

# THE VENERABILE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST  
AND PRESENT STUDENTS  
OF THE VENERABLE  
ENGLISH COLLEGE  
ROME

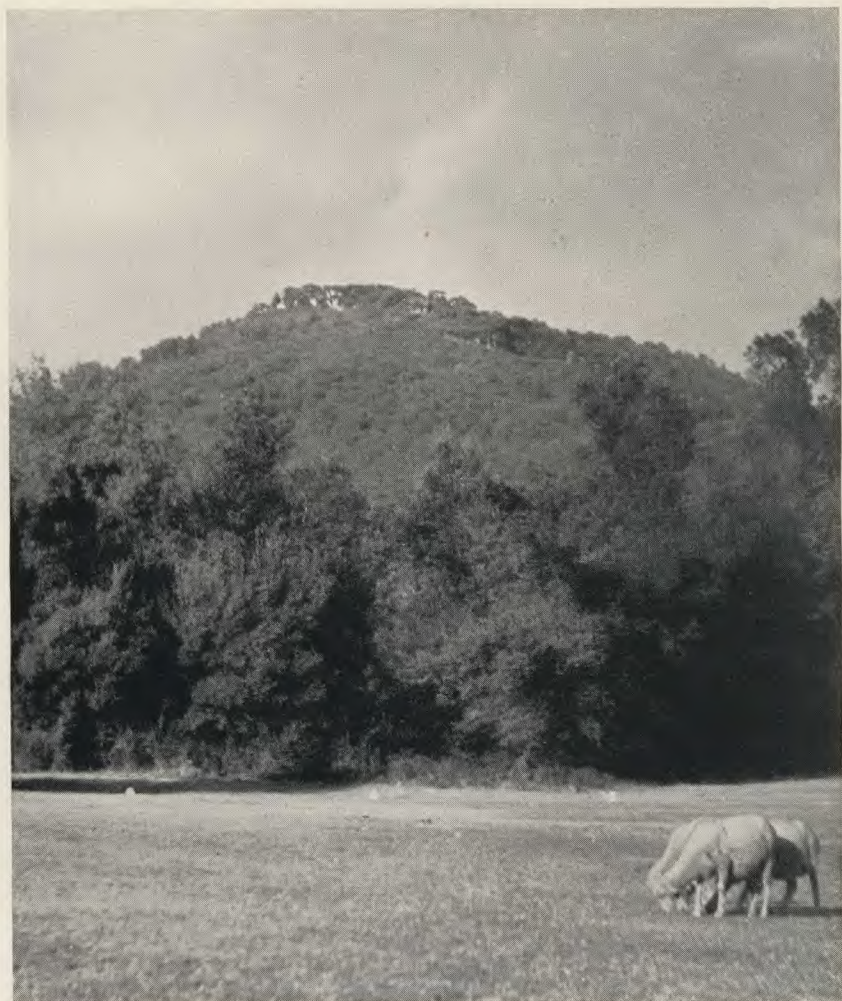
May 1952

Vol. XV. No. 4

PRINTED AT  
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS  
EXETER

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THE SFORZA

## EDITORIAL

In the last editorial written before the Exile, the Editor announced that the College Archives had been removed to the safety of the Vatican ; inevitably, he could not refrain from expressing gloomy forebodings about the quality of future historical writing in the Magazine. Certainly the ingenuity of his successors was taxed to the utmost, and it was with an audible sigh of relief that the reigning Editor announced in 1949 the solution of this 'long standing difficulty' and the restoration of his 'main prop'. However, a tradition of archives work is more easily destroyed than it is re-established, and it was not until the last number of *THE VENERABLE* that the results of renewed interest were seen in the articles on Father John Huddleston and Monsignor Talbot. In this issue we are publishing the first of a short series of articles on the history of the College in the later part of the eighteenth century, which we hope will fill a noticeable gap in Gasquet's History of the College. By a happy coincidence, our other historical article also deals, in lighter vein, with the colourful events of an only slightly earlier period.

The editorial of the last number mentioned the appearance of the fiftieth Romanesque. In this issue we have endeavoured to commemorate the occasion in style and, fearing that Romanesque might, like Romanità, prove elusive of definition and even of description, we have secured the services of two specialists in the *genre*. Their views, as will be seen, are rather complementary than contradictory, and we hope that the two articles will encourage future writers to make the second half-century of the Romanesque a worthy successor to its first.

## DECLINE AND FALL

### 1—THE LAST YEARS OF JESUIT RULE, 1770–1773<sup>1</sup>

The first period of College history, from the foundation of 1578 to the Napoleonic exile, contains at once its most glorious and its least creditable pages. The story of its first years of triumph has already been often enough told ; it will be our more sombre task to trace, in the course of this brief series of articles, the history of the College during the last years of this period. They were dark days for the College, but our justification for telling their story does not lie only in their domestic interest. These days also, reflected and influenced the state of things in the Church in England perhaps to as great an extent as those earlier years of fervour and promise.

The decline in the College fortunes began soon after the age of the martyrs was over. The last of these had left by 1654, the year of the mysterious outbreaks of fire in the College when some of the students were imprisoned in the Torre di Nona on suspicion of incendiarism.<sup>2</sup> However, the downward trend becomes really apparent during the early years of the next century. By the time we arrive at the period at present under discussion it had become a landslide.

Many reasons will have to be adduced if we are to account satisfactorily for such a decline ; perhaps the most apparent and not the least important one is financial in character. Throughout this first period of its history the College was dependant on

<sup>1</sup> All documents and letters quoted are preserved in the College Archives unless otherwise stated. The account of the Visitation of 1739 is contained in *Chronologica Monumentorum*, Vol. XII ; most of the other references are to *Scritture*, Vols XLIV and XLVI (*Scritture Diverse*) ; the two diaries have not as yet been classified.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. '1654 and the Fires', *THE VENERABLE*, April 1924. Vol. I, pp. 306–14.

the income derived from the property which formed its endowment. This consisted principally of vineyards and real estate in Rome and at Monte Porzio, together with the Abbey of San Savino at Piacenza. The rebuilding of the College at the end of the seventeenth century was necessary and indeed long overdue ; materially, at any rate, it gave the College a new lease of life. Unfortunately, however, it drained away a considerable quantity of these capital investments and so decreased the sources of income available. The position was aggravated, the report of the Visitation of 1739 informs us, by long-term financial mismanagement. The Visitors make it quite clear that they had no confidence in the ability of Englishmen to handle Italian business matters, and they conclude by assessing the amount of capital depreciation and loss at nearly half when they decide that the statutory numbers of students should be regarded for the future not as fifty-two, but as thirty. After this, the financial position remained fairly stable until the seizure of the Abbey at Piacenza by the Duke of Parma in 1768 reduced the normal annual income from something like 8,500 scudi to 5,500 scudi. The former sum had never been anything more than sufficient for everyday needs—in fact a good many of the balance sheets show a small deficit—and so this fall in income brought about a financial crisis. The last Jesuit Rector had to resort to pawning the college plate and, even more significantly, to selling property to the value of nearly five thousand scudi ; this was in 1772, by which time the College was supporting only three superiors and seven students.

But this is by no means the whole of the story. Material considerations account merely for the decrease in numbers ; they do not account for the falling off in morale that took place at the same time. This can only be explained with reference to the religious situation in England.

The spirit of Sherwin and his fellow martyrs was the spirit of the Counter-Reformation, the hopeful, adventurous spirit of a crusade ; it was, inevitably, too fine a spirit to endure throughout a long campaign. The bitter quarrels that raged during the Archpriest controversy played their part in undermining morale, as did the insidious policy adopted by the Stuart governments of furthering these domestic quarrels and encouraging Gallican tendencies among the secular clergy by holding out hopes of religious emancipation—providing, of course, that satisfactory terms could be arranged. Finally, the Revolution of 1688 put

an end to Catholic hopes and dreams and left only the prospect of long, dull years of steady persecution. Henceforth it was a grim determined fight against ever lengthening odds with no aim in view but the limiting of the rising tide of apostasy. In spite of all the courage and heroism displayed, there was inevitably a continuous and steady decline. The age of the martyrs had been a spirited counter-offensive; the age of recusancy was a dogged rearguard action, fought in an atmosphere heavy with defeatist forebodings and necessarily resulting in that narrow isolationist outlook which is the unfortunate waste product of any prolonged struggle for survival. Life in the seminaries, even though they were abroad and in Catholic surroundings, could hardly remain unaffected by this prevailing spirit.

Moreover, the Church in England suffered during this period from a lack of hierarchical organization both on the parochial and on the episcopal level. This made the recruiting of suitable candidates for the seminaries a matter of extreme difficulty and in fact there was a continuous falling off in the quality of the material provided from England. The lack there of any adequate educational facilities meant that boys of eleven and twelve years of age had to be accepted as students and this factor, by doubling the length of the course, halved the number of candidates that could be received and at the same time necessarily increased the percentage of failures.

Our information about the domestic history of the College during the greater part of the eighteenth century is distressingly inadequate. Fortunately for our purpose, however, the survival of two students' diaries covering eight months of the period January 1770 to October 1771 enables us to form a fairly detailed picture of College life during the last years of Jesuit rule. The greater part of William Casemore's diary, which deals with the last five months of this time, has already been published;<sup>1</sup> the first three months are covered by a recently discovered diary which is unfortunately anonymous, and on the evidence at present available likely to remain so.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'An Eighteenth Century Diary', *THE VENERABLE*, October 1936 and April 1937. Vol. VIII, pp. 18-27 and 123-129.

<sup>2</sup> On internal evidence it would seem that the following deduction could be drawn: Our diarist was clearly a member of the Upper House. Furthermore he never refers to himself by name but by the term 'your humble servant'. But he mentions all the members of the Upper House by name except for Roland Broomhead and Samuel Sayles. Therefore he was either Broomhead or Sayles. Unfortunately, both have left behind them samples of their handwriting (copperplate, admittedly) in their *juramenta* and petitions for Orders which show marked discrepancies from the calligraphy of our diarist. So the mystery remains as yet unsolved.

Like Casemore's, this diary is a roughly written day to day chronicle. Both were apparently part of a semi-official series of diaries and take special note of customs or innovations, for it seems that tradition was a powerful force and the rulings and decisions of Superiors could be successfully challenged by a contrary precedent. The most detailed information concerns the time-table and the daily menu, and of these the former is not so very dissimilar to that of more modern times, especially before afternoon lectures were abolished. The normal winter programme, translated into present day terms would read something like this: 5.30, Rise. 6.0, Meditation. 6.30, Mass. 7.0, Breakfast. 8.40, Bell for Lectures. 12.30, Dinner, Recreation. 2.10, Bell for Lectures. 5.0, Rosary. 5.15, Study. 8.0, Supper. On non-lecture days rising was an hour later and there was a walk in the afternoon and, sometimes at least, in the morning. On some special feasts rising was *ad libitum*, and then the only obligation was of being down for the second Mass. The period between breakfast and the bell for lectures was sometimes occupied with repetitions, and these, together with 'lessons of controversy', were also held during the evening study period. On wet days and college feasts the beadles of the different years went to lectures and dictated their notes to the rest in the evening. During the winter months extra recreation was sometimes allowed as the only source of heat was the fire in the playroom. It seems that the winter of 1770 was an exceptionally cold one and our diarist's frequent mentions of 'intollerable cold weather' culminate finally in this entry for January the thirteenth: 'Weather colder than ever. I am almost starv'd in my room which is as I experience the coldest in the house. I wont tell the reader in what part of the house it lays, but leave him to find it out by experience as I have done before him.'

The food seems to have been adequate, though perhaps a little lacking in variety; few vegetables are mentioned and those but rarely. Cheese was a fairly regular addition to what was presumably the normal breakfast of to-day. An average dinner would consist of something like: soup, roast pork with apple sauce, boiled beef, fruit and cheese. Merenda had been explicitly forbidden, except at Monte Porzio, by the Visitation of 1739, but seems to have been given in Rome on some feast days. A frequently recurring supper menu was salad, roast veal, fruit and cheese. On big feast days the traditional banquets were still kept up; here is Casemore's menu for the 'grand treat'



which was one of the highlights of the *villegiatura*: 'a stew, boiled beef, half a chicken a head, 3 ducks among twelve, confetti, red wine with two biscottini: O what a grand dinner'.

Our diary contains little outside the daily round of lectures, meals and walks until the approach of Carnival lends some animation to the dull wintry days. So, with the warning that this can hardly be reckoned a typical period, we shall give our sample of daily life from this time. It is Septuagesima Sunday, 1770, and we are back at the English College, 'presso Palazzo Farnese'.

'*Sunday February 11.* Rising at 6½.<sup>1</sup> Meditation, afterwards Thomas Brown, Richard Trudon and John Daniel were admitted with the usual formality into the Sodality. An hours recreation before dinner, for which soup, hogs haslets and apple sauce, boiled beef, apples and cheese. The old proverb was verified, *after meat mustard*, for towards the end of dinner they brought it to table. 15¼ beads. No walking out on account of the rain. 18 study. 20 Supper, salad, roast veal, apples and cheese.

*Monday 12.* Rising at 5½. Meditation. Mass. Repetition. Schools. Dinner, soup, stewd wild pigeon with rice, roast pork, mustard and apple sauce, apples and cheese—a good dinner enough. 15 Schools. 18 study, lesson of morals. Supper, soup, boiled beef, apples and cheese.

*Tuesday 13.* Rising at 5½. Meditation. Mass. Repetition. Schools. Dinner, soup, stewd feet, boiled beef, apples and cheese. 15 Schools. We asked leave to go to the Musick at the German Colledge after Schools; it was very fine, Trumpets, French horns and all sort of wind musick. 18 study. 19 lesson of controversy. 20 Supper, salad, roast veal, apples and cheese.

*Wednesday 14.* Vacance. Rising at 6½. Meditation. Mass. Study. Dinner, soup, fryd liver, hogs cheek, boiled beef, apples and cheese. English cheese for breakfast. 15 walking to Pamphili.<sup>2</sup> 18 study. 20 Supper, salad stewd beef, apples and cheese.

*Thursday 15 . . .* Today Cardinal Lante ordered the Rector to give Wools and Williams 23 crowns each for viaticum. His

<sup>1</sup> In the diary the time is reckoned from the evening Ave, but to spare readers unused to this form of chronometry a surfeit of mental gymnastics, I have reckoned the time from midnight. Since there appears to be no obvious method of calculating the time of the Ave in February 1770 I have assumed that it was at six o'clock so as to make the time of rising on lecture days (11¼ hours in the diary) five-thirty. To preserve as far as possible the appearance of the original I have not proceeded any further than this with the modernization of our diarist's manner of expressing the time.

<sup>2</sup> This is the first recorded visit to Pamphili, antedating by sixteen months the similar entry in Casemore's diary. It would appear from the casual way in which both diarists mention the visits that they were even then an affair of long standing.

Eminence added out of his most gracious bounty the whole and entire sum of 5 crowns each.

*Saturday* 17. Rising at 5½. Meditation. Mass. Study. Short Repetition. Schools. Dinner, soup of peas, apple dumpling, fry sardi, apples and cheese. 15 Schools. 17 beads and litanies sung in a short tune. Merenda. Afterwards to the Seminary to see a tragedy entitled Demetrio. Returned before 22½, it was scarce worth seeing. Supper, salad, boiled eggs, apple and cheese.

*Sunday* 18. Rising at 6½. Meditation. Confession and Communion in the Sodality. An hours recreation before dinner for which soup, roast hare, boiled beef, apples and cheese. No walking out. 17¼ Merenda. Afterwards to the Seminary to see a Comedy call'd *Il Tesoro*. It was one of the best I have ever seen in that Theatre. Towards the latter end of the performance 2 little boys appeared in womans characters, the first time I ever saw any such thing on that stage. Supper, salad, cold roast cappretto, apples, and cheese. Last night the Minister scolded some of the little boys<sup>1</sup> for talking in time of Supper, which was always customary on these nights, but the Higher Schools complaining, he did not make his appearance in the Refectory till all were gone, so we talked *nemine contradicente*. Last night it rained hard when we returned and our torch would not burn so we came in the dark. Tonight we had a torch, but few people had patience to wait till we found the man who carried it.

*Wednesday* 21. Rising at 5½. Meditation. Mass. Short lesson at the Roman College for Divines. Dinner, soup, hogs cheek with brawn, boiled beef, apples and cheese. 15 short lessons at the Roman College for Divines and Philosophers. Recreation when we return. 18 the Comedy called *The Rehersall* mentioned above<sup>2</sup> was performed in 3 acts together with *Intermezzi* of Punch, Harlequin, etc. The chief performers were Burgess, Halsey, Casemore, Creighton. Finished about 19½. Supper, soup, boiled beef, apples and cheese.

*Thursday* 22. Rising at 6½. Vacance. *Giovedì di Grasso*. English cheese for breakfast. Rained all day. Dinner, soup, bacon and eggs, boiled beef and broccoli, roast beef, English cheese and fruits. 14¾ beads, no walking out. 17 Merenda of Stewd

<sup>1</sup> At this time students of eleven or twelve years of age had to be admitted. The 'little boys' or Lower Schools were those who had not reached Philosophy. The two sections of the House were very much distinct, cf. the entry for Thursday the 22nd.

<sup>2</sup> The first reference to practices for this 'grand theatrical representation' occurs over a month previously, on January 17th. Several walks were taken off for practices, and it would seem that the performance was a fairly elaborate one, judging from the entry for 31st January: 'no walking, everyone being busy painting the scenes for the Comedy'.

Fowls in a large dish, 3 pancakes each and a large plate full besides all which must be asked for. Boccoloni on the table for the Higher Schools only. Recreation all night, a grand Masquerade, those who had not masques painted their visage some black others red and some green. A blanket was brought down and several people toss'd in it. Supper, salad, stewd beef apples and chease. After supper the little boys were allow'd to mix with the Higher Schools, which is not customary on this night only before Supper.

*Friday* 23. Vigil of St Mathias. Rising at  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . Vacance for the Higher Schools. Dinner, soup of fascioli, apple tart, broccoli, fry'd tench, apples and gobbi.  $16\frac{3}{4}$  merenda for all. Afterwards the Higher Schools went to the German Colledge to hear the Cantata which was very fine. The celebrated *Guarduci* sung. The subject was *La liberazione del populo Gudaico per intercessione di Ester*. We just arriv'd time enough to get places, finished soon after 21. Collation, anchovies and salad. Littanies to which those went who had finished their collation in time. Although the little boys did not go, yet they were allowed to come out of Schools half an hour earlier and had Merenda, and recreation all night.

*Saturday* 24. St Mathias. Rising at  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . Meditation, Confession and Communion. An hour and a half recreation before dinner, for which soup of wine, vulgo English Soup, plumb pudding, bachalao, with potatoes and milk sauce and fruits. A rainy day, no walking out. At  $17\frac{1}{4}$  Merenda and those who had a mind to see the Comedy a second time went to the Seminary and came home before 23. Mr Wools, Williams, Archdeacon and Maire went to the Clementine Colledge and returnd home about  $23\frac{1}{2}$  past. Supper, salad, frittata, apples and chease.

*Sunday* 25. Quinquagesima Sunday. Rising at  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . Meditation, no Sermon. At 10 to the Gesu to see the Quarantore put up. Only 8 Cardinals present. An hours recreation extraordinary after dinner.  $16\frac{1}{2}$  walking to Ripa.

*Monday* 26. Rising at  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . Meditation. Mass. Study. English chease for breakfast. Dinner, soup, minc'd pye, roast wild boar, boiled beef, fruits and English chease. 15 walking I dont know where. 17 Merenda of pancakes, 3 each, wine ad libitum.

*Tuesday* 27. Shrove Tuesday. Rising at  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . Meditation. Mass. Breakfast of English chease. Dinner, soup, bacon and eggs, roast capretto, boiled beef, English chease and fruits. 15 walking to Ripa. 18 recreation and masquing for the Higher Schools

only, because the little boys having affronted the prefect of the house, he would not ask for them. However they took recreation and mask'd themselves in spite of his teeth. 20½ Supper, salad, stewd gibbets, beef, English chease and fruits. After supper we had a grand masquerade in which were severall grotesque figures. They went down to the Refectory to visit the Rector in time of supper. Master Gage<sup>1</sup> mask'd himself and got into the pulpit, where he sang an English Song. And so the feast ended. Tomorrow begins Lent.'

And so, with the hectic days of the Carnival over and the rigorous days of Lent ahead, we can leave our diarist. It will already have been apparent that there was no lack of life and spirit in the College of those days, and this impression is more than confirmed by even a brief glance at Casemore's diary which takes up the tale in the summer of the following year. The period of his literary activity was a turbulent one and he makes the most of it, describing in detail several brushes with those in authority, in which he himself invariably plays a prominent part. He had a violent antipathy to anything Jesuit, and it seems ironical that he should have been dismissed 'tanquam incorrigibilis' not by the Jesuits but by their successors, the Italian Seculars.

College life as seen through Casemore's eyes assumes the appearance of a steady war of attrition between the student body and the Superiors. Going out after permission had been refused was not treated on the occasion in question as a matter of particular importance either by him or by the Superiors, and when on another occasion the Rector, Father Hothersall, did take a firm stand and penanced three of the leading spirits for a similar offence, the victims carried their case to the Master General of the Jesuits; though they had ultimately to submit to their penance, the Rector had been forced to 'draw in his horns' and his prestige can hardly have gained as a result of the incident. Later, an outright victory was won when strong representations, supported by arguments from custom and tradition caused the Rector to withdraw his ruling that the students should attend all the numerous disputations held at the Roman College.<sup>2</sup> Again, during the *villegiatura* we hear

<sup>1</sup> He was not a student but was living in the College. He had formerly been at the Roman Seminary (presumably the same as 'The Seminary' referred to so often in the diary in connection with theatrical performances), but 'being discontented' there came to the College on 30th January, together with his tutor, Fr Plowden, and a French valet de chambre.

<sup>2</sup> It seems that the only functions of this kind which were patronized by the College were those at which refreshments were provided.

that the Rector's decision to make a day gita to Mondragone caused 'a great tumult' and 'the Scholars answered that they would not go, let it cost them what it would'. The Rector reiterated his decision but in the end, finding the opposition too strong, 'recalled his word and asked us where we would make the gita, who immediately answered to Larricia'. Casemore comments: 'I dare say such a bustle never was in the College before'.

The difficulties of the Superiors must have been considerable. In the first place the material with which they had to deal was rough and ready by any standards. The College was living out of all touch with England and we must make allowances for the continuous strain of a course of ten or twelve years without a break for a holiday; even the Monte Porzio *villegiatura* lasted no more than six weeks. Moreover, the Vicars Apostolic were crying out for priests and, with the College on the verge of financial collapse, the sending away of a student who had lived for six years on the College funds must have been regarded as a step to be resorted to only in the last extremity. However, it still seems that the government of the College left a good deal to be desired. Father Hothersall and his colleagues held the reins all too lightly and appear to have had little real control.

Turning from a consideration of the means employed to the results obtained, we find that out of the twenty students in the College at the time, six were ordained in Rome and one after completing his studies at Douai; five joined the Dominicans and one the Jesuits; three were expelled, two left *re infecta* and two more on account of ill health. For the Vicars Apostolic this net result of seven secular priests out of twenty candidates could have been nothing short of disastrous—especially when it is realized that the total 'student years' involved amounted to a hundred and thirty-four. Thus the meagre College funds were being eaten up at the rate of nearly twenty years expenditure for every priest ordained for the English mission. Doubtless, some of the others were eventually ordained, but the College had been founded to supply priests for the English mission. From its earliest days the secular clergy had complained that it was rather a novitiate for the religious orders in general and for the Jesuits in particular. Kirk<sup>1</sup> gives the following figures for the whole period of Jesuit administration: 'From 1578 to 1773 the number admitted into the College was 1465. Of these

<sup>1</sup> *Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century*, s.v. Browne Levinus.

242 became Jesuits (of whom 14 made their vows in *articulo mortis*) and not more than 691 became members of the Secular Clergy in the space of 195 years; the rest either returned *re infecta*, died in the College, or became Benedictines, Franciscans etc.<sup>1</sup>

It is hardly to be expected that the Vicars Apostolic would be unconcerned at this state of affairs and their letters all down the years are full of bitter complaints. Bishops Petre and Stonor, the Vicars Apostolic of the London and Midland districts, write to the Pope in 1736 complaining about decreasing numbers, and among even these many 'ad opera missionis parum admodum idoneos'. One concrete complaint is that the Superiors neglect to inform the Vicars Apostolic about the number and the progress of students and send them off to Belgium as chaplains to convents after ordination. Two years later Stonor writes again, this time hoping great things of the projected Visitation. He urges that the government of the College should be transferred to seculars, giving as his reason the fact that the College has been 'jam a longo tempore administratum pessime, nec in posterum quantum sperare licet melius administrandum'. Another complaint regards the nature of the course of studies: three years philosophy and an acute knowledge of scholastic theological subtleties allied to a complete absence of pastoral training are, he complains, of little use on the English mission. It must be remembered that scholastic philosophy had at this time reached one of the lowest of its many low water marks, and that the demand in England was for Scripture scholars and theologians versed in the latest controversial developments. Stonor concludes his list of grievances with the consoling reflection that things might possibly be worse if Italians were in charge, and it is ironic that this, his only conception of a possible change for the worse, should have been the only substantial change that the eagerly awaited Visitation of 1739 recommended. The Visitors point out that an Italian Rector would be better able to grapple with the financial situation; we can only assume that their financial acumen was greater than their appreciation of the situation of the Church in England.

<sup>1</sup> Pollen, one of the editors of the *Biographies*, affirms that some of these figures seem to need revision. This may be so, but it can be pointed out in Kirk's favour that he did make a thorough and detailed study of the *Liber Ruber*, possibly during the period of the Napoleonic exile when it was in his possession; he makes no secret of his anti-Jesuit bias, but it seems unlikely that this would lead him to make a deliberate falsification of the figures. The exigencies of the present-day Gregorian curriculum seem fated to prevent our ascertaining the truth of the matter.

Stonor and Petre were undaunted and continued to press for the appointment of an English secular as Rector; we are told by Kirk<sup>1</sup> that 'Mr (afterwards Bishop) Dicconson was sent to Rome for the purpose but was unable to succeed in opposition to the overwhelming influence of the Society'. It has to be born in mind that both Petre and Stonor were biased against the regular clergy in general<sup>2</sup> and against the Jesuits in particular, but there seems little doubt that their complaints against the Society were in this respect largely justified. Certainly, the number and quality of the products of Douai as compared to those of Rome provided the Vicars Apostolic with a ready argument for the desirability of a secular government for the College in Rome. Petre's successor, Challoner, held the same views on the situation but, presumably because the outlook was regarded as hopeless, no serious attempt was made to effect a change until after the suppression of the Society in 1773; meanwhile the condition of the College continued to be a cause of increasing dissatisfaction.

This picture of the College in the eighteenth century in general and in the years 1770-71 in particular, may seem a dismal one. Yet things were to deteriorate still further. From 1768 to 1773 no new students were admitted and the number of students had sunk to seven by the time Edward Fuller and John Kirk arrived in June 1773. They were the last students ever received by a Jesuit Rector. The implacable hatred of the Bourbons had resulted in the suppression of the Society in Portugal (1759), in France (1764) and in Spain and its dependencies (1767). Finally, the relentless pressure they brought to bear on the weak and vacillating Clement XIV had its reward when in August 1773 that Pope finally authorized the Bull of Suppression. Perhaps this merely precipitated an inevitable crisis as far as the College was concerned; it did at all events make an immediate change of government imperative. But all these matters constitute the beginning of a new chapter in the College history. For the present our story ends with the last of the Jesuits leaving the College which they had governed for better and for worse during nearly two hundred troubled and difficult years.

VAUGHAN LLOYD.

<sup>1</sup> *Biographies*, s.v. Stonor, John Talbot.

<sup>2</sup> It was chiefly their prolonged pressure on Rome that led to the issue by Benedict XIV in 1745 of the Bull *Apostolicum Ministerium*, which abolished many of the immunities of the Regulars.



SIENA : THE CATHEDRAL



## CITIES OF ITALY

### 3. SIENA

A graceful campanile seen through a mediaeval arch ; a road winding upwards to a cathedral sparkling in the sun or leading swiftly downwards to be lost beside an ancient fountain haunted by werewolves ; narrow streets passing between tall, sober palaces, serene and stately still ; a quiet piazza ; a Madonna standing in gold ; such are memories of Siena. Florence is a treasure house where you are led from one jewel to another, but Siena is a treasure itself. Set on the last westward spur of the Chiana range, in the very heart of Tuscany, she has been throughout her history a lonely city. The country, in great part barren uplands, provided her with no natural highway by which she might reach the world. Nature favoured her neighbour and great rival, Florence, with a splendid navigable river within reach and a magnificent position in Val d'Arno between three impregnable mountain passes. The struggle for the mastery of Tuscany was over before it began. But many will agree that Siena has triumphed in her failure. Enclosed within the red girdle of her walls she stands quietly dreaming of a former age. Her very position has protected her from too many of time's ravages. No trams crash round the Cathedral as they do in Florence and the railway station stands apart from the city.

Siena can be approached from many angles and every gita party can be trusted to have its own ideas on this as on every other point. There are those who come by rail and soon forget that railways exist. Others will prefer to seek her by way of her *contado*. The Etruscan township of Chiusi on the Rome-Florence railway brings within reach the picturesque mediaeval hill town

of Montepulciano, for centuries a bone of contention between the great Tuscan rivals. Thence a route leads westwards over the hills to the village of Pienza, a gem of the early Renaissance, and northwards to the monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore which stands like an oasis in the wilderness, a wilderness very beautiful in the early morning mist. Here kind hosts suggest a longer stay, but Siena lies ahead and it is reward enough to see her in the distance, a city on a hill caught up by the countryside in delightful harmony, the irregular brown houses giving way imperceptibly to olive fields and orchards.

Within her walls Siena remains an harmonious unit. The body is essentially unaffected and so the spirit remains. *Siena l'amorosa madre di dolcezza!* A mediaeval spirit in a modern age! Shall we say rather a mediaeval spirit as dreamed of by a modern age? This quiet atmosphere was not the atmosphere of Siena in her youth. Countless wars without, countless factions within made life precarious in those days. The Guelph and Ghibelline quarrels, the commercial rivalry with Florence embroiled Siena in a series of wars throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But the old passions have died and Siena quietly rests.

Archaeology tells us that a small Etruscan Necropolis once existed in the area where Siena now stands, but in truth we know very little of the origin of the city. The Florentine chroniclers gladly asserted that Siena owed her origin to an 'infirm and foreign folk', for they readily accepted the legend that the captain of the Senones provided a camp here for his sick and wounded soldiers. A more picturesque tradition has it that Siena was founded by Senius, the son of Remus, who brought with him the image of the *Lupa*, the she-wolf suckling the twins, which still remains the city's badge. What is certain, however, is that it was Augustus, who, in 29 B.C., established Siena as a Roman colony. Whatever the connection with Rome may be the Sieneese are proud of it and its symbol, the *Lupa*, with its inscription: *Romae origo Senaeque insignia*.

Siena's origin is hidden from us but we are certain of the valiant struggle in the mid-sixteenth century in which the last great republic of the Middle Ages died a giant's death. Ten miles of desolate, fire-stained and blood-soaked wilderness; the *bocche disutili* expelled from the city and caught between the walls and the besieging Imperial troops to die in agony; a resistance to annihilation. Yes, in such a manner did 'soft' Siena give up her independence. We can echo indeed the ovation she earned

from her enemies. Since that time Siena has dreamed and because she has only dreamed she is perhaps the best surviving example of an Italian mediaeval town.

Just wander in Siena and you will eventually find yourself going downhill and entering a large fan-shaped piazza. You will have entered 'Il Campo'. The 'fan' spreads out from the Palazzo Pubblico and from one corner the Torre di Mangia reaches to the sky like a sword, tall and slender. The 'Campo'—and yet so quiet! Where are all the stalls and coloured umbrellas that one associates with a campo in Italy? In Rome we fight our way through the Campo de' Fiori. Here in the heart of Siena we walk alone across a vast space. At the beginning of this century the piazza had already said good-bye for almost twenty years to its gay colourful life—a life centuries old. To appreciate this area you must view it from above. A little energy and a few lire will enable you to reach the top of the tower which is a fine vantage point for seeing the country around but most of all for seeing Siena itself. Here the real unity of the city is evident. For the most part the wall contains the city as it did of old, though it is no longer an essential defence as it was when wandering bands of mercenaries in the *contado* were a perpetual threat. Among these we have to remember our fellow-countryman, Sir John Hawkwood and his Compagnia di San Giorgio. The Sienese had reason to respect him and upon one occasion at least had to buy peace at a 'goodly rate of golden florins'.

Just below us to the west of the city we can see the black and white striped Cathedral. It was dedicated to Maria Assunta in 1258—two years before the consecration of Westminster Abbey. A year later the chosen dictator, Buonaguida Lucari, bareheaded and barefooted, clad like a beggar with a halter round his neck, dedicated the city and *contado* to the 'Queen of Eternal Life' for protection against the Florentines. After the resounding victory of Montaperti the city became *Civitas Virginis*. It is not easy to see why 'tiger-stripes' were chosen. A gothic cathedral and yet an overpowering sensation of the horizontal! Perhaps after all it is not difficult to know why; it would be the dedication of the Republic to the Blessed Virgin in the colours of the *balzana*. Men may discuss its merits and demerits now, but it is certain that the Sienese were dissatisfied with it within fifty years of its achievement. The Cathedral of Florence promised to be not only larger but more beautiful than theirs; and Orvieto, too, was already at work. They began

by adding here and there to the church but eventually all alteration was stopped because the fabric was pronounced unstable. It was then that they decided to build a new church 'beautiful, large and splendid, fine in its proportions of length, height, and breadth, and in all its parts'. And such a church was indeed planned, for the present building was to be the transepts. It was even begun. Many structural difficulties arose but courage was not completely lost. It was the terrible Black Death of 1348 that killed all hopes of a new cathedral. Few would blame the Sieneſe that they abandoned their labour. Now a few ruined walls and arches stand as a monument to the civic pride and ambition of the Sieneſe and, let it be ſaid, to their devotion—a combination which, but for tragedy, would have produced one of the largest churches in the world.

If the Cathedral of Siena as a building pure and ſimple fails to hold its own with the ſiſter cathedrals of Tuscany, it compares very favourably with any of them in regard to the treasures it poſſeſſes. Moſt important of all is the moſaic pavement, a work unique in Italy. Unfortunately the greater part of it is covered with a wooden flooring and is revealed only on important feaſts. One can appreciate the care with which the Sieneſe guard their treasure, but this muſt have been very far from the minds of the artiſts who laid the pavement with ſuch devoted care. Students of Italian art will need no reminding of the magnificent pulpit by Niccolò Piſano, or the Font in the Baptiſtery by Giacomo della Quercia with baſ-reliefs by Donatello and Ghiberti.

Joined to the Cathedral and opening on to the left aiſle is the Libreria Piccolomini, a monument to one of Siena's greateſt ſons, Enea Silvio Piccolomini, who is famous as the great humaniſt pope, Pius II. The library was built to houſe his manuſcripts by his nephew, Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, who, to his own diſmay, later became pope as Pius III. The chief intereſt of the library, however, lies in the ten freſcoes by Pinturicchio illuſtrating the life of Enea Silvio. The effect of the whole is rich and ſplendid and the ten hiſtories make up an ideal representation of the career of a hero of the Renaiſſance. The ſecond freſco ſhows him at Edinburgh before King James I of Scotland, whom he is trying to perſuade to threaten the Border and ſo prevent our Henry VI from interfering with the continental peace that had been concluded at Arras. The Piccolomini family is one of the moſt eminent in the hiſtory of Siena, but Rome

leaves Enea Silvio and his nephew 'skyed' in the church of S. Andrea della Valle. It is true that both tombs were once in the old St Peter's, but now few of the people who pass in and out of S. Andrea ever look high enough to see uncle and nephew face each other across the nave. Perhaps it is harder for Pius III who prepared himself a resting-place at an altar in the Cathedral of Siena. 'Francesco, Cardinal of Siena, whilst still living had this sepulchre made for himself.'

What an experience it would be to be able to step back into the past! From the top of the Mangia Tower the Piazza del Campo would make a fine stage for such an experience. The Campo has seen manifestations of all types of human activity—colourful tournaments, religious processions, games, fierce battles. You might, of course, be a Dante and remain unaffected. Boccaccio has given us a vivid picture of the poet as he 'lay with his breast upon a bench' outside an apothecary's shop reading an ancient book, and although a great tournament 'was begun and carried through there' with a 'mighty din' and 'many other things took place such as might draw one to look on them, as dances of fair ladies, and many sports of youths, yet was there never a one that saw him stir thence, nor once raise his eyes from the book'.

The Sienese loved festivities. The very fountain in the piazza, a modern copy of Giacomo della Quercia's work, is called Fonte Gaia from the fortnight of rejoicing—'such rejoicing . . . that it would seem incredible if it were told'—that hailed the advent of its waters on Whitsunday, 1343. The Campo had its solemn moments too of course. As many as forty thousand people would gather here to hear S. Bernardino. The monogram of Christ high in the centre of the Palazzo Pubblico remains as a memorial to his preaching. A century before the triumphs of S. Bernardino, on 9th June 1311, the Maestà of Duccio di Buoninsegna was borne with ceremony from his workshop to its place on the high altar of the Cathedral. The Sienese appreciated this work of one whom we now see to be the true founder of their school of painting. As a contemporary tells us: 'the shops were shut; and the Bishop bade that a goodly and devout company of priests and friars should go in solemn procession, accompanied by the Signori Nove and all the officers of the Commune and all the people . . . And they accompanied the said picture as far as the Duomo, making procession round the Campo as is the use, all the bells sounding joyously

for the devotion of so noble a picture as is this.' Giotto in Florence broke with the earlier Byzantine tradition; Duccio took the old Byzantine forms and breathed new life into them. The Sieneſe artists after him accepted his inspiration. Under them Byzantine figures took on a ſubtle grace and lyrical mood. A fine example is 'The Annunciation' by Simone Martini and Lippo Memmi, a work preſerved in Florence. The Pinacoteca Nazionale here in Siena has a large collection of paintings, moſtly on the golden background of the Byzantine ſtyle. The 'Maestà' itſelf is now unfortunately houſed very badly in a ſmall room in the Museo dell'Opera.

Everyone has heard of the horſe race which is held in the Campo twice a year on the Feaſts of the Viſitation and the Aſſumption and which is ſtill called the *Palio* from the rich ſtuff (now repreſented by a banner) given as a prize. This, however, is but a remnant of the ſporting activities of the Sieneſe. One of the oldeſt of their games was the *Giuoco delle Pugne*—a furious game of fiſticuffs which ſometimes ended ſeriously. One Sunday in 1324, this game with ſix hundred a ſide ended with the uſe not only of ſtones and ſticks but alſo of ſwords and lances. Armed ſoldiers were called in and ſeveral of them killed. It was not until the biſhop with all the prieſts and religious following a proceſſional croſs paſſed through them that the combatants drew apart. A variation of this game was the *Asinate* or donkey-fights. Each *contrada* or ſection of the city would enter the Campo with its captain and thirty *pugillatori* and a donkey painted in the colours of the *contrada*. No arms of any ſort were allowed under ſevere penalties but almoſt any other ſort of violence was permitted. The ſtruggle was to force theſe donkeys round the Campo, in ſpite of all the efforts of the rival *contrada*, and the one that firſt completed two rounds was the winner. In later years the *Asinate* gave place to the leſs exciting *Buffalate*—races with buffaloes. Now there remains the *Palio* with mounted horſes. Twice in the year then the Campo becomes its old ſelf again and is bright with the colourful coſtumes of earlier days.

But let us leave the Campo to its dreams and come now to the valley ſought by the werewolves that haunt the city. This valley divides the cathedral from the fortreſs-like church of S. Domenico. We are in the Rione di Fontebranda and near the gate ſtands the fountain that gives it the name. The fountain has been famous throughout Tuscany from time immemorial

and we cannot doubt that Roman legionaries drank from its waters ; perhaps even the Senonian Gauls, if you accept the tradition. Some commentators of Dante hold that this is the fountain recorded in the thirtieth canto of the *Inferno*, for whose waters, even to cool the burning thirst of Hell's foulest circle, Maestro Adamo would not have given the sight of his aristocratic seducers sharing his agony. The fountain is prized in spite of the tradition that the werewolves throw themselves into it to recover human form.

We cannot write of Siena without a mention of St Catherine, and here in the valley of the tanners and dyers we are in a district she knew so well. Her house is a little way up the road. A visit here may be found disappointing. True it is that one is in the building once inhabited by the Saint, but the decoration of the oratories is in the spirit of the Renaissance. Although of merit it fails to recapture the memory of one who is remembered among the great personalities of the Middle Ages. The church of S. Domenico above us recalls incidents of her life in the frescoes of Sodoma and her true likeness in the portrait by her contemporary Andrea Vanni.

You may be one of those who like to examine in detail the treasures of the past ; you may prefer to savour the atmosphere in quiet repose ; each will find satisfaction in Siena. Details always fade but Siena herself will not be forgotten—Siena with her ancient gothic profile full of slender towers, pointed gables and embattled walls. She has retained what is best of a former age and the charm of it is shared by the people with their grave and pleasing courtesy. There is sincerity in the inscription over the Porta Camollia: *Cor magis tibi Sena pandit.*

FRANCIS DAVIS

## 1766 AND ALL THAT

Father Charles Booth, of the Society of Jesus, shuddered and shut his eyes. He had lived in Italy for some years now, yet he had never been able to bring himself to enjoy to the full the pastoral but penetrating music produced by the *piferarii*. In the street below the two-man band continued to wake the echoes, blissfully unconscious of the mental torment caused thereby to the Rector of the English College: the din rolled in from the Monserra' and seemed to make the best possible use of the acoustics of the cortile. Bringing his mind back with an effort from such subjects, Fr Booth pretended to give his full attention to Fr Minister who was lecturing him on the subject of the College accounts in a voice possibly less melodious and certainly no more avoidable than the noise without.

It was Easter Sunday, 1766. It was also 30th March, and so high time that the first quarter's accounts were checked over. Once again Fr Minister picked up the bulky *Libro Mastro* and read, in an accent that made his sensitive superior writhe, 'in debito à spesa per il Funerale di Giacomo III, Re della Gran Bretagna . . .' That was the trouble. The expenses of a College in the first month of any year are sure to be heavy, what with heating and epidemics to increase the bills; but this year there had to be faced the additional and unparalleled expense of a royal funeral. Now a royal funeral, even when concerned with a monarch who had been in exile ever since he had been carried from St James' Palace at the tender age of six months, some seventy-seven years previously, is not a cheap affair. Wherever Fr Booth looked in the *Libro Mastro*, expenses connected with



the last illness and funeral of James III, the old Pretender, met his eye. 'Per il consumo di Cera fatto in nostra Chiesa per l'Esposizione del venerabile fatta in occasione dela malatia di Giacomo III . . . Spesa per il Funerale . . . Pagati al Festarolo, Falegname, Ferraro, Muratore, ed altri per la paratura, e Tumulo, al Maestro di Cappella per la Musica, Maestri di Cerimonie, Mancie date alla Guardia Svizzera ed altri Familiari' and, a more human touch, 'cioccolata provvista in detta occasione . . .'

Quarter day had come and gone, and Giulio Cesare de Gregorii, the Cerarolo, was clamouring for his money. Equally insistent was the Maestro di Cappella, an expensive gentleman called Giovanni Costanzi. Of course the Cardinal of York had been very generous in contributing a large sum towards the expenses : but these eminent ecclesiastics apparently failed to realize the enormous sum that could arise from the countless little expenses incurred on occasions like this. 'Mancie alla Guardia Svizzera', indeed !

Still, it had been worth it. Fr Booth had not liked giving the students permission to accompany the royal cortège on its nocturnal progress from the Dodici to St Peter's : but one had to make allowances when one's lawful monarch died virtually on one's doorstep. Anyway the Irish and Scots students had turned out in force, so the English College could not very well hang back.

A series of solemn Requiems had been offered for the King, and on 24th January it had fallen to the English National Church, the College Church, to do its share. Two or three days earlier an army of carpenters and decorators had descended upon the church, and by dawn of the 24th the building had been transformed. Amidst the overpowering black hangings Sig. Gaetano Callidi had erected an immense and truly royal catafalque, decorated with a lengthy inscription, own brother to the shorter inscription which decorated the door of the church and informed those few of the Monserra' loungers who could understand Latin that a royal funeral was the cause of all this unwonted splendour.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The inscriptions were as follows :—

On the bier : *Iacobo III / Magnae Britanniae, Franciae et Hiberniae / Regi / Catholicae Fidei Defensori invicto / Cui ne deesset Regno carere maluit / Magno Urbis universae Luctu / E vivis erepto / Principi Suo Clementissimo / Funebria Iusta Persolvit / Collegii Anglicani Iuventus / Devota Aeternum Nomini / Maiestatique Eius / Anno MDCCLXVI.*

Over the door : *Iacobo III / Magnae Britanniae, Franciae / et Hiberniae Regi / Religionis Ergo / Ab Avitis Regnis Exulare Coacto / Exul Ipsa Religio / Parentat.*

Four Cardinals had come, one of them the Cardinal Duke of York (now 'heir apparent') : the gathering had also included the Patriarch of Antioch, many Archbishops and Bishops and, a solitary spot of black amongst so much purple, Fr General himself. Mr Alloway, one of the students, had preached a 'brief but elegant' panegyric. By the way, thought Fr Booth, hadn't the Spiritual Director told him that Mr Alloway had decided to join the Society before taking Major Orders ?<sup>1</sup> Optime !

Fr Booth collected his wandering thoughts once more and, observing the Minister's severe expression, hastily muttered, 'Yes, yes, Father. Of course. I'll see to it at once.' The Minister, doing his best not to judge his superior rashly, continued in a sub-acid tone . . .

Of course, reflected Fr Booth, giving up the unequal struggle, the College had got some publicity from the affair. A thoughtful and businesslike Roman, noticing the public interest in the death of the Old Pretender, had produced a little book containing detailed descriptions of the various requiems celebrated for the late King. Once again the Rector meditated happily on the pleasing and flattering conclusion to the description of the ceremonies at the College : ' . . . fu applaudita sì dalla Nobiltà, sì dalla molta Gente che vi concorse per ammirare la splendidezza, con cui esse stata pensata ed eziandio puntualmente eseguita'.<sup>2</sup>

One thing had been fortunate—the new King, the Young Pretender, had not arrived in Rome in time for the ceremony. He was so liable to be a source of difficulty. The Pope had forbidden him the honour due to a reigning King : after all Charles's hopes of seeing the inside of St James's Palace were rather slender, to say the least of it. It was, of course, quite in order to treat him as a Prince of the Blood Royal : but that would not have satisfied him. Charles still claimed full royal honours, and so his presence at the Requiems offered for the repose of his father's soul would only have caused acute embarrassment to all concerned. Luckily the question had not arisen.

However Fate had caught up with Father Booth, and even as he dozed off, heedless of the accounts, a servant left the palace beside the Dodici bearing a note from Charles. In it His Majesty informed the Rector of the English College that he had

<sup>1</sup> *Liber Ruber*, 1424.

<sup>2</sup> 'Raccolta de' solenni Funerali fatti in Roma e nella città di Frascati per la morte della Maestà di Giacomo III . . .' Roma 1766.

decided to pay a visit to the Via Monserrato on the following morning.

\* \* \* \*

Twelve days later Fr Booth sat in a coach bound for Terni. As it bumped along the road below Monte Soratte he gave himself up to reflection once again. The Young Pretender had certainly lived up to his reputation for creating trouble wherever he went. His visit to the College had been as informal as possible, but its results had been castastrophic.

The Rector and the other superiors had received the royal visitor in the cortile, and it had been hard indeed to recognize in the red-nosed, corpulent and testy gentleman whose hand they had kissed the handsome young man whose portrait had graced the Salone for twenty years. Charles had been escorted to the Tribune, whence he had attended a Low Mass celebrated by Mr Lamb. After Mass the prayer for the King had been said, and His Majesty had then returned to his coach, allowing some of the students to kiss his hand as he passed. As the slightly battered vehicle rattled from the cortile, past the incurious gaze of the Monserra' loungers, Fr Minister had breathed a sigh of relief, and had looked rather nettled when he realized that the Rector had observed this pardonable lapse.

However, Fr Minister's sigh of relief had been premature : his original forebodings had been right, as ever. This informal visit, followed as it had been by similar visits to the Scots College, to the Irish Dominicans at San Sisto and to the Irish Franciscans at Sant' Isodore, had caused a great upheaval.<sup>1</sup> The Papal Court had buzzed with rumours, skilfully put about by the anti-Jacobite party there and, by the time the story had reached the ears of His Holiness, it had so grown that all Rome was talking of the solemn coronation of the Pretender that had taken place in the Church of the English College.<sup>2</sup> The Pope, naturally angry at this apparent disobedience to his explicit orders concerning Charles, had taken immediate steps.

Fr Booth would never forget his interview with the Governor of the City. He had waited in the ante-room in fear and trembling : for all he knew he was bound for the cells of the Castel Sant' Angelo. It had been bad enough that he was relieved of

<sup>1</sup> 'The Irish at San Sisto scarcely thought they did enough for him, without giving him the most distinguished honour, and hugged themselves for having thus far outdone their countrymen at St Isidore's or at the Scots and English College', Foley, cf. note at the end of the article.

<sup>2</sup> 'Persons were found so abandoned as to offer to swear to the particulars.' *Ibid.*

his duties as Rector of the English College and ordered to leave the Papal States within the week. His sole consolation was the fact that the superiors of the other three houses involved had met with the same fate.<sup>1</sup>

Of course he had tried to get his sentence reversed. The Protector, Cardinal Lante, had been very charming, but quite uncooperative. Cardinal Stewart had been full of sympathy, but had pointed out that he could do nothing since, for the time being at any rate, the Stewarts were, if anything, even more unpopular at the Papal Court than were their adherents.<sup>2</sup>

The coach rattled into Terni, and the ex-Rector prepared to alight. He was still, he told himself, a supporter of the Jacobite cause: but he had to admit to himself that recent events had somewhat dimmed his ardour. Still, he mused, it would doubtless provide Fr Thorpe with fresh material for one of his chatty letters to England.<sup>3</sup>

\* \* \* \*

Back in the Via Monserrato the new Rector, Fr Hothersall, S.J., was quietly crossing out the prayer for the King in his copy of the College prayer book, for he liked to be thorough. Below stairs a working party of students was busy packing away in the cellars the picture of Prince Charles that had hitherto hung in the Salone. Hardly anyone gave a thought to Fr Booth, except perhaps Fr Minister, whose accounts were now in a worse muddle than ever. In the street outside the *piferarii* wailed on, just as if nothing had happened at all.<sup>4</sup>

RICHARD L. STEWART

P.S.—To reassure those interested in the future of Fr Booth, I might mention that he died many years later as chaplain to Lord Arundell of Wardour.

<sup>1</sup> Even the aged Abbé Cozzi, Rector of the Scots College, came under this sentence. He tried to get permission to retire to his vineyards at Marino, but this was refused.

<sup>2</sup> However, Cardinal York did see to it that nothing came of the threat that all the students of the English and Scots Colleges should be punished for their 'part' in the affair.

<sup>3</sup> It did. See below.

<sup>4</sup> The sources I have used in this article are as follows:

- (a) Various entries from pages 339, 344 and 352 of the *Libro Mastro* (1766): College Archives.
- (b) The *Raccolta* mentioned in a previous footnote. This cheerful little work is particularly noteworthy for the ingenuity with which it finds fresh synonyms for the word 'Funerale' in each of its chapter headings. (e.g., *Essequie*, *Requie ecc.*)
- (c) A letter from Fr Thorpe, S.J., describing this incident. It can be found in Oliver's *Collectanea S.J.*, and is reprinted in Foley's *Records of the English Province S.J.*, Vol. V, pp. 794-96.

## ROMANESQUE

Man's ingenuity has discovered many ways of deciding the point at which you pass the great divide in life and start to slide down the slope on the wrong side. Furious argument has arisen, before now, over the relative merits of these different tests. I am tempted to add fuel to the fire by suggesting yet another criterion.

While you are a student and during your first years on the Mission, you open your copy of THE VENERABLE at the Diary. So long as personal names mean anything to you, this stage continues and the Diary is still the most important part of the magazine, although it is the beginning of the smaller print. But a day comes when every name is a stranger, and then the Diary is dispossessed from its pride of place. What steps into its shoes? Surely the Romanesque, which evokes the quintessence of Rome in the myriad little things that are perennial. It is not confined to any one generation, like the Diary. It speaks to us of things we knew in our fleeting day, of things we shall recognize when we go back. This stage in our attitude to THE VENERABLE lasts a long time. It represents the mellow years, when we are still enthusiastic Romans, but now *sub specie aeternitatis*. It is superseded only when a chill feeling in the spine prompts us to turn first to the obituaries. And of that stage let there be no whisper among us.

Already, and with cunning, I have described the true Romanesque: it is evocative of the quintessence of Rome. But this of course is elusive. We should all agree, I think; and possibly add the unoriginal comment that no generation has yet contrived to define *Romanità*. The whole value, however, of a Romanesque is that it does not try to define anything. And that is why it often succeeds where the philosopher invariably

fails. It recognizes that precision-tools are worse than useless when you are busy releasing anything so ethereal as a spirit. It generalizes from the particular, and unblushingly. Yet its method is oblique. The writer himself only particularizes. It is the reader who supplies the generalizations. The writer rubs one small, perhaps rather squalid, lamp; and if he rubs it aright, he raises the *genius loci* for all to see.

There have been several types of Romanesque, and not all of them measure up to this ideal. They may be a relative failure because their subject is not of sufficiently general an experience. Our older men could write brilliant Romanesques on Porzio or Magliana, which would turn the memories of their own generations into evergreen. But to the rest of their readers they would convey far less, perhaps nothing at all. Similarly, Romanesques on the gramophone or the Tank will fail to evoke a living response from those who knew not the North-West Passage, or who snatched their bathing only in the original tank in Pamphili. The perfect Romanesque needs the perennial detail, if the genie is not to remain obstinately in his prison.

Then, from time to time, we have had most ingenious and amusing reflections on aspects of Roman life, which never progressed beyond being diverting. They struck no magic chord of memory. Often indeed they might be fine letters, pleasing exercises in fancy by a cultured mind. But they failed as Romanesques because they were not evocative. They did not, for instance, transport you from your electric fire into the heat of the Campo under the noonday sun, as you trudged wearily home from too many lectures to the prospect of Pastor and depth charges for your dinner. They were written about the Campo; they might be well written; but somehow they just weren't the Campo.

The Romanesque has its own subtlety. Overmuch description can suffocate it. The right phrase will recreate a familiar atmosphere, while whole paragraphs will leave it embedded in those same paragraphs. Probably, the perfect Romanesque is something of a fluke. Probably, no Romanesque is perfect from start to finish. We can measure its success only by the number of flashes that make one see Rome, smell Rome, hear Rome; that in fact plunge one back into Rome. How these flashes come their originator may well be puzzled to explain. But when they do come, they are potent magic; and they alone make the genuine Romanesque.

Even Editors, those great men, have not always known when they had a Romanesque in their hands. *Carmina Venerabileana* and *All Right on the Night and Wine*, to name only three, were printed as alien articles. In an issue which boasted no official Romanesque, *They also Serve* was not allowed to have filled the vacuum, but was published under a new series-heading, *The Years Between*. This series, by the way, never got past the first jump. Stranger still: a description of aquatic adventures at Ambleside, during the Croft Lodge parenthesis, was labelled and numbered the thirty-first Romanesque. It is odd that this editorial decision never raised the least breath of controversy. That it was treason nobody seems to have noticed. Or if they did, the Editor must have said that the correspondence must now cease, before it had managed to start.

The instinct to categorize is an abiding ache of all philosophers. You could divide Romanesques—presuming you were dull enough to want to—into those written about life in the College and those describing life as we saw it when we issued into the streets. The first of this honourable line began at home with *Caffé and Rosolio*, but the next two took us out-of-doors to the *Campo* and to watch the notorious *Dog-cart*, whose arrival instantly enlisted universal sympathy for all fugitive mongrels. Back in the house again, in the *Common Room*, we were promptly hustled off to the Gregorian to discuss *The Sheet*, jerked up the Gianicolo for *Pork and Beans*, and then spread-eagled on *Gitas*, before being allowed an exhausted rest in *The College Garden*. There is no advantage in prolonging this list. The point is made. One is tempted to exercise one's ingenuity by making up a story from the fifty titles, in the order of their appearance. But that is just the clever stuff which destroys a Romanesque, and I am glad to refrain.

More valuable, perhaps, would be an anthology of the inspired sentences which still obliterate time and space for us. They might be verse, like :

‘Never more by vinous twilights  
Home to tramp from Porzio ;  
Never more to eat like Stylites  
Eggs and prosh on Algidò’.

They might be the simplest straightforward prose :

‘Strangely, even the dullest *santino* seems preferable in the eyes of a Roman child to the most glittering medal’.

But anthologies embalm personal preferences, which it is an

impertinence to thrust on other people. If an anthology would be a good thing, the only possible course is for each of us to make his own.

One of the curious characteristics of the Venerabile is that, once things begin there, they rarely seem to stop. Even enterprises of their nature ephemeral acquire the appearance of eternity. Generation after generation scrupulously continues to foster the brain child of some forgotten wight. The process would be almost mystic, were it not so evidently native. *Chi Lo Sa?* for instance, as a serious contribution to culture, survived exactly one issue and a half: as a comic it has been going twenty-eight years. The Opera has lasted almost as long. Together they have born the transplantation of exile, and they are sturdy still. And now the Romanesque, a light-hearted individual after all, is celebrating its golden jubilee. They have all become as indigenious as Peter's and Pam. They are part of the round, like S. Sabina on Ash Wednesday or the Piazza Navona at Befana.

The reason, in the case of the Romanesque, can only be its precious service to memory. When we leave the College, though our loyalty never dim, other interests and occupations and anxieties overlay the immediacy of our Roman consciousness. If we go back to Rome, we feel as if we had never been away. But here in England we are away. Here in England we have a full life to live, an important life spent in God's service: and while we are immersed in living it, Rome becomes faint as distance. Then the Magazine arrives; and if its Romanesque is authentic, it is a magic carpet taking us back to Rome by drawing our memories to the surface, bathing us in the vivid feel of Rome, until for a little space we are out of this parish, out of this room, away from the rain and the sleet and the wind, standing in camerata and looking out over the tangle of roofs to the bare cone of Gennaro and the sun on the snow of Velino beyond. There is a smell of roasted chestnuts under our noses and we know that the leaves are decaying on the plane trees beside the Tiber banks. And the children are yelling round the fountain: we can hear them. And the bells are ringing, and we feel anxious lest we shall not make the Monserrà in time for the Conversion prayers.

It is a spell. It doesn't last long. We sigh and shake ourselves and take out that census book. But it was good while it lasted.

RICHARD L. SMITH



## JUBILESQUE<sup>1</sup>

*To three Right Reverend Bishops, to an half dozen Knights of the clerical order and to a score or so of Pawns—Greeting. And Sympathies too, because they are unwittingly responsible for this undistinguished essay and to them it is, without permission, Dedicated.*

A sea blowing away, the seascape painter tells me, is brighter than one that blows towards, because it reflects more of the sky. It reflects more of the sky . . . A suspicion of this explains perhaps the diffidence of the Present and the audacity of the retrospective Past in the matter of Romanesque authorship. The score stands at thirty-three (possibly thirty-five) to fifteen in favour of the Ancients. And further, amongst those whom we may call the Quidams, as opposed to the Quondams, only one in the swaddling-clothes of Philosophy dared grasp the brush, but he was a superman and holds the record of five (4, 6, 19, 25, 39).<sup>2</sup> Yet whether the sea be running towards our painters or away, wave upon wave of Romanesque loyally mirrors the coloured patches of the sky we knew.

Towards a definition of Romanesque? I can but commend to you the following ponderosity of a good friend of mine:

‘Romanesque is not of its nature a catalogue but rather an attempt to capture something of the real

<sup>1</sup> The fiftieth Romanesque appeared in the last number of THE VENERABLE. Figures in brackets refer to the number of the Romanesque in question; an index is appended to this article. Being incompetent, I have said nothing of the brave band of illustrators. They deserve a Romanesque to themselves.

<sup>2</sup> R. 31 was written by a Philosopher but it deals with life at Croft Lodge.

essence of everyday life contained in the common everyday things which acquire a deeper significance from our continual association with them.' (48)

Phew! Nevertheless, this portentous *pronunciamento* has been carefully sought out and diligently hammered. It remains, so far as I can remember, the only explicit and conscientious attempt of any 'Romanesquier' to find out and to state what he is trying to do. One might deferentially demur, however, as 'real essence' because one suspects that this is in fact ineffable; that it may be suggested but not expressed; that it is the reader's business and not the writer's.

Or should we say, again, 'painter's'? In 1927 a great untouched canvas stood waiting and in that year the first brush was drawn from the pot. There was no editorial fanfare of any kind; none guessed the significance of the gesture. The first colour was a capuccino-brown and a limpid green-yellow—*Caffè and Rosolio*, (1) to be followed in the same number by all the colours of the Campo (2). Strangely enough, but inevitably, the canvas was already framed; stranger still, the painting-surface was deliberately criss-crossed into many squares; of these only fifty have been filled. If we may divert the allegory for a moment, the frame is a Venerabile window-frame or, better still, the rims of Venerabile spectacles; 'better' I say because these literary men, these seers and scribes of our life, whether they look inwards or look outwards receive all visions according to the pattern that is shown them. And for better or for worse that pattern is ours and no other's . . . To resume our allegory and to give it point: the total effect is of impressionism, of literary impressionism. No one of our painted squares will tolerate amputation and examination. It is true that none is painted with a view to its adjacent part<sup>1</sup> but each is painted in view of the whole. Nor is the whole a study in still-life but a portrait—a portrait of *Venerabilitas*, a Mona Lisa—and when the last Romanesque is printed the portrait will not be finished; or were it ever finished it would remain inscrutable.

So let there be no Uriah Heepery. To the pyre with that excommunicate traitor, with that betrayer of his kind, who wrote: 'Flippant creatures who are barred from *Nova et Vetera* and only entrusted with the Romanesque' (41)! And a minor censure, but not very minor, on the thinning head of another who dared to say: 'Someone should take off his hat publicly to

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, the incongruous sequence: '*Chi Lo Sa?*', 'The Box', 'Functions'; 16, 17, 18.

these men (the Magazine staff) if only in a Romanesque' (23). Why! Being serious is the easiest thing on earth; any idiot can be serious (I believe they all are) and the meanest archivist can write for *Nova et Vetera*. 'Only a Romanesque', indeed!

When first this article was proposed one promised oneself a pretty thesis on the evolution of the *genre* from Number One to Fifty. One was thwarted. There is, in effect, no evolution: the thing is a special creation and the first is as perfect in its species as the last. You may well ask the reason of this constancy. I answer first that we are all tarred with the same great brush and that this consistency in the way we look is fortified by the substantial permanence of the things we look at. I answer second that there is shady work afoot. Take this borrowing business which we may describe in rough Anglo-Saxon as the pastiche-technique. I called it 'shady'; it is not shady, it is less vicious: it is shameless. One sample from my bag is enough: 'The name "Sheet" has many acceptations' (5). Well said! It wraps us in the atmosphere right away and the scholastic bones are just sufficiently sticking through the skin. But *mehercule!* (a Romanesque crack, that one) five years later what do we find? 'The word "Box" like "Sheet" *multiplici modo accipitur*' (17). There you have the skinless skeleton itself. No doubt these two contemporaries have exchanged angry letters ere this, but if not yet . . . Now you see why one sample is more than enough! But let me say for peace's sake and for truth's sake that this device bears the very respectable name of 'literary tradition' and—to stop all mouths and letters—that the Prophets used it and the Psalmists.

Such sporadic purloinary does not, however, account for the stubborn persistence of what has become a perfectly defined and characteristic literary form. We must press our inquiry further. It would appear that to the writing of a Romanesque come three qualities: *Romanità*, Romanesquemanship, Romanesquerie. To the first, reference has been made in the previous paragraph; there is nothing to add: the quality is too delicate for dissection, too admirable for analysis. Moreover, a gallant attempt has already been made at its definition, though the author himself confesses that the thing curls up under his microscope.<sup>1</sup> This leaves us with Romanesquemanship which is

<sup>1</sup> THE VENERABLE, 1942, Vol. X, 237-246. It should be noticed that the author's purpose was intensely and anxiously practical: to show the Exiles that this treasure was worth holding. In the end he is content with showing not what *Romanità* is but what it does. The article was most moving in the pathos of its underlying appeal. Who can set limits to the good it did?

the deliberate and agreed craft of the whole guild, and Romanesquerie which is the spontaneous and personal art of this singular *genre littéraire*.

And first for Romanesquemanship because in this convention, and not in the centrifugal and individual gift of Romanesquerie, lurks the principle and guarantee of permanence. I do not suggest that the rules of the craft have been drawn up and imposed, but as the baby-otter swims and fishes with a mother-taught grace and certainty, so the Romanesquier follows a pattern or a shape that he accepts by instinct while remaining unable to reflect upon its geometrical logic. Hence the specific unity behind the diversity of subject, the community of plan, of literary device. Of these three we shall now speak separately.

Now as to the choice of subject, this, you might say, is the business of the Editor and of his confederates. And so it is, but not always nor entirely. Listen. Twenty years ago one who wrote of Concerts unwarily let slip the following sentence: 'The Sketch should have a Romanesque to itself and I will not poach on another man's preserves' (12). Simple soul! wotting little, though being an ex-Editor he should have wotted, that the Editor's card-index is full of unguarded remarks like this. Observe the issue. Five years later this rash wretch is awarded all poaching rights and is scribbling away for dear life on Sketches (22). *Verb. sap.*, my friends, and especially one friend who was incorrigible always and for whom, I fear, the warning comes too late. He has already written, and doubtless it has been duly filed at headquarters: 'Someone will eventually write a Romanesque or even [*sic*] a poem about the Pump' (20). This is in 1935. Flattering himself that he has got away with this for eleven years the foolhardy wight sticks out his neck again in 1946: 'When will there be a writer skilful enough to write a Romanesque on Smells?' (42). The axe will fall one day.

But setting apart these cases of suicide it is normally the Editor who selects the poison. On what principle, if principle is the right word for such deadly work? Statistics lie but we advance them for what they are worth. Taking our stand upon the titles and not upon the unscrupulous meanderings of those who are determined to drag in their favourite yarn, we find that the broadest and most obvious classification yields the following interesting result: Domestic: 26; Urban: 24.<sup>1</sup> What are we to

<sup>1</sup> By 'Urban' I mean extra-collegiate subjects, including e.g. the Greg. Broadly 'Domestic' are 1, 4, 7, 11, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 31, 33, 35, 37, 41, 42, 43, 49, 50.

conclude ? That we are equally full of eyes within and without ; and this is not a bad equipment for a throne of judgement. Because, and we say this at the risk of digression, the Romanesque is a judgement—upon things or persons ; it may be an immature judgement (I have not found it so) but it is always a kindly one. To return to our point, the Editor consciously or subconsciously strikes a balance between the Forum *foris* and the Quorum *intus*. But after that ? There is certainly some principle of exclusion. If by history you mean the story of great events and of great people—and it is not the best nor the real history—then the censor excludes history and pigeon-holes it ‘Article’ or ‘*Nova et Vetera*’. In this latter hole also will go the devotional if to this category you refuse, as our cheerful memories do refuse, ‘Functions’, ‘Processions’, ‘Station Churches’ (18, 30, 46). Yet, aware of our irrepressibility though not of our irreverence, one would not be surprised if hidden in his *genizah* our Editor has a blue-pencilled and finally rejected effort (probably volunteered) on the lighter side of Meditation. Having established this fact of a laudable editorial reserve I shall not be breaking my own rule of prudence recently enunciated if I call attention to the absence of the tempting subject of Avancinus. In further vindication of this rule of taboo may we point out more seriously the healthy sacrifice of the easiest butt of seminary humour—I mean College food. This negative statistic, having searched with some care, I can guarantee. The *Caffè and Rosolio* article is not an exception ; it is not of cups nor glasses but of the Thing. As for ‘Pork and Beans’, it is Urban not Domestic.

At the other extreme of exclusion lies the intrinsically foolish or the explicitly funny. It will be noted that the recent essay on ‘The Funny Men’ was in fact predominantly serious in tone and did not figure as a Romanesque. You smartly object ‘Sketches’ and ‘*Chi lo Sa ?*’ I retort as to the first that we ourselves have appeared in sketches that were real tragedies ; and as to the second, that ‘*Chi lo Sa ?*’ began its life with an article on the Living Wage ; and further to the second, that this history of ‘*Chi lo Sa ?*’ might well have appeared in *Nova et Vetera* to cheer that corner up a bit. On the positive side of my thesis I can produce a powerful surrealist ensemble of forty-eight witnesses including a Hat, a Box, a Sheet, a Roman Sacristan and a Roman Horse. And these, to clinch the argument, are supported by the altogether tragic—the Archives and the

Gramophone. If final proof be demanded we have the Editor's firm refusal to admit this foolish elucubration to the dignity of Romanesque. In short, then, it is the Romanesquier's job to squeeze fun out of our life and not to chronicle it—in which we rejoin the pregnant dictum already quoted, that 'Romanesque is not of its nature a catalogue'.

We shall suppose that we have reached the moment when the sighful scribe, having had his subject wished on him, wearily takes down from its shelf Volume Three of THE VENERABILE, parent of his woes, to study the features that have passed from generation to generation and that must be repeated in this unborn child. The fiend has now seized him, the compulsion of the *genre*. Down come the other volumes, one by one. He meditates the Introduction—foolish man : it should be written last. He has a wide range of choice. Here is Erudite, for example, a plump and pleasing person, starting with a neat one from Charles Lamb (4), a line or two of Italian verse (40), or something even smugger as : 'Euripides has few scenes more beautiful than that in which Ion . . .' (19). Our poor novice notes with envy how artfully this last conjures the picture of long and happy converse with the Greeks under the midnight oil. But the pen dries in a still hand ; *he* has nothing like this up his sleeve. He turns disconsolate to Philosopher, lean and hungry : 'The material object of these pages is . . . but the formal object . . .' (21) but decides, having met this rather distinguished cadaver a dozen times, that the poor old boy is over-tired.<sup>1</sup> And no wonder : this gentleman is not allowed a rest even after his opening act and we find him clowning it throughout the piece and throughout the years. He makes his bow in 1927 with a brisk '*haecceitas*' (2), following this up with repeated quips on '*actus secundus*' in the very next number (3). His niche is now established and nothing will shake him. Henceforth through all performances, with a few setbacks, you will hear not 'idea' but 'concept', not 'meaning' but 'connotation' ; even '*continuum*' will become familiar and, most recently and most boldly, '*analogatum princeps*' (48).

All this our inquiring friend notes for use in the *corpus articuli* (the bug has bitten !) but rejects from his introduction. For this he goes lower in the scale to Breezy. But 'You there, with your feet propped up . . . !' (20) he finds a little strong for his own temperament. On the other hand, "Punch", said

<sup>1</sup> Cf., though one or two are doubtful, 2, 5, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 22, 36, 43, 48.

the Senior Student', (33), is Wodehouse and dated.<sup>1</sup> 'I knew a man once . . . ' (10) is a pleasantly anecdotic opening but useless if you have no anecdote. Our friend has not. Nor has he learned much so far but his own shortcomings. In this defeatist mood he takes to his bosom Apologetic, as thus : 'Lest I appear to make a claim . . . ' (47), or thus : 'To write of a Venerable Christmas after years of absence . . . ' (26), or : 'Writing a Romanesque is rather like . . . ' (29). This is more like it. He squares his shoulders, dips his pen, bethinks him of the rhetorical question (another of our parlour-tricks) and begins : 'Who shall worthily hymn the glories of . . . (here he consults the editor's letter—he has forgotten his subject) . . . Certainly not I'. (And yet he will, you know. He has to.)

He is on his way at last. Nothing will stop him now, his pen is galloping ; it will not be long before he is cheerfully and hypocritically writing : 'Space and a certain delicacy forbid that I should indulge in personal reminiscence, but . . . ' (41). The philosophical tags and the nostalgic bits will now pour from his nib. Handy memories of Opera practices will suggest this sort of thing (of the Villa cassock) : 'suckled on tank-water, and weaned on vino' (43), or more explicitly (of the Camerata-stray) : 'alone and yet alive' (11). In all this, you understand, he has an illusion of freedom only ; in effect he is ridden by the Romanesque-hag, the beldame (*sic*) *sans merci*. She will spur him into the twilight undergrowth of our esoteric jargonese, in which 'Sheet' and 'Tank' and 'Box' and 'Dog-cart' will mean anything but what they mean to those in the light outside. Wild shouts will break from his lips to baffle the uninitiate : 'The spekker, having passed the *quanti cattolici* stage . . . ' (34). Anon he is in the light again with Latin cries and Italian (our own brand). Now for all these things he has dipped into the *depositum* but they are toys after all and we hope this hand will pull out something more serious for his study : I speak of the *Wirstücke* or 'We'-sections. A phrase from the *Romanità* article came to mind : 'The keynote . . . is comradeship'. 'We' comes natural to us ; it flowers in Romanesquemanship because it is rooted in *Romanità*.

So much for the literary convention, now for the common but differentiating grace of Romanesquerie. Like that of the artist in colour or in sound this gift is not so much of the hand as of the observant and retentive ear or eye. It stirs memory,

<sup>1</sup> For other introductions more or less of the Breezy category cf. 16, 25, 28, 30, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 46, 49, 50. It will be noticed that Philosopher and Breezy fairly evenly divided the honours.

imagination and emotion at a touch. One who was a Common Room addict could almost have forgotten the imperturbable and provocative 'Garden-Circle' that raised such passions (4,8) until this sentence carved them in lasting ivory: 'The monks of this Thebaid welcomed him with a nod, smiled and smoked on' (37). So too we had forgotten ourselves when young and Englandwards, used as we now are to more sophisticated tailoring: 'A cross between a pedlar in shoddy wares and an agent of the Soviet Union of Republics' (15) or, at the Tank, clothed in 'a pair of cut-down corduroys recently dipped in blue-black ink' (42). These are of the eye. The ear will always be grateful for records that can never stale, like the reaction of a *contadino* to out Anglo-Saxon stupidities: '*Che gente geologica!*' (15) or another, from one who is perhaps the most winning of our tribe, in which we hear again the gentle husky voice of the burly Joe of Nemi: '*Questo è un vino sincero*' (45). Or else, tickling neither ear nor eye but some hidden nerve of ours: 'The Scots' match so-called, no doubt, because it nearly always is the Scots' match' (28), or 'a "*Vietato Fumare*" notice with no political significance whatever' (41).

As for qualities of tone and flavour, one is here on the boundaries of Romanesquemanship and Romanesquerie; one hesitates. It is true that all are written with a sigh for things gone or soon to go and that always a stubborn Englishry forbids us to weep in public. The problem is common, the solutions vary. A few escape the dilemma by salting their sentiment or, if you prefer, by leading us up the rose-garden path to smell the onion-patch. This is the way of it—not a perfect example but one I remember: 'The stillness of dawn and the tranquillity of the Tank's blue surface shattered by the virile impact of the early bird's stomach' (42). Others (only two so far) take a bolder line, the Pungent and Pugnacious, which may be commended as an adroit piece of Romanesquerie to future Romanesquiers. But beware! If this advice be too freely followed the trick will finish up by becoming a part of Romanesquemanship. This will not do. It is so far confined to the Urban variety and one suspects it should stay there—it is a lively hound and has bite but it is scarcely a house-dog. For example: 'Few things so effectively corrupt good morals as the "Sheet"' (5). That sentence will never grow old. And later, wallowing in aggression: 'I would go further and trace to the "Sheet" every evil and abuse which afflicts the human community.' Attaboy! No weakening, you



notice—unlike a shifty contemporary of my own (I use the adjective in no uncomplimentary sense) who starts bravely enough: ‘Traffickers are all essentially unscrupulous and Traffic itself is a pest, a horror . . .’ but later he bleats: ‘Mind you, I’m not suggesting that Roman Traffic did nothing to brighten our lives . . .’ (29). Keep it up, man! Put ‘shorten’ for ‘brighten’ and have done with it!

About authors in person a last word should be said. Now here the Editor need not reach for his card-index, this is no list of probable starters. If it were we should, in the words of our ancient crambo ‘breathe through our noses and black our teeth with soot’; we should point out in the very first place that an author should not be already occupied mentally—he should not be teaching in a seminary for instance, otherwise he will treat you to *genre littéraire*. He might even get to offensive internal criticism. Like this:

The thesis of pericope number six is Pork and Beans. That a man who writes about Pork should serve up Lamb (Charles) is not surprising, but when the student discovers that the Essays of Élia have been already exploited in the previous year (4) his critical judgement makes him suspect, without consulting the subscription, that the same wheels are turning. When, further, the exegete gleans two Shakespeares, one Dickens, one Milton, one Belloc, he begins to conjecture that the machinery was assembled in Cambridge. When finally he detects judicious drops of oil in the right places he may well claim to have identified the machine itself. How clearly he sees that bland smile again as the parenthetical compliments fall! ‘Young men of excellent grace and presence’ he adds (39) lest a story wound; or ‘both honourable men’ (25) to soften a nickname. Add to this evidence the curious if not altogether pertinent fact that after an interval of nine years he returns to his proprietary phrase found nowhere else in the series: ‘autochthonous Romans’ (6, 25). (A great pity these articles were signed; our paragraph could have been a nimble piece of literary detection instead of a *prophetia post eventum*.) But this man, I say it again, is the noblest Romanesquier of them all; he holds the record of five, all distinguished. He is of excellent grace.

Fortunately for the historian the pernicious practice of mere initials died unwept in its first year. The initials of R.2 were easy—as familiar as an old Venerabile song (Rome Lang Syne) but R.1 left a choice between an ordinary member of the

Association and one who had paid a life-subscription ; the mind reeled before the possibility of such a social *gaffe*. But the doubt was resolved by the brisk '*Fiat, fiat*' worked off in the editorial of that number ; confident that editorials are not read the same writer had another stab at it in R.1. If this theory is wrong let us make sure that the apology goes to the right address ; that is to say to the true author. The other has no ground for complaint. Let him rather preen his borrowed plumage for this was the worthy father of a great family.

There are three anonymities (*Peste!*). With the first (32) we are not happy. His last year in Rome was not earlier than 1930-31 because he attends at the Pilotta ; but there is little else to go on. '*Tempus acceptibile*' is certainly a misprint and '*ludisti satis*' does not necessarily betray First Year—I have known professors . . . For this '*Qualcuno*' we suggest, date : 1927-34 ; temperament : sober ; interest (mild) : archives. We now sit back and await a letter. But R.10 is a different story. When a man takes up the pen in defence of professors and prefers to remain unnamed we may presume that he is grinding his own axe. He is surely no longer a student, at least I hope not, because he 'sits in his study and knocks the ashes from his pipe'. He probably is, or was, at an institution of some size—he speaks of his 'entranced listeners when the port is on the table'. He is a raconteur, then, and his introduction : 'I knew a man once . . .' makes us venture (a) 1916-22 ; (b) a northern seminary other than this from which I write ; (c) his name figuring in our version of Uncle Tom Cobleigh. We smugly await another letter and hope it apologizes for our inconvenience.

It speaks volumes for the imperiousness of our literary convention that 'A.B.' on 'Functions' (18) did not betray himself to one who had been a shoulder-rubber of many years standing. Though indeed, had one reflected, few but he would have been able so aptly to toss off a quotation from a Sonnetto Romanesco of Chiappini. The Association list had to come out again. Four 'A.B.'s. One of them had been an M.C. and therefore suspect ; but the essay lacked his sobriety. Nevertheless, of all he was the most probable and if the most probable was improbable it remained only to guess that the article had been completely anonymous. Which meant that the Editor of the time had been unscrupulous. This, since for many years he was an intimate of mine, I was only too ready to believe. He had rejected the simple expedient of declared anonymity and preferred involving four

very respectable innocents. Uncharitable but, as it emerged, true. There is a providence watching over us scribes. On the very day after writing the last few lines I met a man in the way of friendship. I wailed to him about this article, of course, and said that it was too long anyhow—thus anticipating the Editor and, as you politely observe, the reader.

Believe it or not, he threw back his manly head and confessed that he had once written a Romanesque above the name of Léon Trotsky but that the Editor had demurred (my friend seemed to find this strange) and had suggested 'A.B.' instead. Wild horses will not drag his name from me—the Superior of the Catholic Missionary Society has a right to anonymity.

Which reminds me to point out to you—this is an advertisement to please the Editor—how high these Romanesquiers may climb. And the Romanesque itself, can that climb, too? It can, child, and when you grow big enough to read back-numbers of the *Tablet* you will find in that very choosey journal for the year 1951 a real live Romanesque by the father of 20 and 42 but just a tiny bit more respectable. And if you are good now and go to sleep I shall give you the exact reference in the morning.

All these great men are masters of the falling cadence conclusion of which an attractive variant may be called the *De Novissimis* (18, 20). Let us try in our turn. When the Trumpet sounds, the first to leap from the graves will be an Editor of THE VENERABLE to ask Gabriel for a Romanesque on the Orchestra or to stop some flying angel and ask him to toss off a little thing on Wings.

ALEXANDER JONES

#### APPENDIX

- |      |     |   |
|------|-----|---|
| 1927 | 1.  | In Praise of Caffè and Rosolio, Vol. III, 243–248, J.G. |
|      | 2.  | The Campo, 248–251, R.L.S.                              |
| 1928 | 3.  | The Dog-Cart, 329–332, J. Goodear.                      |
|      | 4.  | The Common-Room, 332–339, T. Duggan.                    |
|      | 5.  | The Sheet, Vol. IV, 20–23, M. McNarney.                 |
|      | 6.  | Pork and Beans, 23–27, T. Duggan.                       |
| 1929 | 7.  | Gitas, 153–162, E. H. Atkinson.                         |
|      | 8.  | The College Garden, 239–244, J. Halsall.                |
| 1930 | 9.  | The Rain, 344–348, G. P. Dwyer.                         |
|      | 10. | A Defence of Professors, 349–351, Anonymous.            |
|      | 11. | Camerata, Vol. V, 40–51, H. Atkinson.                   |

- 1931 12. Concerts, 149-159, Richard L. Smith.  
 13. Beggars, 258-273, F. J. Grimshaw.
- 1932 14. Societies, 362-369, Bernard Grady.  
 15. As She is Spoke, Vol. VI, 30-37, J. Goodear.
- 1933 16. *Chi Lo Sa ?* 161-171, R. P. Redmond.  
 17. The Box, 261-268, E. H. Atkinson.
- 1934 18. Functions, 371-377, A.B.  
 19. Roman Sacristans, Vol. VII, 18-23, T. Duggan.
- 1935 20. The Sforza, 107-116, W. A. Purdy.  
 21. Pamphilj, 204-208, D. J. B. Hawkins.
- 1936 22. The Sketch, 292-306, Richard L. Smith.  
 23. The Venerabile, Vol. VIII, 10-17, G. Pritchard.
- 1937 24. First Year, 130-137, Bernard Grady.  
 25. Roman Horses, 220-226, Thomas Duggan.
- 1938 26. Christmas Week, 313-319, T. B. Pearson.  
 27. Shopping, Vol. IX, 12-18, F. J. Grimshaw.
- 1939 28. Sport, 148-155, S. G. Lescher.  
 29. Roman Traffic, 220-232, Leo McReavy.
- 1940 30. Processions, 298-306, Brendan K. O'Neill.  
 31. River Sports, 427-434, J. Fraser.
- 1941 32. Festas, Vol. X, 35-43, *Qualcuno*.  
 33. The Archives, 127-134, Gerard Swinburne.
- 1942 34. Spekking, 226-236, John Douglas Key.  
 35. The Crowning Glory, Vol. XI, 28-35, E. Grasar.
- 1943 36. The Romans, 135-144, Brian Foley.  
 37. The Gramophone, 218-229, Hugh A. Reynolds.
- 1944 38. Roman Taxis, Vol. XII, 31-39, Anthony Hulme.  
 39. *Mi Dia Un Santo*, 32-38 (November), Thomas Duggan.
- 1945 40. Fountains, 109-118, Brendan K. O'Neill.  
 41. Infirmarians, 212-220, John Douglas Key.
- 1946 42. The Tank, Vol. XIII, 30-35, W. A. Purdy.
- 1947 43. Villa Golf, 183-190, A. Jones.
- 1948 44. Roofs, Vol. XIV, 14-18, M. E. Williams.
- 1949 45. Nemi, 110-115, Brian Foley.  
 46. Station Churches, 199-205, Richard L. Stewart.
- 1950 47. Bridges, 287-293, Brendan K. O'Neill.  
 48. Steps, Vol. XV, 21-25, Michael Keegan.
- 1951 49. Rooms, 124-135, Hugh A. Reynolds.  
 50. Film Night, 210-214, Alan Clark.

## COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 3rd 1951, *Tuesday*. Yes, we're really there. The rustle of the leaves and the enticing blue of the Lake are not the product of a nodding head soon to be brought back to reality by the strident efficiency of a Gregorian bell. Instead the old clock in the tower tinkles drowsily and Fonseca's wall is solid and reassuring under the midriff as you lean over and watch the lizards crawling in the lichen. Explorers say that the June rains have made the Sforza an attractive picture: the usual tufty waste has given place to pastures green. The tennis court is no nearer completion in spite of the atomic bombs they have been using. But who cares? Come and enjoy the first long siesta—the Lake will still be there when we wake up.

4th *Wednesday*. It is always the second day at Palazzola before you realize what has been changed since last year. This morning, for instance, I noticed (not, of course, during Meditation) that the plaque had been removed from the chapel wall. Then there is the Common Room library to explore: it seems to have received a Blood transfusion. Evidently the appeal for new fiction which appeared in the last *VENERABILE* has met with a generous response. The tank is full, blue, and cold; the Rector was down there to-day, cheering on the water-babies. Finally, the list of last year's new students has ended its year-long tenure of the notice board, to be replaced by a manifesto from the Vice-Rector inaugurating a society for the prevention of cruelty to figs. 'A fig in the Ref. is worth two off the bush' seems to be the policy.

5th *Thursday*. Two of last year's Top Year, Messrs Murphy-O'Connor and Fonseca, are staying for the first week at the Villa. Rubbing salt in the wound? Perhaps, but the Lake is not such a bad place to drown one's tears. By its shores this evening we sang a joint *Ad Multos Annos* as they took their last dip. The Vice-Rector went into Rome and returned with Mgr Heard who is to come every Thursday and stay overnight to hear confessions.

8th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Hunt and Byron who were ordained this morning by Archbishop Traglia at S. Martino ai Monti. After Benediction

in the afternoon we kissed their hands, and at 7.15 we huddled round the Vice-Rector's wireless to hear Vatican Radio transmitting their blessings and good wishes to England.

9th *Monday*. The Senior Student and his deputy said their first Masses. In the middle of the morning Fr A. Jones strolled up the path, as if he were returning from Albano instead of Palestine. His arrival was neatly timed for the *pranzone*, at which the Rector entertained the new priests with their relations and Mr P. Street. In the midst of the festivities Mr Murphy-O'Connor said good-bye and left for England.

11th *Wednesday*. The first Sforza gita. Some of us, with Fr Scantlebury who has come to stay, went to Ciampino airport to speed Mr Fonseca on his way home. Meanwhile an archæological party tried to trace the full course of the triumphal way up Cavo. They failed to find the road, but somehow they managed to reach the more recent construction on top of the mountain. Down by the Lake two of the sedater sort fished. Final score: Fishermen, one fish (small); fishes, eleven worms (fat and juicy). Pyrrhus would have called that a defeat.

12th *Thursday*. All the superiors being absent on various business, the Vice-Deputy-Senior-Student played host at dinner. Later in the day Frs Reynolds and Hamilton arrived from St Bede's, Manchester.

13th *Friday*. We are to have mid-morning milk each day to make us Fine Strapping Young Men. One glassful is the ration, but the term 'glass' has not been defined, and casuists can be seen trundling baby barrels to the distribution centre by the 'Agnus Dei' under the trees. A cricket list (baited with the remark 'the team for the Embassy match will be chosen shortly') was filled to overflowing, and the second game of the season provided an exciting close with some really militant batting.

16th *Monday*. A beery voice confiding to the cortile that he was a Pirate King, he was, revealed that the annual conspiracy against Sullivan has begun. Strange wailing which the choirmaster calls Perosi has also been affrighting the maid-pale peace of the morning. Oh better far to live and die in the New Wing.

The golf-course, bristling with flags like a heraldic hedgehog, was opened this evening by the Rector. Using the clubs presented by Bishop Ellis, he opened the season with a gallant drive, and in spite of a heavy approach shot he succeeded in winning the hole from the Senior Student by sinking a shrewd putt from just outside the green.

18th *Wednesday*. The Ripetitore is once more in our midst. He appeared at to-day's Sforza gita in all the glory of a William Tell hat and Tyrolese socks. They received a noisy welcome and until we get used to them he shall have yodelling wherever he goes. Incidentally, these Sforza dinners have taken on a new aspect this year. In response to popular demand the heavy menu has been replaced by a cold luncheon of roast beef, mortadella and salad. The wine, however, gladdens the heart of man as of old. Most of us think the new régime a great improvement, but those who were loudest in demanding the change can already be seen shedding a silent tear for Domenico's spaghetti.

21st *Saturday*. Sir Victor Mallet and a team from the British Embassy came as guests to lunch and opponents in the cricket field. We went in first and scored only 53—perhaps the team was a little shaken by the fate of one of the opening batsmen who was injured early on in the game and had to be rushed to the Blue Nuns in the Ambassador's car. After the tea interval the Embassy's first nine batsmen equalled our score leaving the last two men to seal our fate after a tense five minutes when the field fought hard for a tie.

22nd *Sunday*. Fr Scantlebury left for Florence. A party returning from a quiet walk to Genzano lost itself in the woods and was late for supper—but the ill wind which blew it off its course brought it to the castle of Malafitto, lost (believe it or not) since the war. An expedition to explore the place will be fitted out to-morrow. (I can vouch for this from my vantage-point of a score of to-morrows !)

24th *Tuesday*. The Rector left for his holiday amid farewell cheers. The new inscription to commemorate the restoration of the Palazzola chapel has taken us by surprise. It was erected yesterday without ceremony. The cigarette vendor has been raising a forced loan of 1,500 lire from all philosophers who smoke ; the number of smokers has dropped suddenly.

25th *Wednesday*. Fifteen of us rose at 5.30 and journeyed to Tusculum, accompanied by a refractory donkey carrying vestments, altar linen, and breakfast utensils. When we reached the summit at 8.00 Fr Jones said Mass beneath the giant cross, with chasuble bellowing in the wind, and altar cloth and pall weighted down by prayer books. As we stood round the altar to shelter it from the gale, we realized why the Hebrews were always wanting to worship in High Places. Cavo and Faette above us seemed to take rank with Thabor and Hermon ; below us lay the Holy City and for a brief half hour this pagan hilltop was itself a Holy Mountain. *Magnus Dominus et laudabilis nimis ; in civitate Dei nostri, in monte sancto eius.*

After breakfast we took advantage of our living link with the past to renew the old tradition of kissing the Tusculum cross, and then returned to Palazzola at an easy pace to find that the 'Sforza' dinner was being eaten in the Refectory on account of the high wind.

27th *Friday*. To dinner, Mgr Clapperton. Frs Reynolds and Hamilton left us. One ardent golfer claims to have lowered the course record to 36. It would hardly be sporting to mention that he went round by himself.

AUGUST 1st *Wednesday*. Signor de Gasperi has been presented with one of the neighbouring villas on the Via Dei Laghi. We have not seen anything of the minister himself, but are growing accustomed to the presence of the soldiers who guard the house during his brief residences. Nevertheless we were a little taken aback when a detachment of the Italian Army (consisting of seven officers and three men) surrounded our lair this morning and accused us of possessing an underground dump of Communist arms. The only thing lethal in the cellars was the Refectory wine, but by bringing this weapon to bear the Vice-Rector was able to allay the intruders' suspicions.

2nd *Thursday*. In our privileged position on the shoulders of Cavo we are always the first to know when he dons his *capello*—which he has been doing rather too often of late. However, the weather has been so cold that nobody can be blamed for trying to keep his head warm as best he can. But at last the blushing discontented sun has perceived that the envious clouds are bent to dim his bright glory and we bask once more in his victorious blaze. Do you remember how the restless light dances from wave to wave of the sparkling lake as you look down from the balcony after lunch? There is a pretty piece of Aeschylus about the thousand smiles of the waves, but the Secretary refuses to pay for Greek print, so it will have to remain unquoted.

4th *Saturday*. ‘*Buona festa, Domenico.*’ ‘*Buon giorno per tutto il giorno.*’ ‘*Grazie—arrivederci.*’ ‘*No, aspett*’ . . .’ And then you are stranded for the rest of the morning. The aged retainer is spending his patronal feast as a guest of the College. One gathers that he still collects stamps . . . The Public Meeting opened and closed in somnolent serenity.

5th *Sunday*. Sir Walter Roberts, British Minister to the Holy See, Mgr McGeough of the Secretariat of State, and Fr Gredler, who has become a regular Villa confessor, joined us in celebrating the feast of Our Lady of the Snows.

6th *Monday*. Holiday in the banks of England and the braes of Palazzola, so No Bell. For the last few days banshee noises have been curdling the cortile: they were explained to-day when a party of early risers left for Grottaferrata to become for the nonce Byzantine choristers. After the Mass the Abbot of the monastery was ungrudging in his praise of the singing; but doubtless he missed the zither effect of a rich Eastern beard.

7th *Tuesday*. *Ave atque vale* to Fr Richards who paid us a swift visit, and a more leisurely welcome to Mgr Restieaux and Fr McReavy, who arrived for a short holiday.

The gardeners are slowly conquering the Waste Land beside the pergola. Every night you may see them fortifying walls, crazily paving and planting flowers which will probably blush unseen after we have returned to Rome. After stopping with them to deliver a few helpful criticisms you proceed on your way to the Sforza with a more respectful air as you pass through the Vice-Rector’s campaigning grounds. He has recently made a magnificent break-through with his heavy armour and established a base at the foot of the top flight of steps, leaving a No-Man’s land to be mopped up later. Febo, sad that the Sforza steps have taken first place in his master’s heart, is apparently suffering from some doggy disease or canine complaint. He spends most of his days in restless sleep and the rest in disgruntled whimpering.

9th *Thursday*. The Palazzola Open Golf Tournament has been launched. To enter one needs a qualifying round of 45. One Bruce’s spider played three rounds of 46 and one of 47, after each of which he looked appealingly at the Golf Captain. But that potentate’s heart is as stony as his greens.

13th *Monday*. Fr Jones, who has been staying in Rome during the last week, reappeared to say good-bye. Good cloudscapes and a wealth of



pastel colours on the Lake made the photographers rush for their cameras after breakfast. Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan? Great fun, apparently, since the Rocca orphans saw a fully clothed Ripetitore pushed into the tank for their amusement this afternoon.

14th *Tuesday*. A full day, in spite of the fast. The Madre, worried lest our over-continental breakfast might cause deaths before lunch, surprised the morning opera practice with orangeade and a *ne haustus noceat*. A choir practice was held to run over the new Mass of the Assumption; the music seemed strange, but then chant always does feel out of place at the Villa. Just before lunch Mgr Heard arrived to take a preliminary holiday with us before leaving for England.

15th *Wednesday*. The first Madonna did not bring any rain and we enjoyed a day of heraldic brightness for the Assumption pageant at Rocca. In front of our surpliced ranks toddled a troupe of eight-year old saints, bearing their emblems as proudly as any mediaeval page: St Helen blazoned a cross argent (tinsel), St Catherine a wheel or (cardboard), St Agnes a fluffy lamb proper but bedraggled, and even St Dorothy 'bore a basket lined with grass' à la Hopkins. Behind frisky youth came crabbed age—a women's confraternity chanting the litany with a fierce determination to fit every invocation into their strictly four-syllable melody. They succeeded passably with *Santa M'ria*, but before the day was over we heard *spec'lum stit'ae* and *regin' saryi*. The dominant characteristic of their singing was a certain aggressive discord—which reminds me to tell you about our own Perosi . . . But, I forget, you will have read all about the procession in *The Catholic Times*, to which we sent an illustrated account of the proceedings.

16th *Thursday*. *Praecepte lugubris cantus, Melpomene*—Febo is dead. Last night he caught moonstroke and could be heard until the small hours beseeching us ah leave him not to whine alone and desolate. Now the poor beast lies full fathom five while his spirit hunts with Orion among the stars. Perhaps his untimely demise was fortunate for Propaganda who arrived at milk-time and were entertained in the traditional fashion. Unhappily our cricket was not up to the standard of our hospitality, and we lost the Ashes by one run.

17th *Friday*. The final round of the golf tournament was played after tea, and the shady policy of the captain was crowned with success when he presented himself with two of his own golf balls.

20th *Monday*. A noisy party left after Meditation and proceeded by devious transport to the German villa, to be followed later by a compact group of walkers who disdained to leave before breakfast. The sybarites had the last laugh when the hikers limped into San Pastore half-way through lunch. In the afternoon we chatted of this and that in a Teutonic Esperanto and sang German folk-songs over huge bowls of tea. All too soon it was time to say good-bye (or *auf wiedersehen*), but our hosts enlivened our departure with a delightful song they had written about Palazzola. ('Nobody knows what's really in That obscure rui-i-in' ran the chorus.) The travel arrangements broke down on the return journey and even a

expensive fleet of taxis from Marino (*e salita, capisce, si paga più*) brought the trippers back only just in time to hear the stay-at-homes sing the *Salve*.

21st *Tuesday*. Fr Pledger arrived with stories of parish life in Kent. The music room was gay with advertisements for the first day-gita—wily leaders trying to snare the unwary with promises of a curry lunch on Algidus, a rollicking afternoon on Artemisio and high tea in Velletri, all for three hundred lire. My turn to take the post into Albano—it *would* have to fall on a day when the Props man wants somebody to borrow a pair of seven league boots from the local fire station.

24th *Friday*. We dressed and rehearsed. The performance was a great success, so we are telling each other that it is mere superstition to say that a good Opera is always preceded by a bad dress rehearsal.

Mr Dean brought a quorum of the Embassy to lunch and a return cricket match. The team included Mr Christopher Mayhew, and later in the afternoon two other Members of Parliament came to watch the sport: Mr Osborne, Conservative member for Louth, and Mr Williams, Labour member for Abertillery. This time we succeeded in bringing a victorious end to a very enjoyable game.

26th *Sunday*. During this morning's practice sermon we heard for the first time of the parable of the prodigal sheep. He was probably the one that came down from the Sforza the other night and made a hearty meal off the flowers which the gardeners have been cultivating with tender care for the last three weeks.

28th *Tuesday*. The Opera day is always very pleasant for the diarist. He can give out a bright '*nemo sibi iudex*' and then sit back in the knowledge that someone else is going to do his day's work for him. But the Villa was no place for idlers this morning: in the music room industrious sempsters were attaching collars to their blouses, upstairs the electricians were doing lariat practice, while in the cortile the stage, after a period of growing pains, at last began to look more like a rocky coast in Cornwall and less like washing day on the Capellar'. And talking of the stage, it is time that I left it for a more seasoned critic, Fr J. Pledger.

## THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or

## THE SLAVE OF DUTY

by

W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>Major General</i>	.	.	.	Mr FitzPatrick
<i>Pirate King</i>	.	.	.	Mr M. Keegan
<i>Samuel</i>	.	.	.	Mr Broome
<i>Frederic</i>	.	.	.	Mr Hunt
<i>Sergeant of Police</i>	.	.	.	Mr Byron
<i>Mabel</i>	.	.	.	Mr Formby

<i>Edith</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Dakin
<i>Kate</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Turnbull
<i>Ruth</i> (a pirate maid-of-all-work)	.	.	.	.	Mr More
<i>Chorus of Pirates and Police</i>					
					Messrs D'Arcy, McManus, Cox, Collier, B. Murphy-O'Connor, Crossling, Kennedy, Taylor, Bourne, Curtis Hayward
<i>Chorus of Girls</i>					Messrs Rossiter, F. Davis, Kenny, Latham, Brady, Brewer
<i>Pianist</i>	.				Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Conductor</i>	.				Mr Ashdowne
<i>Musical Direction</i>	.				Mr Broome

The Opera was produced by Mr Byron.

'I arrived early in the cortile and, with the help of a box of *cerini*, precariously reserved a ringside seat. Having been told I was criticizing the opera, I did not want to miss a syllable, nor the flicker of an eyelash. I was determined to do full justice to everybody. This ambition is not easy to realize. In justice to past players, it must be clearly stated that this was not among the best Venerabile performances; at the same time, merely to find fault would be a wretched return for an immensely enjoyable evening. And there is always the evidence of my deck-chair, which several times during the evening collapsed under the strain of my enthusiasm. Any opera, you will agree, which has them almost literally rolling in the aisles is not lightly to be given the brush off. The difficulty facing the producer appears to have been this. By some mysterious circumstance, very likely owing to the machinations of an ill-natured fairy, there was this year at the Villa a dearth of strong singers. While *The Pirates* has to recommend it in such a situation the fact that it is short, it also has a particular need of strong voices—not one or two but several. In no other of the Savoy operas has the good actor with an indifferent voice so little chance of making a mark; in no other opera has the good singer so little chance of unaided success, there are too many duets and trios for that. And the choruses play so important a part throughout that they must be of an unusual excellence. Finally, Mabel's song is a display of virtuosity which would tax the rarest tenor voice. The 1951 cast did not lack pleasant voices, but with one exception they failed at least occasionally in confidence and volume.

People who see only the Christmas performance may decide that I am talking rubbish. It is likely that the more confined space in Rome will correct the defect by lessening the need for volume, and thereby giving the singers greater assurance. Anyway the producer deserves praise for making admirable bricks with less than the standard issue of straw. And now let us turn to the more congenial task of praising what we enjoyed.

Pre-war audiences who knew a Japanese cortile, a Venetian cortile, an Arcadian cortile, but always and obviously a cortile with a well in the

middle would be surprised and, I think, delighted at this rocky coast of Cornwall, with rocks that never flapped in the breeze (what, never? Well, hardly ever), honeycombed with convenient caves, and including a cunningly contrived waterfall. It all looked solid enough in the gentle and not too revealing light of coloured lanterns which were slung from the corners of what used to be the cortile to what would be the well, only they don't have wells off the rocky coast of Cornwall. The excellence of the scene distracted our attention from the absence of an orchestra; if we wondered during the overture how well the pianist was acquainted with the score (it did sound as if he and some of the notes had not been introduced), once he became an accompanist we had no further cause for speculation. Only it is to be hoped that by the next performance conductor and pianist will reach agreement about how to signal encores.

Enter the Pirate chorus. They rolled on, their costumes colourful, their make-up sinister, and each one, in the best tradition of D'Oyly Carte and the Venerable, a complete character. Amid this abundance of villainy every man will have his own favourite. Mine was the second pirate in the file, who was bent almost double and chewed his way through the evening (tobacco, I hope, though I did not see him spit). So engrossed were they in preparing to toast Frederic that it seemed they must miss the opening bar, but easily they melted into "Pour, O pour" in a way just suited to this informal sing-song. Were they a little subdued for so evil and bibulous a company? We hardly had time to wonder, before the Pirate King loped on to the stage. Here was an impressive figure, deserving at least of a few bars of introductory music. He was tall, well-built, even handsome in a dissolute and piratical fashion. From the midst of greasy curls and beard (another greenroom triumph this) one eye flashed and burned and bubbled in rascally merriment. His voice dripped cheerful mockery, his movements hinted at playful violence. Ruth, too, looked her part but could not fail for the moment to be eclipsed by this truly regal pirate. Her opening song was not much help to her, it was low, and she was uncomfortable and looked it. But with the dialogue she got into her stride and she was happier during the duet with Frederic. I had never before realized how small her part is and would gladly have seen more of her middle-aged skittishness.

Meanwhile, Frederic's opening sentences hinted at the attractive and effortless tenor voice to which we were soon introduced. This part was remarkably well cast. The obvious way to play it is with such self-appreciation that the priggish lines are utterly ridiculous and we laugh at Frederic, which I suppose is what Gilbert meant. But this Frederic had so friendly a smile and boasted so modestly that we laughed with him, and I thought this an improvement. His best moments come after the entrance of the Major-General's daughters. And what an entrance that was! Their dresses were bewilderingly dainty and becoming, and the make-up men had done well with the homely features under their hands. If some were rather athletic and a little plain, that is not exclusive to girls' choruses who are young men in private life. They tripped and skipped and positively fluttered their way through some very ingenious patterns, while already we could see that this chorus again was composed of individuals. This time it was

Edith who took my attention. She was obviously the eldest sister, fast becoming an old maid, yet clinging to the kittenish behaviour which was apparently well thought of in the eighteen-seventies. Her simpering solo was a masterpiece. Frederic took the opportunity offered him for gambling among the high notes, but Mabel had a cold, or perhaps she was depressed by her costume which was the one weakness in an evening of outstandingly good props. Anyway, "Poor wandering one" sounded completely lost. As soon as the Major-General appeared, hurrying nowhere in particular with an expression of alert bewilderment, we settled back to enjoy a polished performance. Some might think him too rigid, but he was as I always imagine him. He sang his song clearly and more slowly than is customary, giving it the air of a lecture to backward pupils. That may sound all wrong, but when he did it, it sounded just right. The act now hurries to its close and, as the last notes sounded, we wished it twice as long.

By a few deft changes the rocky coast became the ruined chapel of Act Two, a setting which inspired the chorus to a very tuneful rendering of "O dry the glistening tear". From the moment the policemen marched on, the audience yelled its appreciation of these parodies of law and order, with their comic moustaches, fantastic contortions, the large feet delicately placed in the oddest steps, the truncheons twirled with careful nonchalance and just failing to come to rest in somebody's eye. The little man at the rear, like a full stop at the end of a row of capitals, was received riotously. When they tramped off we were limp. During their episode my deck-chair collapsed for the first time. It nearly fell to pieces, and so did I, when Frederic, Ruth and the Pirate King were laughing at the "most ingenious paradox". I can still hear Ruth's laugh, which owed more to the Venerable than to the Savoy, but then we like our operas to have a faintly Roman flavour. "Ah leave me not to pine" caught some of the romance which had been so sadly lacking in the first act. After that one chorus followed hard on the heels of another; we had scarcely time to digest the Sergeant's song and to marvel how his limbs stayed on at all, so loose did they seem, before the Pirates returned, arming themselves with the most improbable housebreaking tools; then both choruses were in hiding, still full of vigorous byplay, leaving the stage to Major-General Stanley and his well sung "Sighing softly to the river". The stage filled with daughters, pirates, policemen, and it was like being umpire at a nightmare tennis tournament, as we tried to look five ways at once, because everywhere was something worth seeing.

We regretted the absence of the Union Jack in the Sergeant's appeal to the Pirates' patriotism, but they yielded just the same and all paired off in a happy finale. Defects there were, but at the end we were surprised to see how long we had sat and would willingly have encored the show from the beginning.

30th *Thursday*. The Opera producer made a quick escape to Lake Como with two cronies—the first of the long gita parties to leave. In spite of our own newly bound song-book, which created quite a stir at the beginning of the Villa, Gilbert and Sullivan remain the most popular matter for sing-songs. Some of the Opera cast can be heard carolling throatily

during siesta time—as if they hadn't had enough practices to work off excess vocal chords. Horace was quite right :

*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus inter amicos  
Ut numquam inducant animum cantare rogati,  
Iniussi numquam desistant.*

SEPTEMBER 1st *Saturday*. The British Minister to the Holy See is staying with us for the week-end, and is occupying the Cardinal's suite. Our other guest rooms are not being wasted—Frs Wells and Jackson have been with us ever since their dramatic arrival during the interval of the Opera a few nights ago.

3rd *Monday*. Theology left us. There you have a nice dramatic statement—but what it really means is that a single gita party crept off unobtrusively. The rest of the Elders are either staying at home, leaving later, or already abroad. After supper a great rainstorm fused the lights. The gramophone, which was doing its best with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, coughed twice and then expired with a gentle moan. To prove that we were not slaves of the machine we settled round the piano and sang *Pinafore* by candlelight. Night prayers were distracted by a puppet show of shadows which lent the chapel an eerie romance. Everyone went to bed happy except the Candle Sacristan.

5th *Wednesday*. Did you know that it was possible to walk to Palestrina and back in a day? One gita-party did so and returned in time for hot wine in the Wiggery, very proud of its feat [*sic*]. Its triumph was gilded when three highly intelligent members of the House lost themselves on the way up from the Lake and were late for supper. Another troupe visited Monte Porzio and practised their Italian on the horde of townspeople who still remember Monsignore Gilès. One of these days I really must ask a local how many Catholics there are in Italy.

8th *Saturday*. Our academician is painting the Villa in oils. The curious come up and breathe down the back of his neck, look at each other in a mystified fashion, and then withdraw with the charitable remark that after all perhaps that's how *he* sees the place.

12th *Wednesday*. A postcard from England exhorted us to join in spirit in the Walsingham pilgrimage. Fortunately a bare spirit hurts less than bare feet. Reports from Rome say that the College is being redecorated against our return, and the list of new men has appeared, so we are not allowed to forget that the end of the Villa is in sight.

13th *Thursday*. At last it is my own turn for a gita. If this were a Rainbow Bible, the type would change to a lurid pink to show that an apocryphal Deutero-Scribe had taken up the pen.

In the evening theology returned, *senior* if not *sanior*.

15th *Saturday*. Palazzola gradually emptied itself during the morning as the College proceeded to the American villa where after an excellent lunch we saw James Mason in *One Way Street*. Our hosts thoughtfully provided a lorry to facilitate our return in the evening.

18th *Tuesday*. We launched Second Year on their Subiaco gita with a wealth of paternal advice. ('Don't confuse the bell-pull with the light switch.') Lest the Villa might seem empty without the patter of their little feet we had invited the Scots College to pay their annual visit, and we entertained them to lunch, coffee (in the Common Room) and a game of cricket. The golf record has been dropping as rapidly as the pound—it has now been stabilized at 32.

20th *Thursday*. Eight of the German College spent the day with us. We have been keeping open house this week with only a skeleton garrison, but our numbers were brought almost to full strength with the return of Third Year and Second Year, Part One. Two new chandeliers, carrying a brave array of electric candlesticks, have been installed in the music room. No doubt we shall come to like them in time.

21st *Friday*. A lyrical document on the notice board advertises a new series of special courses at the Gregorian. It is enough to make your mouth water. Unfortunately it seems that we are not allowed to attend them. One bright (and tall?) member of the House loosened all the bulbs in the new chandeliers, thus worrying the electricians and making them tap the walls in an attempt to locate the fault. They are not amused.

23rd *Sunday*. We had an Alsatian at dinner (as a guest, not a dish). The Vice-Rector is supposed to be conducting negotiations for the purchase of a Febo Mark IV, so evidently the animal was here strictly on business. He was fed surreptitiously by dog-lovers from all over the Refectory, and imbibed the pious atmosphere sufficiently to look quite priggish when we came to *implem omne animal benedictione* in the grace. On the cricket pitch the South of England, helped unfairly by Malta, beat the North by seven wickets.

24th *Monday*. The Rape of the Lock. The elder barber tells me he is learning English. (The younger barber still has his hands full learning his trade.) He has only got as far as 'eet ees a leetle colda to-day' but he shows promise. No longer will sadists be able to tell First Year that the Italian for 'short back and sides' is *tutti quanti*. After supper a wag introduced two toads into the Common Room in a cigarette box speciously labelled 'Two only'. And he escaped without being thrown into the Tank. The College is not what it was.

25th *Tuesday*. We were woken at 4.30 by a Titanic thunderstorm which continued until after Mass, blanketing the Lake from our vision and cutting us off from bread supplies. Later the sky cleared and we saw Castel Gandolfo and the Campagna looking like a scrubbed schoolboy. After a late breakfast twenty of us left for the Scots College, having shortened our lives a good ten years trying to start the College car. In spite of the rain, which soon returned, we had a merry day, marvelled again at the quality of Scots wine and Scots hospitality, were initiated into the secrets of Canasta, and returned to find the Room List as another omen of the approaching end.

26th *Wednesday*. The second performance of the Opera is due to-morrow, but the stage men are not committing themselves as it looks (and often

feels) very much like rain. The Infirmarian has been using the wet weather to do a little serious reading. To-day he was immersed in *Teach Yourself Anatomy*. Thank heaven the E.U.P. doesn't publish a volume on amputation.

27th *Thursday*. The weather disgraced itself during the morning, but remembered its manners just in time, so that we were able to enjoy the second performance of the Opera beneath a dry if sullen sky. Continue fine I hope it may, and yet it rained but yesterday—to-morrow

28th *Friday*, it may pour again, but fortunately it didn't, because it was a gita-day. The stage men and a team of cricket-pitch labourers sacrificed their outing and took lunch on the Sforza. One party toured the Castelli on foot to sample and compare the various wines (one sixteenth of a litre of each, Pharisee!) Rocca Priora was awarded the palm by a unanimous vote.

30th *Sunday*. Fr Alfred c.p. is celebrating his silver jubilee. We marked the event by an extra glass of wine at dinner, and enjoyed his homely reply to the Vice-Rector's toast. Afterwards we smoked cigarettes kindly provided by Fr Pitt and the sailors of H.M.S. *Forth*, who paid us a visit on Friday.

OCTOBER 1st *Monday*. *The transferred Feast of St Edward*. We took our coffee after lunch in the brisk sunshine of the terrace. By 3.0 the claue had been gathered, the joke-explainers were licking their lips, the staff had retired to bed and all was ready for the appearance of *Chi Lo Sa*? By a sad break with tradition it appeared almost on time.

2nd *Tuesday*. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?* The last taste of sweets is sweetest last, and this last day at the Villa is ever full of a mocking gaiety. The steaming cauldrons in the pergola cheer the heart, but nostalgia returns as we croon over the dying embers of the fire, with song-book held sideways to catch the glimmering light and flickering shadows playing over familiar features . . . What's that I hear the Editor mutter? Something about somebody spangling the meretricious jewellery of glutinous emotion? What, me? Well, perhaps, but it *has* been lovely in spite of the pi.

3rd *Wednesday*. Sighs give way to yawns as we begin the chill and unemotional walk into Rome at 2 a.m. The route via the Via dei Laghi and the new Castel Gandolfo road is more interesting than the usual trek round the Albano path; but some Trojans went one better and walked by the lakeside, stopping on the way for a midnight dip. The deputy Senior Student said Mass for the hikers in the catacombs of S. Callisto at 7 a.m. Do you realize that there were some lazy people this year who actually travelled in by bus? I wonder what they would have done in the Vice-Rector's day when, he assures me, the whole College used to walk in barefoot singing hymns.

4th *Thursday*. The decorators are still giving beauty treatment to the lower corridor. The Refectory doors have been brightly polished so that you can see your face in them—a great improvement (for some of us). Otherwise the College seems much as we left it three months since (was it



really so long ago ?) The supper table was brightened by the mufti of the prodigal children just back from England. We welcomed the new students : Messrs Collingwood and Sutcliffe (Brentwood), Murtagh (Portsmouth), Russell (Westminster), Davis and Downey (Plymouth), Tweedy and Rand (Hexham and Newcastle), Bradley and Mason (Clifton), Stappard, Moakler and Wilson (Nottingham) and Higginson (Lancaster).

6th *Saturday*. Rooms are gradually getting shipshape after the great reshuffle. Whatever happened to that new packet of drawing pins we bought, and why is it that last year's tablecloth is always just too small for this year's table ? The aesthetes are busy borrowing glass-cutters, slashing their fingers in their unskilled fervour, and finally asking Panatta to frame their pictures.

7th *Sunday*. The workmen have now left us, and the main corridor looks very handsome in all the glory of its imitation peperino. The Cardinals' arms are not to be replaced lest they disturb the harmony of the chaste grey colour scheme. After tea and that last feverish lung-letting in the Common Room we went into Retreat under Fr Murray S.J. And perhaps there is no one who enjoys the Retreat more than the diarist . . .

13th *Saturday*. That single line of spacing covers a great deal. There are some things I have been wanting to tell you for days. One is that the Rector returned on Wednesday. Another is that all the pictures in the Refectory have been shuffled around, and Mgr Stanley has withdrawn to the Salone. Then there are all the uproarious jokes we thought of during Retreat, but somehow they never seem so funny now that we are allowed to laugh at them . . .

15th *Monday*. *Lectio brevis, ma non troppo*. At Premiations the College Choir provided the noises off and Mr Berkeley was awarded a medal in Philosophy. We clapped so fervently that it was hard to resist shouting for an encore. There was one—after supper. Next year we really must think of some original prize for the Ripetitore.

16th *Tuesday*. Many of the House went to the Gregorian this afternoon to hear Frs Mitchison and Hopkins talk on the Y.C.W.

17th *Wednesday*. To dinner Mr Somers Cocks and Mr Hubert Langley who was visiting the College in search of some missing manuscripts of Dr Arne's music.

19th *Friday*. There has been strange work afoot outside the Common Room these last few days. First of all a completely useless door was erected beside the Vice-Rector's room. Then two large scaffolding towers appeared in the cortile, to be crowned by gigantic searchlights. The mystery was explained when we learnt that a film was to be shot in the College. We were flattered by this interest in our historic home, but it seems that we are merely to represent a police station for the purpose of a short thriller, *The White Sheik*. This morning the corridors swarmed with actors learning their parts and trying to keep make-up off their clothes. When we returned from the University a notice on the ground floor informed us that the Common Room was out of bounds. After lunch however, we were able to

return to our lair as there was a break in the filming, and we were later interested to watch several sequences being photographed.

20th *Saturday*. During meals Cardinal Gasquet is giving us some side-lights on parish life in mediaeval England. His first sentence gave us solemn warning: 'There is more to be said about our present subject than might at first appear'. However the book doesn't look *too* thick. Owing to the presence of the film magnates the chant practice was held in the Martyrs' Chapel. We are just beginning to realize what a terrible business it is being terrified on the screen. One poor man repeated a short sequence forty-four times to-day, pausing between each performance to have his eyes reglazed and artificial tears syringed on to his cheeks.

25th *Thursday*. Professor Lloyd of Coleg Harlech was with us for lunch. He is engaged on research in Rome and we hope he will be a frequent visitor during the next few months. At the sumptuous hall of the Palazzo Pio a ceremony was held to mark the fifteenth centenary of the Council of Chalcedon. Cardinal Agagianian gave a lucid address and Mgr Refice conducted a programme of his own music. The climax of the evening came when the Pope addressed the meeting over the radio and bestowed his blessing on all present.

27th *Saturday*. Yesterday and to-day the election results have been trickling in, and impromptu Tory songs were sung in the Common Room to celebrate the Conservative victory. From the garage wall opposite the *College Unità* commented: '*I laburisti inglesi pagono colla sconfitta per la politica borghese di Attlee*'.

28th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. *Prosit* to Messrs Dakin and Carson who received the diaconate at S. Marcello. In the course of the morning the Ripetitore, while talking innocuously in the garden, was hit on the head by a spanner from the Capellar'. He was taken to hospital, patched up, and told to take four days' holiday with pay, so he is carrying on as usual. In the evening we were treated to a film, *Breaking Point*. The machine was not on form, and Wags, Bones and Critics agreed that there were too many breaks and not enough point.

29th *Monday*. The Public Meeting, which began on Saturday, was held over to allow us to defeat the British Embassy at football, *coram* the Ambassador, by eight goals to nil.

30th *Tuesday*. To dinner, Mr Ross-Duggan of vernacular liturgy fame. Spiritual reading was held in the Church as a bench in the Martyrs' Chapel had proved unequal to the weight of four Theologians. Fr Ashworth, who is shortly to leave us for the *nobili ecclesiastici*, was gently but firmly escorted out of his last Common Room by those who let 'I would' wait upon 'I dare not'.

NOVEMBER 1st *Thursday*. We were represented at the Capella Papale at St Peter's. One man says that he found his way into the Diplomatic Box by asking for Mr Llewellyn, the Welsh Ambassador. I wonder. After High Mass sung by Cardinal Tisserand, his Holiness unveiled a series

of tablets to commemorate the definition of the Assumption. The inscriptions are imposing but not faultless—we hope that the *sampietrini* took due notice when we pointed out that there was no English Bishop called Bech. After supper there was a lantern-slide show of recent colour photographs. The Forum in flowers looked very pretty, but we can't say the same of some of our friends who simpered at us in glorious technicolor. We provided our own sound-track.

2nd *Friday* saw the usual affluence to the Campo Santo. We bought a handsome bunch of chrysanthemums for Mgr Giles's grave, but unfortunately could not find a vase, so after a mistaken attempt to place them in a jar of oil provided by the authorities to keep the lamp alight (the lamp is an electric one), we strewed the flowers as artistically as possible on the tombstone, said a *De Profundis*, and returned home. Benediction took the Sacristans by surprise—why October Devotions in the middle of November?

5th *Monday*. There is an ugly rash of notices on the Common Room board. One man has lost his *Peace of Soul*. Another is trying to find his copy of *Better Sight without Glasses*. Few could resist offering a pair of spectacles to help him look for it. Finally the Wiseman Society offers us a paper on 'The Analempsis in the Third Gospel'. Even at supper we are pursued by notices—to-night we were asked to reveal our birthplaces. The census discovered that we had members from all five continents. But it was a distraction—and the Refectory book was worth listening to. 'In the middle ages', it told us, 'matrimony applied chiefly to those members of the parish who wished to marry.' We live and learn.

7th *Wednesday*. The anniversary of the Russian revolution has given rise to an interesting war of posters between the Communists (*partigiani della pace*) and the Christian Democrats. As usual the latter are having the best of it. One of their latest productions is very like an H.M.V. advertisement—it shows the dove of peace listening to an antique gramophone playing the record *Pace (solita canzone) : G. Stalin e la sua orchestra*. The caption is *Cambiate disco!* In the evening Archbishop Gracias of Bombay held the Literary Society enthralled by his talk. We were reassured to hear that the Church has lost nothing and gained much from Indian independence.

10th *Saturday*. We welcomed to lunch the Lord Abbot of Downside. The Vice-Rector issued a new time-table for Sundays after disputed points had been settled by a plebiscite. There is to be an hour's study after High Mass, dinner is to be at 1.0 instead of midday, and Vespers are moved to 5.15. We are mildly suspicious of the change, but there is a lot to be said in its favour.

11th *Sunday*. Mr Colin Clark of the F.A.O. gave the Literary Society some interesting data on the Problem of Population. He refuted the neo-Malthusian view that the world could not feed its inhabitants and proved that cultivation could keep pace with any foreseeable rise in the birth-rate.

12th *Monday*. We provided the *assistenza* for the Mass for the Dead at S. Silvestro. The ceremony was followed by a brief but pregnant *allocutio* from Fr Treacy.

15th *Thursday*. We contributed two part-songs to the *Festa della Matricola* at the Gregorian. The concert was a fitting welcome to the new students of the University and attained a far higher standard than in previous years. At the end professors and students linked arms for the singing of Auld Lang Syne, which was described by the announcer as *una manifestazione di fratellanza, di amore, e di cattolicità*.

16th *Friday*. A torrential downpour lasted from 8 a.m. to 8.30 with only a single break of one minute. No prizes are offered for guessing which minute that was. In the Refectory we are reading a life of Lloyd George, whom many of the College have long claimed as a paternal acquaintance.

18th *Sunday*. The Mass *Terribilis* for the feast of the Dedication of SS. Peter and Paul made a pleasant change from the *Dicit Dominus* proper which we have sung these last four Sundays. After supper Mr Brain, labour attaché to the Embassy, entertained the Literary Society with reminiscences of war-time labour relations in England, tragic pictures of unemployment in Calabria, and vivid and repulsive descriptions of Italian Communist leaders.

21st *Wednesday*. The great floods which have been devastating the Po Valley are causing concern all over Rome. The Cardinal Vicar has ordered the *oratio ad repellendas tempestates* to be said at every Mass and there is to be a triduum of intercession at the week-end. At the Argentina last Sunday Stravinsky conducted a concert of his own music for the benefit of the *fratelli sinistrati*, while at every street corner the police are collecting offerings of food, clothes, and money. The gifts have been generous but sometimes a little inappropriate—one old lady was seen to-day solemnly presenting the flood victims with an umbrella. At home we are getting a slightly different angle on Lloyd George—after reading about the Marconi case in his biography we have had the relevant chapter in Maisie Ward's life of Chesterton. An interesting comparison.

23rd *Friday*. Mr Eden and other foreign ministers are in Rome for the conference of the Atlantic Powers. We are reminded of the fact every morning on the way to the Gregorian—flying squads stand at the ready by the Collegio Romano, armed with hoses to squirt on any troublesome demonstrators. The Communists have chalked up 'Go Home, Eden' (*anglice*) all over the city; but the supporters of the pact make a more successful appeal to Rome's pride: *La civiltà, nata a Roma, a Roma si difende*.

25th *Sunday*. *Feast of St Catherine*. After lunch we were entertained by a tactful trilogy from First Year (in which, perhaps, memory predominated over understanding and will). Our neophytes are not the only newcomers to be welcomed to-day—there is also a shining new piano which we have just acquired and which had its maiden voyage at the

## PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1951

## 1 FIRST YEAR SONG

*Chorus*

Fatum nos iniquum vicit nugas ut cantemus has  
 Pueros nam cerni licet sed audiri non est fas. Proinde  
 Ignoscatis iuventutis pallidis tremoribus  
 Quae haec verba dedicat salutis vobis senioribus.

## 2 SKETCH

## OFF WITH THE MOTLEY

<i>Marion Dartelyon</i>	.	.	.	Mr Inledon
<i>Arnold Dartelyon</i>	.	.	.	Mr Murtagh
<i>Jane Dartelyon</i>	.	.	.	Mr A. Davis
<i>The Man</i>	.	.	.	Mr Russell
<i>Ada</i>	.	.	.	Mr Downey

Produced by Mr Kennedy

## 3 PIANO DUET

The China Doll Parade (*Zamecnik*)

Messrs C. Murphy-O'Connor and Sutcliffe

## 4 SKETCH

## TIME AND TITHE

<i>Film Producer</i>	.	.	.	Mr Pearce
<i>Technician</i>	.	.	.	Mr Wilson
<i>Village Maidens</i>	.	Messrs	Crossling and Rand	
<i>The Village Gossip</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Connor
<i>A Village Artisan</i>	.	.	.	Mr Taylor
<i>The Curate</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brady
<i>The Bailiff</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tweedy
<i>The Village Rector</i>	.	.	.	Mr Harding

Produced by Mr Lightbound

## 5 OPERETTA

## COX AND BOX

by

F. C. Burnand and Arthur Sullivan

<i>Cox</i>	.	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>Box</i>	.	.	.	Mr Formby
<i>Bouncer</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ashdowne

*Music* : Mr Formby

*Piano* : Mr Higginson

Produced by Mr Kenny

‘Though no single item in to-night’s concert was of outstanding excellence, each made its contribution to a harmonious whole, and we slipped easily from the polished wit of the first sketch into the topical

humour of the second and the melodious nonsense of the operetta. Philosophy showed courage if not caution in attempting *Cox and Box* and though neither production nor singing was faultless the confident swing of the Victorian burlesque ensured success.

29th *Thursday*. Hebrew grammars, C.T.S. pamphlets, first editions of Remer and 1890 Baedekers have their brief hour of glory at the Book Auction, and then fade away into oblivion. Normally they are despised as torn and dog-eared, stained and stitchless, mere bookcase-fodder; but just for to-day they become 'as good as new, beautifully illustrated, worth a thousand lire for the binding alone . . .' Priceless as these treasures are, the auctioneer has no qualms about parting with them—they will return next year like homing pigeons.

DECEMBER 1st *Saturday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. For the last few days all Rome has been dappled with notices inviting you to to-day's functions at the Venerable English College. It gives you rather a shock when you first see them—like receiving a birthday card from yourself. As a result quite a congregation attended our High Mass—not a very large one, but a hopeful beginning; perhaps in a few years the Martyrs' Feast in the College chapel will be as popular as the Aracoeli sermons. The evening Benediction drew a larger audience, and our decorous hymns were accompanied by lively squalling *ex ore infantium*. Very parochial. But even our tender-hearted Ripetitore felt bound to intervene when one angel-faced youngster began tearing up the sanctuary carpet. After the blessing the Rector delivered an Italian address on our forty-four martyrs and invited the congregation to venerate the relic of Blessed Ralph Sherwin.

To an excellent *pranzone* we welcomed Mgr Heard, Flanagan, Whitty, Byrne and Frs Harrington and Ashworth.

3rd *Monday*. *Feast of St Francis Xavier*. Philosophy took advantage of the *dies non* to defeat Theology 5—3 at rugby. One top-heavy spectator fell backwards from the grandstand into a mud-bath six feet below. He was unhurt but his *zimarra* will never be the same again.

6th *Thursday*. We are being X-rayed to see if we have all got the canonical number of lungs. One of us was whisked to hospital with measles (so they say). *Chi Lo Sa?* artists are practising drawing spots. After lunch most of the House watched a Brazilian College XI, resplendent in its national green and gold, defeat our own XI by five goals to one. One of our supporters took an ear-shaking rattle, to show that our spectating at any rate yielded to none. But the Brazilians produced their own brass band. In the evening the Literary Society learned of the difficulties of Italian Land Reform from Mr Giles, the Rome correspondent of *The Times*.

8th *Saturday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. At dinner we entertained Mr Dean, an old friend from the British Embassy who is shortly to leave Rome. During the course of the meal a novelty appeared on the table—the *pizza*, a tasty dish with which some of us have become acquainted on gita-days.

9th *Sunday*. High Mass was sung by the Rector at 10.30 with a sermon from the Vice-Rector and a *Te Deum* to mark the official celebration of the King's recovery from his recent illness. All British residents in Rome were invited to attend. Among those present were Mr and Mrs Somers Cocks. To lunch, Major Utley.

Everybody knows that St Thomas once said that he would prefer to believe that a pig could fly than that a cleric could lie. Consequently when the Film Man airily announced that there was to be a film this evening, we all believed him implicitly. Picture then our surprise on discovering that there really *was* a film, and a good film too: *The Lavender Hill Mob*, which put us in rollicking mood and redeemed the mediocre films we have had recently.

13th *Thursday*. History was made at Gelsomino when an inter-continental football match was played between the American and European students of the Gregorian. The New World gained a 3—2 victory. Columbus must have watched with interest. Who was the statesman who said that Europe was a mere geographical expression? He would have been surprised by the polyglot howls of enthusiasm and the fervent chanting of E-U-R-O-P-A.

14th *Friday*. At breakfast the Vice-Rector announced that the Rector had decided to give us a surprise 'fresh-air' gita. Only Mgr Knox's graphic pen could describe our madcap exodus. Here was the day fairly begun; the word 'gita' once heard, how fled we abroad. 'Take fresh air' he said, and take it we did. To the hills some, some to the lakes; never a castello went unvisited, never a mountain but was climbed. Glad and merry were men's hearts as came they home; flowed wine and flew wit, and cosy circle finished gay gita.

15th *Saturday*. We had to make our post-gita day of Peace and Retrenchment fit in with the University time-table. In the intervals between lectures you could see the gita leaders wandering round with cunningly long faces, telling you, as they salted away the shekels, that they had lost money.

19th *Wednesday*. The Vice-Rector, wearing a chic *Messagero* hat, has been whitewashing the Refectory walls. Ruskin would have approved of his faithfulness to the Lamp of Sacrifice—he even paints the part behind the pictures. The *opus* was finished this evening and we were able to admire the effect at supper. We also enjoyed First Year's bewilderment as we sat down after the short Ember Day grace.

22nd *Saturday*. Congratulations to Messrs Dakin and Carson, who were ordained at the Lateran by Cardinal Micara this morning. After the evening recreation we kissed hands. The stage men are working manfully to complete a new stage before Christmas. It will, we are told, be easier to assemble and more secure than the old one, and is planned to include every modern convenience including an apron and a trapdoor. To-day the Vice-Rector lent a hand—eight hands, in fact: his own and those of three carpenters.

23rd *Sunday*. Mr Dakin was assisted at his First Mass by his uncle, the nautical Fr Cunningham, who is staying the week with us. The High Mass was sung by Mr Carson, whose brothers, Revv. E. and R. Carson, acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. At dinner the relations of the new priests joined us in drinking their health.

24th *Monday. Christmas Eve*. Though we are so close to zero hour, the Christmas plays are in chaos. One producer went to hospital some time ago, another left his own play in mid-production to take his place; to-day a third went to bed with influenza while one of his main characters was called home to England. The result has been a General Post among the casts, so that it is no uncommon thing to find that a man who was a suburban nursery-maid last night has become a Wicked Uncle this morning. As ever, the day was a frantic crescendo of converging waves of activity which suddenly subsided as you sailed over the calm and happy peace of Matins into

25th *Tuesday, Christmas Day*. Even the choirmaster was delighted with the singing of the Midnight Office, and round the fire in the Common Room afterwards we showed that not all our chants are plain. For once *Chi Lo Sa?* won the race with the House's repertoire of songs.

Next day—sorry, later the same day—we welcomed Mgr Heard and Professor Lloyd to our family lunch. And later still we had the

### CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1951

#### CAROLS

God rest ye merry, gentlemen (*arr. R. Vaughan Williams*)

Sleep, Holy Babe (*arr. Fr Day*)

Good King Wenceslas (*arr. Fr Day*)

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Rectori imprimis dilectissimo  
 quod benefactor munificus  
 deinde Vice-Rectori nostro  
 quod manu consilioque adiutor exstitit  
 denique Iacobo Broome praefecto fabrum  
 operariisque suis  
 quod pro scaena veteri novam  
 ampliatis fundamentis  
 fabricati sunt  
 anniversarium mimum  
 primum omnium in illis editum  
 DEDICAMUS



## MOTHER GOOSE

<i>Sir Jasper Lotzadoc</i> (a squire)	.	Mr Byron
<i>Nigel</i> (his son, an esquire)	.	Mr Moakler
<i>Mother Goose</i>	.	Mr McConnon
<i>Jack</i>	} Children of Mother Goose	Mr Kennedy
<i>Jill</i>		Mr Bradley
<i>Ted</i>	} Two woodcutters	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Fred</i>		Mr P. Keegan
<i>Boy Blue</i>	.	Mr Broome
<i>Miss Muffet</i>	.	Mr Brewer
<i>Simple Simon</i>	.	Mr Rand
<i>Bo-Peep</i>	.	Mr Rossiter
<i>Tommy Tucker</i>	Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor	
<i>Radiance</i> (a fairy princess)	.	Mr Downey
<i>Conrad</i> (a demon king)	.	Mr Grech
<i>Dimple</i> (a maiden in distress)	.	Mr Brennan
<i>Furbold</i> (a henchman of the Demon King)		Mr Bourne
<i>Pianist</i>	.	Mr Higginson

Produced by Mr McConnon

To-night's Pantomime was in the best tradition of the College. There were, it is true, moments when the dialogue was weak, and as so often happens, the opening scene was slow ; but once the show was fairly started it went with a *slancio* which defied criticism. It would be unfair to select any of the cast for commendation, because instead of a few clowns dominating the stage we saw a uniformly strong performance in which even the smallest part was well sustained. The new stage was exploited to the full ; the apron was used for one before-the-curtain scene and the trapdoor played the part of a novel *deus ex machina* in the dénouement. The Props Men gave of their best, and the scene-painters surpassed themselves. Nor must we forget the pianist, whose lively style contributed much to the evening's enjoyment. Above all the Pantomime supplied us with a galaxy of excellent songs which will brighten the Common Room for many a month to come.

26th *Wednesday*. What did we do ? Well, what used *you* to do on Boxing Day after the hectic activity of Christmas ?

27th *Thursday*. The Rector has definitely placed himself under the patronage of St John the Baptist, but fortunately the Madre has not yet discovered this, and by a happy mistake we had coffee and *rosolio* this afternoon.

## ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1951

- |   |              |   |  |
|---|--------------|---|--|
| 1 | CAROLS       |   |  |
|   |              | Coventry Carol ( <i>arr. Imogen Holst</i> ) |  |
|   |              | Joys Seven ( <i>arr. Imogen Holst</i> )     |  |
| 2 | PIANO SOLO   |   |  |
|   |              | Impromptu ( <i>Schubert</i> )               | Mr Collingwood   |
| 3 | MONOLOGUE    |   |  |
|   |              | The Magna Charta ( <i>Marriot Edgar</i> )   | Mr M. Keegan   |
| 4 | TOPICAL SONG |   |  |
|   |              | The Night that we went to the Matricola     | Messrs C. Murphy-<br>O'Connor, P. Keegan,<br>McConnon, Byron |

## THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS

by

William Douglas Home

<i>The Earl of Lister</i>	.	.	Mr Travers
<i>The Countess of Lister</i>	.	.	Mr A. Davis
<i>June Farrell</i>	.	.	Mr Doran
<i>Bessie</i>	.	.	Mr Kenny
<i>Beecham</i>	.	.	Mr Inledon
<i>Lord Pym</i>	.	.	Mr Russell
<i>Lady Caroline Smith</i>	.	.	Mr Formby
<i>Mr Cleghorn</i>	.	.	Mr Smith

Produced by Mr Smith

A society comedy, full of light wit and preposterous situations, is always sure of a good reception by a Christmas audience, and *The Chiltern Hundreds* was no exception. From the first scene to the last the laughter was so continuous that nobody was in any position to notice such defects as marred the uniform excellence of the play. Several of the minor characters might have been more lively, and some situations more richly exploited, but the deceptive suavity of Beecham and the lovable lunacy of Lord Lister deserved high praise. Altogether, to-night's play was just what the audience wanted, and it showed its appreciation in no uncertain manner.

29th *Saturday. Feast of St Thomas.* Once more we demonstrated our belief in Original Sin by removing all our chattels from the church before opening the doors to allow the neighbours to gain the Indulgence. What a wonderful sensation it is to walk straight from Common Room to Refectory, with a lordly air of indolence and complete confidence that our patron will supply our missing prayers. Do you see that they haven't put the tapestries up this year? Perhaps it is so as not to veil the glory of the newly-cleaned inscriptions. But, hush, we had better move out of the way, because the guests are coming: His Excellency Sir Walter Roberts, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, Mgr Heard, Duchemin, Clapperton, Caroll-Abbing, Herlihy, Frs Treacy and Cunningham and Mr Somers Cocks. To supper came Mgr Gilby.

## ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1951

## 1 CAROLS

Lord Jesus hath a Garden (*arr. Imogen Holst*)  
Joseph dearest

## 2 PIANO SOLO

Ragamuffin (*Rixner*) . . . . . Mr A. Davis

## 3 SONGS

So Sir Page (from 'The Marriage of Figaro'—*Mozart*) . . . . . Dr Clark  
Galloping Dick

## THE UNGUARDED HOUR

by

Bernard Merivale

<i>Sir Francis Dearden, K.C.</i>	. . . . .	Mr Connelly
<i>Defending Counsel</i>	. . . . .	Mr Pearce
<i>Judge</i>	. . . . .	Mr Burtoft
<i>Metcalfe</i>	. . . . .	Mr Taylor
<i>Clerk of the Court</i>	. . . . .	Mr Sutcliffe
<i>Court Usher</i>	. . . . .	Mr Wilson
<i>Colonel William Mason</i>	. . . . .	Mr Ashdowne
<i>Pewson</i>	. . . . .	Mr Leonard
<i>Lady Dearden</i>	. . . . .	Mr Brown
<i>Lady Henningway</i>	. . . . .	Mr Fitzgibbon
<i>Lord Henningway</i>	. . . . .	Mr Abbott
<i>Sir Thomas Grainger</i>	. . . . .	Mr Collier
<i>Wallace</i>	. . . . .	Mr Murtagh
<i>Diana Lewis</i>	. . . . .	Mr Collingwood
<i>Sergeant Atkins</i>	. . . . .	Mr Rice

Produced by Mr Lloyd

*The Unguarded Hour* is a good play but not an easy one to present on a seminary stage. It depends for its effect on the slow building-up of tension, a difficult task when audience and actors have known each other for years. It is therefore all the more to the credit of the producer and his cast that they succeeded in gripping our attention and holding it throughout even the longest scenes. The part of Sir Francis Dearden, on which the play depends, was brilliantly played; and he was well supported by his wife, who made a great success of a difficult part. There were a few weak links among the minor characters but all had much to contribute to the complete performance, which must have been among the best the Venerable stage has witnessed.

31st *Monday*. Come to the Fair. As ever, the most popular of the side-shows is the shooting booth ; but for those who do not feel at home on the range there is a new feature demanding neither skill nor luck. You are invited to survey members of the House as photographed in their younger years, and then guess their identity. It is not difficult—signs of a criminal future are already written large on their infant brows. But it is a little embarrassing for the victims chosen—why is it that people always point to some vicious parody of one's features and say 'What an excellent likeness' ?

JANUARY 1st, 1952. *Tuesday*. And that is the last time I shall get the year right for the next two months. However, the main thing is to start well. We learn that Fr Dezza S.J., has been succeeded in the Rectorship of the Gregorian by Fr Abellan S.J., whom many of us know as a Morals professor. At home too there are changes to announce—it has been revealed that the Senior Student for 1952-53 is to be Mr Broome with Mr Grech as his deputy. In the evening we saw the last of the Christmas Concerts :

### NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1952

#### 1 CAROLS

In the bleak Mid-winter (*arr. Imogen Holst*)

God rest ye merry, Gentlemen (*arr. R. Vaughan Williams*)

#### 2 PIANO SOLO

Scherzo (*Chopin*) . . . . . Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor

#### 3 SONGS

Love could I only tell thee . . . . . Mr Broome

Ma belle Marguerite

#### HOBSON'S CHOICE

by

Harold Brighthouse

<i>Alice Hobson</i>	. . . . .	Mr Foulkes
<i>Maggie Hobson</i>	. . . . .	Mr FitzPatrick
<i>Vickey Hobson</i>	. . . . .	Mr Brady
<i>Albert Prosser</i>	. . . . .	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>Henry Horatio Hobson</i>	. . . . .	Mr M. Keegan
<i>Mrs Hepworth</i>	. . . . .	Mr F. Davis
<i>Timothy Wadlow (Tubby)</i>	. . . . .	Mr Taylor
<i>William Mossop</i>	. . . . .	Mr Higginson
<i>Jim Heeler</i>	. . . . .	Mr Abbott
<i>Ada Figgins</i>	. . . . .	Mr Stappard
<i>Fred Beenstock</i>	. . . . .	Mr Lightbound
<i>Dr MacFarlane</i>	. . . . .	Mr Tweedy

Produced by Mr Foulkes

*Hobson's Choice* had suffered more than any other play from the general disorder and uncertainty in casting which was caused by sickness just before Christmas. It was too much to hope that the sad history of the production should have left no trace in the performance, and its effects could be noticed in a certain inconsistency of characterization and lack of polish. But these were minor defects, and we were really amazed to see how producers (yes, there had been three of them !) and cast had triumphed over their difficulties and produced an evening of comedy and great good humour. They were helped, of course, by the quality of the play itself, but on the whole the opportunities it offered had been well exploited. It was Maggie who dominated the stage ; but then that is her business, and it was to the credit of the other actors that they let her do so. Hobson and Willie Mossop both took a little time to warm up, but once they had found their stage legs they were all one could ask. Some of the minor characters were unusually good, and the Props men and stage hands served as nobly as ever. The play did indeed make a fitting conclusion to a most enjoyable trilogy.

Before we doff the borrowed plumes of Dramatic Critic, let us not forget to congratulate carollers, pianists, monologists, Galloping Dicks, and all who helped to provide the tasty *antipasti* of the week:

2nd *Wednesday*. The sword of Damocles has not yet dropped for the Gregorian is not re-opening until the 4th. Fr P. Clark has come to stay with us for a few days.

4th *Friday*. The new Rector of the University made a bold bid for popularity this morning by announcing that our scholastic woes would not begin until 7th January. On our return we were saddened by the news of the death of an old friend of the College, Abbot Langdon. R.I.P.

5th *Saturday*. Fr Hulme's familiar figure was seen in the Refectory at tea time. He will be our guest for some time, we understand.

6th *Sunday*. *Feast of the Epiphany*. We welcomed to lunch Frs Coffey s.J., Fletcher o.s.B., and Kenny, and our guests at the Opera included Sir Victor Mallet, Sir Walter Roberts, Mgr Duchemin, Clapperton, Whitty, Flanagan and Byrne, with Frs Murray and Donnelly of the Gregorian. Though a number of colds and the restricted space of the indoor stage prevented this performance of *The Pirates* from surpassing the Palazzola standard, yet a spirit of gaiety prevailed throughout and both performers and audience enjoyed themselves hugely. And now, while the silver glitter of the footlights shines on the fanciful frolics of the Savoy, we shall take our opportunity of escaping with impunity, leaving another to tell how on the morrow we shall once more be parsonified and decorously law canonified.

ANTHONY KENNY

## PERSONAL

We were pleased to welcome as guests to the Epiphany performance of the Opera His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet, the Ambassador to the Quirinal, and Sir Walter Roberts, the Minister to the Holy See.

Our Common Rooms around Christmas were enlivened by the presence of REV. B. CUNNINGHAM (1927-34), REV. P. CLARK (1934-41) and REV. A. HULME (1934-40). We were also pleased to see our Roman residents, MGR CARROLL-ABBING (1930-38) and REV. L. ASHWORTH (1932-39).

The following were ordained this year :

Messrs Hunt and Byron by Archbishop Traglia at S. Martino ai Monti on 8th July 1951.

Messrs Dakin and Carson by Cardinal Micara at St John Lateran on 22nd December 1951.

We were pleased to receive from its editor, REV. R. L. STEWART (1943-50), a copy of the first number of the St Peter's School Magazine. It chronicles the remarkable progress of the school under its headmaster, REV. E. WAKE (1924-31), from its opening in 1948 to its present prosperous condition with 160 boarders and day boys.

Our thanks are due to Mr Tecwyn Lloyd and Father Hickey, as well as to our most prolific donor, Father Rope, for gifts of books to the Library ; and to those also who in response to our appeal sent books for the Palazzola Library.

It was with deep regret that we heard in January of the death of Abbot Langdon. Future historians of the early days of Monsignor Hinsley's rule will no doubt recognize the assistance he gave to the new Rector in unravelling and reconstructing the College finances. Throughout his long residence in Rome he was a welcome visitor to the College and we were always glad to see him in our circles on a feast day. When we heard that he was ailing we followed the course of his illness with anxiety and now that he is dead we are sure that both past and present students will remember him in their prayers. R.I.P.

The death of the VERY REV. PROVOST HAZLEHURST (1898-1905) has deprived us another well-known figure and welcome guest at the College, and we have lost one of the last remaining links with an even earlier generation with the death of the VERY REV. MGR JOHN O'CONNOR (1889-95). We also heard with regret of the death of the RIGHT REV. MGR CANON HICKEY (1895-1902).

The Senior Student for the coming year is Mr Broome. Contributions to the Public Purse can be made by means of cheques made payable to the Senior Student. No other formalities are now required.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Lloyd

Secretary : Mr Leonard

Sub-editor : Mr Kenny

Under-secretary : Mr Brady

Fifth Member : Mr Curtis Hayward

### THE UNIVERSITY

The year 1952 opened dramatically in the Piazza della Pilotta with the news of the resignation of Fr Dezza from his post of *Rector Magnificus* and of his succession by Fr Abellan, the Spanish Professor of Moral Theology. The inevitable change—Fr Dezza had been in office for over ten years—was accompanied on all sides by expressions of regret, not least among the student-body, to whom he had on many occasions shown a warm and practical sympathy.

If Fr Dezza's ability as Rector had shown itself most evidently in his brilliant and moving public addresses, his period of office was perhaps even more remarkable for a very live appreciation of the need of the University to be able to adapt itself to changing external circumstances. Thus, under his direction, two new departments, the one dealing with ascetical theology and the problems of spiritual direction and the other with the social sciences, have been established at the University and it seems likely that the latter will eventually be given the status of an independent faculty of sociology. Another feature of his rule has been his concern that those who study in Rome should take full advantage of the opportunities offered by their years of study together to form themselves in a unique way for the apostolate to follow. Thus in recent years non-academic activities have developed on a previously-unknown scale at the Gregorian, the most recent development being the provision of a room in

which Catholic newspapers and periodicals from all over the world are available.

The College in particular is indebted to Fr Dezza for many kindnesses during the war years when he was largely instrumental in obtaining from the Holy See the privilege of the conferring of degrees in theology on students of the College during the Exile in England. In addition we have pleasant memories of his several visits to the College and in particular of the delightful after-dinner speech he made in the Refectory shortly after the return to Rome in 1946. In the new fields of Catholic activity which will now occupy his attention we wish Fr Dezza the greatest success.

The new Rector enters on his office at a time when the University, in the three hundred and ninety-ninth year of its existence, shows a record number of almost 2,350 students and a professorial staff of approximately one hundred. That the latter are not idle is evident from the pages of the *Kalendarium* where no less than fifty-one separate courses are offered in the curriculum for the Doctorate in Theology alone. The fact that English-speaking students number almost one quarter of the total of the *auditores*, outstripping even their Italian brethren by a score as the largest single language group at the Gregorian, is perhaps reflected in the presence of Fr J. Murray of the English Province and of five American professors in Rome this year. Other professorial changes include the arrival of a number of noted sociologists in connection with the 'Institute of Social Science' mentioned as having been set up by Fr Dezza. On the debit side we have to report the virtual retirement of Fr Lennerz, as a result of over-exertion brought on through work on the Commission for the Dogma of the Assumption. For his work on this, however, he, together with Frs Hürth and Tromp and Fr Bea of the Biblicum, received special gold medals from the Pope.

In the past year the College has been awarded two doctorates, Fr Alexander gaining a *summa cum laude* for his thesis on 'The Sacramental Doctrine of Thomas Walden and His Refutation of Wickleff' and Fr J. Molloy a *cum laude* for his thesis 'An Analysis of the Philosophy of George Moore'. Meanwhile the thesis for which Dr Williams gained his doctorate in theology in 1950, 'The Teaching of Gilbert Porreta on the Trinity', has been published by the University in the series '*Analecta Gregoriana*', the first thesis from the College so to be honoured since the series was started in 1930.

LIAM CARSON

## ASSOCIATION

An abortive attempt was made to 'get things going' at Palazzola, but we had to wait until we returned to Rome before we could get twenty-two to turn out for a game. In spite of much rainy weather at the beginning of the season and hard grounds at the end, there was sufficient enthusiasm to ensure that we had our full quota of games; and although there were fewer active players this season, the standard of play did not suffer. The



talent was evenly distributed throughout the House as was shown in the annual Philosophers *versus* Theologians match, which ended in a draw.

We had only four outside matches. The first two, against the British Embassy and the German College respectively, we won by eight goals to nil. Once again, however, the Brazilian College dealt us our only defeat of the season: they were altogether too fast—both 'in body and in mind'. Nevertheless, the play was more balanced than the score, 5—1, would suggest. The outlook for the Scots match did not look too bright, as we had lost five of last year's team and new talent was scarce. The match was played at the beginning of February, and in memory of the King's death both teams wore black squares on their shirts and observed a minute's silence before the start of the match. Reversing post-war tradition, the Scots, to their immense delight, scored first. For the rest of the game we tried to keep their score at one, hoping that eventually the equalizer would come. Our forwards seldom looked like scoring, but rather fortuitously, within two minutes of the final whistle, we were rewarded for our tenacity and scored the equalizer from a direct free-kick.

The following have represented the College:—Messrs Turnbull, Hunt, Murphy O'Connor B., Lightbound, Keegan P., Kennedy (Capt.), Kearney, Murphy O'Connor C., Carson, Brady, Taylor, Foulkes, Abbott and Mason.

Mr Kearney has been elected Secretary for the coming season.

JOHN KENNEDY

## RUGBY

The season has been one of well-tempered enthusiasm. Despite the loss of regular players and a crop of injuries, we were normally able to play House games (held on Monday afternoons this year) with only three or four guests. A considerable number of players new to the game were introduced into the scrum and if the fire of last season was lacking as a consequence, a gentler initiation ensured improvement and continued turn-out. Before Christmas, a team composed largely of these men won a narrow victory over a heavier, though admittedly inexperienced, Roman team.

Our first game after Christmas was against a strong Rosminian side, to whom we lost after a hard-fought game only by a penalty goal conceded in the fading minutes. After beating Propaganda 8—6 and Lazio 11—0, we came to the climax of the season, the game with Rome. In a fast open game on dry ground there were too many bad mistakes for either side to deserve to win, but Rome's victory by fifteen points to eleven was something of a disappointment for us.

Philosophy's 5—3 victory over Theology on a very heavy ground is a fair reflection of the good material lower in the House. Nevertheless 'rigger sense' needs to be carefully cultivated as our reserve of experience, particularly in the back division, is small.

We bid a grateful farewell to Mr Hunt, Captain for the last two years, and can happily forecast a good season for the new Secretary, Mr Doran.

ROBERT J. ABBOTT

## OBITUARY

THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR THOMAS GRANT CANON HICKEY D.D., V.G.

Thomas Grant Hickey was born in Guernsey, which was then part of the diocese of Southwark and his parents named him after its first Bishop. He did his first studies at St Elizabeth's College, Guernsey; was adopted as a student for the new diocese of Portsmouth and sent to Oscott. In 1895 a College Burse was made available to that diocese and Bishop Virtue sent him to Rome. That first year numbered three; his companions, Pat Kearney of Shrewsbury and Jimmie Gibbons of Middlesbrough, were brainy men who could take it easy all the year, put on full steam a few weeks before the Exams and pass with flying colours. Tommy was, on the other hand, less gifted, but he made it up by slogging away (his own words) right through the year and thus managed to pass all his exams and get his degrees. He used a high desk, doing all his work standing.

Without a doubt he was everyone's favourite because of his consistent cheerfulness and his ability to take any amount of leg-pulling. If he received a sharp riposte he would yell 'giu viene'. If he saw a man looking rather glum he would yell out S-U-R-S-U-M. It was popularly reported that he had discovered a fresco of the Sacred Heart in the Catacombs and he once called the Pinecoteca the Pizzicheria. But Tommy never minded any joke made at his expense. He was always the prime mover for long walks during the Carnival. We would be taken miles over rough ground to end up with a huge feed at some cut-throat pub with plenty of vino, and his excuse was always the same one: 'non propter hoc, sed non sine hoc'. Of course, he always voted for Magliana. Once it was his turn to preach in the Triforium. He came to rest on a flowery passage something like this: 'the sun had set and the deed was done'. His congregation went off in fits of laughter. When it showed no signs of abating, Tommy turned to the prime mover and shouted 'Shut up, Bill Mahoney'. That only made matters worse. James Mahoney became later a Canon of Southwark and a Labour Alderman for many years of the L.C.C.

Dr Hickey left the College in 1902 and after serving a year at Portsmouth Cathedral became Rector of Eastleigh till 1916 when he was promoted to his native isle as Rector of St Joseph's, Guernsey. He and his predecessor Canon Foran (also a Guernsey man) established a record between them of eighty-three years.

For five years he lived under the rule of the Germans. Once he was informed by phone that he was to be shot at midnight. But nothing happened. I made him Vicar General of the Channel Islands and he received the appointment via the Apostolic Nuncio for Ireland, the Vichy Government and a German officer. When at last I got over there in June 1945 he was almost a shadow, having lived mainly on cabbage and water for a year.

In spite of a duodenal ulcer and very high blood pressure, he kept going until March 1952. It was a great consolation to him that he lived to celebrate the centenary of his Church in July and his golden jubilee of the priesthood in November of last year. R.I.P.

✠ JOHN HENRY  
BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH

#### THE VERY REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN O'CONNOR

It is a pity that Mgr O'Connor should be so commonly and so fully identified with Father Brown; such was never Chesterton's intention. I say this without hesitation, having known the late Monsignor for forty years, and having enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. We see in Father Brown only one aspect, and that not the most important, of the character of a man who was above all things a devoted and most faithful parish priest, a patient, wise, and constant father and counsellor to the souls entrusted to his charge, and to all who sought his help. As such his memory will be blessed by many who differed from him on the literary, artistic and social questions that filled his leisure moments, and by others who cared not for them.

It was in the summer of 1912 that I first saw him, when guest, in Shrewsbury, of the late Bishop Moriarty, his friend and time-fellow at the Venerable. The range and richness of his information, the shrewdness of his comments, and his gifts as a story teller made his conversation delightful. From his wide experience and reading he had laid up a store of knowledge which he generously shared with all his hearers. Among other things I noted his devoted loyalty to the College, albeit he and 'the Gi', Bishop Moriarty told me, had not well understood one another. I remember his writing to me, about 1916, 'Romans are said to be good at outpost work. They have had such glory of the Kingdom put into them.' On several difficulties that beset priests new to the mission I consulted him and

received wise and excellent counsel, which, be it noted, he was too humble to thrust upon one unasked. His letters were always true gifts. In one of them he signed himself 'Yours in a fatherly sort of way'.

John O'Connor was born at Clonmel in Ireland in 1870, educated at Douai and the Venerabile, and ordained in Rome in 1895. On his return to England he served on several missions in the Leeds diocese and in 1905 became parish priest of Heckmondwike, which he left in 1919 for his second and last parish, St Cuthbert's, Bradford. At Heckmondwike I was privileged to be his guest in August 1912. I need hardly say that he was the best of hosts. He took me with him in his visits to nearby missions, and we would often say the Rosary together as we went. He showed me his presentation copies of Chesterton's works; one of them had a delightful dedication-poem with the refrain 'As far as Heaven from Heckmondwike', the latter being a typical smaller industrial town. Before he left he built there a permanent and liturgical church, the east window of which was designed by my sister.

In these brief notes I have dwelt upon those aspects of the late Monsignor by which I love to remember him. In 1932 I had the privilege of being his host at Mawley in Shropshire for two days. In later years I seldom saw him and increasing years made his letters 'few and far between'. In matters artistic and literary, like some other friends, including Bishop Moriarty, I was often unable to follow him. He seemed to regard some of his special friends (including Chesterton and Eric Gill) as being utterly infallible. His admiration for Gill's work knew no bounds, it seemed, and when asked to admire the Stations of the Cross which the artist had done for him I made bold to say that it was downright impious (objectively speaking) to give our Blessed Lady no forehead, and that if *that* was art, I for one would gladly be a Philistine. I must add that he was always patient and never annoyed by any difference of opinion *in dubiis*. Again I was not alone in deploring his taking up the craze of Cubism. 'But we see everything in cubes', he said to the Angel of Shrewsbury. 'I am blessed if I do', came the answer.

Of his own writings I have left no space to speak; so I will only suggest that his real and outstanding excellence as a writer is found in his hymns, and notably in those he contributed to the *Arundel Hymns*. His memory will always be held dear as a loyal son of the Venerabile, a wise and faithful friend, and above all, I hold, as a most devoted parish priest. *Requiescat in pace.*

H. E. G. ROPE

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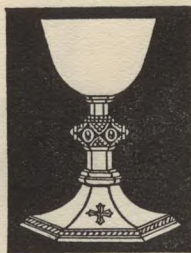


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# ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

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,

CATHOLIC HERALD.

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