid phraseology is, of course, a mastery of English possibly unparalleled in any previous translator, ancient or modern. Mgr Knox knows precisely what shade of meaning he wishes to convey in every verse ; on every line we find the *mot juste*. He would not be content to say 'green' when the text meant 'sea-green'. He would never write 'the dog' if the author meant 'my Sealyham'.

St Jerome, I am sure, would approve of this translation : 'ego enim non solum fateor, sed libera voce profiteor me . . . non verbum e verbo, sed sensum exprimere de sensu'. And perhaps he might even have added his 'Parum dixi pro merito voluminis. Laus omnis inferior est.'

JOHN MCHUGH.

THE FUNNY MEN

There is something fascinating about the raising of a stage curtain. We know vaguely from the programme what will happen, but he would be indeed a rash man who dared to predict the outcome of any Venerable theatrical. I have sat in the audience rubbing shoulders with Franciscans, Dominicans and the occasional Jesuit, and I have stood on the other side of the curtain with Props' men and stage men scuttling round making last-minute adjustments, and assuring us in that sepulchral tone which they seem to reserve for such occasions that 'the boys would take anything' and I have found that the feeling is very much the same. It is one of the characteristics of Venerable productions—their unexpectedness.

One can never tell when a staid member of Top Year comes on, arrayed in pantaloons that belong to Ko-Ko, and with a bald wig that has assisted in all imitations of the past four Rectors, whether he will advance determinedly to recite 'Old Sam', or creep backwards in agonized contortions to declaim Faustus. From the point of view of the average audience, of course, it makes little difference, they will enjoy it all immensely.

There are moments, however, when doubts rise in the breast of even the strongest man as he sits in the Props' Room, his face being pummelled by the make-up men, his feet inserted into huge Dutch clogs which he will step out of the moment he attempts to move, his whole figure swathed in the most violently coloured rags that the Props' men can stitch together, and his head bursting with the curses and threats of his distracted producer. I have a soft spot in my heart for him as he sits there in utter dejection, for he is one of that devoted band trying to please us; he is one of the Funny Men.

I know that feeling of dejection only too well. I remember

the famous 'Nig-Do'¹ in the Common Room at St Mary's Hall. Four of us were to come on as chocolate coons and sing plantation songs to set the ball rolling, as it were. If ever the word 'flop' was written in large letters on the wall it was then. We trooped in, fifteen minutes late, and sat on the floor 'to get atmosphere' as the 'Nig-man' told us. The atmosphere was distinctly chilly. As is my custom, on such occasions, I sang flat with great gusto. At the end there was a faint fizzle like a wet firework and we sat and blinked sadly at the audience. Up above us on the rostrum the maestro was doing his stuff in fine style. He had insisted on writing his own script, and joke after joke flowed out, each one more appalling than the one before. The atmosphere was getting distinctly alpine by now. Below him four crushed and dejected coons gazed mournfully at the audience; the audience gazed back. The end came when he invited them to join in a chorus about the 'Nig' which he had composed. . . .

It is scarcely possible to pass six years in Rome, and not come to some definite conclusions about College humour. I suppose one could assess its main fault as lack of intelligence. It is not sufficient to dress a man up like a patchwork quilt, give him a huge stomach and a pair of false eyebrows, and expect an audience to laugh at him for an hour or so. Nor is it enough to give him a long list of jokes and hope devoutly that he will reduce them to tears. Humour is something which appeals to the whole man, and it must reach the whole man. It lies in incongruity, yes, but it lies too in word, in action, in movement, suggestion, and innuendo, in timing, in unexpectedness, and so on. And to be successful all these elements must be united and balanced to form the one experience. The tendency in the College is always to forget this, to consider merely the spoken word. I can think of many items and even plays spoilt because people refused to build and balance intelligently. It is not enough, for example, merely to read a monologue. You need to have your timing perfect, to hold back the funny word just that fraction of a second which brings the audience, as it were, to boiling point. You need a lippy tash, and a bowler hat, and if possible a boiled shirt tied with a shoe lace at the neck; you must appear rather owlsh and as if you had been drinking porter; and the mind fairly boggles at the possibilities of funny actions.

¹ The Indian student whom the College supports through its Missionary Society is familiarly known in the College as the 'Nig'. Thus all Missionary activities in the House are named by specifying the generic denomination 'Nig'.

When you hear a monologue on the radio you can close your eyes and imagine all this, but in a theatre you are led by what you actually see, and if all you do see is a nondescript cleric in an equally nondescript cassock, you will not be led far.

The question of balance is fundamental in humour. A song can be ruined by too many actions as well as by too few. I think that at St Mary's Hall balance was always in the mind of the Funny Men. They built up their acts systematically, pruning here, improving there, using the College life, its traditions and its faults as the basis of their work. Well used, as they were, to College audiences, surrounded by English humour, English tradition, English acting, helped by the radio, the films, the ordinary human contacts they made, they produced home-made sketches of a high quality. There was independence of thought in humour, and the local sketch came to be an essential part of every concert 'brew'. Blest, as they were, with an abundance of naturally funny characters and a host of talented actors, such a policy of 'Home Rule' was bound to succeed. Here was intelligent clowning in plenty. The famous 'Digger and Dutch' were renowned, not because their songs were any funnier than other people's, but because they used both head and body to put them across. A funny song is much funnier if accompanied by a funny dance; it becomes funnier still when that dance, those words, that timing are balanced intelligently, each element helping to produce a work of art of the highest quality.

In plays, pantomime, and Opera, a serious attempt was made to put these ideas into practice. It was soon learnt that humour was not the property of a select few, and that with planning and practice a roaring farce could be produced with a seemingly barren cast. Opera, in particular, reached a standard so high as to be almost professional. In some respects it lost through this, because it became a trifle too allied to the Savoy tradition. This step was probably unavoidable when the re-born Opera had to be established securely in a College new in the main to Gilbert and Sullivan. In pantomime buffoonery was at its best, but it was not in the traditional spirit of the English pantomime. In pre-war Rome the panto seems to have been built up on local allusions, a plot that took place in the *Montserrat*, and a list of characters from the Cardinal Protector down to Piccolo Bill. I do not remember there being in England a traditional panto with fairies and giants, Barons and Baronesses, a principal boy and girl, and all the sentiment and conventional humour that

mark the theatre pantomime. But it cannot be denied that humour had reached a high level in all its departments and 'the Hall' men might justly consider this as a golden period.

When the College returned to Rome, a new situation arose. The men on whom the College relied for its humour were gone in the main and, away from the influence of radio and stage and the facilities enjoyed at 'the Hall', a change was inevitable. That 'the Hall' men should take over the task of amusing the House was natural enough, but now, few of them are left, and before the last of their generation creeps quietly away, let us assess the position in this year of grace.

During the first year in Rome theatrical, or shall I say professional, humour was at a low ebb. Lack of facilities, lack of suitable plays, shortness of time, and a sense of newness which had yet to wear off all had powerful effect. Strangely enough, the home-made item did not continue, but became practically extinct, at a time when it was urgently needed. Again, there was the same absence of serious planning and careful balancing, notably in the pantomime which of its nature always offers scope for these important and essential factors. That this state should soon pass was the hope of all, and succeeding years have shown a gradual development until the present high standard was reached.

Once it was realized, in the light of experience, that humour demands hard work, that it is not the property of one or two individual clowns, and that the College audiences could absorb anything from burlesque to the crispest satire, the way was clear for progress. After one or two ups and downs the pantomime has settled down to be conventional, and long may it remain so. To write a childish plot for grown-ups is a very specialized art form, but the latest pantomime has shown it can be done, and with great success. It had an excellent script and a cast who put across its songs with great gusto, and though there were moments when the clowning flagged, there were many more moments of delicious fun when it was clear that the actors had us completely in their pockets, and that pantomime in its most lovable form had come to stay.

In plays there is still a tendency to forget everything but the words. True, lines are spoken magnificently, but the use of hands and body to express emotions, the linking together of people on the stage by movement, the very setting and balance of groups and so on, are still unsatisfying. The extent of the

humour is on a broader scale, and there is less tendency to put people in the same type of parts. As I have tried to explain above, there is less time for practice in Rome than there was in England, and taking all things into consideration the level of acting is relatively high. At long last, too, the home-made sketch has revived. The lower part of the House tend naturally to produce the home-made item, and the last two Philosophers' concerts, which have been organized by the 'non-Hall' men, have been the best for years. There has been in them real buffoonery of a high quality, and an obvious attempt to build and balance scientifically which would warm the heart of any old trouper. The top of the House seem, on the contrary, to leave buffoonery to a select band, and to rely on the help of the world's artists to give them their material. Thus the Theologians' concert can usually be performed before a neutral audience, while the Philosophers' demands a Roman audience warmed with wine and ready to accept anything within and even beyond reason.

Finally there is the Opera which will always be the greatest memory for the old Roman. Back at Palazzola it has lost that Savoyard touch, as it was bound to, and has, as it were, soaked up and become permeated with the Venerabile touch. To the non-Roman that might appear senseless, but to those who have sat beneath the stars and grown mellow and sentimental whilst three of the rugger scrum told them with the utmost coyness that they were 'twenty love-sick maidens', the point will be clear. I think a high level has been reached in the Opera, and that to aim higher would spoil the happiness and the madness of it all, and what indeed could be happier or madder than an Opera in the Cortile, with the audience six inches from the Chorus, the piano disguised as a tree, a poop, a rock, or even a gondola, and twenty dignified clerics twirling and dancing in the soft glow of the Chinese lanterns swinging in the cool evening breeze.

Long may the Funny Men grace our stage. If I have been hyper-critical it is because I think that they can rise to even greater heights. The men who deliberately set out to amuse their fellows can never be praised too highly, and we can forgive them any imperfections for the hours of pleasure they have given us. But all this professional humour takes on a new glow and lustre when we set it in the framework of the Roman life, of the Venerabile, where even Oscar Wilde bears the irremovable

stamp of 'the boys'. That charitable sense of humour which is the essence of our life here finds only one outlet on the stage. It is in the common life that it really resides and bears its greatest fruit. It is the quality that carries us through the day, that accompanies us to hotels, Alpine refuges, Venetian gondolas, to the Lake and the Sforza. It enables us, in short, to see the bright side of life and to accept the vast incongruity that is creation with the cheeky grin, the wit and the charity, that, we hope, will always be the marks of the Roman.

JAMES LOWERY.

BLESSED RALPH SHERWIN

(Feast of the English College Martyrs, 1st December 1949)

Where day by day the chosen band would kneel,
 Where erst the King of Martyrs with His Blood
 And Body formed them to the hardihood
 No threat could daunt, no terror disanneal,
 Transform'd by grace, with apostolic zeal
 On fire their own lov'd land once more to win
 For Christ by His own royal road of pain,
 I kiss the relic, and that instant feel
 His presence here among us, life intense
 Past telling, his heart-moving interest
 In all our lives who do him reverence.
 O moments all too fleeting, moments blest
 Wherein a little nearer I have scann'd
 Communion of the saints, the far-off land.

H. E. G. ROPE.



ROME IN 1850

In the last twenty-five years there has been much building activity to house a steadily increasing population. The change has been most noticeable on the Aventine and outside the walls. To balance this there has been plenty of demolition in the centre, disclosing the temples in the Largo Argentina, and the Fora of Trajan, Augustus, Nerva and Julius Cæsar. The difference between the maps of 1925 and 1939 is quite surprising, and the expansion still goes on. But when we look at a map over a hundred years old—1843 to be precise—the recent changes pale into insignificance.

Spasms of building and archæological research usually coincide with a new form of government, e.g. the Bonapartists, the House of Savoy and the Fascists all had periods of activity. But earlier still a change in the papacy often had similar effects. Despite the Pasquinade 'Quod non fecerunt Barbari fecerunt Barbarini', many Popes had a great interest in the city. Among these is Pius VII, in whose reign many plans were first formulated, like that for a broad road between Castel Sant'Angelo and St Peter's, to remain a dream for over a century. Proposals were made for the Tiber embankments and an archæological zone, while excavations were actually begun in the Forum Romanum and the Forum of Trajan.

Rome, however, did not really begin to expand until after 1870. In that year the population was 208,000, in 1888 it had risen to over 400,000. By 1925 this had become 705,000, and to-day it is well over the million. To house all these, the open spaces within the walls, apart from the parks safeguarding the antiquities, have been covered, and a belt has grown up obscuring the old walls, with their clear cut pattern.

The embankments (Lungo Tevere) were not built until 1875,¹ and many houses rose from the river banks, as at all four corners of Ponte Sisto. Tor di Nona, where the Cenci and Cellini had been imprisoned, still stood opposite Castel Sant' Angelo. The Porto di Ripa Grande and Porto di Ripetta were still in existence, as well as two other quays for wood etc. further upstream. The Ghetto had not yet been destroyed, though its outer wall was pulled down in 1848. Pius IX had the gates demolished. The present Synagogue, dating from 1904, covers part of the site of the Ghetto, which, as someone remarks, was pulled down for 'badly understood reasons of Hygiene'. The Ghetto is thus described by Sir Rennel Rodd (*Rome*, p. 199) : 'The walled enclave in which for centuries many thousands of Jews were herded together covered a ground plan barely twice as extensive as that of the Doria palace. So narrow were its dark unscavenged streets that a man with outstretched arms could almost reach across them, and only a vertical sun could penetrate to the ground.' The Ponte Fabricio, being an entrance to the Ghetto, was closed at night by a gate attached to two of its pedestals.

A glance at the map shows that only an occasional building existed outside the walls, while more than two thirds of the area within was cultivated land or gardens. There was open country to one side of St Mary Major's, and the walk from there to San Lorenzo, Santa Croce, or St John Lateran's must have been very pleasant, for as yet there were no buildings, and one looked over fields to the long line of the city wall. There was of course as yet no railway and no Via Nazionale, though the square in front of the Baths of Diocletian was called Piazza di Termini. The Prati were still meadows and the district round Testaccio is labelled on the map 'Prati del Popolo Romano'. Trastevere also was much smaller, so that San Cosimato was surrounded by fields. The gardens on the Janiculum, opened in 1884, still formed part of the Villa Corsini. Our map does not mark the boundaries of the Villa Pamphili, though it dates from the seventeenth century.

¹ A fountain designed by Jacopo Fontana was set up by Paul V against the last house in the Via dei Pettinari, adjoining Ponte Sisto, and facing Via Giulia. It was transferred to the other side of the bridge when that house and many others were destroyed to make way for the Tiber embankment. Between Ponte Sisto and Ponte Sant' Angelo were remains of the old river wall, upon which houses had been built. These were destroyed at the same time.

We may now turn to the streets. As mentioned above, the Via Nazionale did not exist; indeed there were fields and gardens stretching from Piazza Magnanapoli to the Baths of Diocletian. The Via del Tritone started from Piazza Barbarini, but was cut short by a tangle of buildings half way down. One had to turn left by the Via della Stamperia to the Trevi Fountain, or right by the Via del Pozzetto. There was of course no Post Office at San Silvestro, and no Galleria in Piazza Colonna. The Largo Chigi was a narrower street, Via Cacci above. Traforo was only begun in 1902. Nor was there any Via Vittorio Veneto with its large hotels, for the Capuccini were almost surrounded by fields. A modern change must also be recorded—the clearance of the slums and narrow streets round the Augusto in 1938, when the Ara Pacis was also reconstructed nearby.

The Fascist régime made great changes by opening up the Fora of Trajan, Augustus, Nerva and Julius Cæsar. But a century ago there was no monument to Victor Emanuel.¹ The Convent of Ara Coeli covered part of the site, and there was a block of buildings between this and the Piazza San Marco. The official time was taken from the clock of Ara Coeli. In the Forum itself the ruins of the Basilica Aemilia were covered by houses stretching from San Lorenzo in Miranda to Sant'Adriano. A path flanked by a double avenue of trees stretched from the Arch of Titus to the partly buried Arch of Septimus Severus. The Forum was a grazing ground for cattle, which were watered at a fountain near the temple of the Castors, formed from a large cup of granite which is now used for the fountain in front of the Quirinal. The old level of the Forum is

¹The Corso . . . leads into the wide square in front of the National Monument. But within living memory it terminated with the Palazzetto Venezia, a smaller annex which projected from the south-eastern angle of the great palace of Paul II. It was pulled down and transferred stone by stone to the south-western corner, so as to liberate the area of access to the monument. With this clearing of the ground also disappeared a small square known as the Ripresa de' Barberi, because it was there that the riderless horses which raced in Carnival time down the Corso were arrested by canvas sheets and recaptured. Many other demolitions were necessary in order to connect the Via Nazionale, which was not laid out till after 1870, with the great piazza, and among old landmarks which then vanished was an interesting medieval house indicated by tradition as the residence of Giulio Romano' (Rodd, p. 54). 'The aspect of this section of the modern city has changed beyond recognition since the ground plan of that ambitious pile (the National Monument) was traced, and more recent demolitions have effected the isolation of the Capitol by the removal of an accretion of mean buildings which leaned against it on an artificial slope formed round the rock by the accumulation of centuries. Sixty years ago when access from the Corso was still blocked by the Palazzetto Venezia the site of the Monument was occupied by a maze of narrow streets, through which a way might tortuously be threaded round the eastern slope of the hill towards the Forum, then only partially excavated down to the original level. The direct approach to the Capitol was by the Via Aracoeli through a piazza of the same name of which only one side, where stands the Palazzo Massimi, remains to-day' (Rodd, p. 212).

given by the road which crosses it from the Mamertine to the Via della Consolazione. 'There are still alive those who can remember the area between the roadway and the Arch of Titus as a grass grown level where ropemakers turned their wheels. From there the door of San Lorenzo in Miranda, built into the temple of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina could be entered without scaling a flight of steps, while over against it, beyond the three still half-buried columns of Castor, the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice rose above the ruins of the early basilica at the foot of the Palatine.'¹ The Farnese gardens, mentioned by Evelyn as 'Farneze's gardens near the Campo Vacino', with their Casino covered much of the Palatine, while part was covered by the Villa Mills and the vineyards of the Barberini and the English College, later bought by Pius IX.

In the Colosseum there was a large marble set of Stations surrounding the Arena. Turner's sketches, made between 1819 and 1839, show us scenes which were little changed in 1850. We may note a lovely view from Testaccio across fields to the Aurelian walls, and beyond, the Tiber and country with the old St Paul's in the background. There is a view of the Forum, in which we see the avenue of trees, the half-buried Arch of Septimus Severus and the temple of Antoninus and Faustina with the lower portion of the columns hidden. Another sketch gives a corner of the Palatine, with the open arcades of the Casino Farnese. From others we note that the Colosseum is unchanged, that the Arch of Constantine and the Meta Sudans were unencumbered, and that part of the Via Sacra was visible leading to the Arch of Titus. This was still surmounted by brickwork, a relic of the tower built on it by the Frangipani. A view from the Janiculum shows the Tiber from Ponte Sant' Angelo to Ponte Sisto, with houses built to the water's edge, and a tower is visible—perhaps the Tor di Nona—near Ponte Sant' Angelo. Finally, a view from Monte Mario shows the open country of the Prati with St Peter's in the background.

Augustus Hare, in his *Days near Rome*, published in 1875, refers regretfully to the changes of the preceding years: 'Not only has all trace of costume perished, together with the mediaeval figures and splendid dresses which belonged to the Papal Court, and walked in the footsteps of crimson cardinals; but all the gorgeous religious ceremonies, all the processions,

¹ i.e. above Santa Maria Antiqua. Rodd, p. 224.

and benedictions, and sermons preached by the shrines of the martyrs, have ceased to exist. . . . Many famous antiquarian memorials have disappeared, together with other well-known buildings, of which the interest was confined to papal times. The Agger of Servius Tullius and the ruined Ponte Salara have been swept away. The incomparable view from the Ponte Rotto has been blocked out, the trees on the Aventine and the woods of Monte Mario have been cut down. The Negroni-Massimo, the most beautiful of Roman gardens, with the grandest old orange avenues, and glorious groves of cypresses amid which Horace was buried . . . have been ruthlessly and utterly ploughed up, so that not a trace of it is left. Even this, however, is as nothing compared with the entire destruction of the beauty and charm of the grandest of the buildings which remain. The Baths of Caracalla stripped of all their verdure and shrubs, and deprived alike of the tufted foliage amid which Shelley wrote, and of the flowery carpet which so greatly enhanced their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare featureless walls standing in a gravelly waste, and possessing no more attractions than the ruins of a London warehouse. The Colosseum, no longer a "garlanded ring", is bereaved of everything which made it so lovely and so picturesque, while . . . in the Basilica of Constantine the whole of the beautiful covering of shrubs, with which Nature had protected the vast arches, has been removed, and the rain, soaking into the unprotected upper surface, will soon bring them down. Nor has the work of the destroyer been confined to the pagan antiquities; the early Christian porches of Santa Prassede and Santa Pudenziana with their valuable terra-cotta ornaments, have been so smeared with paint and yellow-washes as to be irrecognisable; many smaller but precious Christian antiquities, such as the lions of the Santi Apostoli, have disappeared altogether.'

In visualizing Rome as it was a hundred years ago we must forget about the modern hotels, banks and government buildings, and concentrate our attention on the inner circle of old Rome, remembering also that many of the streets have lost their interesting old names, and now merely recall some minor hero or event of the last century.

F. J. SHUTT.

NOVA ET VETERA

CROFT LODGE, AMBLESIDE

On 17th June it will be ten years to the day that France fell. The news, which introduced a gloom and grimness not yet felt in this island since the beginning of the war, came to us on Warrington station that afternoon. We were part of the great pilgrimage to Ambleside. At dusk we entered the short drive of Croft Lodge. Just as England had to prove to the world that she really meant to fight on, so this move to the Lake District was a testimony that we, too, meant to live on as a College. But it was no college that we took over, rather a pleasant country house with the River Brathay running through its lawns. Seventh Year and the O.N.D. did not come, even so we were sixty-five odd applicants for bed and food. Second Year Philosophy were quartered in the laundry away from the house, and there on our refugee beds we lay between sheets that crackled like brown paper. This outhouse gave us a privacy that those within the Lodge could hardly feel—not that it seemed a requisite of the hour. Law and order, in their fundamentals, were maintained by habit rather than by legislation. There was one Public Meeting on the lawn, under a glorious copper beech, where Potato Peeling was solemnly repudiated with scorn ; but it still had to be done. The washing-up had more life in it and continued for some time even at St Mary's Hall. A genuine effort was made to maintain study. There were Canon Law and History lectures for Theology, and Philosophy for the Philosophers where they left off a month previously on the top floor of the Gregorian. Our exams were held in a little office, and they still retained enough formality to be real and not make-believe.

The Rector was away seeking permanent soil for our sojourn. One still believed the return to Rome to be a matter of months or a year at the most. If so, there was no purpose in not making, in a right sense, the most of life—the air-raids, the casualty-lists and the grimness of food shortage were still in the future. Serious mood, purpose and achievement were there, but subdued by the glory of the fells that towered around us. Over these fells we tramped whenever the Vice could be persuaded to give a gita—some of the feats, a prodigious number of peaks scaled in one day, make good reading. There were still cottages where one could get rum butter and parkin for tea—and for 1s. There was Windermere and boats to be hired. Before the rain set in after the first fortnight a tennis tourney was popular. But when it did rain there were darts on the veranda, Monopoly and Bridge inside. The essentials were forgotten? No, that is not true; besides the normal routine of prayer we had Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every night for one hour, and a very sharp edge of reality was felt during the week of fasting and prayer, when after a cup of coffee we used to tramp down the long mile to the church in the village to do the Stations. It was real fasting and, I think, real prayer. The spiritual conferences of those weeks could not be forgotten for they had a continuous refrain—that priests were instruments of God's will, instruments not creators. Perhaps Fr Atkinson will find some reward in knowing that it was not all forgotten.

Perhaps the period can best be compared to the phoney war that lasted from 1939 to May 1940. But it was more than that. We had to dig our heels in if we were not to lose our identity. That was more than anything else the purpose of Croft Lodge. Perhaps one is justified in feeling a certain pride in having been there. Of the House of June 1940, three were killed in the war. The memory remains green of those days in Lakeland. Their patent transitoriness, even if all amenities were enthusiastically enjoyed, was never forgotten. After all, they helped us to settle in with much greater appreciation at St Mary's Hall. Even so, six weeks were long enough.

ALAN CLARK.

DR GRUFFYDD ROBERT AND MORUS CLYNNOG

Gruffydd Robert's birthplace and early history is uncertain; some evidence seems to point to Anglesey, North Wales, while other accounts mention his connections with Denbyshire or Flintshire. He himself says in his Grammar that the vineyards of Italy did not warm the Welshman's heart 'as the banks of the Dee or the bottom of the Vale of Clard' would. From some other evidence¹ it would seem that he was born somewhere around 1522-25, but his early education and training is again undecided. In 1558 he was elected Archdeacon of Anglesey, but we have no certain evidence of his work there during the few years he enjoyed in his own native Wales. From his own writings, however, we know that he read the works of the medieval Welsh poets and had studied their methods of teaching their art to others. He knew of the 'esteddfodan'² held by the poets and he had heard the poets discourse of the excellence of their rule as compared with that of the poets of other nations.

However, Gruffydd Robert and Morus Clynnog had to flee the country when they refused to conform with the new Acts of Elizabeth in 1559. Both crossed over to Flanders, probably in the early autumn of 1559, and for some time they remained there. In 1560 Gruffydd Robert was in Louvain and so, most probably, was Morus Clynnog, for we find that he wrote a letter to Cardinal Morone from Louvain in 1561. In 1561, however, Dr Owen Lewis³ (later Bishop of Cassano), became a Professor of Law at Douai, and there is some ground for believing that Gruffydd Robert went to Douai soon afterwards. At the beginning of the same year Sir Edward Carne, Warden of the English Hospice at Rome, died, and Bishop Goldwell was recalled from the Theatine House at Naples to become Carne's successor. It is probable, though not certain, that he invited Clynnog to Rome with him and so we may assume that Clynnog left Gruffydd Robert at Louvain and came to Rome sometime during 1562. His signature appears in one of the Hospice's account books at the end of 1563 or the beginning of 1564,⁴ but it cannot be proved that he was at the Hospice before 1564.

¹ Vid. *Gramadeg Cymraeg*, introd., p. xii, par. 2.

² Not to be confused, however, with the modern 'eistedfodan'. The few late medieval eistedfodan of which we have record seem to have been more like the meeting of a college faculty, where the laws governing the art and practice of poetry were classified or emended from time to time.

³ Vid. 'Dr Owen Lewis and The Venerable', *THE VENERABLE*, 1925, by D. Crowley.

⁴ Vid. *Lib.* 32, English College Archives.

In the meantime, Gruffydd Robert was in Douai, although it may well be that he came down to Rome in 1562.¹ But he was certainly at the Hospice in Rome in 1564 and 1565, although he left the Hospice for Milan early in 1565. In Milan he became the chaplain of Cardinal St Borromeo and also Theological Canon to the Cathedral of Milan. For the rest of his life he remained in Milan, outliving his great patron and benefactor, and also his Welsh contemporaries, Dr Owen Lewis and Morus Clynnog. The date of his death is unknown, but if we place it somewhere around the turn of the century we shall not be very far out.

He must have planned his Grammar during his stay in Rome or even before. He certainly would have discussed it at length with Clynnog during his stay at the Hospice, and it is pleasant to think of these two friends and companions in exile devoting some of their hours to talk of the literature and grammar of a small country that was even farther away from them than they knew at the time.² It is not surprising to hear a nostalgic note creep into the introduction of the Grammar when Morus, bewailing the heat and sultriness of the Roman climate says :

‘And even if the place itself were as pleasant as anywhere in Wales, yet, quicker would my heart be overjoyed there at the song of the cuckoo than it would here at the rapture of the nightingale, or the sweet voice of the thrush or the glistening lay of the blackbird or, indeed, at the whole steady concord of paradisaical music that would pour forth were all the birds of the world gathered together’.

Or again—even though it is pleasant to sit in the shades of the Italian vineyards at the blaze of noon :

‘ . . . yet have I a longing for many things that one could have in Wales to while away the time happily and joyously, sheltering from the heat of the long-dayed summer. For there, be the heat what it may, there was ease and comfort to all manner of men. Should one desire a carousal, there would be found a player and his harp to play sweet ditties and a softly cadenced singer to accompany the strings on whatever theme thou wouldst wish for, the praise of virtue or the satire of vices. And shouldst thou wish to hear of the tales and customs of our land in olden times, thou wouldst have gray crested elders to show thee by word

¹ Vid. *Lib.* 32, do., *ad pharmoeopoeia* for 1561–62.

² They were destined never to see Wales again. Gruffydd Robert died at Milan and Clynnog was drowned in the Bay of Biscay in 1580.

of mouth all praiseworthy and notable deeds done throughout the land of Wales, from ever so long a time ago. . . .'

These, of course, are the words of Gruffydd Robert, for he wrote his Grammar in the dialogue form that was usual for many such treatises then; even so, one wonders just how much of this intense longing did pass through the mind and heart of Clynnog too.

It would take far too much space to give even an outline of the Grammar here. The first part was published in 1567 but the remaining parts were not completed until well on in the eighties. The author was much too busy in all probability after taking up office at Milan. 'The master', as he calls St Charles Borromeo in one place, was an ardent worker and his zeal and drive affected all his household as well. So, for almost twenty years, the remaining portions of the Grammar had to be laid aside until a more opportune moment. After the death of St Charles, in 1584, he resumed his work and during the next few years the remaining portions were completed. Their date of publication, however, is by no means certain and the whole question is an intricate and difficult problem.

Although it cannot be said that Dr Robert's Grammar had a widespread influence on Welsh letters during the decades following its publication, the work remains, nevertheless, as an important example of the first fruits of Renaissance learning and interests in Wales. Dr Robert, like Dr John Davies and Edward Lhuyd, was a great scholar with a broad humane culture behind him, and, apart from the work done by the Morrisian circle in the middle of the eighteenth century, exact scholarship suffered a decline that lasted until the beginning of the present century. Thus, Dr Gruffydd Robert's work can be regarded as one of the great milestones in the progress of Welsh letters and learning.

For all his great interest in the Welsh language, Dr Robert's devotion to the Catholic Faith was equally intense. He was a theological student and, acting in accordance with the spirit of missionary zeal and reformation shown at the Council of Trent, he published a theological essay in Welsh called *Drych Cristionogawl* (the Christian Mirror), embodying the main principles of the Faith. So far as can be ascertained, this work was begun around 1580 and completed in 1583. Failing to get it printed in Milan, it is believed that the author had the MS sent to Wales, where it was re-copied and circulated in manuscript.

Morus Clynnog's *Athravaeth Gristnogavl*, a simple introduction to the central teachings of the Church was, no doubt, instigated by the same desire to promulgate Catholic doctrine with greater zeal and simplicity during a difficult period. Readers of THE VENERABLE will, no doubt, know something of the character and life of Clynnog. But final version on his contribution is yet to be made and as this means a good deal more research work into the story of his life, I shall refrain here from attempting a discussion of it. I am glad to feel that now, after nearly four hundred years, a copy of his work¹ is to be found in the venerable institution he once governed.

TECWYN LLOYD.

RECENT CHANGES

The most important change at Palazzola has been the purchase of the De Cupis Villa, for use as a summer house, by the Redemptorists. The Rector was present at the signing of the contract of sale, to see that our rights were safeguarded, and we look forward to pleasant relations with our neighbours. At Palazzola itself some minor changes have been made. Repairs have been made to the low garden wall overlooking the Lake, right round to the Tank, and the old monastery wall and archway leading to the Tank have been refaced. In the Cortile a line of red tiles has been placed over the arches to preserve the wall from the weather, while below, part of the pavement has been renewed. In the Chapel the broken windows above the high altar have been repaired, and the window above the porch has been fitted with stained glass whose central design is the Maltese cross. Also the cricket pitch has been cemented, and some work has been done on the drainage system. Part of the water pipeline to Rocca, removed during the war, has been replaced. Back in Rome we found that part of the flight of stairs leading up to the Cardinals' Gallery had been renewed; and the rest, it is hoped, will be completed next year.

¹ *Athravaeth Gristnogavl* (1568, Milan, facsimile edition of 1880), which, together with *Gramadeg Cymraeg* by Gruffydd Robert (Modern edition, 1939), was presented to the Library by Professor Lloyd of Coleg Harlech during his stay at the College in the summer.

BLESSED VINCENT PALLOTTI AND THE COLLEGE

In view of his recent beatification, it is interesting to note the connections that existed between Blessed Vincent Pallotti and the College. In the first place he was spiritual director to the College, and it would seem that he was fully conscious of, and in accord with, the new spirit which Wiseman infused into the College during his rectorship: 'Dal Collegio Inglese soleva dire dover risultare il ritorno dell'Inghilterra alla fede cattolica. Era egli in intima relazione col Rettore di questo collegio Monsignor Wiseman (oggi di Cardinale assai illustre e benemerito di Santa Chiesa), e lo infiammava di santo zelo a perfezionare, come faceva, l'educazione ecclesiastica di quelli alunni' (Don Raffaele Melia: *Vita del Servo di Dio Vincenzo Pallotti*—Father Melia, one of Pallotti's first and most intimate associates, wrote shortly after Vincent's death an account of his life; the quotation is taken from the original manuscript, only part of which has so far been published).

It has not been possible as yet to discover any very precise details about Pallotti's connections with the Venerabile, but from Melia's account it seems certain that he was spiritual director for some space of time at any rate, and in a regular capacity: 'Nè il seminario Romano e il collegio Urbano furono i soli stabilimenti ecclesiastici che ebbero la sorte di avere il Servo di Dio a loro spirituale Moderatore. . . . Occupossi del paro spiritualmente a prò dei collegi del Regno Unito della Gran Bretagna, Inglese, Irlandese, Scozzese'. While with reference to Pallotti's attempts to spread interest in the foreign missions, Melia tells us: 'Ne parlava quindi a grande impegno al Cardinale Prefetto di Propoganda, nonchè con Monsignor Segretario e coi Minutanti della medesima; ne infervorava gli alunni dei collegi esteri parecchi che sono in Roma, quel di l'Inglese, Irlandese, lo Scozzese, il Greco, come altresì i religiosi destinati alle missione'. The exact dates between which Pallotti was spiritual director to the College have yet to be discovered, but almost certainly it was between the early thirties of last century and 1840, when Wiseman left Rome to become the coadjutor of Dr Walsh. This was the period immediately following his leaving the staff of the Sapienza University when he was particularly engaged in this work. After 1840 the pressure of work from the Society of the Catholic Apostolate, which he had founded in 1835, was so great that he would scarcely have been able to devote his time to the Colleges as before. Also, Pallotti's relations with the

new Rector, Dr Baggs, do not appear to have been of the same intimate nature as they had been with Wiseman. Thus we can definitely say—on the authority of Melia, whose contemporary and largely eye-witness account is vouched for by another of Pallotti's first helpers, Fr Orlandi—that Pallotti was spiritual director to the College, and in a more than merely casual fashion. For the precise dates and for any more particular information we can only await the result of the exhaustive researches into their founder's life that are at present being carried out by the Pallottines.

On Wiseman Blessed Vincent Pallotti's influence seems to have been considerable. His life's work was the foundation of the Society of the Catholic Apostolate, known between the years 1854 to 1947 as the Pious Society of the Missions, and this Wiseman joined as an aggregate member in 1837, only two years after its inception. One aspect of the work of the Society was its efforts to improve the standard of culture among the clergy, and it was with this in view that Vincent collected subscriptions for an Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia; this plan received the backing of many men of learning, 'quos inter etiam plures associati ut Rector Collegii Anglici Wiseman' (Hettenkofer: *Historia Piae Societatis Missionum*). The activities of the Society covered a wide sphere, but the primary reason for its existence was the propagation of the missionary spirit, and it was to further this that Vincent began the celebration of the Octave of the Epiphany at Sant' Andrea della Valle. In this connection also we meet Wiseman's name: 'Predicatori Esteri. Inglese—Illmo e Rmo Monsignor Wiseman Rettore del Ven. Coll. Inglese'.

However, it is from the diary of Herbert Vaughan that we receive the most striking testimony of Blessed Vincent's influence on Wiseman. The date was 1860, and Vaughan, out driving with the Cardinal in the Isle of Wight, was anxiously turning over in his mind methods of approaching him about the formation of a Missionary College in England. He anticipated some opposition, but his tentative suggestion met not with the expected snub but with ready acceptance and a sudden burst of confidence, in which he explained why it was that the idea so appealed to him: 'When I was in Rome before my consecration I had great mental troubles, and I went to a holy man, since dead and declared Venerable (Pallotti, Founder of the Pious Society of Missions, 1835). He made me sit on one side of a little table; he sat on the other. A crucifix was on the table between

us. After I had opened my mind and laid bare all its trials to him, he slipped down from his chair to his knees, and after a moment's prayer said: "Monsignor, you will never know the perfect rest you seek until you establish a college in England for the Foreign Missions". These words fell on me like a thunder-bolt; I was in no way prepared for them. I had no interest at the time in Foreign Missions, nor had the Abbate Pallotti. He gave no other answer to my difficulties' (J. G. Snead-Cox: *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, London, Burns Oates, 1910, Vol. 1, pp. 106-7).

There is no doubt that Blessed Vincent Pallotti was one of the greatest characters of the Rome of his day, and the College was very fortunate in having such a man for its spiritual adviser. A generation of Romans came to look on him as a second Philip Neri, and his memory persisted in the College for many years after his death. Somewhat naturally his connection with the College had, with the passage of time, become somewhat obscured, but this was remedied by his beatification on 22nd January of this year. There was no High Mass in the College on that Sunday, and so we were enabled to be present at the reading of the Decree and the Solemn High Mass in St Peter's, as well at the Papal Benediction in the evening. A week later the triduum in honour of the new *beatus* was concluded with a solemn procession from Sant' Andrea round the district of his early parochial activity—his first parish was that of Santo Spirito on the Via Giulia—and at this too, as at the function afterwards, the College was well represented. And now, we hope it will not be too long before we shall be able to number in the list of spiritual directors of the College a Canonised Saint.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 1st 1949, Friday. And the Villa begins. For those who still have their time of trial to undergo we feel nothing but sympathy, but for all of us gone are the burning streets and the airless nights. No more rushing up to Sant' Onofrio for a quick smoke, leaving a clamouring thesis sheet behind and quietening conscience with a few notes tucked in the pocket; no more clanging trams and hooting cars; no crying children and the smell of last week's garlic. Here there is peace, perfect peace.

By lunch time all but one party had arrived and the place was getting into some sort of order. Furniture had to be moved, beds set up, and that extra pillow finally located in the room we had searched first. The electrician wandered about looking efficient, but the lights did get repaired somehow.

2nd Saturday. A recent storm has done considerable damage to the half-filled Tank. Soil from the sides has been washed into it and leaves and branches have been left floating on the surface. There is work for all and all seem to be at work. The cricket enthusiasts, aided by those who couldn't say 'No!' in a convincing manner, made determined efforts to prepare the cricket pitch.

3rd Sunday. It is very easy to settle down to Villa life and people are already barefacedly talking of 'three at the sixth'. No one listens to them, of course. The tennis and badminton courts are unfit for play, but are receiving due attention.

Auguri to Messrs English and Rea, who begin their Priesthood Retreat to-day.

5th Tuesday. We record with pleasure our first death this Villa. Febo, who has grown too large and savage to be company, was shot this morning. It is just as well that no attempt was made to clean out the Tank, because the water supply has let us down. The gramophone also has behaved in a similar manner.

6th Wednesday. The first Sforza gita. After breakfast cameratas were to be seen leaving for destinations both far and near. Domenico has developed quite a beggar's whine as he tries to persuade the members of each camerata that lunch depends on *their* carrying up to the Sforza

the requisite cooking utensils. To lunch, several dogs, sheep and goats. Very rural. For these mornings the walk round the Lake still retains its popularity, though one feels that the men who really enjoy these days the most are those who spurn the call of the open road and pass the morning on the Sforza with a book.

7th *Thursday*. 'Gramophone programme for to-night.' Thus laconically did we learn that the defect in the machine had been repaired. But, after a couple of records or so (we haven't letters small enough to print it in), the room began to fill with an acrid smoke. Gradually, very gradually, it began to dawn on our ever vigilant electrician that it might be the gramophone and not some Philistine trying a Toscana in a corner.

8th *Friday*. During Meditation, as the wind whistled through the unprotected window over the high altar, our thoughts turned to the Second Circle, where—

La bufera infernal, che mai non resta
mena gli spiriti con la sua rapina,
voltando e percotendo li molesta.

There is a list on the Common Room notice-board which mercilessly decrees that it is our turn to take the post into Albano. 'And whilst you are there, you might drop into the ironmonger, and Props needs some cotton, and Giobbe has a parcel. . . .' So we borrowed a large rucksack and set off over the rocky path.

9th *Saturday*. Numbers were soon gathered for a game of cricket and the first game of the Villa took place. In the evening Father Bolland arrived to hear our confessions and to supply for the week-end.

10th *Sunday*. The ravages of the weather to the badminton-court have been repaired, and the Rector opened the season after tea to-day.

Prosit to Messrs English and Rea, who were ordained this morning at the Dodici Apostoli. Mr English officiated at Benediction, which was followed by the ceremony of kissing the hands of the New Priests and the 'Te Deum'.

11th *Monday*. The New Priests offered their first Masses in the Villa Church. The Vice-Rector assisted Mr English and Mr Rea was assisted by his brother. At lunch the New Priests, Fr Rea and Mr English were the Rector's guests, and in the Gramophone Room, tastefully decorated for the occasion, Mrs English and Mrs Rea were entertained. After the Rector had welcomed the guests and proposed the toast, we adjourned to the garden for *caffè e rosolio*.

We had heard that we were all to be vaccinated as a result of a decree of the City Fathers and true enough the local vet turned up. Despite a rather spectacular faint by one enterprising soul, the Vice-Rector remained unmoved and hints about the need of stimulants fell on unreceptive ears.

12th *Tuesday*. A flying visit from Fr McCann bringing us a breath of news of England.

The perennial astronomical arguments are in full swing and the North Star has finally been located over Albano, Cavo and Castel Gandolfo.

13th *Wednesday*. It was one of First Year who carefully explained that Sforza gitas were so called because one *had* to go out, 'Sforza' meaning 'forced'. We had an idea that there should be a Cardinal connected with the story, but our version was scornfully ignored. Domenico's clarion call at tea-time is getting annually weaker and the Best Men, who share their siesta with the sheep, can now sleep on until the weaker and wiser brethren arrive from the House.

The Rector quietly departed for a short holiday in England.

15th *Friday*. Noise from the Cortile about 10 a.m. indicated that the yearly tussle between producer and cast has now begun. Now is the time to sing the praises of the New Wing.

We were delighted to see Mgr Heard back amongst us again after his holiday at home.

16th-17th *Saturday-Sunday*. *La Famiglia* has mastered the new tunes added to our repertoire since last year and are capable of holding their own against the massed voices of the College. They alone were unperturbed at the Anglican flavour introduced into our Benediction by a pair of very new cantors.

18th *Monday*. Tomatoes have begun to appear at breakfast and are very welcome. We eat the small ones and the Madre cooks the large ones, but there seems to be the usual dearth of medium-sized ones. An enterprising gita leader might be able to explain this phenomenon.

19th *Tuesday*. A gang of workmen have been at work laying a new concrete cricket pitch, and, despite the assistance rendered by the cricket enthusiasts, have completed the operation. At the moment it lies hidden from profane eyes (and comments) under a mantle of freshly cut fern.

20th *Wednesday*. 'Sforza gita' seems to be synonymous with 'Cortile-practice' for the Opera, and about eleven the producer has a few words with the Madre. The operative ones seem to be *qualche cosa*. Taking a diarist's licence we paid a visit to one such rehearsal (about eleven of course) only to be ejected. *Absit* the producer who antagonises the Press.

23rd *Saturday*. Sermon classes began under the supervision of the Vice-Rector, who came in armed with the Notts. Diocesan syllabus. What is there about the Villa sermons which makes them so different from the Roman ones? True you preach to a row of faces instead of to serried ranks of ears and you are better placed than in Rome for quelling with a glance that ever present body of coughers, sneezers and watch-winders. But what can be more unresponsive than that stolid, unwavering glare from the front row as your mind searches in vain for that elusive phrase of which you were once so justly proud?

24th *Sunday*. A visit from His Excellency Mr Perowne, in the afternoon, coincided with a change in the weather, which became unsettled.

Many a diarist, has, in the past, written eulogies about the sunsets at Palazzola. Let it simply be recorded for this year that there are still sunsets, which follow one another at the surprising rate of one per day.

25th *Monday*. At lunch, perhaps as advance publicity for the Opera, we put on our oilskins and sea-boots and shipped before the mast with Shallimar. Unfamiliar accents indicated a new Year matching their voices against the College trenchermen. *O simplicitas!* Who was the youth who proudly related that he had once won a prize for reading? Charity forbids us to name him; let us merely commiserate with Mark Cross on losing such a promising pupil.

The barbers arrived and set up shop on the Terrace. Our well-worded requests were received with a smile and most pleasantly ignored. A barber's paradise! Forty shapely heads and a month's growth. No wonder they burst into song as the fallen glory crept higher and higher around their knees. After tea the Vice-Rector and the Senior Student opened up the golf-course in the traditional style.

27th *Wednesday*. People are beginning to wonder when these Sforzaitas are going to end. Free ones would be more popular. Rocca Priora is still referred to by some as a gentle stroll and one notorious camerata nonchalantly talks of Tusculum and Frasca—just to work up the appetite, you know. With equal nonchalance we proposed the Volscians—until we found someone taking us seriously. But nothing surpasses the popularity of the Lake on these mornings. That desperate, dusty scramble-cum-slide which ends up at Acqua Acetosa and the cool, soft, inviting water. What could be better than that?

28th *Thursday*. A full day's game of cricket was arranged and play began shortly after nine. At lunch, a rather rough passage with Shallimar, which fortunately did no damage to our appetites. It was not until evening that anyone noticed that we had had long reading and so done violence to our sacrosanct Thursday.

30th *Saturday*. The first *No Bell Day*. Guests at lunch were His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet and other members of His Majesty's Embassy who had come out for the day to play a game of cricket. Play began after lunch and by the tea interval the visitors were well into treble figures. A few of the locals dropped in to see what was happening and were in time to see the College suffer badly at the hands of the Embassy bowlers. Afterwards, someone who had been in Rome all day and missed the fun stole the limelight by offering for inspection one of the new metal coins issued by the Italian Government. 'Now in my day there were only notes, and very handy they were too once you were used to them.'

31st *Sunday*. There must be a dearth of English confessors in Rome, because this is the second week that Mgr Heard has had to bear the brunt of the work alone.

Would you like a picture of the Tank? Thick, green, greasy, turgid water covered with a collection of dead and dying fauna. Add an accumulation of leaves and branches and other flotsam and the picture is complete.

AUGUST 1st Monday. All the best Augusts begin with a bank holiday and all the fun of the fair and we too entered into the spirit of the thing and had a *No Bell Day*. Or should the board read 'Free After Breakfast'? Enough Trippers were found to defend their convictions against the Ramblers. Or Sea versus Country if you wish. It all amounts to a game of cricket.

4th Thursday. The Holy Father arrived at his villa and Castel Gandolfo at night took on a new shape as the lights of the villa spread out into the darkness. The Vice-Rector on his way back from Rome was heard to mutter *putroppo* as he swept two of the returning papal bodyguard from under his front wheels.

5th Friday. *Our Lady of the Snows.* The singing at High Mass was a little rusty, but it is the spirit that counts. Our guests at lunch included His Excellency Mr Perowne, Bishop O'Connor, Abbot Smith and Monsignor Heard. *Caffè e rosolio* followed, and even those who inseparably connect this function with the fug of the Roman Common Room were more than content to relax under the shade of the trees and talk of gitas and the things that matter.

Provost Hazlehurst arrived after supper for his annual holiday.

6th Saturday. The local villages have begun to keep their *feste*, but we have never been able to find out what *Ordo* decrees that this day and no other should be a 'high holiday'. Anyway, Albano celebrated to-day and we reaped the benefits of their fireworks display after dark.

8th Monday. The water situation is getting serious. A burst pipe in the New Wing did some damage before it was discovered and over in the Old it was another waterless day.

A forlorn figure over by the fifth green was seen trying to convey to agitated spectators:—

- (a) that the Sforza was on fire
- (b) that he had started it, and that
- (c) he knew what he was doing and would they kindly go away and leave him to find his new Dunlop in peace.

9th Tuesday. The Vice-Rector was seen wending his way to Rocca to see about the water supply. By noon the tanks were full and even the fountain was shaken out of its apathy. Great consternation among the fish.

10th Wednesday. To lunch, more dogs, the College photographer, and several ants (with sisters and cousins). The dogs were the most annoying, though we enjoyed a moment of bliss when one neighbour, busy describing his morning's stroll to Velletri, failed to notice his meat and two veg. disappearing with alacrity down Leone's throat. Then we found that the ants had eaten our fruit. . .

The Campagna should have been full of the *Fiocchi di San Lorenzo* to-night, but none of them was visible from the Villa.

11th *Thursday*. The last day before the relentless *Ave* begins to encroach on our evenings. The Sisters were entertaining some orphans on the Sforza in the evening, so all golf and kindred blood-sports were banned. Some enthusiastic blackberry collecting led to the opening up of culinary negotiations with the Madre.

13th *Saturday*. An exceptionally magnificent view over to the sea rewarded those who were up early enough to see it. Then everything clouded over, it became chilly and the ever useful *zimarra* came back into its own.

15th *Monday*. *Bella Funzione* though we say it ourselves. All the elements of a *fiesta* were there: High Mass with Perosi by a massed Schola, procession and *tombola*. Naturally a *tombola*; it wouldn't be a *fiesta* without one. All this at Rocca, where the fruits of the last few days of choir-practice were unleashed on the unsuspecting faithful.

Fr Rope generously contributed to our festal board at breakfast this morning, and we record our thanks.

16th *Tuesday*. Rev. Dr Dwyer of the Catholic Missionary Society arrived by mule from Rocca and so was in time for

17th *Wednesday* which brought the last of the Sforza gitas. The cook's health was proposed according to tradition and Domenico had a few words ready 'just in case'.

18th *Thursday*. After months of dry weather which have turned the countryside into one vast dustbowl, we welcomed the torrential down-pour which fell after lunch. Volunteers took the post through to Albano and we wished them well as they made their way along paths that were now rushing torrents.

20th *Saturday*. Once more we welcomed a cricket team and other visitors from the Embassy. This time we successfully rescued the shattered remnants of our cricket prestige by reversing the decision of the last encounter. We must record our thanks to Captain Henderson who very kindly presented us with two new bats on behalf of the Ambassador and the team.

When someone asks you the Italian for 'bell-bottomed trousers' and 'Able Seaman', it is justifiable to hazard a guess that a synopsis of the Opera is being prepared for the Nuns. Of course, we may be wrong.

22nd *Monday*. The tennis-court is at long last fit for play and the Vice-Rector was kind enough to open it by playing the first set. The barbers paid us a visit and the Common Room settee has been re-upholstered. The juxtaposition of these two events is entirely accidental.

23rd *Tuesday*. By early evening *H.M.S. Pinafore* was ready to be launched and the crew were standing by. Our guests, the Americans, arrived early, but the show was late in starting because there was no electricity. Darkness fell and the lights went up, the Overture began and we entered that other world known only to those who know the Venerabile Opera.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

or

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

by

W. S. Gilbert, A. Sullivan

<i>The Rt Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.</i>		
(First Lord of the Admiralty)	.	Mr McConnon
<i>Captain Corcoran</i> (Commanding <i>H.M.S. Pinafore</i>)	.	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Ralph Rackstraw</i> (Able Seaman)	.	Mr O'Hara
<i>Dick Deadeye</i> (Able Seaman)	.	Mr Lowery
<i>Bill Bobstay</i> (Boatswain's Mate)	.	Mr Byron
<i>Bob Becket</i> (Carpenter's Mate)	.	Mr Gordon
<i>Josephine</i> (the Captain's Daughter)	.	Mr Hunt
<i>Hebe</i> (Sir Joseph's First Cousin)	.	Mr Dakin
<i>Mrs Cripps</i> ('Little Buttercup', a Portsmouth bumboat woman)	.	Mr Doran
<i>Chorus of First Lord's Sisters, Cousins and Aunts</i>	.	Messrs Tierney, Turnbull, Smith, FitzGibbon, Mallinder, Foulkes
<i>Chorus of Sailors</i>	.	Messrs Stewart, Scantlebury, B. Murphy-O'Connor, Cox, Bickerstaffe, Rice, Travers
<i>Pianist</i>	.	Mr McGuinness
<i>Conductor</i>	.	Mr Brown
<i>Musical Director</i>	.	Mr O'Hara

The Opera was produced by Mr Lowery.

'It is not often that one can say of a Palazzola Opera production that it has style. Our harassed producers are usually content if they can impose a workmanlike arrangement of entrances and exits, grouping of crowds and a few rudimentary dance steps. The rest depends on the individual performers. They, according to their temperament and the degree of exaltation which the occasion inspires, then transmute the producer's ideas into a jovial, a dramatic, or, at times, it must be confessed, a burlesque version of Gilbert's libretto.

Now the August 1949 *Pinafore* had style. And it was the producer's style. An extraordinarily lilting, dancing and rhythmic style. There was something of the ballet in the changing groups, the curvettings and prancings of Sir Joseph Porter, the swirling silks of the Sisters and the Cousins and the Aunts and the contorted acrobatics of Dick Deadeye. From start to finish the thing moved, and the final chorus really did seem the inevitable climax of words, music and dancing to which all the scenes had led.

Was there a price to be paid for this discipline, for this conception

of the Opera as a single whole? Certainly one missed something of the ebullient humour, the inventive genius in by-play, the mobile features of the drolls of former days which used to have the audience rocking in their deck-chairs. Often here one would be delighted by a scene in which voices, bodies, arms, legs and even shoulders were magnificently expressive. And yet the same scenes would just miss perfection because of a certain deadness of facial expression in the Chorus or the rather stylized grimaces of the principals (Captain Corcoran was a noble exception). Sometimes, too, the flavour of the Gilbertian rhetoric was obscured as it passed us by in a rush of words without the essential underlining of the humour of incongruity.

But these details were more than compensated for by the dynamism of the whole.

"We sail the ocean blue"—the chorus opened with a resolution and gusto which set the note for the whole performance. We sat up in our chairs. This Opera was going to go with a swing. And then Little Buttercup billowed on, the stage was alive with movement and colour and we leaned back again in our chairs with satisfaction even then replacing anticipation. But it was not until the entrance of Sir Joseph and the Girls' Chorus that we realized the perfect unity of the whole production. The colourful splendour and good taste of the costumes and the effectiveness of the staging and lighting made up an impressive *décor*. The music was accurate, yet spirited, in fact all that we could wish it to be. The conductor co-operated skilfully with the pianist, and knew the value of a clean attack and finish. The pianist occupies in our estimation a pinnacle all his own; he could be described as the perfect accompanist, but this would be an understatement, for it was his lot to have to persuade us that the lack of an orchestra was a thing of little moment. To say that that he almost succeeded is to pay him no light compliment.

Ralph Rackstraw, admirably open-browed and broad-chested, had a soaring, sunny quality of voice and a rare assurance and command of technique. His solo lyrics could not have been bettered and in the ensembles his voice had the power to command magnificently the choral background.

Sir Joseph Porter gave a performance which mingled an appropriate waggishness of accent and demeanour with the agility of a grasshopper. Dick Deadeye was suitably sinister and incredibly contorted, though one had the feeling that he was diffident about giving rein to his natural genius for the burlesque. A word of praise is also due to the Boatswain and the Carpenter's Mate, two minor parts filled with an excellent sense of Savoyard parody.

But most authentically Gilbertian of all was Captain Corcoran with his polished assurance of phrase, the sudden toothy smile of gratification at a compliment, the courteous deference to Sir Joseph Porter, the deprecating hand and shoulder at the drawled "W-e-e-l hardly ever". More than any other of the cast he knew how to use his face, to lift the eyebrow, twitch the lip, flash a smile or a frown with just the necessary touch of exaggeration. He so obviously enjoyed himself and communicated that enjoyment so well to us that we can even forgive him his wink at the audience.

Josephine had perhaps the most difficult role of all, and she managed the part very capably. Her voice was light, but true and pleasing, and in the stage business she preserved an unruffled daintiness.

The Sisters, Cousins and Aunts were headed by a superb Hebe; her diction was a model and her stage presence grouped the Chorus like a galleon among a fleet. *Pinafore* gives little scope to the Girls, but they used their opportunities to good advantage. Their singing was precise and accurate, though yielding somewhat in *brio* to the swinging choruses of the Sailors.

But admirably as the Choruses and the principals played their part, it was, as has already been said, primarily a producer's Opera. The grouping of scenes and the changing figures of the dance bore witness to his superb sense of the stage and to his fine feeling for dynamic rhythm. Outstanding was the "Carefully on tip-toe stealing", in which music and action, beautifully combined, carried the Chorus from one side of the stage to the other in a series of controlled and co-ordinated movements. The whole scene had the timing, the balance and the assurance of a single musical phrase. Once again we were reminded of the ballet, as we were also in the gay little "Never mind the why and wherefore".

And so we sat and watched and admired as the Opera drew to the ending which we have already described as the inevitable climax of words, music and dancing. Perhaps occasionally we ventured a criticism, if only because a purely passive reception of even the best entertainment is not the best way of appreciating it. But, in retrospect, any adverse criticism seems churlish. It was a grand occasion and it is impossible to be any other than grateful for, and appreciative of, what must rank as one of the best productions which Palazzola has ever seen.'

24th *Wednesday*. The first free gita of the *villeggiatura* excellently begun with an extra hour in bed to help make up for the very late night we had just had. Most people were more than content to spend this day round the shores of the Lake, though some left the House during the night-watches so as to arrive on top of Tusculum in time for Mass there at dawn.

25th *Thursday*. Soon after breakfast the first parties of Australians arrived from Propaganda. The annual dispute over the Ashes began and continued all day without a satisfactory decision being reached.

26th *Friday*. On a door in the New Wing, 'Dead! Don't disturb!' which just about sums up how we all feel after the last few energetic days. The charms of the Sforza were rediscovered and it was very much a pipe and book day.

29th *Monday*. This morning began the general exodus of gita parties bound for every corner of Italy. We cannot but feel that we shall hear more about these gitas later on. There still remains in the House a handful of Theologians who are leaving for their gita later on.

30th *Tuesday*. We were glad to see that the Tank had been cleaned out and that the water was flowing in again. So far this year the swimming has been most unsatisfactory.

Away in the Albano woods two bodies were found in an advanced state of decomposition. No one was missing at supper. It doesn't say much for the detective powers of our postmen, who must have passed the spot where the bodies were, every day for the past week or so. Which just goes to show how sadly out of date our 'Blood' Library must be. It contains little that was not dated by the turn of the century.

31st *Wednesday* which was a gita day and we saw the Provost off on a longer gita than any of us were contemplating. And perhaps there was a little envy on both sides.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Thursday*. If we have lazed our way through August it is high time that we did some of all those things that we did really mean to do, and which somehow are still not done. This is undoubtedly the month of good resolutions.

A bell was rung this evening and a combination of knowledge and curiosity was responsible for most people's being in Church for Scripture Reading.

2nd *Friday*. It was only natural that our thoughts and conversation should turn to that other Second of September ten years ago when everyone knew that war was inevitable. Such a circle as ours must have wondered what the future would bring. Somehow or other the conversation turned onto evacuation of schoolchildren. It was a shock to realize that the majority of us had been rushed off to safe areas with a label tied round our necks. Worst still, our questioning produced a man who was *too young* to be evacuated!

Rev. Dr Dwyer left us this morning to continue his missionary activities.

3rd *Saturday*. Three o'clock and a fine morning and thus it was that we set off on our own gita and handed over the diary to other willing hands.

6th *Tuesday*. These are quiet days and what with swapping yarns about the gitas and one thing and another, no one noticed how busy First Year were, elaborating plans for their trip to Subiaco. And indeed, what better introduction to the gita spirit could there be than the Belvedere and that interminable climb to the monastery?

Dr Segan M.P. arrived in the morning and stayed over for lunch.

7th *Wednesday* brought another gita day. The cooler the weather becomes, the further afield parties tend to go. The Vice-Rector took one party to Nettuno for a day's boating. Well, they had no worries about getting back in time.

8th *Thursday*. Still more gita parties are returning and after supper in the Common Room . . . well it seems a wonder that any of them got back alive. The gita book passes from hand to hand, and, at intervals, a laudatory 'Hear, hear!' is added to some entry made, perhaps, years ago. But away in the corner sits an unhappy youth, his eyes fixed glassily on some distant corner of Italy, a moist pencil poised in expectation. And miles away in some distant *albergo* a ghostly knell is sounding throughout the building.

10th *Saturday*. The damp earth was the only remnant of the fierce storm that had raged all the previous night. We were invited over to the American villa where we swam, played tennis, saw a film, and, most important of all, made a host of new friends.

12th *Monday*. The day was devoted to the annual visit of the German College and about twenty of them arrived shortly before lunch. Some said that the ghost of Mezzofanti was seen to turn pale as we plunged into conversation, but he was the only one worried.

13th *Tuesday*. First Year left this morning for Subiaco and a strange silence descended on the House, to be rudely banished by the return of Second Year from Florence. After a little more practice they will be as good *raconteurs* as their elders. The very last of the long-gita parties came back, thus relieving us of our share in the burden of the diary.

14th *Wednesday*. Now if you really want a gita there is only one place to go. I remember one magnificent sunny day on the Canal Grande; the sky was blue above. . . But it is Wednesday, and so a gita day, and a boat from Marino is the nearest we shall get to a gondola.

With the darkness came a magnificent electrical storm, with the lightning sweeping across the Campagna from the sea. The rain came down in torrents and in the midst of all this First Year made their way through the woods to the sanctuary of the House.

15th *Thursday*. We were horrified to see the illusion of summer being destroyed by some otherwise sane men rushing around the Sforza with a football.

16th *Friday*. We were awakened at an unearthly hour by the sound of hob-nails on the path telling us that the San Pastore parties were on their way. Routes, and methods of traversing them, varied according to temperament. That virtue is not its own reward was proved by the fact that those who travelled by foot ran into torrential rain; so that back at Palazzola, in the evening, the sight of red cassocks mingling with the more sober black was a further reminder of the kindness shown by our hosts.

17th *Saturday*. Fr McKenna of Liverpool arrived in time for lunch and later in the day Frs Fay and Handley of Salford were introduced to the Venerable on holiday.

18th *Sunday*. Fr Malcolm C.P. was here for confessions and stayed over for lunch. The mystery of the extra place at the Superiors' table was solved by the arrival of Rev. Dr Clark, whose advent had been expected for some time.

19th *Monday*. It being a *No Bell Day*, we sat out on the Terrace to await the arrival of the students from the Scots College who were to spend the day with us. Later in the morning the disastrous news reached us of the devaluation of the Pound Sterling. In the evening, through the kindness of the Vice-Rector, we listened in to the News and heard at first hand how it would affect us. Our own 'Cambio Men' returned from the City to report that no one would touch English credit.

21st *Wednesday*. Last year's day at Pratica was so successful that it was decided to repeat the experiment. The weather promised to be ideal and we eagerly made use of the mechanized transport provided. Down by the sea we discovered a recently installed fresh-water pump which was of inestimable value for those intending to cook. The gita ended in the Wiggery, where flickering fires warmed cauldrons of hot *vino*. And so to song and story telling and all those things that will remain in our minds during the arduous Roman year.

22nd *Thursday*. It was quite like old times for many of us to see Rev. Dr Butterfield once more at the Superiors' table.

24th *Saturday*. Noises from the Cortile indicated that the rehearsals have begun for the second performance of the Opera. It must be stamina that makes a successful cast.

25th *Sunday* brought cooler weather and Fr Seaston, who is, we believe, on his way back to Malta. Dr Butterfield slipped back into his role of domestic confessor. Some were so carried back to the old days at St Mary's Hall that they found themselves wandering into the garden for a smoke after High Mass. His Excellency Mr Perowne came over for a visit and it was a pity that the afternoon turned out so cold and inhospitable.

26th *Monday*. The barbers turned up very early, which was very fortunate for those who were to spend the day over at the Scots' villa. The idea was that they should take first turn, but if people will hang on in the Refectory. . . .

27th *Tuesday*. One Philosopher, who 'didn't quite make it' in July, was rather perturbed at seeing Rev. Dr Park arrive from England. One *Ripetitore* seemed quite enough of a good thing. However, it was soon evident that Dr Park had not arrived in any official capacity and that he was quite content to leave all the work to his successor.

28th *Wednesday*. A *No Bell Day* and the Cortile was a hive of industry. The electrician had staked what little reputation he had left that the lights would be in order for to-night's Opera. As well as innumerable Americans, among our guests were Mgr Carroll-Abbing, who assured us that he had never missed an Opera, Rev. Dr Park, who had seen more than twenty shows of this kind and so was perhaps the most capable of criticising, and Rev. Dr Butterfield who, as everyone knows, *was* the Opera.

29th *Thursday*. As someone once said, the best part of the Opera is the extra hour next morning. Thus we made a leisurely start to the last of the Villa gitas. By way of drawing our attention to the date, the Vice-Rector suggested that now was the time to get the heavy luggage down to the cloisters.

30th *Friday*. *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere*, but about a dozen of us decided to ignore these words of wisdom and 4 a.m. saw us on the road to Faete, to see the sunrise. Having completed the arduous and not

uneventful ascent and having repeatedly listened to the joke about hearing the crack of dawn (with apologies to Mr Bickerstaffe), we felt rewarded when the sun did rise all in its own good time. But we still want to know who it was that helped himself to the biscuits while the rest of us were admiring the beauty of a really magnificent sunrise ; fortunately he couldn't quite manage to drink all the tea.

OCTOBER 1st *Saturday. Feast of St Edward.* To avoid the incongruity of celebrating this feast in Rome, as was done last year, we applied for, and were granted, permission to change the feast *in perpetuum*. Dr Butterfield sang the High Mass. At lunch we welcomed the Vice-Rectors of the Scots and American Colleges and our resident guests Drs Park and Butterfield. Our final *caffè e rosolio al giardino* was washed out half way through and was continued indoors with an interval for changing of cassocks.

2nd *Sunday.* Rain, packing for Rome and a curt announcement that there would be no *Chi Lo Sa?* this Villa. The only bright spot in the day was the Marino wine festival and the fireworks display in the evening from the far side of the Lake.

3rd *Monday.* The last full day of the *villegiatura*. As usual, those who were conscientious and had brought down their heavy luggage to the cloisters at the appointed hour had the reward of feeling virtuous and seeing the late arrivals' luggage depart first. During the bustle of last-minute packing and of returning borrowed goods to the Libraries and elsewhere, cameratas found time to visit Rocca and wherever the mood took them. As the dusk spread over the Villa, fires sprang up here and there on the slopes leading up from the garden, and here we gathered and celebrated this last evening, with song and hot *vino*. True, we were leaving Palazzola with the much-sung 'tear in our eye', but it was quite a merry parting really, because we looked forward to being back again next summer.

4th *Tuesday.* Activity began shortly after 2 a.m. as the walking-to-Rome party gathered and set off for Mass at the Catacombs. Would there be time to pack one's *zimarra* after Mass in time for the first lorry? The question was decided for us by its noisy but definite arrival during Meditation. By ten, the Villa was in the hands of a rear-guard and the rest were reaching Rome.

5th *Wednesday.* Behatted and winged cameratas on the Monserrato told their own tale as we set off to see what had happened to the city during our absence. Much rebuilding has been done and the new railway station is nearing completion. New Men and Old are slowly arriving back from England armed with news and, we hope, plenty of our favourite tobacco.

6th *Thursday.* To lunch, Mgr Atkinson and Fr Foley, both in Rome with a large C.Y.M.S. pilgrimage. The Rector returned from his holiday and appeared at tea-time, looking very fit and full of vigour.

7th *Friday.* New Men and Old are still absent, and those who have arrived are busily preparing an alibi for those who haven't. In the evening Top Year went into Retreat preparatory to their receiving the Diaconate.

8th *Saturday*. Last arrivals reported back this morning and a notice was posted to remind us that this was the last chance to post letters before the Retreat began. 'Pam' opened its hospitable gates once more, and, if some of the New Men were not duly impressed, we merely smiled knowingly. A short smoke followed tea and about six-thirty we told our last jokes, borrowed yet another English cigarette and followed Top Year into Retreat under the direction of Fr Coffey S.J. And silence reigned supreme until . . .

14th *Friday* . . . when a lusty 'Te Deum' brought the Retreat to an end and we followed the postman to the Common Room to see what the week had brought. Now we were able to offer our congratulations to the newly consecrated Bishop Pearson, who had arrived during the Retreat accompanied by Fr Bamber.

15th *Saturday*. Bishop Pearson pontificated at High Mass and lunch was given in his honour. Other guests were Frs Bamber, Ashworth and Iggledden. In the evening we were promised a film on the new projector and even the most staid could not resist some twinge of curiosity. Our good friends at Eagle Lion kindly lent us *Scott of the Antarctic* and the running of the machine was in the expert hands of Mr Wilson. This happy combination produced results that far exceeded the most sanguine prophecies.

17th *Monday*. The wheel of time has taken a half-turn and we find ourselves once again treading the familiar streets that terminate in the Piazza della Pilotta. True, they are only *lectiones breves*, but none the less lectures for all that. Mass in the church of St Ignatius followed and the College provided the *assistenza*. In the evening prizes were distributed and we must congratulate Mr FitzPatrick who received the gold medal in Philosophy. Back in the Common Room our own '*praemia*' were distributed, and if the New Men looked a little puzzled, who could blame them?

18th *Tuesday*. Even the weather seemed to be on our side until the bell went for lectures and the daily round began once more. After lunch the College weighing-machine made its appearance and people could be seen trying to look as if they really had lost weight.

19th *Wednesday*. To lunch Ludvig von Pastor, with a Public Meeting to follow.

20th *Thursday*. The day began with a Solemn Requiem in the church of St Ignatius for the deceased staff and students of the University. His Lordship Bishop Hill of Victoria, Vancouver, arrived for lunch, closely followed by their Lordships Bishops Grimshaw and Rudderham accompanied by Rev. Dr Buckley and Fr O'Leary. In the afternoon the rugby team shook the dust off their boots, fished out their scrum-caps and made their way, by Vatican bus, to Acqua Acetosa.

22nd *Saturday*. After lectures we returned with more eagerness than usual to celebrate the advent of Bishops Grimshaw and Rudderham. During coffee the Rector proposed the health of Bishop Rudderham and we sat back with pleasure to see what our guests had to say for themselves.

23rd *Sunday*. Bishop Rudderham celebrated High Mass this morning and the day passed on into the afternoon when the College became like Harlem gone mad, as 'musicians' from various Colleges gathered in our Common Room. The ultimate object was a proposed concert to be given at the Gregorian.

A not unknown cantor again hit the headlines as he plunged us into Compline half way through Vespers.

24th *Monday*. Bishop Pearson left us to spend a few days further South. No one was sorry when the Public Meeting drew to a close.

27th *Thursday*. Never have English College students flocked to the University with such alacrity. But then, this is probably the first time in history that Coca-Cola and *bombe* have been on sale within the hallowed precincts of the *aula*. The occasion was a concert to welcome the New Men; it was not of high standard and lacked cohesion, but it was a promising experiment. Our own resident buffoons, both of them, undeterred by lugubrious prophecies and reminders of previous flops, provided the sensation of the evening and we basked in the reflected glory for many days to come.

28th *Friday*. The vestments at Mass reminded us and we offered our congratulations to the Vice-Rector on the anniversary of his ordination. All our guests departed to-day and their places were filled by Pastor.

30th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Top Year who received the Diaconate at the Pontificio Collegio Pio Latino from Mgr José Newton-d'Almeida, Bishop of Paraguaiana, Brazil.

As it was four months since there were baths for the House, there was great rejoicing when it was learned that there was sufficient hot water for all. Off with the old man and on with the new. The organ was found wanting and resisted a mass attack by our body of electricians. It was decided to leave the operation for skilled attention. The era of oil-lamps has come back again, and, if you want to get anything done in the evenings, it is no use relying on the power. We hope that these cuts will soon cease or be timed better. The Debating Club held its first meeting this year and came to the conclusion that the English have some sense of humour. However, the transport strike did not cause much mirth.

NOVEMBER 1st *Tuesday*. *Feast of All Saints*. The Rector sang High Mass and Bishop Pearson arrived back from Cassino in time to pontificate at Solemn Benediction. To lunch Mr Francis Bannister of the Catholic Association.

2nd *Wednesday*. No one would willingly miss a visit to the Campo Santo on this day. As usual we paid a visit to the tomb of Mgr Giles, which, unfortunately, is in need of repair, though the Rector has promised to do something about it.

Thanks to the generosity of the Vice-Rector we were able to celebrate his birthday at tea-time and participate in a much appreciated smoke afterwards.

News was received of the death of the Rector of the German College, Fr Brust S.J. *Requiescat in pace*.

3rd *Thursday*. Mr Woodruff entertained the Literary Society with an interesting talk on the Strasbourg Conference.

4th *Friday*. Rome was on holiday, Italy was on holiday, but for us it was a *dies scholae*. The Rector departed for Fiesole to visit one of the students who is sick there. In the evening Fr Alfred resumed his conferences and the Mezzofanti Society blushingly made its way back into the public eye with a debate.

6th *Sunday*. A *Day of Recollection* brings the advantage of a really long afternoon and cameratas were to be seen leaving immediately after lunch, bound for Lake Albano and the local Castelli.

7th *Monday*. And the fates were kind for once. A providential downpour about 8.10 a.m. was eagerly reciprocated with a short bell. In the evening a play reading of T. S. Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes* emptied the Common Room. We are reliably informed that in the old days it was the minorority that attended such activities and the evening Common Room was more or less sacrosanct. It appears now that 'the old order changeth'.

11th *Friday*. After lectures there was a Solemn Requiem at the church of San Silvestro for the dead of both wars. The College sang the High Mass and the Scots College provided the *assistenza*. The celebrant was Mgr Duchemin, Rector of the Beda College.

12th *Saturday*. Afer lunch the annual Book Auction took place and the proceeds were devoted to the support of the Indian Student. Bidding was high and many old friends fell under the hammer.

14th *Monday*. There is always something undesirable about Mondays, especially Monday mornings. Of course it was quite obvious as we left for the Gregorian that it would pour with rain before the morning was out—and it did. Naturally it was all clear by walk time, but the wise old hands had already sent in hats and wings and cassocks to the Madre to be dried.

Dr Clark cast his eye over the Italian Grammar and commenced to teach First Year the elements *della lingua Toscana*. They will now be able to do their own shopping.

15th *Tuesday*. A new and successful venture was tried out in the evening in the form of a philosophical debate under the supervision of the *Ripetitore*.

17th *Thursday*. The Literary Society held a meeting in the Saletta where Mr Keith Faulkner gave a recital of some dozen songs accompanied at the piano by Mrs Faulkner. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings that the Society has provided us with for some time.

22nd *Tuesday*. The whole College seemed to be in the crypt of Santa Cecilia this afternoon, but all had to leave before Vespers because of duties in the House.

One of First Year left for the hospital of the Blue Nuns. Shirking a speech on Friday? Or perhaps the shock of learning what his new hat and wings are to cost him.

24th *Thursday*. And quite a Red Letter Day too: to-day, history was made. It all started with the Rector's deciding to consult dietetic specialists to determine whether our breakfast was too small, the morning too long, or (presumably) both. It ended with their conclusions being embodied in a monumental announcement by the Vice-Rector that w.e.f. Monday next a portable mid-morning refection would be provided daily to help fill the gap between breakfast and lunch. *Ad maiora!*

In the afternoon the Rugby XV defeated Rome University 6-3. Only those of us who could remember the Brick-Fields at Stonyhurst when they were at their worst could find any comparison for the state of the pitch, which was inches deep in mud and water.

25th *Friday*. *Festa di Santa Caterina*. The Philosophers had it all to themselves to-day from the first sympathetic '*festa*' at breakfast, through the speeches after lunch, to the lusty 'God Save the King' at night. In the evening, the 'function'—there is no other word so apt—at the church of Santa Caterina, was a perfect complement to the concert later, which was a very pleasant affair and contained several bright and original ideas.

1 FIRST YEAR SONG

2 SKETCH

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING

<i>Felix Montague</i>	.	.	.	Mr Leonard
<i>Judith Montague</i>	.	.	.	Mr Foulkes
<i>Sir Brian Howet</i>	.	.	.	Mr Travers
<i>Lady Thalia Wilmer</i>	.	.	.	Mr Latham
' <i>Leslie Gest</i> '	.	.	.	Mr Formby
<i>Caroline Beckwith</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brady
<i>C. D. Williams</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rice
<i>Major 'Runtz' Pearson</i>	.	.	.	Mr Harding
<i>Dorinda Caswell</i>	.	.	.	Mr Crossling
<i>Eliot Richard Vine</i>	.	.	.	Mr Connelly
<i>Blair</i>	.	.	.	Mr Mallinder
<i>Detective-Inspector Rutheford</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lightbound
<i>Detective-Sergeant Ferris</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kelly
<i>Sergeant Ramage</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ketterer

Produced by Mr Collier

3 PHILOSOPHERS' CHOIR

Full Fathom Five

4 ITEM

Messrs Swindlehurst, Gordon
and Bickerstaffe

5 PIANO DUET

Humoresque (*Alec Rowley*) . Messrs Smith, Lightbound

6 SKETCH

CREAM OF TARTAR

<i>Nelson Sparks</i>	.	.	.	Mr Taylor
<i>Mummie (his wife)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brown
<i>Aunt Rebecca</i>	.	.	.	Mr Talbot
<i>Sharp</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kennedy

Produced by Mr Abbott

26th *Saturday*. *St John Berchmans* and a holiday. Many took the opportunity to attend Mass at Sant' Ignazio said by the General of the Jesuits, Fr Janssens.

27th *Sunday*. *The first Sunday of Advent*. The absence of an organ accompaniment played havoc with the singing especially during Vespers. In the afternoon one was torn between seeing the film *Amleto* and hearing the first of the Vice-Rector's Advent Sermons at San Silvestro. The attraction of the mother tongue proved too strong for many.

The film screen in the Common Room is being enlarged by willing hands to suit the dimensions of the projection of the new machine.

At lunch the Rector entertained Bro. Clair (De La Salle).

28th *Monday*. Brought the conclusion of a recent debate and we decided to support U.N.O. The Rector's guest at lunch was Rev. Dr Prestige.

29th *Tuesday*. The story was disclosed of how the car radiator was inadvertently filled with holy water from a jug standing in the Sacristy. Does one dip one's finger into the tank before driving off?

The Tiber has been showing its paces and has risen some fifteen feet. It makes a magnificent sight as it sweeps along and rushes through the arches of the bridges carrying with it flotsam of all kinds.

30th *Wednesday*. Although the reception was poor, we enjoyed listening to the International Football Match between Italy and England.

In place of Night Prayers, we kept the vigil of the feast of the *College Martyrs* with customary solemnity. The Rector read the Breviary lessons, and, after the veneration of the relic of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, we sang the traditional 'Te Deum'.

DECEMBER 1st *Thursday*. *Feast of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Protomartyr of the College*. The Rector sang the High Mass. At lunch the guests were: Mgr Carroll-Abbing, Alfred C.P., Fr Tyndal-Atkinson O.P., Frs Dyson S.J., Nolan S.J., Coffey S.J., Iggledden and Ashworth, and Mr Somers-Cocks. The Rector took the opportunity of offering the congratulations and good wishes of the House to Fr Tyndal-Atkinson on his appointment as Prior of Santa Sabina. We should like to express our thanks to Mgr Carroll-Abbing for his generous gift of cigarettes.

After supper we enjoyed *The Snake Pit*, a film which provided conversation for several days afterwards.

2nd *Friday*. At lunch the reader calmly assured us that, way back in the days when men were men, one of our students had been found dead in goal. And now they call the Roma match tough. Thieves have been removing the lead studs from the main door of the Church and up to date there are about twenty missing. The thieves still go free.

3rd *Saturday*. *Dies Non*. In the afternoon many went out to St Paul's to see the College play H.M. Embassy at football.

4th *Sunday*. *A Day of Recollection* and the conference was given by Mgr Heard. The afternoon brought a mass exodus to the Castelli—now an accepted feature of College life on these days.

5th *Monday*. To lunch Fr Tyndal-Atkinson and Rev. Dr Prestige. First Year made their initial excursion into the realms of Gregorian examinations in the evening. It was not until their return that they learned that it is not the custom to recite a public litany in the *aula*.

7th *Wednesday*. To lunch, Bishop Gawlina and Count Czabski. Later in the day Bishop Jurgens of the Phillipines paid us a visit.

8th *Thursday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. The Piazza di Spagna, which is usually the centre of so much activity, was quite deserted this afternoon. Instead, the picture of the Madonna *Salus Populi Romani* was carried in procession from St Mary Major's to St Peter's, where it was received by the Pope. Many thousands of men took part in the three mile procession, and from windows and balconies hung banners and tapestries. Lanterns and flares lit the last stages of the route and made an impressive sight in the gathering dusk. Cameratas on their way back to the College were held up for some time before they were able to cross the moving stream of the procession.

In the evening His Excellency Mr Perowne gave an enjoyable talk to the Literary Society on the subject of Diplomacy.

The Rector's guest at lunch was Mr Pilcher, Press Attaché to the British Embassy.

10th *Saturday*. At lunch we began the second volume of Mr Churchill's *The Second World War*, to which we had been looking forward since we finished the first volume. Afterwards, a Public Meeting to solve the vexed question of Christmas guests to our concerts.

Two of Top Year began their Priesthood Retreat at SS. John and Paul.

11th *Sunday*. Permission was granted to attend the Papal Mass and a complete absence of entrance tickets did not prove an obstacle to those who attended. The usual House ceremonies were replaced by the celebration of the feast at San Lorenzo in Damaso.

We were pleased to see two of the Professors from the Gregorian, Frs Boyer S.J., and Lawlor S.J. in the more congenial surroundings of the Refectory.

In the evening Mr O'Hara gave a song recital for the Music Lovers.

13th *Tuesday*. As Christmas approaches the Editor of *Chi Lo Sa?* can be seen applying his well known technique. You know how it goes. . . . an earlier article recalled . . . a few smooth words and your promised few lines develop into a couple of articles and one or two drawings.

15th *Thursday*. After lunch the November issue of THE VENERABLE made its appearance. The next number, we are assured, will come out on time.

Mr Ross Duggan paid a visit to the College in the evening.

17th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs O'Dowd and Spillane, who were ordained this morning at the Lateran by Archbishop Traglia, and to Second Year Theology, who received their First Minor Orders. Mr Spillane officiated at Benediction and the 'Te Deum' and kissing of the hands took place instead of Night Prayers.

18th *Sunday*. First Masses of the New Priests. Mr O'Dowd, assisted by Mr English, said the Community Mass, and Mr Spillane sang the High Mass. The Rector's guests at lunch were the New Priests, Mgr Apap Bologna from Malta, and Mr Spillane's father and brother.

21st *Wednesday*. The Mass of Exposition sung by the Rector began our *Quarant'Ore*, after which we were free to attend the last lecture. To lunch, Professor Parks of Columbia University.

22nd *Thursday*. *Missa Pro Pace*. One of those tense moments at lunch, for the reader at least, when the Rector momentarily forgot that it was Thursday.

23rd *Friday*. The Mass of Deposition brought to an end our *Quarant'Ore*. The Common Room was the scene of much labour and merry-making in the evening, as the holly-chains and decorations were made and the Distinguished Picture Gallery received its annual wash. Mgr Heard kindly gave cigarettes for those who were thus employed. By right, all this activity belongs to to-morrow, but this year is exceptional.

24th *Saturday*. *Opening of the Holy Door and the Solemn Inauguration of the Holy Year*. Early in the morning we joined the throng of pilgrims who were making their way to St Peter's. Some were lucky and managed to obtain places within sight of the Holy Door. The majority, however, had to be content with a view of the procession subsequent to the actual opening. The radio transmission of the ceremony was not functioning properly and the time of waiting proved rather tedious; but all sense of frustration vanished as the Holy Father was carried down the basilica and passed within a few feet of where the majority of us were gathered. Fr Rope so staggered the guards by producing a ticket of 1929 vintage that they escorted him into one of the best places available.

In the afternoon Christmas shopping followed by the usual high-tea. And so to the Common Room, Night Prayers at 6.45 and the *Salve*, followed by the usual self-conscious babel of conversation. Then back to the Common Room for some, and bed for the lucky ones who had no task on hand. It is worthy of note that the heating was put on this evening for the first time this winter.

25th *Sunday*. Solemn Matins were followed by Midnight Mass sung by the Rector, and Lauds.

The usual 'Happy Christmases' were flung across the Refectory, and the priests wandered around watching us drinking our soup and hot wine and assuring us that their own supper had been a much better one. The Common Room, we found, had been decorated with a splendour and artistry that completely eclipsed the comparative austerity of previous years. Round the fire, there were carols, songs and the shouting and the long wait for *Chi Lo Sa*? It was not until morning that it was possible to take a quiet look at it and even then someone insisted on explaining the jokes.

Although it is customary to hold the Christmas Day lunch solely *in famiglia* the Rector welcomed His Grace the Archbishop of Malta, an old student of the Beda when it was housed under the same roof as ourselves, and offered him our sincere congratulations on his Episcopal Silver Jubilee.

At lunch also were Mgr Heard and Fr Ashworth. Solemn Benediction followed coffee and then the well-known rush to get all in readiness for the Pantomime which, following the traditional plot as all good pantomimes should, succeeded in capturing the Christmas spirit and brought with it a full quota of songs and a plentiful measure of enjoyment.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1949

1 CAROLS

Ding dong merrily on high
Angels we have heard on high
As Joseph was a-walking

2 PANTOMIME

HARLEQUINADE

<i>Harlequin</i>	Mr Formby
<i>Columbine</i>	Mr Kenny
<i>Giant</i>	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Witch</i>	Mr McConnon
<i>Jack</i>	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Fairy Queen</i>	Mr Kirkham
<i>Nobleman</i>	Mr Broome
<i>Elsie</i>	Mr Foulkes
<i>Eustace</i>	Mr Berkley
<i>Wicked Aunt</i>	Mr Talbot
<i>Wicked Uncle</i>	Mr Bickerstaffe
<i>Lizzie</i>	Mr Kelly
<i>Gertie</i>	Mr Duggan
<i>Pianist</i>	Mr McGuiness

Produced by Mr Lloyd

26th *Monday*. Any ideas of a rest were ruthlessly brushed aside as we once again made our way to St Peter's where we took part in the first pilgrimage of the Holy Year along with some ten thousand other clerics and students of Rome. The Pope himself led the procession and took part in the prayers necessary for the gaining of the Jubilee Indulgence. No one could ever hope to be nearer to the Holy Father than we were as he was carried out of the basilica between two ranks of students and priests.

In the evening we were pleasantly entertained by a film show.

27th *Tuesday* began with the second visit of the pilgrimage, this time to St Paul's. To lunch Comm. Freddi and Ing. Sneider. After tea the first of the Christmas plays was presented and we had our first opportunity of seeing the result of all the work which has been done on the stage this year. The curtains have been replaced by a set of professional looking flats which lend themselves to more ambitious staging. The play re-introduced us to many vintage characters from the Palazzola Library, even though the producer's conception of some of them did differ in some respects from our own. The acting was good and everyone agreed that it had been a most enjoyable performance.

ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1949

- 1 CAROLS
A Virgin most pure . . . Fr Clark, Messrs O'Hara,
Dives and Lazarus Hunt, Broome
- 2 SONG
Buttons and Bows Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
- 3 SKETCH

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse and Ian Hay

Lord Emsworth	Mr Rice
Beach	Mr Gordon
Freddie Threepwood	Mr O'Hara
Baxter	Mr Carson
Lady Emsworth	Mr Leonard
Ticket-Collector	Mr Ketterer
Miss Eve Halliday	Mr Brady
Psmith	Mr Connelly
Ralston McTodd	Mr M. Keegan
Miss Rumbelow (a waitress)	Mr Swindlehurst
Coots	Mr Byron
Ethelberta	Mr Scantlebury
Miss Peavy	Mr Rossiter

Produced by Mr Abbott

28th *Wednesday*. Before supper we sang first Vespers in preparation for the feast. Rev. D Ronchetti and Fr P. Clark arrived to spend a few days at the College.

29th *Thursday*. *Feast of St Thomas, Patron of the College*. The Rector sang High Mass and afterwards there was a fire waiting for us in the Common Room. At lunch the guests were: The Rector of the North American College, Bishop O'Connor; Abbot Smith; Mgr Duchemin Clapperton and McDaid; Frs Tyndal-Atkinson O.P., Bolland S.J., Dyson S.J., Treacey, Davies, Iggliden, Ashworth, Clark, and Rev. Dr Ronchetti.

In the evening the second of the Christmas plays, this time a thriller. It was a good play and the suspense, was, on the whole, well maintained.

ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1949

- 1 CAROLS
Ding dong merrily on high
In dulci iubilo
- 2 PIANO DUET
Humble us by Thy Goodness (*Bach*) . . . Messrs McGuinness
Sheep may safely graze (*Bach*) . . . and Brown
- 3 VOCAL SOLO
The Irish Emigrant Mr Buckley
On the banks of the River Lee

4 SKETCH

THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER

By Edward Percy

<i>Descius Heiss</i>	Mr Lowery
<i>Archie Fellowes</i>	Mr P. Keegan
<i>Margaret Heiss</i>	Mr Tierney
<i>Joan Deal</i>	Mr Latham
<i>Mathilde Heiss</i>	Mr Walmsley
<i>Mrs Catt</i>	Mr Travers
<i>Robert Graham</i>	Mr Lightbound
<i>Corder Morris</i>	Mr Collier
<i>Steve Hubbard</i>	Mr Burke
<i>John Elliot</i>	Mr Frost

Produced by Mr Tierney

30th *Friday*. A game of soccer provided entertainment in the morning for a few, but the majority decided to take things as easily as possible. In the evening, by courtesy of the Eagle Lion Film Co., we were able to enjoy *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

31st *Saturday*. And all decks cleared for the Christmas Fair. All the old favourites were there along with one or two new ideas. Fr Alfred arrived for confessions and was able to join us on the stage later in the evening. The day and the year fittingly closed with Benediction and the 'Te Deum'. Not to mention 'Auld Lang Syne' just before Night Prayers.

The Earl of Iddesleigh paid a short visit to the College in the afternoon.

JANUARY 1st 1950, *Sunday*. *Feast of the Circumcision*. The usual midnight fireworks display from the Cappellar' gave us no chance of missing that dramatic moment, the turning point of the century. We were drowsily wondering what the noise was and wishing that it would stop, when we realized that it was 1950. The beginning of the Holy Year a week ago took rather unfair advantage of the calendar and seemed to reduce the beginning of a new half-century to the status of an anti-climax.

High Mass was followed by a smoke in the Common Room, during which an attempt was made to sell off the unconsumed refreshments which an over-sanguine Committee found left on their hands after last night's fair. To lunch Archbishop Tonna, Frs Ryan and Peters and Brigadier Collingwood. After tea, we settled down expectantly in the Common Room to make the most of the last of the Christmas concerts. And indeed, *The Importance of being Ernest* proved a fitting climax to the Christmas entertainments which we were, this year, well up to standard.

1 PIANO DUET

Deep Purple Messrs Laughton-Mathews
Night and Day and Kirkham

2 RECITATION Mr Bickerstaffe

3 MUSICAL ITEM Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor

4 SKETCH

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST

By Oscar Wilde

John Worthing J.P.	.	.	Mr Davis
Algernon Moncrieff	.	.	Mr FitzPatrick
The Rev. Canon Chasuble	.	.	Mr McGuinness
Lane (Algernon's butler)	.	.	Mr D'Arcy
Merriman (butler to Mr Worthing)	.	.	Mr Kennedy
Lady Bracknell	.	.	Mr P. J. More
The Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax	.	.	Mr FitzGibbon
Miss Cecily Cardew	.	.	Mr Doran
Miss Prism (a governess)	.	.	Mr Dakin

Produced by Mr FitzPatrick

2nd Monday. The lecturers picked up where they had left off and at lunch we picked up the B. E. F. where we had left it, on the beaches at Dunkirk. We learned that the Senior Student for next year will be Mr Lowery, and Mr Howorth his deputy.

4th Tuesday. Fr O'Leary arrived from England for a few days' holiday. In the evening a number attended the Beda College's production of *Blihe Spirit*.

6th Wednesday. *Feast of the Epiphany*. High Mass was sung by the Rector. To lunch, His Excellency Mr Walshe, Fr Alfred C.P., Major Utley, Mr Somers-Cocks and Mr Smith. Among the guests at the final launching of *H.M.S. Pinafore* were His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet, His Excellency Mr Perowne, Abbot Langdon O.S.B., Mgr Clapperton, Whitty, Flanagan, and Fr Tyndal-Atkinson O.P. The Opera itself was something of which any producer could be justifiably proud. It had lost nothing since the Villa performance and indeed seemed to have gained precision and accuracy. Admirable use was made of the supporting roles, and colour, music and movement blended into a whole at once enjoyable and praiseworthy and superbly adapted to the circumscribed limits of our stage.

Thus our task is at an end. Half a year has come and gone and these few pages must serve as a record of that which will never be again. Our entries are but a clerestory whose light merely suggests the possibility of that which lies shadowed below. We have let in the light—it is for you to search out the depths.

LAWRENCE HOWORTH.

PERSONAL

During October we were very pleased to welcome BISHOPS GRIMSHAW (1919-26), RUDDERHAM (1923-7) and PEARSON (1928-34) during their stay in Rome. It was the first time we had had the pleasure of seeing BISHOPS RUDDERHAM and PEARSON since their consecration.

In January of this year we were pleased to have a short visit from the Right Honourable John A. Costello, the Prime Minister of Ireland. Accompanied by His Excellency Mr Walshe, the Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, he faced an hour of questions from the Literary Society.

The Literary Society was also the channel through which we had the pleasure of another visit from His Excellency Mr Perowne, who spoke to us on the Diplomatic Service. We were also pleased to welcome him once again when he came with His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet, the Ambassador to the Quirinal, to the Epiphany performance of the Opera.

Other guests at Christmas-time included REV. T. RONCHETTI (1936-9), REV. P. CLARK (1934-41) and REV. M. O'LEARY (1937-44) from England, and our Roman residents MGR CARROLL-ABBING (1930-8), REV. L. ASHWORTH (1932-9), and REV. A. IGGLEDEN (1933-40).

We offer our sincere congratulations to CANON ILES (1907-14) on his appointment by the Holy Father as Domestic Prelate, and to FR J. PARK (1926-33) who is now a Privy Chamberlain.

We wish to express our grateful thanks to Professor Lloyd of Coleg Harlech who stayed with us last summer whilst engaged on research work at the Vatican Archives: he kindly presented *Athravaeth Gristnogawl* by Morus Clynnog and *Gramadeg Cymraeg* by Gruffydd Robert to the Library and has since sent to the Rector the first series of recordings to be made by the Welsh Recorded Music Society.

The following were ordained this year:

Messrs English and Rea, by Archbishop Urbani, at the Dodici Apostoli, on 10th July 1949.

Messrs Spillane and O'Dowd, by Archbishop Traglia, at St John Lateran, on 17th December 1949.

Messrs Stewart, McGuinness and Balfe, by Archbishop Traglia, at St John Lateran, on 4th March 1950

Recent appointments include :

REV. J. BRISCOE (1921-6) to be Parish Priest at St Edward's, Runcorn, Cheshire.

REV. G. HIGGINS (1921-8) to be Administrator of the Cathedral, Shrewsbury.

REV. J. W. CAMPBELL (1925-32) from Upholland College to St John's, Wigan.

REV. J. LYONS (1928-35) to be Parish Priest at St Anne's, Nantwich.

REV. E. NEARY (1929-36) from Cheshire Joint Sanatorium to 94, Queen's Road, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

REV. G. E. ROBERTS (1930-8) from Fakenham to Walsingham.

REV. J. MULLIN (1931-8) from Sacred Heart, St Helen's, to 23, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

REV. G. PITT (1933-40) from Corsham to *H.M.S. Raleigh*, Torpoint, East Cornwall.

We were very sorry to learn of the death of the VERY REV. JOHN CANON JARVIS PH.D. (1900-07) and of the VERY REV. FRANCIS CANON BAILEY D.D. (1892-99). Obituaries of the late Mgr Moss and Canon O'Rourke will be found at the back of the present number.

The Editor welcomes any information for this column.

Messrs Spillane and O'Dowd, by Archbishop Triglia, at St John's, on 17th December 1949.

Messrs Stewart, McGuinness and Ball, by Archbishop Triglia, at St John's, on 4th March 1950.

Recent appointments include:

Rev. J. Baiscon (1951-6) to be Parish Priest at St Edward's, Runcom, Cheshire.

Rev. G. Ince (1951-8) to be Administrator of the Cathedral, Shrewsbury.

Rev. J. W. Gammie, to be Rector of St John's, Wigan.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are:

Editor: Mr Hunt

Secretary: Mr Fonseca

Sub-editor: Mr Lloyd

Under-secretary: Mr P. Keegan

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Baeda*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Beda Review*, *The Oscotian*, *The Cottonian*, *Pax*, *The Douai Magazine*, *St Peter's College Magazine*, *The Wonersh Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Pylon*, *The Scots College Magazine*, *The Lisbonian*, *Korrespondenzblatt*.

MUSIC

Last year, for the first time in its history, the Schola was asked to sing at the Benediction in Sant' Ignazio at the close of the academic year; and, as the music of Palestrina and Verdiana filled the church, we were conscious that it was on the top of its form, singing with an exactness of pitch and fullness of tone so rarely heard at such functions. Later in the year it sang at the farewell concert given by the University to the students in their last year, and at the beginning of the new scholastic year it gave a rousing start to a similar concert arranged to welcome the New Men. Thus it has achieved what might be called an international reputation. Since then Mr Brown has succeeded Mr O'Hara as Choirmaster. One new motet has been added to its repertoire, *Posuisti Domine*, an Offertory piece for the feast of St Thomas composed by our organist, Mr McGuinness; it was an effective piece and though, owing to the alternation of unison and harmony, the opening section produced a rather halting effect, the final fugato *Alleluia* was well managed and brought the work to a triumphal conclusion.

There have been two music-lovers' concerts both of which, despite the apparently serious nature of their programmes, attracted large audiences.

The position of these concerts in the general scheme of College entertainment is interesting: they are neither sponsored by a private Society nor are they regarded as public concerts. Such considerations are important when deciding whether more popular taste should be considered in the arranging of programmes, or whether the pieces performed should be regarded in the same light as papers delivered to the Wiseman Society, some of which might possibly be of interest only to the writer. Perhaps the time is ripe for the formation of a private musical society with musical entertainment and education as its own special province.

Once the warm weather had set in, gramophone concerts after supper were a nightly occurrence in Rome, and they were continued at the Villa. Records were brought into the Villa at regular intervals from the British Council in Rome and so we were able to become almost as well acquainted with modern British works as with the classics. Britten's 'Serenade for Tenor, Horn and String Orchestra', for example, was very well received, though a selection from the same composer's opera, *The Rape of Lucrece*, did not meet with the same approval. Not that the classics were neglected, but for these we depend on our own record library which is not very large, nor are all the records in good condition.

Back in Rome, in early November, a most entertaining evening was had in the Saletta when Mr Keith Faulkner of the British Council in Rome gave us a short song recital accompanied at the piano by his wife. His programme, a selection of songs from the 'Golden Age' down to the present day, included an aria from *King Arthur* by Purcell, a song which displayed perhaps more than any other the amazing technique of the singer, the restrained power of his fine baritone voice. 'Is my team ploughing?' from the *Shropshire Lad* cycle by Butterworth was a song already well known, but the change of his voice for the question and answer in each verse added to our appreciation of it. We understand that Mr Faulkner is an ardent admirer of Somervell and the song he chose from this composer's works was 'Birds in the High Hall Gardens', a song the hurry and scurry of which was so admirably realized by the singer that we should have enjoyed further samples of this composer's artistry. To Mr and Mrs Faulkner we are grateful for an unforgettable musical experience—of such as the poet writes:

'music heard so deeply

That it is not heard at all, but you are the music

While the music lasts'.

MICHAEL J. KIRKHAM.

GOLF

To bestow a 'tutti quanti' on a patch of shaggy and chaotic jungle is scarcely a congenial task for one whose sole equipment is a blunt sickle. If, in past years, the conversion of fairway into green necessitated such a Herculean effort, this year no such exertion was required; an English

lawn-mower, kindly provided by the Vice-Rector, was brought into commission and amply repaid the 1,000 lire expended on its purchase. A keensighted observer can now hazard a shrewd conjecture as to where the green begins and the fairway ends.

In tackling the rough also we can claim some modest success—thanks to the unstinted help of several energetic members. This year, as an exceptional wave of hot weather descended on Palazzola the inducements to manual labour were undeniably slight. All the more credit, then, is due to the group of stalwarts who were decoyed from the Wiggery to try conclusions with an obdurate rough. It was largely as a result of their efforts that the course was fit for two preliminary competitions in addition to the tournament.

A far greater attraction, however, than any tournament was the official opening of the course on 26th July. The Vice-Rector, pivoting in the orthodox manner on the ball of his left foot, combined a wristy follow-through with a well-timed pronation and smote the ball with his accustomed shrewdness not less than 140 yards, to open a highly successful season.

Our thanks are due to Fr Michael Elcock, who has kindly provided a bag of clubs for next year.

MICHAEL MCCONNON.

CRICKET

Cricket in Rome always seems to be something of an anomaly: examinations are on the horizon, the time is short and the parched, baked ground a poor substitute for the Sforza. Yet enthusiasts were not wanting and we enjoyed many entertaining evenings, as well as the match in which we lost to the Beda College.

Once at the Villa, willing hands started work on the 'square' and this year, as an experiment, an unusually deep foundation of pozzolana was reinforced with cement. Even so, though the venture was, on the whole, highly successful, the cement eventually cracked and crumbled around the edges. Perhaps in the end we shall solve our problem with a 'Bradman' concrete wicket.

Of all the games we played this year the 'Test' was again the highlight of the season, and resulted in a close and exciting finish, the Australians being only twelve runs in arrears with many wickets still to fall at the close of play.

We played the British Embassy twice and equally shared with them the laurels of victory. Both encounters were keenly contested and were most enjoyable social occasions. Also we must record our sincere thanks to the Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet, who presented us with two new bats.

The Secretary for next season is Mr O'Hara.

WILLIAM HUNT.

ASSOCIATION

After opening the season on the Sforza, we returned to Rome, where, on Mr Buckley's retirement on doctor's orders, Mr Derbyshire was elected to the newly created post of Secretary, and the team chose Mr Lowery as Captain. Ground facilities were good, games regular and the turn-out consistent. There were fewer matches this season, but three of them stand out. We won the first against the Scots by two early snap goals; they rallied well, but there was, justly, no further score. We lost the other two to the very good, fast moving Brazilian College team, 3—0 on their very small pitch, and 4—2 in the season's best game, at Gelsomino.

We had a representative on each side in the University Philosophy v. Theology game, which Philosophy won 5—4. Philosophy won also in the corresponding House game, 7—1. Team gaps have been satisfactorily filled, and though the right wing is unstable, the reserves are strong, as we saw when an 'A' team beat the War Graves Commission 3—0. The following have represented the College: Messrs Fonseca, Hunt, Price, Lightbound, Frost, Kennedy, Lowery, Derbyshire, Abbott, Mallinder, Brady, Carson, Taylor, Buckley, Murphy-O'Connor P., and Crossling. Mr Burtoft has been elected Secretary for the coming season.

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

RUGBY

The number of active rugby players in the House is still very small, and we are fortunate in being able to make up sides for the House games by recruiting a number of Rosminians and other assorted clerics, whose friendly spirit and high standard of play have contributed in no small manner to our enjoyment of these games. In addition to several practice matches with teams of varying strength from the Rome Rugby Club, we played two outside matches. The first, against Rome University, was played before Christmas on a pitch badly affected by rain, and the ensuing mud-bath ended in a narrow victory for us, 6—3. By contrast, the pitch for the last game of the season against the Rome XV was so hard that it had to be sprayed with water to make the play less dangerous. Owing to several injuries in the College team, we had to call in some of our guest players, and the result was one of the strongest teams we have ever turned out. The game was perhaps the best we have had since our return to Rome. Fast open play, excellent tackling, some spirited battles in the scrum and the cheers of our supporters helped to make it a most enjoyable afternoon. The play of the Rome team showed a marked improvement, and the issue was in doubt until the very end of the game when a good passing movement among the pack gave them the winning try, and fourteen points to our eleven. The following have represented the College: Messrs Abbott, Cox, Byron, Murphy-O'Connor B., Hunt, Murphy-O'Connor P., Fonseca, Lloyd, Formby, Keegan P., Frost, Howorth, Alexander, Keegan M., Lowery, Travers, Grech.

PATRICK KEEGAN.

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OBITUARY

THE VERY REV. JOSEPH MONSIGNOR MOSS D.D.

On 30th August of last year it was a shock to all of us to hear of the sudden death of Mgr Moss. We knew that he had been in indifferent health for some time. We had heard that he had some serious heart affection. But it never occurred to us that he might collapse suddenly and die in a matter of minutes, away from home, while yet comparatively young. . . . It was hard to realize that his life and work were ended, and that we should never again in this world meet that familiar, friendly figure we had known so well and so long.

He was born in Chorley sixty-two years ago. Educated at St Mary's, Chorley, at St Edward's College, Liverpool, and at Upholland College, he was ordained priest in 1916. His first appointment was to Oscott College, Birmingham, as professor of Moral Theology. For three years he devoted himself conscientiously to his work, proving that his superiors' confidence in his ability had not been misplaced. Yet in this work, he felt, so he said, his lack of specialist training and consequently welcomed the opportunity of further study in Rome. There, from 1919 to 1922, he attended the Gregorian University and later obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. No doubt he hoped and would have loved to spend the rest of his life teaching. His strong, disciplined character, his genuine piety, and his quiet love of study eminently fitted him for the life of a seminary professor. But it was not to be. Few priests live the life of their choice except in the sense that they choose the life of obedience. After a few months of parish work in St Mary's, Chorley, Mgr Moss was appointed Spiritual Director to the Venerable.

It was during his years of work in the College that we knew him best. A Spiritual Director in a seminary has no easy task. But Mgr Moss was more than adequate. Both superiors and students soon realized his value. To the Rector he gave unstinted loyalty and support. Mgr Hinsley on more than one occasion paid tribute to him. It is sometimes said that the greatness of a leader can be measured by the brilliance of the lieutenants he chooses. Mgr Hinsley was extremely wise or extremely fortunate in his choice of Mgr Moss. In his relations with the students Mgr Moss combined an

PATRICK KENYON

easy, friendly familiarity with that essential reserve necessary for his work as Spiritual Director. He was the most approachable of men and was ever eager to help anyone in trouble or difficulty. He gained our confidence by the way he entered into our life and became, so to speak, one of the family. He himself had been brought up under the rather stern and severe discipline of Upholland, but he was big enough to realize the differences that must exist between a Roman College and an English Seminary. Though not an old boy of the College, he entered whole-heartedly into the happy spirit and 'traditions of the House' and for the rest of his life proudly claimed himself at least an honorary Venerabilino.

His weekly spiritual conferences were solid rather than brilliant. He spoke with an earnest sincerity which conveyed to us that he was giving something of himself rather than material that he had just cribbed out of a book. He had no use for the so-called extraordinary or patent ways of sanctity—he was very definitely of the 'doing-ordinary-things-extraordinarily-well' school of spirituality. Consequently his talks were simple and practical. It is hard to estimate any priest's spiritual work but I think Mgr Moss found the work congenial and he did not labour in vain. He always looked back on his Venerable days as one of the happiest periods of his life. They were indeed happy days. Reminiscing Romans have many a good-natured story to tell of Mgr Moss—he was so much a part of our life that his little eccentricities, mannerisms, vanities, idiosyncrasies, his sayings, wise and otherwise, guarded and unguarded, could not fail to be made material for our wit and humour. Many of the stories, either at once or in course of time, got back to him and no one enjoyed them more than he. They were in fact a tribute to his personality, a proof of our love and respect for him. You will remember we impartially gave our Rector and Vice-Rector similar tributes and proofs of our affection.

In 1929 Mgr Moss left us to become Vice-Rector of the Beda College. I am told that here for eleven years his powers and qualities found full scope. Once more we find unswerving loyalty to his Rector. His sense of justice, his regard for discipline tempered always by kindly consideration and a warm sympathy made him an ideal superior. His learning enabled him to give adequate and suitable lectures in Moral Theology and other subjects. Most of all there was the inspiring example of his devoted priestly life and the influence of his straightforward, sincere character. Many students of that great College have reason to be grateful to Mgr Moss for his devotion and care during their years of preparation for the priesthood.

It was fitting that, after so many years of work in two papal Colleges, Mgr Moss should be honoured in 1939 by being created a Privy Chamberlain to the Pope.

When, during the war, the Beda College was evacuated to Upholland, Mgr Moss continued on the staff until 1940. In that year he left the Beda and was appointed Parish Priest of St John's, Wigan. I remember his telling me how he looked forward to great apostolic work in that most important and most Catholic parish. He was full of ideas of what could be done and what would be done. But all too soon, ill health, and finally, after nine short years, death itself cut short a most valuable priestly life.

Mgr Moss was simple and humble in character. He was sincere, industrious, obedient, willing. But most of all he was a priest—a good priest. He used to say he wanted to live and die just a 'simplex sacerdos'. He had no other aim in life. The priesthood was enough for him. He once told me that there were three things he thanked God for. His first thanks were for his priesthood. In spite of his apparent self-possession, he was really a very shy man, but when he spoke of the Mass and of the priesthood I think he unknowingly and unconsciously gave the key of his true character. The object ever before his eyes, the ideal and aim of his life was to live the life of a good secular priest. Possibly that charming simplicity and kindness of disposition which so endeared him to us all was the fruit of his deeper simplicity of outlook and devotion. And, in the event, may we not say that Mgr Moss succeeded in his endeavour—in so far as poor frail man can ever be so, he lived a life not unworthy of his priesthood?

W. BUTTERFIELD.

THE VERY REV. EDWARD O'ROURKE D.D., PH.D.

Edward O'Rourke was born in Thornaby, Yorkshire, on 23rd June 1886. He was the second eldest son of a large family which included six boys five of whom became priests. He did his early scholastic studies at Mount Melleray, Ireland, and after a year at St Cuthbert's, Ushaw, he was sent to the Venerable English College, Rome. Notwithstanding many adverse circumstances of that period, he had a brilliant career at the Gregorian University, obtaining the Doctorates of Philosophy and Theology. He was ordained priest in June 1912 for his native diocese of Middlesbrough.

His work as a Curate was confined to short stays at Middlesbrough and York and some nine years in Hull. In June 1925 he was appointed Parish Priest of Bridlington. He always looked upon this appointment as the beginning of his real life's work and the people he served so zealously for some twenty-four years know best how faithfully and fruitfully he discharged the duties of his sacred ministry. He died peacefully on 4th September 1949.

We who remember him with deep affection of his most lovable character will not fail to whisper betimes, in the form of a prayer for the repose of his soul, his last spoken words, which incidentally reveal the great love of his life: 'Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere!'

DENIS LUDDY.

BOOK REVIEWS

Seeds of Contemplation. By Thomas Merton. Pp. 201. (Hollis and Carter.) 8s. 6d.

The impact of Thomas Merton's autobiography *Elected Silence* on the literary world, friendly and hostile alike, was too striking an event to permit his latest work to pass unnoticed. In *Seeds of Contemplation*, though his subject is very different, we meet again the same literary artist, vivid, direct, and yet brilliantly evocative. Nor, furthermore, are there any signs of that occasional naiveté which, unfortunately, marred the otherwise brilliant picture of the writer's early life.

The theme is not restricted as the title might suggest to the mysteries of contemplation proper, but rather embraces the whole of the spiritual life. Love for creation, humility, providence, difficulties in making meditation and many other well-worn themes are dealt with with a surety startling for a monk who, at the time of writing, had not yet finished his studies for the priesthood. That his is 'a book which could have been written by any monk' is pointed out eagerly in the introduction and we are warned not to expect anything 'revolutionary or even especially original'. This of course is in itself a recommendation: the interior life has been reflected in religious literature for too many centuries to justify anything but scepticism about 'original ideas' on the subject. The success of a modern spiritual writer largely lies in his ability to present the traditional ideas in an attractive and convincing form.

This is certainly accomplished in Father Merton's 'collection of notes and personal reflections'. Meditatively and simply the sublimest truths of the religious life are expounded, creating in the reader's mind an impression of an unanswerable authority, while the very artlessness of the writing makes the book a very welcome change from some of the 'slick' spiritual writings of recent times.

LIAM CARSON.

The Church in the Christian Roman Empire. By Palanque, Bardy, de Labriolle, de Plinval, and Brehier. Vol. I. Translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger PH.D. Pp. xv+408. (Burns Oates.) 25s.

This book is a continuation of the study of the history of the Church which was begun in *The History of the Primitive Church*. This first volume covers the period from Constantine's victory over Maxentius in 312 to the Councils of Constantinople 381-2. The title of the volume is *The Church and the Arian Crisis* and, as one would expect, it is St Athanasius who is the dominating figure. He towers above his contemporaries like the Giant in a medieval mystery play, if we may be permitted the comparison. There is a touch of the saga about his story. There was more than a little truth in the phrase 'Athanasius adversus mundum'. Athanasius came to be looked upon as the champion of orthodoxy to such an extent that the Arians regarded subscription to his condemnation as the acid test of submission. The treatment of St Athanasius and of the Arian heresy is particularly worthy of praise.

There are many vexed questions in the history of this century, for example, the so-called Edict of Milan, the origin of the Creed of Nicea-Constantinople, the enigmatic character of Constantine, the position of the Roman Church and the acceptance by Liberius of the formula of Sirmium. On this last question, it has been long disputed which of the different formulae of Sirmium was signed by Liberius. Evidence is brought forward to show that it was the first formula of Sirmium that Liberius signed in the year 357, not the second. This is important because the second formula was Anomœan in character, whilst the first can be understood in an orthodox sense. Later the Pope signed the third formula which was also substantially free from heresy. But these formulae were at least suspect and for Liberius to sign them was to submit to the Emperor Constantine and to condemn Athanasius.

The reader is occasionally disappointed that certain questions are not treated more fully, but considering the limitations necessarily imposed on such a work, it is rather to be admired how much material has been compressed into so little space. This is not to suggest that the subject is superficially treated. The book makes fascinating reading, but the wealth of scholarship that lies behind it can never be doubted.

The divisions are at times confusing. The history of Arianism is interrupted to consider Paganism, the Roman Church and other questions, but there is much to be said for this logical treatment as opposed to a strictly chronological approach which often makes it impossible to see the picture of events in relation to each other.

Tribute must be paid to the translator for his excellent work. There is no intrusion of foreign turns of phrase which is an irritating defect of many translations. Altogether it is an excellent book; one that is read with pleasure, closed with the satisfying feeling of having read something well worth while and opened again at the first opportunity.

MERVYN ALEXANDER.

Questions and Answers II: Precepts. By Canon E. J. Mahoney D.D. Pp. 440. (B.O.W.) 18s.

When *Questions and Answers I: Sacraments* appeared a few years ago, the reviewers were unanimous in hoping that it would not be long before a further volume appeared. This hope has now been realized. This volume may look a little more robust than its predecessor, but that is due rather to the differences in book production of the immediately post-war period and that of the present day. The matter is varied and interesting; the book's only drawback as a work of reference is that when one has read the answer to one's question one is tempted to read on a few more pages—and one generally falls. The alphabetical and Code indices to the two volumes contained at the end of the book are a great help, but the former has several bad slips in its order, e.g. 'Divine Office' occurs between 'Devotions' and 'Dialogue Mass'. There are also a few minor errors: the choir at High Mass does not sing *Amen* after the *Pater Noster* as one might gather from p. 330. Moreover, it would be helpful if the date of the first publication of each answer were indicated. However, all these are small points and we are grateful to Canon Mahoney for this volume and hope that he will long continue to 'answer the Clergy's questions'.

RICHARD L. STEWART.

Butler's Lives of the Saints. First Supplementary Volume. By Donald Attwater. Pp. xii+200. (Burns Oates.) 15s.

We welcome this supplementary volume of the 1926-38 edition of Butler, which contains some extremely interesting accounts of the more recent saints or *beati*, among whom are included the English Martyrs beatified in 1929. The Reformation saw the suppression of the local cults, and now, with the tradition lost, it is impossible for us to appreciate the personalities of the Saxon Saints. Our devotion then should turn to those whom we can understand, and who gave their lives to preserve the truth in our land. Their names ring a familiar note—Richardson, Harrington, Brown, and the like. Unfortunately we have to be content with the bare facts, but these are sufficient to show their courage and the dishonesty of the 'justice' which condemned them. With Robert Southwell we have also a witness to his inner spirit in his writings, of which full use is made. Among the longer accounts are those of foundresses of religious congregations. These include St Frances Cabrini, canonized in 1946, and Blessed Joan Delanoue and Blessed Elizabeth Bichier des Ages, both beatified in 1947. Of special interest is the life of Blessed Contardo Ferrini, a layman and professor of law, a man who 'gave an emphatic "Yes" to the possibility of holiness in these days'. It is interesting to note that there are also accounts of those Russian saints who lived after the excommunication of the Patriarch of Constantinople in 1054, as this fact reveals Rome's practical judgement as to the point of separation with the Eastern Orthodox Church. The book, as a day to day record, imposes strict limits on the author, who, nevertheless, avoids monotony and never intrudes himself between the reader and the Saint.

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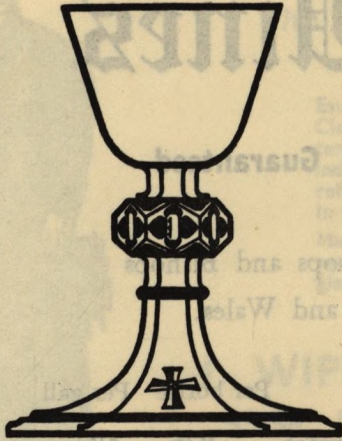
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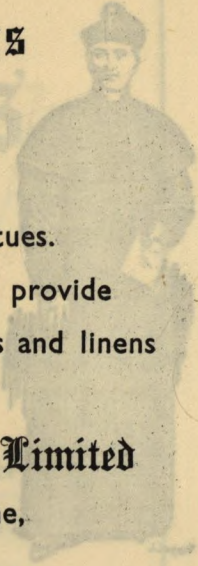
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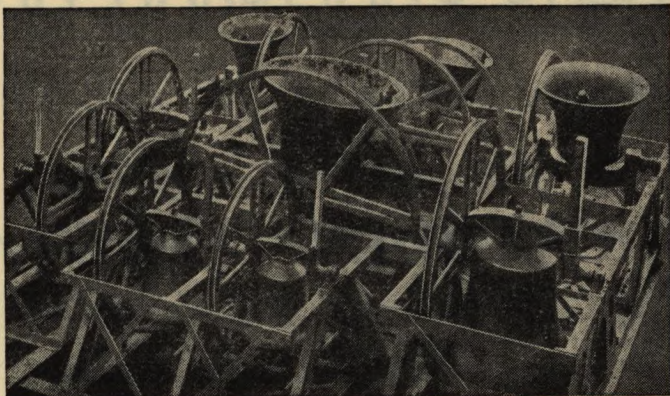
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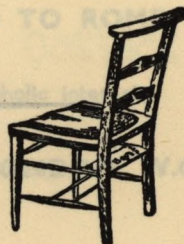
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ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,

May we, of the **CATHOLIC HERALD**, respectfully explain the motives of our work—motives sometimes misunderstood.

The Catholic of today cannot possibly be protected from contact with the secularist and pagan environment with which he is surrounded and in which he must earn his living. Newspapers, radio, amusements, books, conditions of work, neighbours, all these in greater or lesser degree, tempt him to find his life's meaning in ideals and modes of behaviour which usually are anything but Catholic.

We believe that one of the most valuable antidotes to this poison is a Catholic paper which weekly tries to face—rather than escape—the facts and dangers of the world today. Such a newspaper will not pretend that the world is better than it is; it will not pretend that Catholics themselves are better than they are. But it will try to show that Catholic values are infinitely better than the values of the world, and that the Church possesses the answer to the most plausible of difficulties.

In such a paper the Catholic will have a chance of applying to the problems of the Christian life the spirit of enquiry to which he has become inevitably habituated by the conditions of modern environment. In this way he will be trained to be a fearless Catholic *in* the world, in other words an active apostle, instead of being content to live a double life—Catholic personally and in his domestic surroundings, half-pagan in business and the world.

This type of modern Catholic paper is necessary, we believe, for Catholics themselves; but it also has high value for non-Catholics who happen to see it. The **CATHOLIC HERALD**, for example, has been happy to note a *steadily* increasing regular circulation among non-Catholics.

We shall be the first to admit that our high ideal is not an easy one to attain; that it cannot be pursued without some risk of misunderstanding; and that great caution and judgment are always needed.

We have always sought to bear these points in mind, and we trust that an honest appraisal of our record will suggest that we have undertaken a hard, but very necessary, job in a conservative and truly Catholic spirit. Or at any rate, we have sincerely tried to!

May we then ask for the active support and constructive advice of the clergy? We are always happy to hear from priests and to have their guidance. We are always grateful when priests introduce the **CATHOLIC HERALD** to Catholics and non-Catholics, especially those who, they feel, will profit from it most.

THE EDITOR,

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